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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.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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. 2. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

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**THE CANADIAN
Illustrated Shorthand Writer.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.

"The copy of Shorthand Writer received. Like it first rate and desire to see it prosper."—H. A. Aumont, Business and Photographic College, Sterling, Ill.

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—Dan Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Phonography.

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

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.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Evelyn, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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Send for Sample Number.

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COAL AND WOOD, AND AT LOWEST PRICES, NAIRN'S. Office, Next Post Office. THE BEST QUALITY. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

WILHELM, the violinist, made \$16,000 this season, under the skilful management of HENRY WOLFSON.

The composer, VERDI, has received on his return from Paris to Italy, the order of the Crown of Italy.

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CART will sail for Europe on May 29 to sing under a contract with Mr. MAPLESON.

BRET HARTE's lectures at Brighton, Eng., and other points are growing upon the English people, and the attendance is increasing.

The St. Andrew's Choral Union, under the leadership of Mr. FISHER, announce a concert of Mendelssohn's music at the Gardens shortly.

Baldwin's Babies have been giving *Pinafore* at the Royal this week. The company is large and clever, and give the well-worn opera in a very acceptable manner.

Signor CAMPOBELLO and Madame SINICO have made highly successful appearances at the Opera House, Copenhagen, where, by the way, Signor CAMPOBELLO first started in life as an attache of the British Embassy.

JAMES MEADE served an injunction last week upon a queer party calling themselves the Tragedians of Kalamazoo, restraining them from using that title and certain lines upon their posters. The company died promptly and without a struggle.

JOSEPH BRANDISI, the old time tenor of the Holman Opera Troupe, was re-united to his family at Three Rivers, Quebec, lately, after an absence of twenty-five years. His family had long since mourned for him as dead, and as JOE left home when a mere boy, he was not aware that he possessed a living relative until this romantic meeting.

BOUCAULT had a great reception on his recent appearance in England, where he is now playing *Conn*. The moment he appeared in his tattered scarlet coat there was a shout of recognition, which subsided into a continuous applause that for some time hindered the progress of the drama. It seems very probable that *The Shaughraun* has taken a new lease, and that it may once more have a lengthened run.

Lecturer J. B. WATSON, pretty well known in this country, is accused by the *Milbrook Messenger* of having neglected to pay his printing bills, and other little accounts. Watson once proposed to do some business with this office, and all trouble was avoided by a request for advance payment. He didn't get the work done.—*Guelph Herald*. A little account of \$8 or \$10 awaits his payment at this office.—*Acton Free Press*.

"The Tourists," at the Grand Opera House, give what is generally considered the most mirth-provoking and clever entertainment that has been offered to our citizens this season. The whole idea is strikingly original, and in carrying it out the author has concocted, in the words of the *Troy Times* editor, "the greatest piece of wit that ever emanated from the mind of man." A chance yet remains of witnessing the funny—not too funny, but just funny enough—Tourists.

Our readers are reminded of the complimentary concert to Mr. Wm. RENSTONE, the popular tenor, to be given at Albert Hall, on the 31st inst. The programme embraces the names of Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. DALTON, and several other well-known vocalists, and we have no doubt the affair will be a great success artistically. It is to be hoped it will be equally successful from a financial point of view, for the *beneficiare* is a gentleman whose gifts deserve recognition.



Grenville Canal, Ottawa River.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on THURSDAY, the 3RD DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, the 20TH MAY, instant, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms—and in the case of firms—unless there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose Tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract within *eight days* after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

NV-1-21



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD OF JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

St. 75-5.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR FENCING.

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.

REID'S PATENT SEAMLESS WATER TRAP, the best because the strongest trap in the market. We invite the inspection of Plumbers, Architects, &c. Wm. Dingman & Co., Agents, 55 Front St. East, Toronto.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

SWINBURNE calls his new volume of poems "Songs of the Springtides."

MAYBRICK, the writer of the song of 'Nancy Lee', has received nearly \$8,000 for his royalty.

The Art Critic, a journal devoted to music, art and literature, exemplifies the truth of the old saying, that treasures are often done up in small packages. A small journal, its contents are nevertheless rich and rare. *The Art Critic* is published every month. Terms, \$1.00 a year. Frederick A. Mollenhauer, 717 Broadway, New York.

The latest addition to our exchange list is the Dublin comic journal *Pat*, a handsome little eight-page paper, illustrated with colored cartoons, a *la Puck*. The principal artist is JOHN O'HEA, who handles the pencil in a masterly manner. The literary matter is very good, and taken altogether *Pat* does credit to the Metropolis of the Isle of wit and humor.

The frankishness of the "old book" mania was well exemplified at a recent New York auction, where a copy of PURCHAS'S "Pilgrims," which lacked a title page, one of the original maps and several pages of text, and was otherwise imperfect, sold for the handsome sum of \$165; while a much better copy had been disposed of at the same place shortly before for only \$20.

The Art Autograph, "a memorial offering of the artists, literateurs and public men of the United States to Suffering Ireland," is now ready. It is filled with autograph sketches by the leading artists, and original poems, letters and sentiments in *fac-simile* by the greatest writers and poets of the Republic. Copies may be had by sending 25c. for the plain paper edition, or \$1 for the heavy plate paper issue, to the Art Interchange, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

Miss LOUISA ALCOTT is said to be a capital natural actress. The *Herald* of Boston says that she once came very near going on the stage, having secretly made arrangements for doing so, and intending to surprise her friends. Through a delay in her expected debut her family found out her project and it was nipped in the bud. A good while ago she wrote a farce for Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, but as the other characters had greater opportunities for amusing "business" than his, he did not play in it, though it was performed several times. She afterwards wrote a romantic drama, which was so quarrelled over by the two leading ladies of the Boston Theatre that Miss ALCOTT took it back for revision, and finally threw it impetuously into the fire, having no manuscript ready for Mr. BARRY when he sent for it to put it in rehearsal.

The comments of the Press in reference to the late Senator GEORGE BROWN have been exceedingly eulogistic of the many elements of manliness, patriotism and true Christian worth that have marked his eventful life. Of all the tributes to the illustrious Senator none have been more generous and hearty than that of GRIP. For seven years our *Punch* has in almost every imaginable style of cartoon set forth the editor of the *Globe* for the detestation of Canadians. It is pleasing to note that no malice ever inspired these caricatures, and that now GRIP, robed in mourning, shows its appreciation of departed worth by an expressive representation in which both the genius of Conservatism and Reform come with wreaths to cast upon his tomb. The subscriptions reads: "He wore the white flower of a blameless life."—*Christian Visitor*, St. John, N.B.

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Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



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.

Tabitha on Art and Education.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Ever since I took up my residence in the city last winter, I have intended seizin hold of various opinions floatin loose in my head and puttin them on paper for the benefit of your valuated periodical. This very day my feelins have been worked up to such a pitch that I felt obliged to take my pen in hand and say my say.

I went this mornin, in company with MARTHA BLANK, (only daughter of Mrs BLANK, my landlady,) to visit the Exhibition of the "Ontario Society of Artists." My expectations were frustrated. I discovered on arrivin, that there was not an artist on exhibition. I had expected to see them standin in front of their vessels, in the attitude of paintin an embroillo picture, but I suppose they had got tired of bein there for show and had gone home. I asked a young gentleman, who was settin at a table takin the entrance money, when he expected the artists back; but he only stared at me in a frustrated manner, and didn't give me any satisfactory answer. However they had left three rooms full of paintings and as I always had a hankerin after picters, though not an art cricket, I took a stroll round. It was a very respectable show. I can't crystallize all the paintings, but there was one that took my eye. It was called "Alice," from DOBNEY and Son. I think it was very kind of Mr. DOBNEY and his son to lend their picter to the show, and if I knew where the old gentleman lived I would make hold to ask if I might see it again, for something in that young woman's face kind o' haunts me; such a wild, hunted, pitiful look; as I stood gazin at at her, I almost thought there was a livin soul lookin out of the great, sad eyes. In the course of my wanderins around the room, I saw the picter that started me to write this letter, it was called "After Tea," and was a nice lookin young girl washin up the tea things, with her dress neatly pinned back to keep it out of the wet—"MARTHA," says I, lookin at Miss BLANK in my fixedest attitude, "isn't that a deal better than the fizzy-oilery and match-matics, and other new fangled abominations that you are addlin your brains with at the Norman School?"

I spoke feelinly and severe, rememberin the breakfast I had sot down to that mornin, which MARTHA was obliged to get through, her mother bein laid up with rheumatics; there was fried potatoes simmerin in grease and half cold, and

pouched eggs, every egg bein broke and so mussy lookin as wasn't fit for a Christian to eat. The nateral result of eddycatin women above their spear! However, my words was lost on MARTHA; she tosses her head in a rilein' manner and says, "Our curry-coolum embraces a course that is elevatin to the mind." "I wish you had made some of your curry-coolum for breakfast then," says I, "though I'd prefer it hot. And MARTHA," says I, "I hold with givin a woman a sound eddication, but not to the seclusion of domestic economy, in all of which VICTORIA's daughter, wife of His Excellont Marquis of Lorne, agrees with me, as you may see, if you read her remarks at school openus ecctery. If I was a artist myself, just to encourage sensible Canadian girls, I would paint a sort of transportation scene, first, there would be a neat lookin young girl busy in the kitchen, gettin a good comfortable dinner ready for her pa and brothers when they come home tired and hungry, and then the same girl ready dressed for a party, lookin as sweet and pretty as I've seen some of the hardest workin look, and just fit to be the belle of the ball. I feel that my words is far from bein exhausted, but will not persecute the theme at present, and sign myself, as our late lamentable minister would remark, in a Latin frase,—*current-tea-calomel*,

Yours Respectfully,

TADITHA TWITTERS.

Relic of the late SAMUEL TWITTERS of "Twitter's Clearings."

We Told You So!

LONDON, May 22.—The Canadian cricketers and West of Scotland Club yesterday played one inning. The Canadians scored 162, their opponents 69.—*Calligram*.

Hip, hip, hip, hooray! hurray!! hurray!!! Tiger—Hurray!!!! Now we feel able to approach the subject. Can anybody doubt, after this, that Canada is the greatest nation on earth? We should think not! At least, Great Britain ought to be convinced. For ages Britannia ruled the waves with the oar; a Canadian oarsman went over there, and left the British champion a mile, more or less, in the rear. British supremacy at the bat had never been doubted, until the scorer ran up the placard announcing the above sweeping victory for Canadian cricketers. And recollect this is only the first of a series of great successes to come. Our team has only reached Scotland as yet. Wait till they meet and vanquish the All England Elcven, the Rugby, the Harrow, and all the other crack clubs, and then we will be able to appreciate our own prowess. Meantime, let us not forget that Canada is indeed a great country.

Royal Patronage.

In a newspaper account of Lord LORNE's recent visit to the Rysdyck stock farm near Prescott, we read:

On His Excellency's return and on his way to the depot he visited the immense plateau stables of 1,100 heads of fat beaves, fed from the distillery, and expressed great pleasure in seeing such an exhibit. After a hasty inspection of the paraphernalia of distillation and machinery in the buildings, he left for Ottawa by the evening train.

Mr. GRIP regrets very much that the Governor-General's good nature should have led him into the mistake of expressing "great pleasure" at such a sorrowful spectacle as this. Surely His Excellency cannot already have forgotten those columns of startling facts and figures on the subject of "swill milk" lately printed in the *Globe*, and yet it seems improbable that in the face of such an *expose* he would put the vice-regal *imprimatur* on the atrocious system. Vice royalty cannot be too careful in such matters. Perhaps on his next visit to this city Lord LORNE may find all our swill-milk-men's carts emblazoned with the Argyle arms and the legend "By special approval of the Marquis of Lorne." How will he like that, we wonder?

A Poplar Theme.

Again the organ grinder grinds out spasmodic waltz,
Again the truant school-boy around the corner halts;
Again the pleasant poplar sheds his verdant showers
Of undeveloped foliage, like flowers
By loyal subjects thrown into swell carriages,
At the vice-regal shows, or old-time marriages;
Great pity they're not roses, for fall incessant
Of damp and worm-like spriqs is far from pleasant,
Especially to maid with Gainsboro' hat,
Whose roof is quickly covered as with a mat
Of moss and pollen, spoiling its new lustre—
No wonder the young person's in a fluster!
But she—oh, she who doth affect a train,
Declares the tree a nuisance and her bane.
"Alas, alas," she wails in accents wild,
"I do declare my new silk dress is spoiled!"
But still the stately poplar waxeth stronger,
Its form grows more robust, its branches longer,
It grows apace in spite of voice of spinster,
And spreads its carpet softer than Axminster.
The poplars yet are popular, although with faults they
tax 'em,
Which faults could be removed, especially if you'd ax
'em.

Emigration.

"Is it not a great pity," said GUSTAVUS SLASHIBUSH to his sister ALMIRA, as he sat at the breakfast table and gazed at the strings of dried pumpkins hanging in graceful festoons from the cross-beams of the kitchen ceiling, "Is it not a great pity that the tide of emigration should flow steadily from Europe, to widen out and distribute itself from Minnesota to Texas enriching and building up the neighboring Republic, while our lands—Muskoka with its trout streams and fertile vales—especially its trout streams—our vast valley of the Sackatchewan, and our world-renowned fertile wildernesses, should only attract, let us say, a few Mennonites, a race almost unknown to the majority of mankind, and who don't even know, or don't want to know how to shoulder a rifle for their own defence. "Don't know and don't care," said ALMIRA, as she skillfully inverted a buck-wheat slap jack on the frying pan.

"Nobody even thinks of going there," continued GUSTAVUS, "except Mennonites or scallawags from Ontario, who expect to make a good thing there out of land speculations. Now who's fault is it? I believe it's ED. BLAKE and MACKENZIE who've caused all this by their extolling Texas and running down our own possessions. *That's* what I think. Texas, of course, has it advantages; it is warm enough any way; not much danger of freezing to death there. The trouble is that the natives have an unpleasant habit of making things altogether too hot for the ordinary emigrant, who would no doubt find the coolness of Manitoba an agreeable exchange. Now, if BLAKE and MACKENZIE have caused this state of things, and by their wild harangues kept the toiling millions of Europe from settling under the meteor flag of England, where peace and plenty awaits them, then I say that both BLAKE and MACKENZIE should be impeached. Yes, they should certainly be impeached for high treason! People in the old times have been executed for less—Look at Lord Lovat! Look at——" "Has that lazy bunkhead not got through his grub yet, ALMIRA?" roared SLASHIBUSH the elder from the front gate. "Durn him, he eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around!" GUSTAVUS arose and departed by the back door.

Hints to Cricketers.

Dentists should make good bowlers, as they have great experience in taking the stumps. Musical composers are generally good for a score. Never dispute an umpire's decision *openly*; it is considered ungentlemanly; but you can insinuate quietly among the crowd that a friend informed you that he himself was informed that the opposing umpire was a thorough-going partizan. Finally, never forget to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," at a cricket dinner. Everyone wants to hear this song, and no dinner is a success without it. Don't you forget it!

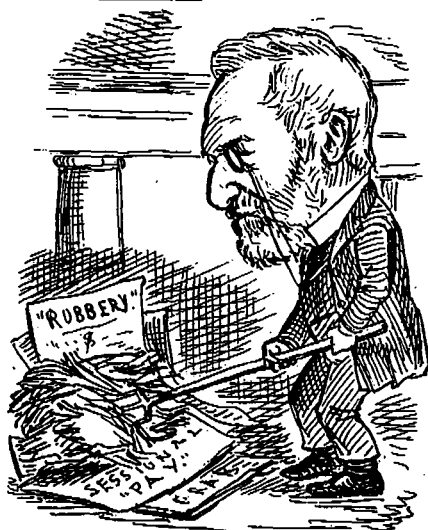
Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.
WOLFE BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



The Senate Must Go!

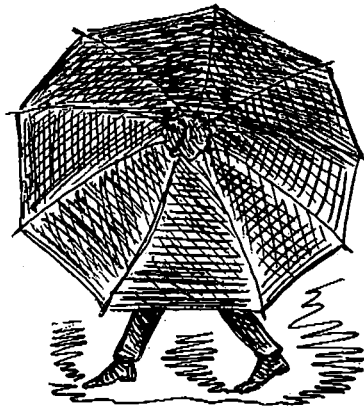
GRIP rejoices to see that the *Globe* has at last come squarely out for the abolition of the Dominion Senate. He felt sure the powerful arguments, pictorial and otherwise, which have from time to time appeared in his columns would sooner or later have their due effect, and now that his big contemporary has fallen into line to second his own efforts, the Senate is practically abolished. Its usefulness is gone, if it ever had any, which, with all deference to the Father of Confederation, we very much doubt. Not only is it a useless institution, it is monstrously expensive, being, in fact, just what is represented in the above cut—a leech upon the public purse. And these objectionable features are not mollified by marked ability, honor or dignity. The present Senate displays what limited talent it possesses in obstructing legislation; honor it cannot claim until it has purged itself of the presence of those salary-grabbing Members of whom mention is made elsewhere; and as to dignity, the scenes enacted during last session testify to its almost total absence. The Senate Chamber is now regarded by both parties as a receptacle for old partizans, whose services are supposed to deserve a money reward. This is a paltry idea, to say the least of it. If Grits or Tories want to reward their old allies let them do it out of their party funds; there is no good reason why the country in general should be taxed for such a purpose.



A Senatorial Hercules.

Senator ALEXANDER appears to have come out in the character of HERCULES, and to have undertaken a task analogous to that of the ancient hero in cleaning out the Augean stables. The honourable gentleman, in the latter part of the session just closed, made himself odious in the

eyes of some of his colleagues, also (by courtesy) "honourable," because he expressed his indignation at certain pieces of palpable crookedness which came to the surface, and announced his intention of cleaning out the Senate Chamber, so far as he was able to do so. One of the things which excited the ire of the Senator, and which is well calculated to have the same effect upon any honest man, was the discovery that not a few of the "grave and reverend seignors" had been taking advantage of the wording of the Act governing the payment of sessional indemnity, to pocket more of the public money than they were at all entitled to. Senator ALEXANDER called this *stealing* and *robbery*, which nasty words made the highly respectable culprits very angry. Of course he should have termed it "business irregularity," or something of that sort. Strong language, however, is one of the Senator's weaknesses, and he may have other faults, as his pay-grabbing colleagues allege, but that does not improve their case. Senator ALEXANDER appears to be an honest man, at all events, and GRIP will give him every assistance in making the Senate Chamber very warm for those who practice ways that are dark.



H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

Mr. GRIP, feeling certain that his readers would all be looking forward anxiously for a portrait of H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD in this issue, secured the above life-like sketch. Being a loyal subject as well as an enterprising journalist, Mr. GRIP felt bound to respect his Royal Highness' wish to remain *incognito* during his visit to Canada, and hence the umbrella, as a sort of compromise.

Nursery Rhymes.

[BY THE POET OF THE POTOMAC.]

There once was a Union Springs blower,
Who reckoned himself a boss rower,
But what between spills,
Wires, saws, and such ills,
His colours he oft had to lower.

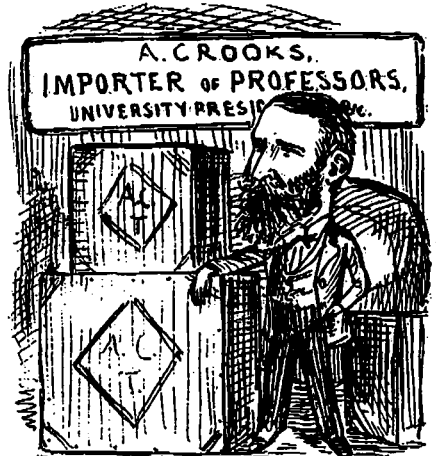
There now is another called RILEY,
The hinge of whose tongue is too 'levy,
In his own estimation
He "can lick all creation,"
But others don't hold him so highly.

A "boy" whom they termed "little Ed,"
Put on both of these duffers "a head;"
Or rather a *scull*,—
And they're now feeling dull—
RILEY'S moaning and COURTNEY'S in bed.

Why is the Government organ at Ottawa unlike *John Gilpin*? Because the latter was a "Citizen of credit and renown."

"Look at this coat," said Mrs. SNODKINS, holding up a garment rather gone in the seams. "It's in a nice state."

"Ah, yes," said SNODKINS, solemnly, "sew it's seams, sew it's seams."



Adam Crooks,

EDUCATIONAL IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he is constantly importing

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS, ETC.,

direct from the Old Country, and is thus able to supply a first-class article at very moderate prices.

A. C. wishes his friends and the public generally to observe that he does not deal in professors of Canadian manufacture, as he entertains serious doubts as to the value of that description of goods. The tariff arrangement being very favourable, however, he is able to import the genuine Old Country article at very slight advance on the native commodity. A call is respectfully solicited from the managers of Canadian colleges and universities who may be in need of competent teachers.

A. CROOKS,

Local Warehouse, Front St., Toronto.

"It's a long race that has no turning."

A live Injun on the war-path—The Ticket Scalper.

The *Globe* of the 22nd advertises for eight deaf and dumb shoemakers. It will now be in order for some municipality to offer a *bonus* to a dumb barber.



On Canadian Soil.

BRUISER. (*log.*)—What do you mean by fetchin' out all them soldiers, and interferin' with us like this? Prize-fighters? Naw! We're members of the Canadian House on the way home from Ottawa!

(Officer begs pardon and orders a retreat.)



THAT FISHY CLAIM AGAIN.

OUR BOY GALT.—DON'T GIVE HIM A CENT, MR. BULL; THIS IS A DEAD-BEAT GAME, AND HE KNOWS IT!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Howling swells—Operatic stars.—*Pat.*

Fare fighting—Disputing with Jarveys.—*Pat.*

Strikers are popular in no business but baseball.—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is the impecunious toper who always has a glass sigh.—*Whitehall Times.*

The cash drawer is the main feature of the lecture bureau.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

In peace prepare for war, particularly where it is a single piece of pie and two boys.

Merchants are generally noted for being peculiar in their weigh.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The best frame of mind for a man to possess is a well developed skull.—*Every Saturday.*

It is funny but true that it takes a ten dollar rod to catch a ten cent trout.—*Lowell Sun.*

Every rural school house is a whaling station where blubber is extracted.—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*

A western journalist says he always gets one article without pay—he gets bored for nothing.—*Proof Sheet.*

The young woman who put butter on her hair said she believed in the Grecian style.—*Steu-benville Herald.*

"To arms! to arms!" said the young soldier when he opened his to enfold his lady-love.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Raising a structure is like raising a baby—great care should be used in the underpinning.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The spots on the sun do not begin to create such a disturbance as do the freckles on the daughter.—*Ed. I. Torialle.*

It is said that the most unhealthy position a man can hold, is that of being "the oldest Mason."—*Somerville Journal.*

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small lad asked, "Man, if you please, are you going to shave that house?"—*Proof Sheet.*

An inquisitive correspondent is informed that cremation is a recently adopted method of firing people out of the world.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The young lady who dresses to be looked at shouldn't get angry when a fellow takes a good square look at her.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"Grammar don't amount to nothing noway," said the man with the greasy vest; and we see no reason to doubt his sincerity.—*Lowell Sun.*

A man never realizes how plenty mustard is and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tucks a railroad eating house sandwich.—*Fulton Times.*

When the girl sang to her lover, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," it was a sly way she had of getting him to become a teetotaler.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

If the ladies wish so much to vote, let a law be passed permitting all of the fair sex over 26 years of age to do so. It will be a safe experiment.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Why is spring beautiful?" asks HERBERT SPENCER. We can't tell you, HEND., unless it is the halo of interest cast about this season by house cleaning.—*McGregor News.*

The New York *Express* announces that hotel clerks will not wear diamond pins this year. Diamonds are not brilliant enough, and the Edison electric light will be used instead.

When a back bay Bostonian gets raving and goes home and breaks up statuary and kicks the vases off the shelf, the highly cultured people say that he is in an iconoclastic mood.—*Lockport Union.*

We cannot be too grateful to the Naugatuck man who has invented a rubber shoe that can be carried in the pocket. This will obviate leaving it in the hall for some one to drain his umbrella in.—*Danbury News.*

WASHINGTON was a very busy man. He scarcely knew what an idle moment was, and when you read IRVING'S Life you begin to understand why GEORGE the Great never told a lie. He never had the time.—*Proof Sheet.*

YOUNG must have been a rich man. He says nothing in his "Night Thoughts" about waking up at three in the morning and wondering how you are going to meet a four hundred dollar note due that day.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

First Irishman.—"Ah! bejabbers, I have a pain in me stomach."

Second Irishman.—"Shure an I shud think ye'd have a bay-winder there by the number of glasses ye tuk this morning."—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A young lady complained to her escort at the hotel that she had lost a fan and silver chain attached which he had given her. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman to a friend, "she has lost her presents of mine."—*Meriden Recorder.*

When SMITH went to a physician to be treated for heart disease, and was asked if the palpitations were violent, he replied: "You bet they are! why, when she gets down to her work she sometimes palps a hundred flaps to the second!"—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*

Philosophers are fooling away their time with the spots on Jupiter, and chasing up long lost comets, and not one of them are trying to enlighten the world upon that question which has bothered mankind for nearly 6000 years, viz: Why are all women fond of pickles?—*Middle-town Transcript.*

A member of one of our learned clubs returned to the bosom of his family one night sadly "under the influence." As he cautiously steered himself upstairs, he met his wife, who at once upbraided him with his condition, and declared that he exhaled a strong odor of spirits. "Taint that," pleaded the sufferer. "Had my hair cut. It's bay run you smell!"

A little fellow of five going along the street with a dinner pail is stopped by a kindhearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."—*Albany Times.*

The other day several people stood before a show window looking at a classic medallion. "What is that?" inquired the smart boy, who had elbowed his way to the front. "That," replied a good citizen, "is ACHILLES wounded in the heel." "Oh, yes," said the boy, sententiously, and gazing at the picture with new interest, "stone bruises."—*Proof Sheet.*

A guest was eating more butter than buscuit, while the landlady looked on and fidgeted and hinted until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said: "Do you know butter is up to sixty-five cents a pound?" The hungry guest reached out and took what there was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuringly, "good butter is worth it."—*Rochester Express.*

"Vell, vell," says ISAACS of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, "I vonder vy it ish dot Brince LEOPOLD doand answer my ledder about boarding mit my hodell."—*Hotel Mail.*

"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said, rather dubiously, when LAURA was telling him about Tox's ability and prospects; "oh, yes; good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no get up about him; it takes him till one o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster" with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush.'

'Why must I hush?'

After a moment's silence; 'Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald?'

'His head hasn't got any hair on it?'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Sometime, maybe.'

'Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

'Yes.'

'Will you care?'

'Don't ask me so many questions.'

After a moment's silence the boy exclaimed:

'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush I'll whip you when you get home.'

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at em.'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, 'what is the matter with that young hyena?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said the boy, innocently following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

'Here, you young hedgehog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got red marks on my head?'

'I'll slap you again if you don't hush.'

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy. 'When I get bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got monee?'

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: 'Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I have thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here.'

'The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

Marine Intelligence.

The propeller *Hanian* previously reported having gone south for a \$6,000 freight, was successfully loaded on the 19th inst. Owing to the heavy blowing, the propeller has remained another week to take on a \$2,000 deck-load.

Despatches from Ottawa state that the government craft, *John O'Connor*, will not proceed to Manitoba as surmised. This vessel is to be relieved by the *Alec Campbell*, and will retire from active duty, though still flying the pennant.

The different vessels employed searching for the missing ship *Conscientious Manufacturer* have all returned without tidings. At the King Street head-quarters no information can be obtained, and the vessel is given up for lost by those best posted in marine matters.

The Government have decided to dock the old steamer *Joseph Northwood*. This old craft was built in Chatham several years ago, and has done good government work in the past. There is a strong feeling expressed, that instead of docking these old craft they should be broken up and sold. They are unfit for modern warfare and keeping them in commission makes a big hole in the navy grant.

Several gun-boats are about proceeding to England to take part in the annual review at Wimbledon.

H. M. S. *Leopold*, flying the Royal Standard, arrived at Quebec last Sunday. This is the first visit this well known liner has made to any Canadian port, and is consequently attracting considerable attention. Salutes were exchanged between the vessel and the batteries. Competent judges acquiesce in stating that the *Leopold* is a remarkably steady craft, a good sailer, stiff under canvass and handy to manage in bad weather. It is hoped this vessel may visit Toronto before returning east.

"Newsboys' Strikes."

It would seem from the *Mail* reporter's story that the happy news boys who sell *Grip*, and other light reading, such as the *Globe*, are soon to become acquainted with the "Hughes of adversity," if they won't go to school. Mr. HUGHES, the Inspector of Public Schools, has, in a gushing moment, confided to the *Mail* reporter his absolute faith in the "birch," as the true incitement to a love of school and school-teachers. This is a view of the question novel enough to be quite refreshing. It is a tinge of poetical fancy one could hardly expect to find in a matter-of-fact Inspector of schools. That semi-brutalized street Arabs are to be made less so by a course of legalized brutal treatment is an idea not only novel but comic. It may be fun for the Inspector or for the "Public officer" whose appointment to this special office of news-boy flagellator he advocates; but in view of the peculiar tastes and Arab propensities of this class of youth it would seem likely to promote a truancy not only from school but from our city. As many of them are capitalists in a small way, such a measure would seriously assist the exodus so much deplored by the *Globe*. Our newsboys would work their way—after one victim had been offered in sacrifice on the altar of the "birch" so set up—to Hamilton, and thence to Buffalo, New York and other cities in the United States where the right to personal liberty which springs from earning an honest livelihood receives a little more respect than it would under the reign of "birch" desired by the beneficent school Inspector of Toronto. Any land which desires to cultivate a love of knowledge must first learn that knowledge comes by the love of it, and that love is most frequently waked to life by the love of some person who is wise enough to direct the personal love he has gained towards worthier and higher things than himself, stooping, not to inaugurate a reign of terror, but a reign of love. Will some one please try this with the news boys.

Fashionable Intelligence.

As the season is rapidly approaching when the upper crust takes its annual holiday, a *Grip* reporter waited upon several distinguished members of the bon-ton with the object of eliciting from them their probable movements during the summer.

Mr. HARRY PIPER having been requested by a special deputation, will pass several weeks with his constituents. Great preparations are being made on their part to entertain him suitably, and already the price of whitewash and water-melons has advanced.

Doctor POMPEY WASHINGTON SHEPPARD is afraid he will be unable to extend those courtesies to Massa PIPER he could wish. He considers it highly probable that he may be called upon to spend a portion of, if not all, the vacation over the Don at Castle Green. Further inquiries resulted in the information that a suite of apartments in that hospitable mansion are in readiness for this distinguished gentleman.

The distinguished journalist and author, Mr. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON, will go south as far as the Island as soon as the warm weather sets fairly in. It is his intention to take with him several of his 30c. editions, which, with back files of the *Telegram*, will serve to invigorate his brain for next season's work. This gentleman is determined that his paper shall have something readable in it before another year. Another edition of Egyptian hieroglyphics is in process of manufacture.

His worship Mayor DWAN intends passing the vacation along the Esplanade. His Worship has been advised by his family physician not to mix his nourishment. Being well used to Esplanade forty-rod, he thinks it would be most sensible on his part to remain in its vicinity.

Mr. E. KING DODDS anticipates a busy summer's work, and will grant himself no holiday. He has been training for nearly two years as a temperance lecturer, and expects several engagements this summer in that capacity. Associations and the trade liberally dealt with.

The Fortune Bay Claim.

UNCLE SAM's cheek continues to develop. It has now reached magnificent proportions, and fairly deserves to rank as the eighth wonder of the world. The figure he is at present cutting in connection with the Fortune Bay "outrage" fully sustains his bad reputation of the past. He occupies a position which no individual or nation possessing the first elements of honour would be willing to take, and he holds it with an assumed air of dignity which is simply sickening. Everybody who is cognizant of the facts knows that if there was any "outrage" at all in Fortune Bay on the occasion alluded to, it was committed by the American fishermen, who were in the first place violating the Sabbath laws, and in the second place pirating in waters forbidden by the stipulations of the Treaty of Washington. That they were attacked and punished by the Newfoundlanders, whom they were pillaging, is no more than they deserved, and probably expected. And now UNCLE SAM has the effrontery to demand \$108,000 for the injury inflicted on the pirate boats, and this while his pockets are bulging out with the surplus British cash which he filched out of the Geneva award. It is to be hoped JOHN BULL will administer a proper snub while he has so good a chance, for if this outrageous demand is seriously entertained, the imperturbable Yankee will next be putting in a claim for a few millions on account of the injury done to national pride in connection with HANLAN's late trip to Washington.

Our Music Interests.

Grip has great pleasure in announcing that he has secured the services of a thoroughly competent musician to furnish his pages with *critiques* of such performances as may be deemed worthy of attention, and also to review any musical compositions that may be sent in for that purpose.

ST. ANDREW'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

EDWARD FISHER—Conductor.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT.

MENDELSSOHN'S LAUDA SION AND SELECTIONS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

PAVILION,
Horticultural Gardens.

ADMISSION—Reserved Seats, Fifty Cents. Tickets may be obtained from Members of the Society and at A. & S. Northheimer's.

**LACHINE CANAL.****NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 31st of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order.

F. BRAUN

Secretary

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

41-15-5

**WELLAND CANAL****NOTICE**

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10

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USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

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TORONTO'S SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE—PERHAPS.

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger."



Bring your little darlings to BRUCE, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. 22-27.

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 - Second Reader 2.00
 - Dictionary 5.75
- A NEW EDITION OF THE SYNOPSIS.—With a series of beautiful exercises illustrating all the principles of the Brief but Comprehensive and Clear Text, and with a beautiful Correspondent's List of Word-Signs, Contractions, Prefixes, Affixes and Phrase-Signs—"the prettiest and clearest List ever produced." Price, only 6
- A NEW EDITION OF THE HAND-BOOK has been issued with Reading Exercises reproduced, in very clear and beautiful style, by my process (Stereography). Price, \$2.50; post-paid 2.60
- THE MUSIC SCALE (a valuable aid in learning the music scale and Transpositions). Price, 60 cts. With Journal for 1880 2.50

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- Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.
Next Post Office, Toronto BENGOUGH BROS.

The Story of Walterson Lee.

Full often I've stated convictions in print,
No scoundrel could equal in deepness of tint
That prince of rascality—WALTERSON LEE,
Who hailed from the savory town of Dundee.

As a child he exhibited curious traits,
And stood quite alone in his singular ways;
He showed a distaste for the marbles and toys,
And similar pastimes of good little boys.

His father—a reticent, kindly old fool,
Encouraged his son's playing hooky from school,
And even on falsehood and larceny smiled,
Instead of chastising that promising child.

"I'll pizen my gov'nor—I'll do it, begad!"
Was the happy resolve of this WALTERSON lad;
And so this unlicked and detestable cub
Determined on cooking his governor's grub.

At times when that sweet recreation would flag,
He'd take off the tail of some woe-begone nag;
And then he'd repair, would this desperate sinner,
And make a nice soup for his governor's dinner.

Again, he'd lay hands on some poor little cat,
So sleepy and sleeky and purry and fat,
And then his poor father (unconscious) would munch
That sacrificed pussy for dinner or lunch.

He treated his father to fox and to dog,
And times without number to toad and to frog,
Oh, anything nasty did WALTERSON see,
'Twas immediately nailed for his governor's tea.

He would serve up a mouse, or a hawk, or a bat,
No matter to him were it weasel or rat,
Or tadpoles or kittens—he did not regret it,
So long as he saw that his governor ate it.

He gave him a savory morsel of whale,
Which was cast on the beach by an easterly gale;
And things had arrived to a pretty fair pass,
When he served up the head and the proofs of an ass.

Now the conduct of this most unnatural lad,
Was slowly but certainly killing his dad;
Imagine it, reader, and weep, if you can,
At the woe of that stupid but reticent man.

But everything earthly must come to an end,
And death came that ill-treated man to befriending;
He was eating boiled owl at his comfortless tea,
When he died! on the bosom of WALTERSON LEE.

And WALTERSON—ah, that detestable cad,
Affected no grief at the death of his dad;
It troubled him not. He is settled in life,
And is doing his utmost to poison his wife.

But let me remark—Mrs. WALTERSON LEE
Is strong and robust to a startling degree;
So WALTERSON'S dreaming of pistols and knives,
And an active treatment for obstinate wives.

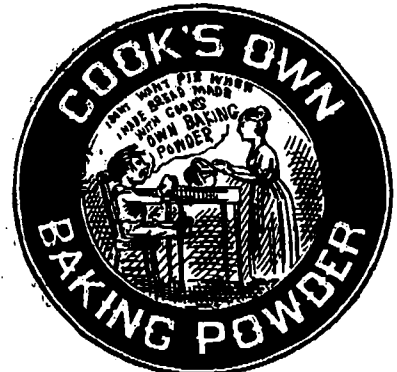
Full often I've placed my conviction in print,
No rascal can equal in villainous tint
That king of the scoundrels, young WALTERSON LEE,
Who hails from the savory town of Dundee.

A dandy no one is fond of—Dandelion.
Signs of the times—Promissory notes.

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FIRST CLASS HOTEL. RATES:—\$1.50 PER DAY.
SAM'L GRIGG.—PROPRIETOR.

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Adelaide St. West Mr. AUG. PITOU, Manager.
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinee.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.
King St. West Mr. LUCIEN BARNES, Manager.
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinee.



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