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**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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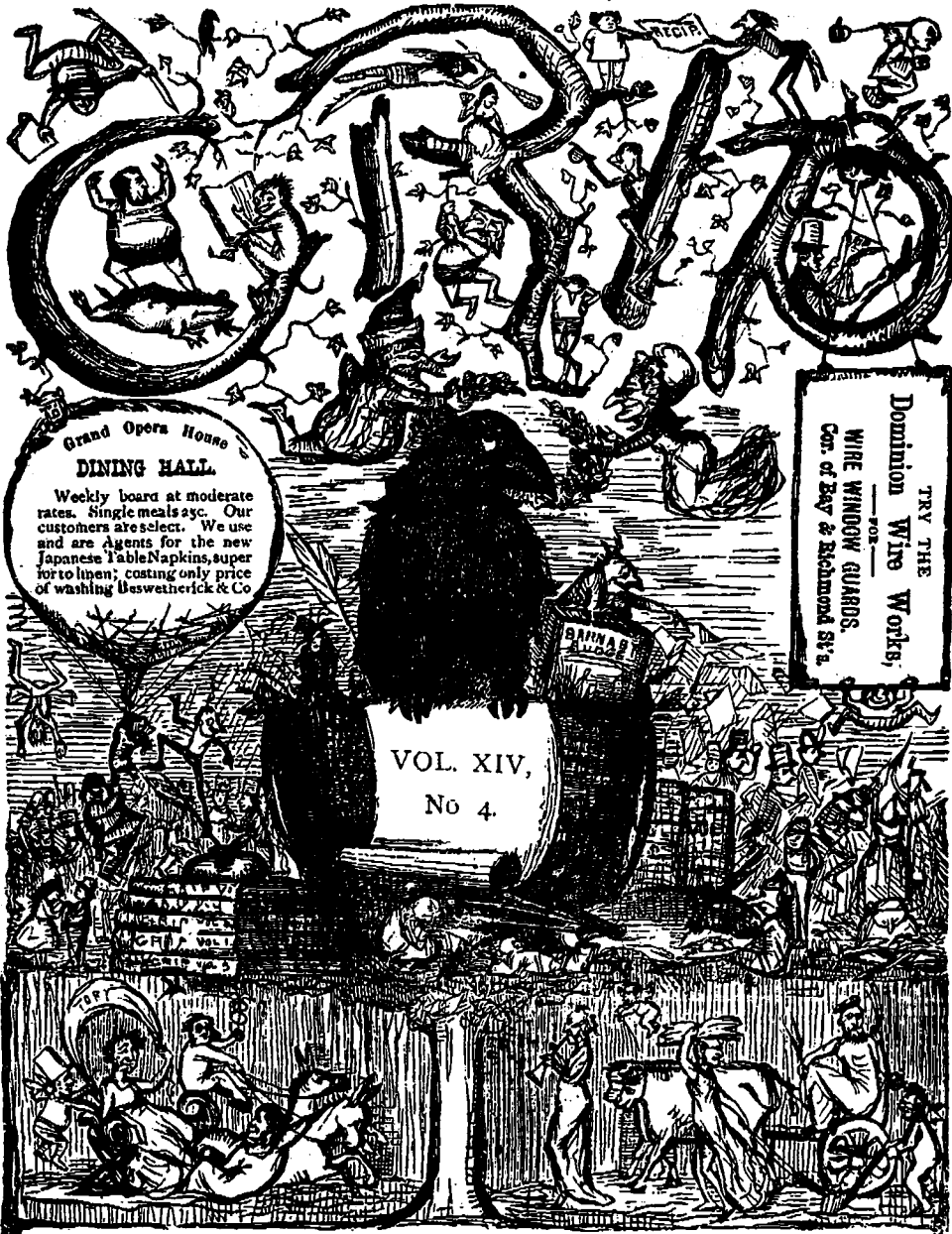
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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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## Literature and Art.

CABANEL is painting JEPHTHA'S daughter for a New York order.

BOUGEREAU is painting "The Scourging of Christ" for the next Salon.

A Society of women painters has been formed at Manchester, England.

BRET HARTE is contributing "Pierre Shroeder," a California story, to the Paris *Figaro*.

MAKART'S "Entry of CHARLES V. into Antwerp" is on exhibition at the Odeon, in Munich.

VIBERT is at work on a Spanish scene for S. P. AVERY, and is also painting another canvas, "After the Marriage."

Miss ALICE S. HOOPER, the owner of TURNER'S "Slave Ship," has bequeathed that famous picture to her nephew, Mr. W. S. LOTHROP.

A poem from Dr. HOLMES will be one of the leading attractions of the January *Atlantic*, which will be printed on new type, and enlarged by sixteen pages.

Two large panel pictures by VACSLAR BROZIK, a young and talented painter and a friend of MUNKACSZ, have been on private exhibition for a short time in New York, and have excited much favorable comment.

ALFRED TENNYSON is announced to contribute to the January *St. Nicholas* two child-songs, written especially for it. This, we believe, will be the first contribution TENNYSON has ever made to an American magazine.

A private view of Mr. ION PERDICARIS' allegorical picture, "The Triumph of Immortality," which is a prominent feature of his play, "The Picture," now being performed at the Fifth Ave. Theatre, was given in the theatre on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th.

The *Musical and Dramatic Times* of New York has undergone several changes during the past year, and now appears to be about as good as it can be made. It is certainly the best and most complete weekly of its kind published in this country. It is edited by JOHN C. FREUND, who is assisted by an able corps of contributors. Price \$4 a year, or 10 cents a copy.

CHARLES DELEGRAVE, a Paris publisher, has made application to Messrs. SCRIBNER & Co. for the right to issue an edition of *St. Nicholas* in the French language, which shall have the American cover. The proposal has been accepted, and the youth of France will soon have an opportunity to read in their own tongue the best juvenile magazine in the world.

A new journal has made its appearance, entitled *American Art Review*, published monthly by ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, and edited by Messrs S. R. KOCHLER, WILLIAM C. PRIME, and CHARLES C. PERKINS. The main feature of the journal is its illustrations, which consist principally of etchings. We advise our artistic friends to make a note of this.

The fall Session of the Ontario School of Art closed on Wednesday night, when the advanced pupils put in an extra hour at charcoal sketching. The attendance has been very good, and the progress made highly satisfactory. The next Session opens immediately, and any of our young friends who wish to develop their artistic abilities could not do better than join the class. The terms are exceedingly reasonable and the teachers are able, painstaking and good-natured.

## SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

So great has been the demand for recent numbers of this magazine that the monthly circulation has increased more than 20,000 copies within the year, and the edition for November, 100,000, was exhausted two weeks after issue. The English edition has recently doubled, and the magazine has everywhere taken its place as the most handsomely illustrated popular periodical published in the English language. Every number contains 160 pages of contributions from the best American authors, and from 50 to 100 wood engravings. The publishers call attention to the following

## Announcements for 1880.

**The Reign of Peter the Great**, by Eugene Schuyler, will begin in an early number, and continue through two years. It will be a work of great historical significance and of rare graphic and dramatic interest. Bureaus of illustration have been established in Paris and St. Petersburg, specially for the execution of the pictorial part of this enterprise—an enterprise involving a greater outlay than any previously undertaken by a popular magazine.

**Three Serials in Scribner's Monthly by American Writers.**—*The Grandissimes*, a story of New Orleans Creole life, by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days." *Louisiana*, a new novelette of American life, by Frances H. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." *Confidence*, by Henry James, Jr., begun in the Midsummer Holiday (August) number.

**Canada Picturesque.**—A number of papers by Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, and W. G. Beers and Chas. Farnham, are in course of preparation for SCRIBNER'S which will give thorough accounts of the historical, political, picturesque, and other phases of the country.

**Papers on Art.**—The growth of art has made it necessary for the modern magazine to devote considerable attention to this subject, and in this respect SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY will continue to occupy the leading place, both in the judicious selection and in the artistic execution of the subjects chosen.

**Poets and Poetry.**—Edmund Clarence Stedman will contribute to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY during the coming year critical essays on this subject, including the beginnings of the poetic art in this country, and its subsequent history. Richard Henry Stoddard will furnish studies of subjects connected with English poetry, the first paper being on "The English Sonnet."

**Saunterings with Dickens.**—A number of unique papers to be contributed to SCRIBNER by Alfred Rimmer, Esq., of Chester, England. For the illustration of these, Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof has been sent on a special trip to England.

**Practical Papers on Home Subjects.**—This class will include a number of finely illustrated papers on "Small Fruits and their Culture," by Rev. E. P. Roe, of Cornwall, N. Y., one of the most successful of horticulturists. Papers on "Church and home Architecture" will be contributed by Russell Sturgis, Esq.

**Sports and Recreations.**—In addition to an illustrated account of the recent excursion of the Tile Club in a Canal-boat, there will be a number of special papers during the year, upon odd personal experiences, such as Porpoise-Shooting, Walrus Hunting, Lobster Fishing, Canoeing in the Rapids of the Hudson, and several papers of a novel character.

**Other Features of Scribner.**—"Extracts from the Journals of Henry J. Raymond," edited by his son H. W. Raymond; Accounts of the South Pass Jetties, American Arms and Ammunition in Europe. The U. S. Coast Life-Saving Service, The New Albany Capitol, Child-Saving Work, etc., etc. Sketches of Louisiana Life and Scenery, New-York City and Vicinity, American Life in Florence, Kansas Farming, California Mountain Sheep and Forests (by John Muir), House-hunting in Paris, Sheep Ranching in the West, and many other interesting subjects. And there will be the usual variety of essays, poems, and short stories.

Price, 35 cents a number, \$4.00 a year. For sale and subscriptions received by all Booksellers, Newsdealers, and Postmasters, or sent post-paid by the publishers on receipt of price.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 B'dway, N. Y.

Bengough Bros., will receive subscriptions for *St. Nicholas* \$3, or will send *GRIP* and *St. Nicholas* to one address for \$4.50, or *Scribner's Monthly* and *GRIP* \$5.50 or *St. Nicholas* the *Monthly* and *GRIP* \$8.

## BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, 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.

xii-12-79

## Stage Whispers.

SIGNOR CAMPOBELLO has arrived at Paris where he proposes to remain during the musical season.

The BOWERS-THOMPSON Company produced in Chicago last week a new play, entitled "Lady Jane Grey."

THEODORE TOEFT is the tenor who now travels with the PATTI concert company. He is favorably alluded to by newspapers in the interior.

OLE BULL plays upon a violin which is 316 years old. According to tradition Mr. BULL commenced giving concerts when his fiddle was new.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The daughter of NICOLAI ISOUARD, composer of "Jaconde," has offered a prize of £100 for the best melodic composition, the rules to be framed by the Paris Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr. PALMER states that the first nine nights of "French Flats," at the Union Square, yielded a larger income than a similar period in the run of any one of the great successes at this theatre.

M. DAVID, the basso, who made a failure with MAPLESON'S company at the Academy, is to be sent back to London without delay. CONRAD BEHRENS, already arrived, takes his place. BEHRENS has been traveling with TREBELLI on the Continent.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the eminent Scotch clergyman and novelist, is shortly expected in New York with a detachment of his family, who will act in a dramatized version of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The *Pilgrim* did not progress well, financially, in England.

ROSE HERSEP, the well-known English soprano, has it all her own way in Australia. She did what certainly few sopranos could do, she sang "Lucia" and "Carmen," two parts so different in range and compass, and gained an enthusiastic reception in both.

"The Messenger from Jarvis Section" is among the American plays that are meeting with success. The *Uncle Dan'l* of MACAULAY is everywhere described as a specimen of superior character acting. *Uncle Dan'l* shoots his blunderbuss in Louisville this week.

The welcome news comes from London that Mr. EAS MORLAIS, who appeared in New York once last season as a "great Welsh tenor," and immediately thereafter disappeared, has returned to his native land, and is about to organize a Welsh choir for the performance of Welsh music.

In a new drama by ADOLPH BELET the audience is favored with lessons in natural history as well as in geography; for the giraffe, two camels, two zebras, an Egyptian ass, dogs, goats and monkeys in profusion are brought upon the stage; and what with the rattle of musketry, the blowing up of the slave ship and the thunder storms, there is plenty of noise and no little danger.

A reporter of the *Parisian* has interviewed Mlle. SARA BEHNHARDT, who informed him that she might, after all, come to this country next year. "I would not," she said, "play the classical repertory; nobody would understand it. Even we French get bored by it, for not one in twenty of us can understand it. I would play SHAKESPEARE, but in French. I would sooner play in good French, than in bad English. I would play the roles of "Ophelia" and of "Romeo" in travesti, and others. The advantage of playing SHAKESPEARE is, you see, obvious. Everybody is well acquainted with the plays, and could follow them even if he did not understand them."

**PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.**

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

**SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:**—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

**NOTICE TO ARTISTS.**

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



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 Correspondents.**

G. H. M., Cumberland.—You are very welcome. Come again shortly.

H. H. H.—Sketch not suitable.

**The Beautiful Mud.**

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud;  
Plank road and gravel alike with the flood;  
Wagons and buggies are at a discount,—  
Passable only where GILGISTS can mount,  
Splashed even then from the foot to the crown,  
Rider and horse needing currying down,  
Clothes nearly ruined spite water and mud,  
Who would not ride through the beautiful mud?

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
Splashing your shirt over bosom and stud,—  
Useless for dandy look where he goes,  
Ere he's aware, he is over his shoes,  
Floundering and hopping like frog in a puddle,  
Never before in such duce of a muddle;  
No, it respects neither breeding nor blood,  
A leveler sure is the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
See how the merchant is chewing his cud,  
Thinking is he of his bills to be met,  
He knows it is useless to fume or to fret;  
Customers come not, who would if they could—  
Bankers declaring no notes be renewed;  
Visions of winter's trade nipped in the bud,  
All through the mud, the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
Housewives are sighing for cabbage and spud,  
Farmers can't bring their provisions to town,  
But must idle at home till the roads settle down,  
Doctors must ride where their patients are ill  
With saddle-bag stuff'd with powder and pill;  
No longer careering two-forty they scud,  
They crawl like the snails through the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,—  
Pity the beggar in filth-spatter'd dud;  
Pity the workman, now idle and poor,  
Struggling to keep off the wolf from his door;  
Ye who have plenty, relieve their distress,  
Be sure that your charity heaven will bless,  
'Till the winter's frosts come to fetter the flood,  
And bind in its ice-chains the beautiful mud.

**A Morning Sketch.**

He wanted his razor-strop. He had just lathered his chin in the most exhaustive manner, and was preparing to put a finer

edge on his razor. Now, the razor-strop was always kept in the wash-stand drawer, the one nearest the wall. He fancied he always put it there himself; certainly he had made a rule to do so. He had already taken out the razor, and he now put his hand mechanically into the drawer for the strop. No strop was there! His hand only came in contact with air of a peculiarly exasperating thinness.

"By Jove!" he thought to himself, as he was opening the other drawer, "what a singular quality of the female mind that is! Not to be able to distinguish between two drawers for two days consecutively. Yet I would wager anything FANNY would swear I had put the strop in here myself." He was groping discursively among what appeared to be the stock-in-trade of a small *friseur*, but nothing so palpable as a razor-strop resisted his touch through the silky fluffiness of the general contents.

"Where is the confounded thing?" he exclaimed, staring about the room vaguely, but like a man whose angry passions are very near the surface. "Why can't they leave my things alone. I should like to know? FANNY! FANNY!" he called over the banister, with more accent than was absolutely necessary. "What the deuce have you done with my razor-strop?" The serene voice of conscious rectitude was heard in fluty tones replying,

"In the wash-stand drawer, love—the one nearest the wall." Now there was something in these fluty tones of FANNY's just at that moment that suggested to her husband a second trial of the drawer. For when FANNY threw a certain *timbre* into her voice, he usually found that she had the maddening quality of being right in regard to the subject under discussion. Back he strode into the room, with an uncomfortable stiffness about his chin as of dry soap, and pulled the drawer out—nay, pulled both drawers out, and turned them upside down upon the floor. Positively no strop! By this time, there was a grimness in the man's demeanour visible to the meanest capacity, and particularly noticeable in his walk, as he strode a second time to the head of the stairs.

"FANNY!" he shouted in loud, impetuous accents. "I tell you again it isn't there! What in thunder do you mean by always meddling with my shaving things?"

The answer was perhaps a trifle more *staccato* than before. "Your strop is in the drawer, my dear. I put it away myself, yesterday morning, when I found that as usual you had left everything on the dressing-table."

"Drawer!" he is believed to have muttered at this point. "I'll drawer her!" and he fairly jumped back into the room, and dashing in at the bureau he began throwing the contents of each drawer, one after the other, out upon the floor, with an awful impartiality that knew no distinctions. But after exhausting these receptacles, and shaking, and stamping upon each article they had contained, no razor-strop presented its simple proportions to his blazing sight. "FANNY!" he yelled over the banisters for the third time, in a voice of thunder that curdled the blood in the veins of his little children as they sat at their early porridge.

"FANNY!" And then his wife came up stairs and stood at the door while he danced upon the scene of devastation and brandished a curious weapon in his hand, after the fashion of a fearful Feejee or other untamed denizen of wilds too gruesome to name.

"This is past believing!" he observed. "This is the kind of method and order you would expect in Bedlam. Look round this

room, will you? By Jove! it is too much. Look you madam, I'll dine at the Club, after this—and sleep and breakfast there too! Then perhaps my razor-strop, ha! ha! will be forthcoming when I dare to treat myself to the luxury of a shave! Ha! I'm a monster, of course, to presume to want to shave in my own house. I admit that, but for mere curiosity's sake now, I should like to know where the strop is! The coffee's done by this time, and the bacon sodden, so a few moments spent in cheerful conversation can't hurt the breakfast. Did FREDDY take it for a hammer, or has FLOSSY dressed it up for a doll? Or did you give it to an æsthetic tramp, as you did that file of GRIP?"

Pausing an instant for breath, FANNY took the opportunity of making a single remark.

"Are you speaking of the razor-strop in your hand," asked she softly, "or of some other one?" A peculiar tingling sensation seemed to creep along his arm as he heard these words, and he appeared to shrink together and to measure several inches less than usual in every direction. But as he vigorously resumed the operation of sharpening his razor, which he remembered now he had dropped while he applied the lather, he returned angrily,

"Why the deuce didn't you say so before?"

**Human Sacrifices.**

We read in tales of Mexico  
How, when the Spaniards landed there,  
They saw a great high altar glow  
With sacrificial fires aglare.

And on the altar day by day,  
Were offered up with joyful cry  
The people, who, most strange to say—  
Had reared the altar stone on high.

Cajoled at first by priests to build,  
Who swore that blessings would descend,  
They had no strength, and scarcely willed,  
To bring the cursed rites to end.

Meanwhile a few grew fat with spoil  
Of those devoted to the death,  
Seized on the produce of their toil,  
And praised the priests with every breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

How true it is that nothing new  
Is found beneath the mighty sun,  
For here in Canada we do  
What there in Mexico was done.

PHIPPS, artful PHIPPS, Protection's priest,  
Joined with the artful JOHN A.  
Promised all men—both most and least—  
That wealth should shower on their way.

Thus of the people making use  
To raise Protection's altar high,  
Who little thought the very deuce  
They'd have to pay for bye-and-bye.

And now the people who put trust  
In PHIPPS the Wicked, daily bleed,  
While some few—*vide Globe*—who lust  
For plunder praise Protection's creed.

Only one mercy did the fates—  
In spite of those persuasive lips,  
SAM TILLEY now officiates  
On victims who were lured by PHIPPS.

\* \* \* \* \*

GRIP bates a melancholy croak,  
But while the poor pay TILLEY's price,  
He feels that joking is no joke,  
And mourns his country's sacrifice.



**Brave Geordie!**

If there is anything which Mr. BROWN detests more than one thing, it is another thing, and that is tyranny. The form of an autocrat or a despot is odious in his sight, and this accounts for the plain spoken advice he gave to the Russian Nihilists the other day, to the effect that they should forthwith kill the Czar, if he stood in the way of liberty any longer. Now although the *Globe* has a smaller circulation in this city than the *Evening Terrible*,—which JACK ROBERTSON will bet one hundred dollars is a fact—it probably circulates very largely in the Russian Empire, and that advice may be acted upon by the desperate persons to whom it was given. In the meantime, Mr. MACKENZIE and the rest of us must stand amazed at the reckless bravery of G. B.! Just think of it! Boldly and fearlessly he proclaims "killing no murder" in the very teeth of the Emperor, and not more than a few thousand miles of mere water separating him from the august presence of that monarch! This speaks well for Canada. Mr. B. own has so long breathed the free atmosphere of our noble country that he scorns to bridle his tongue, and has no fear of Siberia before his eyes. O, that he would start a good Grit organ in St. Petersburg!



**The Bystander.**

Now let the *Globe* fellow, and the rib-stabber of the *Mail* stand from under! Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has now got a little weapon of his own, and many a sharp click they'll get over their heads if they dare to wag their tongues after this. Aside from the pleasure with which Mr. GRIP anticipates the roastings in store for the enemies of Mr. SMITH, he welcomes the advent of *The*

*Bystander* into the ranks of journalism, and hopes it will prove as wise and worthy as it will be brilliant. *The Bystander* is a new monthly magazine, the first number of which is to appear in January.

**The Smuggler's "Hum."**

Sir SAMUEL TILLEY bobbing round  
A-hunting for the "hum,"  
Had travelled all the country o'er  
And to the wall had come;  
The wall I mean is that which guards  
Our shore from foreign scum.

Quoth he, there is a business boom,  
And I feel honest pride  
That I did help to rear this wall,  
And now, my trusty guide,  
If you will kindly boost me up,  
I'll take a look out side.

He took a glance, and there he saw  
The thieving smugglers thick,  
"There is a business hum," quoth they,  
"SAM TILLEY, you're a brick!"  
Then SAMUEL got down off the wall,  
And felt extremely sick.



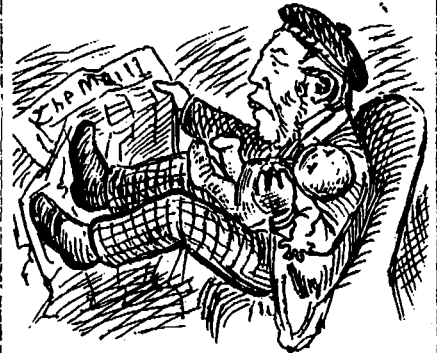
**A Touching Plea for the Park.**

PARK THEOLOGIAN.—Mister MOWAT, I hears it is your intentions for to put up Parliament Buildings in the Queen's Park. I am astonished at you, bein', as I understands, a religious-disposed man yourself. Don't you know that this place is sort of consecrated to the purposes of disputin' about the POPE and whether the earth is flat, and other pious and devotional subjects like them,—and don't you think it is kind of incongruous like for to interduce a House of Parliament, which the members of it is all worldly minded, and won't talk about nothin' but politics? I put it to you, now, as a Christian statesman!—(Mr. MOWAT, as usual, takes the matter into his consideration).

**The Fall of a Church.**

A rather startling occurrence took place in a neighboring city the other day, namely, the sudden collapse and fall of a church. Though this disaster is said to have been clearly attributable to defective building, it is well calculated to set the reflective community a-thinking. Some more of our churches will be coming down by the ruo, allegorically speaking, if we don't look out, and the fall of them will be greater than any mere material collapse. Slovenly architecture is not the only thing that will lend to the downfall of a church. That can at

most only ruin the edifice. There are certain things which will as surely cause the sanctuary itself to tumble. Frivolity is one of these things, and the hollow mockery of heartless "worship" is another. Cant on the one hand and flippancy on the other are equally dangerous materials to have in a church foundation. And when a congregation breaks out into roars of laughter at one place, and uproarious applause at another, as a certain congregation in this city did last Sunday, it is about time for the deacons to go around with a lantern and see if there isn't something loose somewhere. GRIP is not a gentleman of the "cloth," but holds it his privilege to deliver a little lay sermon occasionally.



**Et Tu Brute!**

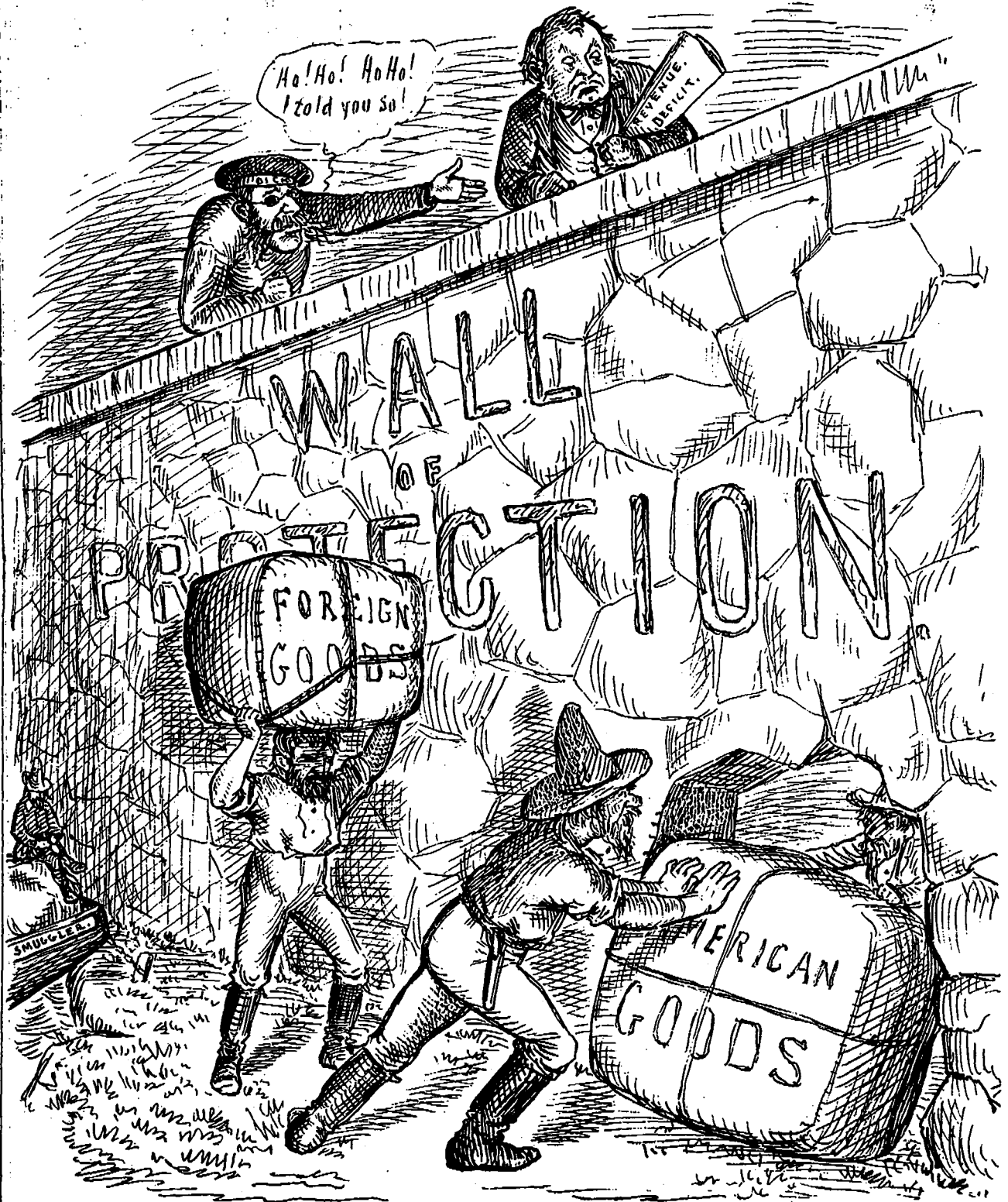
Mr. GRIP has endeavoured here to depict the probable appearance of his respected friend Mr. WALLACE, the Conservative President of the Paper Currency League, under the influence of sudden and painful surprise. It is supposed that he picked up his *Mail*, and started to read that apparently harmless editorial on WENDELL PHILLIPS, when he encountered a passage to the effect that PHILLIPS, although an able man, was pitifully erratic, and that amongst other evidences of his weakness, "the crudities of the green-backer found lodgment in his brain!" "Crudities!" echoes Mr. WALLACE; "O, this is too much, too much! and from thee, O *Mail*!!" Then he faints.

It is said that as soon as a Chinaman marries an American lady in this country, he amputates his queue. This is conclusive evidence that the Heathen Chinese has been a close student of married life in this country. —*Norristown Herald*.



**John Bright on Irish Affairs.**

JOHN BRIGHT TO PADDY.—"Thee will never know what it is to have peace in Ireland until thee has 'Friends' in office."



# THE SMUGGLERS' BOOM.

THE FINANCE MINISTER DISCOVERS A "HUM," AND NO MISTAKE!





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

How much cold can a bare bear bear?—*Stamford Advocate*.

Pallas, though not a mule is an asteroid.—*Oscego Record*.

"Government pap"—The Father of his country.—*N. Y. News*.

High rents—Those made in a balloon at an elevation of a mile or so.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A poor relation—The anecdote told by a man that stammers.—*Marathon Independent*.

The man who is always getting his dander up should invest in a hair restorer.—*N. Y. People*.

Don't buy thermometers now. They'll be lower after awhile.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Those who put their money into telephone stock made a sound investment.—*Lowell Courier*.

Lo still has his Indian summer, but it is about all the Indian agents have left him.—*Middleton Transcript*.

Motto for returning boards—Let us do the country's counting and we care not who does the voting.—*W. S. Way*.

Four-fifths of all law-suits and court cases arise out of unpaid notes. Moral—never give your note.—*McGregor News*.

FALSTAFF and Prince HAL were very thick together, but JACK was three times as thick as the Prince was.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

It is a good thing that the collar of a stove pipe don't need buttons, else the trouble would never end.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

Man has two places where he can keep his treasures. His pocket can hold his dollars, and his head his sense.—*Whitchell Times*.

BISMARCK loves an old pipe.—*Detroit Free Press*. Of wine?—*New Haven Register*. That is not a proper butt for a joke.—*Boston Post*.

If the bar that some lawyers are practicing at was a crow bar, it would be a decided improvement for the world at large.—*Oswego Record*.

When the Grecian soldiers went into the wooden horse of Troy as told in classic story, did they enter by his gaiters?—*Stevensville Herald*.

The best time to "crib" corn is on a dark night when the owner is away from home and the dog chained up.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"What do you do when you have a cold?" asked a man of Stimpkins, yesterday. "Cough," was the sententious reply.—*Philadelphia Item*.

You may say what you will about gamblers leading an idle life, it is a well known fact that they work card for a living.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

There is nothing so unprofitable for a butcher to sell as tough beef. Fifteen cents' worth of tough steak will last a family of small pretensions four days, while during the same time they would eat a dollar's worth of good beef.—*McGregor News*.

Horse blankets with sleeves, accompanied by some eight buttons, like saucers in size, are paraded in the form of overcoats by the gentry of the town.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

If you have a public office, paint your coal stove red-hot here and there, and you will save twenty per cent. in coal and keep the public just as warm.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Just suppose those abandoned sinners had sawed Noah's Ark in two.—*Albany Journal*. The result would have been the same in all human probability—there would have been no race.

Were we to be anything else than we are, we believe we would be the saw that cut COURTNEY'S boat, and then start off and exhibit ourselves. It would pay.—*Gocanda Enterprise*.

Keep up with the procession of life, young man; right up in front where the band is. If you ever fall to the rear where the elephants are, you are apt to get walked on.—*N. Y. Express*.

JONES can't see why it is telegraphed all the way from England when a horse takes a dose of salts. JONES has been reading of some racer taking the Epsom cup, probably.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fellow who drops a counterfeit coin on the church plate, is the one who occupies the last pew in order to save the interest on his cent while the collection is being taken up.—*Tom B. Crystal*.

The hunting season is about over unless we except the festival oyster, who is elusive, scarce and gamy as ever. What is needed is a spoon with a fine-toothed grappling attachment.—*McGregor News*.

The new governess—"Now, I suppose you know that there are three times as much water as land upon the surface of the earth!" Tommy—"I should think so, indeed. Look at the puddles!"—*Punch*.

WEBSTER tells us that the definition for bonnet is "a covering for the head;" but a glance at some of the ladies' head-gear, forces home the idea that it is merely a falsehood.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Nothing seems impossible in this scientific age, unless it be to secure the payment of borrowed money.—*Detroit Free Press*. That's so, unless the lender will take a mortgage on your umbrella.—*Boston Post*.

"What is the difference between the masons and their tenders," asked Mr. PRACTICAL, "so long as they get the same pay?"

"The difference lies in the hods," replied JOHN, the Britisher.—*Boston Traveler*.

She was my *idyl* while I wooed:

My *idol* when I won;

My *idol* when in after years

Ways *idle* had she none.

—*Oil City Derrick*.

When you see a melancholy man in an editorial room, tearing his long hair and moaning to himself as he doubles over on his desk, you must not imagine that he is writing up a bloody murder or a boiler explosion. He is the funny man, grinding out the "mirthful morsels."—*St. Louis Spirit*.

Red-topped boots will make a boy feel rather important, but the don't-touch-ness he exhibits with those possessions is not a circumstance to the opinion he has of himself when he gets located on the high seat of a lumber-waggon, with reins in his hands, and is not rebuked for saying "git app!"—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

It is so in politics, business and everywhere else in life. The man whom you boost up the tree not only forgets to toss you down some of the fruit, but is as likely as not to pelt you with the chawings.—*Jersey City Journal*.

A grandson of DOM PEDRO is to marry a daughter of Dr. AYER, the pill man, (see advertisement of AYER'S pills.) The young woman is worth \$5,000,000, part of which is paid to us quarterly for the aforesaid advertisement.—*Peck's Sun*.

It is dark enough for the young people to lean on the front gate at half-past five now. It is a singular fact that no matter how much earlier this business is commenced it takes just as long to get through.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The time to "stray."—Parson: "Seated alone in the evening of life, your thoughts, my friend, must oftentimes wander to many subjects." Aged rustic: "Yes, they does, sir. Mostly a-Sundays when you are a-preaching."—*Fun*.

A good natured traveller fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this is, isn't it?" said he to a little fellow passenger. "Yes, it is a little far-fetched," was the rejoinder.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

The late rains have caused the milkmen to rejoice. One of our acquaintances remarked, the other day, that for several weeks water was so scarce he was obliged to give his cows milk to drink. He now thinks he sees a chance to get even.—*Corry Herald*.

JANE (under 9), to her governess—"Miss BLUNT, when ma asks you to have some more wine to-day at dinner, do please say yes." Governess—"Why? What do you wish me to take more wine for?" JANE—"Oh, I only want to see ma's face."—*Et*.

Before they were married he called her "Pussy." A few months afterwards, when she presented that slovenly appearance too often seen in young women after they have done their matrimonial marketing, he succeeded to have reason to address her as "Old Scratch Cat."—*Turner Falls Reporter*.

The number of persons who refuse to sign their names to communications which they desire published if they can shirk the responsibility of authorship, is nearly as large as the number of those who are anxious to secure the publication of touching verses to the memory of deceased friends, provided such publication shall cost them nothing.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A girl at Bridgeport, Conn., got a button in her ear, and came near dying. The young man, from whose vest the button was brushed by her ear, is exonerated from all blame by the community, as it is proved that he told her to be careful and take her head away from there or he would not be responsible for the consequences. There is nothing much more annoying in a girl's ear than a brass vest button, with a copper eye.—*Peck's Sun*.

Halloween was celebrated by one of our clergymen in a novel manner. Hearing a knock at the door he went there and found a very small boy on the stoop. The very small boy had his hands in his pockets and was stamping his feet to keep them warm. "Is Mr. H. in?" he asked. "Yes" returned Mr. H. himself. "Tell him to stay in," shouted the very small boy, as he "lit out" from the premises. Owing to Mr. H. being bareheaded and in his slippers, the advice was followed.—*Danbury News*.

**The Artful Journalist.**

A TALE OF THE N. P.

It was a thoughtful journalist,  
Of Grit persuasion he,  
Who waged a never ending war  
Against the bad N. P.  
The poor man's sorrows rent his heart,  
And eke the rich man's loss.  
He sometimes took the workman's part  
And sometimes mourned the "boss."

He showed how manufacturers  
By TILLEY's wicked tax,  
Got richer by each burden laid  
On farming-people's backs;  
And then most logically proved  
That factory and mill,  
Were standing with their wheels unmoved  
Forsaken, idle, still.

By many an argument he showed,  
That though the poor man paid  
To make the rich man wealthier,  
The last was poorer made;  
And that in fact Protection did  
Make poverty to reign  
In just the classes which he bid  
The people see must gain.

He proved that many millions must  
Be taken from the mass,  
While not one cent of all the sums  
To anyone could pass;  
In fact, that everybody should  
Be paying more and more,  
While public chest and rich men would  
Feel poorer than before.

This being done he stopped to think,  
Then smiled a horrid smile,  
To see the tariff unrepented;  
And then, with fiendish guile,  
He planned a dreadful, dreadful scheme  
To utterly disgust  
The people with the N. P. theme :—  
"Twill do," he said, "it must."

He wrote down *hum*, then *boom*, then *hum*,  
Then *boom*, then *hum*, then *boom*,  
Inserted some few other words  
And took a column's room  
Each day for several months or more  
With articles thus made—  
The public tore, and swore "oh bore!"  
Still he was undismayed.

At last that guileful journalist  
Accomplished his design,  
The people utterly refused  
To read a single line  
Of any paper's tariff talk,  
Lest they should chance to come  
Upon those dreadful words that balk  
Endurance—*boom* and *hum*.

Still are those words in daily prints  
Continued every day,  
And now the people place the blame  
Of them upon JOHN A.  
"Death to the tariff" thousands cry,  
"Kill it or else our doom  
Must be, in boredom soon to die,  
Murdered by *hum* and *boom*!"

**Tempora Mutantur.**

It is quite evident that new metaphors, phrases, and similes, will have to be adopted by public speakers and divines, to suit the changes of modern civilization. For instance, it will not do for the statesman to exclaim, "I call upon you, my brave countrymen, to fight for your hearths and altars." He must say "I call upon you to fight for your steam coils, your nickle plated base burners, and your crimson cushioned pews." The orator must not say, "Young man, launch your bark upon the restless sea of life, and turn its sails to catch the favouring

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That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. ¼ of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

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—FOR—

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**FOR 1880.**

THE INSPECTOR OF PRISONS AND PUBLIC CHARITIES FOR ONTARIO will receive tenders up to noon of

**MONDAY, 15TH OF DECEMBER,**

from such persons as may be willing to supply Butcher's Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Prime Mess Pork, Corned Beef, Hams, Bacon and Cordwood to the following Public Institutions for the year 1880, viz.: The Asylums for the Insane at Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Orillia; the Central Prison, Toronto; the Provincial Reformatory, Penetanguishene; the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville; and for the Blind, Brantford.

Specifications and conditions of contracts may be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective Institutions.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of the contracts.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,  
Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, }  
December 5th, 1879. xiv-4-11

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breeze: should tempest rise, take in your sail and make for some safe port and anchorage." He must say, "Launch the black hulk of your ocean steamer, get up steam, and make for your destination. If tempests rise leave in the coal and drive her through the storm." There is no use of the poet writing:

"Maid of Athens, 'ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart"—

He must say, "Girl of the period, I am going to leave Toronto. if you don't mind, I would like to have back the albert chain and free-gilt locket I gave you when we were 'spoons,' as I'm hard up and it will save me buying a new one for my girl in Montreal."

He can no longer write,

"The bride was fair, the bridegroom gay,  
Their steeds stood at the door—  
The heuchman blew a joyful blast  
Then passed the drawbridge o'er."

But "The bride was a good looking girl, and the groom was some pumpkin also. The cab was waiting for them, and they had taken excursion tickets by the Great Western."

The furbid preacher can no longer say, "I exhort you next Sunday to lay your offerings for the new church, upon the altar of the Most High," but "The ladies of the congregation purpose holding an entertainment in aid of the church debt. The entertainment will consist of concert, tableaux, and Mrs. JARLY's wax works, with refreshments. You are expected to aid in this good work by buying tickets for all your family. Tickets for the three shows will be 25 cts. There will also be a sale of useful and fancy articles, at the end of the Hall. You will still further aid the object we have in view by purchasing tickets for the raffles, with the chance of winning a prize worth ten times your money."

**Reasons for Rejecting the Frontage Tax System.**

**Corporation Laborers**—There would be less work scraping the streets and shovelling dirt.

**Contractors**—Every resident would constitute himself an inspector of work.

**City Engineer**—It would be harder than ever to keep up the appearance of having something to do.

**Evening Telegram**—The *Globe* is in favor of the change, the *Mail* neutral—must oppose something, anyhow.

**Several Aldermen**—No chance of re-election unless we could promise our wards new streets at the general expense.

**Archbishop Lynch**—This would be the first step towards the abolition of tax exemptions.

**Metropolitan Methodists**—We would be compelled to pave all round the Metropolitan Church Square.

**Speculative holders of blocks of unoccupied lands**—We would have to pay for streets when the time comes to sell out.

**Carriage Makers**—Carriages would not wear out so soon.

**Blacksmiths**—Horses would not want shoeing so often.

**Furriers**—Horses would not want doctoring so often.

**Doctors**—The health of the city would be improved to our great loss.

**Undertakers**—Thus there would be fewer people to bury.

**Sevions**—And fewer graves to dig.

**United Boarders**—The beastly Yankees have the Frontage Tax System in their cities.

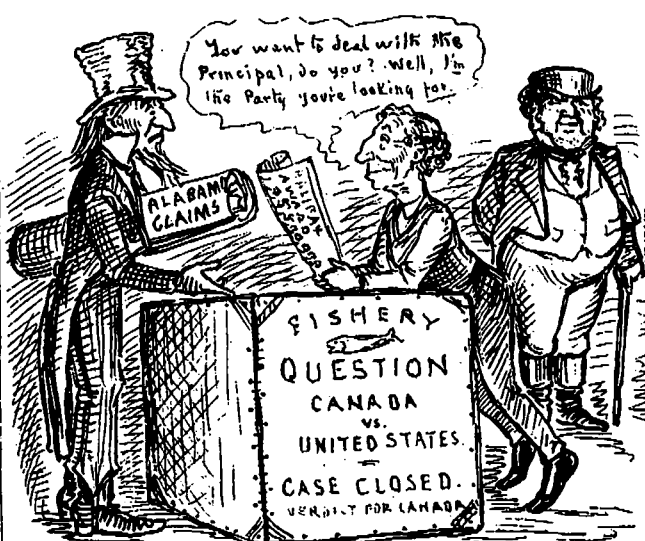
**Old Fogies**—We hate all sorts of changes.

**General Public**—We like to pay as much as possible for the worst possible streets.



AFTER SHAKESPEARE

C. B. TO SIR A. T. GALT.—"Didst thou not share my opinions on Free Trade? And dost thou not now take filthy lucre to oppose them?"  
 SIR A. T. GALT.—"Reason, you rogue, reason! Thinkst thou that I'll endanger my soul gratis?"



UNCLE SAM WANTS TO RE-OPEN THE FISHERY CASE.

O! wad some power the gifte gie us  
 To see ourself as ithers see us!

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PLUCK VS. LUCK.

**The Fishery Case.**

The President of the little Republic to the south of us talks in his Message about reopening the Fishery case. To his American mind it appears contrary to reason that the Yanks should have come out second best in that affair. He can't understand it, and he says he wants to see JOHN BULL about it. Mr. President, if there is nothing before the chair, Gaur begs to inform you that JOHN BULL has nothing to do with the matter, and doesn't intend to interfere. Any business you may have concerning that case, apply to our own JOHNNY, who is now in charge at Ottawa.

The use of whiskey for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the board of immigration reinforces them strongly. They work on double time and yet can't do half the biting that is demanded by the consumers. One snake who does the business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.

—*Burlington Hawkseye.*

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**PRESS OPINIONS.**

"GRIP" AGAIN GOOD.—The impartiality of *Grip*, the comic paper, is beyond doubt. This week the 'Gri's are receiving the lion's share of attention. The leading cartoon represents Blake, as a member of the 'Pinafore' crew, in the act of resenting Brown dictation. The Hon. Geo. takes the part of the captain, who attempts to 'raw' the insubordinate tar, and put a straight jacket upon him. This poem upon the event reading:

"The Blakitrite Grit is a soaring soul,  
 As free as a mountain bird,  
 His energetic fist should be ready to resist—  
 A dictatorial word!"

Mr. Gordon Brown, eating humble pie: the defeat of Mr. Joly and the triumph of virtue in the person of Mr. Chapleau; the "hum" hunt, and Hanlan and the "great big calf" are all laughable drawings, which do the facial pencil of Mr. Bengough much credit.—*Kingston Whig.*