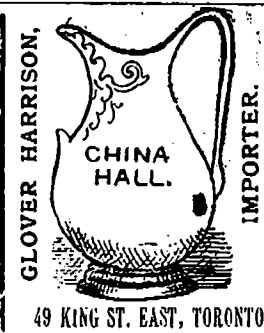
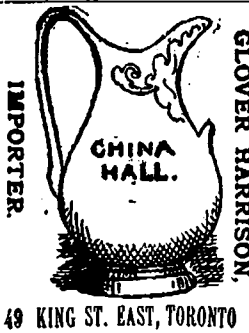


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



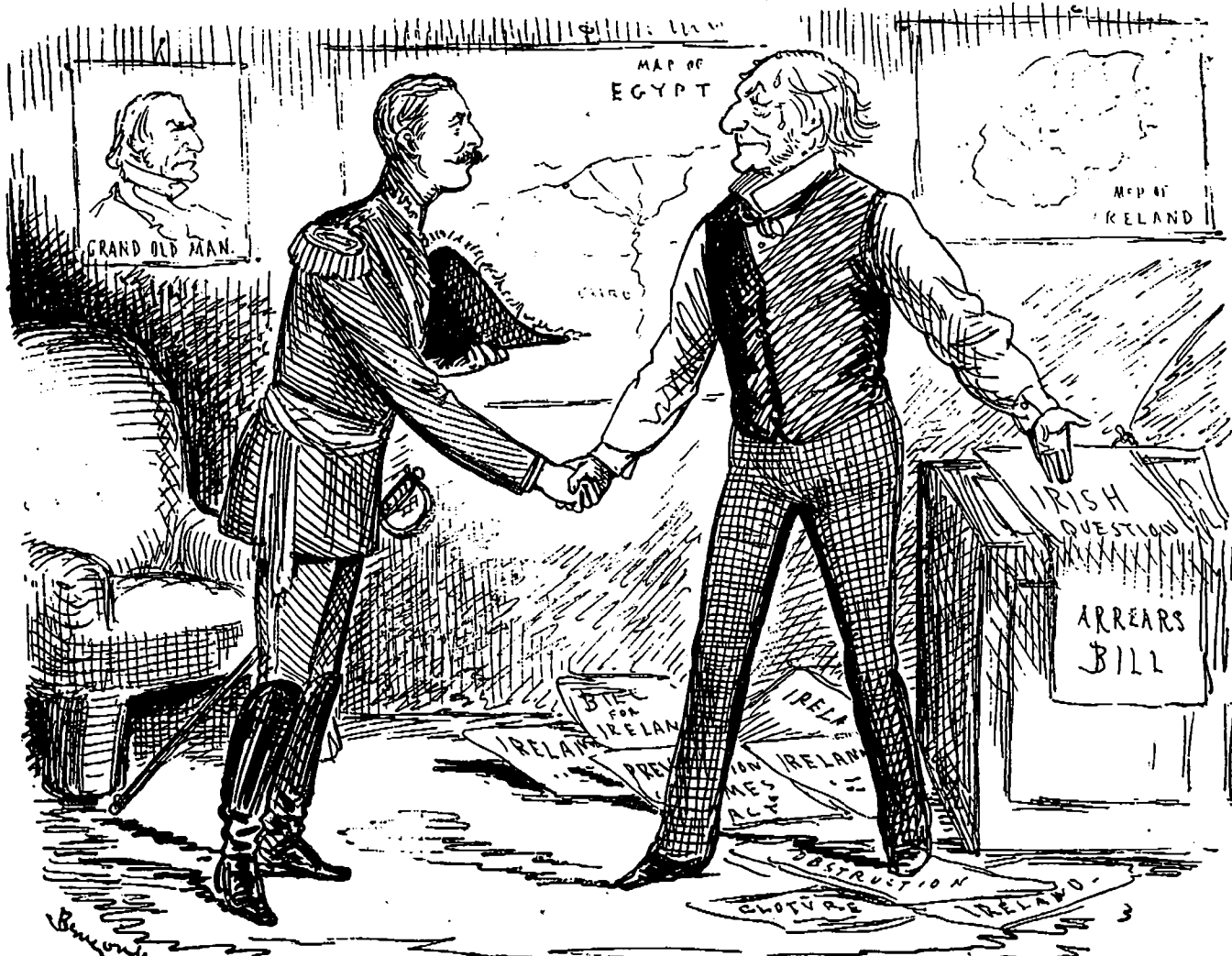
VOLUME XIX. }
No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1882.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER! IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

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"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

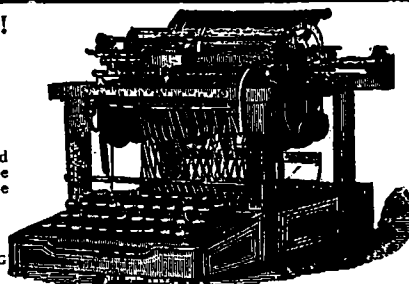
GLADSTONE.—BRAVO, SIR GARNET, THE IRISH HAVE FOUGHT NOBLY FOR ME, AND NOW IF THEY'LL PERMIT ME I'LL GO ON FIGHTING FOR THEM!

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Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
 mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
 address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
 particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If Mr. Mowat is convicted of extravagance, jobbery and injustice, it is only right that he should be deposed from place and power, and his position given to a man who will not indulge in any similar wrongdoing. But it would be more seemly for some less extravagant, jobbing and unjust person than Sir John Macdonald to lead the prosecution in the case. There never was a more striking instance of the man with beam in his own eye presuming to pull the mote out of his neighbor's optic.

FIRST PAGE.—By the peculiar logic of politics the victory in Egypt will go down on the books to Mr. Gladstone's credit. This is fortunate for the cause of Ireland, whose sons acquitted themselves gloriously side by side with their English, Scotch, and Indian fellow citizens. The triumphant close of the campaign in Egypt will strengthen the heart and hands of the "grand old man," and we may confidently believe that that strength will be bountifully spent by him in prosecuting the great work he has undertaken for the removal of Irish grievances.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A meeting was held the other day at which Mr. O'Donohue was present, and the business in hand was understood to be the disposal of the "catholic vote" in view of the coming local election. It would be more candid and commendable if the hon. gentleman would on these recurring occasions mount the rostrum as in days of yore and auction off the chattel he professes to own. The affecting scene at the convention when the hon. John clasped the blushing hand of the Grand Sovereign was calculated to fetch a big price from the Lib. Cons., but we have reason to believe that on this occasion the vote will be sold out to the other party. By the way, we have often wondered what respectable and honorable—not to mention pious—catholics think of all this?

The cultured no longer call it hash. Mosac nutriment is the correct form.—*Boston Transcript.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY H. C. DODGE.

"Dear Jones"
 (I will not do as he
 Request and I am fervent
 In saying so)—"and I remain
 Your most obedient servant."

"Dear Brown"
 (He's not the company
 A wise man would select)—
 "And pray believe me, sir, I am
 Yours with profound respect."

"Dear Tom,
 Your favor is at hand"—
 (But I decline to lend
 The small amount he mentions)—"and
 As ever I'm your friend."

"Dear Smith"
 (I like him not at all;
 I tolerate him merely;
 He bores me when he makes a call)—
 "And I am yours sincerely."

"Dear Will"
 (It certainly would please
 Me, if for lack of breath,
 He'd go where he would never freeze)—
 "With love I'm yours till death."

"Dear Ned"
 (I hope he'll not again
 Ask favors from me)—"and
 I have the honor to remain
 Yours humbly to command."

Dear Friends—
 When we are obliged to sign
 Our names to letters duly,
 Both much and nothing we combine
 By saying just— "Yours truly."

CLERICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1st.—The rector of So-and-so endorses the action of the Bishop (Catholic) of Blank-blank, in denouncing the hair frizzes, etc., etc. He says: "To such an extent does extravagance abound that one can hardly tell mistress from maid on the street." Well, now, this is going too far, why will girls look so like their employers? But there, it's no use talking; that is just another of the many evils arising from too close proximity to the democratic element on the other side. Dear knows, it's bad enough for a rector to be ogled by a pair of mischievous eyes, laughing at him from beneath the shadow of a wonderful "friz," a "Saratoga," or a wicked "Kiss-me-quick," when these adorn or disfigure the face of one of his own "set;" but when his own or his neighbor's cook, house, or nursery-maid follows suit with frizz and frill, until there's no telling 'tother from which, it is high time to call a halt to this march of democracy, and insist that some distinctive badge of servitude be used to indicate the gulf between mistress and maid. Ye gods! Fancy a rector of the High Church of England bowing by mistake to somebody's cook! The very idea takes our breath away. What balm is there in Gilead for the wound, "the deadly stound," his dignity would, in such a case, receive. How strange that the Divine Master could be so careless as to omit in His teachings, the necessity of servants dressing differently from their employers, then the rector could have divine authority to back up his protest, and be saved the risk of such an unfortunate and absurd *contretemps* as he apparently lives in dread of. Even St. Paul, generally so explicit in his directions how to live, has neglected this, as, for instance, when he advises "to be adorned, not with plaiting of the hair, etc., but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Here again he forgets to make the necessary distinction between mistress and maid, and addresses them simply as women. MR. GRIP tenders the rector his fullest sympathy, especially as he must needs

confess that some of the Toronto girls who earn their living by domestic employment, come out looking so stylish and lady-like that really he shouldn't be surprised to find himself bowing with the profoundest respect to some of them one of these days.

2nd.—A Scotch presbytery the other day passed a resolution condemning "the practice of admiring the works of God in Nature on the Sabbath day." "Land of the mountain and the flood! Land of the extra 'unco guid,' hail! And don't forget to characteristically go the whole hog while you are about it. Close the doors, draw down the window blinds, and don't attempt to set a foot outside the door unless on your road to the kirk, and on your way there hermetically seal your eyes and ears, for the tempter is there. There is the blue sky overhead, birds are singing in the trees, whose leaves glisten and whisper and bow to you as you pass, brooks wimple and laugh and sparkle as they race along, and in the distance old ocean luxuriates sleepily in the Sabbath sunlight. It's dangerous, very dangerous, to let your eyes look abroad on such scenes, at least on the Sabbath. Dear me! dear me! what another glaring omission on the part of the inspired writers, the neglecting to forbid those who earn their bread by hard labor in close confinement six days in the week, to walk abroad otherwise than to and from the kirk on Sunday. Clearly the Blessed Book is not so strict as it should be, and it puts a great responsibility on the ministers of the kirk to be under the necessity of forbidding what is not forbidden in the divine code of morals. In fact, MR. GRIP almost feels like questioning the wisdom of recording that memorable walk among the ripening corn one Sabbath long ago, considering the bad effect of precedent on some people, you know.



THE MODEL MAJOR-GENERAL.
 LUARD KICKING UP AN AWFUL RUMPUS
 ALL ABOUT A TOWEL!

Our Funny Contributor was badly sold lately. He went into Cobourg to see his lady-love, but found she had gone up to the Fair, which led our Contributor to remark that he was afraid she was a fair deceiver. On his way home, our Contributor purchased some fruit on the train, so that his journey might not be altogether fruitless.

BENRABBI'S WIFE.
A DOLEFUL LEGEND.



Good people all, give ear while I
A doleful tale relate
Of Jacob Raphael Benrabbi,
A Jew of large estate.
He had a wife; but sad to say,
Her health each day declined,
And he, with Doctors' bills to pay,
Could scarcely feel resigned.

And yet this very simple Jew,
At last, so I've been told,
Adored his wife, as few men do,
Far more than all his gold.
And when he saw Death's blighting grip
Defied the power of wealth,
He took a trip on a clipper ship
To benefit her health.



Now, when upon the open sea
A week had scarcely passed,
He saw as plainly as could be,
His wife was dying fast.
Now, in the learned books you'll see
That Jews are all agreed
The burial of their dead at sea
By no means suits their creed.

So to the Captain came this Jew;
And as he sorrowing crept
Along the decks, as oft they do,
The very dead-eyes wept.
The tears they pitched from out their eyes
Came trickling thick and fast,
And the Captain screamed as the tear-drops streamed
Down the newly painted mast.



"Oh, Captain," said the doleful Jew,
"If you'll to port return,
A thousand pounds, or even two,
Your kindly act shall earn—"
Then warm were the tears that the Captain shed,
(A warm-hearted man in his way),
But, turning his head, in a gruff voice, he said:
"And what would the owner say?"

"Though you offered the whole of your golden hoard
It is out of the question quite;
With my cargo aboard, and my ship insured,
It certainly wouldn't be right—"
Oh! then this Jew he tore his wig,

And wailed like a child in his grief,
And his sorrow found vent in a break-down jig
That seemed to afford him relief.



"Oh, Captain," he cried, "then lower a boat,
There were six in the davits near,
"And Lizzie and I on the sea will float
Till some inward bound vessel appear."
"No!" roared the Captain, "you fools! don't you think
If a tempest arose you would drown?
Besides that," he muttered, "those cock shells would sink
If I ventured to lower them down."

Oh, sad was the face of that wrathful Jew,
As he turned to depart in pain;
When another thought fled, like a flash through his head,
And he turned to the Captain again.
"Oh, Captain! now, come, you've got plenty of rum,
Of that if you'll give me a vat full,
To keep my wife's body preserved in the toddy,
Of money I'll give you a hatful."

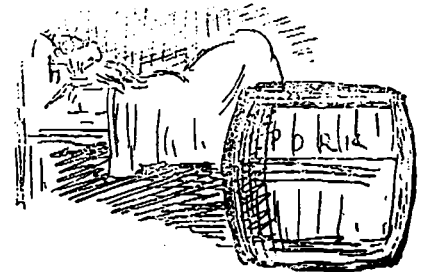
"All right," said the Captain, "but let me reflect—
I'll give him the rum, for I see,
When I've got the coin, if my crew should object,
It wouldn't much matter to me."
So the Jew got the rum, and the skipper the gold
Ben Rabbi went smiling below,
In his innocent heart never deemed he was sold,
But he was, and most awfully so.



For Mrs. Jew died, and was pickled in rum
Some three days, it couldn't be more,
When up to the Captain three spokesmen come,
With the bos'tan, Ben Truck, to the fore.
"Oh, Captain," said they, "you have learnt ore this day,
Since you've fought all descriptions of squalls,
When a body aboard of a vessel is stored,
Ill-luck to that vessel befalls."



So bold Ben Truck and his mate, Bill Wreck,
While the Jew serenely snored,
With four or five tars, brought the barrel on deck,
And lowered it overboard—
And then, in the nook beside his bed,
That the cabin might look the same,
A barrel of pork they placed instead,
And the Jew never twigged the game.



FACTS.

A few speeches emanating from well-known individuals, and others in a city not far from Lake Ontario, and worthy of being embalmed for their wisdom, in the most popular publication of the day.

"Yes, sir, though I believe a steam fire-engine would be a most excellent thing for the city, and one that is urgently needed, still I am opposed to getting one for the reason that the chief of the department is already too pompous, and if additional importance were added to his position by the acquisition of a steam fire-engine, he would become unbearably so. Therefore, I say, let the city burn to the ground before we purchase one of these engines."

C. M. . . . L, Esq., M. Y. R.

"It is indeed strange. Three nights in succession a darkness that might almost be felt has brooded over this city, and yet hardly a lamp has been lit. It is not so in Toronto, and they manage these things better in Ancaster."

STRANGER IN THE PLACE.

"I'm an athlete, and St. Jacobs oil has my unqualified approval."

A. D. S., C'F OF PLEESE.

"I may as well send this down to the 'Sphere.' I know it isn't true and the paper will have to apologize for me, but what's the odds so long as I scoop the locals here. How many inches of my collar can you see, eh?"

CORRESPONDENT OF "SPHERE."

"I notice a great improvement in the place since it was placed upon the Grand Trunk. Neat little way station on the N. & N. W. R. R. as well."

MR. HICKSON.

"When I was in Winnipeg—"
EVERYBODY THAT ISN'T THERE YET.

"If the Speckletator ever speaks the truth, it is by accident."

"METIS."

"Veracity and the 'Metis' are strangers to one another."

"SPECKLETATOR."



THE SULTAN AROUSED AT LAST!

PORTER.—"AH! NOW I CATCH YOUR MEANING! ARABI IS A REBEL; OF COURSE HE IS, AND I HAVE NO HESITATION IN ISSUING A PROCLAMATION TO THAT EFFECT!!"
 DUFFERIN.—"ZAGAZIGLY SO! BUT A TRIFLE LATE IN THE DAY, I'M AFRAID."

A LETTER FROM ELIZA.

RURAL DELL, August 30th.

MY DEAR MARIA,—Since writing to you last we have been for what Lucius calls a little "run to the seaside." I wasn't particularly anxious to go, but Lucius said he felt he must get a change to recover from the electionary fatigues, and the girls said they wanted to recruit for next season, though, as their pa says, he won't be bothered with any of the females of this family next winter at Ottawa, I think they could stand the gayeties of Rural Dell without anything to strengthen them; however, I never stand in their light. So I said nothing about it, as Lucius, in common with other heads of families, requires no hints as to economizing the expenses at home. So we went. I hear a great deal about the pleasure of traveling. It's all very well when you get there, but, for my part, I haven't experienced much "on the way." I can't see any earthly pleasure in spending two nights and a day on the cars. Some women may enjoy living and sleeping on a pullman car, but I defy any one to say she enjoys dressing on one. Lucius says it's because they take such a confounded amount of rubbish with them; in fact, he said that, and a good deal more not necessary to repeat, the second morning we were on the cars, but, considering the circumstances, I forgave him. I don't know how it happened, but he had walked off with my bangs caught in the button-hole of his coat, and never knew he had them until he was going into the gentlemen's dressing-room, and an impudent boy, who sells peanuts and books, drew his attention to the fact by saying, "Say, mister, who've you bin scalpin' or air you in the hair-line?"

When he did see my curls (which I had bought expressly for the trip) his language was unparliamentary. He instantly, in great wrath, threw them out of the window, where, I daresay, they will lie near the track, until perhaps some one finds them and they figure

in the papers as the "melancholy remains of another victim to the iron-horse.

We got through the journey pretty well, though Jaue had a narrow escape. When getting down from the top berth, her clothes caught some way, tripped her, and she would have fallen to the ground if a man, who was passing, had not caught her. I was thankful for her escape, but as it was the porter of the car whose arms had saved her, she regarded him with rather a "dark eye." (Excuse the pun.)

We were lucky enough to get rooms at the hotel at the American watering place we had chosen, but the charges were enormous, and set a damper on Lucius' spirits. Indeed, I believe he wouldn't have remained at all, only the landlord insinuated that Canadians were generally the only people who complained of his prices, "not that he blamed them, he understood they hadn't much money, but he was willing to do all he could for us, and if we would go up three flights of stairs he'd take fifty cents a week off our board." As the reputation of our country is dear to a public family like ourselves, of course we didn't go up stairs, and paid without any further murmuring the prices asked. I'll quote you an article which was in an American paper: "Among the distinguished arrivals at the Larkspur House, Larkspur, are Lucius Pencherman, Esq., M. P., a prominent politician from the Dominion of Canada, his lady, and two beautiful daughters, who charm all hearts, and report bath it, have made more than one brother Jonathan desirous to convert them to the annexation scheme." It was of course very gratifying to us, and we bought a dozen papers to distribute among our friends, and the item is already copied by the Rural Dell weekly. The girls had a lovely time. There weren't many beaux, (where is the Eldorado of a seaside place that has?) but what there were wouldn't look at anyone else when Jane and Mary were by, and as you know yourself Maria, though a dearth

of them may be regretted by the generality of the girls, the ones who monopolize the attention of the few have all the more honor and glory. I enjoyed seeing the girls enjoy themselves with all a mother's pride, but I couldn't help wishing there was some amusement for middle-aged women; men of all ages have some provided for them, but I haven't yet found that there was any caterer for the pleasure of women who, in the words of the poet, are "fair, fat, and forty."

We only staid a month, and spent a frightful amount of money. I found the house, when we got home, in a frightful muddle, and the boys running wild. By and bye, when we are settled, I am going to the city for our fall things, so keep your eyes open regarding the fashions, for you know how grateful for any hints about dress or style is

Your Affectionate Cousin,
 ELIZA PENCHERMAN.



"Stern necessity"—A rudder.

In at the death—An undertaker.

An article has been lately published headed "The comfort of an elevator." Many bibulists believe devoutly in the article in question.

Although coal merchants like to go in good society, many don't believe in the *bon ton* (good ton.)

"I call this taking stock," as the thief remarked when he picked up a roll of tweed at a shop door.

A very persistent agitator—The wind.

A large amount of gold was found lately in the chimney soot of the Royal Mint, Berlin. Our Funny Contributor says that a find of this sort would just *soot* him.

All for love—The female sex.



CONSIDERATE.

OLD GENT.—Why in the world have they cut the horse's tail so short?

BOY.—You see, the boss is a member of the society for preventing cruelty, and he cut his horse's tail to save the poor flies!

LIB-CON LOCAL CONVENTION.

RESOLUTIONS.

NOT GENUINE WITHOUT THE SIGNATURE *John A.*

- RESOLVED that Mowat MUST GO because he is convicted of
- Extravagance
- Centralization.
- Hostility to the N.P.
- Manipulation of the public offices for Political Ends
- Sowing the seeds of Dissention between the Provinces
- Invading private Rights by the Streams Bill.
- Demanding the Boundary Award without further Reference.

MOWAT MUST GO.

(Sgd) JOHN A.



TAKING THE MOWAT OUT OF HIS NEIGHBOR'S EYE!

The Joker Club.

"The Pan is mightier than the Sword."

This American nation has about concluded that the North Pole isn't worth searching for.

If tramps only knew enough to go in gangs they would be called gypsies and be thought romantic.

In the last twenty years 300 Connecticut people have deposited money in savings banks and gone away and forgotten it.

Charles Lamb wrote that a good laugh was worth 100 groans, but he never succeeded in making a man with the toothache believe it.

It isn't likely that Attorney-General Brewster carries six hats with him when he travels. He probably carries five hats and a night-cap.

The idea that a bonnet is always uppermost in a woman's mind is entertained only by unmarried men. She wants everything else first.

A society journal says it is only one man in a dozen who can leave a house in a graceful manner. Do the other eleven slide down the steps?

A Virginia negro wasn't satisfied with his wife drawing the plow, but wanted to put a bridle on her. She bridled up and cracked his skull.

An Indiana schoolma'am says it is not only less trouble to rule the boys by love, but she thus manages to get the best apples and nicest bouquets.

A young man in Buffalo kept up a correspondence with seven young ladies of good family and position for a year and then married a cook.

Mike Welch, of Colorado, managed to squander \$400 in one year without drinking a drop of whiskey or betting on a horse race. He bet on base ball.

Only about one out of ten negro cabins in the South have windows. When the occupants want any daylight for any particular purpose they walk out-doors.

George T. Reynolds, of Kansas, carried an Indian arrow-head in his shoulder for sixteen years, but got tired of being a hero and had it cut out the other day.

A country which can pan out 550,000,000 bushels of wheat in such a season as this cannot be sat down on by any power on earth, and don't you forget it!

The longest cucumber ever grown in the South is now on exhibition in North Carolina. It stopped an inch short of four feet and contains sixty cases of colic.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales owes over \$300,000, and yet people are anxious to give him more credit. There are several good things about being a prince.

When Illinois lightning can jack the boots off a farmer without even scorching his feet, what's the use of Eastern speculators trying to make a corner on boot-jacks?

A Brooklyn blacksmith held out a hammer on his hand for seven minutes to win a bet of twenty-five cents, and the doctors say he won't use that arm again for a year.

When an Edgefield youth goes to spark a girl he finds the old lady in one corner of the room, the old man in another, and a dog under the melodeon; and he is required to speak up like an orator.—*Augusta News.*

The mosquito is little, but his brave example is contagious. He makes the most cowardly come to the scratch.—*Boston Transcript.*

Arabi Pasha does not dash along his lines on a foaming steed. He cannot ride, and when he is obliged to mount a horse the animal is led.—*Philadelphia News.*

"The French speak in the nose, the Germans in the throat and the English through the teeth." Either of which is more agreeable than speaking through the telephone.

Mrs. Livermore always has some female friend who wants a place on a newspaper. Out of ten she has secured places for eight could hold their places four weeks.

A Washington shop-keeper says that females employed in the departments are head over heels in debt, and would take home grindstones if they could get trusted for them.

It is now considered vulgar in England to display much jewelry, but an American woman with seven rings on her fingers over her kid gloves still shines like the evening star.

The young man who wants to look tony this winter will have to get something different from an ulster. A red and white blanket, buttoned under the chin, would attract attention.

An Ohio cow devoured a pocketbook containing \$600, and yet the owner can't sell the animal for one-fifth of that sum. He'll never get the green back.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Blondin, the tight-rope performer, is not dead—not by any means. There are no less than four of him scattered through India, Australia and Europe, and each one is the genuine Blondin.

An average of six fools a day write an "all are lost" message, bottle it up, and manage to have it float ashore at a watering-place. The trick will never be old with certain cunning young men.

The bill of a mosquito is a finer piece of work than any jeweller could bring out, and has more science than any patent yet applied for, and yet man thinks only of getting a whack at the insect with his whole fist.

"Is your master in?" asks a visitor of the servant of a man about town, a treasure of honesty and truthfulness fresh from the country. "He is, but he cannot see any one sir! 'Ah! is he sick? Nothing serious, I hope.'" "No sir. He's drunk!"

A SAINT AT THE ZOO.

Capt. Harry Piper, Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, lately communicated the following facts to a reporter of one of Toronto's most influential papers: "Some time ago, we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian Bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived, we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Pete was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious torture; the lion likewise had it, and, in fact, I was just being cured of a bad case of rheumatism myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured men it must be good for animals as well.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Meaford Works," will be received until FRIDAY, the 29th inst., inclusively, for the construction of

WORKS AT MEAFORD, GREY COUNTY, ONTARIO,

according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Mr. Matthew Robinson, Meaford, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 11th September, 1882. }



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Port Hope Works," will be received until TUESDAY, the 26th inst., inclusively, for the construction of a

BREAKWATER,

—AT— PORT HOPE, ONTARIO,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application at the office of the Harbour Master, Port Hope, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 8th September, 1882. }



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The New York Comic Opera Co. (late Havrily), are performing this week in Montreal. Next week they go to Ottawa, and afterwards visit Hamilton and London—appearing in the latter city during the Western Fair. Two new members have been added to the Company in the persons of Mr. John E. Nash, baritone, and Mr. Harry Pepper, tenor. Miss Manfred remains as *prima donna*, and is sure to be popular wherever she sings. No better performances of the popular operas have ever been given in the city than by this organization.

Mr. Sheppard has an immense card for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week in the person of the incomparable Lotta, who will appear in her new play 'Bob.' Go for your seats instanter, if you want to make sure of them.

"Atkinson's Jollities," the present attraction at the Royal, presents an entertainment of the most original and droll character, which must be seen to be appreciated. All who can enjoy two hours of hearty laughter should make it a point to see these clever comedians. Harry Webber returns next week with his popular and successful play, "Nip and Tuck."

Lovers of "the noble animal" should take the opportunity of seeing the exhibitions which are being given nightly at the Zoo by Prof. J. G. McPherson and Mr. W. H. McConkey with their educated horses, "Salamander," and "Mexican Chief." As an illustration of the power of kindness the show deserves at all events the hearty patronage of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

THE ZOOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING—THE WHALE'S SPEECH—ITS RESULTS—A TERRIBLE ROW.

This is an age of conventions and "annual meetings." Every profession, every trade, every class convening either for the purposes of organization or mutual greetings. Not to be behind the times, the quadrupedal, tripodal and bipedal inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens recently determined to inaugurate a yearly pow-wow for the edification of the members of the Zoo. A preliminary committee was appointed, arrangements were completed, and the first annual gathering was held last week. The hour of midnight was aptly chosen for the time of meeting, when the grounds were clear of staring spectators—and reporters, as they fondly imagined. Little did they know that one of their number had proven himself a traitor to their plans by secretly informing your reporter of the proposed convention. But so it was, and, as a consequence, GRIP has the honor of presenting the first report of the interesting proceedings to the public.

As the cathedral chimed broke upon the stillness of the night by striking the witching hour, two of the more active monkeys visited each cage and released its inmates, who then ranged themselves around the fish-pond. The sea-lion and an aged turtle stationed themselves on either side of the gate: a bald-headed eagle and Peter the Great next fell into line; Romeo held Juliet on his lap; the three black bears sat in a row; the sword fish and a horned toad hobnobbed together; the panther and the

crane cracked jokes in a corner; in short, the whole population was in attendance with the exception of a homesick owl, who regarded the whole affair as a "bit o' peacockery."

The whale, by an unanimous vote, was elected chairman, and ascended the platform amid the heterogeneous plaudits of the assemblage. After quiet had been restored by banishing the parrot and the guinea pig to an outer corner, the chairman made a few happy remarks, in which he expressed the gratification he felt at being placed in such an honorable position. He assured the audience that Nova Scotia, his native province, would also feel highly delighted at the honor paid her by appointing him. Proceeding, he gave a sketch of his life and career, and finished by relating an amusing story of a lampooning he once received from his father for plugging up his brother's blow-pipe, and pinching the tail of a younger sister. Referring to his present surroundings, and to the curious people who daily ply him with a volume of questions, he advised his hearers that it was a foolish rule to be crabbed—

MRS. TURTLE—"I protest against such language. To be snapped up in this public way is intolerable. I move to submit a claws"—

CHAIRMAN—"My friend misunderstands me. I merely meant to say that I think it is not always wise when questions are put to you to be dogged—"

The two-legged representative of the canine race mildly said "Will you kindly curtail these unpleasant references? If you are going to embark—"

CHAIRMAN (somewhat out of patience)—"There's no use storking this way—"

STORK—"Confound your old cranium! You must think we are easily gulled to submit to such insults. If Jack Daw or Bob O'Link were here, we would knock all the spermacti out of you!"

CHAIRMAN—"Really, friends, this is disgraceful. I shall have nothing more to say, but will call on Mdlle. Juliet to sing 'Romeo—er the deep blue sea.'"

At the conclusion of the fourth verse, the tiger cat, in his quirelous tones enquired of his neighbor, Mr. Bab Oon, "Who was doin' all that owling?" "Did she macaw'll that noise herself?" "Sparrow spare our feelings!" and similar reflections on the talented lady. These immediately led to a general uproar.

"I venture to say," the chairman remarked, "as heron this platform I stand, that during my 400 years of experience I have never witnessed such a scene. I would like to see the perpetrator ferretted out and treated to a dose of cat-o-nine appendages. Hard lyons, you may say, but none too severe for such unbearable conduct!"

"Would Juliet your wife be insulted like that, Romeo?" asked the warlike Peter. "I would beaver-y loath to see any female thus badgered."

These taunts at last succeeded in arousing Mons. Romeo, who inaugurated what bid fair to be a terrible fracas. Your reporter at this critical moment found it necessary to descend from the poplar tree that had sheltered him, and to hurry to his chambers to transcribe his notes, and was thus unable to give you a detailed account of the remainder of the proceedings. A visit to the grounds the following day, however, found sixteen paws, nine tails and twelve heads bandaged; forty three teeth missing, and a coroner's inquest ready for the evening.

POLYCARP PENDENNIS.

The banks are now looking out for chance for new investments, in view of the fact that next month the hackmen will return from the watering places and make their deposits—Puck

THE REAL LAST WORDS OF CONSTANCE AND MARMION.

Addressed to the Hon. Adam Crooks on his action in withdrawing, by a sudden edict, his own deliberate act, a year ago, of putting Sir W. Scott's Marmion on the list of subjects for the Intermediate Examination, on the alleged ground, 1st, that the *convent scene might offend Roman Catholics*, and, that MARMION IS IMMORAL!!!! (the notes of admiration are from GRIP's own beak). This concluding portion of Sir W. Scott's ovely and Christian poem has been secured at immense expense from a noted medium.

CONSTANCE'S LAST WORDS.

Ontario's late remorse shall wawe,
And then such vengeance shall she take,
As will make Mr. Crooks be fain
To cover, a lawyer's clerk again.
Behold the crookedness of Crooks!
Those mean tergiversation looks!
The intermediate course upon,
Last year he added MARMION,
Which did not seem IMMORAL, then,
To Crooks, the crookedest of men!
And Campbell published then, and Gage,
Two new editions, sound and sage,
With hopes of profit to be won
From students crammed in Marmion.
And with all students 'twas the rage,
To buy from Campbell or from Gage.
But now hath Crooks, with cheek supreme,
Made all their hopes an idle dream.
Forbids that Marmion shall be read,
Since there of Rome hard things are said.
Because he wants the Catholic vote,
He crams such nonsense down our throat.
But lo! a darker hour ascends,
Crooks only injures all his friends,
And GRIP's zook friend, our trusty Mowat,
Will own the fact, he sure must know it.

LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

"Say I'm 'immoral'? like your cheek,
With Truth who play at hide and seek,
Vamoose, git, go! false Crooks, begone."
Were the last words of Marmion.



"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE."

MOTHER.—Elizabeth Jane, there's a ring at the door; will you please answer it.

ELIZABETH JANE.—Answer it yourself! (*Resumes playing*).

The doctors are now telling their creditors to call round after the gunning season has opened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Mark Twain's residence at Hartford is pointed out as one of the most tasteful, as well as comfortable, houses in that city. His study, wherein he performs expertly on a type-writer, is in the rear of the house, and screened by vines and evergreens. To deter the large number of sight-seekers who invade the place, Mr. Twain has posted on the study door the sign—"Step softly! Keep away! Do not disturb the remains!" In the centre of the study is a table covered with books.



HON. JOHN O'D-N-HUE AT HIS OLD BUSINESS.

NOT WORTH IT.

A citizen of Michigan who has something of a reputation for his infidel views and arguments happened to meet seven or eight clergymen at a railroad station as they were waiting to take the train to attend a conference, and introducing himself to one of them he said:

"I want half an hour's talk with the smartest one of your crowd. Who is he?"
"Well, Brother White is pretty smart," was the reply.

The infidel walked up to the clergyman named and bluntly began:

"Preacher White, you hold that there is a God, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."
"And a heaven and hell?"
"Yes, sir."
"And that none but believers can be saved?"
"Just so."
"Well, sir, I don't believe any such thing, and I'll defy you to convince me?"
"I shan't try to, sir."
"You won't?" "Don't you want me to be saved?"

"No sir—no, sir! I wouldn't waste five minutes to send you straight to heaven."

"Why not?"
"Why not? Why, sir, folks have been going to heaven by the millions for thousands of years, and there is now such a crowd up there that a small soul like yours could no more be found or heard of than an atom of sand thrown into the middle of the ocean. It's too small potatoes to pay for the hoeing!"

Homeward bound—The tethered goat.
Go to the butcher's if you would hear joint debates.

Never lend your ivy plant, because you cannot get an IV green back.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

Step on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"There's no time like the present," gleefully remarked the boy who had received the gift of a watch.—*New York News.*

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