

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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- Harper's Bazar \$5, Grip \$2, both \$6.
- Scientific American, \$3.50, Grip, \$2, both \$4.75.
- Detroit Free Press, \$2, Grip, \$2, both, \$3.25.

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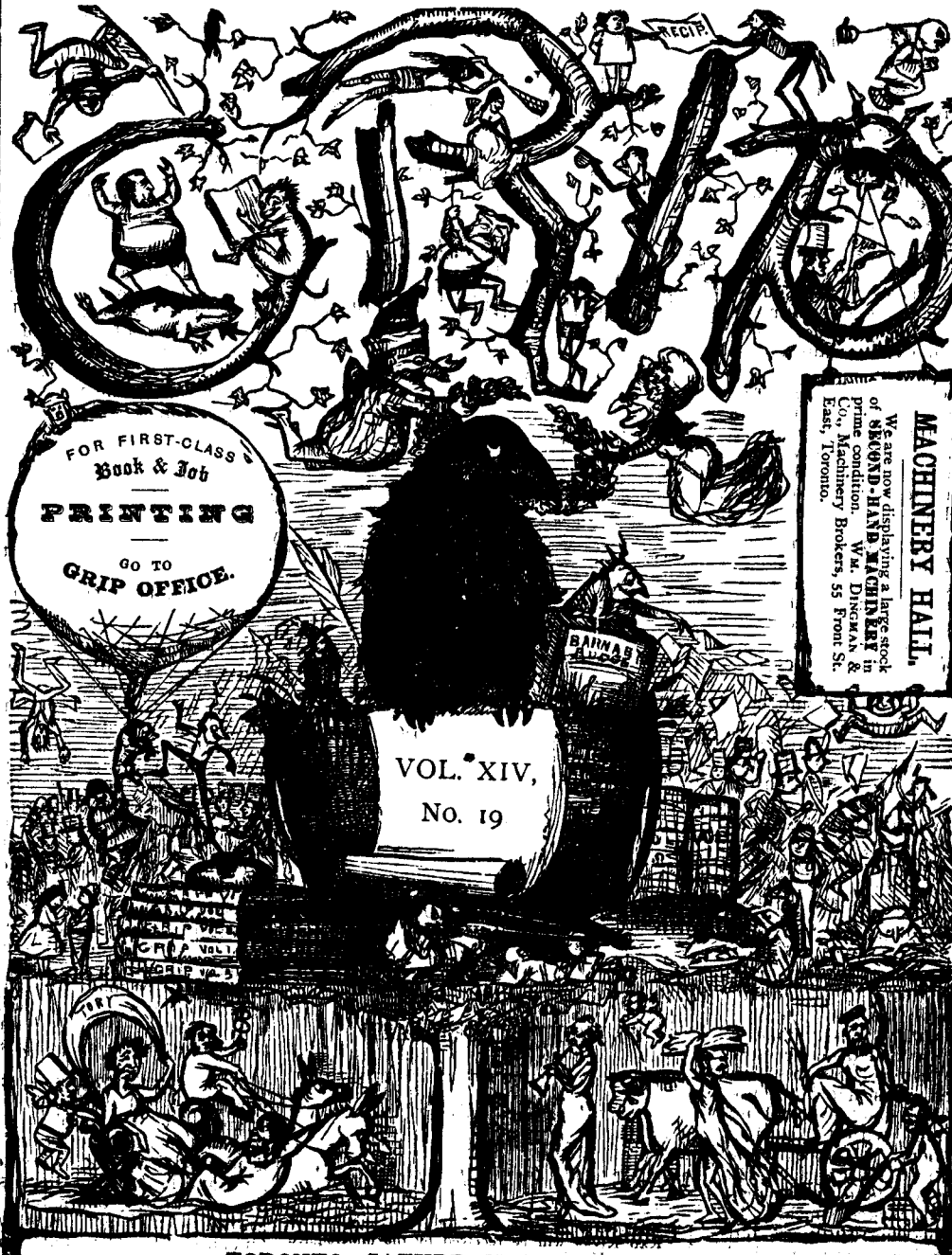
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TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

We have in contemplation the issue of a **MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL**, 16 p.p., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

The third and concluding volume of *Le Memoires de Madame de Remusat* was published recently.

Mrs. LEWIS (GEORGE ELIOT) has gone to Rome, where she intends to remain for the next two months.

Mr. JAMES PAYNE, the distinguished English novelist, has written a story for the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. The tale is entitled "An Expensive Derby."

ALEXANDER DUMAS's hobby is to publish a magnificent illustrated edition of *L'Afrique Clemenceau*, each plate to be signed by some great name in art. The margins of the pages are already filled for the most part.

An anonymous volume has just been published which is likely to create some sensation. It is called *A cote du bonheur*. We understand that the anonymous author is the Comtesse D'HAUSSONVILLE, the wife of the Senator and the mother of the VIOLETTE ORHENIN D'HAUSSONVILLE, a writer in the *Journal des Debats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The Comtesse D'HAUSSONVILLE, who is the grand-daughter of Mmc. de STAEL, has written this volume under the inspiration of her mother-in-law.

Poor SARDOU has been much vilified since the production of *Daniel Rochat*. Some have even endeavoured to make out that he is a writer without either talent or ability. When SARDOU encountered his first defeat at Odéon, in 1852, he returned home and studied for eight years, during which he read and analysed all that had been written for the stage, both in ancient and modern times. In the mass he had chosen out all that could still please or interest. He had, in all, one hundred and fifty scenes of passion, eighty-two scenes of vengeance, three hundred scenes of love, hatred, and cupidity. It is out of this mass that SARDOU composes. He takes some subject of interest at the hour, and with a spread from this one and a patch from the other, he makes a whole, which generally pleases the public.

Mr. FOWLER is now about seventy years of age, and is as much an enthusiast in his profession as the most palette-struck strippling in the land. He came to Canada in 1844, and has since that time lived on Amherst Island. His beautiful and romantic home, "The Cedars," so called on account of the dense growth of cedars through which lies its land-approach, is situated on the western extremity of the Island, overlooking the Bay of Quinte, which, with its beautiful surroundings and scenery, is a meet home and a 'meet nurse for an artistic child.' He has shown his water colors at different provincial exhibitions with marked success. At first he exhibited in the amateur class, but the merit of his paintings was so marked that his competition was considered unfair to other exhibitors, and he was unhesitatingly relegated to the professional class, where he at once took the position of prominence he had occupied in the class from which he was promoted. In his paintings he affects quiet home subjects, two of his best known paintings in provincial galleries being of an old horse and horse-rake on his farm, and a painting of the wreck of the old 'Scotland' on Fish Point, a craft owned by Capt. J. C. MORRAY. Mr. FOWLER, though at the Psalmist's limit of life, is still hale and hearty. His disposition is kind and genial, and he is charitable to a fault, the refinement and feeling springing from a lifelong devotion to art seeming to have become mingled with the very fibre of his nature.

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WORKS—

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,
DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, } Secretary.
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880 } XIV-14-6t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

At the Royal the attraction just now is a "most riotous novelty" called "Our School Days; or boys and girls again," enacted by the Tragedians of Kalamazoo. Matinees on Friday and Saturday afternoons.

For the remainder of this week, with matinees on Friday and Saturday, the celebrated Berger Family and Mr. SOL SMITH RUSSELL occupy the boards of the Grand. These old Toronto favorites do not require a word of praise. On Monday, McDOWELL's company return with the great political hit "H. M. S. Parliament," which will easily stand repeating.

The London correspondent of the *Baltimore Every Saturday* writes:—I have authority to state that Mr. SIMS REEVES has decided to take his farewell of public life, and that he will in the autumn commence a final tour of the provinces. Rumors to this effect have for some time past been current, but the news I am enabled to announce to-day is authentic. At the same time, music lovers will not be in too great a hurry to take leave of the greatest of English tenors, and of an old public favourite. Mr. SIMS REEVES' "farewell" will probably extend over two years, and in the course of it there is every likelihood he will introduce to his admirers his son, who, in the opinion at least of his own people, is in possession of the family voice.

Mr. HENRY IRVING gave a supper to upwards of 300 gentleman chiefly connected with art, literature and the drama, to celebrate the hundredth performance, during the present run, of "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. IRVING himself occupied the chair; but Lord HOUGHTON proposed the toast of the evening, "The health of Mr. IRVING and the Lyceum company." Mr. IRVING, in the course of his reply, mentioned "that he had received a five act play in blank verse, called 'The After Life of Shylock' for which he had serious thoughts of asking consideration for one night, the last scene of which was the return of *Shylock* to Belmont with a basket of lemons. Being pathetically told, he thought something might be made of it, and it was certain that the sympathy of the tribe would go a great way towards insuring success, for they came now from all parts to see *Shylock*."

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS says: "I have three new plays, and several old ones, which are strangers to the public on account of the fact that no other actress of the present day is adapted to fill the characters of the heroines, and in addition there is my *repertoire* of SHAKESPERIAN characters, which, as you know, is extensive. A play entitled 'The Queen and the Cardinal' has been written for me by Mr. S. WALTER RALEIGH—a descendant, by the way, of the great SIR WALTER. It has been criticised as the best specimen of English prose writing next to SHAKESPEARE'S works. ANNIE BOLEYN and WOLSELEY are the principal characters, and the great Cardinal has a magnificent part.

Then there is 'Ordeal by Touch,' continued Mrs. SIDDONS, "a play in which the heroine was created by me in the Queen's Theatre, London. It was written by Mr. RICHARD LEE, and has recently been rewritten by him. It is a highly romantic drama, and I intend to open the New York season with it. 'King Rene's Daughter' and 'Valerie,' in both of which the heroine is supposed to be blind, will also be included in my *repertoire*."

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Government Life Insurance.

Grip begs to acknowledge the receipt of one of the blank forms of applications for insurance under the proposed Dominion Government Life Insurance system. From the following interrogatories which we reproduce, the beneficial character of the scheme will be at once apparent.—

State your name, place of birth, age and politics.

For whom did you vote at last general election?

What is your opinion of the N. P.?

Have you ever been subject to heart disease, consumption, gritism, liver complaint, independence notions, gout, individual idiosyncracies, bronchitis, pessimism, rheumatism, annexation or any other serious ailment?

Are your vocal organs susceptible of a good healthy boom at election times?

Do you read the *Globe* or the *Eystander*?

Do you partake immoderately of intoxicating liquors excepting during political campaigns?

Are you troubled with deafness to such an extent that the hum is at times inaudible?

Do you hear it now?

Are you ever afflicted with muscular contraction of the pocket on the eve of a big push?

Are you subject to fits, and if so are you willing to give them to the other side?

Are you in any danger of insanity from too close study of the game of fifteen, the tariff, the character of SIR JOHN MACDONALD, or any other inscrutable problem?

How much are you out on last election, and will you in consideration of the policy if granted agree to forego any claims upon the Government for office or emolument by reason of your exertions in the interests of the party?

Can you give the name of some leading Conservative as reference?

Fame.

The *Chattam Planet* says of H. M. S. Parliament:—

"The oft reiterated "hum" which had its origin in this connection in a PLANET headline, has been immortalized in a chorus."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Fully many a *Planet* headline may have borne,
The origin of slang both rich and rare."

The Mysterious Wedding.

Have you heard the latest sensation?

The astounding event of the day?

No!—You don't even look interested;

Miss FITZMILLION was married to-day.

What of that?—It's nothing surprising!

Well, you *are* a most curious woman,

To feel a live interest in such things,

Seems to me to be no more than human.

Don't you see, it was *such* a surprise!

She was *en route* for Europe, they said,

With her folks; but before reaching port

Changed her mind, and decided to wed

And they say she sent *three* telegrams,

And one was: "I'm ready, come on,"

And that each message cost her *nine* dollars;

Don't you think *that* is pretty dear fun?

But the worst of it all was, the pastor,

And even the bridegroom, they say,

Knew nothing about the arrangement

'Till the day preceding the day:—

The bridegroom, you say? Why young RACKBRAIN,

Good-looking, but poor as a rat:—

Though a lawyer, and highly connected;

With cleverness, brains, and all that.

But as I was saying, they never

Said a word to anyone here;

And the pastor got such a short notice,

People think it most awfully queer.

There's all sorts of tattle afoot,—

Deacon STILWATER says that he knows

Young RACKBRAIN, not three weeks ago,

Was engaged to Miss ANNA MELROSE!

Sister UNDERWAVE says it was sinful

For them to deceive people so;

And thinks the bride's mother to blame

For giving their friends such a go.

She has laid herself open to censure,

No doubt; you know people will talk;

The whole affair looks quite suspicious:—

And one shouldn't take too much stock.

You think it is nobody's business?—

And people had better keep still

About what doesn't concern them,

And let others do as they will?—

Why, my dear, is it true you don't know

That what is called nobody's biz,

Is justly supposed to concern

The whole social fabric that is?

And if people don't want to be held up

As subjects of general reproof,

Let them then do as other folks do,

And from such deceit keep aloof.

But here we are at the Doctor's,

I really must give them a call;

Won't you come too? No? Well then, goodbye;

Don't forget Mrs. FLEAWAY'S ball! R.M.

Soup Kitchen and the N. P.

The *Quebec Herald* says:—

"The Hamilton soup kitchen has been closed. The late changes in the tariff are beginning to show good results."

The *Herald* strangely errs. The soup kitchen closed because of the new duty on oyster cans, which at once raised the price of bivalves beyond the resources of the charitable Hamiltonians. Thus the poor man has been deprived of nourishing oyster soup in the season of deplorable poverty. Score up another against the wicked N. P.

Dot's Domestic Discourses.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"So that's where you were—is it. If that isn't the very worst excuse for stopping out at night I've heard yet! What earthly business have you men meddling with the education of women,—and what good do you expect to come from all your palaver? Oh! I know; you are desirous of developing the feminine mind, so that eventually women shall rise above the frivolities, etc., etc., in which she now takes pleasure, and become what she was intended for,—'a fit and intelligent companion for man.'—'An intelligent companion for man!'—You won't need to attend many meetings, then. It will not

take much education, *higher or lower*, to fit any women to be an intelligent companion for ninety-nine hundreds of the men of *my* acquaintance. But women themselves are anxious to have the question agitated? What women? A few poor, weak, foolish creatures, who let themselves be influenced by your high-sounding talk. You tell them you like clever women,—women who can discuss politics rationally; or talk sensibly on the current topics of the day.—Clever women! fiddlesticks,—you know you don't. It goes against your own interests. I defy you to show me a man who admires sense in a woman, when he has so little himself!

"Birds of a feather flock together" you say, "and a man's brain weighs more than a woman's?" I daresay it does; goodness knows it needs to—the quality is so bad! You'd better spend your time and money on yourselves; you need it. We don't—Charity begins at home.

I'll tell you something else you like; you're opposed to fashion and expense in dress—you like to see women plainly and neatly dressed,—like your mother used to be,—and if you or any other man were placed in a room filled with ladies, some arrayed in the height of fashion, and some in that "plain sensible style" you are so fond of talking about—I know in which part of the room these same men would be found before many minutes were over. No—it would not be among the plain, sensible girls.

Decrease of Game.

The Montreal *Gazette* mourns over the "decrease of game." No more Steel Rails Scandals to be hunted up, no Neebing Hotels rising from the ground, no scent of jobs on the Kaminiastiquia. It is sad that so keen a hunter should be condemned to inaction. But there is game enough if the *Gazette* would join the sport. Sir CHARLES TURNER'S preserves are full, Mr. POPE'S emigration pamphlets are a good mark, the N.P. is afoot. But this is the close season as observed by the *Gazette*, and now only the Grits furbish up their hunting gear.

High-toned Journalism.

A few days ago the *Globe* printed the following sentence in an article on banking.

"The present banks may but local institutions can assist the extend their agencies it is true, development of the country by methods which the great concerns will not use."

It is evident to every newspaper man and compositor that the second and third lines have been transposed, so that the word *extend* should follow *may* and *but* follow *true*. On this manifest error in making-up the *Mail* jeers its contemporary's leader-writer. Such journalism as this should not be allowed to degrade a great newspaper. It is equalled by a recent exploit of the Halifax *Herald* which represented an opponent as saying in his speech,

"The men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death at *Waterloo*."

He had really said "the men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death."

It was proven on enquiry that the *Herald* editor had received the correct copy from the official reporter, and had altered it as shown in order to ridicule the speaker. Men who commit acts like these are the bane of journalism and execrated by the true gentlemen of a profession into which only decent men should be admitted.

See our Cartoon.

Now let this fight of tongues begin,
The man whose *Wright* is sure to *Wynne*.



Equivocal.

The Parson. (to inebriated parishioner)—
Drunk again, Johnston! !

Johnston—(in a semi-confidential tone)—
Sho'am I, parson!



Grip to Alexander Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE, while you stand alone,
Stout foes before, false friends behind,
Deserted, soon to be overthrown,
Fearing how thankless is mankind,
Let one impartial voice proclaim—
Would that its tones were stentor-loud,
Above the vilifying crowd,—
Honored shall be thy stainless name!

Fall many a flout in bygone days
We put on thee in power and place.—
Satire may speak while lackeys praise—
No act of thine we jeered was base.
A homespun man, God's gentleman,
A character sound warp and wool,
Jest proof we found it—slanderproof
Thy enemies whate'er their plan.

And now, because the people turned
From thee in time of bitter need,
Because thy counsels wise they spurned,
And to thine enemies gave heed,
The men whom honor bound to stay
Thrice gallantly by thee when down,
Gibe at thy back, in secret frown,
And want occasion to betray.

Thy manners lack, they say, forsooth,
A something hard to be defined;
Thy truths are too austere in truth!
Thy way with knaves is thought unkind!
Not gently dost thou chide a fool
Who fain would guide the car of state!
These things offend the men of late
Who flattered all thy days of rule.

What matters it, thy work was good,
They cannot take the past away,
The future shall proclaim "He stood
Batting for right for many a day,
His was a steadfast, upright soul,
That never quailed before a foe,
Ingratitude could strike him low,
But pure his name on history's scroll."



Mr. Phipps' Reflections.

This is a queer world. I have often thought this, though the form of words has been used by another. GILBERT puts them in the mouth of *Dick Deadeye*. Haven't my doubt GILBERT stole 'em from me. Saw 'em in some of my writings, and cabbaged 'em without giving credit, of course. They all do it. Have heard it affirmed that the whole character of *Deadeye* was copied from me. Don't doubt it. Never saw the play called *Pinafore*, but understand that this *Deadeye* is a man of brains whose words of truth and soberness fall flat on the mediocrities who surround him. Just my position. I am the only man of mind in the country, yet the people are so dull and insensate that they can't see it. However, if they can't see they can feel, and I fancy they are beginning to experience some of the effects of neglecting my counsels already. The country is being done to death by the N. P., and the groans of the multitude are a balm to my wounds. Let 'em groan! It will teach 'em to wink at JOHN A. when he plays a sharp game on me. If they had only known enough to put me into the place now occupied by the incompetent and butter-fingered TILLEY, everybody would have been laughing now instead of groaning. As it is, I am the only one who laughs. I have a policy—the Policy, which would transform this country in a twinkling, make it bloom and blossom as the rose, but they shall never get it. I will keep it in the privacy of my own writing desk, and just before I leave this cold and stupid world I will give orders to have it burned. Yes, sir, burned up! With my own hand I shall hold that precious document in the flame of a tallow candle until it is a black cinder, and then I will utter a grim ha! ha! that will fetch Canadians to their senses if anything will. Meantime I live only to amuse myself by roasting the Ministry over a slow fire in the columns of the *Globe*. I don't expect to purify them by the process—nothing could purify such a Cabinet. Nor do I hope to induce Sir JOHN to reconsider his decision, and give me TILLEY's portfolio. I wouldn't take it now. I will not under any circumstances lift a finger to get them out of the middle they are in—and they know I could do so by simply lifting a finger, if I would. No. I live only for revenge, and I intend to have it by making them feel what it is to have a gigantic task on hand and no mind

great enough to grasp it. And when, in the near future, the people, having apprehended the full consequence of my absence from the Cabinet, shall rise in their might and hurl SIR JOHN headlong flaming from the heights of power, he shall know the truth of the poet's lines;

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, it might have been.

The Why and Wherefore.

The *Guelph Herald* seems to take exception to the sentiment,

"Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who seek our wrong,"
expressed in the Governor-General's Canadian National Poem. The editor thinks it is not a Christian sentiment. It is a significant fact that the *Herald* man is one of the chief promoters of the Rag Baby Scheme.



John Chinaman at Ottawa.

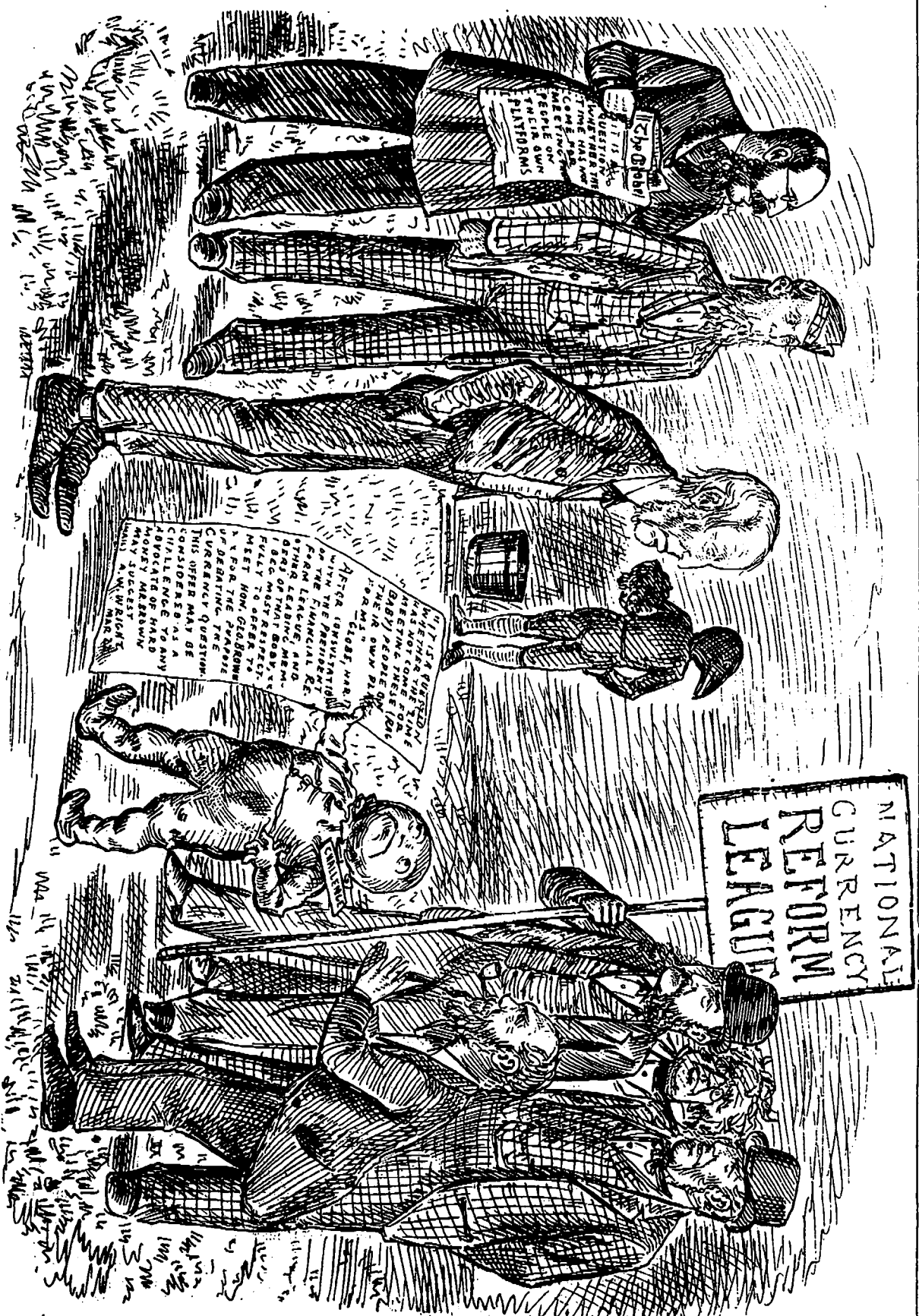
[The Celestial Washie Washie, just started in business at the Capital, interviews the Premier and solicits the patronage of the Cabinet.]

Sir JOHN: Sorry we can't patronize your laundry; we are strong on economy, you know, and your rates are altogether too high. This other chap washes all our dirty linen in the *Globe* free of charge!



Rather Fresh.

Fresh young city housekeeper, making her Easter purchases (to Grocer):
Now, Mr. SOPE, I trust to your experience altogether; are you quite sure that these eggs are well laid?



"DARE HE KNOCK OFF THE CHIP?"
OR, THE RAG BABY'S CHALLENGE.



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The Chinese are a rice ing nation.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A sences taker—whiskey.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

The teamster's favourite letter is "gee" of course.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

We all have our birthdays, while the sailor has his berth nights.—*Proof Sheet*.

BEN JONSON was the first Englishman who dropped his "h."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Dead business men tell no tales in the advertising columns.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Musicians should not drink; they might get into the habit of wanting to rest at every bar.—*Philadelphia News*.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up late with the daughter.—*Middletown Transcript*.

The Czar escaped being blown up by being late for dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.—*Seth Spicer*.

Many people are like matches—when it comes to the scratch, they always lose their heads.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

If we could see others as we see ourselves, there would be more good-looking people in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Old BEN FRANKLIN once said that widow's were the only second-hand articles that went off at first cost.—*Somerville Journal*.

It has been discovered that the Dutch baby cries for its mudder and foddler at the same time.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We sympathize with the man who has a sore thumb. Still, we don't want him to carry our plate of soup.—*Danbury News*.

Chicago makes \$15,000,000 worth of cloth a year, and many of her stories are made from the whole piece.—*Boston Transcript*.

You can't always tell by the fit of a young man's clothes how much of a mortgage the tailor holds on them.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The Shecawgo Trybune haz assumed the fonetic duty ov korektin the splin ov the English langwage.—*New Orleans Peckayune*.

He had evidently been through the alphabet of affliction and had an X S of it, for he looked D ejected, K-daverous and C D.—*Ex*.

VICTOR HUGO avers that woman is a conundrum. And this is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums they are hard to find out.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The happiness of life does not depend so much upon the thoughts of your quality as upon the quality of your thoughts.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Country debating societies should discuss the question, "Is it really necessary to spoil good brandy by putting poor mince pies into it?"—*Herald, P. I.*

Has any paragrapher ever called a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass? He's "a real mean thing," if he has.—*Norristown Herald*.

What mean all these hairbreadth escapes of the Czar of all the Russias? Do they portend a starring tour through the United States?—*Boston Transcript*.

These Greenbackers might as well take in their sign and shut up their shop now. If paper keeps on going up it will soon cost about \$7 to print a \$5 greenback.—*Ex*.

When a woman sails along the street with a majestic stride, you admire her graceful carriage, but the charm vanishes after she has become a little sulky.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

We hope our readers will excuse our local columns this week, but really it has rained so much that nothing could happen out of which we could make a local.—*Winston Leader*.

SMYTHEKINS is such a bashful old bachelor, always running away from the girls that his friends say that if CUPID ever does shoot an arrow at him it will hit him in the back.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

CHARLES READE says that all children should be taught to have presence of mind, but havn't they got it. Catch a boy in the sugar box, and isn't he looking for flies?—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a man living at Canton, named DEAL. His daughter is a Miss DEAL. If the young man play his cards right, the deal will eventually come out all right.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A Connecticut woman has been appointed constable of her native village. If she does not catch a man now there is no virtue in writs of seizure and leap year changes.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is easy enough to advise a boy to tell the truth, even if it brings him a licking, but it comes hard to live up to the principle where one is trading horses two or three times per month.—*Belton Journal*.

There was certainly thrift on the part of that lady who made a dozen bed-spreads within the past two years out of the sample cloths she had collected during her shopping excursions within that period.—*Somerville Journal*.

When a California editor gets ready to call a contemporary a "prevaricator" or some other word of a little higher proof—he is always careful to tell the foreman the style of funeral notice he wants.—*Middletown Transcript*.

When a New Yorker has his house burgled he goes down to the detective headquarters and asks them if they've got any clews in stock that will fit his case, and if they have they send a man around to hitch 'em on.—*Boston Post*.

A medical journal has discovered that mental or physical labor before or after eating is one of the most exciting causes of dyspepsia. This must be the reason why so many people object to working between meals.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Some one says that good digestion will do a good deal more to keep a man straight than good resolutions. Did he ever test his philosophy in the face of having nothing to eat, and no money or credit through which victuals could be provided?—*Somerville Journal*.

Everybody is interested in the fact that the Russian newspapers think it probable that it will be necessary in the spring to ship grain into that country from America. Long live every Russian consumer, and may his appetite crave bread more than anything else.—*Fond Du Lac Reporter*.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, won't you subscribe a little money for the relief fund of foreign sufferers."

"My dear Mrs. Smith, I just sent all my spare change to a poor family on Seneca street, who haven't anything in the house to eat."

"You don't say so? Why don't they go to the poor house?"—*Oil City Derrick*.

When you find a sun bonnet floating around on the surface of a pond, it is not always safe to conclude that there is a woman at the bottom of it. She may have eloped with the hired man and thrown the bonnet in there so as to get a good start, while the neighbors are dragging the pond and the husband is trying to beat down the undertaker on the price of a rosewood coffin.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

When the long-haired lunny poet isn't present,

When the wild-eyed office-seeker isn't there,

Their places then are filled with fiends less pleasant,

Oh, never can we find a vacant chair.

When the scandalized maiden and her father Are not present for to shoot you if they can,

There are other men and women then to bother—

The editor is not a happy man.
—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

AND MORE TO COME.

He was a well-dressed, pleasant-faced man, and he carried a small black box in his hand. He entered an insurance office on Congress street, with familiar air, walked up to the sole occupant, who was writing a letter, and began:

"Excuse me, sir; but I represent four different kinds of pads, viz: Lung—"

"I am busy," interrupted the letter writer.

"Viz: Lung, liver, stomach and kidney, and in a few days we—"

"Didn't I say that I was busy?" demanded the citizen as he put down his pen.

"You did, sir, and in a few days we shall bring out the heart-pad, the throat-pad, and the ear-pad. Excuse me if I sit down. Please let me feel of your pulse."

"I want none of your pads, sir! I am busy, sir, and I want my office to myself!"

"Nevertheless, you do want a pad, and I can prove it. A healthy pulse should not beat over eighty-five per minute. I'll bet your's goes to a hundred. Anyone can see that you are ailing. I can sell you a beautiful stomach-pad at reduced rates. How much do you—?"

"Didn't I say I didn't want any of your pads, sir?"

"Correct, you did. Do your lungs trouble you?"

"No, sir!

"Heart all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hearing good?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ever have the back-ache?"

"No, sir!"

"Spleen all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Throat bother you?"

"No, sir! I tell you I don't want any of your pads! I want to be let right alone! I've got a headache this morn—"

"Eureka! Keep still—not a word! You furnish the capital and I'll put in my time, and we'll bring out a head-ache pad! Capital idea—rich thought! Go ahead and write your letter, and I'll be—"

The citizen ran for his cane in the corner, but the pads had walked out to hunt for ailing humanity.—*Free Press*.

The Wagnermaniac.

My wife was the sweetest of women
Till she took a musical craze ;
But now she's a regular rum 'un,
And my home is a horrible place !

She murmurs with rapture of CHOPIN,
BEETHOVEN's her "darling adored,"
And ever her fingers are hoppin'
Con *energia* o'er the key-board.

But WAGNER's her musical hero,
She worships the cast of his head,
And she plays his "sweet jems" till I fear, O,
I fear she will WAGNER me dead !

I ask her in intervals lucid,
To play some old favourite o'er,
I tell her that WAGNER is deuced,
And I even prefer *Pinafore* !

She says that my ignorance exhibits,
And she calls me a thick-pated loon,
Not to know that dear WAGNER prohibits
The slightest approach to a "tune."

She turns in contempt and commences
To hammer *Tannhauser* like mad,
Thus drowning my wretched pretences,
And making me feel very bad.

In the evening Herr ROSSINITHEDRAU comes
With some more of her musical "set,"
But I don't consider them my chums,
And I make myself scarce, you may bet.

In my distant and wall-padded study,
With cotton stuffed in my ears,
I gaze in the fire so ruddy,
And try to suppress my tears.

Yet I hear the piano and fiddle,
Like a duet of dog and cat,
And I try to guess the riddle
Of what WAGNER is driving at.

O, bachelors, my brothers,
You'll lead an awful life,
If you leave your doting mothers
For a WAGNER-loving wife !

Spelling Reform.**THE SCHOOLMASTER RISES TO EXPOSTULATE.**

I have been much grieved lately by seeing in several otherwise respectable periodicals articles on what they choose to call spelling reform. If they take the word "reform" to mean changes of form, they have probably some reasons for using it in this instance, but if the general application of the word, the application which has through the *Globe* been made general at least in Canada is to be taken, that of Progress, Improvement, Free Trade, &c., then the spelling reformers are far from being justified in taking that title. My experience in spelling is very great, particularly in bad spelling. I have been "plucked" several times on that subject, and have lost more than one situation by getting the wrong letter into the right place, and *vice versa*. It is, therefore, with much consternation that I now see those JOHN BILLIOUS reformers trying to level down the barriers over which I so often stumbled, and making the path of learning smooth for the rising generation. Who that has never been a bad speller and by constant perseverance and much suffering has acquired a proficiency in that art, will consent to see the rising generation gliding smoothly over the rocks on which he so often struck and so nearly foundered? Then, again, as has often been said, each word as it now is, is a monument, a history, a chronology—in fact one little word often contains volume of learning. To illustrate this let us take one word, a very striking word—I mean "Chillaley." What a storehouse of learning is that little simple word! Let us proceed to analyze it. In "chi," the student at once recognizes the old Anglo Saxon "chi," introduced from the Latin by ALFRED THE GREAT. At once a brilliant panorama opens to our view. We see our brawny Saxon ancestors, their hands reeking

with Danish blood, their huge battle-axes across their sturdy shoulders, as they return from victory, calling at every saloon on the way and quaffing fagons of amber ale and lager. We see their wise king burning tallow candles by the hour. We see—but stop, we must proceed with our analysis: "Li" next meets our view. What do the two l's tell us? One reaches far back to ancient Rome, the other informs us that the word has come to us through the French. In the one we see the patient ROMULUS ditching on the banks of the Tiber, we see the she-wolf, the forum, and CAESAR, with his mighty armies; the other transports us to the days of CHARLEMAGNE. We see knights in their armor, we hear the clang and clash of the tournament, we see gay ladies;—but stop, let us again proceed with our analysis: "Al" is Celtic. It is the real root of the word, the other parts being prefixes, suffixes, affixes, crucifixes, &c., &c. At sight of "al" the mind's-eye shows us the human sacrifices offered by the Druids; we see the white-robed priests cutting ox-gads from the sacred oak. The "ey," is different from all the other parts of the word: in fact it should not be there at all, it was put there by what is called false derivation. During that period in which some people thought they knew more than they did know, that "ey" was added. It is therefore a memorial of the age of confusion and ignorance. What a monument have we found in the little, simple word "chillaley." Shall the reformers throw it down? (I mean the monument, not the stick)—shall this memorial of past ages, this grand lexicon of knowledge, this—this *chillaley* fall to the ground without a struggle? No!! NO!!! NO!!!

Nonsense.**Mr. County Treasurer HOOPER**

A ministerial super,
Who was short in his cash
Now declares he was rash,
And has now become a recouper.

The Celestial Capital.

The little town of Fredericton, N.B., which is widely known as the "Celestial City" has such an affection for commercial travellers that she keeps an official solely for the purpose of watching for their coming and escorting them about town. He does not make known his office, but dawns on the traveller's horizon merely as a polite and attentive man-around-town, and accidentally, as it were, rushes into offices where he calls, happening to have business at the same places as the stranger. These accidental meetings result in the traveller being informed, after he has been seen to take an order for goods, that the city so loves him that it is ready and willing to accept about \$50 from him in aid of its finances. The \$50 is paid, and then the monthly arrears of the Police and Fire Departments are paid by the City Treasurer, and there is a surplus on hand for the payment of the Mayor's next quarter's salary.

Fredericton's other sources of revenue are the Legislature and the law courts. The meeting of the Legislature brings in some sixty young, middleaged, and old gentlemen, whose board bills for the six weeks' session, (this is the usual length) enrich various hotels and boarding houses. The profit on some of them cannot be large, however, if it is true they get boarded at \$2 50 and \$3 per week. It must not be supposed that they board at such cheap houses from motives of economy. Not at all. They learned by experience that the high living of the hotels and fashionable boarding houses

was bad for their health. The change was too sudden. Their digestive apparatus wouldn't stand it. From farmwork and farmhouse dinners to idleness and dainty food was not to be persisted in with impunity. But Fredericton loves them, notwithstanding the simple tastes of many of the number, and makes something out of them in the long run. A few of them flirt with the young ladies, accompany them on snow-shoe tramps, and skate with them at the rink. But the number of such is small. The venerable Legislative Councillors are famous for the forming of platonic friendships with widows and neglected wives, and are exceedingly useful in lessening regret for the absent.

The lawyers are a jollier lot. And why shouldn't they be? Can they help laughing at the folly of the litigants who give them five guineas a day to wrangle over technicalities? They go from St. John in droves, and have a gay time at the capital, out of the sight of their clients, in whose presence they speak of the issues at stake with faces as long as St. John's celebrated undertaker, POWERS usually wears.

Sounds from the Sea.

Mr. GRIP has received the following communication which he publishes, suppressing the somewhat objectionable expletives that the undersigned Captain makes use of.

Mr. GRIP:—

Dear Sir:—Who the (sanguinary blank) is this here FLIPPS or FRIPS, or whatever the (blank and blank) his name is, that is always writing about National Policies, Tariffs, and so forth? He means well, perhaps, but he don't know. I saw a letter of his in last Saturday's *Globe*. He says that "all that is required to make Toronto a great naval port, a harbor of refuge and a great distributing point," is to enlarge the St. Lawrence canals for the passage of 1000 ton vessels to the sea board. He argues that the vessel laden with grain will go to England, and return with "European manufactures of much smaller dimensions;" this homeward bounder, not being filled with cargo, will call at Nova Scotia and dump a lot of coals on her "rolling freight," and eventually arrive at the great naval port of Toronto. Now, this is what makes me mad. A ship from England don't want to go near Nova Scotia, if she wants to make a passage up the St. Lawrence, and if she did and *was* only partly loaded with manufactured articles, she could not pile coal on them without spoiling the merchandise. But of all things that seems so (blank, blank), queer about this here Mr. FLIPPS talk, is, that Toronto should be the shipping place for Western products. Why, if we're a going, or any body else is a going to ship grain or any other Western produce direct to Europe, Chicago and Milwaukee will do the business, not Toronto. But it can't be done with profit. Sea-going ships even of 1000 tons (two small to pay in transatlantic trade), draw too much water, have too much out-rigging fixtures, and are altogether unsuitable for a chain of lakes and canals, which this here Mr. FLIPPS can see for himself by going to Buffalo, and viewing the vessels built for the Upper Lakes, in contrast with the canallers. Now see here, Mr. GRIP—I don't mind political fellers writing about Treaties, Tariffs, or anything that comes within their line of understanding, but when they touch upon nautical matters, they're all at sea—that's what they are.

Yours truly,
Captain BUMSBY BROWN,
Of Halifax.

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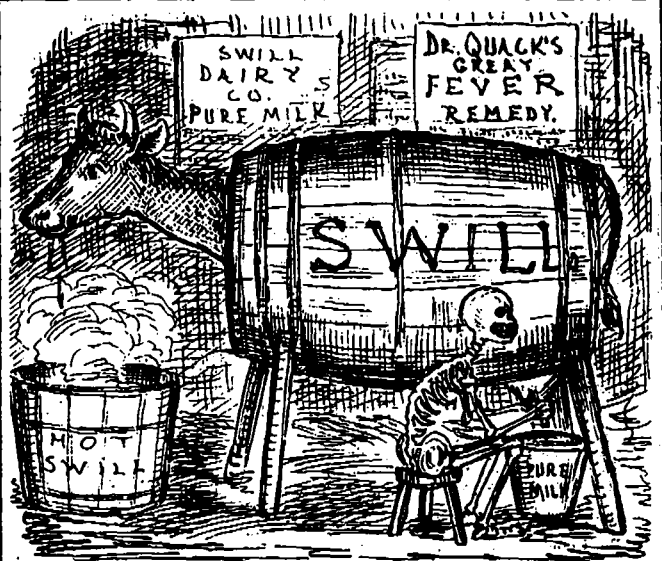
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Lines to the Majah.
By a Lady of Quality.

Who is it sits in Rideau's Halls,
And gives the "form" for routs and balls,
And scans the guests, on formal calls?
The Majah.

Who is it with perception keen
And jealous eye of fabled green?
Presents the news from being seen?
The Majah.

Who is it with the heart of Nero,
(The temperature being down to zero),
Makes chilly ladies cry oh! dear oh!
The Majah.

Why do you say that ladies—we
Must wear our frocks décollete,
We ask you in a minor key,
Now, Majah?

We ask you humbly to reflect,
(Not that we are so circumspect)
But it's too cold to go low necked,
Kind Majah!

Or else, dear Majah, do a man at
To serve us each with a warm blanket,
We all will cry "the Laws be thanked,
And you, sweet Majah.

Mr. Grip to Mr. Punch—"Shake."

Mr. GRIP had occasion a few weeks ago, apropos of certain captious criticisms upon his cartoons, to define his position. He feels quite satisfied that the few words he then said proved a settler for the carpers, but it increases his feeling of self-complacency to observe that his venerable and esteemed contemporary Punch is obliged now and then to turn aside and administer a corrective kick to a similar class of yelpers at his heels. In a recent number he felt called upon to do this, and his words are so nearly an echo of what Mr. GRIP said, that it is worth while to quote them.

"There will always be minds so constituted as to be incapable of distinguishing irony from mockery, and satire from lack of seriousness. All Punch can say to these persons is that he does not address them, and that they had better not look into his pages.

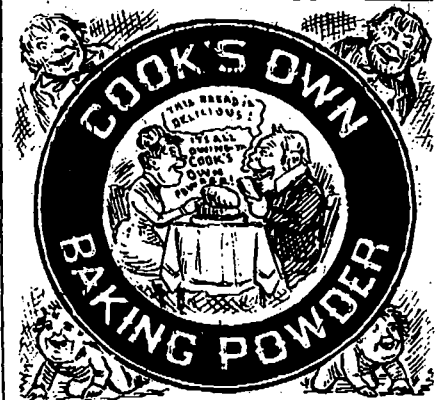
They are quite distinguishable from another class of critics, who now and then cry out on Punch's comments, because they wince under them, and complain that his arrows are poisoned because they sting. To such critics, Punch has nothing to say. His best and only answer to them will be to follow the road he has followed from his birth—the road of right, by aid of the light of truth, as far as it is in his power to choose the one, and to recognize the other."

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