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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV. No. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880.

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A well dressed negro applied to the Judge of Probate of Mobile for a marriage license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation: 'Just 16, Judge—sweet 16, and the handsomest girl in town.' The Judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue a license to any one under 18. 'Well, hold on Judge,' exclaimed the man. 'I know dat dem girls am deceitful about deir age. She is 19 if a day.' 'Will you swear to it?' asked the Judge. 'Yes, sah,' he replied, and did. And how old are you?' asked the Judge. The chap looked suspicious, replied cautiously. 'Thirty-five,' and added, 'if dat won't do, Judge, I've got more back.'—*Ex.*



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JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON NUMBER TWO.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer is one of the latest journalistic efforts of Toronto, and promises to be very popular. —Norwich, Ont., *Gazette*.

From all appearance this little magazine will be a welcome guest among all writers of the art, irrespective of any particular system. It is perfectly cosmopolitan in character, and contains new and interesting matter in regard to the different subjects treated. It is published both in its typic and lithographic portions, very similar to that of the *Review*, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to shorthand literature. —The *Shorthand Review*, Cleveland, O.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER" is the title of a well-edited and well-printed magazine, the second number of which has just been issued from GRIP office. Unlike some journals devoted to shorthand, this one is perfectly neutral as between the various systems, and it numbers amongst its contributors disciples of the two Pitmans, Graham, and Munson, besides one or two who acknowledge none of these men as their master. The *Writer* is full of interesting matter about shorthand and shorthand writers, not the least entertaining feature of the magazine being the cartoon and cartoon portraits by the artist of *Grip*. —The *Globe* Toronto.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well-written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of *Grip's* cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The *Shorthand Writer* is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect. —London *Advertiser*.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The *Canadian Shorthand Writer* is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—*Star* and *Observer* (edited by Mr. Geo. Evelyn, of the *House of Commons Gallery*).

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

The temperature within the Madison Square theatre on the occasion of the performance for the Poe statue fund was twelve or thirteen degrees cooler than the temperature in the shade outside—a considerable triumph for the new ventilating system, which consumes several tons of ice daily.

Mr. and Mrs. MCKEE RANKIN have two children, PIXIE and DIDO, who recently attracted the attention of the Prince of WALES at a SARAH BERNHARDT matinee in London. We are not aware that this will make the children any better or handsomer, though the London papers make a great point of it.

The Handel Festival in London seems to have been more successful than ever before. The chorus numbered about 3,500 and the orchestra 450, making an aggregate force of nearly 4,000. The principal soloists were Madame ALBANI, Madame PATTY, MESSRS. MAAS, MCGUCKIN, SANFLEY and FOLI.

The celebrated Spanish Students, under the management of Mr. PITOU, are at present performing at the Pavilion. The company consists of fifteen young gentlemen from Madrid, and their appearance here as elsewhere has created an unusual *favor* amongst the lovers of music. The general admissions is 25 cents; reserved seats, which may be secured at NORDHEIMER'S, 50cts. Their engagement concludes on Friday evening.

St. Andrew's Choral Society, in combination with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, gave a concert on Friday evening, the 9th inst., in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. Strangely enough this concert, like their last one, was prefaced with a heavy thunder storm; nevertheless there was quite a numerous audience. The numbers the Choral Society performed being the same as at their previous concert, and gone through in much the same manner, we need not repeat our previous remarks. Miss MAX MARSH, the soprano soloist of the occasion, possesses a voice of very fine quality, tone, intonation and good taste, which was much enhanced by her pleasant manner. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing her again. The quartette in *Lauda Sion*, was exceedingly well rendered by Misses MARSH and DICK and Dr. MANDEVILLE and Mr. SCHUCH, Miss MARSH'S voice telling most effectively. With respect to the Rochester Orchestra, if it was present in its full strength, it is only a small one, and consequently incapable of giving that body of tone indispensable to a first-class orchestra, or "superb" one, as we were told it was by the committee; if only a portion, then it was not the Rochester Philharmonic. It would have been more judicious to have simply stated the true facts, and in better taste to have omitted the previous puffing indulged in, as a respectable Society should be above resorting to any such means for securing an audience. True merit, and this is the only thing to be depended upon, will ultimately meet its reward and be duly appreciated. We do not make the above remarks deprecatory of the members of Rochester Philharmonic who were present; they played well, and were well conducted by Mr. HENRY APPI. The opening violoncello solo of the *Wm. Tell* overture, although very fairly played was wanting in that sure, vigorous and telling tone so necessary for its due effect, and the flute was unpleasantly out of tune throughout most of the evening's performance. The kettle drum, especially in

La Dame Blanche, overture, were also badly tuned. The movement from MENDELSSOHN'S *Italian Symphony* went very well, although this is one of the weakest of the great master's efforts. We were also a little astonished at the want of perfect respond to the conductor's baton that sometimes occurred, considering that the members of the Orchestra are no doubt accustomed to practice so much together. They are, however, in good hands, as their conductor Mr. APPI evidently showed that he understood his business, and we shall have much pleasure in seeing and hearing them in our midst on any future occasion, our remarks being made to show that we will fully appreciate their most careful performance. We also give every credit due to the Choral Society for their endeavours to give as good a performance as possible, and are glad they succeeded so well musically, and we would hope also financially.

SHARP SIXTH.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Provoct Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11.7 a. m. 2.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 7.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare, (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
SecretaryDepartment of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-17

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The flesh coloring in the Salon, is severely and adversely criticised by the Parisian art writers.

GEORGE RIPLEY, a well-known American writer, and literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, died in New York on the 4th inst., in his 78th year.

It is said that one of the most popular comedians now before the public, is negotiating with Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL to write a comedy for him.

COROT'S monument, by GEOFFREY DECHAUME, has been lately unveiled at Ville d'Avray, where he lived for so many years. It was made the occasion of a great celebration.

It is said that the advance orders for "The Undiscovered Country" have been considerably larger than for any other of Mr. HOWELLS' novels, even the "Lady of the Arosbook."

It has been proposed by the French Government that a grant of \$10,000 should be voted in aid of exhibitions of painting and sculpture, to be organized by the departments similar to the Salon.

Mr. DUNBAR, the young Canadian sculptor, is engaged in modelling a bust of the late Hon. GEORGE BROWN. We were favoured with a view of the work on Saturday, and deem it a very faithful representation of the deceased statesman.

Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT is writing a life of FORREST, which is to be published by Mr. OSGOOD. This will form one of a series of actors' biographies to be published by the same house. Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, it is said, will write the life of the elder BOOTH.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S study at Hawarden is a handsome room, crammed with books, busts, pictures, and other bric-a-brac, and having ivy-hung windows commanding a beautiful prospect. His tables are always covered with manuscripts, and his chairs heaped with newspapers.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. HART & RAWLINSON, a copy of the Calendar of Queen's University and College, Kingston. It is a neatly printed volume and contains full information regarding that admirable institution, together with copies of their recent examination papers in arts, divinity &c.

Under the title of *Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke*, Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES is about to publish a series of sketches, reprints of articles written in the peaceful intervals which have divided his periods of campaigning. In the autumn of the present year he will go to America, there to deliver lectures on "Royalties whom I have Known."

MUNKACSY'S last picture, "La Visite," has just been received by its owner, Mr. M. K. JESUP, for whom it was painted. The subject is a ladies' morning call in a Parisian boudoir, and the arrangement of the figures, the play of light and shade on the richly furnished room, through palms and ferns in a conservatory at the rear, and the splendidly painted detail make up a most charming and striking picture.

Miss LEVENIA VICTORIA SMITH, an exchange says, has just completed a panel for a door. She took the panel out of the door and painted a long-legged crane standing upon it. During the progress of the work the draught coming through the hole where the panel should have been, caused her three sisters to catch the pneumonia. One is already dead, and the others hope to be. On putting the panel back she discovered that it was painted on the wrong side. The picture is much admired by people who pass the house.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.

The Fisheries.

"S'posing we go fishing to-morrow," said MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN to her friend and confidante, ALMIRA SLASHBUSI, on the eve of Dominion Day, as she was inspecting with a critical eye a new "bunnet" that ALMIRA was going to wear, to the envy of all the young ladies in the neighborhood, on the approaching festival. "Let's all go down to the crick on the town line and ketch trout; there's nuthin I like so much as a good days fishin'." GUSTAVUS, who had caught her last words, looked up from the *Mail* which he had been attentively perusing, and smiled grimly. "Fishing," sneered GUSTAVUS. "Fishing. What do you think, MARTHA JANE, of wanting, nay, even demanding offensively \$103,000 for being prevented from having one day's fishing! Just think of it, MARTHA JANE, \$103,000! Yet, this sum is actually asked for by the grasping and avaricious Yanks, because the natives at Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, would not let them spread their sacrilegious nets on a peaceful Sabbath morning. Now, if I go out to work on Sunday, I'm taken up and placed in jail, but here are the Yankees with their usual impudence, sending their Sisco chasers from the sterile shores of Cape Cod, and o'her down East dens of iniquity, to try and over-ride the laws of the land, and make us British subjects as bad as themselves. They charged us a fabulous price which we paid, because old SEMMES and a lot of other long-haired, lantern-jawed JOHNNIES managed to get away from Liverpool a couple of Southern cruisers, and now they growl because they have to pay \$5,500,000 for the use of our Fisheries. Why, consarn them! all they live on down East is fish from our waters, except now and then a clam chowder! It seems they've sent a man-of-war up there; well, let 'em. I reckon, we can find men-of-war, too, that'll soon make that broken up old "Vandalia" take water. What we want to do is to keep 'em out of the Gulf altogether, and let 'em keep their money. If they want war we can give 'em enough and have plenty to spare. For my part, if I held the helm of State, which, mind you, MARTHA, I may in the course of time, for politics is my best hold,—I would drop all friendly relations with 'em and trade direct with the Old Country." "GUSTAVUS, be you goin' to feed them hosses to-night, or be you not?" roared his father from the front gate. "If you don't look lively and get them lazy legs of your'n around a little faster I'll make you stay at home and help your mother to make soft-soap to-morrow." "I'll tell you more about the fish business again, girls," said GUSTAVUS, as he "doubled up" for the barn.

Angelina Thompson on the Toronto Sunday School Union Picnic.

DEAREST MR. GRIP,—I have often heard mama say that marriages are made in heaven, and I am quite sure that such a picnic as we had last Tuesday must have been prepared in Paradise. We had a perfect sort of a day, a real beauty, dressed in a sky of *blue royal* trimmed with floating clouds, like bits of Valenciennes lace. And papa got me such a love of a new dress, silver-grey, with a lace jacket, and a pull-back, so tight, that though I am only "sweet fifteen," I felt as much "grown up" as the oldest inhabitant. At least so TOM BEVERLEY thought—he is our biggest boy at the Sunday School. We had such fun at the picnic! We began with the "handkerchief flirtation"—of course you know all about that, Mr. GRIP, and then we took to talking to each other with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. He said to me, "You bet, I love you awful well." I replied that I liked him as well as any boy in his class. Then he said "that wasn't enough; he couldn't begin to fizz on that." So I told him to prove the sincerity of his affection by getting me at least six ham sandwiches, as I was real hungry, and didn't care for cakes and tarts. I wanted something solid. Then TOM made a rush for the sandwich plate, and we had all we wanted, and then cherry-pie, and trifle, and orange jelly, and pound cake, and strawberries and cream, of course, and plenty of lemonade and tea. Then we had comic songs, and archery, and games, and all sorts of fun. And TOM sat opposite me and got writing love-letters and throwing them at me, and he hit the Superintendent of our Sunday School on the spectacles. He is a cashier in a bank when he is not teaching Sunday School, and is a most grave and polite person, and he picked up TOM's note and handed it to me with a low bow, saying that he hoped I would find the contents agreeable. You may fancy how glad I was to slip away, and keep TOM's note in my hand all the same. And I colored up, and TOM said I looked like the rose he wore in his coat; and he gave me the rose, and said he bought it for me, it cost him ten cents on King street. Oh, I do love Sunday School!

And, dear MR. GRIP, I often hear papa talk about the disputing in the different churches, and the quarrels between High Church and Low. Now, why could not the church imitate the Sunday Schools, go somewhere altogether and have a picnic, and learn to love each other—if only the big people would not mind taking a lesson from the little children?

I am yours,

ANGELINA THOMPSON.

Jones on the St. Andrew's Concert.

"What's the use of howling for 'Commercial Union?' We have already had an 'App' union of commercial interests resulting in nearly perfect harmony, in the concert given by the combined Rochester Orchestra and the St. Andrew's Choral Society. People say it paid. Shouldn't wonder. That's the usual result of working for each other, instead of each for self. The concord that has been thus effected in musical circles is exactly what we want to see in commercial ones; but we don't want it limited to one Nationality—not much.

What's the good of an "N. P." that don't protect us against musical talent? Let's put a duty on orchestras to protect home industry. Why should our audiences be made a slaughter market for American musical excellence?

Free trade in concerts must inevitably ruin home talent; for of course nobody will feel stirred up by such visits from foreign artists to improve the native article till it can successfully carry the war into the enemy's (?) country. Can't you see it?

What! you don't consider Canadians second in talent to any nation? Self-conceit will be

your destruction yet, my friend. The only question is—have you enough of that commodity to enable you to drop the "N. P." musical or otherwise, and rise to the height of 'commercial union,' till that again lifts you into the serene air of Free Trade, alike in music and grey cottons? But—excuse me—there's a friend of mine across the street—must talk to him."

And off JONES rushed, to worry another hapless victim into hopeless frenzy.

High-Class Religion.

The following advertisement has actually appeared at one of the Churches of Clapham, London, England, "N. B. The afternoon service of June 27, will be for the children of the upper class. Tickets for this service may be had from the vicar or the churchwardens of St. Matthews. Each child is requested to bring a small coin for the Madagascar Mission, or a cut flower which will be left in the church, or forwarded to the children's Hospital." How very nice! Of course the small coin must be genteel silver, not plebian copper, and the "cut flower" a hot house exotic, not a mere vulgar lily of the fields! But we have read of One who in giving this benediction to little children, did not by any means confine His attention to the children of the upper class, the rich Scribes and hightoned Pharisees. But they have changed all that it appears at St. Matthews Church, Clapham.

Sense in Nonsense.

There was a great Preacher who had rented each pew, And who had so many "hearers," he knew not what to do; So he built them a gallery forty feet high, And his flock for the first time to heaven got nigh!

A Polish Tale.

His name was SNOBLOVORSKI. Her name was SNOBLOVORSKA. They lived in the ancient town of Snoblovopskowski. As the chimes of the cathedral clock struck twelve, he was summoned by the pew-opener to attend a meeting of annihilationists in the vestry parlor. The legend on their blood-red banner was this, "No God and no Government." The order of the meeting was interrupted by Freedom shrieking at the fall of some patriot, with an unpronounceable name. The police rushed in. "Fly an thou wilt," she cried, and he wilted accordingly. Thus it befel that he and she were parted. He escaped to Canada, where he attained great eminence as a fishing Pole. Ultimately she was knouted, he was knighted. Such is life.

Grip on Graphiology.

MR. GRIP has engaged the services of a Professor of the hitherto lost art of Graphiology. He has been favoured by some leading politicians, *literati*, professional beauties, and young ladies with specimens of their hand-writing, each specimen accompanied by a quarter-dollar. He herewith publishes one of these graphiological sketches, for the edification of his readers, and the general furtherance of science.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

This hand-writing denotes a child-like frankness and gaiety, an invincible devotion to truth, a Spartan simplicity of life, and habits of self-denial pushed to asceticism. The writer is a statesman whose grand political idea is to make the people of Canada prosperous, by carrying out a system of tariff which will force them all to quit this poor country. The writer's name, "JOHN," is a Hebrew word and signifies "the grace of Heaven"—it does not seem a felicitously chosen appellation for the great financier who devised the N. P.

A fast man.—DR. TANNER.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.
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The Sea Serpent!

It is reported that the sea serpent has at last made his appearance of a truth. He has been observed by witnesses of undoubted veracity, namely, newspaper reporters, in the near vicinity of Ottawa. This is the veritable critter, and all previous sea serpents are hereby declared null and void. The monster is described as being about the size of a small telegraph pole, and wearing a peculiarly ferocious aspect. It is possible that there may be some skeptics who will doubt the truth of this latest serpent-story, but Mr. GRIP is not of the number. He feels quite disposed to accept the statements made by the Ottawa papers—not merely because of the proverbial truthfulness of the Ottawa journalists—but also on account of antecedent probability in the case. Mr. GRIP, in fact, has a theory about it, namely, that the serpent is skulking around Ottawa with the design of devouring the old lady of the Senate, whose remains are expected shortly to be cast into the river.



Bradlaugh the Lion-Tamer.

The current number of *Punch* has a cartoon on the BRADLAUGH case. It is entitled "Kicked out," and represents the member of Northampton making a hasty and ignominious exit from the House, flanked in the rear by many orthodox boots, fists and umbrellas. But Mr. *Punch* ought to stick to facts, as his great *confreere*, Mr. GRIP, always does. No doubt the picture just described is well calculated to tickle the general English mind, but it is hardly a fair representation of the actual circumstances. It would have been nearer the mark, had the situation been reversed, for in point of fact BRADLAUGH kicked the House of Commons out

of doors. He completely triumphed in the matter, and effectually carried the point which he set himself to carry—namely, that he should be allowed to affirm instead of swear. The above rude and imperfect drawing is submitted to Mr. *Punch* as a hint for another cartoon on the subject. It is not so flattering to national pride, but it gives a faithful idea of the manner in which the Infidel tamed the British Lion. Mr. GRIP might state that he will always be pleased to furnish striking suggestions like this to Mr. *Punch* and other young and rising amateur journalists.

Comparatively Speaking.

Deputy Minister to Mr. A.—Your conduct has been most disgraceful, Sir! You were under the influence of liquor yesterday!
 Mr. A.—What time?
 D. M.—About 2 o'clock.
 Mr. A.—Yes; but you should have seen me at 6 o'clock!

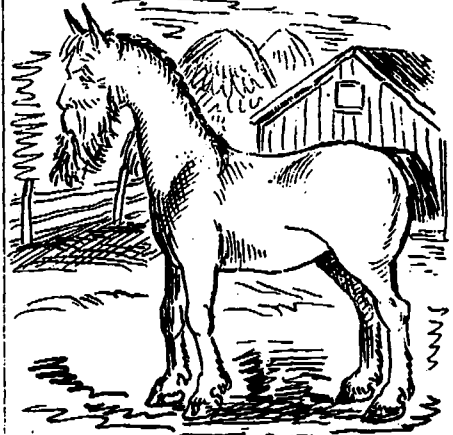


Sanford Fleming's Farewell.

Farewell, my own,
 Sit, of my life, farewell,
 Out I've been thrown,
 Why I can never tell;
 I've done my work
 Ably and well you know,
 Ne'er did I shirk
 Trouble or pain, I trow.
 Still, it's announced
 I've got the real g. b.,
 Yes, I am bounced,
 JOHN A. has done for me!
 Ah, it was cruel,
 All done through petty spite,
 No pliant tool
 Was I, and hence my plight.
 I now must quit
 The labour I love so well,
 Farewell, fat sit,
 Billet for life, farewell.

A Recalcitrant.

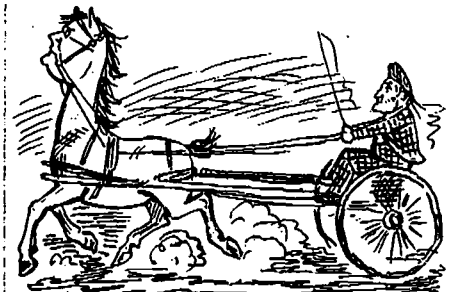
It has been contended by many people that the *Globe* of late has gone back on its former principles, a notable example of which was shown in its sitting down on the Senate. Mr. GRIP until now has not thought proper to pass any structures on that paper's course of late, but when it allows its correspondent in Ottawa to write disparagingly about a system of Water Works, rejoicing in the name of "Haggas," a name only differing in one letter from the famous Caledonian dish of festive memory, he cannot help coming to the conclusion that the recalcitrant sheet above named has actually abandoned the unfortunate Scotch, who were supposed, especially by Bro. BOYLE, to be its particular pet. O, Tempora, &c.



A Globe Allegory.

From an article on Horse-Breeding in last Monday's *Globe* we call the following brief descriptions of the celebrated horses "Clear Grit" and "Goliath," embellishing the same with illustrations:—

"The old horse "Clear Grit" was foaled not far from Toronto some eighteen or twenty years ago. He turned out to be a marvellously plucky colt, and in time, after he had been nearly spoiled by bad handling, and after he had been banged about the streets of Toronto in a grocer's cart, he ultimately, after many vicissitudes, turned out to be a speedy trotter for his day, and better than that, a horse that was sure to come to the front when once the heats were broken. He would stay all day, and never give up a race as long as he was allowed to stay in it. Though he still lives and is doing good service in the stud, his trotting days are long since past. I do not at the moment remember what record he secured while on the turf, but he was rated by good horsemen able to beat "35" in his trotting days, while all who knew him unite in the opinion that he would have been very fast had he enjoyed the advantages of judicious handling from his colthood."



"Goliath is a big, rough-looking bay gelding, full sixteen and a half hands high, long bodied, and powerful all over, and showing a wealth of bone and muscle such as is rarely met with. He was never broken to anything but the halter till a month or two ago, when he was put into Mr. STINSON's hands, but now he travels very kindly before a heavy breaking cart with very long shafts. When harnessed to this clumsy and heavy vehicle he will raise his long neck high in the air and travel off at a three-minute clip as though it was no trouble for him to do so. He is a bigger gaited horse than Moose, and swings along with such perfect ease that one cannot help thinking that he will trot very fast when he comes to know what is wanted of him. With the exception of a curb which does not seem to harm him any, this big gelding does not appear to have any blemishes."



THE ANNUAL BLOW-OUT!

SIR A. T. GALT.—What! you here personally; am I not, then, capable of transacting the business of the Dominion as High Commissioner?

SIR JOHN.—The business? Oh, certainly, but we couldn't have our annual junketing by proxy, you know!



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Funny items are made by adroit turns of the humor-wrist.—N. Y. News.

To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.—Ex.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.—Ex.

The SMITH family recently held a reunion in New Jersey. Their principal sentiment was: "Pocahontas, the preserver of our race."—Ex.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Tex., entered a circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What a blessin' it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any at all, at all."—Ex.

It is said that we spend more for tobacco than for bread. This seems a little hard to believe when everyone depends upon his friends for the former.—Wild Oats.

"I say," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I have got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with great care, it will die for the want of companions."

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is."—Ex.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, HANNAH," said Mr. SMILEY reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.—New Haven Register.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."—Ex.

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon WEBBING, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some pesky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.—Ex.

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked him, "how it happened that his beard was not so grey as the hair on his head?" "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."—Exchange.

"Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"—Exchange.

CAPABILITY BROWN WAS GEORGE III.'s head gardener and exercised within his domain an autocratic rule, which, while fully admitted, was secretly resented. In course of time BROWN died, and the king made haste to visit his emancipated gardens. "Ha! JOHN," said His Majesty to the working gardener, gleefully rubbing his hands, "now that old BROWN is dead you and I can do as we please!"

A poor loafer on hearing that they charged five dollars a day for board in California, said he should go there to live, as he wished to get in some place where he could get his board charged to him. He is not particular about the price.—Ex.

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessities of life. One day the two were out together and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect," replied the boy, "he lives with his uncle."—Ex.

At a church, in Southwark, there was a christening. After the ceremony, and while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say: "Let me see, this is the 30th?" "Thirtieth?" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the thirteenth!"—Exchange.

A Whitehall man has invented a patent hen cackle suppressor. It is attached to the hen's beak, and when it cackles in the early morn, the sound that disturbs sleepers is returned down the hen's throat and converted into egg shell. It is really a great invention.—W. A. Watkins.

A little girl found a shellless egg under the currant bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and showed it to her aunt. "See auntie," said she, "what I found under the currant bushes? And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it!"—Ex.

"Massa says you must sartan pay de bill today," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not e'xactly dat; but look a here," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heseff, an' darfore wants to make a big raise."—Ex.

"Ish dere some ledder here for me?" inquired a German at the general delivery-window of the Post Office, the other day. "No, none here," was the reply. "Vhell, dot is queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets somedimes dree ledders in one day, and I get none. I bays more taxes as he does, and I have never got one ledder yet. How comes dose dings?"—Ex.

A Long Island Dutchman in reading an account of a meeting in New York city, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the last, so he referred to a dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when the Dutchman said: "Dey must have very hot wedder in New York. I ret an argout of a meeting vere all the people had melted away."—Ex.

By a steamboat explosion on a Western river (says an exchange), a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a by-stander and drawn out, panting. "Well, oid fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a-workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."—Ex.

When the peddler rang Mr. BRAD's doorbell the other day, Mr. BRAD himself opened the door. Mr. BRAD had the baby under his arm, and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't!" replied BRAD,—"she is out: she is perennially and eternally out!"

"Guess she'll be in shortly?"

"No fear, old chap; she'll do nothing of the sort."

"Where can I see her?"

"Why, go down to the Woman Suffrage Club room; and if she isn't there, go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or to the Anti-Vivisection Association; and if she isn't there go to the Society for the Alleviating the Miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has disposed of these interesting creatures, look up the Society for Evangelizing the Maoris, and you'll probably find her surrounded with tracts, and pictures of TE KOORI and TROKOWAN, and if she has finished up there, look for her at the Church Aid Society, or at the Ward Soup-house, or at the American Indian Sewing Society, or at the Home of the One-legged, or at the Hospital for the Asthmatic, or at the St. Polycarp Orphan Asylum, or at some of those mission houses. If you get on her track you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women, and underclothing for the heathen, than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cold-handled flatiron, just out. Do you think she'll buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals of Senegaubia or Fiji are yearning for cold-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers, if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of hair-pin, which—"

"All right; You must go down to the Home for One-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair pins, and she'll order them by the ton."

"I have also got a new kind of instrument that—"

"Right you are. TE WITTI wants a brass band at Taranaki."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have 'em just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum-top for a feeding bottle that is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. BRAD, "I'll tell you what to do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup house with spoons, they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle; and Mrs. BRAD will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have time to sleep. You must try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em! Bribe 'em, I say."

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she is a large women with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian Fund, and to the Asthmatic Asylum, or Fiji Mission, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote 'em herself. It don't make any difference, but you might mention that since she left home the baby has had four fits, JOHNNY has fallen out of the pear tree and cracked his skull, MARV and JIM both have something like the croup, and TOMMY has been bitten by JONES's dog. It won't excite her. She won't care a cent; but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here for a minute between this and New Year's day, she might maybe wash the baby, and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks. But she needn't come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged medicants or make her asthmatic patients miserable. Mind to mention it to her, now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right, then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking-plaster to JOHNNY's skull."

And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and other children clinging to his leg, Mr. BRAD retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.—Wairoa Free Press.

The Senator's Sensitive Daughter.

A SOCIETY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personae.

PHILOMENA O'GILVIE. The Senator's daughter.
 MADGE McVICARS.
 FANNY FRISBIE.
 LOTTIE LEWISON. } Her especial friends.
 FANCHETTE. A French maid.
 Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE. A member of the Senate.
 Mr. FITZHERBERT FRISBIE. A young lawyer.
 JOBSON. A boy in buttons.

ACT I.

SCENE. A handsome morning room furnished in good taste. The current number of GRIP and several daily newspapers scattered about table C.

Philomena discovered seated in easy-chair, R. C., reading "Bystander"—dressed in fairy-like morning costume.

PHILOMENA, (bursting into tears.) Unhappy girl that I am to be the child of a man so soon to lose his position, and with it, I suppose, his title! These papers clearly prove the position a mere sham—a cause of needless expense to a country fast becoming impoverished by various other shams, and to think that my father should participate in such a fraud. The Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE. The Honourable! Ay, I always believed him to be the soul of honour, and now I mean to put it to the test. If my father is what I take him to be, he will resign his seat in the Senate—now or shortly—and settle down into what nature made him—an honest manufacturer.

Enter the Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE, in crimson dressing-gown, green smoking-cap, and nicely embroidered slippers.

Hon. JOSIAH (fussily). Who talks of honest manufacturers? (Approaching PHILOMENA.) Girl, what do I see? How came you into possession of this most rabid print? (Snatching "Bystander," and tearing it into pieces.)

PHILOMENA.—Forbear, my dearest father, nor foul your tongue by applying such language to the production of one whose learning and independence have left him without a compeer.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Without a fiddle-stick! Your brain will become turned by the influence of this noxious stuff. Who dared to carry this vile rubbish into my house?

PHILOMENA.—The man whom you expect to lead your only child to the altar. He, whom you have encouraged me to love!

Hon. JOSIAH.—FITZHERBERT FRISBIE!—He never meant to do you anything but honor!

PHILOMENA.—Nor has it done me harm, papa, and soon I hope 'twill do you good. Not that (indicating fragments of torn "Bystander,") but this—and this, and this (to other newspapers) have shown me how shaky is your seat in the Senate, how empty is your title, and how you wrong your country, by partaking of her funds for useless office.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Girl! you forget yourself, (becoming furious). I'll hear no more; your affianced husband shall bring you to your reason. I'll fly for him at once, (rings hand-bell).

Enter FANCHETTE. L. door.

Keep strict watch on your young lady till I return, (rings bell again).

Enter Boy in buttons.

Here, you Jobson, gather up these (to newspapers, &c.) and burn every one, and remember Miss O'GILVIE is not "at home" to any one till I come back. Going door C.

PHILOMENA.—Oh! woe is me! he treats me as though I were insane. Father, if you love me listen to reason. He is gone! He will stick to the Senate while it lasts! (Sinks into chair sobbing).

ACT II.

Scene same as in 1st act.

Philomena discovered sitting dreamily on sofa R. Fanchette standing with arms folded, L.
 PHILOMENA.—Fetch me writing materials—that done—watch me from the next room. (FANCHETTE obeys, courtseys and retires. Voices of girls heard outside.)

"Nonsense, Jobson, we must come in, Miss O'GILVIE was to join us for a pic-nic here."

PHILOMENA.—Dear me! I had almost forgotten my appointment. (Going to door L.) Come up, MADGE. Good morning, FANNY. I owe you both an apology. Sit down. My mind has gone a little off its balance in consequence of this Senate question.

MADGE McVICAR.—We've heard of you, you oversensitive girl. A Senator's daughter should swear by the Senate—whether right or wrong. Think of the long and pleasant seasons at the capital—think of the balls, the theatricals, the attentions of admirers, the changes of dress and all the other delightful etceteras of the session! I'd nearly as soon give up living as relinquish these. But there—leave off your vagaries, and dress. The boat won't wait—not even for a Senator's daughter.

FANCHETTE.—Prepare your Mistress' pic-nic costume. FANNY, we'll both help her. (They try to lead her to dressing-room. PHILOMENA shakes her head—resists. They appear disgusted. Tableau.)

ACT III.

Philomena discovered writing at table near sofa, reads: "My dear FITZHERBERT. It would indeed be a useless task to try to dissuade me from my purpose. I cannot join longer in so palpable a fraud. If my father persists in his determination I shall be forced to take a step, which must separate me from the world forever. Think of our beloved country. Millions which might be spent for her good and for the welfare of her poor are frittered away on useless holders of office. We want all this changed, and every girl amongst her so-called aristocracy can do something to bring about this happy change. Aid me by discountenancing my infatuated father. He loves the Senate for position's sake—but there are those whose attachment to it is only for the filthy lucre it puts each year into their pockets."

(Loud rapping at street door.)

Enter Hon. JOSIAH and FITZHERBERT FRISBIE, C. door.

Hon. JOSIAH.—There she is. If she be insane, see that you bring her to her reason. I'll leave you. Exit L.

FITZHERBERT FRISBIE (approaching PHILOMENA). My own dear PHILOMENA! what strange fancy is this? I had hoped that no other thought but that which would certainly absorb most women, now occupied my fair betrothed's mind. We were to have been married in two months—not time enough, many girls would say, to prepare the bridal outfit.

PHILOMENA.—Alas! I can but think of one sad thought. My father has forgot his pride! The destruction of the Senate must be only a matter of a little time. Urge him to forestall events and not wait to be shaken from his seat.

FITZHERBERT FRISBIE.—I am not a Senator myself, but my sympathies run in that direction. I know you love me and will keep your promise to become my wife. Leave things as they were a week ago (tenderly).

PHILOMENA (indignantly). I see it is the Senator's daughter and not the girl you love (rings). Farewell! read this. (Hands letter and is about to go). Enter Hon. JOSIAH L.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Stay daughter, I see a bevy of your youthful friends coming, no doubt to talk about arrangements for a wedding. No girl can well resist a conference about her trousseau.

FITZHERBERT F.—The more so if her heart precedes her hand. Come, smile, my PHILOMENA, and banish all your morbid thoughts.

Enter L. door, MADGE McVICARS, FANNY FRISBIE, LOTTIE LEWISON, &c.

Hon. JOSIAH.—Join me, FRISBIE. Leave her to the girls for a little.

They exit—arm in arm. L.

MADGE.—Now, PHILOMENA, let us discuss materials and decide on colours.

PHILOMENA.—Neither materials nor colours have any interest for me, until the affairs of our mis-managed country undergo a change, and her standard floats no longer over the heads of men who care only for their own advancement.

(She sinks on sofa despondently. The girls gather round and look at each other in disappointment not unmingled with disgust.)

Enter Hon. JOSIAH O'GILVIE and FITZHERBERT FRISBIE, to lugubrious music, played by an invisible orchestra. They throw away half-burnt cigars and join the group more in anger than in sorrow. Tableau.

Nonsense.

There was an old statesman, JOHN A.

In power for many a day.

Till the Grits found a handle.

By making a scandal.

And drove him from office away.

Then this pious old man looked around.

And he vowed, as his grinders he ground,

That he'd make an N. P.

Which would smash McKENZIE,

And it did, for the notion was sound.

Now Mr. McKENZIE was slain in the fray,

And the Grit party melted away:

So they asked EDWARDS to vie

A new party to make.

Which he will (in his mind, as they say.)

Oh, EDWARDS, be careful, pray do.

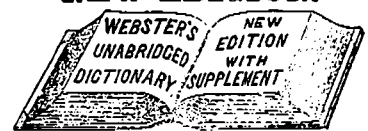
For GRIP keeps his eye upon you.

Just adopt the N. P.

In a minor degree.

And you'll "capture" Sir JOHN'S present crew.

J. A. KASSE.

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Songs for the Education Department.

No. 1. Air—"Tiddle a Wink."

Whenever in the "Varsity is a vacant situation, No "mere Canadians" need apply for any such high station, Crookedy CROOKS, crookedy CROOKS, presides o'er education.

Of swell young men from Oxford let us make the importation, And snub Canadian scholarship with all humiliation, For crookedy CROOKS, crookedy CROOKS, presides o'er education.

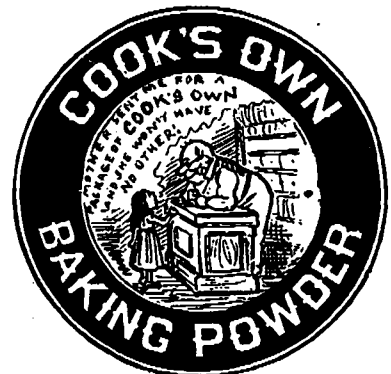
Canadian Professors, all send in your resignation! Since of this great young English gent you have not the approbation, As crookedy CROOKS, crookedy CROOKS, presides o'er education.

So let each galoot great CROOKS extol and shout with exultation, Who has sent this gent "culchaw" to teach to this poor Canadian nation. Where crookedy CROOKS, crookedy CROOKS, presides o'er education.

A Genuine Outrage.

The Government of the Dominion have announced their intention to sell the beautiful Islands in the St. Lawrence, between Brockville and Gananoque, to private purchasers. If this infamous project is persisted in, and if the citizens of Ontario stand by and see it consummated, it will furnish about as bitter a commentary on the sordid and contemptible spirit of the age, as anything we can conceive. To sell the Thousand Islands, which are at present the free and beautiful heritage of the public, would be an outrage, the mere suggestion of which ought to bring down a storm of indignation upon the heads of the Ministers. Looked at from the most unsentimental standpoint, nothing could justify it but the imminent danger of national bankruptcy; under our present circumstances of reviving prosperity, it is altogether scandalous. Of a truth the age of chivalry has passed. We are now prepared to hear that the Government have opened negotiations for the sale of the Canadian portion of Niagara Falls; and that they propose to cut up Parliament Square and sell it off for building lots. But after all there is perhaps no occasion for surprise in the announcement concerning the Islands, for men who would sell themselves, would naturally have few scruples about selling anything else. Grip hopes, however, that an expression of public opinion may be given earnestly and emphatically against the shameful proposition, and in time to save the country from the impending humiliation.

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Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete: cost \$320. Price, \$350.
Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.
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