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**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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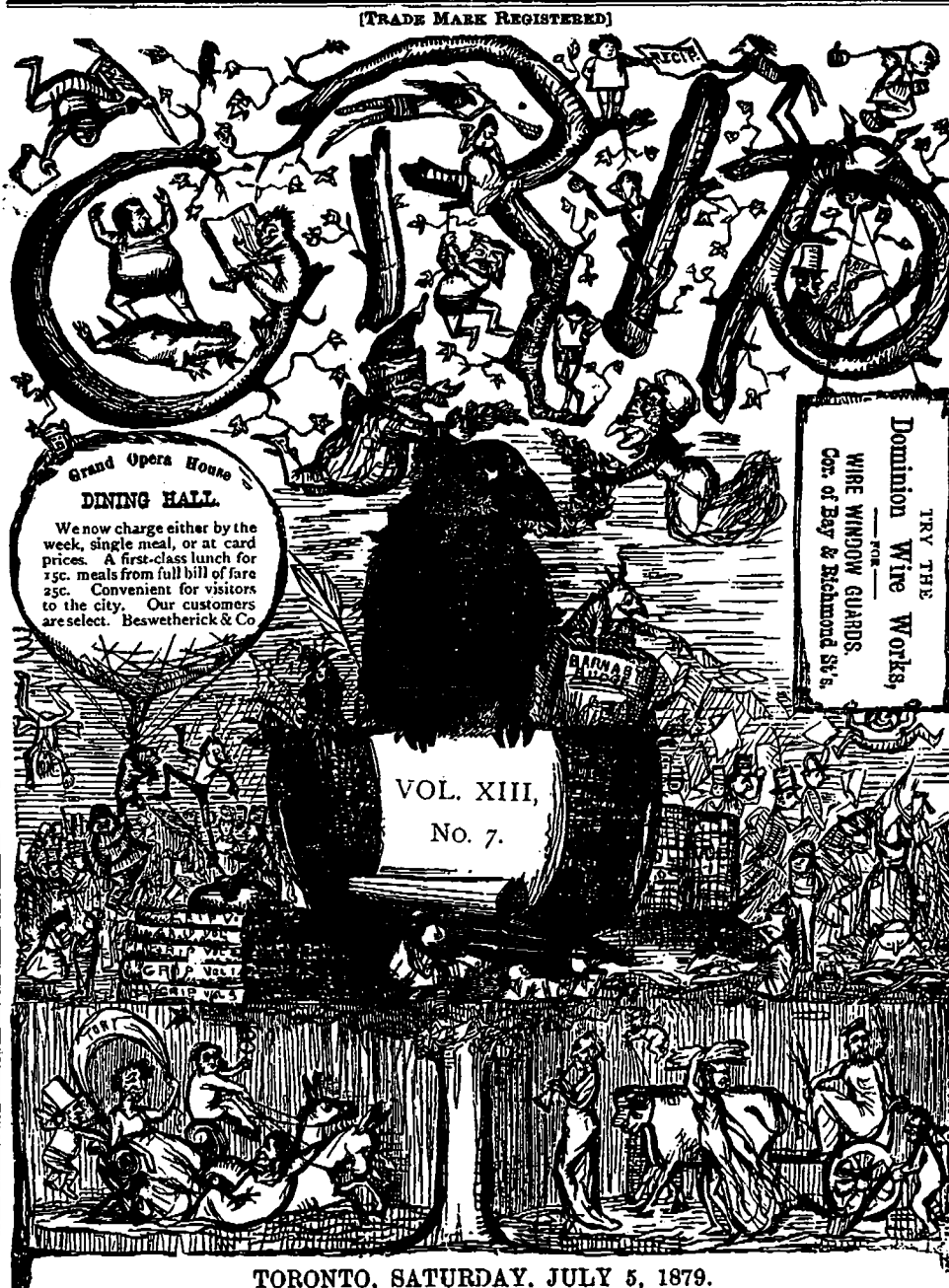
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Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, will be ready to-day.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. — Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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A gentleman leaving the city offers for sale a copy of **ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA**, complete in 2 Vols., bound in half Morocco with gilt edges, for only \$30. cost \$39.50.

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## Selections.

### The Canadian Thames.

Navigation has closed at London, Ont. It may seem rather early in the season, yet the *Advertiser* says: "Owing to the lowness of the water all the steamboats have stopped running on the Thames." This state of things is deplorable when the lowness is due to natural causes, but this is not the case in London. The utter stoppage in the vessel interests is caused by the new water works pumping too much out of the river, and it is feared that if this hot weather continues the river will be forced into bankruptcy and London will have to forego all hope of being a prominent maritime city. No doubt several pails of water have been taken on the sly from this mammoth stream, and thus the interests of navigation have been seriously jeopardized by unthinking persons. Any person who has had the privilege of gazing on the magnificent proportions of the Thames at London might imagine that the steamers were about the size of a Detroit River skiff, but in reality they are large boats that will carry 300 persons. Last year 200 Detroiters, who were visiting London, greatly enjoyed their four-mile ride on the little river and big steamer. The steamers are broad and flat and draw very little water. During the season of 1878 a rumor reached this city that one of the steamers was lost by running ashore on an oyster can, but Mr. WASTIE, Chief of the Fire Department there, and owner of the steamer, called at the *Free Press* office shortly after and contradicted the rumor. He told some interesting anecdotes about the dangers of the deep as shown by the navigation of the Thames at London. On one occasion the boat with a hundred and fifty persons on board was returning from a voyage when a cow was standing on the track—that is in the river. The cow was perfectly satisfied with her position and would not move. Unfortunately the boats are not provided with cowcatchers. For half an hour that cow kept the tired Londoners from their home. Every movable article on board except the anchor was flung at the cow. The boat was run up to the cow and the whistle tooted, but the bovine merely moved up the stream and chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. At last a boy, for ten cents, rolled up his trousers, stepped over the guard and drove the cow ashore, and then climbed back on the steamer which went on its way rejoicing. Another time the steamer, which had on a heavy load, did not return at the hour it was expected. Mr. WASTIE, becoming alarmed, started down the river bank in search of the missing boat. About a mile down he saw her in the centre of the stream stuck on a sandbar, while some dozens of men were out in the river trying to shove her back. Taking the situation in at a glance, Mr. WASTIE mounted a bluff, made a trumpet of his hands and shouted to the captain: "Get all the passengers aft: then back out and take the north channel." The captain, who did not recognize his employer in the dusk, cried: "See here, granger, you go and tend to your cows. I'm running this boat." In ten minutes after WASTIE was running the boat and running her toward London too.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Do not despise small beginnings. Many a boy starts out in the world as a friendless orphan with only one pair of pants, and ultimately reaches the exalted position of a sea-side hotel clerk and wears a fifty-cent diamond breastpin.—*Middletown Transcript*.

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## Tenders for Steel Rails.

TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

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By order,

F. BRAUN.

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1879. }

xiii-6-3.

## Stage Whispers.

We are to have a week of *Pinafore* in the delightful Gardens, by LAURENT'S Fifth Avenue Opera Co., commencing on Monday evening 17th.

Let those now laugh who've often laughed before, And those who've never laughed see *Pinafore*. Miss TRURSHY is singing in ballad concerts in London, England.

They say SOTHERN took the Juke of Beaufort along to dig the worms.

Miss MARY ANDERSON has a new play entitled "For Sybil's Sake."

J. H. HAVERLY has SALVINI on all engagements played by him outside of New York city next year.

ADA CAVENDISH remains in this country next season, and will star under the management of MAT CANNING.

Either next fall or 1880, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE propose to make "The Mighty Dollar" pass current in England.

TOM TAYLOR'S play "Retribution" has been revived at the Olympic Theatre, London, after a sleep of twenty-three years.

Mr. W. W. STORY in the intervals of his modelling, has found time to write a charming little comedy for his own private stage. Its title is "Second Thoughts."

ADELAIDE NEILSON will make her first appearance in this country next season at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on October 20. She will not play in New York until January.

Mr. WALLACK is said to have bought a play that has had a great success in Copenhagen. It represents in the most satirical manner a party of adventurers who have a plan for a railway to St. Paul's from the moon.

The death of CHARLES A. CALVERT, the English actor and theatrical manager, is announced from London. Mr. CALVERT was chiefly known in this country by his supervision of the stage spectacles *Henry V.*, and *Sardanapalus*, produced in Booth's Theatre in the same style in which they were first presented by Mr. CALVERT in Manchester.

A story concerning the late Mrs. HOWARD PAUL is related by the *Dramatic News*. Once in London, when there was a large take, SIMS REEVES, who was the hero of the hour, sent word that he was indisposed. This meant a return of the money. Mrs. HOWARD PAUL was one of the singers, and at a moment's notice she went on for Mr. REEVES, and imitated his voice and manner so correctly that no one knew the difference.

Mme. NILSON had a rapturous reception on her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre a few days ago. She had not sung in London for two years, and the public was delighted to hear her again. She chose *Faust* to effect her reappearance in, and it is said by the English papers that she was never more charming as "Marguerite" than on this occasion. CAMPANINI was the "Faust," and FOLI the "Mephistopheles."

Mr. CARL ROSA has arrived in New York, and is looking over the operatic field in this country, with a view to investing some of the surplus capital which he is said to have derived from a highly successful season in London. Mr. ROSA will have to secure the services of a regiment of militia to protect him from the advances of an army of amateurs who have served a professional apprenticeship before the mast of H. M. S. *Pinafore*.

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Subscribers in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.—Please remit Dominion Notes if convenient, as there is a discount of 5 per cent. on your Local Bank Notes here.

### To Correspondents.

*Frater.*—Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Try some thing shorter.

*Advertiser, London.*—Grip goes regularly from this office to your address. Why it fails to reach you is one of those things no fellow can find out. Perhaps our postmaster don't know where your little town is.

*A Subscriber.*—You say, "Our postmaster, being of an aquatic turn of mind has kept my copy of GRIP." We have sent another, but would prefer that the Government should put an appropriation in the estimates to provide those postmasters with copies of GRIP in future, and save us from these unceasing complaints.

### The Judicious Sir John.

*SIR JOHN*—I am the monarch of Premiers,  
And I haven't any fears,  
But I can extricate myself from any kind of mess,  
*ALL*—No more have his colleagues, his Party or his press.

*SIR JOHN*—I was once thrown out of power,  
And they said my day was o'er,  
But again the country gave me its cares,  
*ALL*—And so did his colleagues, his Party and his press.

*SIR JOHN*—Now this here Letellier dish  
Is a pretty kettle of fish,  
It has very nearly settled me, I do confess,  
*ALL*—And so do his colleagues, his Party and his press.

*SIR JOHN*—But while the Frenchmen fume,  
I will just take ship for home,  
For I happen to have business there, more or less,  
*ALL*—And so have his colleagues, his Party and his press.

*SIR JOHN*—So when the breezes blow,  
And Quebec is all aglow,  
I will not be there to be spoken to, I guess,  
*ALL*—No, nor will his colleagues, his Party nor his press.

### How I Passed Dominion Day.

5 a.m.—Arose; refreshed; looked out on the glorious summer morning, its delightful quiet yet undisturbed by the fresh-fish and strawberry fiends, or the untuneful though welcome clang of the matutinal milkman's bell.

How glorious the thought that but a few short years ago I was a mere colonist, and to-day, Dominion Day, I am a—a—what am I anyway? what shall I call myself? A Canadian I was before Confederation, and the name is usually corrupted into "Canuck," which is not by any means an euphonious title. Dominion and Dominionist are both equally objectionable.

*Mem.*—Must write to the Government as to adopting new name.

8 a.m.—Refreshed. Started out "on pleasure bent."—Where shall I go? what shall I do? I am told by an advertiser in the *Telegraph*, (city circulation 500,000, &c.)

to "Hurrah for the Old Sandbar at Home."—I won't hurrah for the Old Sand bar, or any other bar, at home or abroad. I obje to all bars, sand, saloon or legal; they are to me all "bars sinister." Go to the Falls? No; the Falls are a fraud, and the TURPER like turpitude of the inhabitants of its surroundings is as proverbial as TURPER's philosophy. Crossing the Lake is very well in fair weather; fine groupings of passengers, handsome mothers, lovely children, pensive maidens reading (?) Lake-side novels; charming black-eyed damsel and good-looking swain, probably bank clerk—looks banky—sitting on rail eating caramels. Fine study for artist, but on the whole too spooney for general observer. Crossed last week with volunteers; splendid corps; well up in South African drill,—they were safely "langered" all the passage.

10 a.m.—Weather hot; called at Rossin House,—refreshed. Must go somewhere. Why not Victoria Park? It is the height of enjoyment with some to go to Scarborough on the "Maxwell"; the boat seems inseparable from the place. Happy thought, why not call the Park Maxwell town? So poetic! "Maxwelltown braces are bonny."—*Mem.*—Must write to proprietors as to this.

11 p.m.—Called at Queen's Hotel; met friend from Oxford, Eng. Self and friend refreshed. Friend *admirari*, won't go to Victoria Park; won't go anywhere. Vulgar to amuse oneself, especially on a holiday. Refresh again. Suggest Lorne Park;—five sail on lake; place of rustic simplicity. Proprietors say it is "peerless." Don't know, but think it likely will be peerless some day after a heavy East gale. Told friend there was to be a regatta. Friend says "Pshaw! you've nothing here, you know, for me to see in that way. You ought to come home, where—" (Friend here stops short; something *apropos* to the subject recurring to him—but continued) "Well, yans, you have some fair oarsmen here, I know."

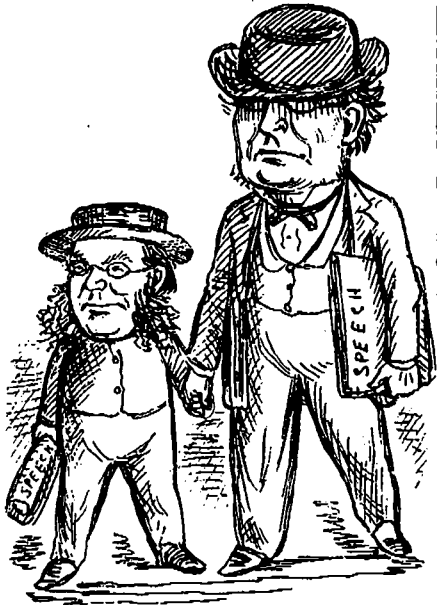
12 noon.—Refresh; bid good bye to Oxonian. Guess I'll go up to ALLAN Gardens. Change of name here was suggested by me. Long walk—felt quite exhausted.—Stepped into wayside inn and refreshed. Old fashioned place; lithographs of BURNS and his Highland MARY over bar; landlord conversing with customer in unfamiliar tongue, either low Dutch or broad Scotch; proved to be the latter. Debating on the propriety of inserting a certain "ad" in the *Globe*. Hot words over it. Question referred to me. Landlord said that as a Reformer he thought it wrong for a Grip paper to be an instrument in spreading Conservative fallacies. "I presume, Sir," said I, "you keep a no-tory public?" No reply, but *Globe* of 25th ult. put in my hand. "Ad" referred to was in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Files of the Toronto *Leader*, dated from 1846 to 1873, well bound, for sale cheap, Box 535, P.O., Toronto." Great Jupiter BLAKE! a treasure trove. My old friend the "*Patrol*" (it was I who suggested the name being changed to the *Leader*) going as it were begging! I addressed the North Briton BONIFACE thus: "My friend you are a self accused Grit, and consequently my deadly political foe, but you have done me a lasting kindness, and are now my friend the enemy—Refresh the crowd. To-day I thought to seek amusement among the votaries of pleasure in incongenial company, but when I look upon that advertisement I can cry with the Greek philosopher, *Eureka!* Let all hands refresh again."

I sought out 535 P. O., obtained the volume, returned to my room, and passed the remainder of the day in quiet enjoyment, happy in devouring the contents of the Toronto *Leader* from 1846 to 1873.

### The Birthplace of Hanlan.

The birthplace of a great man has always a more than common attraction. Being on a visit to the city I thought it would not do to leave without visiting the birthplace of HANLAN. Accordingly, hiring a boat for an hour, I pulled over to the Island, sprung out on the shore—which I found to be nothing more or less than a low sand bank—pulled up the boat, and turned around to feast my eyes on the immortal structure. The last glimmer of day was fading in the west, a gentle breeze disturbed the foliage of the trees which surround the building, through which the beams of the moon pierced, and silvered o'er the roof; lamps were shining brightly in the windows, and from the open door came forth a sound as of tumblers falling on a counter and exploding pop bottles—for it was Dominion Day—to mingle with the laughter and hum of loiterers along the shore, and the musical squeak of rickety swings. As I gazed I thought how beautiful! how impressive! But soon my feelings of admiration and pleasure found vent in words like these: "And this is the birthplace of HANLAN! Who would have thought that I should have lived to see so goodly a sight? Surely now my life has not been in vain." As visitors generally carry away, if it is at all convenient, some memorial of their visit, some relic of thee, at whose shrine they have met, in whose admiration they have indulged, I proceeded to the corner of the house and commenced to cut off a small chip, but was aroused from my work by a person who, I suppose, belongs to the place, kindly offering me his boot to help me away. However, upon explaining the object of my visit, and sincerity of intention, he allowed me the consolation—since I could not carry away the chip—of nibbling a pebble against the boards until it imbibed all the charms, and became, as it were, a part of the house itself; which pebble, I assure you, Mr. GRIP, I shall ever wear on a chain of gold around my neck, as the greatest treasure a Canadian can possess.

While still my bosom swelled with admiration, I turned and spoke to the waves: "Oh, ye waves that roll day and night unceasingly upon the shore, I would that I were one of ye. Proud would I be to think that I had kissed the sands while yet they bore the impress of the feet of the mighty HANLAN, that I had borne his boat upon my bosom and felt his arms embrace me, that I had washed the pebbles his hands had gathered in childhood, as he was wont to linger long beside me to dream of future glory—rejoice, for ye are honored above all other waves!" Then a wave, as it rolled back from the shore, murmured sweetly, "HANLAN; the wind caught up and bore onward until a thousand waves responded, "HANLAN!" and back from over the waters came an echo, "HANLAN." A straggler passed me by and on his hat and collar I saw HANLAN; the sand seemed rolling into the features of HANLAN; I looked toward the house and all was HANLAN; the moon, and she had put on the face of HANLAN; on every side, wherever I turned my gaze, all was HANLAN. Getting into the boat I pulled for the city, with "HANLAN" still ringing in my ears and dancing before my eyes, running the risk in my hurry of riding down a returning excursion boat. I reached the wharf to find that I had been three hours out instead of one, but I didn't mind the extra charge as the pebble I bore away I have set beyond value. As though to make all complete, as I paused for a moment on the steps of the hotel to take a parting look of the island, an owl swooped down and, close to my ear, screeched "HANLAN!"



**Jubilation Overmuch.**

There is a limit to all things, it is said, and perhaps there will be a lull to the jubilation of the dominant party in Ontario over the result of June 5th. But up to the present writing the beginning of the end is not in sight. Mr. MOWAT and Mr. BLAKE having just returned from a grand blow-out over the event at Woodstock, are on the eve of changing cars for Markham, where another celebration of the glorious victory awaits them. Of course GRIP has no objection to this. It amuses Mr. MOWAT, and don't hurt anybody else, only it is rather calculated to make ironical Tories say that if the victory of the fifth was no more than such a good ministry had a right to expect, why all this delightful crowing? As for Mr. BLAKE, we are pleased to see him bestirring himself at anything, for it indicates that he still lives. These little outings may perhaps inspire him with a reasonable amount of interest in the larger questions of the country, and help him to get up steam for the great job that lies ahead of him, to wit, the leading back to power of his shattered party. Meantime, gentlemen, don't blow too hard, for, remember, pride goeth before destruction.

**A Frog Story.**

Two ponds lay alongside of each other, and a different species of frogs dwelt in each; but between the two there was continual traffic. The frogs of one of the ponds built up a partition between the two which they called a "Policy," that the waters of the other pond might not roll in upon them. A large frog called JOHN A., who had been chief in the erection, sat upon a stone to view his Policy; when, lo! he saw a troop of frogs headed by an enemy of his called BROWN, who had become their head by his large feet—which made him an excellent swimmer,—trying to pull down the Policy; and he sighed, "Alas! alas! has it come to this? I thought ten thousand frogs should have leaped from their puddles to avenge even a look that threatened my Policy with disdain; but the shadow has passed away, the sun has shone in and with the light they have received eyes. Alas! alas!" Just then a frog from the other side raised his head over the partition, and cried "We come, we come!" and the large frog on this side replied "Welcome, welcome; but friend, there is a time for everything; wait patiently, it will take four years yet to remove all the props; but at present you may throw me over a pair of boots, if you can do it without being seen, and have any large enough."

lying about the country by the basketful. Some of Mr. MOWAT's friends and supporters are advising him to set up a similar machine in Ontario, by way of retaliation, but whether he will or not remains to be seen.



**Old Mrs. "Mail" to Mr. Joly.**

And so they tell me I put my foot into it when I pitched into you so severe the other day for holding of a meeting of Parlyment on the Sabbath day, and thus proving yourself to be a bad wicked boy, like all the Grits is! Well I don't care if I did put my foot into it; I am a good respectable old lady, and I can't abear to hear of people showing such violent disrespect of the first day of the week. If I used strong language and said sharp things about people in general when I got started, it was only because my feelings was strong, and I had to give 'em vent. Of course, seeing as how you *didn't* hold no meetin' on Sunday, why, that makes a considerable of a difference, though to be sure, you might have done so. Being that you are a Grit, I am surprised that you *didn't* do so. But, as in point of fact you *didn't*, why I suppose I'll have to excuse you this time; but don't you do it agin. You needn't take what I said about you to heart this time; it is jest put there to let you see what you may expect if you do hold a meetin' on Sunday!



**The Political Guillotine.**

The guillotine is an ingenious contrivance, invented in France, for the purpose of bringing all parties to one mind. The subject to be operated on is introduced into the presence of the machine, and if he has any desire to remain in a state of health, he lays aside his own opinions and adopts those of the dominant party; if, however, he prefers not to do this voluntarily, then the dominant party puts him in the proper position, and with the guillotine removes his head, and lays both it and his opinions aside together. It is, of course, greatly to the advantage of a country that the people should all think alike on political questions. This is the view taken by the able and paternal government which at present rules in Canada, and for the purpose of practically carrying out this view it is said the government have imported and set up a guillotine, which has been working admirably for some time past. The ranks of the Civil Service have furnished the victims for the machine, and the heads of Grit postmasters, weights and measures inspectors, etc., are reported to be



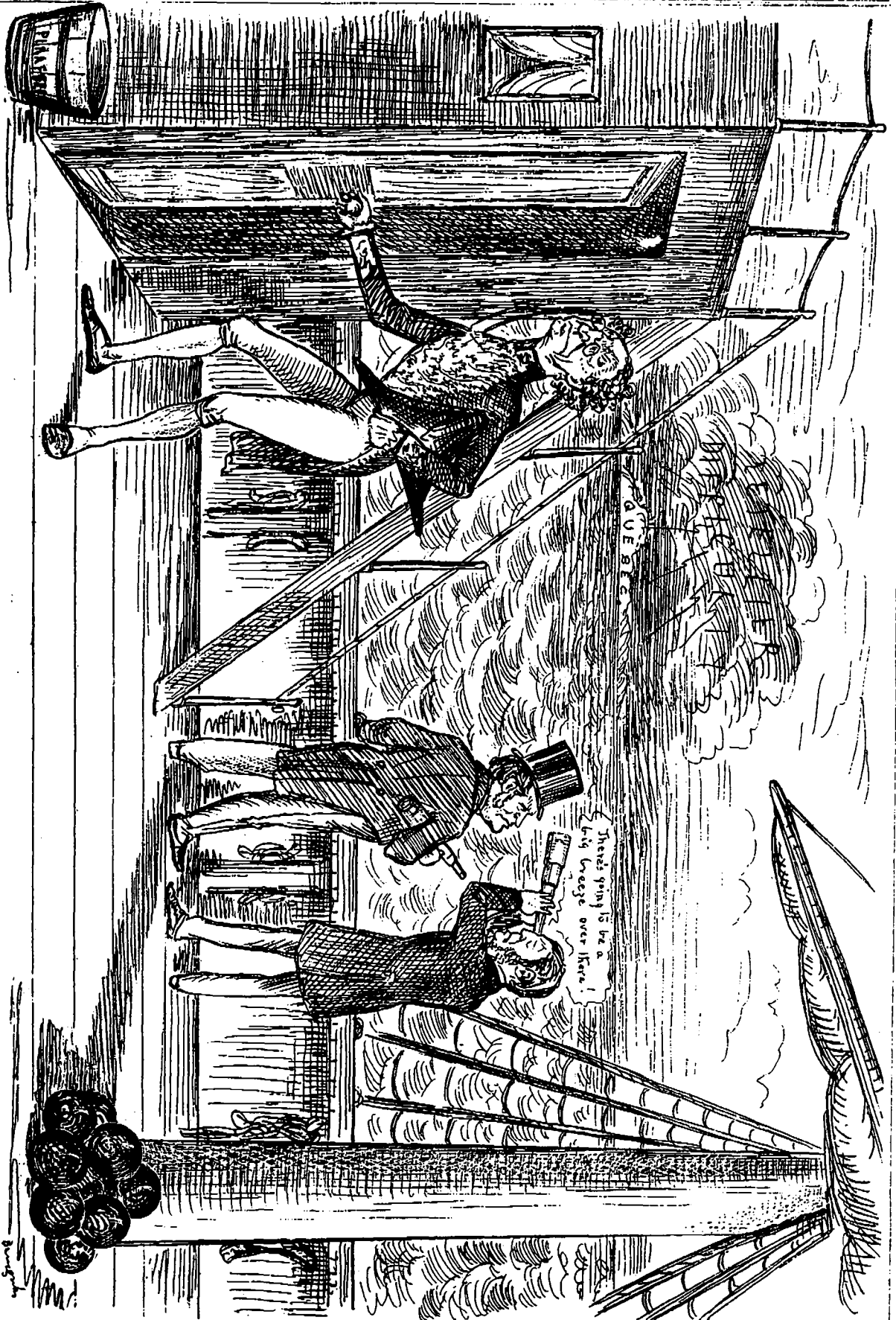
**The Lacrosse Match.**

WHITE EAGLE came down like a big bird of prey, And with the Toronto's first twelve got away!



**GRIP TO HIS WORSHIP.**

Now Mr. Mayor, we want your official sanction to this, and don't lose any more time about it!



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD PORTER, K.C.B.

"AND WHEN THE BREEZES BLOW I GENERALLY GO BELOW, AND COURT THE SECLUSION WHICH A CABIN GRANTS."

Burgin



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Sun is mightier than the Sword."

The rows that all are praising—Hanlan's.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

"Winter," says a Nevada paper, "is now after summer with an icicle."

A mixed up boy asked for a "ten-cent bake of loafer's bread."—*Boston Advertiser*.

The man and the umbrella that have lost a rib should be repaired.—*Boston Transcript*.

The new summer bonnet turns the head of every woman that does not wear it.—*New York People*.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Many so called "self made men" relieve their parents of a fearful load of responsibility.—*Wheeling Leader*.

Mrs. JONES says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.—*Stubenville Herald*.

"Stand up and tell the truth like a little bell punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.—*Ex*.

No modern family can do without a piano, a sewing machine, a kit of mackerel and a Presidential candidate.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The man with a diamond stud never wears a lambrequin shirtcover scarf—unless his shirt is in the wash.—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

"And the iron entered my soul," said Grayhead, as he pulled the tack out of the bottom of his slipper.—*Boston Transcript*.

A farmer on the shores of Lake Ontario has had nine acres washed away in twenty years. He is evidently losing ground.—*New York Herald*.

A man never enjoys the keen enjoyment of fishing on the part of the fish, until he get the hook well into the ball of his thumb.—*Syracuse Times*.

Strange that it wearies a man's legs so much less to stand up in front of a bar, than it does to stand up by a work bench.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A man will treat a crowd to seventy-five cents worth of liquor, and then tell his wife he is too poor to purchase a quart of strawberries.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The world is made up of two kinds of people—those who work and those who spend all their time in getting ready to work.—*Boston Transcript*.

When you come right down to "sounds of industry," a boy, a club and an old tin pan can do as much business as six carpenters working on a new house.

It is seldom you meet a chap who is more cleaver than the butcher. Why, even your wife is not ashamed to be seen smacking her lips over his chops.—*New York News*.

An old captain in the regular army says that a soldier can get drunk on cold water, if it is in a demijohn and there are stringent orders that all demijohns shall be suppressed.

"Swarm weather this," yelled a punster as he struck out over a ten acre lot followed by a secret society of hornets that he had fired into with a shot-gun.—*Wheeling Leader*.

If Mr. Ajax, hadn't just taken out a \$5,000 insurance policy on a \$600 house, he wouldn't have been so anxious for the lightning to strike in his vicinity.—*Owego Record*.

A Mississippi man puts in thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for country Treasurer."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall, and you'll find the old lady down on you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register*.

A great many people are going over to examine the effete monarchies of Europe this season. Some of them will go out in the first cabin and come back in the steerage.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

We buried him slyly on Monday night, the sods with our shooting-sticks turning, for he wrote a new poem and read it with might, in spite of the editor's snoring.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

If the man who gave us by mistake the lead quarter he was saving to put into the contribution box Sunday, will call, we will cheerfully allow him to rectify his error.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

A mother on Cottage hill saw her little daughter draw her sleeve across her mouth, and said, "Tilly, what is your handkerchief for?" "To firt with, mamma," was the innocent reply.—*Oil City Derrick*.

We presume the reason why a coachman possesses such a peculiar fascination for many young ladies, is because he is so closely related to the bridle halter, and is a sir-single.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A tinsmith will criticize a man's poetry to his face and tell him where it is weak and watery, but let the poet attempt to tell him where one of his kettles is defective and he will get mad.—*N. Y. Sunday Star*.

"Why, Alf, what in the world are you doing with that red paint?" exclaimed a fond mother, addressing her six year-old darling. "Why," replied the observing innocent, "I am paintin' my nose so it'll look like papa's."—*American Punch*.

The clown in the circus last week got off a new joke, and the audience were moved to tears by the wild and bewildered manner of the ring master to whom it came as unexpected as a snow storm in August.—*Marathon Independent*.

A little love will do for man,

But woman claims it ever,  
Her heart, built on the broad-gauge plan,  
Transports without endeavour  
Whole tons of love, which she would fain  
Bestow at her sweet pleasure,  
But should you tread upon her train,  
Her hate will know no measure.

*New Haven Register*: A ten-year old boy will climb all over the frame-work of a new house like a monkey and never get a fall or a scratch; but when his mother, half scared to death, sees him on the ridgepole and starts for him, she will stub her toe over a half-inch board and go headlong into the dirt, disfiguring her face so badly that she can't go to the sewing society for three weeks.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow wharf from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When a man is standing with one foot on a truck and the other on a case on the sidewalk, and the horse suddenly starts and causes him to open like a pair of shears, the rapidity with which he can't decide what to do is one of the most insoluble phenomena of human nature.—*New York Star*.

The play was at its height in the card room of a well know club, and from a distant corner was heard, "We are *two to two*!" "By Jove, we are *two to two* too!" responded a player at an adjoining table. No wonder that a German there present likened our language to a French horn.—*Judy*.

A young lady in town well connected, in her talk was very affected. For neither she always said nither; And one day at the dentist's, Before the tooth was ejected, She said she believed she'd take "ither."—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

A circular advocating a summer resort calls attention to "numerous cozy seats 'n forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons." We defy the production of an attraction that can go ahead of that. We shall pass the major part of the summer there.—*New Haven Register*.

Little Billy was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten at the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked, "Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?"—*French Paper*.

"A smile costs the giver nothing," says a good writer. Doesn't hey? Perhaps not, but we know of a Rockland man who began to "smile" four years ago, and then got into the habit of generously giving his friends "smiles" also. He has smiled away a house and lot, a span of horses, a good business and his soul and character.—*Rockland Courier*.

'Tis the rose-bud with its delicate blush, that now adorns the lapel of the swell young gent. He would like to convey the impression that it was placed there by some fair hand that plucked it from its bush while yet it sparkled with the morning dew. This is not the case. It is one that he reached across the fence and stole from a front yard on his way down town.—*New Haven Register*.

A writer on archery says, "A lady walking through the fields or on unfrequented roads is well protected if she is an expert archer, for a thirty-pound bow will put an arrow through the stoutest tramp." A thirty pound bow might be useful, but a hundred-and-fifty pound beau would be vastly better. The lady could then be all the archer.—*Uncle Sam*.

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason why women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danbury News*.

**A New Order.**

Dear GRIP:—I have a project of great moment to communicate to you, and in the carrying out of which I crave your patronage and advice. There is a big thing in it, I assure you, and I have been urgently requested to favor the "Dictator" of the *Globe* with the offer of the position of patron or godfather. But I am not to be caught in that trap. He would want to own the whole thing himself, and thus put us completely in the back-ground. I will disclose it to you carefully and gradually, in order that you may not be completely carried away by surprise at its novelty, and enthusiastic admiration at the brilliancy of its conception. You are aware, my dear sir, of the great benefits social, financial, moral, religious and political, and of the rewards, honours, profits and advantages generally that are conferred upon their members by the various and numerous secret Orders and societies established in this country. Now, I am working up a new Order, having all the best features of all known orders, as well as many more new and important ones of my own invention. It will cause the benefits and advantages above mentioned, and now offered by the Free Masons, Orangemen, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows to fade into the most despicable insignificance.

Allow me to enumerate some of our special features, to give you a faint outline of the glories of this new and unrivalled combination of benefits. In the first place, the entrance fee is to be small; much less than that of all existing Orders. This is to prevent the exclusion of any good but possibly impecunious individual.

Next, there is to be no blackballing. We have observed that the blackball seems to serve no purpose whatever unless to keep out occasionally persons politically obnoxious.

All persons are from the beginning of their membership to have as many degrees as they like, and wear as many brilliantly colored cloaks, badges, aprons and ribbons, and as many pieces of jewelry of glass, brass, or any other material, and spangles, stars, etc., etc., as fancy suggests, or they can purchase or carry.

We see no reason why these things should be limited in numbers, or to certain persons who are quite likely to be the meanest in the community. On the same ground and on the ground that they cost neither money nor effort, we will allow each and every member to choose and adopt whatever and as many titles of honour as he can invent, steal or borrow. We have often thought it absurd that men who were almost unknown, or known only to be disliked among their neighbors, should be held in high respect and dignity at the annual meetings of these antiquated societies, and be there addressed as "Most Worthy Grand Hidalgo" etc., etc. We hope by making these honors and titles open to all that some of them at least will be worthily worn.

Then we shall have not only annual dinners, but monthly or weekly affairs of that kind, (in fact as many as we can afford) where we can all get drunk without check. This attraction will, we expect, more than any other we have to offer, induce members of existing orders to come to us. Our rules will prevent us from soliciting members, but we may insinuate that it will pay them to join us. They will understand by this that we are all bound by cast iron oaths to countenance or encourage no one but those of our own order, and those to help in sickness and in death, in difficulties pecuniary, and crimi-

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**PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**TENDERS.**

**TENDERS** for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly through Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

**F. BRAUN,**

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. xiii-6-5t.

**\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.**

**"GRIP"** Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

**PRESS OPINIONS.**

"GRIP" is particularly clever this week. The cartoon is devoted, as a matter of course, to Hanlan and his victory over Elliott. The centre piece represents the champion between his friends, Ward and Heasley, in the act of putting on his coat and saying to John Bull, who shields the weeping English sculler in his rear, "have you any more champions, Mr. Bull, before I put my coat on?" Besides the main picture there are a number of others on the same subject, viz. Hanlan's select crew of vanquished scullers, six theories how he did it. Time the only sculler who can beat our boy, the news in Australia, &c. The political notes are very amusing and embrace portraits of Sir John, Sir Samuel, Mr. Langevin who declares he was not so great a success in England as Hanlan, Mr. Norquay riding the "English" mule, Mr. Joly, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. John Bright. The letterpress is as usual, quite up to the mark, making altogether an excellent number of this sprightly paper which never descends to anything low or impolite. — *Quebec Chronicle.*

—Bengough's cartoons on the Hanlan-Elliott race are very amusing. They illustrate the various theories of Hanlan's success, and are got up in a manner which would bring a smile to the gravest countenance. — *Addington Reporter.*

**Financial.**

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nal, and in all contests with outsiders, whether in the way of trade or politics.

And finally, in order that the common prejudice in favor of orders of ancient origin may not prevent our success, we shall christen ourselves "The Sons of ADAM," and declare (and never waver from it) that we have existed as an order from the time of good old father ADAM, who established our ancient and honorable society and initiated the first members.

Yours sincerely,

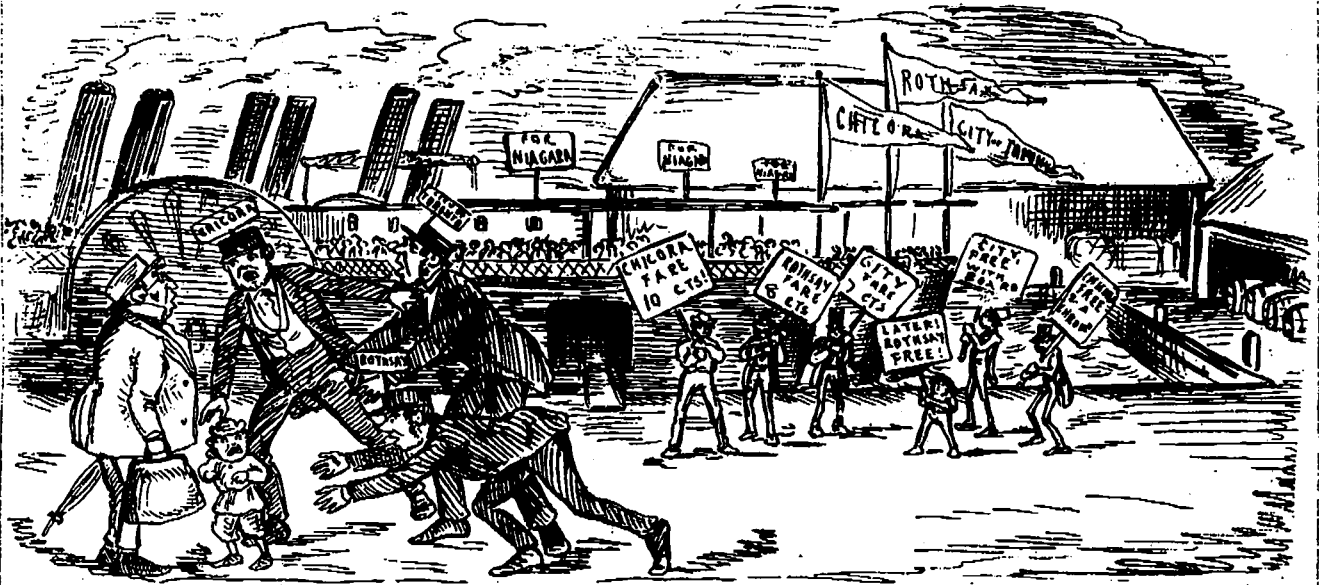
JONES, P. D., G. M. K. G., etc.

**More Ideas on the "Woman Question."**

By SU SCRETTIBLE.

In the "New Ideal of Womanhood," to which I promised a *critical* reply, I observe the passage, "How often it happens that women, throw their whole being into a precarious affection, because morbidly sensitive to the most trifling sights, and brood over them till their mental balance is seriously disturbed \* \* \* To a woman crushed by a heavy personal grief, nothing can be a greater blessing than a larger interest, whether it be in art, literature, or philanthropic work."

This mistaken theory is not new to me, in fact, some time ago, when G—, no, I will not refer to *him*, the subject is still fraught with pain to a sensitive spirit—but I may say, that in past days, when my heart was cruelly pierced, some persons wished me to try to forget my own affection by working for creatures of a low and uninteresting type. To expect a refined and too sensitive being to be brought into active association with such creatures is simply outrageous, they are all very well to make a good contrast in a poem, or picture, as characters in a novel, or anything of that sort; but when one is yearning for another glance from expressive grey eyes, or longing to hear again the softly modulated tones of a manly voice, it is the refinement of cruelty to drag her—as a *sympathising friend* did me—into a close, dirty, unpicturesque looking hovel, and expect her to be diverted from her sorrows by the sight of a number of cross, untidy, sickly, uninteresting children. I have a *very liberal* mind. If people's souls do not soar above such things, I have no objection to their taking their amusement in their own way. Some prefer making flannel shirts and petticoats for the tropical heathen, others seem to find recreation or solace in soup. (I mean in making it for the poor; one of my friends has quite a mania on that subject). Pray do not suppose that I take no interest in the church, or in charity; indeed, I am invariably energetic, I dote on bazaars, tableaux, strawberry festivals, and everything of that kind in connection with the church. I roused myself sufficiently to sell at the flower table, at a bazaar, just when I was feeling most deeply G—'s *heartless conduct*. I must confess that a little judicious weeping is very becoming to me. Some girls look dreadful after a "good cry." If I were one of that class I would certainly contrive to keep up my spirits by some means. I know a case of blighted affection where the girl is growing more unprepossessing in appearance every day. (She certainly never was a beauty!) If crying gave me a red nose, swelled cheeks, and dim eyes, I would consider it a positive duty to control my feelings. I would write for the magazines, take drawing lessons or even visit the poor, but when the "circled trio of a night of tears," gives an *interesting* melancholy to one's countenance, and adds to the brightness of one's eyes, grief (of course in moderation), is quite excusable.



"FARE COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE!"



I found one morning that the sun,  
Too early had his course begun;  
"Phoobus," said I, "why so much haste?"  
He answered, "I've no time to waste:  
Photographs are in such demand,  
I promised BRUCE I'd be on hand."

J. BRUCE & Co., opp. Rossin House.

xii-22-17.

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IN GILT LETTERS.

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xiii-1-18

In view of the tremendous battle at present raging between the rival steamboats on the Niagara route, people are beginning to ask "What are we coming to?" and the above little sketch is GRIP's reply to the query. This will probably be the spectacle presented on the Yonge Street wharf some of these fine mornings. The representatives of the boats will become as boldly aggressive as the hackmen now are in cities where their wills are unrestrained, and the moment an intending passenger makes his appearance, he will find himself the object of a three cornered attack that will be entirely new in the history of navigation. His baggage will be seized and pulled in one direction, and his coat in another, and meantime his ears will be assailed with shouts of "Patronise the People's boat!" "Don't you do it—take the old popular steamer!" "Down with monopoly," etc., etc., etc.

The travelling public will put up with this all good naturedly, so long as the rival navigators don't tear their clothes; in fact this war is about the best thing the travelling public have any recollection of. It has brought the beautiful Niagara to our very doors, and there is now no excuse for anybody dying in the city for want of a taste of fresh air.

**The Hanlan Reception.**

Has his worship the Mayor taken any action as yet with reference to the HANLAN reception? If not, surely it is high time that were done, unless Toronto is willing to be humiliated in the eyes of the whole world by having the projected demonstration end in a fizzle. The "boy" is now a good distance on his way home, and there is no time to be lost. Let the Mayor call a public meeting at once, and organize executive committees. There are hundreds ready and willing to work actively, who are at present waiting only for the word of authority. Don't procrastinate any longer!

The papers speak of the little sloop *Uncle Sam* being manned by GOLDSMITH and his wife. Why can't these editors be precise and say manned and womaned.



S. R. QUIGLEY,

ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,

MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &c.  
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

**BALDNESS!**

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xiii-12-17

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