

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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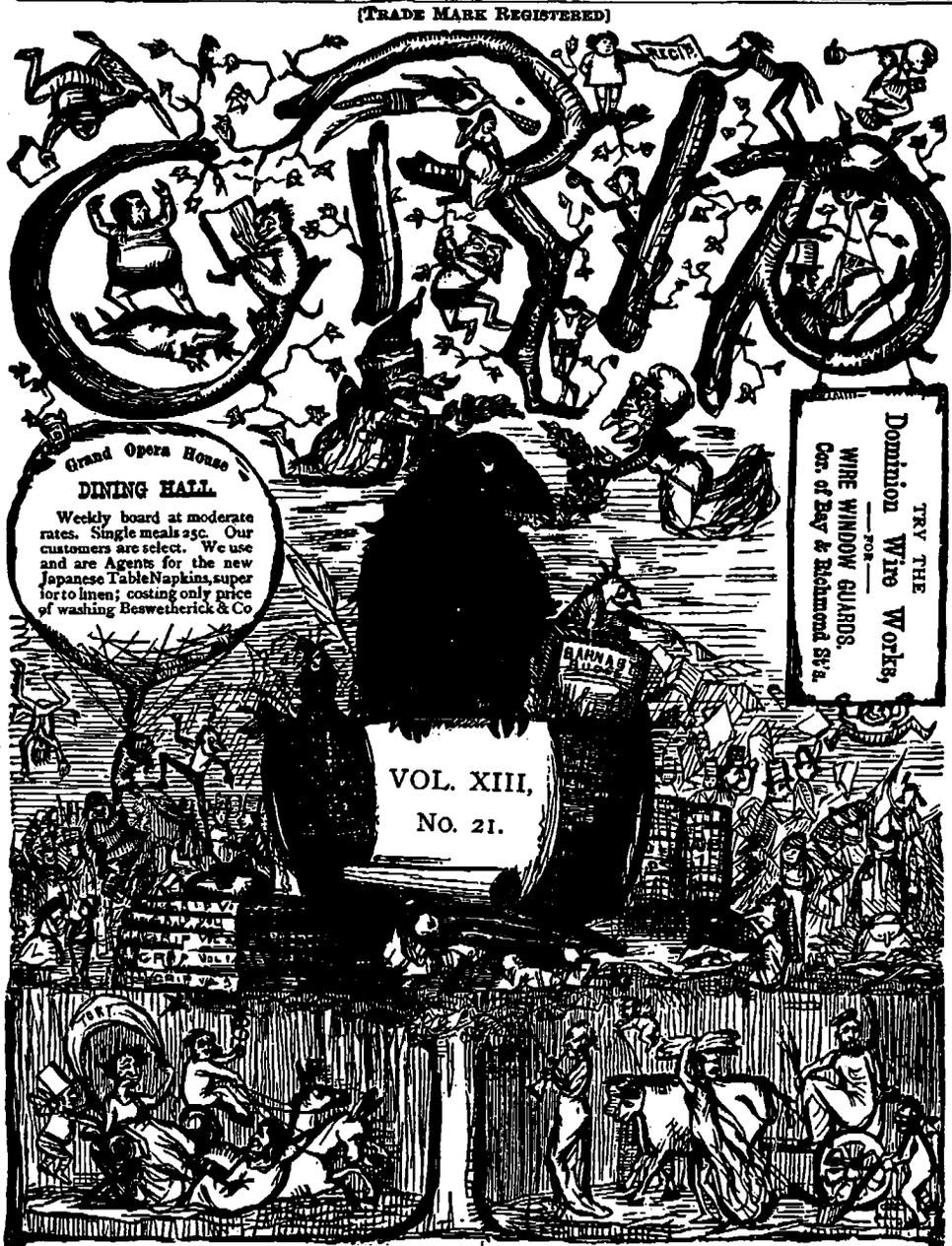
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts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

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Literature and Art.

E. G. STEADMAN, now in London, has been dining at Greenwich, visiting at Holland House, consorting with BROWNING, and occupying his leisure with literary work. He is much improved in health.

The best picture in the German department of the Munich Exhibition this year is Prof. WAGNER's latest work, "The Spanish Mail Coach." The coach drawn by eight horses comes rushing down a hill directly towards the spectator. At the left is a precipitous descent from which the road is only separated by a low wall. The occupants of the coach, the drivers and all seem to think that the pace has been too rapid, and that there is imminent danger of tumbling down the hill. This gives rise to excited endeavors to check the horses' course. The action of the horses, beaten back by the boys at their heads, or held back by the driver's rein, is admirable. The drawing throughout is good. There is no German artist who puts such motion and dash into his horses as WAGNER; as, for instance, in his *Chariot Race*, though others paint them more picturesquely. His great failing is in color, many of the shadows being produced, as in other well-known German works, by a dirty glaze of asphalt, a slouchy excuse for coping with a difficulty which they cannot honestly surmount.

A recent writer says of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: "But whether his poems are for class dinners or church dedications; whether they welcome the princes of Russia or France, China or Japan; whether they greet a political, military or mercantile hero; whether they overflow with rollicking fun or touch the most serious things in life; whether they eulogize the dead or inspire the living, they are always exquisitely adapted to the occasion. It is their fitness and their form that show the genius of the author. He never sacrifices the requirements of the "occasion;" he never writes for posterity when the verses are meant for a dinner party; and it is just this that gives to his lightest verses their great poetic value. They are perfectly fit and exquisitely done, with an artistic moderation and balance that are the final grace of poetry. With great variety of measure and equal ease in varied forms of verse, Dr. HOLMES is always clear, and prefers simplicity—using continually, without giving the least impression of weakness or limitation, the rhymes of one syllable.

The late COUNT DE NOE—the caricaturist "CHAM"—looked more English than French. He was a tall, carefully dressed and serious man, with a long, fair mustache and an erect carriage. He had an astonishing facility for work, and he worked without fussiness—anywhere and anyhow—without ever wasting a minute, and yet without intruding the fact of his being busy on the notice of others. He was always ready to receive visitors; and in his home circle he was the least tyrannical of men—one who never scolded or fretted, and one who was, in fact, so uniformly gentle as to be almost puzzling. He never spoke evil of anybody; his very drollest sayings were flavored with a mild kindness, yet he knew so many things, and the judgment of his facile pencil revealed such a depth of shrewdness, that one was often tempted to suppose that he held in his tongue with a bridle. The genius of CHAM was two-fold: he was an admirable caricaturist and he was a wit, for the letter-press under his sketches was always of his own writing.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

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Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. } xiii-21-61.

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The fishing fever is abating.

A wise cork knoweth its own pop.

When a couple of Cree Indians marry it's a sort of cree-mating affair.

It appears that there are three different versions of the celebrated LABOUCHERE-LAWSON street fight. But surely there can be no doubt as to which of the three is correct when one of them appears in the pages of *Truth*.

Stage Whispers.

MISS ADELAIDE RANDALL and Miss ELLA MONTEJO are the leading artists of the TRACY TITUS Opera Company.

It is said that MARIE ROZE's voice is growing weak in its high notes, but that the *artiste* has gained in dramatic experience. She is one of the few *prime donne* who are ladies both on and off the stage.

Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, it is said, intends to appear first in concert in this country, desiring to give four orchestral performances of his own music in Boston soon after his arrival. He says that he has thought of making the journey for the past three years and had on one occasion engaged passage.

There is a certain line in modern drama, the plot and substance of which is to a very great extent incidental to the "song and dance" front scenes thereof; the play as a whole being merely a vehicle to carry the favorite artists through the evening. Of this genus of play is "*Star, or Paste and Diamonds*" this week on the boards of the GRAND. Miss MATTIE VICKERS (*Star*) and Mr. C. S. ROGERS (*Dick Vinton*) sustain what may be called the leading parts very cleverly. The melodramatic portion of the play is well rendered by Mrs. GRACE CLAIR, (*Mrs. Dudley*) and Mr. H. W. MITCHELL (*John Stimson*). Synopsis of Play: *Mrs. Dudley*, wife of rich banker—gorgeous parlor—new "bunnet" brought by very slangy young person—Milliner's messenger by day, in evenings *Figurante* at Folly Theatre.—Banker's nephew sees young person—assumes too much "freshness" and gets "stand off," and moral lesson from girl.—He falls in love with her—good girl—only support of father, (drunken scallawag)—Girl has friend (plautic) *Dick Vinton*, attache of Theatre, and bill poster—Both he and she stage struck—"Leading Lady" of Folly Theatre resigns on account of default in payment of salary.—Manager is made to hear young person and the attache in private rehearsal. Engages girl for "leading" parts. Banker's nephew fills the house with friends—Immense success of "*Star*"—*Dick* also becomes "an actor"—Drunken scallawag recognizes *Mrs. Dudley* as his wife, who thought him defunct (ha! ha!) likewise the mother of "*Star*," who he assures Mrs. D., when he calls on her, is dead—Mrs. D., when he calls on her, is dead—Mrs. D. bribes him to secrecy—He drinks the money and finally dies in *Star's* arms—Before dying divulges secret to "*Star*," and gives up marriage certificate and papers—"Come to my arms my daughter!"—*Tableau*—*Star* accepts nephew as husband—Bus, and Curtain. Query—Why are these plays produced? My dear boy, it is because they please the audience and fill the house.—Managers and actors must live. FRANK FRAYNE Combination from Monday to Wednesday evening—with matinee, last day.

Toronto has peculiar theatrical tastes. An aggregation of "burnt cork artists" with their time honored jokes will fill a theatre from pit to dome, yet some of the best actors and actresses have played here to almost empty benches. Mr. FREDERICK PAULDING, a very excellent young actor, has been giving the "legitimate" at the ROYAL this week. His company is good, their costumes correct, and the scenes well put on; nevertheless the audiences have not by any means been as large as the acting deserves. It is to be hoped the house will improve towards the end of the week. HANSTAW's Combination follows next week with a California play.

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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.

## To Correspondents.

CYNIC.—Crowded out this week. Will appear next.

PUGWASH.—Too late for this week.

## On the Move.

The *Globe* is in ecstasies, and the little organs dance for joy. Sir Dr. TUPPER, like the prodigal, has seen the error of his (rail) way to Bute Inlet, and humbly enquires of MACKENZIE the road to the Burrard terminus. But, bless you, the organs on the other side are not melancholy over this "come down." On the contrary, they are overjoyed, too, for according to them, the Knight of Railways never intended to go by Bute Inlet at all, but only pretended to do so in order to set the Oppositionists by the ears. Happy circumstance! Everybody delighted and nobody hurt! But hold up, we haven't heard from BUNSTER and DECOSMOS yet. Old Probabilities says, look out for squalls.

## The Quebec Obstructionists.

In 1846 the old fogies of the Imperial Upper House were endeavoring to thwart the will of the people in connection with the Reform Bill, when JOHN LEECH, through the pages of *Punch*, set the world laughing at them by one of his inimitable cartoons. No, not inimitable, for Mr. GRIP has imitated it on the eighth page of the present number, the cycle of time having brought the granddaddies of the Quebec Council into the precise position of the Peers of '46. A transformation of Sir ROBERT PEEL into Monsieur JOLY as the policeman is the only change that was called for, and thus history, by repeating itself, saves Mr. GRIP's laborious artist all the trouble of devising an original picture. Let us hope that the Quebec "old boys" will ultimately "move on" as the English Lords were obliged to do.

## Song and Dance

(Performed by the Ottawa Correspondents of the *Globe* and *Mail*.)

*Globe.*

Oh! I'm the man that never told a lie,  
Though my friend here is continually brand-  
ing

Almost everything that's written or is said  
By a gentleman of highest social standing.

As a slander, or a libel, or in fact  
As a falsehood of the very blackest hue,  
It's a circumstance no chap can understand,  
Why he does so—I can't make it out—can  
you?

*Chorus.*

*Mail.*—Every mortal thing I write is solemn  
truth.

*Globe.*—Every column that you write is full  
of lies;

*Mail.*—My party's always right—your's al-  
ways wrong.

*Globe.*—Every action then their character be-  
lies.

*Mail.*

For patriots and statesmen high and grand  
You must search amongst the party they call  
Tory,

For traitors, knaves and thieves and sneak-  
ing spies

Search amongst the Grits—it's the old story.  
You'll find them there as thick as they can  
be,

And when'er they think 'twill give them  
any show

Every one will swear that Canada has  
sunk

In the very deepest, darkest depths of woe.

*Chorus.*—Every mortal thing, &c.,

*Both.*

My journal has endeavoured to uphold  
The dignity and truth of honest papers,

Your journal is a solid mass of filth  
Got together by dirt throwers and mud scra-  
pers;

In fact, no person ever now believes  
A word he sees upon your lying sheet—

For honesty and truth my noble page  
As a party journal never can be beat.

*Chorus.*—Every mortal thing, &c.,

GRIP (*solo*)

I think you both would be much better off

If you had a little more respect for facts,  
And if the lofty virtues that you boast

Were sometimes seen reflected in your acts.

## Lord Beaconsfield's Speech.

GRIP regrets that some of the papers have published an incorrect report of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S speech at Aylesbury, and he now gives the *only true* and *authentic* version of that part which refers to Canada.

GRIP was perched on the back of his chair while the noble lord was speaking, and heard every word of it.

"I hear it said on all sides of me that England cannot compete with America. (Hear, hear). Gentlemen, I have it on the highest authority, that grave doubts are entertained in the United States as to their power to compete with Canada. (*Applause*). Owing to the high taxes in the United States, and the generally debilitated condition of the country, five millions of farmers a week are selling out their farms, and are migrating into the illimitable fertile wilderness of North Western Canada. (*Cheers*). I have lately had the opportunity of talking with a *very* remarkable and thoroughly trust-worthy man, like myself, from Canada. As we discussed the matter, over a glass of claret at Hugenden, he informed me that Canada was taking the lead in everything. (*Cheers*). Yes, gentlemen, in everything! (*Immense cheering*.) The New York bankers are giving up their offices in Wall street, and are flocking to Montreal to invest their money in the Consolidated Bank. (*Applause*). Owing to the protection afforded by the N. P. (of which the gentleman in question gave me a

glowing account) STEINWAY and CHICKERING, the great piano manufacturers of America—the greatest, I might say, in the world—(*Cheers*) are pulling down their factories and are removing the bricks by the Canada Pacific Railway, *via* Thunder Bay and the Red River, to Toronto (*renewed cheering*). The Rolling Mills of Pittsburg are being transferred to the iron region of the Ottawa, *via* the Baie Vert Canal. (*Hear, hear and applause*). The fruit growers of the Genesee Valley are taking up the free grants of Muskoka. (*Cheers*). In this climate, made mild and salubrious by the chastening influences of the N. P., they can grow the most luscious peaches, the most tempting clusters of grapes, and in favorable seasons, oranges and bananas in the open air. (*Applause*). In fact, I am informed by this very reliable man, extremely like myself, that before two years are past the United States will be a howling wilderness, all the American railways will have re-laid their tracks in Canada; all the steamers will be plying in the St. Lawrence and the Saskatchewan, and the Great American Eagle will be screaming from the top of the Gothic Capitol of the Dominion at Ottawa." (*Prolonged applause and cheers renewed again and again.*)

## A New Toronto Practice.

GRIP congratulates certain of the young men of Toronto on their acquirement of an accomplishment calculated to raise them in the opinion of their acquaintances. On meeting or being about to pass any one in the street, the young man in question considers it correct to vomit a large amount of disagreeable saliva and tobacco juice on the pavement, not exactly in the direction of the passer by, but so that he can fully observe the graceful and pleasing action. So common is this of late that our streets are fairly bespattered with its results. It will be found an excellent thing for these young men, as affording them entrance to a class of society they might not otherwise have reached. In fact, it may not improbably bring about introductions to the Bar, the Bench, and ultimately to the Executive—as represented by the sheriff. In the meantime, if those good-looking statues, painted blue, and marked T.P.F., which are placed occasionally along the streets, were in any English promenade, they would have some influence on the matter. But here they are, probably only used as lightning conductors, for which their great height admirably fits them.

## Revolutionary.

The Bobcaygeon Independent man, emboldened by the near proximity of the woods, and the inaccessible character of the country round about his office, boldly declares for a revolution. He demands that the Senate be abolished, and that the "Upper Chambers" of those Provinces at present afflicted with such incumbrances, be swept away forthwith. He is evidently armed to the teeth with shooting sticks, for he nails his manifesto to a convenient tree and hisses between his clenched teeth that these reforms must be brought about peacefully if possible, but brought about at all events. Mr. GRIP regards his *confere* with profound admiration and wishes him all success. The only thing he has to object to is that his revolutionary brother alludes to the Dominion Senate as a leech, whereas a leech is a creature of some use.

AND now the 'Frisco hoodlums wish to be called batlums. We have long felt that this band of fellows needed a good trimming.



**County Court Justice.**

In classic sculptor's handiwork  
Justice is shown with bandaged eyes,  
But in the County Court of York  
They've added some to that device:  
The Court House has so foul a smell  
That out of downright sympathy  
They've bandaged up her nose as well—  
'Twas Judge MACKENZIE'S thought, "you see."



**Beaconsfield Stuffed.**

Mr. GRIP begs to present to an admiring public the above beautiful specimen of a stuffed British Statesman. The work was done by the distinguished Canadian political taxidermist, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, when on a recent visit to the old country. The person thus manipulated will be recognized as the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, who, as a consequence of being stuffed made a most glorious speech in favour of the Dominion of Canada. It must not be supposed, however, that the material used by the gifted taxidermist was all mere "stuff," for there was enough truth in it to call forth the gratitude of the Canadian people. The Conservative papers are fairly delighted with it, and point gleefully to the indisputable fact that no Grit leader ever proved himself capable of making an emigration agent out of any British statesman by cramming him either with fact or

fancies. "And who," asks the Ottawa Citizen, "was it that induced Lord BEACONSFIELD, thus to speak accurately and truthfully in the main, eloquently and with great force—about our country? Who, but Sir JOHN MACDONALD? It was he who "stuffed" Lord BEACONSFIELD, we are told. We are glad of it. The people of this country will thank him for it."

**October.**

Hail brown October! Of course when I say "hail"  
I merely mean to give a quiet greeting.  
I don't request a storm, the fall won't fall  
To give us hail enough, and rain and sleeting.

The reason I would hail you is most plain,  
I see in waggons come the hale old farmers  
With loads of fruit and bags of golden grain,  
And seated there their daughters, pretty charmers.

I likewise hail you for you bring the season  
Of lengthening evenings and twilight fancies;  
Tho' soon our girls our pockets will be easing  
Of cash to go to theatres and dances.

One thing I bless you for dear old October!  
You bring with you some thoughts of new diversions,  
The girls can take a rest, the boys keep sober,  
The laws be praised! we'll have no more excursions!



**Stollery vs. Brown.**

Mr. GRIP dropped into the Court House the other day and listened to the impassioned speech of that great legal luminary, Mr. BETHUNE, in the libel suit of STOLLERY vs. the Globe. Notwithstanding that BETHUNE is a most fractious member of the Grit party, and goes badly in the "Dictator's" traces, he was powerfully eloquent in behalf of his client in this case. He made a strong speech—especially strong in the epithets applied to the unfortunate though gallant plaintiff.

He didn't exactly suggest that his high minded client should be engaged to drum the colonel out of his regiment, but he should have done so, and Mr. GRIP makes a picture to supply the omission.

**Police Court.**

Any magistrate on the bench.  
Boy brought up charged with throwing stones, chopping fences, breaking street lamps, smashing shade trees, or anything else.

PARENT IN ATTENDANCE—Oh, it is not a habit of the child's at all. He never did it before. He never will again. He is very careful and steady generally.

MAGISTRATE—(to policeman)—Did you ever see him do so before?

POLICEMAN—(who knows very well that it is only a miracle he caught him once, but that when his back is turned it is a different matter)—No, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE—You are discharged with a caution. (And the small boys throughout the city do as they like).



**The Governor in Danger.**

The stream of "poetry" still keeps pouring in upon the devoted head of the Governor-General. As it flows along it increases in force and volume, and will in a short time sweep everything before it. The address nuisance was bad enough, but so long as it was confined to prose it was at least bearable. Now, however, that the thing has assumed a poetic aspect it becomes serious, and the law should step in. The act in force against the Welsh and Irish bards of yore has, we are credibly informed, not yet been repealed, although it is obsolete, and lies fading on the statute book. Let us revive it and cut off the heads of all our bards, and thus allow our too good-natured ruler to live and move in peace as well as other folks.—Montreal Post.

**Six and Half-a-Dozen.**

The London Advertiser's English correspondent comments in a feeling manner on Lord BEACONSFIELD lamentable ignorance of Canadian affairs. His lordship will be able to reciprocate the sympathy when he reads the Advertiser man's letter, and finds him referring to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD as "the Canadian baronet."



ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY!



# MASTER GALT, THE NEW ERRAND BOY.

SIR JOHN.—WELL, DID YOU DELIVER MY MESSAGE ABOUT THE TARIFF TO MR. BULL?

MASTER GALT.—YES, I TOLD HIM IT WAS A REVENUE TARIFF.

SIR JOHN.—AND WHAT DID HE SAY?

MASTER GALT.—HE ONLY LAUGHED.



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The house of the CÆSARS—the custom house.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man never knows how many friends he has until he purchases a billiard table.—*New York Star.*

We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.—*Boston Transcript.*

When we see XX or XXX on a liquor cask we always think of the amount of criss cross walking condensed inside of it.—*New Haven Register.*

The strong clear writer seldom sends his printer to the italic case. He puts out his piece and allows it to speak for itself.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A Vermont woman, aged one hundred, is learning to play the accordion. This is probably the worst case of total depravity on record.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Whenever a doctor makes his appearance in the far West, the inhabitants know that it is about time to pick out a location for a cemetery.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

Boston will presently celebrate its 250th anniversary. The advanced age of the city sufficiently accounts for the prevalence of eye-glasses among its inhabitants.—*Chicago Times.*

The following wise saying by SOLON is, we regret to say, not generally recorded in his works: "Young man, never cut your finger, nails before buttoning on a collar."—*Rochester Express.*

"Your son, madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director. "Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."—*Ex.*

Gold from Europe continues to arrive here in such quantities that our young men can now own two sets of brass sleeve buttons without being considered extravagant.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A young lady's hat blew off Saturday morning and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.—*Norristown Herald.*

A short time since a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy standing at the window with his mother said: "I say, ma! what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?"—*Albany Journal.*

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day, he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.—*Middletown Transcript.*

What is the difference between a dairy maid and a stormy petrel? One skims the milk and the other skims the water.—*New Haven Register.* We don't, even now, quite see the difference.—*Boston Post.*

A very much whiskered individual driving in a Victoria down-town with his Scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why!" said she, "I thought you were beside yourself!"—*Boston Traveller.*

Young Lady—"Join, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant Young Gardener (with noisy lawn mower)—"Oh goo yeow on, Miss AMY—goo yeow on! I shan't mind yar noise!"—*London Punch.*

A fashion writer tells us that "the buttoning of dresses in the back is going out of fashion." If your unmarried aunt still affects that style, you may tell her it is behind the age—if you dare to.—*Boston Transcript.*

Coachman to Minister of Finance (whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency)—"When does Your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury?" Minister of Finance (abstractedly)—"Never!"—*Ex.*

"Did you ever see an apron?" says one of those interrogative newspapers that are always getting off squibs about "did you ever hear a horse laugh, or see a rope walk," etc. Yes, we have seen an apron and it covered one lap.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Hello, where are you off to? Going travelling?" "Yes, my friend Soandso, editor of the Whatsitsname, has got me passes to the seaside and I'm going to spend a few weeks there and write some letters to the paper." "You ungrateful wretch."—*Ex.*

He asked her: "Going away?" "Yes; going to the sea baths." "What! in such chilly weather as this? You will never go into the water?" "Oh, yes I will; I'm all fixed up for that." "Really?" "Yes, I've had all my bathing dresses lined with fur."—*Ex.*

DR. BURNET, wishing to sell a bad horse, mounted it to show off its good qualities, but he did not succeed in managing it as he expected. "My dear Mr. BURNET," said the intended purchaser, "when you want to mislead me, mount the pulpit, and not the saddle."—*Ex.*

When you pick up a paper like the *Meriden Recorder* or the *Oil City Derrick*, and peruse a sublimely sentimental or deeply philosophical essay, the last line of which reads "Sold by all Druggists," you are forcibly struck with the truth of that conclusive remark.—*Toronto Graphic.*

MARIE CHRISTINE is to be paid an income of \$50,000 a year for marrying King ALFONSO. For the young man's information, ere it is too late, we will state that there are plenty of girls this side of the pond who will marry him for less money than that stuckup Austrian thing.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

"Do you see where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the Recorder, holding out the affidavit just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit, read it carefully, upside down, and replied, "Am I to blame? I never wrote that."—*Galveston News.*

"How much for a pear?" he asked, and with a chuckle paid the three cents demanded. Then came the joke. "I only took a pair," he said, exhibiting two of the articles. And what a satisfied grin that punster started away with! "All right," shouted the huckster after him, "pears are only a cent apiece, but I krowed you'd be up to some dodge. You keep the joke, old buster, and I'll keep the extra cent."—*Syracuse Times.*

"Didst ever feel, my love," said he.—  
The twain 'neath starbeams strolling—  
"A thrill no tongue can e'er express,  
And yet 'tis vain controlling,  
A something that o'erwhelms the soul  
And quite o'ercomes the senses,  
A ceaseless throb that through each vein  
Its influences dispenses?  
Canst tell me what it is, my own?"  
Then fondly he looked at her.  
"In course, you guess," she tartly said.  
"It's corns, that's what's the matter?"  
—*Yonker's Gazette.*

"The weird Alpine horn" is the instrument of torture that rouses the visitor at sunrise over in Switzerland. It is no more efficient as an awakener, however, than the voice of the landlady as she screeches from the foot of the stairs: "Ain't you gunter get up? Jes' clearin' off the breakfus' table!"—*New Haven Register.*

A gentleman who was interceding with Bishop BLOOMFIELD for a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, concluded his eulogium by saying: "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul." "Yes," said the bishop, dryly, "in prisons oft."—*Ex.*

A grand tournament of the bands of North Western Pennsylvania will take place at Oil Creek Lake some time this month. Residents of the vicinity have been asked to take their choice between remaining at home and going to Memphis, and over three-fourths have decided to brave the lesser horror of the yellow fever district.—*Norristown Herald.*

An eye to the future: Mother to her daughter just seven years old—"What makes you look so sad, CARRIE?" CARRIE, looking at her baby-brother three weeks old—"I was just thinking, that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entertaining company, and having beaux, that brother of mine will just be old enough to bother the life out of me."—*Puck.*

A young man dressed in the height of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said, "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

A young man about to enter college asked a student to tell him some complimentary phrase in Latin that he could repeat to the professor when he should be introduced. The friend complied. On meeting the professor he said: "Ahem! *Ego sum stultus.*" The professor merely opened his eyes a trifle wider and said gravely: "Yes, sir; I am well aware of the fact."—*Christian at Work.*

A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye se, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be taking de shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter right out o' my mudder's mouf."—*Ex.*

A Yorkshire trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silence and nod his acquiescence to everything, no matter what was said by his spouse. "Yes," remarked one of his friends, "but then she has it all her own way." "Just so," replied the Tyke, with satisfaction; "and nothing annoys her so much. There is nothing women hate like a walk over."—*Ex.*

**The Battle of the London Editors.**

Sing the row and the terrible fight,  
British muscle and British might,  
GRIP will it all for you indite  
In flowing harmony.  
Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE  
Edits *Truth*, and does declare  
That the name expresses fair  
All in it we see;

But there was a writer bold,  
Thought that truth should not be told  
Always—when it did unfold  
Things concerning him.  
This was Mr. LAWSON, who  
Owned the *Telegraph*, and you  
See why he swore what he'd do  
To the life and limb

Of the *Truth*, for that's a name  
Rouses to a furious flame  
Here or there, it's all the same  
*Telegraphs*.

Then he catches in the street  
LABOUCHERE, and does defeat  
Him with blows of fists and feet,  
Then he laughs.

But the *Truth* man writes straightway  
Him a challenge, in this way,  
"You are big and strong, but say  
Will you fight  
With such tools as equalize  
All our difference of size,  
Swords and pistols, blame your eyes,  
Left and right?"

But the *Telegraph* says, "Not  
So, for then I might get shot,  
Which is fighting much more hot  
Then I care  
To incur, but I will lick  
You again, yes, very quick,  
As before, until you're sick,  
If you dare.  
So it stands. The writer tall  
Is in courage much more small  
Than the little chap. That's all  
GRIP will declare.

**Canadian Celebrities.**

BY ASPER.

No. 6.—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Mr. DAVIN resembles Mr. EDWARD BLAKE in one—and only one—particular, namely, that he may be considered a politician of the future. This expression, however, must be taken in a different sense than when applied to the Hon. EDWARD. Mr. BLAKE's theories are always in an indefinite state of futurity. Mr. DAVIN's theories—if he has any—are not so, but the goal of his ambition is as yet a thing seen as through a glass darkly—in the dim future. Hitherto no constituency has grasped, with that eagerness which would be becoming—the opportunity of being able to say that NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN—the most celebrated Canadian that Ireland ever produced—is its trusted and honored member.

The subject of our present sketch was snugly ensconced in an arm chair in the U. E. Club when our Representative ventured to approach him.

"My dear fellow," said the genial journalist on seeing him—"I am glad to see you. I thought that you would be enquiring for me before long—to put with the other great men. I am glad you come to me after writing an interview with Mr. BLAKE, for he is an Irishman—or nearly so. Great as his faults are, he has that virtue—and I like to be as near good company as possible. Now it would—really it would—have broken my heart if you had put me alongside of GEORGE

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50 " " " " "	50 "
100 " " " " "	75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

- 1  
*Robert Taylor.*
- 2  
*William Richardson.*
- 3  
*Miss Maggie Thompson.*
- 4  
*George Augustus Williams.*
- 5  
*Mrs. Thomas Jones.*
- 6  
*William Arthur Crawford.*
- 7  
*Miss Susie Wade.*
- 8  
*Byron W. Scott.*
- 9  
*William Shakespeare.*

**Chromo Cards:**

(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type)	\$1.50.
50 " " " " "	75 "
25 " " " " "	75 "

**Mourning Cards:**

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " " "	75 "
100 " " " " "	\$1.25 "

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BROWN, who, besides being a Scotchman, has absolutely no redeeming characteristics."  
"I am afraid you are almost too patriotic," said our reporter. "You will not see that other nationalities have good qualities as well as the Irish."

"Oh yes, other nations have their good points,—but when you put them in the scale along with my countrymen the difference is tremendous. Irishmen are the spice of humanity, just as variety is the spice of life. I am afraid though that they are not fully appreciated in this country yet. I have endeavoured, in my humble way, to show how vastly superior they are to any one else, but my efforts do not appear to have had the desired effect. Now, for instance, although you would hardly believe it, the constituencies—and they are many—that I have electrified with my burning eloquence, do not seek my aid in Parliament as enthusiastically as they should do. Halton, Welland, Toronto, all have had the opportunity of sending me to the Halls of Legislation, but they have preferred such men as MACDOUGALL and MORRIS to me. The honest, hardy sons of toil tried to bring me out in this city, but those of the party who were afraid that I would be too powerful a rival to Dr. TUPPER in oratory, TILLEY in finance, and Sir JOHN MACDONALD in tact—an eminently Irish characteristic—preferred MORRIS, and I had to stand aside."

"It is very sad," mused our Representative, "to contemplate a state of society so blind to its best interest as this."

"Sad! yes, indeed—and sadder still when it is remembered that it is to men such as I am that the Conservative Party owe their great victory. The Platform and the Press are the great levers that govern political motion, and I am an embodiment of both combined in one. My speeches are admired and applauded. My articles are quoted as models of force and eloquence of diction—but there is some absurd and ignorant prejudice against my nationality. There must be—I once wrote a play called *The Fair Grip*, but it was never placed on the boards. Doubtless political influence was brought to bear—and it was quashed by the public before they ever heard it. But my time will come. Home Rule will be granted to Ireland;—Irishmen will rise to the top in Canada. My writings and my oratory must in the nature of things have their influence, and, although a few envious men can now impede my upward and onward progress, before long I shall triumph, and the greatness of the "Irishman in Canada" will be at last universally acknowledged."

**Too Sweeping.**

The editor of the *Acton Free Press* has been driven by the dearth of political topics to writing on social affairs, and he has taken up the vexed subject of female apparel. "Dress," he says, "if it has not already become a passion in the female breast, is fast becoming so. Dress must be had at whatever cost." Our brother must not allow himself to be carried away with his subject like this. The sweeping assertion above quoted may be true of Acton and vicinity, but amongst the Zulus, for example, it don't hold good.

A fruit-seller wrote to his girl:—My dearest Mary, as this is the pear-ling season, and as you're just old peaches, and the apple of my eye, I want you to don the orange blossoms and go in lemons with me, but we can'telope.—Mary replied promptly, I'm your tuckleberry.



THE QUEBEC OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

"Now then, old boys! you musn't stand in people's way! You must move on!"



ON THE MOVE.



"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried  
An artist to his lovely bride,  
"I'll dip my brush in colors rare."  
"And show the world that thou art fair."  
"No, don't," she answered, "what's the use,  
"When I can have it done by BRUCE."

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People You Meet.

No. 8.—F. H. TORRINGTON, ESQ.

Poetic Sprouts.

Some poets sing the violet's praise,  
Some celebrate the lily;  
The glorious tints the rose displays  
Charm many a minstrel silly.

Such whims and fancies please not me,  
Away with all such folly,—  
No rose or lily can compare  
With that scrumptious flower—the *Cauli*.

Why should the Marquis of LORNE's remarks be listened to with the greatest attention?

Because he has had Fair Grounds for most of his assertions, lately.

A Lineday lady recently remarked that she did so like *lawn* parties. Our funny contributor, who was present, accused her of playing on the governor's name, but the lady blushing denied the assertion, and it turned out afterwards that a handsome young clergyman was paying her violent attention about that time.

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"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"The last number of *Grip* is a decided hit.—Ministers are represented as returning from England. A youthful lad, representing Canada, is running to meet them; but Hon. Mr. Browns, as his nurse, cries out—'Hoot, Laddie! ye needna rin to welcome them, they've brought ye naething! Their mission was a failure.' The Ministers, however, look upon the nurse with a sort of twinkle in their eyes and face, as much as to say, 'wait until we unpack our carpet-bag and see.'"—*Newmarket Era*.  
Funny, isn't it? It all depends on whose spectacles you wear. We thought it was a hit at the Ministers, but through Tory glasses it seems it is a hit at the Hon. G. B. *North York Reformer*.