

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

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, GRIFF office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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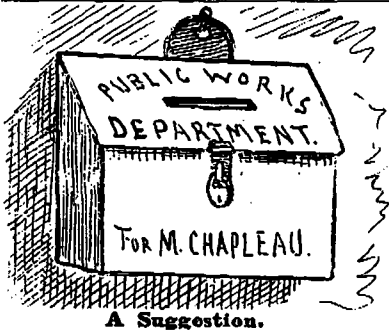
The grabeast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl; The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV. }
No. 25. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

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A Suggestion.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

THE Richmond, Va., *Baton* has reached our table, and we bid it welcome. The *Baton* is a neat four page paper devoted to music and wit Long may it wave.

The *Waterloo Observer*, we hasten to say, is among the very best of our humorous exchanges. The issue for the 27th ult. is simply capital in its original matter. It has a cordial welcome to our heart and—scissors.

GRIP comes to our sanctum regularly every week, and is indeed welcome. It puts the political questions in a very clear light by aid of cartoons and pen sketches. Send to Bengough Bros., Toronto, for a sample copy.—*The Star, Wolfville.*

GRIP very properly rebukes the new Toronto weekly, *Truth*, for its tendency to dabble in filth. *Grip* itself is a model of pure wit. It has all the excellencies of a comic paper, without any of the uncleanness that too frequently crops out in journals of that class.—*Huron Signal.*

W. A. SMITH, paragrapher of the Philadelphia *Sunday Item*, has been succeeded by Mr. HILDEBRAND FITZGERALD, and hereafter there will be a marvellous falling off in the number of paragraphs in that paper slurring aristocratic names. A man named SMITH naturally takes to that sort of thing more than one named HILDEBRAND FITZGERALD.—*Boston Post.*

ALONZO PETERSON, publisher and proprietor of the Emerson (Man.) *Weekly Journal*, died in Belleville on the 26th ult., of consumption. He came there from Emerson about two weeks since with the hope that the change of air would benefit him, but the disease had gained too firm hold on him to lead to any hope of his regaining his health. He was a practical printer, and learned his trade in Belleville.

The first twelve pages of Mr. McGINNIS' ambitious publication *The Canadian Portrait Gallery*, are in the hands of subscribers, the typographical work is excellent, and the lithography displayed in the portraits is in most respects fully equal to that of the English work upon which it is modeled. In a few cases, however, the likenesses are defective as for instance that of Hon. Mr. HARDY.

DRAWING OUT THE WRONG RIBBON.—One of the best of GRIP's late cartoons is that in which he represents Sir JOHN as the great magician and political thaumaturgist, drawing out the wrong evidence from one of the witnesses in the investigations of the Pacific Railway Commission. The surprise and consternation depicted on the countenance of the chief operator, if not genuine, is at least well put on.—*Guelph Mercury.*

IN ANSWER TO GRIP's invitation for original music, to be criticised, we have this week received a new "Rockaway" from the Messrs. NOWHEIMER. The composer is Mr. JACK FRASER, an amateur well known in Toronto, and the music is named the "Unique." The air throughout the three movements is sprightly, well-sustained and eminently "dancy," while the second movement is quite a novelty in this class of work. The harmonization is pretty, and altogether we feel justified in predicting a large sale for the piece, which will be at once gratifying to the Messrs. NOWHEIMER and the composer.

THE *Canadian Monthly* for this month is really well worthy of careful perusal. With one or two exceptions the articles are really first rate. Specially notable, as ably written and very readable articles, are a notice of "RUSSEL

of the *Scotsman*," the opening chapters of "The Black Robe" by WILKIE COLLINS, and "The Early Years of Three Rivers" by WM. KINGSFORD, C. E., Ottawa. There is a considerable quantity of legal matter which might without serious loss to the magazine have been omitted. The verse in the number is, in the majority of cases, real poetry, but why such pieces as that "To a Mosquito" and "Absence" were ever penned is a conundrum that the authors only could answer. We have pleasure however in most heartily commending the volume as a whole.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent, is now on a lecturing tour in Canada and the States. Mr. GRIP is pleased to extend the right hand of hearty welcome to this brawny and energetic Scot. He is, *facile princeps*, the one and chief war correspondent and model descriptive writer. At an early age (somewhere among the 'teens) Mr. FORBES was plucked in mathematics at the University of Aberdeen, and in disgust, left for London. Here he was, for a time, full private in one of the dragoon regiments. Thereafter he turned his attention to the press, and experienced a good deal of the ups and downs of the newspaper man's existence. He was editor of the *London Scotsman*, an influential publication, at the time when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and he undertook to act as "our special" for the *London Daily News*, from which time his fame dates. Those who care to see and hear a man who is so thoroughly the representative of newspaper writers, should go to hear his lectures. They will find him hardly less graphic in his verbal descriptions than he is with his pen.

HERR HOFFMAN, one of the three founders of *Kladderadatsch*, the German *Punch*, has just died, leaving behind him a fortune of \$1,200,000, which he built up from the laughter of German-speaking Europe. His paper was popular from the start—1846—always incisive and never dull from the standpoint of German humor. HOFFMAN, when he started his paper, was a poverty-stricken bookseller, and the scheme for the paper was suggested to him by HERR KALISCH, a fertile author of vaudevilles, and HERR SCOLZ, an artist who still draws for it in the comfortable studio of his handsome Berlin residence. KALISCH made a deal of money out of it, and preceded HOFFMAN to the grave. The most notable point of the *Kladderadatsch*, or rather that which was the more celebrated than any other of its features, was the little scrappy, witty, weekly dialogue between MULLER and SCULZE, two perfect types of the Berlin lounge and skeptic, who never failed to chat on current events. To *Kladderadatsch* we owe also the discovery of ALBERT WOLFF, the Parisian critic, who made his first witty remark in the pages of the Berlin journal. HOFFMAN was a genial, jolly German, and was always to be found at the weekly receptions at HERR DORN's, a contributor to the paper, who gathered round him all the Berlin *liveries*. Naturally, as all good things have imitations, *Kladderadatsch* was not long in the field without a rival. Most of these have died, but the *Wespen* is today a successful competitor, though it hardly succeeds in disturbing the serenity that belongs to the older paper. *Kladderadatsch* has played no small part in Prussian politics and has always rather petted than pricked Prince Bismarck.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

M. GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," has been read to the artists of the Paris Opera.

"ONE HUNDRED WIVES" is a new play that has made a success in Philadelphia. Is it another Mormon piece?

NILSSON won't come to this country this season, because JARRETT declined to deposit \$30,000 as security for her American engagement.

SARA BERNHART is all the rage in New York. Whatever her histrionic gifts may be, her talent for securing gratuitous advertising certainly amounts to genius.

MR. CHARLES HARCOURT who was to have played "Horatio" to EDWIN BOOTH's Hamlet at the Princess Theatre in London fell through a trap-door in Drury-Lane Theatre and was fatally injured. In consequence BOOTH will not make his *debut* until November 6.

W. E. SHERIDAN has purchased a play from JOSEPH HATTON, entitled "Jasper," or, the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." It is a dramatization of CHARLES DICKENS' story, written by CHARLES DICKENS, JR., and JOSEPH HATTON. SHERIDAN will most likely produce it in Philadelphia on his return from San Francisco.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND, the actor was, in early life, a member of the typographical profession, that is to say, when a lad, a carrier boy of the Buffalo Daily *Courier*, and he often alludes pleasantly to the fact that the first money he ever earned was in disseminating that paper to its city subscribers. He is now rich and famous.

JOHN B. GOUGH has not been the success in Canada that he was expected to be. The reason as indicated by the *London Advertiser* seems to be that he charges too high and is not a thorough-going temperance reformer. The latter seems a queer statement to make with regard to one who has been hitherto regarded as the great apostle of temperance.

WE were unable to avail ourselves of the pleasure of attending Mr. TORRINGTON's *matinee musicale* at the piano rooms of RISCHE & MASON, on Friday last, though courteously invited to be amongst the favored guests. It gives us pleasure to know, however, that the affair was a most gratifying success. The programme was made up of selections played by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, pianoforte performances by several of Mr. TORRINGTON's pupils, and vocal contributions by Toronto's young *prima donna*, Miss McMANUS, whose voice proved more charming than ever.

JENNY LEE, who first acted in the States as *Mary Meredith*, in "Our American Cousin;" was an appleblossom of a woman then, fresh, ingenuous, and with the bloom of sweet simplicity intact. Well, she is a rather buxom matron now, but as jolly as ever, despite now responsibilities, and very marked success—sometimes more trying than fortune's stings and arrows. She is happily married to Mr. J. P. BURNETT, who used to act with her at the Union Square and who is the author of the version of "Bleak House," in which she has secured such popularity as *Poor Jo*, the outcast.—Her "make-up" for the part is marvelous; how she manages to make herself so thin, to all appearances, is a problem, and a "bundle of rags" feebly describes her attire. The voice, all the details, are photographic of a "type" common enough in crowded English cities. There are *Poor Jo*'s without number to be seen on Lime Street, Liverpool, for example. JENNY LEE hopes to go to the States in the course of a season or so, in which event she would take her own company, several of whom are remarkably clever.—*Washington, in Baltimore Every Saturday.*

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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.

Grip's Studies of Human Nature.

Genus Homo—Species MEDICAL STUDENT.

(A Natural History Sketch.)

With the *genus*, its characteristics, *differentiae*, or even its origin, (interesting as a discussion of these might be made), we have nothing whatever to do. Our concern now is with a species, a description of animal, that is but too common in the neighborhood of Universities, and, especially at untimely hours, and is but too apt to make his presence more easily realized than appreciated. This is the medical student.

By universal acclamation, he is acknowledged to be, *facile princeps*, the leader in all that is rollicking, uproarious and "fast" in the University. A happy *diabolus curat* kind of a disposition renders him ready at all times to join in, *con amore*, with everything that has in it a spice of devilment, and he is, more than any other student, magnanimously reckless of results, whether in the shape of exams, or fine, and rustication at the hands of the professors.

So much for the general tone of his mind and disposition. His social habits are gregarious and tend to meetings more or less uproarious, in dissecting rooms, and, when not there, in bar-rooms. He is also, not unfrequently, found (or might be found) about graveyards immediately after a recent interment, when he is sure to be accompanied by a pickaxe, spade and dark lantern. In such cases, a wagon usually waits in the back-ground.

He is vocal in a high degree and has certain stock songs, without any appreciable or definable airs, which he chants with more vigor than music, and chiefly at unearthly hours.

He is given to talking much 'shop,' especially with the view of horrifying ancient maiden ladies and squeamish young men from the country. A good deal of real science however goes a long way with him.

The physical characteristics, which differentiate him from other "humans," are a hat, stuck much on one side, a somewhat impudent leer, a very knobby stick, loud cravat, and a mixed scent of cocktails and very old Stilton—the one from his favorite bar-room and the other from the dissecting-room. He often carries a stethoscope in the crown of his hat.

After a certain period, determined as to duration by the examiners, he leaves the caterpillar condition, and assumes the state and stato-carriage (a buggy) of the fully-developed Sawbones.

A Voice from (Nigger) Heaven.

Grip Darlin,—It's many's the toime o'ive admiend yer pluck in makin' wrong right. Sure Oi don't mane that at all at all, it's remuvvin' wrong an' puttin' right in its place Oi wud be ather sayin'. Whu was it med JOHN A. honest? Whu was it tached CHARLIE TUPPER the sinfulness of jobbing? Whu was it med

BLAKE give over tellin' ghost sthories? Whu was it med the *Mail* a decent newspaper instead av a dirty rib-stabbin'—oh well no matter—the ould *Mail* is pasht and gone an' the new one is bather. But whu was it reformed all this? Tell me that now! 'Twas yer own swate imago Misther Grip. An' now, sorr, the Gods want you tu take yer shilelagh onto their side agen the Grand Opera House. Oi cud make a pitiful joke about Pitteu-fel but Oi won't. Don't rade this out loud an' Oi'll jist call him PIROU—AWE-OSTRUS PIROU, be rayson that he's a terror whin he comes upsthairs. Whin the Gods act decently wid no uproar, nor whistlin', sthampin', dart throwin' an' sich, will ye tell me for why he won't let us sing? We don't wan't to interfere wid his orkestra; and, be the powers av Moll Kelly, Oi don't think we make much worse music. Ha! ha! put that in yer pipe Misther PIROU. It's aisy enough to arrist wan av the b'yes for singin'. 'Cos why? Yez can see who's doin' it. But (whishper Misther PIROU!) it isn't so aisy tu detect hissin', an' sthampin', an' hootin'. Dye moind that? Ye moight got a benefit wan foine noight av ye go on as ye are doin annoyin' dacont people. "*Quien sabe*," as we used to say in ould Trinity. An' Misther Grip, acushla, luk at what we put up wid from that same PIROU. Shure he brings on his sensashunal bosh like "Billy Buffalo" an' "Unbeknownst" an' we go an' pay our quarther. Du we grumble? Sorra tashte! An' whin he brings on his "swells" an' charges us fifty cents, du we grumble? Sorra tashte nayther. Shure in every theaytre the Gods aro jush as important to the treasury as the down-stair folk. An' their comfort and convaynienco should be as dear to the manager as anybody's else. An' moreover the down-sthair payple think the singin' illigant and crowded houses wud greet Misther PIROU av he wud bill us as an attraction.

I am sorr,
Yours, wid a word in sayson,
JA-KASSE.

A Canticle for Holy Trinity, Toronto.

"To a Protestant Priest in cloth of Gold.
In Confession your sins must all be told,
True Sheep of the Anglo-Catholic fold,
Who on Fast-days eat no victual."
In the Church the sight-seeing crowd, elate,
For the new sensational Preacher wait,
They would'nt have listened to "*Knox*" the great
Who delight in this Knox-Little!

"Little" well named, who the great Church of Rome,
On a grand scale would ape, with a little *aplomb*!
Since the Protestant Laitie scarce feel at home,
When the Parson a Priest's role is feigning;
Each point by the Protestant Faith agreed,
(So that union with Rome he attained with speed),
Conceding, till nothing is left to concede,
Which the Martyrs died maintaining.

"Concession!" Did thus those martyrs cry,
Who shook off the dust of idolatry,
And firm in the Faith preferred to die,
At the "*Auto da fe* procession"
When flame-wrapt Cranmer's gaze grew dim,
And Latimer wasted limb from limb,
Did the Angel beside him who comforted him
"Through the flames, bid him offer concession?"

You are like the Siberian mother who fled
Through the blinding snow on her reindeer sled,
(Seeking her home far, far ahead),
From a pack of wolves in view holla,
Whose unnatural hand behind her cast,
Frail crying babes, nor spared she the last,
(Their "*Concession*"!) but after each horrid repast
The gaunt pack steadily follow.

Cross and candle, biritta and bell,
In the Catholic church may be all very well,
Theological points your Grip can't tell,
And his course is non-committal,
But the Thirty-nine Articles, link by link,
(Which are Protestant plain as Printer's ink)
Shouldn't Bishop SWATMAN, don't you think,
Knock endways this man KNOX-LITTLE.

The Captain's Pet.

One stormy day the roaring sea
Was most discomforting to me,
I yearned to see a glimpse of land
And vainly the horizon scanned,
To see, perchance another sail:
It blew in fact a "living gale."

A sailor's born, he is not made,
I never loved the seaman's trade,
A sailor "*nascitur non fit*"
And I felt quite convinced of it.
I hated much to go aloft,
At which my rough old Skipper scoffed,
He used to say with little truth
"You are a chicken hearted youth,"
He had a harsh and grating voice,
His language, too, was far from choice.

That stormy day the raging deep,
Made me inclined to sob and weep,
I fancied every charging sea
Would prove a settler unto me,
And swallow up our groaning ship,
Which would have been an "awful trip."
Now let me to my subject get,
About old Captain Hunter's pet.

A *porker* was the Captain's pet,
I never saw his equal yet,
For making pets of pigs and hens,
And keeping them in coops and pens,
I'm fond of pork myself when roasted,
The *crackling* brown and nicely roasted.
This was 'nt so with Captain Hunter,
He loved the solid living grunter,
He loved that pig with heart and soul,
(A strange affection on the whole.)

Well piggy dwelt within a pen,
On the fo' gallant Fo'k'sle then,
And lay and snoozed so adiosse
His normal state was comatose,
While all around the waves so wild,
About his couch in mountains piled,
He little dreamed the fate that hovered,
Around his pen, tarpulin-covered.

Eight bells had struck, the "watch" was called,
And "wear the ship" the Captain bawled;
Upon the "Fo'k'sle" I and Brown,
"Stood by to bowse the Jib-sheet down."
Instead of easing off the sheet
Jack let it fly from off the cleat,
The sheet got foul of piggy's pen,
And—piggy left the vessel then.

The Skipper thought some foremost hand
Had got knocked off to leeward, and
Remarked "there never was a boat
"That in this gale could keep afloat,
(Our course is now Nor'east by east,
Nothing of Northing in the least.)
Poor chap! he's gone! what was his name?
I grieve most highly for the same!

The mate commenced and thus began,
"Be comforted; 't was not a man,
'T was not a man, dear Captain Hunter,
It was your fav'rite porcine grunter."

"Down with your helm" the Captain shouts,
"Ye set o' good for nothin' louts!"
"Stand by that starboard quarter-boat,
(And other words I need'nt quote.)
The words he uttered in his rage,
Would hardly suit my blameless page.
We asked him if he'd come and steer,
If *we* the starboard boat would clear.

That question fairly settled him,
His eyes with blinding tears grew dim,
He said "I won't! indeed I can't!
"And, what is more than that, I shan't!"
He said "when we to Rio get
I'll purchase me another pet,
Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled!
Breathes there a man with soul so dead?
My soul is sore, dear pig, for you,
Good bye! farewell! likewise adieu!"

DION BOURCAULT has failed in his attempt to make dramatic capital out the Irish troubles. The London correspondent of a New York paper telegraphs:—Mr. BOURCAULT's new play, "*The O'Dowd*," produced at the Adelphi on Thursday, was unfavorably received by the audience, and is sharply criticised by the press. *The Times* says it is many degrees worse than any previous play of Mr. BOURCAULT's. It ridicules his preliminary manifesto, and censures his attempt to combine the drama with political agitation in the present condition of Ireland. It praises, however, BOURCAULT's acting. The other papers pass similar judgment, regarding it as an unreal picture alike of landlord and tenant. The long agrarian harangues fell flat or provoked stormy protests.

Beer vs. Whiskey.

One of the points in Gouge's last lecture at Shaftesbury Hall, was so good that Grip deems it well worthy of being preserved for the benefit of those who unfortunately were not present on the occasion. The especial attention of our esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL, and those who advocate "good beer" as against spirits, is requested to the illustration.



DRUNK ON BEER.

Mr. Gouge said the characteristics of Englishmen and Scotchmen when drunk were very different, and this was on account of the difference of their beverages. An Englishman gets drunk on beer, which robs him of his manhood, but leaves his muscular powers unabated. The brutal wife-beater of the London slums is almost invariably a beer-drinker, and hence the possibility of such scenes as the above.



DRUNK ON WHISKEY.

The Scotchman gets drunk on whiskey, which takes away at once his reason and his physical powers, and his wife, instead of suffering a pounding at his hands, simply shoves him into a corner like a limp dish-cloth. If Christianity really requires that men must drink something, let them confine their attention to whiskey—of course the "good" variety—as a matter of gallantry, if for no other reason.

Foliage and Politics.

Mr. Gtr, who, as everybody knows, is at present engaged in preparing an Almanac for 1881—and a remarkably amusing book he is making it, too—has of late had occasion to pay a good deal of attention to the science pertaining to times and seasons and the philosophy which has to do with changes of the weather, and all that sort of thing. Being of an original turn of mind, the sagacious Raven has been led by these studies, to engage in a little philosophising on his own account, and he thinks he has discovered the fact that there is a subtle bond of connection between the leaves of trees and human cabinets. In the month of May the foliage looks "fresh" and green—so do the members of Governments; in August leaves look dry and parched; so do Cabinet Ministers for it is then they take a leave of ab-

sence and go abroad to recuperate; in the fall, generally in the month of November the leaves begin to change—and so do the cabinets. This last fact is strikingly illustrated at the present moment, for a general shuffling of portfolios is now going on at Ottawa, and in our morning paper we find the following news items which further confirm Mr. GRIP's theory:

LONDON NOV. 1.—A correspondent at Berlin says that BISMARCK has obtained the Emperor's consent to the appointment of Count Von HATZFELD to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

ST. PETERSBURG, NOV. 1.—There is reason to believe that General GRUICH, Minister of Finance, will shortly resign, and that he will be succeeded by M. ANAZA, member of the Commission of Ministers.

BELGRADE, NOV. 1.—A new Ministry has been formed. PROTOSIUNATCH as President of the Council and Minister of Justice, MIROVITCH as Minister of Foreign Affairs, GARANJANIN as Minister of the Interior, and LESCHJANIN as Minister of War.

Besides these, it may be mentioned that the Cabinet of the United States is also undergoing a change of complexion. Mr. GRIP modestly commends this discovery of his to the attention of the world of Science.



Royal Proclamation

(WHICH OUGHT TO BE ISSUED FORTHWITH.)

To the faithful Commons of Canada (who represent Conservative constituencies, and always stand by John A.):

GREETING:

We, LORNE, Governor-General, and Rear Admiral of the Canada fleet, &c., hereby give you notice that we would like to see you at our Parliament House, in Ottawa, for an extra session of the House of Commons, some time before Christmas, for the purpose of discussing the bargain made between the Government of the day and the Pacific Railway Syndicate. We have been advised by our trusty Councillors, JOHN A. & Co., to keep the particulars of the said bargain dark, as there are portions of the same which would not go down well with the public, and it would therefore be far from advisable to have the matter argued in the public press, or otherwise ventilated before the meeting of the House.

And, whereas, it is to be desired that power and patronage shall remain in the hands of the said Conservative party—the other party being worse than the Democrats—it is required that you, our faithful Commons, as aforesaid, shall, when in Parliament assembled as aforesaid, gulp down and swallow, without wincing, the particulars of the bargain as aforesaid, made with the aforesaid Syndicate, because, as you can easily perceive, it would be hard on JOHN A.'s reputation as Canada's greatest Statesman, to be forced to make any alterations in his scheme, especially after the enormous expenses attending his recent trip to Europe.

We will therefore expect you to come to Ottawa in your usual passive and commendably pliable frame of mind, and there to stand by your leader when it comes to a vote, whatever may be the consequence to the Dominion.

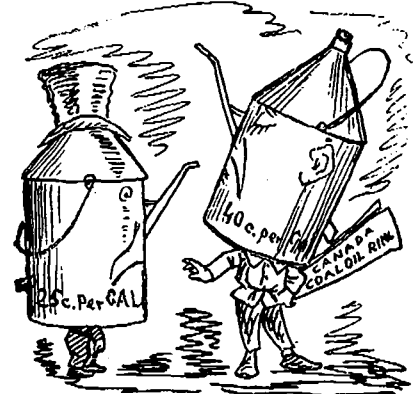
And, don't you forget it!

(Signed) LORNE,
Per J. A. M., Adviser.



Dickey and His 'Aunt Sally.'

DICKEY CARTWRIGHT has just returned from his diversions among his constituents in Huron. At several places he interested and amused large gatherings by drawing comical pictures of the consequences of Tory government, singing pathetic ballads in honor of free trade, and making grandiloquent speeches against the North West land policy. But the chief item of his programme—the act in which he displayed the greatest cleverness, and scored the most telling success with the audience, was that entitled "The Political Aunt Sally." In this performance, DICKEY sets up a lay figure which is clothed in the most ridiculous of protectionist rags, and has a wooden head, with features rudely carved into an expression of mock honesty. This is supposed to represent the Finance Minister, though it is facetiously called "Aunt Sally" in the bills. At this figure the clever performer then begins to shy a score or two of carefully prepared sticks, and the amusement of the audience consists in marking with what dexterity he makes every stick rattle against the resounding but uncomplaining wooden head. By constant practice DICKEY has become wonderfully expert at this performance, and his friends entertain hopes that, by persistency in it, he will yet bring about the triumph of the party in whose interests he performs.



A Canadian Aristocrat.

Quoth our dear little native coal-oil,
"I was born on Canadian soil,
And with you I won't go,
You're too vulgarly low
To suit my superior style!"

"You're a cheap, common, everyday thing,
While a very high figure I bring;
Only wealthy gentles
Ever light fires with me,—
I'm the child of the Canada Ring!"

Man proposes and woman often wishes that he wouldn't be so long about making up his mind.—Detroit Every Saturday.



A COMPLETE POSER!

MISS CANADA—"WELL, MASTER GALT, AND WHAT WERE YOU SENT HERE FOR?"



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Puck's best music comes in car-toons.—*Phil. Transcript.*

Love-ly—telling your best girl she's an angel.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Prussian blue—A German in the dumps.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The longest period in a topcr's life is between drinks.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Pat says it is an owl Scotchman who exclaims, Hoot, mon!—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A late fall—rolling out of bed at ten o'clock in the forenoon.—*Waterloo Observer.*

An artist does not taste his colors although he does mix them on his palette.—*Waterloo Observer.*

MARY WALKER calls the place where she hangs her clothes, not a closet, but a pantry.—*Detroit Every Saturday.*

In the midst of life we are—liable to find our names attached to liver pad certificates.—*Fayette Record.*

JENNY: Yes; a "mackerel sky" indicates that the weather is apt to be rather "fishy."—*Norristown Herald.*

Little boy (on receiving a cup of weak tea from his mother); "Mamma, the milk you have given me is quite hot and dirty."—*Fun.*

The Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* remarks that girls who bang their hair seem to be trying to wear chin whiskers on their foreheads.

A tobacco chewer, like an ox at a barbecue, is always on the spit.—*Whitehall Times.* And never done either.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The barber's apprentice is generally a strapping fellow.—*Boston Transcript.* As is also the old style schoolmaster.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Female economy—buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollars' worth of trimming on it.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A London bookseller who tried to imitate Dr. TANNER, lived five weeks on filtered water and then "kicked the bucket."—*Minneapolis Spectator.*

When is a clock to be avoided? When it is about to strike one.—*Yankee Strauss.* Correct. Or when its concerns are wound up and it wants tick.—*Waterloo Observer.*

BRET HARTE is said to be a "lion" at London clubs.—*Er.* Yes, and any place else he can. He ought to break himself of the propensity.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

You cannot make plaid socks of sailor's yarns.—*Waterloo Observer.* We don't take much stockin' yarns of this description.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

An exchange praises a large egg which, it says, was laid on our table by Rev. Dr. WILSON. Brother WILSON seems to be more of a layman than a preacher.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass should be able to endure the hardware of this world.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Meriden Recorder.*

When MARK ANTONY remarked to the Roman plebeians, "Waterfall was there, my countryman," he must have been referring to an American tour in which he took in Niagara.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

"Silence is golden." Aunt—"Has any one been at those preserves?" (Dead silence). "Have you touched them, JIMMY?" JIMMY—"Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

BARRETT in mind. BERNHARDT can't PALMER self off on us, and it will make her MADDERS blazes if she ANDERSON ain't tackled to. But, anyhow, she'll make a LOTTA money, and it will be an AMBEY man that managed her.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The funniest boy is the one who thinks he is a man. He wears a cane, toys with the fob of his watch chain, and allows the barber to hone the feather edge of a razor on his face; but he can't fool the girls worth a cent. Nothing short of a real moustache takes with them.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The schoolmaster's fish—the whale, and the bird's fish—the perch. Now gentlemen spread yourselves.—*Hartford Journal.* The expressman's fish—C. O. D.—*Yankee Strauss.* The shoemaker's fish—the sole, and the smoker's fish—the whiff and pipe-fish.—*Waterloo Observer.*

AUGUSTUS, on his honey-moon trip, tried to persuade his little wife to take a pill of the blue-mass variety, when she had an attack of bile. ARABELLA said she could not swallow pills and had never done so. AUGUSTUS tried to convince her that the pill was the easiest of all medicines to get away with, and after much persuasion and a few tears they compromised upon the following plan: He would procure some French prunes, in which he would secrete the bolus. ARABELLA consented on condition that the prunes should be shuffled together, and that AUGUSTUS would also eat of the mystic fruit. Of course AUGUSTUS consented, as he had secreted and could detect the lurking pill. They billed and cooed and the prunes disappeared: and they chatted and laughed over their ingenuity. Next morning ARABELLA was startled to find herself restored to health, and AUGUSTUS was as sick a man as ever wrestled with a ten grain pill. AUGUSTUS had taken the pill by mistake, but ARABELLA has had no occasion for medicine since.



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Our Grip Sack.

THE place of woe—The stable.
A melancholy seat—The sad-die.
How to despatch a nigger—By blackmail.
THE Chinese language is a very wishy-washy one.

NAN SI LEE is now maintained to have been a Chinawoman.

EMMETT-Y is now, in the theatrical circles, the term for being "full."

WHY is there 'nothing like leather' Because it is the sole support of man.

PATTI and her tenor, NICOLINI, have had a falling out.—*Ec.* She regrets now she ever "fell in" with him.

THE *Meriden Recorder* has greatly improved in every way lately. Yet it has not changed its Rigg. Funny, but a fact.

THE ox-team is, in many localities, the bull-work of American industry.—*Salem Sunbeam.* And the driver is the steers-man, ain't he?

"THE cat's out of the bag," was what the "sassage"-maker remarked when a Public Health officer made a raid on his stock of raw material.

An orator mighty called GOUGH,
Wanted Canada men to "swear off,"
But they paid not enough,
So he got in a huff,
And homewards did JOHN B. go-off.

In St. John's Ward, on Sunday, there is a good deal of bad rye sold in the basements and the garrrets. One of "the boys" says these are "dram-atic entertainments by rye-sellers."

"BEACONSFIELD is suffering from gout in the tongue." When a Frenchman read this he soliloquized thusly: "Gout, gout, in de tong; dat vas one bad—vat you call—taste, in de mou't—ch?"

"DUST to dust," is all very well for corpses, but our storekeepers loudly proclaim that they are not corpses—yet, and they object to it. "Where are those blamed water-carts, anyway?"

THE *National* calls Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT "the great mixer and muddler." The *National* will probably next call him a "lemon-squeezer," and finish up by designating him the "huge toddy-bowl." Don't stand it, Dicky!

"Is kissing bribery?" is a question that has prominence in several of contemporaries just now. Well, we referred the matter to our own busy-body and he replied that he couldn't really see that it was, until, at least, ladies had a vote.

THE *Wasp* (San Francisco), in the legend of an excellent cut of Queen Elizabeth signing the death-warrant of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, spells the name of the latter "Maria (!) STUART." We might have pardoned *Marie*, but —*MARIA!*

ONE of our most noted city "shootists" went over to the Island late one evening. He said he was going to have a "pop" at the ducks. We said "that's the reason, we suppose, that pop-bottle is peeping from your coat-pocket." He winked.

An enthusiastic Caledonian remarked to us on Hallowe'en (which festival he had been manifestly duly honoring), "Mayor's thopity, GRIP, ma mon, for thae feckless boddies CLOSE and BOSWELL, that Maister McMURRIC is gaun the rin for the chair. Hech, mon! he'll clean floor the bits o' boddies!"

Love Me, Love my Dog.

We clip the following from Friday's Mail:—
IF THE UNDERBRED CAD WHO STRUCK my dog "Toby" with a cane on King Street last night (and who was only protected by having a lady with him) don't come to 67 Yonge street to-morrow and apologize, I will cut his ear off the first time we meet. J. N. O. M. McFARLANE.

Phew! just as we had clipped it and pasted it, in rushed a man with terror-stricken face. "Whither, oh, whither shall I flee?" said he. We calmed him, double-locked the sanctum-door, telephoned for all the police, got out a revolving caronade, which was put at the head of the stairs to command the entrance, and arming the visitor with two revolvers and a blunderbuss, proceeded to take down his horrible tale. It seems he was walking along the street when an ugly cur, after first delicately nibbling, took a fairly-sized bite out of his left calf. Now, he says he is not a vain man, but still, in honesty, he has to confess that up to that time he had a goodly leg; and one that commanded him partners by the score, Gov't-House at-homes when less favored youths stood deserted by the fickle fair. Feeling as it were his stronghold departing from him, in the grief and anger of his breast, he lifted up his voice and consigned that dog to a place that shall be nameless, and also lifted up his foot and hoisted him into the gutter, "and now," said the unhappy man, "the—— is going to cut off my ears. How could I tell the little beast belonged to such a warrior. What in the name of Cerberus shall I do?" We advised him to leave at once, to seek out a desert island in the Pacific, get it thoroughly fortified and retire inside its walls, until the offended proprietor of that dog should be appeased or dead. He left by the next train, being escorted by the Police to the Railway Station, and having given us his blessing, and paid for Grip to besent to him for five years, of course we can't tell his address or John Mc would be after him. But really a hero like this man of dogs should not go unrecognized. Isn't he terrible? so fierce and yet so calm. This is the sort of material out of which Bonapartes are made, and yet there is said to be a difficulty about getting a commander for the Tenth Royals! Here is a man cut out by nature for a General. Wouldn't it be a glorious privilege to be commanded by such a fire-eater? Just imagine the hero appearing on parade some day slightly bilious perhaps, and ordering the left cars of the Regiment to be amputated at once. What a glorious man this must be, we have no doubt he could clear out the whole of Aghanistan by himself in a day or so. It is refreshing to meet valour in this pusillanimous age. Wouldn't honest Jack Falstaff or the Ancient Pistol have revelled in this doughty warrior? But perhaps he is like the hero of Mark Twain's sketch, who declined to fight till he had his hair cut, till he had put some red paint on his left ear, till there was no fighting to be done in fact.

Perhaps that man in the desert Isle is unnecessarily frightened, and the cropper of ears is only a second Pistol, glorious in words, pitiful in deeds.

Ravens have no cars that are cut-offable or GRIP would't dare to print this.

A Letter From Our Pa.

[The following letter has been sent under cover to GRIP, to be delivered.—ED.]

Cincinnati, O., Nov., 1880.

MY DEAR CHILD CANUCK,—I am on a visit to your cousins here, very clever creatures I find, but set in their ways, of some of which I by no means approve. I am afraid, my dear, that you are inclined to be quite as stubborn as your cousins. It is a very unfortunate frame of mind to indulge, and how you happen to be so, I am sure I am unable to tell. You certainly never got it of me, for mine is a most yielding nature. Being your father, and necessarily your senior, putting all questions of authority,

usually resulting from that relation, aside; it will not be unbecoming in me to offer nor for you to take, advice. Moreover it will be to your advantage. Your unwillingness to have free trade relations with me, since you have, in a manner, set up business for yourself, I tearfully regret, and a father's heart freely forgives. But, ture and ouns! you deceitful young scapgrace, you're wrong; I say you're wrong. Then forgive me, my boy, but you do not know "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Keep out my commodities, will you, by a tariff? O, you thankless brat! That's tit for tat with these foolish cousins of yours, but it's pretty hard on your old father, and then it's doin' of you a vast deal of harm, you young fool. Let your father reason with you, my dear. You're gone to manufacturing at a ruinous gait of articles which you can't sell to anyone else but yourselves. You've glutted your market, and brought everything to a stand still, and you keep it so. You've enticed over my employees on the promise of high wages, and now there are thousands of them out of employ, and thousands more working for less than I give them. If you weren't quite so big I'd spank you, you brat! Don't you see that its woodenware of all kinds which you can make cheap and not articles to be exported. There's nobody but yourselves to buy, and you've more than you want—it's a dead-lock. You have filled your markets with your woollen goods, that are not cheap because you have it all to yourselves, and keep up the prices, sell or no sell, and you don't make them fine enough for any one but yourselves to wear. You have nothing but hemlock and process-tanned leather, while all the rest of the world has oak-tanned and does not want yours. You make all kinds of boots and shoes out of it, poor style out of poor material, for nobody but yourself to wear, and you tax yourself to get a better article from these cousins of yours. Your iron-ware is good enough, some of it but very expensive, and nobody wants your paper except yourselves. Then your manufacturers have combined, or will combine when necessary, to keep up the prices. Bless my eyes, what a fool you be, Canuck. Come, come now; be a little friendly, and trust your old father. You see all you've done is to make a smoke, and furnace smoke is very disagreeable it you have to pay for it. Give your old father a chance and he'll change that; he'll make all your goods cheap, and make all of you richer except a few of your manufacturers. Don't you see that what you call your balance in favor of exports is only what you take out of the pockets of the farmers and others, and put in the treasury? They pay all your import duties, my son. Your goods are on your shelves unsold; your money everywhere unemployed—because you are producing very little that anybody else wants to buy. There, there, now, be convinced, be a good child, and your old father will take you once more to his heart. I am, with much solicitude and affection,
 Your Father.

JOHN BULL.

Notes from our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP.—Oh! I say, dear bird, here's fun! Such a lark! I got up the other morning, very early—oh! awfully early—it must have been about seven o'clock, and went out for a stroll, to work up an appetite for my toast and bloater. Going along the frosted sidewalk,—ha! ha! it was a lark. Yes, I was walking along the sidewalk, when suddenly a great Tom cat swooped by like a young simoon, with his tail cocked up. He must have been fooling with the spur of the moment, and did not think it was sharp. Anyway, whatever his idea was, it was contagious like, for, slapping my hat down upon my head, I started after him. Just then,—ha! ha! it was funny though! Just then a little curly dog, who was standing in a gateway, pricked up his ears, gave two or three determined flourishes of his conclusive extremity, and with

a sharp yelp, took the lead from me by a length, the old cat cutting out the pace in front. Just then, ha! ha! ha! It's the funniest thing out! Just then we passed by a sedate old cow, who was melancholically browsing by the roadside. Ha! ha! Memories of her infancy, calfancy, or something, probably the latter, instantly flashed across her mind, or along her spinal column, or somewhere-or-other, and with a snort and a kick she joined the gang. Just then, ha! ha! I can't help laughing, but it was immense. Just then, we were sailing along a down grade, and all getting in our very best lieks, when ha! ha! an elderly lady with a basket of eggs and dressed poultry hove in sight, and, and ha! ha! would you believe it, why ha! ha! ha! it was the blindest spree, why ha! ha! ha! at that very moment he! he! he!—but, pshaw! I can't tell you for laughing.

N. B. Set in your patent medicine about here.

GADFLY.



ANDREW MERCER
 ONTARIO

Reformatory for Females

Tenders For Labor of Inmates.

Offers addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of

WEDNESDAY 10TH NOVEMBER,

for the leasing for a term of FIVE YEARS the labor of FIFTY or more of the adult female prisoners committed to the

REFORMATORY FOR FEMALES, TORONTO,

together with the requisite amount of shop space, properly heated and lighted, which is all the Government will furnish.

Tenders will be required to state the number of prisoners required, the exact nature of the industry it is proposed to carry on, and the amount of shop-room required.

Bonds for the due fulfilment of the contract will be required.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

The shop and premises may be seen any day between the hours of two and five p. m., and any further information may be obtained from the undersigned.

J. W. LANGMUIR.

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.
 Parliament Buildings,
 Toronto, 25th October, 1880.



Central Prison of Ontario.

TO FOUNDERS AND IRON-WORKERS.

OFFERS WILL BE RECEIVED UP TO

Noon of Saturday, the Sixth of November Next,

for the purchase of the following disused
MACHINERY,

viz., 1 Upright 25-Horse-power Engine, 1 Tubular Boiler, 4 Large Smelting Cupolas, 2 Melting Pots and Frames, 6 Wrought Iron Annealing Tanks, 1 Drilling Machine; 1 Lathe 12 feet bed, 28-inch swing; 1 Iron Planer, 2 No. 8 Sturtevant Fans, 68 Feet Square Sheet-iron Flue; 1 Ton Iron Shafting, various sizes and partly damaged; 33 Shafting Hangers, 33 Pillow Blocks, 34 Cast Pulleys, about 20 Tons Iron Rails, and 17 Tons wrought and Cast Scrap.

Offers may be made for the whole or a portion of the above material and plant. The articles may be seen at the Central Prison by applying at the Warden's Office between the hours of 1 and 5 p. m.

TERMS—CASH ON DELIVERY OF GOODS.

J. W. LANGMUIR,
 Inspector of Prisons, &c.
 Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 29th Oct., 1880.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
 See T & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST
 First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 25.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 6TH NOVEMBER, 1880.

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SIR CHAS. TUPPER WELCOMED TO WINNIPEG BY A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE C. P. RY SYNDICATE.



COME TO DINNER!
Gordon B.—“Yes, but we demand to know what you Hash is made of, before we go in!”



1ST GENT.—“What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you n-l deem it breathe, and that those wrens did verily bear blood.”
2ND GENT.—“Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.”
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ODDFELLOWS!

Now Ready
“The Souvenir,”

Of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F.

A Twelve Page Journal containing the full proceedings of the Sovereign Grand Lodge at its recent session, an account of the Procession, Entertainments, etc., together with

PORTRAITS

of Thos. Wildev, founder of the order, the Grand Sire, Glenn, Prominent members of the Reception Committee, and many distinguished Oddfellows, is now ready.

EVERY ODDFELLOW SHOULD SECURE A COPY in commemoration of the recent Demonstration—the grandest in the history of the Order. Single copies 10 cts per hundred \$7.00. Lodges, the trade, etc., supplied by

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\$10 Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUS & Co., Augusta, Maine.

A Problem.

A problem I want to propose,
Can anyone answer the question,
Is it the fault of the climate
Or the fault of Canadian diet
That prompts the Canadian soul,
To yearn, for a “name with a handle”?

No! not the “Canadian soul,”
Far be it from me thus to slander
The people to whom I belong;
And to whom I am proud of belonging;
But the parvenu fellows who waste
Their time (and Canadian patience)
In striving, with might and with main,
To rack on a Sir to their surnames.

Ye Gods! how King ARTHUR of old,
With his knights in their armour of iron,
Would have awakened their echoing halls
With uproarious outbursts of laughter
At having the name of a knight
With the laughable surname of *Tupper*.
A Knight, in the old acceptance,
Should shew a face bold and undaunted
To fight for the honest and true
And be clean in his hands and his actions.
Ah! how are these simple conditions
Fulfilled by the fellows in question?
Cartwright sounds equally awful,
And Tilley sounds equally silly.

Remember the Lords of the old,
With their good and their simple cognomens,
Who built up their lands to the heights
Of a place in the eyes of the Nations,
George Brown, who wrought hard with his pen
And his voice which was equally mighty,
Who spurned that most spurious handle
Of knight, with the scorn which it merits,
Making Canadian Men
Not Fish, neither Fowl nor Red Herring.

Incited thereto by their spouses,
We think is the best explanation.

NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated Shorthand Writer
FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of this Magazine the publication of which was accidentally delayed, is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and on sale at the counter of the Publishers.

The November number will, it is hoped, be ready in the course of a few days, and future numbers will make their appearance promptly on the 3rd of each month. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

BENOUGH BROS.,
Publishers.

WATCH FOR IT!

WAIT FOR IT!

AND, WHEN IT COMES,

DON'T FAIL TO BUY IT!

“GRIP'S”
COMIC ALMANAC!

FOR 1881,

NOW IN COURSE OF PREPARATION,

AND TO BE PUBLISHED ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF

DECEMBER.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR 1881, will be twice as large and more than twice as good as that of last year. It will contain not less than 60 pages of original humorous matter, profusely illustrated. The Pictorial Monthly Record of Canadian Political Events of 1880, will be a feature useful as well as amusing.

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