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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, GEM office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GEM is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.

"The copy of Shorthand Writer received. Like it first rate and desire to see it prosper."—*H. A. Appunt, Bus. News and Phonographic Collector, Sterling, Ill.*

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—*Das Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Photography.*

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—*Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.*

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—*Montreal Gazette.*

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 \$2 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—*Sarnia Observer* (edited by Mr. Geo. Eyuel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Dr. STRATHY's Musical Association give a select performance in Newcombe's Hall this Friday evening, to a select audience of invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. CHANFRAU, a notable pair of stars well known to the theatre goers of Toronto, are playing at the Royal. CHANFRAU's *Kit* takes an honorable place in the gallery of great American comedy parts. Mrs. C. is recognized as one of the cleverest members of the profession in emotional plays.

Mr. Wm. REDSTONE, a vocalist well known to our citizens, is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit in Albert Hall, on Monday evening, 31st inst. Mr. REDSTONE was with the Holman Opera Company during their recent American tour, and judging from the comments of the Northern and Southern press, he achieved a marked success. He is the happy possessor of a tenor voice of great power and compass as well as sweetness, and is able to do the standard ballads full justice. We bespeak for him the hearty reception and crowded house he deserves.

JEFFERSON has come and gone. The daily papers have puffed him as a matter of course, though no doubt he deserved very favourable notices. In our opinion, however, his *Rip Van Winkle* is by no means so good as that of ROBERT McWADE. JEFFERSON's Dutch dialect is defective, and he is not at home in the pathetic passages. McWADE, on the contrary, is perfect in these respects, and furthermore, has a decidedly better play. And, by the way, where was *Rip's* dog *Shneider*? McWADE has that part played to perfection by a mangy cur. Business management, not genius, accounts for the difference in the popularity of these stars.

At the annual dinner of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society on Tuesday night, Mr. N. F. DAVIS, in reply to the boast of his health, made an exceedingly brilliant and effective speech. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the elements of national greatness which Canada possesses, and inveighed against the habit of underrating the achievements of Canadian talent which prevails even amongst our own people. "In England," said he, "when a man displays marked ability, he excites the admiration of the press and public and forthwith becomes a lion, in Canada his success would be apt rather to excite jealousy and opposition." This is only too true, and the sooner we get rid of such a miserable spirit the better it will be for our country. Mr. DAVIS acts as critic at the ordinary meetings of the Society, and is immensely popular with the young limbs of the law.

On a brief visit to Walkerton last week we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Fox and his three little sons, the musical prodigies. The eldest, GEORGE, is about eight years of age, the second between six and seven, and the third a child of five. All three are marvellously gifted. GEORGE sat down at the pianoforte and extemporized several brilliant pieces, including a dead march, which, if it could have been written and published, would fairly rival the celebrated composition so often heard in public. The little fellow does not play by note, and has not Blind Tom's faculty of imitation; he is purely original, and always plays just as the musical spirit moves him. He is also able to name any notes that may be struck upon the instrument while his back is turned to it. His brothers are each gifted with a wonderful "car," and perform extempore duets together, though GEORGE's genius is the most pronounced. Mr. BAYLAN, an accomplished musician well known in this city, has charge of the three little wonders at present. Mr. Fox himself is a talented man, and a fair performer on the piano and harp.



Grenville Canal, Ottawa River.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on THURSDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, THE 20TH MAY, instant, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms—and in the case of firms—unless there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an acceptance bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose Tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract within *eight days* after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, }
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. } NV-1-21



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD OF JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. } St. 13-5.

Too Bad.

The news come from Ottawa that owing to the Princess LOUISE having held no Drawing Room this season several very estimable ladies are in despair. The genius of snobbishness has prevailed, and the upper crust has had no opportunity of displaying its knowledge of millinery. What a catastrophe! Who can fail to sympathize and echo Amen to the melancholy "nunc dimittis" which Mrs. GRUNDY is singing? Never since Ottawa had a vice-regal court has there been such a strange fatality. It has been a social duncial, a sacrifice to the divinity of dulness. What is society without ladies' toilettes, and who will don a bran new fashionable toilette if it cannot be seen? Surely all right minded people must sympathize with the disappointed ladies who have spent dollars in preparation and after-all cannot make any display. That Her Royal Highness met with an accident, serious enough as it was, but which might have been worse, has nothing to do with the question. The Canadian Mrs. LANGRIS have been disappointed, and that is all there is to be said.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

FARRAR's "Life of Christ" has been translated into Russian.

The death of BLACKWOOD leaves WILLIAM CHAMBERS the last survivor of the old Edinburgh book-sellers. He still writes for his magazine.

Mr. J. C. FORBES, the well known artist, is at present engaged at Ottawa in painting the portraits of several members of the Dominion Government. Some of his work recently finished, is spoken very highly of.

A new Liberal daily journal is projected in London with a capital of \$1,500,000, which shall "combine the business energy and special excellencies of the *Daily News* with the intellectual vigor and robust social and ecclesiastical liberalism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

TENNYSON eats mutton chops and kidney and drinks stout out of a pewter mug, like common mortals, at "The Cock," London. A late private letter from a New Yorker says that the poet is not handsome by any means, but "looks tough and muscular, aged and worn, bent in the back, and with a hollow chest."

The rumor that Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE is to become connected in an editorial capacity with the *Globe* is again revived. Whether it is actually true or not we cannot at present say. Many prominent Reformers think it would be a decided advantage to the party if such an arrangement could be carried out.

Mr. J. GORDON BROWN succeeds his lamented brother as Managing Director of the *Globe* Printing Company. Though less known to the general public than the late Senator, Mr. Gordon Brown is a man of scholarly attainments and considerable literary ability. He possesses, likewise, a good share of the energy and administrative ability so characteristic of the family, and under his direction there is not likely to be any falling off in the prosperity of the great journal.

Grip is steadily advancing in public favor, and its prosperity is based on solid merit. It is not only a credit to Canada; it would be a credit to any country. Some of its cartoons are more than clever; they are the productions of the highest order of a very high order of genius. Although firmly established we presume the circulation is not so great as its merits deserve, but this is a matter that will mend in time. No one pretending to culture will be found without it in a short time.—*Orillia Times*. Thanks, brother, but oh, spare our blushes.

An interesting exhibition will be held by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church, Aylmer, on the 22nd and 24th inst. The exhibition will consist of relics, comprising curious and antique works of art, paintings, specimens of minerals, wearing apparel, books, &c., from China, Japan, Italy, Africa, England, California and other countries, together with an almost endless variety of curiosities, rare manuscripts, coins, &c.

CHARLES READE writes ultimately for fame; immediately for a project or for a practical purpose; generally for both. His gains must have been considerable; for a story in the *Cornhill* he was paid at the rate of three guineas a page, with absolute right of reproduction. Of the effect of his works in promoting social reforms it is difficult to judge with accuracy. Possibly his chief merit is to have interested the public at large in such sad themes as are furnished by prisons and madhouses. "Put Yourself in His Place," procured him the honor of threatening letters from various trade-unions. Mr. READE is a perfect French scholar, having even accomplished the notable feat of writing a comedy in that language.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



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.

Volume XV.

Pursuant to announcement in last issue, GRIP opens his Fifteenth Volume with a change of front, though his principles, political and otherwise, will continue to resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians. He trust that those of his readers who have an eye for the beautiful will agree that the alteration is an improvement. There are many who used to take delight in studying the lately-discarded frontispiece week by week, who will now be deprived of that recreation, and should these esteemed patrons feel disposed to grumble, we can only inform them that additional space was needed for advertisers, and "business before pleasure" is one of GRIP's cardinal axioms. On this auspicious opening of a new volume our speech from the throne foreshadows the same old policy of praise and pretty pictures for those who do well, and pickled rods for the backs of transgressors. Now that he talks weekly to his thousands, Mr. GRIP begins to feel the grave responsibilities of his position, but so long as he is dealing with such a generous public as that of Canada has proved to be, he feels confident of ability to discharge his duty at least faithfully.

A Lacteal Lay.

Swill! swill! odoriferous swill,
Helping our green growing graveyards to fill,
Loudly I'll raise songs in thy praise,
Sweet little verses in honor I'll trail.

Tell me, oh cows! dear little cows!
How do you like on the refuse to browse?
Say, is it sweet? Is it a treat?
Tell the sensations a dose will arouse?

Tell me, oh grain, green growing grain,
Is it for this you are clothing the plain!
Is it for bread? or poison instead?
The subject is vexing my ignorant brain.

Tell me, oh graves! green little graves!
Answer, the city respectfully craves,
Why do you fill? Is it the swill,
Sold by some opulent murderous knaves?

Tell me distillers—rich old distillers,
Are you professional cemetery fillers?
With swill and with drink. Do you really think
You rank any higher than slayers and killers?
N. A. B.

A Chronicle of the Past.

And it came to pass, that the Opposition clamoured for a new leader.

So the high priests of the party, the centurions over many men, and the captains over a few held a caucus to consider the matter.

And being desirous of following precedent and making much show they first appointed a secretary.

And MACKENZIE spoke unto the high priests the diviners, centurions and captains, saying; What is that I hear? Go to now, every man to his seat. Ye shall not shout nor think until the day I bid you think; then shall ye think.

And the secretary took down his words.

But CARTWRIGHT, the son of his father, rose to his feet and said, Thou poor lone low crittur. Thou perverse man, always going contrary; the Tories laugh thee to scorn and mock at thy beard, get thee hence, for the party desires a new king.

And all the high priests, the diviners, the centurions and captains laughed aloud and cried, Ho! Ho!

And MACKENZIE lifted up his voice and wept aloud, saying. Is it real? Am I MACKENZIE or some other fellow? Alas! for the good old days when no man dare to think, except as he was bid.

And the secretary took it all down. Then BLAKE, the son of Aurora, arose and said,

Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, if my presence is acceptable, anoint me your captain and let me consider thee my people.

And MILLS said, EDWARD, my son, my philosophic soul goes out towards thee. Thou hast found favor in our sight, for thou wilt scatter the Tories into corners, and make the remembrance of them to cease from among the electors.

And all the high priests, the diviners, the centurions and captains together with the secretary lifted up their voices and cried aloud, "You bet."

So it came to pass that they anointed BLAKE, the son of Aurora, leader of the party.

A Mean Advantage.

Mr. DAVIN is enthusiastic in both his likes and dislikes. He has expressed himself in regard to the Rag Baby. He is a strong Conservative, and doesn't believe in the spurious infant, but that is no reason why he should be hard on JIMMY BRIGGS. The poor Coboconk graduate is writing a novel, and cannot defend himself just now, so GRIP comes to the rescue. In the police court the other day a cheque was used in evidence signed "old man." Mr. FENTON was of opinion that any man who would perpetrate such a document ought to be committed. To this Mr. DAVIN replied that none but JIMMY BRIGGS could have done it. This is a great mistake on the part of Mr. DAVIN, and apt to ruin the character of one of Toronto's brightest citizens. The idea of any journalist signing a cheque at all is a libel upon every member of the craft. Those gentlemen carry their bills in their stockings and pay out ready cash with the air of a Duke whenever they are dunned. This accounts for their dodging up lanes so often, and being conversant with back entrances, for a man can't let down his stockings in the street very well. But there is another reason why Mr. BRIGGS never signed that cheque. He is a constitutional humorist. He doesn't do things like other people. If he had signed that cheque he would have subscribed himself "old boots," "old hoss," or "old fireworks." GRIP is surprised at Mr. DAVIN. To hit a man who is writing a book, and a novel at that, is a piece of meanness unworthy the chivalry of the noble house from which he is sprung. Wait till BRIGGS gets through and there will be wigs on the green. His eyes are wild and his hair long, and when he does commence he generally makes things lively.

A Song of the Times.

Oh, the house-cleaning mania is now in full blast,
I wish, how I wish that the season were past;
For how can a man enjoy comfort or ease,
While carpets and curtains wave out in the breeze,
While dusters are flourishing, and broomsticks and mops,
With the usual allowance of whitewash and slops,
And a woeful contraction of cutlets and chops;
When spiders are routed and cupboards are dusted,
No wonder with life that a man grows disgusted.
When miniature hurricanes rush through his doors,
And rivers of water roll over his floors,
Confusion confounded and chaos supreme,
Not a spot for the sole of one's foot to be seen,
Though one's wife may announce with a satisfied grin,
How she'll soon have the house just as neat as a pin,
You smile very faintly—the joke is too thin;
Your meals at such times are a series of snacks,
While your wife blows you up for forgetting those tacks,
Or the carpet rings ordered from Mr. O'NEAL,
Never guessing, dear creature, how writhed you feel;
You sneak off to bed in the hope of repose,
Your bedstead stands empty without any clothes:
Then SARAH comes up and she says, "Mr. HARRAT,
The Missus sent word you're to sleep in the garret."
You go to the garret and sleep with the rats,
'Midst the squeaking of mice and the mewing of cats:
How thankful I'll be when the housecleaning's o'er,
Like the rest of the male sex I vote it a bore!

More Marine Intelligence.

Matters have been dull in marine circles this week, and there is very little of importance to chronicle.

The Government guard ship *Macdonald* has sailed for the east, preparatory to being paid out of commission. This vessel has been on the station some years and has done good service.

Government officials are busy inspecting the boilers and machinery of several vessels with a view of fitting one of them out in the place of the *Macdonald*. No choice has yet been made.

The prompt action of the authorities in meeting and frustrating the designs of a low Yankee filibustering expedition on Lake Erie is regarded with unmixed satisfaction. Regrets are expressed that the casualties and material damage inflicted upon the Americans was not greater.

The piratical craft which lurk around York Street have been overhauled by the local forces. Orders were issued from the Court Street navy yard, and on Monday an action was commenced which resulted in the defeat of the pirates and the capture of many of their ringleaders. It is to be regretted that the gun-boat *Jamieson* received severe injuries during the conflict, and will have to be laid up in dock for repairs.

Several vessels have passed through from the east, bound west, since our last report. Most of them anchored for the night and took in provisions and stores. They all report good business whilst absent, and having received their freight money recommend Ottawa as a good port to visit. None of them have any complaints to make regarding shortage.

A new captain has been appointed to the *Globe*. This is a very old craft, but still seaworthy and capable of service. The experienced old salt, ALEX. MACKENZIE, is spoken of as first mate.

IRISH WIT.

PAT (paying tailor.) Now since you've resated these breeches I'll trouble you to resate this bill.

A scaly wound is among the "ills that flesh is hair to."

A live issue in politics—the new issue of Dominion currency.

Blue Monday has a sud-orific effect on the girl who does the washing.

"Trout fishing is all the rage."—*Ex.* Yes, and won't the mosquitoes make the fishermen rage, too.

The birds are actively engaged in "hopping the twig." Many young couples are following their example.



The Archbishop and the Monster.

Whatever the pastors of other flocks may do, Archbishop LYNN does not propose to allow his sheep to be destroyed by the modern monster of infidelity. And he says so plainly and with his usual vigor. His "short method with unbelievers" is to cut them off from the Church, and he threatens to do the same for those who put themselves in the way of becoming unbelievers. The Archbishop evidently doesn't believe, with so many of his fellow-pastors, that a little poison is good for the general health of Christians, and therefore he prohibits his people from attending "Free-thought" lectures and reading infidel books. Of course this will be looked upon as very narrow and bigoted by people who consider themselves "broad" and "cultured," but no one can deny that it is a strictly logical position for His Grace to take, and although Mr. GRIP is not a member of Rome's communion, he has no hesitation in saying that in taking this action Archbishop LYNN is showing himself a true and worthy shepherd.



The Lieut. Governor's Boots.

Up to the present writing the world is in suspense as to whom we are to have as the successor of Lieut. Governor MACDONALD. The names of several distinguished statesmen continue to be mentioned in connection with the appointment, and prominent amongst these is that of Mr. J. BEVERLY ROBINSON. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think that the honour will ultimately fall to this gentleman, for, as is well known, the present Dominion Cabinet invariably display a nice sense of the fitness of things in all the appointments they make, and Mr. ROBINSON's qualifications for the Lt. Governorship are too patent to escape attention. In the first place, it must

be considered that the office is a dignified one, and there is certainly no more dignified figure in Canadian public life than that of JOHN BEVERLY. Indeed, he is the very embodiment of dignity, and it would be well worth the while of any aspiring Canadian Academician who contemplates painting a picture of Ajax Defying Investigation, or any other subject requiring a figure of manly nobility, to come to Toronto and make a study of our City Solicitor. JOHN B's fitness is also most marked in the matter of the Lt. Governor's uniform. The hat fits him to a T, and the coat would require only a little "letting out" at the breast. Then, aside from mere physical considerations the Lt. Governor ought to be a man with a soul above corkscrews, and a strong instinctive repugnance to all manner of devious ways symbolized by that little instrument. That JOHN B. is such a man the Government ought to know. Physical considerations, however, are after all this statesman's strongest point. His "fitness" for the cocked-hat and coat is undoubted. The only trouble is with the boots. He appears to have some difficulty in getting into them.



It's going ta-ta, so it is!

Yes, it's going to visit its American Rag Baby tousin, so it is. And it will have a nice time, so it shall, and get lots of taffy and everying, won't it, deary! Yes, indeed it will. And it's ma is going with it, isn't she? She has been invited to go to the Greenback Convention, and Mr. CRANDALL, the American secretary, says they will be delighted to see her darling little popsy-wopsy, so he does. Wait till ma ties it's pretty hood on and then we will go bye-bye. We're going to Chicago, you know, petty. Won't that be nice! Yes, and it will see all the big houses, and the boats and everything. And ma is going to make long speeches and tell all about her dear Baby, and how big it is growing, and what great things it is going to do for Canada. Yes, and it can play with its little American tousin in Chicago and have lots of fun. Oh, won't it be jolly. There, it's hood is nearly tied now, and it's pretty clothes are all nice and clean. Now, it musn't cry, 'cause that would make its face all dirty, and it must have a clean face to go ta-ta with, musn't it? O, how proud ma feels of her Baby, and how happy she will be if it will be a good child in Chicago. And so it will, won't it, Raggy?

When SARAH BERNHARDT deserted the *Comedie Francaise* it might have been called the Desert of Sahara.

A Diamond in the Rough.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has heretofore been considered to have fairly earned the highest rank as a writer of that peculiarly difficult class of poetry called the "obituary." But he must look to his laurels, for a rural postaster in the unpretentious village of Mount Forest bids fair to eclipse him in these wonderful performances which have made the name of CHILDS familiar in our mouths—at least in the mouth of the editor of the *New York Sun*—as a household word. Canada needs more poets and fewer politicians—more poetry and less politics; and GRIP will rejoice if a perusal of the following touching lines by the budding genius from the North shall encourage our would-be laureates to write in a more lofty style than that of the anonymous effusions generally attributed to the member for Niagara.

Dear Friend, hold up thy head,
And dry thy falling tears,
There are many friends that mourn with thee,
And think of the little boy that died.

Thou shalt see his toys and his empty chair,
And the little companions he loved so well.
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

There is more in the same kind of rhyme, but these verses will do as a specimen—at least GRIP hopes so, for the reader's sake. The idea conveyed in the first stanza, of drying the falling tears because others are weeping, is a "happy thought," truly; while the picture of the little companions who will "speak with a silent speech" is original in conception, and betokens a very lively imagination, such as is seldom met with. It has been said that a boy is made up of three parts—legs, arms, and yell—the latter being generally the most extensive. It is cheering to hope that this description is not true of all boys, and to think that there are some who can convey their thoughts in "silent speech"—which may perhaps mean the dumb alphabet, or some system of sign-language invented by the poet for the occasion.

"The sidewalks need repairing everywhere."
—Ex. Widows and widowers ditto.

"Linen dusters are able to be out."
—Ex. Some of our coats have been out (at the elbows) for some time.

Our funny contributor says he is in love, and is so deeply smitten with the young lady that he religiously keeps even the wrappers of the newspapers she sends him.

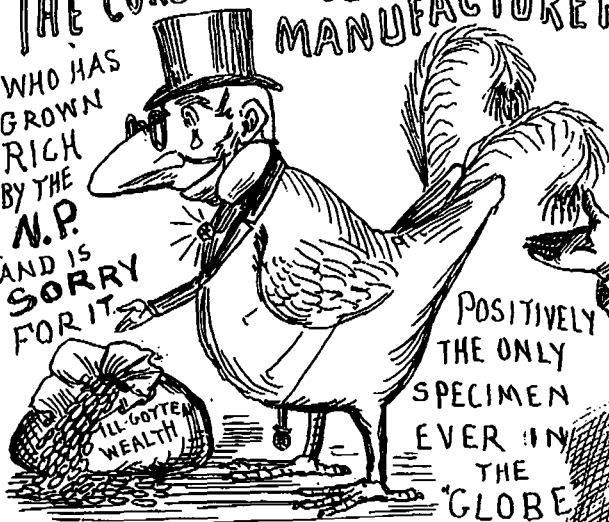


OUR BOY TAKES HIS "BITTERS"

Washington, May 19, 1890.

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RICH
BY THE
N.P.
AND IS
SORRY
FOR IT.



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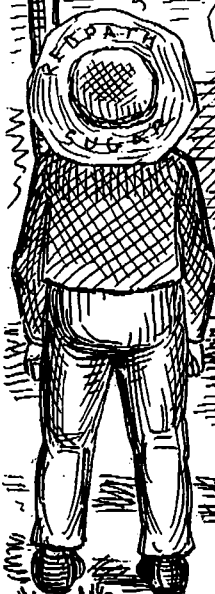
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AND
MONSTROSITIES.
J. GERDIN BROWN
MANAGER.

There's no such
Animal in
existence!!

Oh yes, in his mind!

Do you think he's
really got what
he advertises?

"Sorry"!!
My Conscience!!



THE GREAT GLOBE SIDE SHOW.

WITH THE GREATEST CURIOSITY EXTANT.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A kid-napping case—a cradle.—Marathon Independent.

The motto of the hen is to eggshell.—Waterloo Observer.

How paradoxical it is for cranky people to object to hand-organs.—N.Y. Mail.

A bear hunter—the Hottenton in his usual hunting costume.—Lampyton.

Forced politeness—Bowling to necessity.—New York Graphic.

An old theatre gorc—Red paint.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

The telegraph sometimes tells rough stories. Telegraphs are wiry things.—Boston Transcript.

An auctioneer can never have his own way, he is compelled to do as others bid.—Cin. Sat. Night.

When a man is rolling in wealth his fortune is appropriately expressed in round numbers.—Proof Sheet.

Real estate must be depressed. You can buy fifteen blocks now for ten cents.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Whenever you see a woman looking daggers, be not alarmed, it is only a mouthful of pins.—Bloomington Eye.

Wives are wanted at Leadville. Girls expert in dressing pistol-shot wounds are preferred.—Sumerville Journal.

We can stand the impudence of waiters, but there are some hotel-keepers we can't put up with.—Vallejo Chronicle.

"Aunty, vat makes de little baby cry so? Do it want iz mudder!" "Yes, dear and its fodder, too."—Proof Sheet.

The rain falls on the just and the unjust. But not on the man who has just stolen an umbrella.—Boston Transcript.

If the curve is the line of beauty, the colic is the most handsome ailment known to the medical profession.—Steubenville Herald.

If a man tumbles down from a precipice thirty feet in height, it gives him no authority to brag of his descent.—Somerville Journal.

Some people put stockings on their hens to keep them from scratching, but a better plan is to "shoo" them.—Philadelphia News.

An exchange says that there's something in store for everyone of us; but then it takes money to get it out.—Somerville Journal.

"Figures won't lie," they tell us. That must be the reason it is so hard to put a carpet down smoothly and make it reach into the corners.

The editor of the Boston Post says "mules get tired of living in Cincinnati." We know now why he avoids us.—Saturday Night.

The laugh of the school girl—"He! he! he!"—Salem Sunbeam. The laugh of the farmer—"Hoe! hoe! hoe!"—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A Westfield man has received an encouraging letter from two of his boys, who had recently gone west, in which they say they are earning \$100 per month and paying \$150 for board.—Somerville Journal.

An Ohio journal says that in this section policemen are usually brutes at home. Then the policeman's wife is not a happy one.—Herald P.I.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally because I have preached so much without notes," he said.—Boston Sunday Budget.

We hear of a man who has made a fortune by attending to his own business! This is authentic. But then he had few competitors.—Boston Transcript.

The Cleveland Leader mentions a meeting of pump men in that city. Can it be that the reporters have been holding a convention?—Steubenville Herald.

The Meriden Recorder thinks the mule was never tamed evenly, for while this animal seems perfectly mild and tame in front, a wild danger lurks about the heels.

"Silence is golden." AUNT—"Has any one been at these preserves?" (Dead silence.) "Have you touched them Jemmy?" JEMMY—"Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

An agricultural paper heads an article "How to prepare for strawberries." We have been prepared for them for several weeks, but the prices haven't been favorable.—Cin. Sat. Night.

A number of Italians are in town. They missed the gorgeous sunsets of their native land until the bill poster for the London circus arrived. Now they are all right.—Danbury News.

A man to whom a large tract of land in a neighboring State was bequeathed by a deceased uncle, didn't receive any deed to the property, but he said he would take the will for the deed.—Keokuk Gate City.

An observer of Vesuvius notes an increased activity in the crater at the time of each full moon. An observing Milesian remarks that he has discovered no difference in the activity of the crathur at any time.—Rome Sentinel.

He was watching a neighbor's boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance. "Are you afraid the lad will fall and break his neck?" was asked him. "No," he replied, "I am afraid he won't."

An old miser who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser. "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired a friend.

The new style of wall decoration has raised havoc with the fresco painters. An ordinary hired girl, a kettle of paste and a few rolls of paper with dado and freize, and the housewife is her own artist, if half the figures are wrong side up.—New Haven Register.

The other day a boy on South Hill yelled so loud that he loosened his hair at the roots, and when the neighbors rushed in to see what the murder was about, they found he was only calling to another boy, standing just on the other side of a marble ring about six inches wide.

WASHINGTON's father was never known to use profane words. The nearest approach to it was when GEORGE confessed that he had cut down his favorite cherry tree. WASHINGTON, SR., feeling his loss very deeply, immediately went to MARY, his wife, and exclaimed: "My best cherry tree has been cut down, by GEORGE!"—Yawcob Strauss.

When brightly beams the evening star,
And nature sleeps in shade,
The young man with his light guitar
Goes forth to serenade.
And while upon the midnight air
His soul its music pours,
His girl, serenely unaware,
Lies on her bed and snores.

St. John Cin. Star.

An exchange, deprecating long visits, long stories, long essays, etc., advises persons to "Learn to be short." When our contemporary sends out a man to collect subscriptions, he will be surprised to learn that nine out of every ten persons have already mastered that lesson.—Norristown Herald.

"Here, JOHN, don't eat those crackers up,"
Said she with a hateful snap;
"They're some I saved on purpose
To put in the baby's pap."
"Well," said JOHN, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,
"What makes you so cross about it, then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"
—Keokuk Constitution.

The manager, being on deck, heard the painter, but failed to find out his whereabouts for some time. At length, looking over the stern, he descried the man of paint, whose tune was merry and loud. He looked savagely at the man, who took no notice of his appearance, but continued his work until he was accosted by his superior with the following inquiry: "Do we pay you for whistling, sir?" "No," replied the man; "we gie ye thot into the bargain."—Proof Sheet.

"The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses and caramels, hypothenuses and other bedizens of the forest and jingle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted enclosure, I said to him, 'How terribly wild the animals growl, don't they?' I was eena most frightened to death, till Daniel told me it was only the vendooos of peanuts and prize packages plying their rogation."—Boston Transcript.

Speculator to old miner in Leadville, handing him a bag of samples: "Gold quartz or carbonates?" The honest miner turned it over in his hand indifferently, took out his knife and picked at it awhile, and then asked, "Got much of it?" "Thousands of tons," answered the other eagerly. "How much do you suppose she'll run?" "Can't tell nothing without an assay." "But you can guess, can't you, you can guess?" "Oh, yes, anybody kin guess; but a guess is liable to be extravagant. Now, I should say—but, mind ye, I may go over the mark—I should s-a-a-y [turning the specimen over again and holding it up to the light], I should s-a-a-y that if ye can save the gold in this and catch the silver, and not waste the lead, that it might run about—well, about two dollars to the county."

Uncle BEN WURR, that antiquated, crippled and white-headed darkey always to be met in Woodward Avenue begging for a small loan was looking so proud and conceited yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Wall, I does feel a bit stuck up sah," replied the old man as he gave his old hat a new siant. "My ole woman am black as de spades ob diamonds, an' I nebber 'spose she 'mounted to a hill 'o beans, but a few weeks ago she was looken sick."

"Yes, sah, an' de oder day I called a doctah—same sort o' doctah dat tends on white folks. He looked at de ole woman's tongue, axed her 'bout a fousan' qeshuns, an' den he shook his head an' said dat her system was all run out."

"Run down, you mean."
"Yes, sah, an' then he tole her dat she mus' go to de sea-shore for free months dis summer to git her system back."

"But you can't even raise fifty cents."
"Dat's so, but Lawd bress you I can't we feel tickled an' stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to do jist de same as de biggest white ladies in de land! Fo' de Lawd, but when de doctah said she had a system, same as rich white folks, an' dat she mus' go whar dey roll in salt water, dress in silk an' put up at a fo'-story hotel, why, I jist shouted till dey heard me way out in de woods!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Story without a Moral.

He was an undertaker and his name was PETER GREEN,
 He'd coffins, yes, and caskets make, the prettiest ever seen,
 Bright rosewood ones for wealthy men, and cheerful ones of deal,
 He'd make for jovial paupers with the most excessive zeal.
 Now PETER loved a pauper girl, her name was ALICE GALE,
 Her home was in a workhouse, for her birth place was a gaol;
 And tender thoughts oft crossed his mind, when sitting by her side
 Of happy days in store for him with ALICE as his bride.
 When working hours were over as'de his tools he'd throw,
 And straightway to the workhouse and to ALICE he would go,
 And tell her cheering stories of his undertaking craft,
 With other little anecdotes, at which she often laughed.
 Next door to PETER'S domicile—a surgeon he did dwell,
 A proud, a tall and stately man, his name was SIMON BELL.
 Good friends were they, that worthy pair, but envious people said
 That PETER gave him ten per cent. for every patient dead.
 But that is neither here or there, and be it from me far
 To propagate those rumors which so very envious are,
 'Tis better to extract the beam which nestles in your eye,
 Than wrestle with the motes which in your brother's optics lie.
 Now SIMON was the surgeon to the workhouse and the gaol,
 And day by day admired the charms of pretty ALICE GALE,
 His height, his pride and stateliness, his skill in healing art,
 And haughty condescension won the pauper maiden's heart.
 He told her loving stories of mortality and death,
 And all the surest ways to stop a fractious patient's breath,
 He spoke of epidemics and of fevers and disease,
 Of opium and arsenic and the scarcity of fees.
 Now wooing thus, of course you know, that surgeon SIMON BELL
 Neglected all his patients and the killing trade as well,
 And PETER GREEN was starving. Also, the faithless maid
 Who played such deep destruction with poor PETER'S heart and trade.
 Well, PETER took a bible and he made a solemn vow,
 And clenched it too with nasty words, unpublishable now,
 "Revenge," he roared: "Revenge, revenge!" with pitiable squeal,
 "I'll make that maid cold mutton, and I'll make that chap cold veal."
 But that is neither here or there—for words don't fracture bones,
 And people in glass domiciles should shun the use of stones;
 Satan too, accusing sin, is almost daily seen,
 Precisely what might be observed of wretched PETER GREEN.
 He took his tools from off his shelf, his hammer and his plane
 His saw with other implements, and worked with might and main;
 He made two lovely coffins—yes, the truth I won't conceal,
 A rosewood for the mutton, and a pine one for the veal.
 And so one chilly evening on a hostile mission bent,
 All armed with lethal weapons, he to the workhouse went,
 Expecting, hoping, trusting there the guilty pair to find,
 And to issue to the faithless twain a fragment of his mind.
 Now ALICE had been sickly just a day or two before
 The afternoon that PETER GREEN those vows of vengeance swore;
 "Twas simply Typho-swampy," so her lover SIMON said,
 And so he leech'd, he physicked her, he blistered and he bled.
 "Ha! rascal, now I have thee!" the indignant PETER bawled,
 As up unto the bedside he the haughty SIMON hauled,
 "Thy craven blood I yearn for," the outrageous PETER quoth,
 "Oh, dread the awful vengeance of an undertaker's wrath!"
 His eyes all of a sudden they fell on ALICE GALE,
 Lying stiff and cold and dead, and oh, so ghastly pale;
 His hair stood up on end, and fit attacked his trembling knees,
 And SIMON left the building to enjoy the pleasant breeze.

Then PETER took a pistol from his right hand waist-coat pocket,
 And then his next maneuver was to load and also cock it;
 He said, "Farewell, sweet ALICE," and fired into his ear—
 So drop on PETER'S lifeless clay a sympathetic tear.
 They buried them together, near the workhouse and the gaol.
 The deal one held poor PETER GREEN, the rosewood ALICE GALE,
 And youths and pauper maidens as they out together stray,
 Bedew their graves with tears in quite a sympathetic way.
 But that is neither here nor there—but look before you leap,
 And waters that the stillest run are naturally deep;
 Roses all possess a thorn, is not an empty boast,
 And beauty unadorned of course is decorated most.
 N. A. B.

Mr. Crosskill and the Halifax Herald.

The action for libel which Mr. CROSSKILL, late Deputy Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, is bringing against the Halifax Morning Herald, shows the natural "cussedness" of some people. The defence raised by the Herald is an instance of fertility of resource which would do credit to a book-agent or a lightning-rod peddler. The Herald company resist proof of publication. (Grip has heard of people who were blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other; and if the Company's defence amounts to anything, Mr. CROSSKILL is evidently one of those. It is all an optical delusion, diseased imagination, a case of mistaken identity, snakes in the boots. What Mr. CROSSKILL read as an article reflecting upon himself, was in reality an essay upon material humanity; a lucid disquisition, proving that man is nothing but a bucket of water and a pinch of phosphorus. How some people do get mixed up. To mistake a scientific article for a libellous charge beats the 13, 15, 14 puzzle all to pieces. We don't know whether Mr. CROSSKILL wears spectacles, but if he doesn't he should.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. xiii-10-1y



WELLAND CANAL NOTICE

TO BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on **TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE** next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.
 Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after **MONDAY THE 31st DAY OF MAY** next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.
 Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.
 This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.
 DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
 Ottawa, 29th March, 1880. } xiv-21-10



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR FENCING.

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.
 Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
 Ottawa, 26th April, 1880. }



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE

TO Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on **THURSDAY THE 3rd day of JUNE** next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after **THURSDAY THE 20th day of MAY** next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.
 DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
 Ottawa, 29th March, 1880. } xiv-21-11

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Resaw, 24 in. saw, pulley on mandril 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$750. Price \$725.

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Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2½ in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2½ ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.

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