

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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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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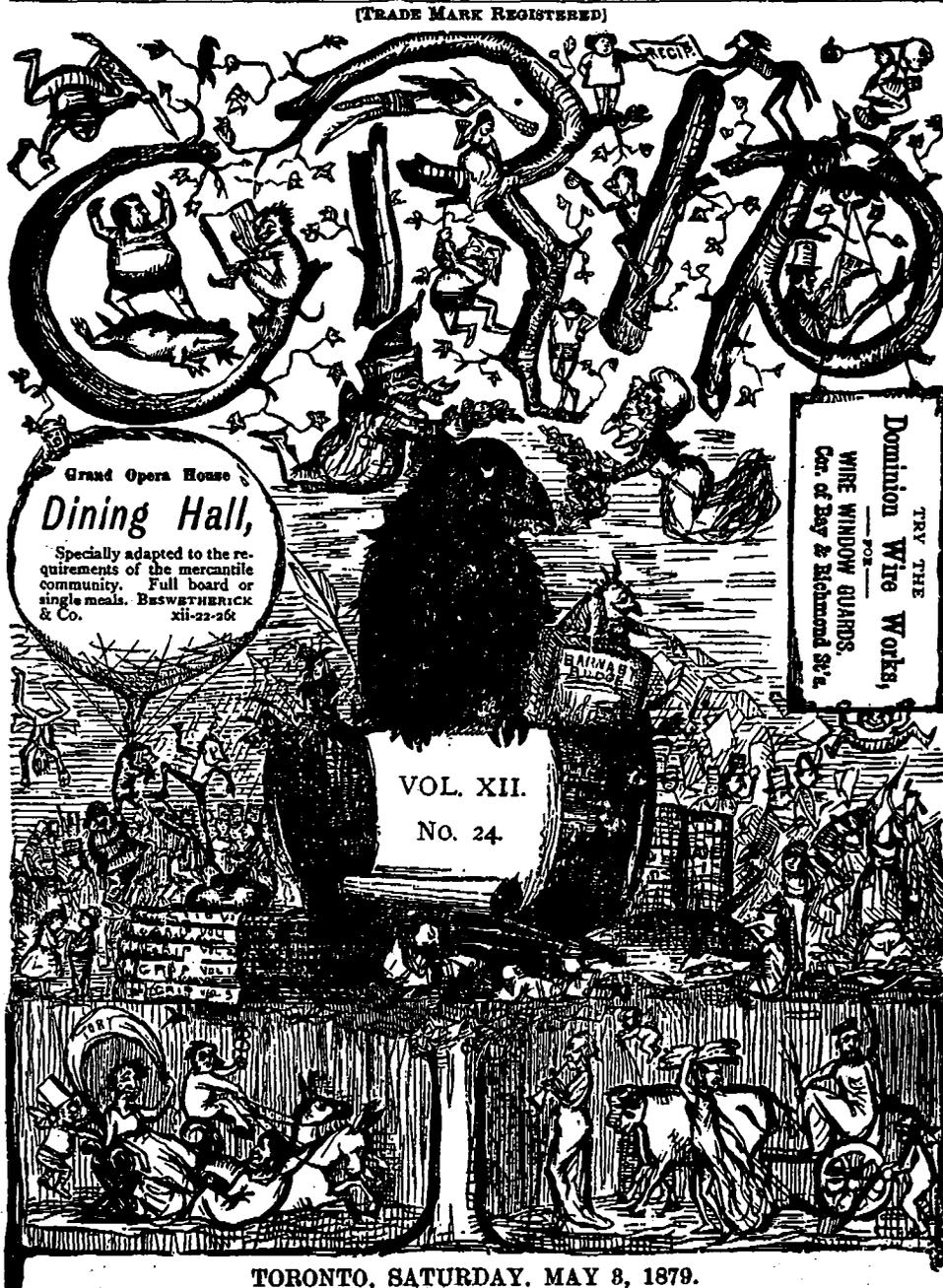
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

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Stage Whispers.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, after a most successful Canadian tour, is drawing crowded houses in the principal towns of New England.

LOTTA, MARY ANDERSON, the WILLIAMSONS, BOUCICAULT and EMMET are said to represent the most successful companies on the road.

Since "DEN." THOMPSON has won popularity and money with his *Joshua Whitcomb*, he wants to be called DENMAN THOMPSON, not "DEN."

Miss BOCK, the charming American pianiste, who is scarcely more than a child, has not only the attractions of real musical genius, but of rare personal beauty.

Miss EMMA THURSBY made her first public appearance in Paris, recently, at the Chatelet, where she obtained a most brilliant success. The Parisian musical critics appear to have been astonished at the sweetness, flexibility, and brilliancy of her vocalization, and they are unanimous in their words of praise and admiration.

Our Boston correspondent writes us that the so-called "amateur" performance of "Pinafore" was not the musical success expected. WHITNEY was very amateurish as an actor, and as the part of *Capt. Corcoran* was written for a tenor, he couldn't tackle kindly to it, though he looked the burly sailor well. BRIGNOLI's ex-wife, Miss McCULLOCH was a round *Buttercup*. TOM KARL a handsome *Rackstraw*, and BARNABEE a good *Admiral*. The *Deadeye* was the best actor of the lot.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*.

The appearance of a clown sporting the name of GRIMALDI will be sure to recall the original English GRIMALDI whom DICKENS used to like so much. He was ludicrously absurd, and when he sang "An Oyster Crossed in Love," he sat down between a cod's head and a huge oyster, which opened and shut its valves in time to the music; and "all the children in the front rows of the boxes shed tears of commiserating delight as they gazed on GRIMALDI's rueful countenance, his ridiculous yet excessive sorrow making its way through the grotesque points." How he delighted young and old with "Tipptiwitcher," "Hot Codlins," "Mc and My Neddy," as no other clown has been able to do since, is known to all readers of theatrical history.

We have had a lyrical comedy running in all the theaters of the country during the last season—"Her Majesty's Ship *Pinnfore*"—which will illustrate a part of what we mean. Since we began to observe theaters at all, nothing as had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it, and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful,—pure fun,—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity.—Dr. HOLLAND, *Scribner for May*.

EAST TORONTO ELECTIONS.

GRAND MASS MEETING!

To Nominate the People's Candidate.

A mass meeting of the Electors of East Toronto who are favourable to the present Ontario Government will be held at

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

On Friday Night,

May 2nd, at 8 o'clock.

Let there be a grand rally of the friends of liberal, economical and efficient administration of Provincial affairs.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

JOHN S. KING,

Toronto, April 30th, 1879. 24-st Sec. T. R. A.



TENDERS for COAL, 1879

Public Institutions of Ontario.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario will receive tenders up to noon of

Saturday, 10th May,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal at the sheds of the institutions named, on or before 1st July, 1879, as follows:—

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

800 tons hard coal, large egg; 175 tons stove size; 250 tons soft coal.

Asylum for the Insane, London.

1,500 tons soft coal; 200 tons hard, large egg; and 80 tons chestnut.

Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

1,600 tons soft coal; 50 tons hard, large egg; 40 tons small egg; and 20 tons chestnut.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

800 tons soft coal (100 tons to be delivered at the pumping house in the city, the remainder at the Asylum sheds); 25 tons hard, chestnut; and 25 tons stove size.

Central Prison, Toronto.

750 tons soft coal, and 60 tons hard, stove size.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

550 tons soft coal; 80 tons hard, small egg; and 20 tons stove size.

Institution for the Blind, Brantford.

350 tons soft coal; 150 tons hard, stove size.

The hard coal to be either Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenderers to name the mine or mines from which the soft coal is to be taken, and the exact quality of the same; and if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered by 1st July, in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract, or each of the contracts, and the tenders will be received for the whole supply specified or for each institution separately.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.
Toronto, April 22, 1879.

Literature and Art.

The following beautiful "dedicatory poem to the Princess ALICE," by Mr. TENNYSON, opens the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*:—

"Dead Princess, living power, if that which lived True life, live on—and if that fatal kiss, Born of true life and love, divorce thee not From earthly love and life—if what we call The spirit flash not all at once from out This shadow into Substance—then perhaps The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm, Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light, Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees Thy soldier-brother's bridal orange bloom Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave, And thine Imperial mother smile again, May send one ray to thee! and who can tell— Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou Dying so English thou would'st have had her flag Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear But that some broken gleam from our poor earth At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds Of England, and her banner in the East?"

LECKY writes to his American publishers that he will not have the next two volumes of his "History of the Eighteenth Century" ready before 1881.

EDMUND YATES' new periodical, *Tide*, promised perhaps more than it has performed. That is to say, it promised an infusion of new blood into periodical literature, which has not been carried out.

The appearance of the essays of the late WALTER BAGHOT in two handsome volumes, under the title of "Literary Studies" (SCHUBNER & WELFORD), has awakened a new interest in the author. A prefatory memoir of RICHARD HOLT HUTTON has increased this interest. BAGHOT was a man of letters as well as a political economist and banker.

The long expected third volume of the *Comte de PARIS* "History of the American Civil War," has been translated, and will be published by Mr. COATES in the summer. It will embrace the account of the battles of Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and all other events of the war, to January 1st, 1864. Volume four, completing the work is expected during the year.

The London correspondent of the *Buffalo Every Saturday* says GILBERT's new play, *Kaust*, seems to have been a failure, and is roughly handled by the critics, LABOUCHERE, of *Truth*, being as venomous as he knows so well how to be in six columns and a half. He concludes thus: "Possibly GOETHE could not have written H. M. S. *Pinafore*, but it is far more certain, that Mr. GILBERT cannot write either a comedy or a drama."

Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE says concerning MOTLEY: "His early familiarity with German impressed even GEORGE BANCROFT while MOTLEY was a boy in his school at Round Hill; and afterwards, when MOTLEY was a student in Harvard College, an address by him on GOETHE in one of the college exhibitions was so good as to induce such a trained scholar as JOSEPH COGSWELL to send it to Madam GOETHE. Her reply was significant: 'I wish,' she said, 'to see the first book that young man will write.'"

TENNYSON is paid by the magazines at the rate of a guinea a line for poetry. Having been a spring poet ourselves previous to contracting the small-pox, which eradicated the disease, we have some sympathy for spring poets, poor fellows, and merely insert this item to encourage them not to think of the rolling river or the cup of cold pissin yet awhile, but to wait until the fever has reached its height. If they do not then receive a guinea a line, the sooner life is extinct the better.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

IV.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

The subject of the present sketch must not be confounded with other great ALFREDS, such as BOULDBEE, the great statesman, or DIAMOND, the great ex-journalist. The ALFRED we propose to tell about just now was born of royal but respectable parents in Berkshire, England, A. D. 849, and was even greater than either of the two gentlemen we have named. Being intended by his father for a situation in the Civil Service in the capacity of Monarch, the youth was placed under the care of a certain Mr. SWITHUN, who had instructions to give him the best education he had in his possession. "Of course," remarked the royal parent to the tutor, "I don't want you to cram him with any of the ornamental branches of the ecclesiastical classes, such as reading, writing and ciphering;—I just want you to give him a good solid education such as average members of Parliament have." Mr. SWITHUN, we believe, carried out these instructions to the best of his ability, and as a result ALFRED was at the age of 12 years, a good talker, and well versed in marbles and base ball. It was the young prince's mother who first incited him to learn to read. This she did by offering a prize in the shape of a finely illustrated book. Thus, we see, the chromo system was introduced into Britain a-many years ago. ALFRED learned to read, but he didn't immediately turn his education to practical use. He might have got a country school to teach, if he had watched the advertisements in the *Globe*, but he was not covetous after wealth, and preferred to go winding the horn. This is not a slang term indicating that the young man took to frequenting bar-rooms; it is a hunting phrase. ALFRED was very fond of hunting the deer, and that he was a success in this line is proved by the fact of his capturing ELSWYTHA, whom he married in his twentieth year. "Three years later, he took his seat as King. This didn't prove to be by any means a soft seat, though it was richly upholstered. For some reason, ALFRED got very unpopular, and in the midst of the war that was then going on with the Danes, His Majesty withdrew from the pomp and vanity of the Throne, and boarded in the house of a poor cowherd, in a remote and secluded part of the country. One day his

boarding missus set him to watching some aerated loaves, on the fire, while she stepped out to saw a few sticks of wood. ALFRED was occupied with other business, and the consequence was that he let the bread burn, whereupon the woman got very angry, and denounced him as a cowerdly loafer. After this incident, ALFRED gathered his army around him again, and made up his mind to clean out the Danes who had invaded his territory. He visited his camp of GUTHRUM, the Danish king, in the disguise of a harper, and entertained the rude warriors with *Grandfather's Clock*, *Little Buttercup*, and other popular selections. His object was to find out how strong the enemy were, and when he found that they could stand his playing, he began to be afraid they would prove too powerful, but his fears were unfounded, and in the battle the Danish forces were badly beaten. The rest of ALFRED's reign was devoted to the improvement of his subjects, morally, educationally and socially. He used to write up the statute books himself, and then get the Parliament to sanction them; thus saving a great deal of time and wind not to mention sessional indemnity. So honest did the people become under this wise ruler, that it is said a purse might be left upon the public highway and no passer-by would pick it up. This may have been owing to honesty, but it is possible the passer-by might suspect that there was a string to the purse and a small boy concealed in the vicinity. King ALFRED was a great patron of letters, and encouraged art and literature in every way. We are sorry to say that he suffered greatly from bodily infirmity all his life, having the misfortune to live before the day of the liver pad invention. His distinguished services on behalf of the Anglo-Saxon race have given him a position in the temple of fame which even this memoir will not improve to any great extent.

Haulan!

THE CHAMPION INTERVIEWED BY OUR OWN SPECIAL REPORTER

Newcastle, April 19th.

On arriving at London, I found the public mind of the Great Metropolis hugely exercised over the coming aquatic contest. Accordingly, I went down to my favorite Club, and found great excitement amongst the members. Next morning I got together a few particular friends, among whom were the DUKE OF DIDDLESEX, the MARQUIS OF SPLENCIAN, Major De ROLLOCK, of the Blues, and Count THOLESPINSKI of the Russian Embassy, to go down as a party to the Tyne and visit the great man. On arriving at the Ord Arms, I presented my card,—“GRIP, Toronto,” to a footman in blue and red (the Champion's colors), and requested an interview. We were ushered into a reception room, gorgeously upholstered; also in blue and red, and after a time, were informed by the *laque de place* that his master was hardly “in form” to see us this morning, but, in consideration of the party being represented by GRIP, he was inclined to waive all ceremony, and receive us in his own private room. We found the Champion lying on a lavender-scented couch of the *Louis Quince* pattern, his head supported by the softest of swan's down cushions, and being fanned by a faithful *Panckah Wallah*, imported from the Punjab for his own particular and private use. We were requested by the servitor to walk as noiselessly as possible, as his master's nerves were very easily unstrung. He was about to take his usual *petit verre* of camphor julep, as is his custom immediately after his

ROSE-WATER BATH.

which treatment, we were assured by the man in Blue and Red, “was a hexcellent thing for the nerves, you know.”

The great Sculler, after nodding familiarly to the Duke, and the rest of the noblemen and gentlemen, languidly motioned me to approach. “My, dear GRIP,” said he, after a few words about old friends, “this is exceedingly kind of you, to call upon me. I shall of cawth be delighted at any time to see you, but I weally beg you won't bwing that mob with you; as a favor, old boy, I hope you won't.” “But,” I said, “NED, these are heavy swells, and may possibly make up a good book for you.” “Yes, of cawth, I know all that; but weally, I can't be bawed with them,” replied the fastidious “boy.” “Why, NED,” said I, “you've turned a proper Englishman since you crossed the Pond.” “Aw, yas, professional man must turn one way or another to suit circumstances, you know,” was the reply. “But pawdon me, dear boy, I must take my usual lunch. Abernethy crackaw and thimbleful of shewy.” Whereupon the great EDWARD yawned and closed his eyes, as for a nap. I took this opportunity to get a good view of the Champion's physique. His biceps muscles have been so abnormally developed that he is now obliged to get his guerneys manufactured to order to fit him. I could not help regarding him as he “lay all the day” with a carbuncle on his neck and a diamond on his finger, but with feelings of especial pride, and was rejoiced to find his *tout ensemble* so much improved. I am assured that he now pulls at the rate of 65 to 72 strokes a minute, and a bet of £500,000 is offered that he can pull

TEN THOUSAND MILES

in ten thousand consecutive quarter hours. The Champion enquired very kindly after his old friends in Canada, especially Mr. ROBERT BERRY and the rest of the Island boys. But I must conclude in order to catch the Canadian mail. I can only add that my eldest son, whom I had hitherto designed for the Church, I will buy an out-rigger for, and send him to the Island. As I have failed to make a scholar of him, I trust that he will turn out to be what is much more profitable, a Sculler.

The Medical War.



GRIP's special commissioner lately arrived from Bay Street, brings interesting particulars of the furious war going on in that remote part of the world between the Medicals and Sawbones tribes. It appears that the Medicals, who are for the most part youthful, were driven into revolt by the oppressive measures of the Sawbones, with whom they are obliged to have dealings. According to the custom of the land, a Medical is received into the Sawbone tribe on passing a satisfactory written examination before a native Council, and it is in connection with this ceremony that the war originated. The Council, acting, it is said, under the influence of a powerful chief known as OLD RYE, entrenched themselves in the basement of an old church, and thrust the Medicals into the street, decreeing that the examination was to be oral, and the Medicals would only be admitted in rotation, a few at a time. The Medicals took offense at this, and called in the aid of BLACKBOTTLE, a neighboring chief, under whose leadership they attacked and drove in the pickets of the Sawbones.



An Easy Lesson About Coin.

MR. CHARLTON.—Now, my dear lit the WAL-LACE, I will try to explain this money question so clearly that you will understand it. You see this bit of gold I hold in my hand? It is a coin. It is what we call Solid money. It is not flat money. The Government did not call it into existence just for fun, as they might do if it was only a use-less bit of paper. It be-came a coin be-cause men need-ed a me-dium of exchange which possess-ed steady val-ue, pur-chas-ing power, flu-ency, port-ability and divis-ibility. If pump-kins had possess-ed all these vir-tues, they might be used for mon-ey. But they don't. Nei-ther does pa-per. So when we use pump-kins or pa-per as mon-ey, we only do so for con-veni-ence, and with the under-stand-ing that gold or silver coin is the ba-sis of it. So you see, my child, how sil-ly it would be for the Gov-ern-ment to declare pump-kins or pa-per a le-gal ten-der on its own re-spon-si-bility.

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM R TO S.

MR. RUNTING, M. P., *Bigditch*.—A literary member; strong supporter of the New Tariff, and of very refined ideas. Is anxious to refine everybody and everything, but the great object of his life is the refinement of sugar. It was not his desire to flatter the people of Canada, but he felt proud to say that when it came to refinement, especially as regards his favorite import—namely sugar, that the raw material was much better in his own countrymen's hands to gain that end than in those of the tricky and bass-wood-ham manufacturing Yankees, who, if they still would insist upon imposing on us impure sugar and molasses, would at least have to do so syraptiously, or pay a heavy duty. Concluded with the facetous remark that although our climate would not permit of the growth of Cave, we at least would be Abel to compete with the Yankees.

Mem.—Think the Hon. gent is giving us "taffy."

MR. SOLACE M. P., *South Old Folke*.—His motto is *flat Justitia*. All money is flat, gold is flat, silver is flat, everything, in fact, is flat. Would issue money on the security of Public Works. In constructing canals, money as well as water was locked up.

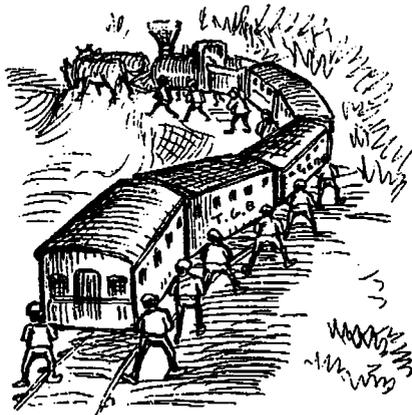
True it is that money would have to be raised to construct them, but after they were finished behold they represent a great deal of capital, and are in fact good security for paper issued representing their cost. Can't get exactly yet into understanding the Hon. gent's logic, though he may be correct. Know it costs money to build a house, can't imagine I can make anything by mortgaging it. However I can't afford to try the experiment.

Mem.—Must consult privately with this member as to how to "raise the wind."

The Prison Labor Problem Solved.

MR. MACKENZIE had Sir JOHN on the hip when the Penitentiaries item of the estimates was under consideration. He reminded the Leader of the Government that, last session and on various platforms during the canvass, he had pitched into the Government for employing the convicts in manufactures, thus bringing their labor into competition with that of the poor but honest people outside, and sarcastically asked what Sir JOHN intended to do about it now—did he mean to keep the convicts idle, or would he allow them to compete with honest labor. Sir JOHN, in his mildest tones, said that the Government would see that the convicts were employed in such a way as not to compete with honest labor. Mr. COURSOLO pointed out the fact that even the breaking of stones competed with honest labor, as many people earn their bread by that industry in the winter, and then proceeded to solve the problem of prison labor in a way that his chief had not dreamt of. He proposed to employ them solely on manufactures, and that the products of their industry might not come into competition with private enterprise, and disturb the normal condition of the market by reducing prices, he would have all the articles made in the prison factories exported to the United States, and slaughtered there. Mr. HOUNS, a brilliant young editor, who represents a Quebec constituency, saw no joke in the proposal, but Mr. MACKENZIE truly said that its comic suggestiveness was delightful.

THE Rev. Mr. POOLE says the British Nation is identical with the Lost Tribes of Israel, and Rev. Mr. HUNTER says Brother POOLE is raelly mistaken about this. And so, Brother P. challenges Brother H.—not to a walking match, thank goodness,—but to a public discussion of the subject, which will probably take place next month.



PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN SPEED AND SAFETY OF THE T. G. & B. R'Y.



The Three Fishers

Three fishers rose up in the Tariff debate, ROBERTSON, SNOWBALL, and FLYNN by name; And each did strongly and pointedly state That to tax the fisherman 'twas a shame.

But fishers must work
And consumers must weep,
And there's little to do
And prices are steep
And the Opposition is groaning.

Brave ROBERTSON spoke 'gainst the corn meal tax;
Taxed blankets and fish books disgusted SNOWBALL,
FLYNN dwelt on the cruel and stubborn facts
Showing fishermen get no protection at all.
But &c.

A Toe-ry Distarber.

Business nearly came to a standstill in the House of Commons the other night. MR. MACKENZIE had the floor, and, for once, failed to secure attention. Members were nudging each other, whispering, snickering and looking towards the Speaker's gallery. MR. SNOWBALL, who usually pays the Leader of the Opposition the compliment of respectful attention, lay back in his chair, with his opera glass glued to his eyes, and the splendid diamond on his finger showing to the best advantage. MR. ROCHESTER, also, and the other baldheaded members, all of whom, by the way, have opera glasses, were gazing at the gallery. The Minister of Justice, after a prolonged look, yielded to the demands of MACKENZIE BOWELL and loaned him his binocular. MR. MACKENZIE stopped with indignation in every particular line of his wedge-shaped face, and asked why he could not have some attention, from one side of the house or the other. The baldheaded men did not lower their opera glasses, but some of the others looked at MR. MACKENZIE a moment, and then looked back at the gallery. MR. MACKENZIE looked also, saw that he had no chance to get attention just then, and sat down. The toe of a No. 2 slipper caused all the commotion.

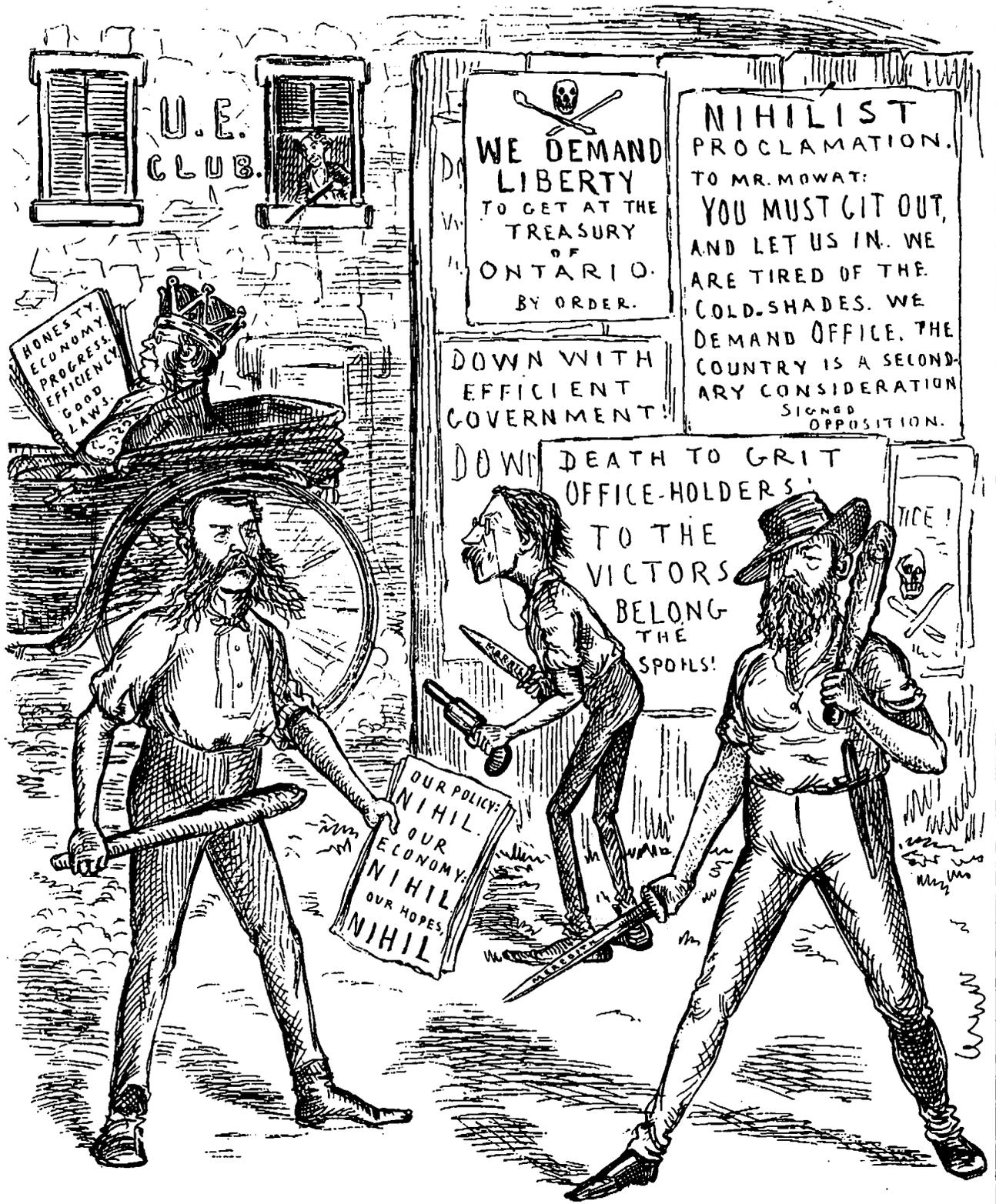
THE nose is a head scenter.

A very small young lady indeed,—Miss LILY PUTIAN.

WHEN an Indian wants his daughter, he calls for his lass-o!

A good play for disappointed miners at Leadville to witness "Le(a)d Astray."

"EATING matches are the latest eccentricity. We have heard of children being poisoned by them." Well, we always thought that eating matches were made up of pies un things.



OUR LOCAL NIHILISTS!!

"THE NIHILISTS ARE POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO BE PATRIOTS, BUT——"—The Mail, 29th.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

An advance agent—A money broker.—*Chicago Com. Ad.*

A bang-up affair—a powder mill explosion.—*Rome Sentinel*

Girls of gum shun always shun gum.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Something new in erudition:—A horse scholar.—*Providence Press.*

"How is that for eye?" was originally said of ARGUS.—*N. Y. World.*

The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.—*Boston Post.*

"When the springtime comes, gentle—
"Any umbrellas to mend?"—*Fayetteville Recorder*

How to prevent a shad-bone from lodging in your throat—Eat fried liver.—*Norristown Herald*

When a speaker measures his words he should do it by the rules of speech.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The significance of the cigar store Indian is that tobacco is sold at low prices.—*Boston Transcript.*

In sitting for a picture the person who winks at the camera gets a reply in the negative.—*Ex.*

The fat boarder called the mould on the pie an oasis—a green spot on the dessert.—*Boston Transcript.*

Live business men advertise in newspapers, dead ones on the graveyard tomb stones.—*Whitehall Times.*

The democratic people of Canada don't want to wear her Majesty's Pinafore no more.—*Richmond State.*

A Rome girl challenges the world to slide down the stair banisters, best three in five, go as you please.—*Sentinel.*

Next summer's army of tramps will be composed of members of defunct Pinafore companies.—*Utica Observer.*

When a man puts an innocent hen to work over a porcelain egg, is he setting that hen a good egg-sample?—*Philla Bulletin.*

The amount of pin money required by a married woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.—*Ex.*

An exchange says that NAPOLEON IV. is always poring over books. He never reigns, but he pores.—*N. Y. Herald, P. 1*

Some people are so constituted as to be unable to see anything beautiful in this life—not even in a mirror.—*Boston Transcript.*

If horsemen expect Goldsmith Maid's colt to be "fast" they should bring him up in the way he should "go."—*Utica Observer.*

In Kentucky there is a game law which prohibits the shooting of judges between May 10th and the middle of June.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An exchange remarks that the most successful settlers in Texas are Germans. We had an opinion they were revolvers.—*Waterloo Observer.*

EVIS was the first, and we reckon the only woman, who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.—*Ottawa (Kansas) Republican.*

We have just written an interesting owed to a friend, commencing: "Sixty days after date," etc. We expect it will go the rounds.—*Middletown Transcript.*

An occasional broken finger with a small boy attachment gives eloquent notice that the national game has struck the country amidships.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When the mayor of Leadville gets drunk he loses his office, and the next best shot in the city is escorted by the grateful citizens to the City Hall.—*N. Y. Express.*

Between four and five hundred Indians near Ashland have taken the pledge. They got the idea that the pledge was something about whiskey, and that was enough.—*Peek's Sun.*

The universal sentiment of college seniors as their last year of college work draws near, is that another year would certainly kill them for the want of something to do.—*Rochester Express.*

"What is misery," asks a writer. Misery, my young friend, is walking through a dry-goods store where there are about fifty young lady clerks who have nothing to do but look at you.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

WHITE LAW REID refused the German mission, and then had his correspondence declining it published. If we hadn't torn up that letter we received, we'd do the same thing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Doctors say that the tears that a man sheds when he takes a mouthful of mustard by mistake for potato, are as genuine as the tears shed by a man because his uncle is dead.—*Del. Oil Free Press.*

The inestimable boon which society is craving is a liver pad so constructed that when its medical mission is fulfilled, it may be converted into a bustle or a pin-cushion.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The time of the year has come for the budding forth of the geniuses who patiently make a little box out of fifty thousand kinds of wood. And yet we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Texas lost \$240,000 last year by not collecting her poll tax. It is a little singular to us that Texas doesn't seek to recuperate herself by digging the lead out of her impetuous citizens.—*Dunbury News.*

When the lights are low and a fellow occupies the same big rocking-chair with his girl, how he does wish he was at the North Pole, where it would be six months till morning!—*Go. lum Mountaineer.*

Yesterday when an organ grinder appeared on the streets wearing a gold watch chain, twelve mechanics quit work and resolved to become musicians. It's just such little things as this that demoralizes labor.—*Philla. Chronicle.*

A man in the West End guarantees an infallible cure for the consumption for the trifling sum of one hundred dollars. This amount of course includes the price of the coffin and other funeral expenses.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Of course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now, for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to go to church for the purpose of showing off her new saccue, would it be sac-religious, so to speak?—*Boston Traveller.*

He entered the grocery store, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No, we sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Russian woman of Wratshevo, Novoroid, has been burned for witchery! Witches are very common in Russia, in fact, almost every family keeps a private witch tacked to the end of its name. Others, of course, prefer a pulmonary complaint.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

If your wife spreads your best coat on the kitchen floor while she whitewashes the ceiling, and fills your silk hat with pieces of coal and wood and dirt, don't get angry; remember that in every well-regulated house spring cleanings take precedence of good clothes.—*N. Y. Express.*

Early in the history of the world a man said to another, speaking of the weather: "It's a nice day overhead," and the man replied, "Yes, but there are not many going that way." It was a real good reply, the first time, but after it has been in use for years, and has been translated from the original language used in the garden of Eden in over sixty different languages and dialects, it seems mighty peculiar to see it as an original item in a Pennsylvania paper.—*Peek's Milwaukee Sun.*

'Tis butter step from the cream pan to the churn.—*Whitehall Times.* Then how far is it to the churn-al house or creamation department?—*Albany Argus.* 'Tis butter short whey.—*Whitehall Times.* This is too much. Wheyter, a glass of water if you please? *Albany Argus.* Oh cheese it!—*New Haven Register.* Why not stop this, fellow sinners, before you runnet into the ground?—*Yonkers Gazette.* Let an-udderman have his turn; can-t you Boss-eh? Yes, butter a churn the whole matter than strain people's minds so. That's sour whey of thinking.—*Contributor.*

In a late German story the hero gives a rhapsodical description of the first kiss in these ebullient words: "Am I really dear to you, Sophia? I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to the rosy mouth. She did not say yes; she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars; the earth went from under my feet." All of which is very pretty and very poetic, but very indefinite. What the practical American reader wants to know is, if that is the transcendental German way of saying that he was at that particular moment lifted by a paternal boot-toe?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Arms have they, but they hug not—wind mills.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Ears have they, but they hear not—cornstalks.—*Detroit Free Press.* Heads have they, but they understand not—cabbage.—*Oil City Derrick.* Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes.—*Post.* Oh, dear! Here's this old soldier on the march again. Lei's see. Mouths have they, but they bite not—rivers. Teeth, but they ache not—saws. Legs, but they walk not—chairs. Sounds have they but they are not heard—fish. Tu-hips have they but they kiss not—flower beds. Faces, but they scowl not—clocks. Fists have they but—. The conclusion of this is lost, as the writer, in picking himself up from among the fragments of a spittoon and waste basket, and rinsing the blond from his nose and telling the boy to notify him next time he saw the chief coming into his room, somehow or other has lost the thread of the matter.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.**TORONTO—(Continued).**

One of the most interesting places, and one that will well repay the tourist, especially if imbued with a love of the beautiful in art, is what may be justly considered the fountain head of the Educational System of Canada,

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Beautifully situated in the centre of large and well-kept grounds, tastefully adorned with rare and choice shrubbery and flowers, and still further beautified by numberless statues of Parian marble, it is beyond doubt one of the most pleasing features of the city. Here it is that the rustic youth of either sex, ambitious of scaling the heights of Parnassus, receives the education that enables him or her to

"Teach the young idea how to shoot."

Visit any school house, however remotely situated, and there you will find the master, or possibly school-marm in possession of the cherished Normal School Certificate.

On entering the building you at first register your name in the visitors' book, when you are free to feast your eyes on the immense collection of statuary, among which The Laocoon—who evidently is a "gone coon"—is an especial favorite. It would be tedious to enumerate everything in the statue and bust line, suffice it to say—there are VENUSES, PHLYSCHES, HEBES, APPOLOS, ADONISES, *à hoc genus omnes*; busts of all the Roman Emperors, from AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE, not to mention the Grecian celebrities, HERODOTUS, EUHPIDES, THEMISTOCLES, CANTHARIDES, and a host of others. Of the display of paintings we can only say we have been assured by European travellers that it almost equals the

GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE,

in Paris, and certainly the authorities have done their best to preserve these works of art in all their freshness, by going over their surface with bright varnish, an action that is thoroughly appreciated by all people of artistic tastes.

The northern part of the grounds has of late been utilized for military purposes, in fact dedicated to

MARS, THE GOD OF WAR.

A few nights ago the gallant Queen's Own Rifles went through a number of intricate manoeuvres, winding up with a "march past" to the music of the band. What is called in stage parlance a "novel effect" was brought on in the shape of an immense

CALCIUM LIGHT,

which being placed in a line with the lower part of the forage cap, had the effect of plunging the whole battalion into Egyptian darkness, and dazzling the eyes of the men, to the detriment of their "dressing," so much so that it is rumored that Col. OTTER is about to serve out to the men smoked spectacles to provide for future similar contingencies. In conclusion, we may say, that taking this institution for all in all, it has, in our opinion, not its superior on the continent, and no visitor should leave Toronto without at least a day's sojourn at the Normal School.

THE grass has begun to grow, and about June the Conservatives propose to MOWAR.

WHAT kind of a fellow is Bill Sticker? Has MAHE ROSE any particular time for rising?

ARE shopping ladies liable to be called price-fighters?—*N. Y. Herald.* They must be when they try to knock down the price.

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PUBLIC ATTENTION is directed to the following provisions of the Fishery Laws in the Province of Ontario:

PICKEREL [*Dore*] cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

MASKINONGE, cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

BASS cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

SPECKLED TROUT, BROOK or RIVER TROUT cannot be caught from 15th Sept. to 1st May.

SALMON TROUT and LAKE TROUT cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

WHITEFISH cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

Net or Seine fishing without licenses is prohibited.

Nets must be raised from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week.

Nets cannot be set or Seines used, so as to bar channels or bays.

Indians are forbidden to fish illegally the same as whitemen.

Each person guilty of violating these regulations is liable to fine and costs, or in default of payment is subject to imprisonment.

No person shall, during such prohibited times, fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any of the kinds of Fish mentioned above.

By order,

W. F. WHITCHER,

Commissioner of Fisheries.

FISHERIES DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, 2nd April, 1879.

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The happy talent of *Grip's* artist for presenting the situation at a glance was never more conspicuous than in the recent cartoon, wherein the well-known N.P. Elephant was fondling its new-born irredeemable-currency offspring, while Sir John advised Mr. Tilley not to kill the calf, as they might want to ride it in the next political campaign.—*The Globe, Apr. 28th.*

Flambeau Flashes.

Spell pepper with two letters—KN.

A SWELL dinner—Raw rice and cold water.

THE sauce bootblacks prefer: *Grosse & Blackwell.*

IF GAMBETTA sovereign how much did DARWIN?

WHAT are the largest insects in the world? The gi ants.

MISS ISIPPI is the belle of the West; she has jet-eyes.

A MAN may not be long in a city and yet belong there.

CAN you call the land on each side of the Nile an Nile-land?

Is THE gender of a lizard male or female? Neither; it's newt-er.

A happy tigt at night don't improve the appetite in the morning.

WHEN the honey crop is large there is always a good deal to cell.

AN oarsman may go out for a "spin" and yet not be a tip "top" sculler.

SHOULD the runt of a sausage maker's shop be paid in cur-rent tunds?

A LAWYER is like a hack-horse—the more he's feed, the more conveyancing he will do.

It's hard to say how the LETELLIER matter will be settled. It is all a question of LUC.

AN Indiana woman tried to drown herself in a vinegar barrel.—*Ex.* More likely from Miss-sour-i.

"ONE good turn deserves another," especially when a gymnast turns a double somersault.

WHY is the eloping mother of five children like C. SARAI's wife? Ans.—Because she is a roamin' matron.

Richelieu says "there is no such word as fail." Guess he never had to take five cents on the dollar.

It is said a Mrs. CROW, of Moundville, Va., hung herself without caws.—*Ex.* Did the Crow-ner hold an inquest?

OUT on a fowl—Feathers.—*Boston Post.* "Out" on a fave—The hotel keeper who trusts a "beat" for his dinner.

BROWN.—Can you break me a five dollar bill? JONES—I should like to break it but unfortunately I'm broke myself.

DURING the maple-sugar season you will see a good many sappers and minors around the camps. This is sap-parent.

THE "Midgets" won't marry.—*Boston Post.* Not im-midget-ly, perhaps, but they Mite do so when they get big enough.

WHEN a young man playing "draw-poker," puts up his last ante, the chances are that his next "call" will be upawn his "uncle."

ANNA DICKINSON has a new lecture "The Jews." Jew ever hear of such a thing?—*Bridgport Standard.* We think it is-a-real nice subject.

A LOVER of the turf's favorite color is blue. A lover of dog fights' favorite color is purp-le.—*N. Y. Herald.* A lover of babies' favorite color is yel-low.

AN editor may not be very good to jump on, but if you could see the "Odes to Spring" he receives every day you'd think he was spring bored all the same.



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Gone Back on N. P.

(See Letter in Globe of 25th instant).

In spite of your former bad slips,
I put you in power, says PHIPPS;
In this all will agree,
That I wrote up N. P.,
Deny it you can't, you old rips:
Now, you "sass" at the Yankee,
And for me—not a thankee!
So into the Grit boat he slips.

ROBERT BURDETTE thinks babies are born in Boston with spectacles on.—Buffalo Express. We think these are "spectacles" on which Bob has no right to gaze.

BY THE CONTRIBUTOR.

In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

BY YE EDITOR.

Then a ton of fresh "Spring" sonnets
In the stove we lightly shove.

A COUPLE of handsome young ladies, belonging to St. John, being instigated by jealousy, punched each other very severely a few days ago, and one of the mighty reporters called it a "Belle Punch."

JOSEPHINE AN ANATOMIST.

She was a good anatomist.
(Please don't with wonder start.)
We know that it was so because
She took a Bone apart.

Mrs Dods tells the women how to make a dish of "Snow eggs." But suppose a woman has snow eggs?—*Fat Contributor.*
Yolk can easily fix that all right. Let her eggs-ert all her heenergies and try some ruse ter raise them.

WHEN a \$2000 clergyman is offered a \$8000 parastate it is styled a "call;" when in fact it is only a "raise."—*Ala California.*
They generally consider the salary a good thing to draw, as it makes them flush.—*Boston Post.* And we have known 'em to play the duce. And to go a begging. It's your deal.—*Bangor Commercial.* Calling it a "call" is often a "blind" to cover the "raise," but if he can "fill" the postion acceptably he shouldn't be tray-duced.

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