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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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VOLUME XV. No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

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**NUMBER TWO NOW READY.**

**THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON NUMBER TWO.**

The CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer is one of the latest journalistic efforts of Toronto, and promises to be very popular. —Norwich, Ont., Gazette.

From all appearance this little magazine will be a welcome guest among all writers of the art, irrespective of any particular system. It is perfectly cosmopolitan in character, and contains new and interesting matter in regard to the different subjects treated. It is published both in its typic and lithographic portions, very similar to that of the Review, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to shorthand literature. —The Shorthand Review, Cleveland, O.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER" is the title of a well-edited and well-printed magazine, the second number of which has just been issued from GRIP office. Unlike some journals devoted to shorthand, this one is perfectly neutral as between the various systems, and it numbers amongst its contributors disciples of the two Pitmans, Graham, and Munson, besides one or two who acknowledge none of these men as their master. The Writer is full of interesting matter about shorthand and shorthand writers, not the least entertaining feature of the magazine being the cartoon and cartoon portraits by the artist of Grip. —The Globe Toronto.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of Grip's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect. —London Advertiser.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto. —Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eysel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

Mr. E. KING DODDS is preparing a volume for the Press, entitled *Self-made Men of Canada*. Many of the sketches have already appeared in the *Toronto World*; others are entirely new.

The Yale College Corporation has established a horological bureau in connection with the Winchester Observatory, to encourage the construction of more refined apparatus for the measurement of time.

In the autumn of the present year, Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the well-known war correspondent, will visit America, to deliver in many places a lecture, under some such title as "Royalties whom I have known."

Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY will begin a new novel in the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This brilliant and sympathetic writer is now coming to the close of his "History of Our Own Times," the fourth volume being almost terminated.—*The Pen*.

A new weekly is to appear in this city very shortly, called the *Commonwealth*. The paper will advocate rag-money, protection and other radical and advanced ideas, but will be independent of party. Mr. A. W. WRIGHT, late of the *Guelph Herald* and *National* will be proprietor and chief editor.

The *Scotsman* states that Mr. LONGFELLOW has in hand the libretto of an opera, the music of which will be composed by Mr. ALFRED CÉLIER, the author of the "Sultan of Mocha," who accompanied Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN to America and has remained upon this continent conducting several of his works.

There is a current rumor, which obtains general credit, that Mr. DION BOUCICAULT has abandoned the idea of paying a professional visit to New York city next season, and it is further whispered that this alleged decision on his part is not entirely disconnected from a premonition of possible trouble arising out of the divorce proceedings instituted by his wife.

There is a probability that at the end of the present year the *Bystander* will appear as a weekly instead of as a monthly. Should the change be made the paper is to be enlarged to the same size as the *London Spectator*, and a regular staff will be employed, with Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH as proprietor and chief editor, and Mr. J. MENCER ADAM second in command.

Mrs. HELEN JACKSON, ("N. H.,") the American poetess most favoured by EMERSON in his "Parnassus," author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and generally credited with "The Saxe-Helm Stories," is at present in England. Mrs. JACKSON has just completed a work entitled "A Century of Dishonour," relating to the sufferings of the Aborigines under the policy and agents of the United States.

The St. Andrew's Choral Society, Mr. EDWARD FISHER, Conductor, assisted by the superb Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. HENRI APPEL, Conductor, gives a concert in the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of July 9th. Both Societies are so well known to the lovers of high class music that it is unnecessary to do more than call attention to time and place when the concert will be given, to ensure a large audience to hear it. The general admission is only 25cts., little enough for a real two hours' treat.

The *Valley Record*, published at Wallaceburg, pays the following compliment to two of the contributors to the "National Literary Monthly," published in Toledo, both of whom are well known here:—Mr. W. E. WESTLAKE and Miss KATE EVA WESTLAKE, of London, are regular contributors to its columns, and both are writers of acknowledged ability. Canadians,

it appears, are becoming popular in the States, and the reproach that we have no soul in this country for art or literature is being speedily removed.

An extensive sale of autographs, which took place in Leipzig a few days ago, contained some English specimens of no small interest. Amongst others was a letter of Queen Elizabeth, in her own handwriting, beautifully clean and neat; it fetched 300 marks. A letter from JOHN LOCKE to THOYARD in Paris sold for 161 marks. A manuscript of SHUBERT's realized 130; one of BEETHOVEN's, 115; and a letter by WELER, 140 marks. A letter of CALVIN's realized 100 marks and was much fought over; a small billet of FREDERICK the Great, much disfigured was knocked down for 79 marks, one of VOLTAIRE's for 119; a GOETHE for 70 marks, 95 pen-nings, and two SCHILLERS for 90 and 181 marks.

**PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.**

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Prosvett Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LOKNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf, 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts.; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—*City of Montreal*, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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To Oakville every day, 25c.; to Burlington Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays, 50c. Convenient hours—Leaving 11.30 a. m., arriving 6 p. m. No night exposure.



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.**

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

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

We learn from the *New Haven Register* that Mme. JANAUSCHER has packed her dialect and sailed for Europe.

SARA BERNHARDT on one Saturday recently played twice and rehearsed once, during which she changed her toilet nineteen times.

MISS MARY ANDERSON read the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia on the Fourth, and part of it was chanted by a chorus.

Mr. W. H. CRANE's new homestead at Co-hasset, is near the cottages of Mr. STUART ROSSON, Mr. CHARLES R. THORNE and Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

CAPOUL complains in a letter to a friend in Paris, that he found "Pinafore" in America like the phylloxera among the vines in France. "Add to 'Pinafore' the immense menageries which inundate America, and you can form some idea of what we had to contend against."

The Berger Family of bell-ringers dissolved in this city. At the last concert given by them in the Horticultural Gardens Mr. SOL SMITH RUSSELL announced that he intends taking the road next season on a drama written especially for him.

THE BOOTH BREAKFAST.—A farewell breakfast was given to Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, on Tuesday 15th June, at DELMONICO'S. One hundred and fifty gentlemen discussed the dinner and listened to speeches and poems from a little after twelve to half-past five. Judge BRADY presided, the Rev. ROBERT COLLIER spoke on the subject of "The Theatre and the Church." Mr. LESTER WALLACK responded to the toast "The American Theatre." Mr. WHITELEW REED replied to "The Press," while Mr. BOOTH'S home-life was delicately alluded to by Mr. JEFFERSON. Mr. WILLIAM WINTER read an original poem from which we extract:

**GOOD-BYE TO EDWIN BOOTH.**

I.  
His barque will fade, in mist and night,  
Across the dim sea line,  
And coldly on our aching sight  
The solemn stars will shine—  
All, all in mournful silence, save  
For ocean's distant roar,  
Heard where the slow, regretful wave  
Sobs on the lonely shore.

II.  
But, O, while winged with love and prayer,  
Our thoughts pursue his track,  
What glowing sighs the midnight air  
Will proudly wait us back!  
What golden words will flutter down  
From many a peak of fame,  
What awful shapes of old renown  
That cluster round his name.

III.  
Slow, mid the portents of the storm  
And Fate's avenging powers,  
Will moody Richard's haggard form  
Pace through the twilight hours;  
And, wildly hurdling o'er the sky,  
The red star of Macbeth—  
Torn from the central arch on high—  
Go down in dusky death!

IV.  
But—best of all!—will softly rise  
His form of manly grace,  
The noble brow, the honest eyes,  
The sweetly patient face,  
The loving heart, the stately mind  
That, conquering every ill,  
Through seas of trouble, cast behind,  
Was grandly steadfast still!

VIII.  
Farewell! nor mist nor flying cloud  
Nor night can ever dim  
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,  
Our hearts have twined for him!  
But bells of memory shall chime  
And violets star the sod,  
Till our last broken wave of time  
Dies on the shores of God!

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.

**A Catechism of Cabinet Ministers.**

QUES.—What is a Cabinet Minister?  
 ANS.—A Cabinet Minister is the (figure) head of a Public Department.  
 QUES.—What are the duties of a Cabinet Minister?  
 ANS.—That depends on what sort of a Cabinet Minister he is.  
 QUES.—Are there more than one kind of C. M., if so, say how many and describe the varieties?  
 ANS.—There might be a good many varieties, but there are only two great species.  
 QUES.—Describe them!  
 ANS.—There is the Minister who is generally to be found at his desk in his department, works hard and endeavours to give the country a worthy return for the salary he enjoys, this is the old fogey species, and is very rare.  
 Then there is the C. M. who is to be found everywhere else than in his department, draws his salary as far ahead as he can and goes in for a good time generally, this is the enlightened and go ahead species.  
 QUES.—Is this then a correct definition of the manner in which the members of the two species fulfill their duties?  
 ANS.—Yes, except that along with his other arduous labors the enlightened head spends a large amount of time in endeavoring to find comfortable places in Government service for party hacks, such as "Thistle cutter on the banks of the Welland Canal at \$1000 per annum."  
 QUES.—What then becomes of the departments in the absence of the enlightened heads?  
 ANS.—Oh! they do very well under the supervision of the deputy heads whilst the Minister is inspecting the capabilities of Manitoba, prospecting for lobster traps in the Maritime Provinces, undergoing herculean pic-nic-ing exertions in Ontario or Quebec, or hurrying off to England on urgent business, and all for the benefit of an ungrateful country.  
 QUES.—Which is the preferable C. M. for the true interests of the country?  
 ANS.—The old fogey one, by all means.  
 QUES.—Then the interests of the country suffer by the continued and continual absences of Ministers from their departments?  
 ANS.—Yes, but the Ministers' salaries don't!  
 QUES.—What is the remedy?  
 ANS.—By public opinion insisting that Ministers should stick more closely to their departments.  
 QUES.—If necessary, could the number of Ministers not be increased and the work properly done?  
 ANS.—No, the present number might be reduced one-half by grouping the departments, resulting in a great saving to the country, if

we only had such a Civil Service as we ought, consisting of thoroughly trained and competent men, depending for place and promotion on ability, merit and length of service alone, with a greater amount of responsibility for the inception and carrying out of work, instead of the department being placed on the shoulders of deputy heads and chief clerks.

**A Patriotic Minister.**

Mr. Crooks as Minister of Education for Ontario has done much during the past two years to check the abominable sins of pride and self-esteem on the part of Canadians. When the Professorship of Classics, and the Presidency of Toronto University were about to be vacated, Mr. Crooks was so self-sacrificing as to undertake no less than two journeys to England for the purpose of importing a genuine English article to fill the positions. With regard to the Presidency, Mr. Crooks failed to induce any competent person to accept the dignity which was thus sent a-begging. But it was not his fault. Positively, no expense was spared. The humiliating fact remains that poor Mr. Crooks was compelled at last to offer it to one who is not only a Canadian, but to one the world-wide fame of whose writings has done much to foster that aspiration for a native Canadian literature which it seems to be Mr. Crooks' special mission to humble and drag through the dirt. But for the classical class Mr. Crooks has really secured a very nice young man, fresh from the Magdalen College, England, and no doubt quite competent to teach our University students a proper contempt for home and Canadian ways. By this appointment a salutary snubbing has been administered not only to many persons of undoubted scholarship, who by birth or adoption belong to Canada, but to those admirable classical scholars whose unrewarded labours have long aided the late classical professor at the University. Let all these persons realize what Mr. Crooks thinks of them, and govern themselves accordingly.

But Mr. Crooks, by his latest action in these premises, has actually surpassed himself. He has made his new juvenile importation from Oxford, not only Classical Professor, but has instituted in his honour a new office, that of Vice-President of the University, the emoluments of which this "Fortunate Yorick" will add to those of his Professorship. The arrangement is, we believe, that when the President dies or resigns, one or both of which in common decency he ought to do without delay, the young gentleman from Oxford will become President. Then all will be lovely.

We learn that the entire staff of Professors in the University have shown their appreciation of the course taken by Mr. Crooks by resigning in a body. This gives Mr. Crooks a fair opportunity to import a complete assortment of Oxford Professors, even if a little second rate. Anything, you know, is better than a mere Canadian.

**A Recent Conversation**

BETWEEN CAPTAIN JOHNY OF H. M. S. CANADA AND SIR JOSEPH PORTER.

SIR J.—A very fine ship and crew you have here, Capt. J.  
 CAPT. J.—Yes, Sir JOSEPH.  
 SIR J.—I hope you treat your crew well, and that there are no complaints, Capt. J.  
 CAPT. J.—I do my best to satisfy them all, and I hear of no complaints, Sir J.  
 SIR J.—On my last visit of inspection there were a good many complaints, Capt. J.  
 CAPT. J.—Ah, yes, Sir Jos., but then the ship was under the command of Capt. MacKENZIE.  
 SIR JOS.—Oh! and those troubles have passed away. The crew are now all well fed and with plenty of employment?  
 CAPT. J.—Oh, yes, Sir Jos., all the crew are now so well cared for, that we are able to make

handsome donations in aid of the destitute members of other portions of H. M. fleet.

SIR J.—Happy captain! beneficent crew! and all your crew, fully occupied, and thus well cared for, there have been no desertions?

CAPT. J.—Oh, no, Sir Jos., my crew have every advantage, are always fully employed and they never desert, Sir Jos.

SIR J.—What, never?  
 CAPT. J.—Well, hardly; that is very seldom—never.

SIR J.—I am glad to hear you say so, Capt. J., for I had heard that lately you had been suffering severely from desertions, and these your smartest men.

CAPT. J.—A vile slander, Sir Jos., got up by my ill-tempered predecessor and his friends. We may have lost a few, but not many I assure you, Sir Jos.

SIR J.—Your assurance is very refreshing, Capt. J., but have I not heard that you are making special exertions to increase your crew at considerable expense.

CAPT. J.—I am endeavoring through our recruiting agent at London, to obtain a draft from that overmanned part of H. M. fleet, Sir Jos.

SIR JOS.—Would it not be better to expend some of those funds in endeavoring to keep the men you have already got, Capt. J.?

CAPT. J.—But that would not be pursuing an enlightened and energetic policy, Sir Jos., and my policy is nothing of not enlightened and energetic.

SIR J.—Very well, Capt. J., I only hope your crew may not also become energetic and enlightened, or like Capt. Mack. you will find yourself superseded shortly.

**A Song for the Central Committee**

OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, ONTARIO, CONCERNING INSPECTOR HUGHES' UNAUTHORIZED SCHOOL MANUAL.

To the Central Committee 'twas HUGHES that thus spoke,  
 "Though the laws may forbid us, the laws can be broke,  
 So each High School Inspector in fact may make free,  
 To publish unauthorized manuals like me."

To fill up my purse I will do what I can,  
 To conoode the writings of some other man;  
 Bad grammar, bad English, bad spelling agree  
 With the High School Inspectors of this Committee.

The unauthorized books of MACLELLAN and HUGHES,  
 What public school teacher shall dare to refuse?  
 If he dare, he shall find himself in the wrong box,  
 For the book-ring Inspector is cute as the fox.

**CHORUS.**

"So fill up my purse, I will do what I can,  
 To conoode the writings of some other man, &c."

Though we can't wash our hands in a kettle of pitch,  
 If you herd with book-pirates you soon will be rich,  
 They may call us bad shepherds—at least we have CROOKS  
 For the plunder of parents, the pillage of books.

So fill up my purse, I will do what I can,  
 To conoode the writings of some other man;  
 Bad grammar, bad English, bad spelling agree  
 With the High School Inspectors of this Committee.

CHARLES DANA of the New York Sun says, "the way to save yourself from a burning shop is by keeping cool." Does he do so in the Sun office? PRATTON tried it and failed. We're glad he's safe.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to a daughter, who returned from a walk at ten o'clock. "When I was like you," she continued, "my mother would not allow me out later than 7 o'clock." "Oh, you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl; "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."—*Lowell Sun.*



Bray-zen.

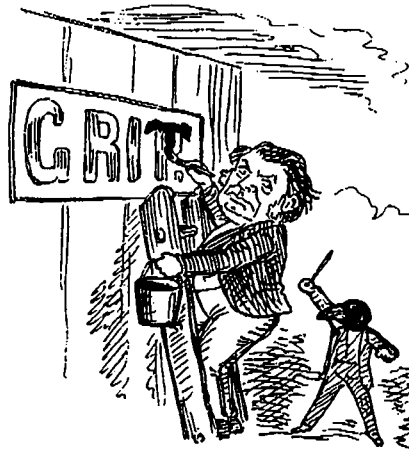
Mr. Gurr has been simple and childlike enough to believe all along that Christianity is a noble and spiritual system, and that the relations between a pastor and his people are and ought to be of the same character. The basis of unity in a congregation he has always conceived to be the cardinal doctrines of the faith, and the bond of affection the consciousness that they were all brethren serving the same Master, and pressing onward to the same reward. These old-fashioned notions are all astray, however, if Gurr's erratic friend Rev. ALFRED J. BUAY may be considered any authority. According to that somewhat phenomenal minister, *viz* the *Canadian Spectator*, "a full exchequer" is the basis of unity, and "money" is the bond of affection. The prosperity of a church therefore depends largely on the financial success of its strawberry festivals, and the size of the stipend it pays the minister. Now, it isn't likely Mr. Buay would lay down this doctrine if he didn't know it to be true, and so Gurr feels bound to bow respectfully to it. He would merely take the liberty of suggesting that when the proposed internal alterations in Zion Church are carried out, the pulpit should be transformed into the shape represented in the accompanying cut, and that Mr. Buay should preach the opening sermon from that text about "filthy lucre."



Army-Worm.

It was only in accordance with the fitness of things that the potato-bug and the weevil should have accompanied the late Grit Government throughout their term of office, but it bespeaks an annoying amount of assurance on the part of the army-worm that it should venture to put in its appearance while a superior Ministry is in power. Perhaps this new arrival does not

understand politics as well as its fellow-pests, and fails to see the incongruity of its presence in the fair fields of the Dominion at the present time. Had it been an intelligent insect it would have postponed its *debut* until after the next general election, and appropriately "come in with the Grits"—for we were given to understand it is the intention of Mr. BLAKE to form a Government about that time. Meanwhile the army worm is here, and its presence is a painful perplexity to the astonished Minister of Agriculture. The great problem is how to get rid of the nuisance. Mr. Gurr, who feels for the Ministry, would respectfully intimate that one of two courses is open. Let the Cabinet resign, and leave the army-worm and all the other difficulties to the Opposition, or else create a new office of Army-worm Exterminator (analogous to that of Thistle-cutter on the Welland Canal), and appoint a few thousand of the anxious and expectant friends to good positions.



More Besmirching.

When the Finance Minister was at Bath last week he made a good point against the *Globe* by quoting from Gurr. (Intelligent Ministers always know where to quote from when they wish to be particularly effective). Sir LEONARD was showing that the *Globe* had besmirched his character, just in the same way as it had bedaubed HANLAN, as represented by our artist in a late issue. The allusion of course told well, for it put the *Financier* in the attitude of injured innocence, which never fails to awaken compassion. The effect was very much spoiled, however, when Sir LEONARD himself tried his hand at the besmirching process by suggesting that "the final letter in the title of that very able publication ought to be changed from a p to a t." At once the audience felt that the Finance Minister was on a par with the ink-slinger of the *Globe*. In fact he proved himself worse. It may be meant to allude to HANLAN as a fraud, or to call the Finance Minister "Sir Bolus," but it is a good deal more objectionable, to us at least, to have a man high in authority stand up before the country and call this free, upright and independent paper a Grit. But no mat-tar! The time will come—!

Bad coffee is mean, but some men are meaner. Bad coffee will settle.—*Salem Sun-beam*

No one ever had a better excuse for giving the world a rest than TENNYSON has got. He is worth a million dollars.—*Detroit Free Press*.

An old angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about that causes anguish.—*Veriden Literary Recorder*.



Studying Up.

We understand that the Lt.-Governor-elect for the Province of Ontario is busily engaged in studying up the duties of his new position. This, if true, is greatly to his credit, for it proves that he appreciates the high honor that has been conferred upon him. The weather is not at all favourable to hard study at present, however, and it is therefore satisfactory to the Hon. JOHN BEVERLEY's friends to know that there is really very little to learn beyond the one great principle—that the Lt.-Governor should keep a steadfast eye on Ottawa, and follow instructions from that quarter under all circumstances.



A Gubernatorial Mæcenas.

Lt.-Governor ROBITAILLE, of Quebec, is distinguishing himself above the crowd of Lt. Governors (and there is a crowd of them in this Dominion) by the gracious and enlightened patronage he is extending to arts and letters. Spencer WOOD is becoming famous for its pleasant gatherings of cultured ladies and gentlemen, and a distinctively literary and artistic character is given to the entertainments provided for these guests. The *Quebec Chronicle*—albeit a Grit journal—sings the praises of the Provincial MÆCENAS, and declares the ancient capital never looked upon his like before. Gurr enthusiastically joins in this pæan, and congratulates the sister Province on having such a Governor. Canada is as yet far from a congenial home for the delicate little maidens, Literature and Art, and it is by such judicious patting on the head as this that they will be best encouraged in their up-hill path. If men in high positions, and men of liberal means in other parts of the Dominion, would copy the example of the genial Governor of Quebec, a great impetus would soon be given to native genius. In the meantime, *Vive* ROBITAILLE!



THE MINISTERS AT "BATH."





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A stern necessity—a rudder on a ship.

The barber's maxim: "Let's soap on, soap over!"—*New York News*.

A\* loue exhibition—a full stage, but an empty house.—*Waterloo Observer*.

As the Prince of Wales grows balder his crown becomes more apparent.—*Every Saturday*.

Take a close inventory of a man's size before you sass him. Look before you lip.—*Whitehall Times*.

Running your business is very much like courting a girl. No one else can boss the job but yourself.—*Whitehall Times*.

"Oh, for the sound of a voice that is still," sings TENNYSON. Why didn't he marry a deaf and dumb woman?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

It has been discovered that the "four o'clock" is a male flower. It shuts up in the afternoon.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

What is so rare as a day in June?  
A beefsteak removed from the fire too soon.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A man can get along without a stitch in his side, but a patch on the pants is often a stern necessity.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

Jokers' wives do not, as a rule, wear pungee silks.—*New York News*. But the jokers themselves need muzzlin'.—*Hackensack Republican*.

We are told of a woman who calls her husband "peach." She says his heart has ossified and his cheek is all there is of him.—*Waterloo Observer*.

What worries the strawberry dealers now is, whether to bring the small ones to the surface or throw away the large decayed ones.—*Bodie Free Press*.

It cost SARA BERNHARDT 144,000 francs to lose her temper. But she was so very mad that she probably got her money's worth.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but, whew, wouldn't the price of soap go down, if cleanliness were kept in its proper place by some people?—*Yonkers Gazette*.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, Oh, nature!—*Exchange*.

No man can truly say he is happy and healthy, and that he loves everybody, when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

The choicest perfume for a young lady is a sweet temper.—*Yonkers Gazette*. But unfortunately many sweet tempered girls are not worth a scent.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

At a camp meeting a venerable sister began the hymn, "My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock broker present.—*New York Telegram*.

If the President of the United States, says the *Boston Courier*, felt in proportion to his place as big as a policeman in his new uniform, he'd grow round-shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.

"Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wof a thousand dollars apiece; now dey would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin' down."—*Puck*.

The *Boston Globe* says it is a sign of good breeding to find fault with everything on the table at your summer boarding-house. The number of well-bred persons now boarding in the country is enormous.

"Pity is akin to love," he said. "Ah, yes," she murmured, with a flood of love-light in her eyes, "why not try me? I am akin to be loved." The ceremony came off in a week.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The young Englishman just over read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement—"Gained eight pounds in ten days," and remarked, "Hexcellent wages that MARY."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A newspaper up the Hudson solemnly announces that "Rev. Mr. GREENVILLE and Rev. Mr. STARRS will exchange pullets next Sunday." Hens there was considerable excitement.—*St. Albans Advertiser*.

The son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hul'oa!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat."—*American Punch*.

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his soft accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear a-dieu for some time." He did not call the next evening.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.—*Yonkers Statesman*. And "them literary fellers" to the lore class.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. And prying gossips to the middle class.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

"How slim is SARA BERNHARDT, PA,  
That shadow of a shade?"  
"My boy, she's just about as thin  
As picnic lemonade."  
—*Cincinnati Star*.

A contributor sends an ode to summer. This is getting desperate. Every day now we receive an "owed to somebody," and if it don't cease we will be compelled to ask that a receiver be appointed.—*Keokuk City Gate*.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table): "Well, JOHN, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table." JOHN: "Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."—*Exchange*.

The average person speaks about one hundred and twenty words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk-lid fall on his head while he is hunting for a sleeve button.—*Andrews' Queen*.

Beauty is shallow, and so is the pebbly brook. Is there bounty enough in the spring to keep the pebbles glistening? Is there goodness of heart enough to light the features up? these are the main questions.—*Fort du Lac Reporter*.

The *Buffalo Courier* announces: "A Niagara Falls hackman overtaken by justice." If the hackman wasn't driving faster than they usually do when paid by the hour, justice didn't need to get out of breath overtaking him.—*Boston Post*.

Here is an old rhyme which gives the art of riding in one lesson:

"Keep up your head and your heart  
Your hands and your heels keep down;  
Press your knees close to your horse's side,  
And your elbows close to your own."

The report that there are more good looking widows than usual at Saratoga is being circulated and wives are not now urging their husbands to take them there for the summer, so much as they were, while the husbands are more inclined to do so.—*Boston Post*.

The Canadian Parliament has decided to permit hogs to be shipped to that country, but they are to be killed as soon as they arrive. This will deter a certain class of American and English tourists from including Canada in their route.—*Steubenville Herald*.

An Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied:—"Och sure, its bekase I like bacon with a strake o'fat and a strake o'lane aqually, one after t'other."—*Ev*.

A hopeful case: Patient—"Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all, I must give up all that makes life worth living?" Doctor—"I'm afraid so—at least for a few years." Patient—"Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?" Doctor (a confirmed bachelor)—"Oh, no! Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite so bad as all that, you know."—*Punch*.

### Dat's de Boy's Name.

"My wife hez jes' presented me wid de fines' boy in dis country," said Black BILL, entering a magistrate's office, taking off his hat and slinging the perspiration from his brow with a crooked forefinger. "Yas, gen'elmen," he went on, "de fines' chile I eber seed. An' I'se jes' got a twenty-dollar gold piece right heah ter gib de man what can guess what I hez named him. Ter keep yer from spreadin' ober de whole universe ob names, I'll state dat it's a Bible name."

"ABRAHAM?" guessed some one.

"No, sah."

"PAUL?"

"No, sah."

"JOB?"

"Guess ag'in."

"NICKODEMUS?"

"Keep er comin'."

"ABIMELECH?"

"Try me ag'in."

The guessing ceased after a time, and finally BILL said:

"I'se named dat boy JUDAS ESCARUT."

"What!" said the magistrate. "JUDAS betrayed our Saviour."

"Can't help it. Dat's de boy's name. JUDAS hez been slighted. Nobody hez eber had de immoral courage ter name a chile fur dat man. But dat ain't de main reason why I named him JUDAS. I'se got de Bible ter 'stain me in gibin' de chile dat name."

"How does the Bible sustain you in desiring to perpetuate that name?" asked the magistrate.

"It remarking ob JUDAS, it says dat it would hab bin better fur dat man ef he hadn't been born."

"Well?"

"An' considerin' how many moufs is opened at de doo' when I goes home wid a side ob meat, it would have bin better fur dat boy ob mine ef he had neber seen de daylight. I knows what I'ze a talkin' about. I take de Scriptur frum de references. In de futur, ef I finds dat de boy hez made a improvement on hisself, den I'll change his name ter JIM."—*Vallejo Weekly Chronicle*.

**The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.**

NO. 4. THE STRONG-MINDED FEMALE.

Of all the daughters of EVE, the strong-minded female is the least feminine. To understand this fair phenomenon aright, we must remember that she is always at a white heat of enthusiasm, and is as impotent to control herself as are those gushing, simpering, fragile creatures who work slippers for unmarried curates, sigh tearfully over religious heterodoxy, and take Ritualistic divines into their inmost confidence. A hobby of some sort is as necessary to the she-radical as is fresh air to an invalid, and she stands up for her whims and crotchets with as much dogmatism, ill-will, envy, hatred and malice as the professional politician for his party, assailing rival crotcheteers on platform and in magazine with all the energy and spite of which the strong-minded amazon is capable. As a general thing strong-minded women have been bereft by beneficent nature of personal attractions. So far, however, from this being a drawback it is a positive advantage, for it enables them to devote more of their time and energy to a furtherance of their respective hobbies, untrammelled by the attentions of admiring men. If these females cannot pride themselves upon their beauty, they can at any rate draw public attention to their intellect, which is best achieved by being quaint and eccentric, and having the reputation of being *bizarre*.

It not unfrequently happens that the she-radical is also the she-infidel. In this particular department of thought and opinion she has no doubts about anything. Education is her panacea for the annihilation of the Deity, and if we only give our boys and girls enough of it, letting them have plenty of physical science and history, they will speedily arrive at that high state of intellectual enlightenment, where morality can be left to take care of itself. These particular specimens of the strong-minded female are death on superstition. Everything must be capable of proof, and to ask one of them to believe what may be incapable of demonstration, is to set their backs up and draw down upon one's self their most unmitigated contempt. Beliefs, creeds, sentiments, are the indication of a weak mind, and the she-radical will have none of them. Environments, destinies, evolutions and the permanent self are more to her liking and about them she loves to babble, delighting in her own intellectual superiority. The spirit of progress is upon her and she moves with the times. With the enthusiasm of her class she frequents the society of long-haired men, and of short-haired women, like herself, and is never better pleased than when crusading against revelation.

So enthusiastic are the women of strong mind that, even when they remain orthodox, they delight in organizing everything to which they turn their minds to a prodigiously fine point. Whether it be charity or religion, art or science, visiting the sick or relieving the poor, the occupation is taken up more as a hobby than as a duty, and becomes elaborated until a society is formed. There are some ladies who organize themselves into essay societies, a sort of mutual admiration clique, in which the one speaks enthusiastically and critically of the other; others fill their parlours with enthusiasts for woman's rights, and there are still others devote their energies to visiting the poor, temperance work, educational systems and religious theories. Their appetites for sensational activity are enormous, and for the fascination of publicity they will put up with a considerable amount of inconvenience. It does not always happen that these tender creature agrees amongst themselves. Beneath a tranquil exterior they often cherish feelings of spiteful hate towards each other and towards the members of rival organizations. The respective advocates of sprinkling or total immersion, as applied to baptism, cherish mutual hate

as deep as that existing between rival beauties, and exchange sarcasm and invective as full of animosity as a thunder cloud is full of electricity. For a time matters may go on harmoniously, but sooner or later differences occur, and the fight waxes exceedingly fierce and bitter.

It is almost unnecessary to add that in her own household the strong-minded female reigns supreme. Should she be married and have olive branches, her husband, for the sake of peace and quietness, humbly kisses the rod and lets her have her own way, and her children develop into prigs and pedants, precocious beyond their years and full of ideas unsuited to their age. Woe to the hired girl who falls into the clutches of one of these amazons. Order and method are the rule of the establishment, and a chair out of place, a disarranged cover, or a speck of dirt, is enough to draw from the censorious mistress a piece of her mind, which, to those who have once heard it, is dose enough for a life time. Should the married amazon be orthodox, Sunday, in her establishment, is a day to be dreaded. Her children are stuffed with catechism and the chief end of man until their heads ache, whilst over the whole place she succeeds in throwing an air of stiff and cold asceticism, which is as much like genuine Christianity as the cosmogony of DARWIN is like that of MOSES. If our friend is heterodox, she devotes her Sunday evenings to attending Radical lectures, often holding forth herself, and preparing subjects relating more particularly to the social condition of women. Like the *Saturday Review*, she is always hypercritical, and never better pleased than when engaged in argument. To her own house she invites women like herself, with the combative, argumentative love which characterizes all infidels, and nearly all social reformers, air their respective ideas with energy. In the matter of dress, these she-radicals are as *bizarre* as they are in matters intellectual. In reality they belong to another world, and are strangely out of place in this.

**Jones Waxen Warm.**

JONES doesn't altogether like the *Bystander*. Its philosophic tone, its cool assumption of superior wisdom and insight, makes JONES hot. Since he read the July number, he makes it warm for those he meets by remarks such as these: "Continental policy! Fiddlesticks! Commercial union! Rubbish! What does anybody care to whom he sells or from whom he buys, so long as he needs the article he purchases and finds it cheap and useful. When he sells he doesn't expect to find his customers bigger fools than himself. If he thought they were, he'd take care to sell for cash, whatever continent they came from. N.P.s and Commercial Unions must limit credit and create distrust. They are both, or either of them, red flags that warn common honesty of danger."

"Given, a revolving *Globe* and a stationary Senate, is it any wonder that the former has rolled past and lost sight of the other? Aged members in 'dotage and despair,' is a fine thought. The despair is quite in order. It is the dotage of the Senate—its uselessness—which the people lament."

"The effects of the National Policy"—plain as a pikestaff forsooth—dire depression, and, outside of the *Bystander* various other alliterative "d's" not fit for ears polite.

"Progress and poverty,"—stuff and nonsense! Anybody knows that the one necessarily neutralizes the other. Progress is only real when it lessens poverty. There is room for progress yet—room and to spare.

"Is life worth living? Hardly—without a fan and ice cream for the fair sex; and, for the sterner half of mankind, a good balance at one's banker's, assuring temporary freedom from financial worry."

"JONATHAN EDWARDS and MANSIE," true men I daresay, but don't care about them. Ought to

have known better than try to tie men down to their creed by their superior talents. Might have used them more wisely in aiding liberty of thought and kindness of life. Wouldn't have been famous then probably, but then they would never have grown infamous as the ages ran away past them."

And so JONES goes on, till people flee at the sight of him, and thus rescue their buttons and button holes from his feverish clutch.

**The Affecting History of Daniel Pryce.**

My tale is of a learned lad, so wise and oh, so clever. I scarcely think I ever met a wiser—"hardly ever." But stay! I quite unconsciously have quoted *Pinafore*. Which is, to say the least of it, a nuisance and a bore.

Well: even in his cradle he rebuked his smiling ma. For using doubtful grammar, and remarked to his papa: "Be careful, sir, in future to say *cars* instead of *keers*. Your language is disgraceful and unsuited to your years."

Of course from what I've told you, you can readily surmise a future of distinction awaited DANIEL PRYCE. And when he left his college at the early age of ten. In learning he could discount all the very wisest men.

In Japanese and Swedish he could eloquently speak. He used to think in Turkish, and often too in Greek. His only relaxation was in studying the stars. (For he was the discoverer of the well-known planet Mars.)

His father had a sewing maid, the tidiest ever seen. Her name was rather uncouth—*Olcomararine*: DANIEL called her "*Buttercup*," but here am I once more. Referring to that nuisance I commented on before.

Now, love, as I have often heard, needs neither bolts nor locks.

At men as wise as SOLOMON the little rascal mocks, So DANIEL fell a victim and a willing one. I ween. To the glances of the sewing maiden—*Olcomararine*.

No tongue could tell the awful yell which his dejected pa emitted when he heard the news from DANIEL's fond mamma:

In fact proverbial thunder among proverbial eels Was nothing to the hideousness of DANIEL's father's squeals.

His "sisters, cousins and his aunts" all wept in noisy plaint:

His wealthy uncle fell into an apoplectic faint: His washerwoman wallowed in an epileptic fit: And I felt grieved and hurt myself, to say the least of it.

But that is neither here nor there, for DANIEL stopped his ears.

And did not care a copper for that baptism of tears: (To take a horse up to a well is easier than you think. But, ah, it's quite another thing to force the brute to drink.)

So DANIEL didn't care a bit. He said he'd made a vow To marry little BUTTERCUP in spite of all their row. "Whenever he was old enough" (for he was only ten, And his income quite inadequate for matrimony then.)

His wooing was peculiar—the fact I will admit. Science and mathematics formed the greater part of it: Astronomy and logic both lent their timely aid. To DANIEL's funny wooing of the tidy serving-maid.

He argued with himself one day, "This girl can hardly spell,

She's shady in her grammar and slangy, too, as well. But when she is my better half she'll wiser be than me, And that's good logic" DANIEL, boy, as far as I can see."

His wedding morn at last arrived, a bright and sunny day. A brave assemblage filled the church, all dressed in colors gay:

The blushing bride stood waiting there before the altar rail, Arrayed in snowy dimity and an antimacassar veil.

"But where on earth's the bridegroom?" the wedding guests enquired, (And rampant curiosity the female portion fired)— "This really is outrageous, to play such horrid tricks. And leave the whole assemblage in such an awkward fix."

They searched for and they found him. But ah, the truth is sad,

That very day poor DANIEL P. had gone stark, staring mad,

They found him in his night-gown, (in a great big four-post bed,)

Nursing a doll maternally and standing on his head.

But that is neither here nor there, so upon this reflect. All silly stories that rolling go nor verdant moss collect: A living dog is better than a lien lying dead.

And half a loaf, (at any time,) is better than no bread. B.

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VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 8.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 10TH JULY, 1880.

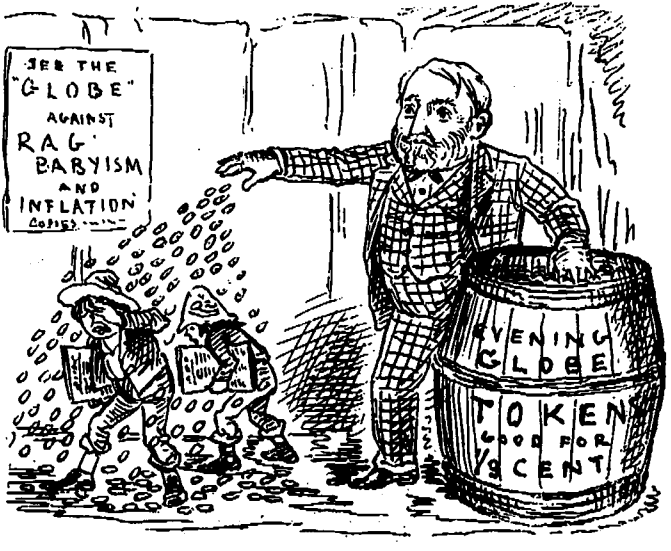
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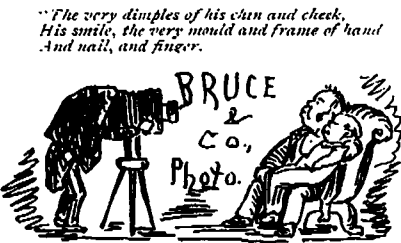
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An Revoinr.

On behalf of their newspaper brethren GRIP takes this method of bidding an affectionate good-bye to the celebrated Rag-baby editors, BROOKS and WRIGHT, who are about to proceed to the neighboring Republic to secure the election of WEEVER, the greenback candidate for President. At the same time the sketch will serve as an introduction to these able young men to all the American readers of GRIP, and it is hoped may secure for them a hospitable reception, or at least an immunity from eggs of questionable character.

Five thousand miners in Colorado are out on a strike. The prospectors are also on a strike, but they are not striking as much as they would like.—Meriden Literary Recorder.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a poor man, than it is for a candidate before a Democratic convention to enter the Kingdom of Heaven or the White House.—Meriden Literary Recorder.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "You are small potatoes." We may be small potatoes, said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."—American Punch.

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