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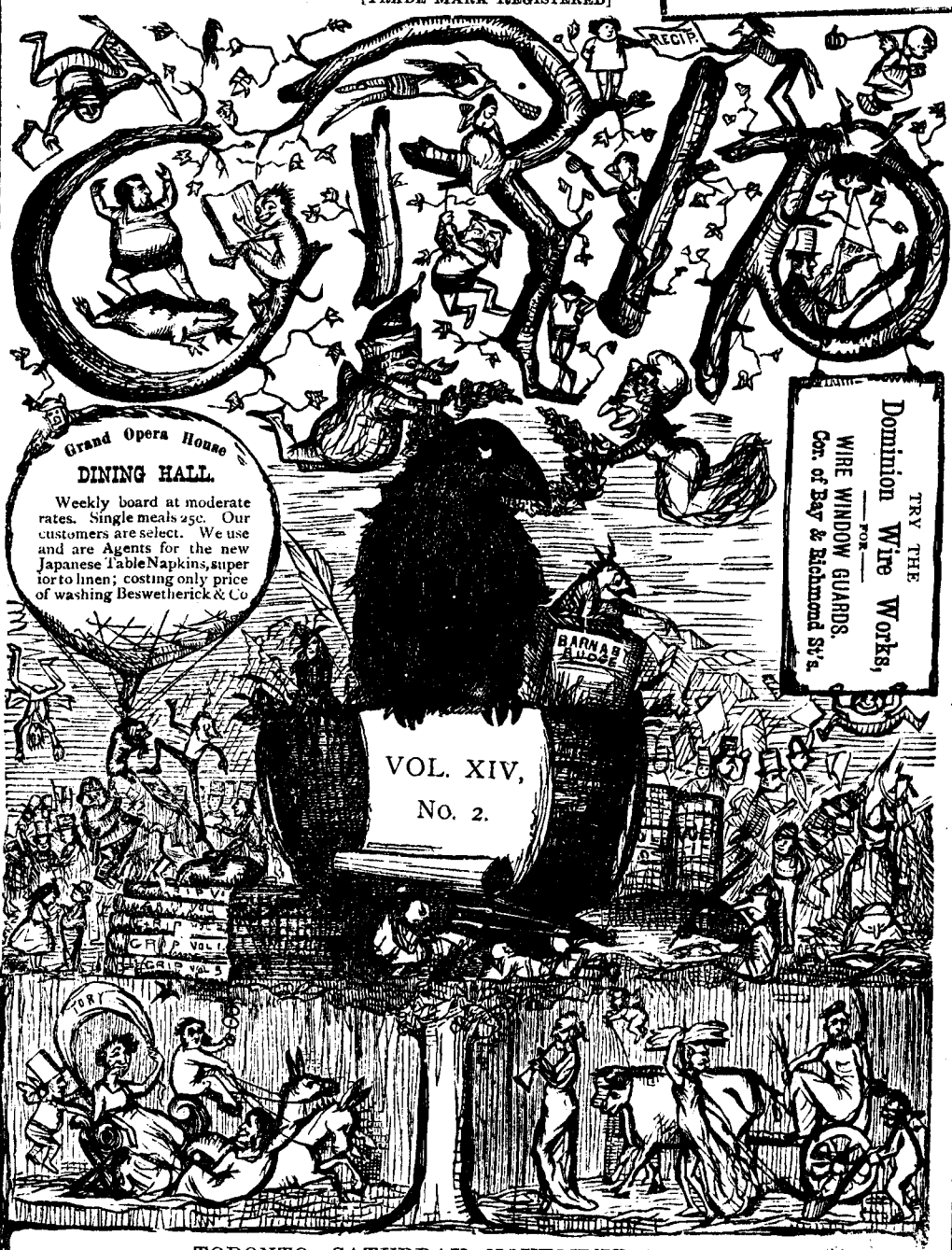
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VOL. XIV,
No. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

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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.

Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, M. P., author of *Gina's Baby* is writing a new story.

BRET HARTE has been engaged to write for the London *Figaro*, and what he writes hereafter will first appear in that periodical.

A. MINER GRISWOLD ("the Fat Contributor"), of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, is on the war-path again with *Injun Meal*, which contains a "grist" of new jokes and puns, every one of which is warranted to go right to the spot where the laugh is located.

The well-known Munich artist Von PILDT has resigned the position of Director of the Royal Academy of that city. The reasons for this step are not published. The painter's new colossal picture, "The History of Munich," is received with extraordinary favor.

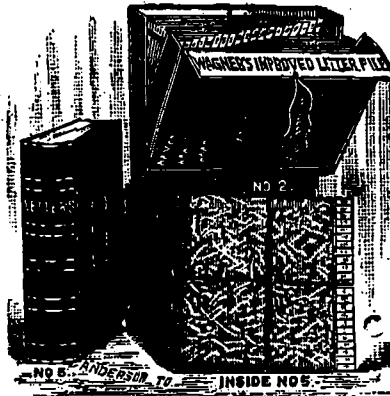
So great has been the demand for the November issue of *Scribner's Monthly* (the "Agricultural number") containing the opening chapters of GEO. W. CABLE's new novel, *The Grandissimes* that the first edition of 100,000, was exhausted within two weeks. A new edition will soon be ready. Of the December number of *Scribner*, 103,000 will be printed.

The correspondent of a Swiss paper warns collectors of antiquities to beware of fabricated specimens of articles purporting to belong to the age of bronze and to have been found among the remains of lake dwellings and in the beds of rivers. He says there is a regular manufactory of these things near the Lake of Bienna, and that bronze swords are being offered for 100 francs each, which are not worth as many centimes.

Mlle. ADELE LEMAITRE, the accomplished organist of St. PATRICK's Church, of this city, gave a highly interesting and successful pianoforte recital at the new concert room of Messrs OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & Co., on Saturday afternoon. The programme was made up exclusively of classical music, and was performed in such a manner as to thoroughly please the large and cultivated audience present. We hope Mlle. LEMAITRE may make a more public appearance before long.

VICTOR HUGO at a supper recently given to celebrate the 10th representation of *Notre Dame de Paris*, said, rather picturesquely: "It is literature that makes nations great. It is by HOMER and ÆSHYLUS that Athens exists; it is by TACITUS and JUVENAL that Rome dominates; it is by RABELAIS, MOLIÈRE and VOLTAIRE that France resigns. Three cities in history deserve the name of urbs, which seems to sum up at a given moment the whole of humor and intelligence. Those three cities are Athens, Rome and Paris. The whole of Italy is expressed in the word DANTE; the whole of England in the word SHAKESPEARE."

A contemporary says that Mr. EMERSON is fortunate in being surrounded with a sympathetic household. His only son is already a prominent physician in Concord, one of his daughters is married, his grand-children are around, his wife and another daughter remain with him, and among his neighbors are relatives of the family. Taste, refinement, and culture pervade this unostentatious home. The library is not vast; but it contains most good books and none other. Among these books are found a large number sent to him by their authors from various parts of the world, some of which possibly might never have been written if EMERSON had not lived. On the walls are some rare engravings and a fine copy in oils of MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Parca*.

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Stage Whispers.

At the Grand Opera House the engagement of the great tragedian BANDMANN and his company proved one of the events of the season: The usual Saturday matinee will be given to-day, when Mr. BANDMANN will appear in *Narcisse*, a play in which his performance is especially fine. C. L. GRAVES' combination comes next week to present the new and popular play entitled *Queen's Evidence*.

Large audiences were attracted to the Royal Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE and WEST'S Minstrels, who gave refined and highly entertaining performances. For the remainder of the week it will be the abode of the mystic art, as illustrated by the clever magician, Prof. GIRARD. In addition to a first rate performance the Professor adopts the popular custom of giving presents.

DONN PLATT, in the *Capital*, admits that he made a dramatic mistake. He says: "We committed a grave error by selecting, in this realistic age, so remote a period as that of EDWARD IV. for the subject of a drama. We intend to correct this by dramatizing the loose-jointed TALMAGE, and securing Monsieur le Comte JOANNES to perform the leading role—that of the right leg. To win success in any line one must consult the tastes of the hour."

At the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, recently, a new play with the title of *The Picture*, was presented. The play is called *The Picture* because its hero is an artist who has painted a picture upon which the wild and turgid story of the drama hangs. This work of art is shown in the last act. It is from the pen of a Mr. ION PERDICARIS, and it is a romantic and idyllic poem, conceived upon a highly spiritual plan. The audience was not large, but fashionable and artistic, including a generous sprinkling from the studios. Much praise is due to the chief actors for their earnest efforts to give an interest to the play, which of itself it did not possess, and nothing but the good nature of the friendly audience could have persuaded so many to sit out its entire length.

Among the latest "distinguished arrivals" are the parents of *Pinafore*. All things considered they have been pretty well received. Instead of being pitched headlong from the ship into the dock by an outraged community that can't hear itself think on account of *Pinafore* gags and airs, they were allowed to go to a hotel, where they were immediately besieged by reporters, each with pencil and note book ready for business. GILBERT expressed amazement at the popularity of *Pinafore* in this country (it was running at eight different places in and about New York the day of his arrival), but out of courtesy to the American people refrained from expressing any opinion about their being a lot of idiots to take up with this piece of silliness in the way they have. He considers *Pinafore* as poor a bit of work as he has done, and that may seem to be saying a good deal. SULLIVAN has a pretty fair opinion of the whole thing (naturally enough, considering that he made it), but would think better of the whole thing if the American managers who have made heaps of money out of *Pinafore* had divided with the authors. They have received only a few hundred dollars, while the managers have made—oh ever so many millions.—*Corr. Detroit Free Press.*

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUH.

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

Mr. Briggs' Cooking Lesson.

Mr. BRIGGS is a Grit and consequently a man of small income—for everybody knows that people who get large incomes are either Tory at the beginning or join the Tory party for social reasons, just as aspiring Methodists and successful Baptists are popularly supposed to go over to the English Church—the salvation therein being of a very superior quality. When Mr. Briggs makes money he will be conscious of a longing for things better and finer than he has known—he will feel the want of a first-class article in manners and a gentlemanly bearing such as can be acquired only in the party of both the JOHN A'S. He may recognize the hopelessness of "getting shet" as he would say, of all his own low tastes, acquired by a long adherence to the party of Mr. BROWN, Mr. BLAKE, Mr. RUPERT WELLS, and Mr. J. D. EDGAR, but observation will have shown him that his children may acquire by Conservative associations the exquisite courtesy with which the U. E. Club men greet each other, and the very superior tone of its members in relation to tradesmen and money-mongers—counting these classes as so low that it would be undignified to keep promises made to them. However, pending his accession to large income, Mr. Briggs as we said before is a Grit; and we say this with no desire to hurt his feelings or humiliate him. He is a G—t and a husband, likewise a father several times. He is a G—t and puts faith in the *Globe*.

Seeing on Tuesday in his favorite newspaper that people of small incomes wasted money by bad cooking, and that Miss Dods would teach the humble woman in the evening after enlightening the fashionable female in the afternoon, he resolved that Mrs. BRIGGS should spend at least ten cents in acquiring the art to make the food of the poor man palatable. Up to that moment he had been rather proud of Mrs. BRIGGS' cooking—her bread is always sweet and light, with crisp crust, her beefsteaks come juicy and hot and tender from the grid-iron, she fries a sausage in a manner to make a pig content with early death and fame, and you buckwheat pancake comes from her griddle puffed up with its own excellence, in a fervor of brown heat, and altogether guiltless of greasiness.

"JANE," said Mr. BRIGGS, "I wish you

would go and take a cooking lesson from Miss Dods."

"Miss Dods, indeed!" said Mrs. BRIGGS. "Show me e'er a woman in this city as can give me a cooking lesson—I'd lessen her!"

"But, JANE," said he, "the *Globe* says that—"

"None of your *Globe* sass to me"—said JANE violently, "wot does them perlitical chaps know about cooking—unless its accounts"—said Mrs. BRIGGS who was a protectionist and read the *Mail* regularly till the new tariff raised prices all round without increasing Mr. BRIGGS' salary.

"Lord bless you," said BRIGGS, "don't you know that the *Globe* has speshul writers for every subjec. Hain't they got a man for the waterworks, and one a purpus for the woolen business, and one to nothin' but find out wot BEMARCK is thinkin' about, and a tax-gatherer to write about the N. P.—who else could know so much about taxation—and a scholar to keep pilin' on the *obiter dictum* to the judges when they goes wrong, and a constitutional lawyer to watch how the Markiss acks, and by consequence wasn't that e're article written by a purfessed cook? Why, maybe it was the cook of the Queens, though I never heerd of him bein' littery!"

"Yes, and perhaps by some one givin' cooking lessons," said Mrs. BRIGGS, snappishly.

"JANE," said Mr. BRIGGS, "don't insinuate nothin', it ain't lady-like. I want my income to be saved more'n it is."

"Save it yourself then," said Mrs. BRIGGS defiantly, "spendin' money in beer; buyin' a plug hat; talkin' of joinin' a club ever since the *Globe* praised the Toronto club! You don't get me makin no experyments in French cooking—maybe you'll be wantin' me to cook frogs next. Oh, that ever my mother should have said I was most as good a cook as herself to come to this for JOHN BRIGGS—after all these years—turnin' up his nose at good plain food, and wantin' frogs on my table! Never, my peoty pet," shrieked JANE, suddenly seizing the baby—"it never shall have no frogs—nor filagrees," said she, with a sense that she had somehow forgotten the right word.

By this time Mr. BRIGGS was off to the shop swearing at the "peckiness" of women and determined to take a cooking lesson himself and see if JANE could not really be improved. He went on the sly during the remainder of the week—afternoon and evening—six lessons in all. They were to Mr. BRIGGS purely delightful. Surrounded by all that is noble and beautiful in Toronto society, ladies of limitless lineage and those of the very newest fashions and families, his soul sniffed up at once the delicate savours of the frying pan and the aristocrat, and he melted away with the soft rapture of a man who has paid his way into high life.

He determined to effect a change in JANE's *kweezen* and contemplated a bill of fare for Monday's dinner every *plat* of which should be fashioned after those which he had seen prepared at Shaftesbury Hall. He could explain how to do it to JANE during the evenings, and on Sunday he could stay home from church and see her carry out his designs. It is sad to relate that his usually dutiful spouse refused to listen to his account of the lectures or to give him any aid whatever, saying, she "wasn't goin' to have another woman's notions lugged into her kitchen."

"You know so much about it, JOHN," said she, "just go to work yourself, I'll go to church Sunday morning and leave you all alone."

"All right," said JOHN, "all right, we'll have one first-class south-Kensington dinner any how," and he felt a consciousness of a power to talk all that he had seen done

at the Hall. "It was explained so clear," he said to himself.

On Sunday morning Mrs. BRIGGS went to church, took the children and smiled sweetly as she departed, with the remark that she would return with a fine appetite.

Mr. Briggs went into the kitchen where the supplies that he had purchased were laid arow—oysters, piece of halibut, fine pair of chickens, macaroni, and materials for pudding. A great sense of loneliness came over him which vanished as he reflected that he would only have to do one thing at a time. He said to himself that he "knew how to boil oysters anyhow!" and at once proceeded to boil them anyhow. When he got the milk boiling he popped them in and began a search for something to cook the halibut in. Not knowing that the pot cupboard contained stew-pans and pots he rummaged through the back kitchen, wondering how JANE got along with so few "things." At last, as time was swiftly passing, he resolved to cook the halibut in the clothes-boiler, and put it on with a feeling that he was very clever to have thought of the utensil in that connection. In the confusion he had entirely forgotten to take the oysters off. Not for a half an hour did he reflect that he should have cooked them last and then, as they were tough as leather, he, with masculine promptitude, dumped them into the swill-barrel. His chickens were in the oven meantime, browning finely, he said—and he proceeded to make the pudding with a sense that his education as a cook would not be completed without a few more lessons. The pudding didn't mix properly, and he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to stuff the chickens. He went instantly to the oven to take them out and put in the stuffing, opened the door and out rushed a great black cloud of smoke—the chickens were as black as his boot—he had forgotten to baste them. He carried them to the table burning his fingers, and deposited them on top of the pudding bowl, which thus got full of the blackness of the pan. Suddenly thinking of the halibut, he looked into the clothes boiler, the fish was vigorously boiling—in shreds. A sense of failure came over him, he dreaded to touch the macaroni, and went back to the pudding, becoming then aware of its condition.

"Blank dash the blank dash chickens!" he shouted, thrust the pudding spoon into his trousers pocket, pitched the chickens into the swill-barrel, threw in the halibut after them, and rushed wildly for his coat. "I guess" said Mr. BRIGGS, "I'll go and dine down town," and out he went—only to bring slap up against JANE and the children.

We draw a veil over his confusion. For the credit of womanhood let us remark that Mrs. BRIGGS was never more amiable. JOHN went up stairs to wash the pot black off his face and hands, both thought him while brushing his hair that his wife really ought to have a new dress, and came down in a humble frame of mind, to find on the table one of the best cold turkeys a man ever stuck a fork into, a deep apple pie, cold, with crust of singular lightness and crispness, and a couple of bottles of first-rate beer to wash the repast down. "I thought you would need a good dinner, dear, after working so hard," said JANE and so I got this ready yesterday. It would be a pity not to have a nice Sunday meal after all the knowledge you got at the lectures."

He has made a vow to content himself hereafter with the practical result of JANE's cooking, but she—strange to say—went out on last Monday and Wednesday evenings to see "a friend" who somehow has managed to put her up to several Shaftesbury Hall wrinkles.



The Age We Live In.

"By means of a **BLAKE** transmitter placed in the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, on Sunday evening, by the Dominion Telegraph Company, and connected with the **BELL** telephone, a large number of persons were enabled at their residences to listen to the sermon. So perfect was the transmission of sound, that the very echoes of the minister's voice could be distinctly heard."
—Mail.



The Beauties of Listening at Home.

"Humph! I wonder where you cabbaged that sentence, parson?"

Portraits of Societies.

BY ASPER.

One of our correspondents recently in sorting over a number of old papers and letters which had been brought by his great grandfather from England many years ago, found among them a bundle of papers evidently written by some dabbler in literature a long time back. They were descriptions of different classes of Society of the period in which the papers were composed, and as many of them are adapted in a wonderful manner to Canadian Society of the present day we reproduce them for our readers. The first was entitled

No. 1.—YE BANKKE CLERKE.

Ye Bankke Clerke is one of ye upper stratum of all ye inhabitants of ye worlde. A man on whom ye kindest Providence has been most lavish in bestowing its blessings. So well do they know that they are not as the rest of mankind that it is said—of course this is known to a humble writer only by hearsay—that they do object to being called clerkes and do insist on men calling them ye Bankke Officers and not ye clerkes.

A man may always know one of these

proud gentlemen by ye haughty stride with which they do perambulate ye by-ways of ye city. At ye hour of four of ye clock they do issue forth from their offices and it is a most pleasant sight to see them, as with swinging cayne they do brush past all ye lower classes. It is most refreshing to see them accost with graceful bow ye damsels in ye streets.

By them they are most favored—and it is said that ye maidens do delight in their society, so entertaining is their discourse and so full of wit and knowledge is their conversation. They do pride themselves on their comely figures, and do take especial delight in a most wonderful, difficult and intricate dance which they do perform before the lords and ladies with ye damsels at ye entertainments called Balls. This dance is called ye "Bostonne," and is remarkable for ye easy graceful glide assumed by ye partakers therein. Of all ye dances in ye worlde this is said by ye highest authorities to be ye most difficult to master. Ye Bankke Officers do in ye afternoon frequent ye clubs and in ye evening ye pit in ye theaters, but never do they take any interest in ye performance of ye actors, as it is contrary to ye manners and customes of ye higher classes to exhibit any indications of mental excitement. They do all things by rule and in order, and are not to be agitated by any occurrence of ever so extraordinary a nature. They do set themselves up to be critics of ye actors and of ye playwrights—and do criticise as they do indeed comport themselves in all things—by rule and order. They do describe all public performances as "not so bad, by Jove," but to go beyond that much in praise of anything would be to overstep ye bounds of that decorum by which in their department they are limited. Men also do say that these gentlemen do in those countries where no soldiers are to be found take ye place of ye captains and ye ensigns in ye Regiments of His Majesty, and this is the reason why they do insist on being called officers. Although they do not wear uniform or livery of ye King, yet they do display in their bearing and presence that martial appearance which is by ye vulgar supposed to be confined to men of war.

The London *Free Press* speaks of a Roman Catholic clergyman, who, in a recent lecture in that city, in support of his faith, "proceeded in an eloquent manner to defend the allegation" that Romanism was antagonistic to education and intelligence.



The Irish Grievance.

PADDY—Has it come to this, that a decent man has got to pay his rint!!



Caught at Last.

The Hon. the Minister of Education, after fishing in every likely spot, has at length secured a fine scientific **Pike** in the profound water of Oxford. The new fish will be placed in the chemical laboratory of University College, where **GRIP** hopes he may feel quite at home, and live and flourish for many a year.

The following lines are selected from one of the numerous "parodies" garnered by the *Advertiser* man of London as the fruit of his new departure in the parody line. We believe the particular effusion in which they occurred was rejected on account of its not attaining the required standard of abusiveness of the chieftain, "Cockywalky."

- "Glib the tongue of **COCKYWALKY**,
- "It could father countless fictions
- "Scarce the first to ground had fallen
- "Ere another was invented."
- "Strong of arm was **COCKYWALKY**,
- "Greatly could he draw the long bow,
- "Draw it sometimes till the arrow
- "Slipped the string and him impaled."
- "**COCKYWALKY** loved his long bow.
- "For it had a *horns* at each end
- "Many strings too had he to it
- "Many irons in the fire."

We understand it is the intention of our versatile contemporary, after he has several times filled and emptied his waste paper basket in the parody business, and thus fitted himself for the task, to publish a new edition of an old poem possibly not unknown to some of our readers—entitled "Parodies Lost." While we think he should not rashly trifle with a *graw* subject, we wish him success in his *undertaking*.

Query.

Does the Insurance Company of which the Honorable **ALECK** is President issue National Policies?

The *Orillia Packet* intimates somewhat snappishly that "in his treatment of affairs in Quebec, **GRIP** does not rise above the level of a petty party hack." It would be more to the purpose if our esteemed contemporary would kindly point out wherein we have misrepresented the facts either with pen or pencil. We certainly have not done so wittingly.



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"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A falls report: The roar of Niagara.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

Label for dice-box—shake well before using.—*Boston Post*.

"We meet to part no more," as the comb said to the bald-head.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Charity sticks to home closer than any other of the virtues.—*Somerville Journal*.

Hotel keepers may be pugilistic, but you have to "put up" with them.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A Rockland weather prophet predicts that the coming winter will be as hard as a hotel bed.—*Rockland Courier*.

The doctor's wife should never call her husband a little duck. He may be over-sensitive.—*Boston Transcript*.

If you can't keep your resolutions, do not break 'em, but give 'em to some poor fellow who hasn't any.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Smith wants to know what good the new French cable is going to be to people who don't understand French.—*Syracuse Herald*.

There is always a woman in the case. A Miss TERRY is involved in every sudden disappearance.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

"The balance of trade" is that portion of patronage which is waited for in vain by the business man who does not advertise.—*Rome*.

The whole family may be absent for a month and the gas meter will not find it out, but will keep performing its feats.—*N. Y. Star*.

London "Truth" sometimes belies its name. We suggest as a motto for it: Truth is mighty and will prevaricate.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In the drama of life one round of applause from the orchestra circle is worth a thousand yells and cat-calls from the gallery.—*Hackensack Republican*.

When a man has a lot of shop worn goods in his store which he has tried to sell until he is all out of patience, he marks them, "Job lot."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
My father's a walker, sir," she said.
And so he scooped her in.
—*W. A. Fuller*.

It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between "that," "which" and "who." Relatives are always more or less troublesome.—*Transcript*.

When a tramp was offered his dinner if he would wield the scythe for an hour, he soliloquized: "To dine—no mower. Ay! there's the grub."—*Hackensack Republican*.

It is really wonderful the amount of assistance a young lady requires in holding up a five-ounce prayer-book in church, when she has a young man with her.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

Several newspaper editors are very much troubled about the banged hair of the period. It is hard to be jilted; but, after all, the banged hair isn't to blame for that.—*Buffalo Express*.

A great deal of the *creme de la creme* of society when placed in the churn of public opinion and shaken up a little comes out a very poor article of axle grease.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

The *Herald* has not yet given us a map of the feelings of a man who buys what he considers a blue scarf in the gaslight, and discovers in the morning that it is green.—*R. K. Munclitrick*.

Some of the Cheyenne merchants are thinking of employing girls as collectors, giving as a reason therefor that when the girls present their little bills no man can refuse.—*Albany Argus*.

The small boy trying to play a jews-harp gets on that sweet seductive expression of countenance, assumed by the office-seeker when recounting the virtues of his party and himself.—*New York People*.

Although we have heard nothing ill of him, yet we cannot help thinking the gymnast who performs daring feats in the car of an ascending balloon, is a dangerous character.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When he was asked why he did not dodge the ephemeral egg that struck him on the ear, he replied that he wished to show his audience how gracefully he could bear the yolk.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A country correspondent sends us the following soul-harrowing conundrum: Why do pigs thrive better on sour milk than they do on sweet? And the answer is—because they get more of it.—*Lockport Union*.

The girl she was pretty, accomplished as well,
And always mechanically neat,
But had in her make up a failing, to tell
All the slang that she heard on the street.

One day a poor beggar boy came by that way,
In his face much sorrow did lurk:
She gave him some food, and did feelingly say,
"My boy, 'has your father got work?"

At evening her feller did ask her to wed,
She thought he his business did shrink;
So saucily asked, with a toss of her head,
"Young man, 'has your father got work?"
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Editors are generally poorly off for clothing. When you hear of one of them having two suits, you can calculate that one is the suit he wears every day and Sundays too, and the other is a libel suit.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It is dark enough for the young people to lean on the front gate at half-past five now. It is a singular fact that no matter how much earlier this business is commenced, it takes just as long to get through.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A mastodon has been recently discovered in Missouri, and the most remarkable thing about it is, that not only are its feet much larger than those of the present inhabitants, but there are also twice as many of them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Porous plasters were marked down to fifteen cents by a Danbury druggist yesterday. This is much cheaper than an undershirt, to say nothing about the saving in washing. Besides, you always know where it is.—*Danbury News*.

Has any one solved the mystery how two young ladies that are sworn enemies—rivals in dress, society and love, too—will walk along a crowded street, arm in arm, engaged in earnest, animated, and even hilarious conversation?—*N. Y. People*.

A Rhinebeck man put up a stove last week, and got it into position, fitted the pipe, straightened the stove, and started a fire without having his temper ruffled once. We wish to have this placed on record among the deeds of heroes.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

"I want to sell you an encyclopædia," said a book agent to one of our foremost pork men, the other day, who, by the way, is better posted on pork than he is on books. "What do I want with your encyclopædia?" snarled the pork man. "I couldn't ride one if I had it!"—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

On a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-by, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A clothes line is a harmless thing,
When stretched from pole to pole;
Until you start across the yard
And step into a hole.
Then, as you make a forward lunge,
It stops you, so to speak,
And throws you down and jerks you to
The middle of neck's tweak.
—*Keokuk Gate City*.

The poet MOORE used to hunt for days for a single word to complete the musical cadence of a rhyme. When he mashed his finger with a hammer he somehow had no difficulty in instantly hitting on just the word he wanted to express the musical cadence of his emotions.—*Rockland Courier*.

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two and work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

This country is full of suffering caused by underpaid labor. An industrious man in Chicago, last week, pried off the lids of six desks, broke the locks of four money drawers, and blew up three safes, and netted less than one dollar. Yet we are told that times are improving.—*Andrews' American Queen*.

In one of Chicago's suburbs, at a recent Sunday school meeting, a long-winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down, the leader of the meeting announced a hymn—one by BLISS—beginning "Hallelujah! 'tis done!" He didn't mean it, but it was apropos.—*Ex.*

Just as everybody was settling down to enjoy themselves at a party the other evening, Master JIMMIE appeared in the room with, "Ain't you folks hungry? Guess you haven't been saving up your appetite for two days as I and moth—" The broad and generous hand of his mother suddenly stopped his conversation trap, and he had to save his appetite until morning, when it was satisfied with the broken bits of jelly cake left over.—*New Haven Register*.

It was at a woman's right meeting.—The speaker was saying: "Let us take our stand right here, and firmly resolve that neither the votes nor arguments of the opposite sex, nor any power on this earth, shall turn us aside or move us one inch from the position." Just here a wicked bat flew into the room, and the meeting adjourned with so much quickness that some of the members lost their back hair. The speaker, who could not be "turned aside," was seventeenth from last in getting out of the front door. And it is not certain that the bat was one of the "opposite sex," either.—*Norristown Herald*.

Dyspeptic Papers.**No. 1.—TORONTO AS AN INTELLECTUAL CENTRE.**

If a man wished to lay Toronto under an eternal obligation to him, he could not do better than try to shake the self-satisfied, provincial vanity of this absurd city. One hears frequently that Toronto is the "centre of Canadian intellectual life"—certainly a most crushing criticism on Canada and Canadians. An intellectual centre which taboos free speech in its one famous literary man! An intellectual centre which publishes nothing—except GRIP—better than the *Ipspecac Magazina*. An intellectual centre the literary men of which feel elated by the reputation of having written an *Ipspecac* article! An intellectual centre without a public library or any apparent wish to have one! Why, every little American or English town has its public library, aided or entirely supported by the funds of the community. An intellectual centre which remains calm, pleased and grave when its first orator pours out platitudes and quotes tags of mamby-pamby verse! True, Toronto has two newspapers, which are on the whole cleverly and energetically conducted—but literature and original thought have everywhere long been divorced from the daily press. And the best of these two journals, in its weekly issue, lately announced a wearisome local proser as a poet of merit, on the strength of some poor, jerkey, milk-and-water, rhyming rubbish which would have been pitched into the waste-basket of even a Sunday magazine published in an intellectual centre.

What makes this city an intellectual centre? Where are the great authors, big-hearted, eloquent preachers, eminent *savants*, high-minded politicians, great actors, sweet musicians? Where are the literary *coeteries*, the poets, the cultivated society of people who measure success by some other standard than dollars and cents? It is true we have the great political economist, Mr. PHIPPS, but he is appreciated only by himself. How can Toronto be called an intellectual centre while a knot of stupid, ignorant people are alluded to and suppose themselves to be the "best society," because their stupid, ignorant grandfathers of sixty years ago tried to strangle Canadian freedom? The descendants of these men brag of their "blood," just as the half-rotten fagots in HANS ANDRESEN's story bragged, "we have knots in our bodies," just as stinking water might brag of its "long standing." What use were the fagots except to be utterly consumed off the face of the earth? What use the water except inasmuch as its stench furnishes people with a cheap emetic? Toronto an intellectual centre—and Sir JOHN considered a great man, while Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN is left in comparative obscurity!

Montreal is almost devoid of cultivation, but it doesn't pretend to be an intellectual centre. Ottawa is stupid enough in itself—but at least it assembles once every year nearly everything of Canadian intellect and strength. And Toronto puts on airs of superiority to those petty provincial towns as regards intellect! Will some one—one of the daily papers, say—tell the world why this is? The fact is that Toronto is infinitely more provincial in habit of thought than any of our other cities, made so merely by force of its ridiculous claims and ignorance of its true position.

Canada wants an intellectual centre, and has brains enough to furnish and appreciate one, but when Toronto is put forward as the required article, people get sick at their stomachs and pray to be delivered from all such shams. Can a Canadian city of 80,000

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**Alteration in Trains.****Winter Arrangement, 1879-80.**

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24th,

passenger trains will leave Toronto (Union Station) as follows:—

GOING EAST.Express trains for Montreal and East at 7.35 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.
Mixed for Belleville and intermediate stations at 11.35 a.m. Local for Belleville and intermediate stations at 4.45 p.m.Trains arrive from the East as follows:—
Local from Belleville at 10 a.m.
Express from Montreal at 11.30 a.m. and 11.15 p.m.
Mixed from Kingston at 8.15 p.m.**MONTREAL TIME.****GOING WEST.**Mail train for Stratford at 7.30 a.m.
Express for Detroit and West at 12.15 p.m., and 11.45 p.m.Mail for London and Goderich at 3.45 p.m.
Local for Galt and Waterloo at 5.15 p.m.
Trains arrive from the West as follows:—
Express at 6.15 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Local from Stratford at 11.10 a.m., and 11.10 p.m.
Mail from London and Goderich at 1.05 p.m.
TORONTO TIME.

J. HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, Nov. 21st. 1879. xiv-2-451-11

A news item says:

DALY, the Irish athlete, defeated DUNCAN C. ROSS in a wrestling match in Albany on Tuesday. Ross sustained a sprained ankle.

Or, wasn't it a sprained ankle that sustained Ross?

inhabitants be called intellectual in which GRIP's circulation is not more than 5,000?

When Toronto humbly recognizes the fact that it is a narrow-minded place, unappreciative of merit, almost devoid of cultivation, provincial in tone and utterly abandoned to Philistinism, the city will be in a fair way to become the intellectual centre which it professes to be now. The first evidence of such a state of mind will be offered when brag ceases, when Torontonians recognize that they are in culture and refinement fifty years behind the people of a Yankee State Capital of the same size, when they see that people without a country or a flag must of necessity remain provincial unless engaged in an attempt to form a nationality—in fact when Toronto looks out on the world and sees it as it really is, there will be some chance that the city may become an intellectual centre.

Biography of Courtney.

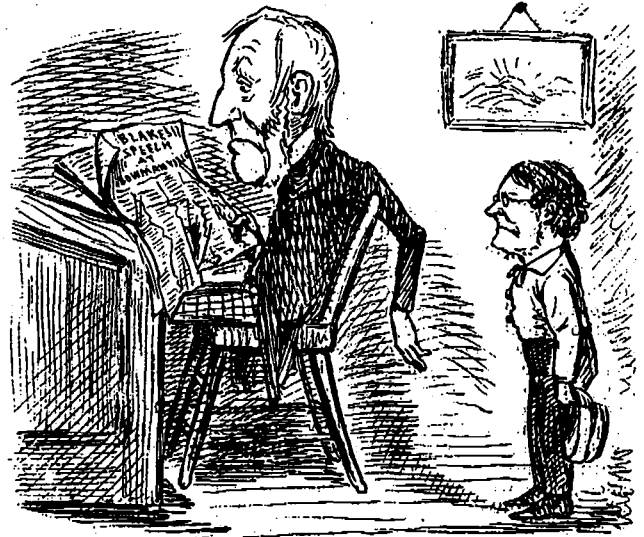
The subject of this brief memoir was born several years before he began his distinguished career as an oarsman. It is very doubtful if he would have been born at all, only he had no way of backing out. Being forced into the human race thus *volens nolens*, he had to make the best of it, and he has done so. As a child he was healthy, although he suffered a great deal from wind. He is still troubled that way. Often in the still night he would raise a great hullabaloo, and scream for paragonic, and when his anxious parents rushed to his crib with the medicine, he would decline it and admit that he didn't mean business. As he grew up he developed a great fondness for eggs, and on one occasion he laid a wager with the cook that he could eat two dozen at a sitting. The cook took the bet, and placed the eggs before him, with bread and butter and salt accompaniment. Young COURTNEY then backed out, alleging that one of the shells had been cut. We regret to say that he became a very lazy boy. His mother could never get him to lay in a decent supply of firewood. His excuse invariably was that he couldn't find the saw; on one occasion he declared that he would give one thousand dollars to find that saw. During his school days he was a ring-leader in all sorts of sport, and became quite distinguished as a fighter. One day he challenged a certain wiry schoolmate to combat, and when the boys formed a ring, COURTNEY tried to run away. He was prevented, however, and received an awful drubbing. He never would admit that he had been fairly licked, but claimed that the wiry boy had tripped him up with a wire. When he had become a man—that is, as near a man as he ever expects to be—he took to rowing boats, and frequently made the fastest time on record when nobody was around with a time-piece. In due course he became the champion of the United States, and then he sighed for other races to back out of. He is still sighing. Up to the present time he has failed to find a sculler who can meet him on the water. HANLAN, the boasted champion of the world, went to Chautauqua once, to do so, but when he saw COURTNEY he came to the conclusion he couldn't row with him. Give COURTNEY his choice of boat houses and he can leave any oarsman on earth out of sight. The last account we heard of this distinguished person was that he had gone to the woods with a bottle of Hop Bitters in his possession. We hope he will not do anything rash.

"Well connected."—Attached to a sucker.



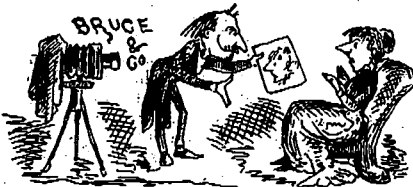
"GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN"

M. JOLY, TO THE FICKLE MISS QUEREC.—Ah, very well, mademoiselle; it is true he is a prettier than I, but you may learn before long that "handsome is as handsome does!"



"IS THERE ANY ANSWER, SIR?"

O! I had some power the gifte gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us!



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Grumbling at the Cook.

We wouldn't be surprised to hear that the *Globe* editor's cook has given him warning, though where she expects to get another place after the public exposure of her character as a botch in the article of Tuesday's paper, is a mystery. The editor was unkind; he should have been content to deliver his admonition in the kitchen, and not put it in print, though he certainly had cause for grumbling if the facts are as represented. He couldn't get a single article of food decently prepared for the table, and amongst the dishes which he longed for but never could manage to get was "a pudding utterly guiltless of flabbiness and grit." It is queer to find the *Globe* editor objecting to a pudding because it is gritty, but might we suggest that perhaps the cook was not to blame for this. The Grit is perhaps in the editor himself, and not in the pudding.

The Humorists.

Mr. GRIP hopes to have the popular American humorists well represented in the pages of his forthcoming ALMANAC. Brother LAMPTON, the much quoted paragraph hist of that two-acre paper, the *Steubenville Herald*, has promptly sent along his specimen brick, for which he has our best thanks. We are now waiting to hear from GRISWOLD, PECK, GREENELLY and all the other Merry Knights of the Round Table.

The Next Lieutenant-Governor.

GRIP does not know what to think of the mildness of the Grit press when alluding to Mr. J. B. ROBINSON'S possible appointment to the Gubernatorial Chair of Ontario. Certainly the member for West Toronto is an eminent scholar and statesman, and a good judge of—the sort of newspaper man who may be safely licked. We want such admirable citizens in high offices, and there is but one Canadian officer higher than the Provincial Lieut. Governor. But when one thinks of Mr. J. B. ROBINSON'S threatened elevation, memories of the Northern Railway Cow arise, and the aspect of things seems to demand that the accomplished milker be presented with a three legged stool instead of a Gubernatorial Chair.

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BALDNESS!

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PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" AGAIN GOOD.—The impartiality of *Grip*, the comic paper, is beyond doubt. This week the Grits are receiving the lion's share of attention. The leading cartoon represents Blake, as a member of the "Pinefore crew," in the act of resenting Brown's dictation. The Hon Geo. takes the part of the captain, who attempts to "tax" the insubordinate tar, and put a straight jacket upon him, this poem upon the event reading:

"The Blakittie Grit is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!"

Mr. Gordon Brown, eating humble pie; the defeat of Mr. Joly and the triumph of virtue in the person of Mr. Chaplain; the "Hum" hunt, and Hantian and the "great big calf" are all laughable drawings, which do the laic pencil of Mr. Bengough much credit.—*Kingston Whig*.