

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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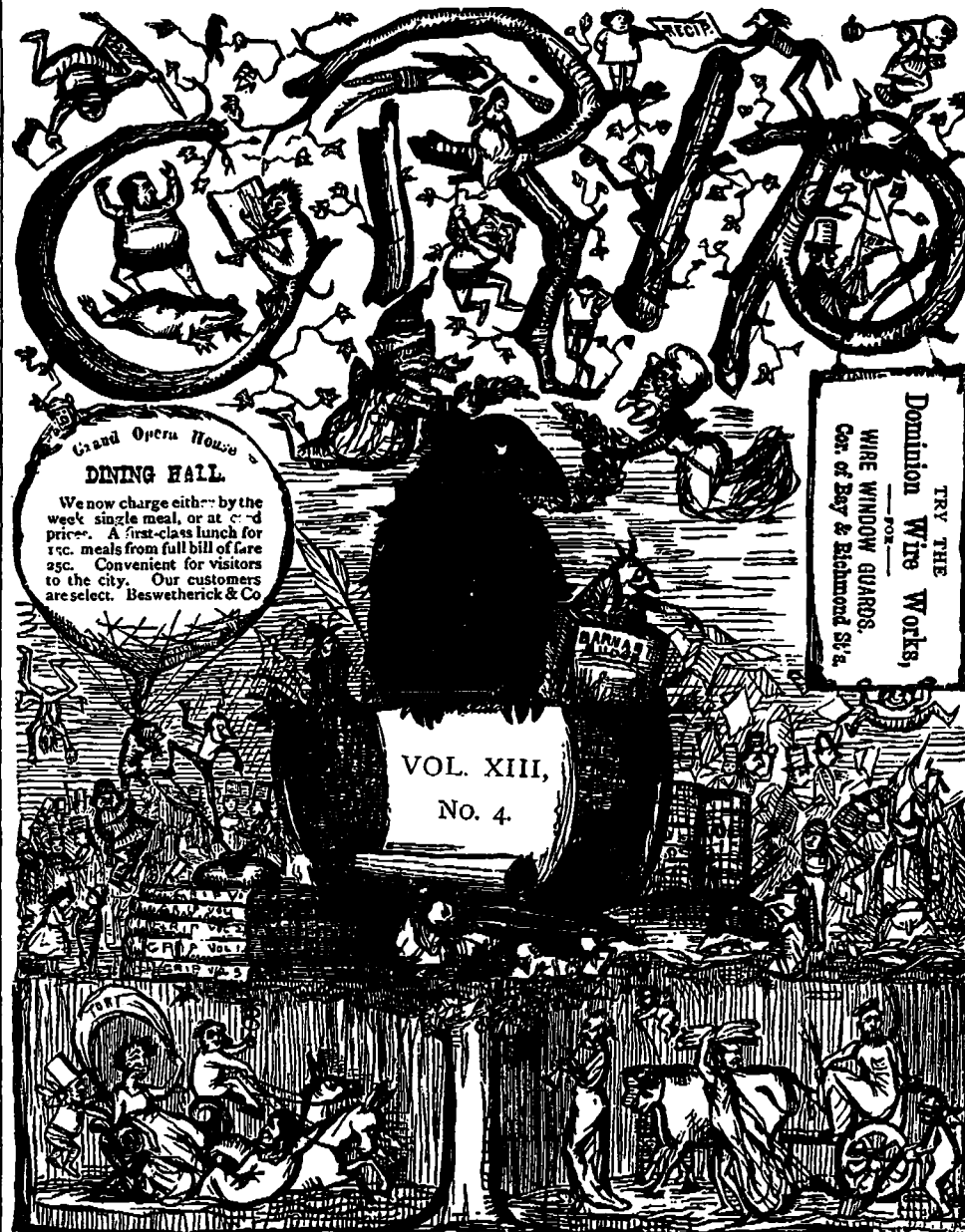
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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Literature and Art.

Princess LOUISE has accepted the dedication of a narrative poem, entitled "From the Cradle to the Grave," written by Mrs. A. M. BURGESS.

Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON recently gave what it is feared will be his farewell lecture before the students of the Harvard Divinity School.

Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the author of "Haworth's" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," has written a tragic story of artist life in Quartier Latin, Paris.

A life of the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE is in progress, under the supervision of his family, bearing especially on his personal and domestic character, and his work as a missionary. The preparation of the book has been entrusted to Prof. BRAIKIE, of Edinburgh.

The Marquis of LORNE is at work upon his book, which is to be called "Travels in the Dominion." It will consist of both poetry and prose, and will be charmingly illustrated by the Princess LOUISE, who is one of the most indefatigable and accomplished of amateur artists.

Mr. RASSAM, who is carrying on the work begun by the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, has just discovered at Babylon an octagonal cylinder, on the sides of which are engraved a history of the campaign of SENNACHERIB against King HEZERTAH. This important find is to be sent to London for safe keeping in the British Museum.

The immediate publication is announced of the early poem by ALFRED TENNYSON entitled "The Lover's Tale," which has not hitherto been included among his works. Two only of the three parts have been privately circulated, but the third is quite unknown. Seeing, however, that these first two parts have of late years been printed without his sanction, the author has determined to suffer the whole poem at last to come to light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of his mature life—"The Golden Supper."

Some of the literary magnates here are angry with the remarks of Mr. JAMES A. FROUDE, at the literary dinner in London, in which he spoke of BRET HARTE as the "greatest living American writer," and one of the literary authorities thinks such praise is misapplied to a mere "consul at an obscure German port." BRET has never been popular in Boston since he spoke disrespectfully of the Harvard crew in reporting a boat race for the *New York Tribune*, and generally failed to be as impressed as a Western barbarian should be with the greatness of the University. Mr. HOWELLS is the divinity of this section, though he, too, is a Westerner, for he never fails to glorify the city of culture and constructs novels with plots of the most thrilling description, which hinge upon the important events of caste in society. Hence it is that while HARTE writes for and of humanity, HOWELLS confines himself to the every way superior kind of humanity which is found only in the neighborhood of Boston and Cambridge. But English and other outside barbarians don't know much about this latter kind, and all Mr. HOWELLS' finest situations are lost upon people who don't realize what a thrilling catastrophe impends where the lowly Cincinnati pork dealer's son is almost about to ensnare the heart of a highborn Cambridge lady, whose family have never dealt in anything baser than codfish.—*Boston Letter to Detroit Free Press*.

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More than 70,000 Monthly,

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

"FALCONBERG," by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1802-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.),—and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOTSCHURY); *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing); *Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archeology, Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; *Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.*; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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Stage Whispers.

Her London physicians told Miss NEELSON she must choose between leaving the stage and death.

ALBANI and JENNY LIND live in houses nearly opposite in the district known as the Beltons, South Kensington.

Pinafore—new version by the Boston Advertiser: "I hope you treat your crew well, Capt. CORCORAN—and often."

BOUCICAULT plays *The Shaughraun* in California as an equestrian drama, and CLAIRIE rides on the stage on the back of a horse.

The Banker's Daughter brought \$125,000 into the treasury of the Union Square, N. Y., of which Mr. HOWARD got \$5000 as royalty, and Mr. PALMER \$45,000 as profit.

VICTOR HUGO'S *Ruy Blas*, recently reproduced in Paris, was rehearsed seventy-two times before the critics assembled for the first night were allowed to pronounce their opinion.

JAMES GREEN, who a short time ago made his debut as *Henry V.* in this city, has been engaged by the HELEN BLYE Combination to play leading business; the Company is at present traveling through Ohio.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH will divide his time this summer between Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch and other watering places. We hope he won't be popped at with anything more dangerous than a champagne cork.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER lives now in Queen ANNE'S Mansion in London. Mr. HENRY IRVING has taken her up very sharply in the *Theatre* for her depreciatory allusions to the stage in her "Recollections."

Father GIOVANNI, the wonderful Roman tenor, is reported to be growing wealthy through his voice. He gets a very large salary for his musical services, and sings also in society. He is getting enormously fat, and his voice appears to grow in proportion.

A San Francisco clothing-dealer is said to have, in good faith, offered LAWRENCE BARRETT \$100 a night when playing *Hamlet* in that city, if he would, after uttering the words, "customary suits of solemn black," add, "The kind they sell at — for \$24."—*Boston Herald*.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH is quoted as saying of his recent assailant that he is "a dangerous lunatic—nothing more;" but the nervous shock of the occurrence, he says, "has been so severe to both Mrs. Booth and myself that we have been unable to do much more than play nurse to each other since the event."

In a letter to the *Baltimore American* "JENNIE JUNE" says: "If *Fuinitza* runs all next year, as is considered probable, Mr. DAN HARRIS contemplates 'taking the road,' and is desirous of securing Miss ANNA DICKINSON's new play of *Aurelian* as his *piece de resistance*. It is already promised, however, to Mr. BARTON HILL for production at the California Theatre next autumn, Miss DICKINSON to play the part of "Zenobia." This lady is now engaged in writing a play with a strong human motive, in which a woman of the people is the principal character. If it is possible for her to accomplish the difficult task of fitting herself with the part, we may still see in ANNA DICKINSON the great American actress of the future."

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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 Fifth of June.

Great Speech of Professor Calcimine.

WHAR'S ALL DE ENTHUSMASAM!

What old and classic memories does the word Amphitheatre bring up? Visions of Olympic games, with fierce set-to's between the "fancy" of the period, TOM MILTADES, of Sparta, and JIM THEMISTOCLES, of Athens, for one hundred talents a side, and the championship of Greece. Not to mention the javelin throwers and all those fellers, who must have been a bad crowd to handle.

These reflections arose to my mind as I gazed on a large poster (it was the fifth of June) informing me that for the small consideration of ten cents, I would be able to get the latest intelligence as to the result of the Ontario elections from the different constituencies; furthermore, that the place wherein I could be so enlightened was "The Amphitheatre." Never having been in a regular out-and-out Amphitheatre, I determined to go. So proceeding to the chaste and classic region of James street, I chipped in my dime and entered the sacred enclosure. The place hardly represented the ideal I had conjured up, it having on the whole a snide and, as it were, lumber yardish look in its appointments. The atmosphere alternated between that of a saw mill and a guard house, being at times strongly suggestive of each. I arrived just in time to get a fair opportunity to hear the celebrated Professor CALCIMINE, a powerful orator, and one of the political lights of the Ward. The eloquent gentleman being loudly called for, came forward to the front of the rostrum. His appearance was darkly grand. He was clothed in a customary suit of solemn black, but it was "not alone his inky cloak" but the commanding and almost Cetewayish presence that caused the outburst of applause as he commenced this

SPEECH.

Mistah Speakah, and Gemblem all.—I come befo' you dis evening to delucidate de reasons why I am and always hab been Consarvative. I will not enthusamize to much of an extent on de N. P., case brudder TILLEY form St. Bruns, New Johnswick, de odder evening spoke most delapidatedly on dat question. Tell you what it is, my belubbed hearers, dat we don't want no moah shoo fly on de wheel policy for dis kentry. Massa CARTWRIGHT went to England to try to raise money on a shield. Tried to make de people ober dar tink it was silvah; but old BULL couldn't be fooled—no, sah—he turned de

shield ober and he found it was brass! and de consecue is, dat now in de old kentry Toronto benches ain't woth a cent—and de benches hab been sent back to Mr. HAY, who made 'em; and dey was mighty good bass-wood benches, too! (cheers). Dat shield business is good enough for a Zulu to fight with, but we don't wau't no moah of it yar, I tell you (loud applause). Now, gemblem, I'll just 'splain to you de reason why de Grits stayed too long in powah. Why, its because we habn't got enuff of enthusiam, dat's what's de mattah. I see, my hearers, dat de reports coming in is not quite so favoble to de cause as I did expectorate; but, gemblem, if we had shown a little moah enthusiam in de hulchycultural districts dar would hab been a clean sweep; yes, gemblem, in de language ob de Telegram poet,

If we enthuse on the fifth of June,
We'll sweep the country with a bran new broom,

Enthusiasm will gain the day
From Ottawa City to Thunder Bay.

(Tumultuous applause.)

(Here the eloquent gentleman after wiping his mouth with a tumbler, proceeded to read several messages just received)

Feller citizens—I hab just reciebed intelligence dat Mistah MOWAT and Mistah CROOKS hab been elected by a majority ob two each, and dat Mistah GEORGE BADGEROW WASHINGTON is in fo' East Yawk—(Receives another message)—Feller sufferers (to dissolving crowd) don't go. I want to tell you dat HARDY and de rest ob de Ministars am in, and dat we's all gone coons! oh, my belubbed hearers, whar oh, whar's all de enthusiam?

I, not being able to answer the question, and finding myself alone, stepped down and out the "Amphitheatre."

Our Competent Critic.

We know now. He is *not* a teetotaler. We are sorry we went to the expense of bringing him out from Europe. He has been quite incapable of doing the art exhibition ever since he got that slight advance on account, and before we can get him sobered up the doors will be closed and the pictures all sold. For the sake of the artists we hope their works won't be sold so badly as we have been with this competent critic. The following fragment of criticism is sent to us by the mistress of the boarding house where the gifted but unsteady individual is staying. It shows what a dillapidated state his mental faculties had got into, and we print it here more as a warning to the young than anything else.

REVIEW, CONTINUED.

78. *The Signal.* F. A. VERNER. Glad and astonished to find an Indian subject from this artist's brush. The painting 'is full of point, and a noble red-man standing on it, waving a flambeau to apprise his friends that the Toronto's are beaten in three straight games. Would advise Mr. VERNER to make a specialty of Indian subjects; he seems to have great ab-originality.

140. *The Glory of the Fall.* JOHN A. FRASER. Should have been JOHN A. MACDONALD, who glories in the fall. See? 17th September.

49. *Cupid on a bed of Roses.* Mrs. SCHREIBER. A love of a picture, though not the Cupid our fancy painted. Thought the little deity had ambrosial locks, etc.? Seems not; or else Mrs. S. has made a model of some mundane youngster rolling on the floor preparatory to entering the Saturday night wash tub.

55. *Waterfall.* F. M. BELL-SMITH. Very disappointing; poor rendering of human hair. Let us shin on to the next.

62. *Newsboy.* R. HARRIS. The artist is very happy in this: much happier than the newsboy, apparently. He has a stock of *Telegrams* on hand. That accounts for the depressed look. Let him invest in GRIPS if he wants to prosper.

To the Editor of Grip:

SIR—I must apologise for failing to keep my promise to send you the poems for the Poetic Academy. I hope that the establishment of that institution has not been delayed in consequence. I began to write one day when the thermometer stood 90° in the shade, but found that though heat may make most things expand, it had not that effect upon my brains. Though, as you doubtless perceive, I am usually gifted with great fluency of expression. Upon that occasion I ransacked my head in vain for an idea. The following week, I was assisting in theatricals which were gotten up to help defray the debt on our new church. Of course, everything must give way to a religious object. I have not yet recovered from the fatigue consequent upon my exertions, so JACK has written a few verses for me. He wishes me to say that he possesses an abundant supply of language and ideas which object to being cramped by rhymes and metre; that upon the few occasions when he has endeavored to express his sentiments in verse, he has experienced a sensation somewhat similar to that which HANLAN would feel, if he had to row in a mill pond and found himself obstructed on all sides by floating timber. He therefore considers it *bootless* labor to attempt to make his feet fit, so you must excuse incorrect metre.

JACK'S POEM.

Musings on the Moon.

This eve while the moon gleamed over the lake,
These solemn reflections my brain pan did shake:
I considered how bored she must surely be feeling,
But like many a dame her boredom concealing.

Though she constantly looks upon mortal emotion,
Smiles, tears, broken vows or endless devotion,
She gleamingly gazes, as calm in the face
As if little she heeded the whole human race.

For aught we can tell, she's as good as when new,
Nor *Auto*: has grown since she made her debut,
Though she's passed over ages still calm she's proceeding,
With that air of repose which stamps dames of good breeding.

MORAL.

Now Indies attend, while I kindly advise,
If the foot prints of Time you'd erase from your eyes,
Have your foreheads unrinkled, expressio's ne'er acid,
In future, just like the fair Luna, *Be Placid*.

Jack desires me to say that he is not ungallant enough to think that Indies ever have a vinegary aspect, but acid was the only word he could find to rhyme with placid,

Very sincerely yours,
SU SCEPTIBLE.

In a tavern in Calcutta there is a notice hung on the walls, "Guests are requested not to beat the waiters and servants."—*Et.* Of course they are at liberty to beat the landlord.

LAST Thursday's vote had nothing to do with the N. P. The great question decided at the polls was whether Mr. MOWAT was in a better condition to govern this Province than the late Mr. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD. And the people decided that he was.



Mr. GRIP would fain be a tender as well as a faithful father to the little political boys of his household, but he must be faithful at all events, and if any of the boys deserve punishment, he will assuredly not "spare the rod." Just at present he is under the painful necessity of taking CHARLEY TUFFER over his knee, for the disgracefully mean way in which that youth is acting as head of the Railway Department of the Dominion. Reports come from the Lower Provinces, authenticated by journals on both sides, which go to show that CHARLEY TUFFER is a practical believer in that most abominable of Yankee doctrines, "to the victors belong the spoils." He has been ejecting worthy persons from the situations upon which their livelihood depended, purely from political motives, and to make way for his own friends. Even poor, helpless cripples have not been spared at the hands of this pigmy tyrant, and so flagrant have some of his acts of cruel injustice been that they have called forth a protest in formal petition even from such thorough partisans as Mr. DOMVILLE. This demoralization of the Canadian Civil Service, by the dismissal of worthy persons on purely partizan grounds, is in our opinion the most atrocious outrage a Cabinet Minister can commit against the country, whose servant he is, whether he be Grit or Tory; and the Party that will deliberately endorse and applaud such action on the part of its leaders, is unworthy to be entrusted for a day with the control of affairs.



The Duke's Visit.

DONALD.—I'm chust ashamed o' America, altogether. Here is MACCALLUM MORE himself! I the country, an' the folk goin' on wi' their wark as usual!

We learn by Cabul that the Afghan war is over. YAKOOB KHAN now retire.

Politics.

A FARCE IN ONE SCENE.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ—Club Swell; JOHN, the waiter.

SCENE—U. E. Club. 11:30 p. m. June 6th—Swell discovered at table, sitting, looking over returns.

SWELL—"Confound their politics!" as the National Anthem hath it! I hate the very idea of politics, and the names of the politicians. The election's over; we're beaten, and I wish to hear no more of it—at least tonight. However, there's no use in repining. I'll order a solace in the shape of a glass of wine—(pulls bell—enter JOHN)

JOHN—Ring, sir?
SWELL—Yes; bring me some wine.
JOHN Claret, sir? I can bring some excellent claret: very fine—out of the wood.
SWELL—No; confound your claret, and your wood, too!—(bitterly)—we'll have enough of WOOD for the next four years.

JOHN—Perhaps, sir, you will try our Native wine from Cookville. It's getting to be a quite fashionable drink, now (smilingly). Foster native industries, you know, sir!

SWELL—(aside)—Politics again! (haughtily)—My good fellow, I'll give you a small piece of advice, which you can foster at your leisure: Be good enough to keep your suggestions to yourself; and see here, bring me a bottle of champagne. Hurry up, will you.

JOHN—(aside)—Hallo! what's the matter now? He used to be fond enough of the subject himself—(aloud)—Yes, sir,—[Exit JOHN].

SWELL—(solus)—Well, I am sorry for having spoken so harshly to the man, but politics seems to loom up in the simplest question, and the result of this infernal election is enough to put a Conservative saint out of sorts. (Enter JOHN.)

JOHN—Here's the wine, sir.
SWELL—What wine is it?
JOHN—Champagne, sir.
SWELL—(irritably)—Champagne of course, but what brand?

JOHN—MOET and—
SWELL—MOWAT! why, you infernal villain, there you go again with your politics! (Seizes JOHN by the throat and chokes him—finally JOHN gets away.)

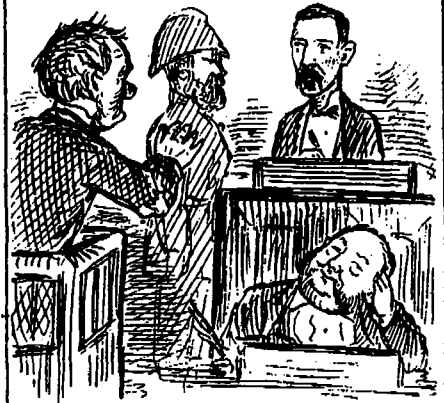
JOHN—(gasping)—Beg pardon, sir, but—
SWELL—What the deuce do you mean by talking to me of MOWAT at a time like this? I've a good mind—

JOHN—Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, but I was only going to say MOET and SHANDON! (Tableau and curtain.)

A young lady the other evening, kissed, in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering the mistake she said, "it's not he but it's nice."

"The Premier's N. P. Galop," is the title of the latest musical composition by Prof. ROEBER, of this city. We heard the Prof. play it the other day, and deem it our duty to pronounce it a tariff-ic success. If JOHN A.'s trade policy only works as harmoniously as this galop it will be highly satisfactory to the country.

THE Montreal Spectator, in a biographical sketch of Sir Dr. TUFFER, informs us that that gentleman has represented Halifax ever since he entered public life, whereas we know that he has never represented that city at all. This would be an unpardonable blunder in any ordinary journal, but it must be recollected that the Spectator is a "high class newspaper"—so high that humble little facts quite escape its notice.



MAGISTRATE.—Have you ever been here before?

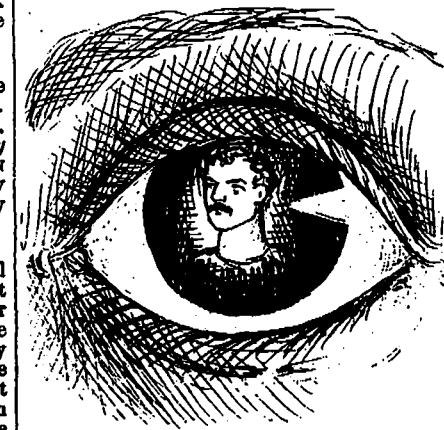
PRISONER.—No, never.
MAGISTRATE.—What, never?

PRISONER.—Come now, hold up. Name the fine, but don't go for to get off that Pin afore business with me. It's played out.

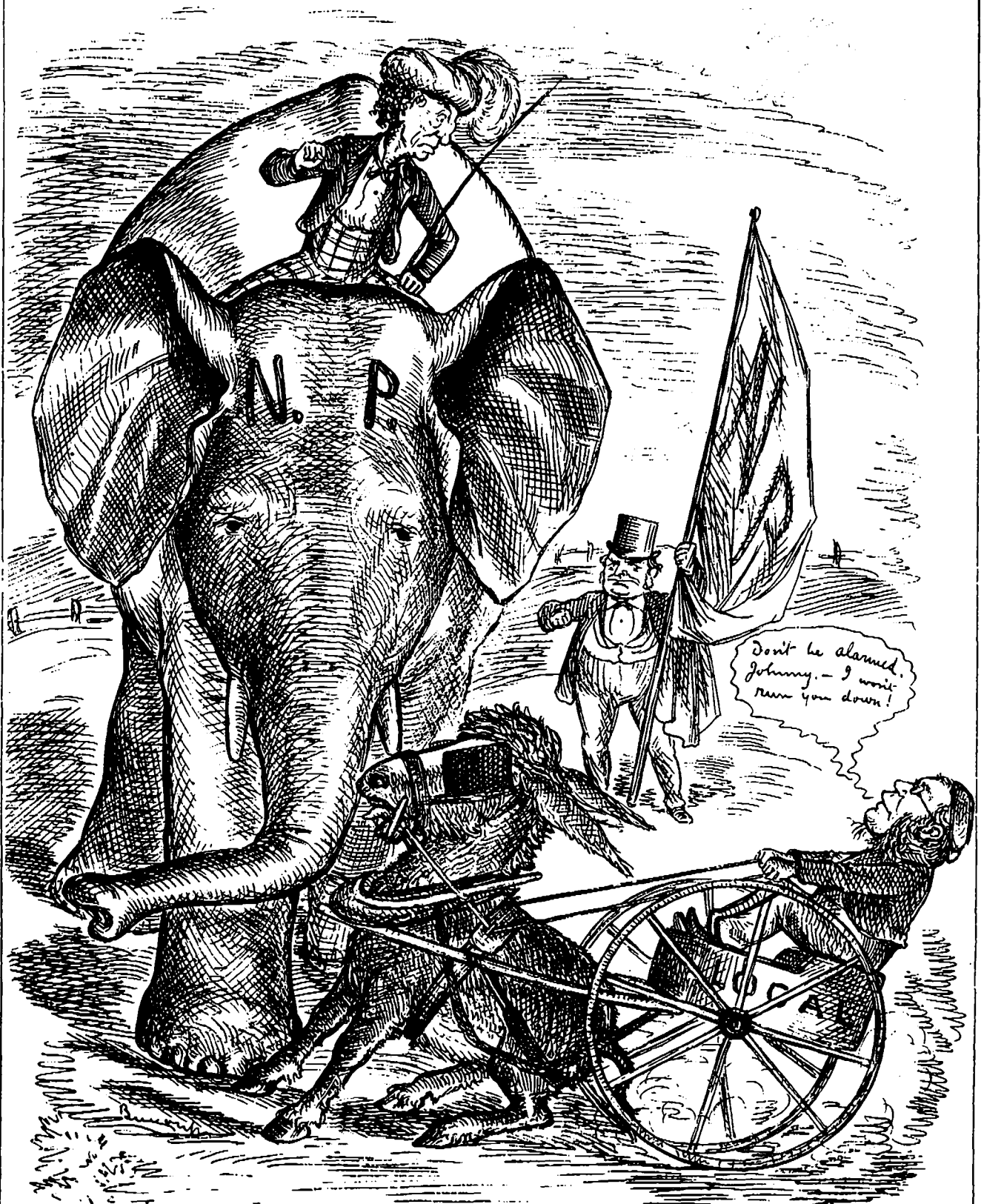
Not in the Side Show.

The circus is abroad in the land, and pretty soon we shall gaze upon the man with the plug hat and the stentorian voice, as he stands on a packing box at the door of the side-show and tells lies till the veins of his neck are ready to burst. He will claim to have on the inside a collection of the "greatest curiosities on the top of earth," when the fact is he hasn't a single one of the following objects:

- A man who does not say "It's a fine day."
- A man who has not "just commenced smoking" when asked for "a few whiffs."
- A man who can take up his note without renewing, and borrowing the balance from his friends.
- A bashful commercial traveler.
- A policeman or an umbrella that is on hand when wanted.
- An old maid who has not refused several good offers.
- A lady belonging to a sewing-circle who has never—or hardly ever—talked scandal.
- A politician who redeems all the pledges he makes on "nomination day."
- A man who when called upon to make a few remarks—with a written speech in his pocket—does not apologize for the suddenness, etc., with which he has been called up.



IN THE WORLD'S EYE.



THE N. P. IN DANGER!!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The first coat of paint is always a prime job.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Hope is the sugar coating on the pill of life.—*Whitehall Times.*

The country is tired of hanging-matches. Now bring on Sunday school pic-nics.—*N. Y. Express-ions.*

Early to bed and early to rise enables a fellow to keep the chickens out of the garden.—*Rochester Express.*

The college boat races have begun, and we shall now see the result of the winter's hard study.—*Boston Transcript.*

A grave-digger—A small boy in a hurry to go fishing, digging for worms when he can't find any.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Now that the ice cream season has set in it will be well to announce a grand opening in spring pocket-books.—*Bradford Era.*

Did you never notice that the largest profits seem to be monopolized by the houses that are "selling out at cost?"—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."—*Waterloo Observer.*

Beware of people who make a great deal of you, for you may depend upon it that they mean to make a great deal out of you.—*Hartford Sunday Telegram.*

Beware of little things! A coat collar with a single little hair on its surface will cause more trouble than a ten dollar switch any where else.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The man who advertises in a newspaper don't waste any flour pasting up bills or wear out any shoe leather traveling around the country.—*Oswego Times.*

Out in West Philadelphia yesterday a man knocked a three-story house down with a single blow of a hammer.—He was an auctioneer.—*Philadelphia Item.*

No one has ever been able to find out why a boy slams the door when he goes out mad, but good guessers imagine that it is because he daren't slam the family.—*Detroit F. P.*

Little boys now go down to the river, stick their toes in the water and exclaim, "Its getting bully." What in the mischief do they mean?—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Tell us not with painted pictures,

Circuses are what they seem,

For the soul sees through such mixtures,

And circus bills are but a dream.

—*Stuebenville Herald.*

You can go to England and buy a horse and bring him here and own him, but you can't do that with a ship. Congress is not a fool on the subject of horses.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Michigan girl coaxed her lover to take her carriage riding, and the horse ran away and killed her. Showing this paragraph to the girls will be thousands of dollars in the pockets of our young men.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

Scene in a narrow lane. Footpad—"Say, farmer, your ox won't let me pass." Rustic—"Well, 'spose you let him pass." Footpad—"There isn't room." Rustic—"Well, perhaps he'll toss you for it."—*Punch.*

Scientists say the sun will cease to shine seventeen millions of years hence, but by that time EDISON'S electric light will be in complete working order, and we shall not mourn the loss of old Sol. Stick a pin here.—*Norristown Herald.*

The wheelbarrow is the most useful and elegant appendage of a well-regulated back yard. Any one coming in contact with one on a very dark night can not fail to be struck forcibly with the truth of this remark. He'll tumble to it at once.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street one day last week, and the following conversation took place; "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."—*Boston Courier.*

The society of the REV. PHILANDER DORSEY, of this city, tendered him a donation party last week. By practicing the strictest economy during the remainder of the year, and by his wife turning her winter's dress and doing without a bonnet, the good man hopes to survive the donation, though he is exceedingly puzzled to know what to do with the four flower-pots, the bird-cage and a bound volume of "Harper's," which are the only tangible results of the devastating visit.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

An attempt is being made in Paris to found a paper modeled after the American style of journalism. When a physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, offers the editor of the French journal seventy-five boxes of pills in exchange for two hundred dollars' worth of advertising, and the sheriff soon after kindly volunteers to dispose of his paper and material to the highest bidder, the Frenchman will not entertain such an altitudinous opinion of the American style of journalism.—*Norristown Herald.*

Abou Tamerlik and Rhumul em Uhp.

It was during the reign of the good Caliph, when ABOU TAMERLIK came to the City of Bagdad, threw his grip-sack on the counter, and, as he registered, spake cheerfully unto the clerk, saying:

"A sample-room on the first floor, and send my kyster up right away, and call me for the 6:28 train east in the morning."

And BASLER EL JAB, the clerk, looked at him, but went away to the mirror and gazed at his new diamond.

And ABOU TAMERLIK bided him forth and went into the booths and bazaars, and laid hold upon the merchants and enticed them into his room and spread out his samples and besought them to buy. And when night was come he slept. Because, he said, it is a dead town and there is no place to go

And before the second watch of the night, RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, smote on the panels of his door and cried aloud:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, arise and dress, for it is train time!"

And ABOU arose and got his raiment about him, and hastened down stairs and crept into the 'bus.

And he marveled that he was so sleepy, because he knew he went to bed exceedingly early, and marvelously sober.

And when they got to the depot, lo! it was the mail west, and it was 10:25 p.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK swore and reached for the porter, that he might smite him, and he said unto him:

"Carry me back to my own room, and see that thou call me at 6:28 a.m. or thou diest."

And ere he had been asleep even until the midnight watch, RHUMUL EM UHP smote again upon the panels of his door, and cried aloud:

"Awake, ABOU TAMERLIK, for the time waneth and the train stayeth for no man. Awake, and haste, for slumber overtook thy servant, and the way is long and 'bus gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK arose and girded up his loins, and set forth with great speed, for his heart was anxious. Nevertheless he gave RHUMUL EM UHP a quarter and made him carry his grip, and he cursed him for a driveling laggard.

And when they were come to the train it was 11:45 p.m., and it was a freight going south.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP and smote him and entreated him roughly, and said:

"Oh! pale gray ass of all asses, the Prophet pity thee if thou callest me once more before the 6:28 a.m. east."

And he got him into his bed.

Now, when sleep fell heavily upon ABOU TAMERLIK, for he was sore discouraged, RHUMUL EM UHP kicked fiercely against the panels of his door, and said:

"Oh! ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, awake and dress with all speed. It is night in the valleys, but the day star shines on the mountains. Truly thy train is even now due at the depot, but the 'bus is indeed gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, swore himself awake and put on his robes, and hastened to the depot, while RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, went before with a lantern.

For it was pitch dark and raining like a house on fire.

And when they reached the depot it was a gravel train going west, and the clock in the steeple tolled 2 a.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and beat him all the way home, and pelted him with mud and broke his lantern and cursed him, and he got him to bed and slept.

Now, when ABOU TAMERLIK awoke, the sun was high, and the noise of the street car rattled in the street. And his heart smote him, and he went down stairs, and the clerk said to him:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, live in peace. It is too late for breakfast and too early for dinner, nevertheless it won't make any difference in thy bill."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, sought RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and caught him by the beard, and said unto him:

"Oh, cluck of edded pup (which is, 'Thou that sleepest at train time')! why hast thou forgotten me?"

And RHUMUL EM UHP was angry, and said:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, hasty in speech and slow to think; wherefore shouldst thou get up at daybreak, when there is another train goes the same way to-morrow morning?"

But ABOU TAMERLIK would not harken unto him, but paid his bill and hired a team and a man to take him to the next town. And he hired the team at the livery stable, and he cursed the house that he had put up at.

Now, the livery stable belonged to the landlord, all the same. But ABOU TAMERLIK the drummuh wist not that it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

"Domestic economy is at the root of the life of every true woman," quoth our fair and cultured Princess. I would like to hear Her Royal Highness apply that noble sentiment to corporations as well as women, and repeat it with emphasis in every town where the people foolishly strain their resources to prove their loyalty by giving the Vice Regal party a grander reception than the civic treasury can stand.

I read that two railway carriages are being built for the use of the Vice-Regal party on their excursions, at a cost of \$15,000. Of course this will come out of the Vice Regal private purse, as a sensible couple like the present representatives of the Queen wouldn't think of letting an already over-burdened people indulge in any such nonsensical extravagance on their account. As the Royal LOUISE has remarked: Domestic economy is a great institution, or words to that effect.

One of our high-toned papers expresses the opinion that the recent creation of Gingerbread Knights has done a great deal to perpetuate British connection. I don't know whether there is any foundation for this idea, but I do know that it has done a great deal to perpetuate the healthy contempt which sound-hearted people have long felt for the jackdaw who strutted in peacock's feathers.

I am astray—those carriages are being built at the expense of the country. And, furthermore, they are being built at Troy, N. Y., N. P. to the contrary, notwithstanding. And is this the way in which our rulers keep Canada for the Canadians? O, my country, land of liberty and bosh!

The great question, Is lager-beer intoxicating? is now agitating St. John, N. B. To decide it they are trying a case in court, and hearing the evidence of chemists as to the analysis of the beverage. Pshaw! why don't they set a few kegs before the jury, and let the matter be tested in a practical and agreeable manner.

The Minister of Finance is going on a visit to his constituents next Tuesday. As he has no public business down that way, I suppose his mission is to let them see how he looks in a Knighthood, and to state to them officially whether it is to be Sir SAMUEL or Sir LEONARD.

The *Globe* fellow, who is doing the Vice-regal visit to Quebec, says that when the Princess declared the Kent Gate corner stone to be well and truly laid, she did so in a low musical voice, which, however, could be heard by all on the platform. I venture to say the voice was a good business like voice, without any low musical nonsense about it, or it wouldn't have been so audible.

What this correspondent is after is that glittering title that was so magnanimously declined by his employer. And if he will write plenty of these pretty little pieces about the Princess, and send marked copies of the papers to the proper quarter, who knows but what he might get it.

Montreal promised St. John sufferers ten thousand dollars, but has only given them eight—Reputi-eight.

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xi-20-17

THE advent of the JOLY ministry was a mercy to Quebec; and the recent election in St. Hyacinthe was still MERCIER.

THE Steamer *Rothsary* is now a revenue-cutter. At least that is what the cashier of a rival boat thinks as he watches Captain DONALDSON's craft moving out of the harbour with the biggest crowd, on one of her 30 ct. excursions.

The Zulu Club.

Bro. GARDNER having concluded his address, as reported in our last number, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to him, the same being proposed in touching terms by Mr. JEFFERSON JARVIS JENKINS, and seconded by Mr. JOSEPHUS ORANGEBLOSSOM.

The CHAIRMAN—I s'jest, frens, dat we now purceed to organize de Club, an' I would call on our distinguish visitor, de honorable Mr. GARDNER, to read de draf ob de constitution an' by-laws, wat he wrote up to my house dis evening, on de back ob a handbill. (Hear, hear).

Bro. GARDNER—Well, Mars' CHAIRMAN, I am agreeable to dat, an' I beg leave to read de aforesaid constitution and by-laws as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

De name of dis Club shall be called De Zulu Club of Toronto, in affiliation wid de Lime Kiln Club of Detroit, and wid friends ob justice in de hull world at large.

De objec shall be to improve de members whar dat ken be safely done, and to secure to de culled men in Canada de same political show as wat de Irish gits.

Two gemmen ob color shall fowm a chorum, an' kin transack business on behalf ob de African citizen ob de kentry.

De financial consarus ob de Club shall be in de haus ob a committee ob three members, who kin furnish proof dat dey understand de hanliu' ob funs, an' haint made arrangement in dar own private affairs uor'n twice sence de hard times sot in.

BY-LAWS.

No smoking allowed, 'cept on business. De initiation fee shall be Two Dollars, payable in advance, not necessarily foh publication, but as a guaranty ob good faith.

White folks kin be elected honary members, provided dey will not disturb de meeting by eating peanuts.

Meeting ob de club shall be held every once in a while, and reports ob de same shall be put into de paper ob GRIP.

On motion of Mr. DANDYLYON GROSVENOR, seconded by Elder JENKS, the constitution and by-laws as read were adopted, and the meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the first quarter. The following gentlemen were chosen: President, GEO. WASHINGTON BRINDLEBLOOM, Esq.; 1st Vice, ARCHIBALD H. JACKSON; 2nd Vice, Mr. GEORGE BROWN DAVIS; Secretary, Mr. ALPHONSO VAN AMBERG DOESKIN; Treasurer, Mr. PEARLBLOSSOM CHROMO; Janitor, UNCLE JEFF BUCHANAN.

Finally, notice will be given of the first regular meeting of our club.

Absurd Rumor.

That it is in contemplation to create a new office in connection with the Ontario Government, the occupant to be known as keeper of the Catholic vote.

That SIR CHARLY TUPPER's Hamilton speech was pleasant reading for the *Globe* people.

That SENATOR MACPIERSON has declared that he will never write another pamphlet for the ungrateful people of Ontario.

That MR. JACK A. MACDONALD intends to apologise to Parliament for the insult he put upon its dignity last session.

That the reason MR. ALEX. MACKENZIE did not open his mouth during the local election was that he preferred to keep quiet.

MR. MOWAT may be a very good man, but Mr. ROBERTSON, the pool-selling member for Hamilton, is a better.



BUILDING UP A CHARACTER.

MISS MONTREAL—Now, officer, if you catch that murderer, remember I promise a thousand dollars reward.
OFFICER—Madam, we will do our duty faithfully without thought of the reward. We do not know but you may repudiate payment, same as you did in the St. John case.



THE BALANCE OF POWER.

WORTHY PRELATE—Now, my dear, take good care of that child and give it plenty of pap, or I'll take it away from you and hand it over to this other little party to nurse.



"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

Some people have a habit of going away from home when they want a good thing, and are often willing to pay a double price for it. In photography there is no need of this, as you can go where else get portraits of equal merit, as at the Photo-Art Studio of J. Bruce & Co., 118 King St. W., Toronto.

xii-22-17

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-corn, 61 King-street East, (late 137 Church-street), 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-12-17

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY TOBACCO

IS STAMPED

T. & B.

IN GILT LETTERS.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

xiii-1-3m

A Terrible State of Affairs.

SIR:—The people of this country are mad. They have gone entirely out of their senses, sir, if they ever were in them. I am convinced of it beyond all doubt by the event of last Thursday. I had a dread suspicion of it after what happened on the 17th of September, but I suspended judgment until I should see how the Ontario elections would go, and now, sir, as I have already said, I am convinced. The people have plainly said by their ballots that they demand corruptionists to rule over them, and as between competent and incapable ministers they enthusiastically decide for the latter. Sir, these are bold statements, but I am going to prove them in a very few words. What did they do on the memorable 17th? Why, sir, put JOHN A. and his besmirched companions back into power, and weren't they aware from the columns of the *Globe* that these base persons had perpetrated scandals innumerable and squandered millions of the people's money; whereas, MACKENZIE and his compeers were a body of pure, patriotic and able men, against whom no charge could be successfully made? There, sir, the first position is established. Now, what did they do last Thursday? Why, the same thing over again. They returned MOWAT and his ministry, notwithstanding that the *Mail* has informed them over and over again about the Proton outrage, the Fence Scandal, and the other most disreputable acts which these men have been guilty of, and rejected the services of Messrs. MORRIS, MEREDITH and the other members of the Opposition, who are highly respectable and trustworthy persons. There, sir, is the second position made fast. And now am I not justified in coming to the conclusion that the people of Ontario are mad—or at all events, which is still worse, that they have no moral perception, and deliberately prefer bad men to good?

Yours indignantly, MENS SANA.

THE motto of the early cocktail seeker:
"Early to bed and early to ryes."

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