

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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BENGOUGH BROS.

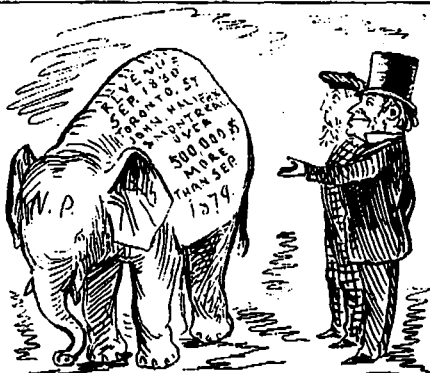
The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV. No. 2.1

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

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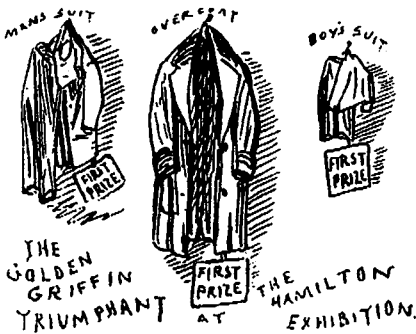
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## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Toronto *Grip* has outdone itself in dealing with Exhibition matters. It is certainly a very lively journal.—*St. John Globe*.

MISS MAY CROWLY, daughter of "JENNIE JUNE," the well-known writer, was married recently to Mr. JESSE M. ROOPER, of the U. S. Navy.

"GRIP."—This week *Grip* fairly outdoes itself in exposing the inconsistency of Sir S. L. TILLEY on the temperance question.—*Morrisburg Herald*.

Our brilliant contemporary *Puck* is warming to his work in the political campaign, and in turn making it decidedly warm for the politicians on both sides. The pencils wielded by the three artistic graces, KEFFLER, WALES and OPER are doing more to educate public opinion than all the editorial pens in the country.

MR. J. DOUINE, of Montreal, is about to publish a book concerning the constitutional questions which have been decided by the Courts of the Dominion, under the British North America Act of 1867. Will the book be known throughout half of the Dominion before half of the decisions rendered are upset by other judges, of higher or lower grade.

*Chic* promises to outstrip most of its rivals. The artists' work is admirably done, both as regards conception and execution, and the literary matter is decidedly above the ordinary level of the paragraphists. One feature, which, at the risk of being called puritanic, we would mention, is the exceptional cleanliness (we don't know a better word) of its columns from anything that can offend the most fastidious, moral or social taste.

"New and old" is the title of an admirable volume of verse by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS who has already written several books on mediæval and classical Italian and Greek art and history. The poems are very far above the usual standard of what may be called the poetry of the period, and the reader will be well repaid for the expense of buying, and the trouble of perusing this volume. It is published by Os-good & Co., of Boston.

In consequence of injuries received through the overturning of his buggy while he was driving through the Exhibition grounds, Mr. Wm. WARWICK, so well known in this city as a publisher and bookbinder, has died. He did admirable service to the cause of pure Canadian literature by the introduction of such periodicals as the "Boys' and Girls' Own Papers," the "Leisure Hour," &c. Mr. WARWICK's death is the cause of deep regret among all who knew him.

GRIP.—Canada's leading comic paper, *Grip*, deserves special mention for its exploits during the past fortnight; and it shall have it. The exhibition season was the occasion of the issue of two most capital double numbers, on the 11th and 18th, sixteen pages each; and the engravings and other contents were beyond all praise. They were really clever productions; and the hits were most excellent, being to both right and left in the most charmingly impartial manner. Those who do not get *Grip* lose three-fourths of the pleasure of the literary experience of those who do. It is always sharp and always fresh; and keeps up its character and its interest in a manner to excite the admiration of all.—*Coboury World*.

In the last number of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* there is a poem presented of such an atrociously "fleshy" tinge that *Grip* cannot refrain from mentioning it in terms of condemnation as literary sewerage. It out-BYRON

and out-SWINBURNE SWINBURNE. How a man of such fine feeling as Mr. ROSE (of HUNTER ROSE & Co.) could have tolerated the insertion of such a salacious *morceau* passes our comprehension. It is sincerely to be hoped, that "rapid" verses of this type will not be allowed a footing in our Canadian literature. It is bad enough to have a publisher in the Queen City who prints "Nana." It is to be hoped that no others will follow his vile example and pollute the literature of our country in this way. There is another article we think unworthy of the pages of the *Monthly* in the same issue called "Clinker," but its only fault is its utter feebleness in the early part of the story. At the close, however, it is really admirable in its pathos.

### New Songs.

GRIP is always happy to receive and criticize songs emanating from Canadian sources, and it is with no slight gratification that he approaches *two* this week. One entitled "Nevermore," by Mr. Anon, of this city, is a lyric, whose idiotic words are only equalled by its hideously discordant tune. For example, take the first stanza:—

Take this note to my step-mother;  
It is ten long years and more  
Since, with awful ignominy,  
I was kicked from out her door.

Very pathetic, isn't it? But, seriously speaking, *Grip* thinks that such sentiments as the above will be looked on with disfavor by refined ballad singers. The second one, "A Wounded Heart," will speak for itself.

Plant above me, plant with care,  
Fragrantest of mignonnette,  
Onions, parsnips, maiden-hair:  
I was fond of these, you bet.

Carve upon a cedar shingle  
Some affecting, simple rhyme,  
With a tearful "taking" jingle,  
Which will "fetch" her every time.

Say that very brokenhearted  
Who has the weary fight I fought,  
My poor prisoned spirit smarted,  
And I found the rest I sought.

C. D. M.

If Mr. C. D. M. will pardon us we should suggest his finishing up with some such stanza as this:—

Strew upon my early grave  
Cabbage stalks and chicken bones,  
Lobster shells from out the wave,  
Oyster cans and paving stones.

We hope Mr. C. D. M. will act on our gratuitous advice, and get some kind-hearted friend to chuck the above-mentioned rubbish on the sod under which he sleeps his stupid sleep.

## ODDFELLOWS! Now Ready "The Souvenir," Of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F.

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## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

THE Oratorio of *Esther* was performed at Ottawa, last Friday evening.

DION BOUCAULT has given up the idea of returning to America.

MANAGER DALY produced EDGAR FAWCETT's new comedy, "Our First Families," at his theatre in New York recently.

Col. Sellers' usefulness to JOHN T. RAYMOND is gone. London wouldn't have it, and now New York has soured upon the character.

TERESA TUA is the name of a thirteen-year old prodigy who took first prize for violin playing at Paris this year. Exorbitant offers have been made to induce her to visit America, but they have been declined.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the English novelist, is at present on a visit to New York where he is being mildly lionised. It is said his business is in connection with securing a copyright in a play that is to be produced early in the season.

A YOUNG American soprano called MARIE VAN a native of Cincinnati has made a triumphant debut at Rome, taking the part of GILDA in *Rigoletto*. The part is a very trying one and it argues well for the lady's future career that she took by storm the fastidious critics of the great art centre of the world.

In a play which has really very little merit in itself beyond its very occasional *bon mots*, (for it is utterly destitute of anything like plot) Mr. HOLLAND and his company delighted the audience at the Grand by the unexceptionable character of their acting. This is surely saying a great deal for the talent of the company, and is, possibly, the highest compliment that could be paid them.

THE HEYWOOD Mastodon Minstrel Company of New York Serenaders gave a very good entertainment of the Variety kind on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. For the balance of the week Uncle Tom's Cabin was put on the boards in a very satisfactory manner, by GILES and POTTER's combination. Next week TAGLIARIETRA's Grand Italian Opera Co'y will occupy the "Royal" for the whole week and it is to be hoped that Mr. CONNER's enterprise in engaging such a company will be rewarded by bumper houses.

A gentleman who recently visited the DORE gallery, London, writes:—I observed that all of the groups of visitors who came laughing and chatting up the stairs and into the gallery were so reverently impressed in the presence of these great works that hats went off instinctively, voices were hushed to a whisper and the picture gallery had all the devotional aspect and atmosphere of a solemn cathedral. I have observed the same feeling manifested before the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery. And what greater tribute could be paid to the realization of the sublime conceptions of genius?

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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.

**CAUTION!**

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

**To Editors of Exchanges.**

Conferees at any time favoring GRIP with a critique are requested to mark the wrapper of paper containing the same, as otherwise the courtesy may be overlooked.

**Lost For A Lady.**

BY MARY AGNES FLAMING.

VOLUME FIRST.

For a year I had loved LOLA DE VERE. That was not her real name, either by baptism or marriage, if she had ever undergone either ceremony, which, by the way, I doubt. Our love was of the very latest and most enlightened description; its ethics wore on a strictly scientific basis, it being agreed that either party might put an end to the engagement whenever fancy prompted him or her to prefer somebody else. There was to be no quarrelling—no breach of promise suit. For a year all was lovely, and the course of true love ran as smooth as ditch-water. I conducted her to countless concerts—to the dramatic troupes imported by the urbane and adventurous PIRON—to the Opera House, emblazoned by the decorative genius of CONNER. But one day, in the fall, I paid a visit to the luxurious abode of my maternal grandfather, situated on the Mountain, at Montreal. The old gentleman was of French extraction, and, owing to linguistic difficulties on both sides, little intercourse had taken place between us hitherto. At his home I met one Sunday evening a lady whose figure, *seduisante* and graceful as a serpent, whose wealth of black hair, whose blue eyes and richly delicate complexion made me feel that my affection for her had got the inside track of that for Lola. I wrote in tender yet epigrammatic language a statement of this fact to Miss de Vere. Our love was dead—another had been born. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*

VOLUME THE SECOND.

I frequently met this lady. She spoke English perfectly, yet with a slight foreign accent. "Many an evening from the window did we watch the stately ships." But I noticed that she never laughed even at my most brilliant jokes, and that her beautiful face was unmoved when I repeated the most pathetic passages from my romances and poems. Nor would she ever allow me to kiss her. Still, we spent much time together, with all the usual symptoms well developed. But, one evening, I sat sucking a perfumed cigarette in my room, when I heard a rapping with which attendance at the seances of the Toronto Spiritualist Society had made me famil-

iar. "Speak on, dear Spirit," I murmured. "Which I was the lady's maid of that lady which you is a-keeping company with; do you know who she is?—Lor! bless your innocent young heart, she's your grandmother! She has prolonged her life and youth by a persistent use of a preparation of Pop Bitters, similar to that celebrated one now sold in Toronto. Her complexion is an enamelled mask, which she renouvs, at vast cost, every year. Her wealth of hair, about which you was so precious spooney, is a wig!" I stood aghast—the image of Lola seemed to stand before me, mocking me with her youth and beauty. "Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, wildly, "that figure is unpadded, those tresses are home-grown, that complexion can stand the ripple and the rain of smiles and tears."

VOLUME THE THIRD.

As I sat before my untasted breakfast the mail arrived. I was cheered in spite of myself by the brilliant humor of the cartoons, and of the prose articles in last week's GRIP. A sudden thought occurred to me. "Ha!" said I, "Sorceress! I have hit on the plan that shall expose thy Jezebel art!"

Evening came. She sat in the shadow of the flowering myrtle in the oriel window of the drawing-room, lovely as ever, with the rose and cream complexion unruffled by the shadow of a smile. "Look at this picture," I said, suddenly placing before her that number of GRIP with the cartoon of the two Canadian Statesmen at sea. It was too much. The spell of years was broken. The enamel complexion cracked like the river ice in spring. With a peal of hysterical laughter my great-grandmama left the room.

"You've done it, young man," rapped a neighboring side-table. "Now, you'd best get up and git. Away! Her revenge may be terrible. Vamoose!"

I took the friendly counsel. My great-grandmama having exhausted her supply of Pop Bitters, and not knowing of the Toronto manufacture, died. I inherited her home and fortune. Lola and I were married by a bishop, assisted by two archdeacons and a canon. No cards.

**The Burglar's Remonstrance.**

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Knowin' has you his hallus ready fer to take the part hof the afflicted hand hoppedressed hagainst hall 'oo opposes them, I takes my pen in 'and fer to tell you 'ow JIMMY hand me was 'oaxed by them there *World* men.

JIMMY his my pal, you know, an 'e an me we was a readin hin the *World* (we hallus takes the *World* has hit contains hall about 'ANDFOO an' 'ARMY PIRER an' cockfittin, &c., hall habout 'ow somebody ad been a robbin the hoffice hof the Brantford *Hexpositor*, hand the *World* was a larfin hat the burglars fer bein so soft has to think as they would get han'ythink hin a country newspaper hoffice, an a 'intin that hif it 'ad been them the case would 'ave been different.

Now it 'ad been JIMMY hand me as ad done this job, hand hot, 'course we didn't like bein called soft, hand we thout has 'ow we'd go hand see what they 'ad so much to brag habout hin the *World*. So we stayed boff goin to church hon Sunday night last hon purpose, hand walked two miles hin hall that pourin rain.

JIM 'e didn't get no umbrelar, hand 'e got hawful wet has we as a long way to go from the hother side hof the Don where we live, we finds hit rather far to hour hoccupations hin the city at night, but it is convenient wen we 'as served our time fer we 'ave not fer to come 'ome.

Wen we got back from the city we was quite tired. JIM 'e 'ad the *World* cash-box in a car-pet bag hand it wos dreadful 'eavy. Ses JIM, ses

'e wen we got hinside, "Just 'eft." I did, ses hi "hits dreadful 'eavy" so without more to do we pried hopen the lock and looks hinside. Now JIM hand hi we is hallus down on swear-in' we considers it vulgar but hime hafraid as we wos not quite hable to restrain ourselves hon this hoccasion.

There wasn't nothink but a few coppers hand ha five pound weight fer to make hit seem 'eavy.

"Well" ses hi "hi hallus thort has that 'ORTON hand MacLEAN wasn't no gentlemen."

Ses JIM ses 'e "hi haint agoin to subscribe not no longer fer that there *World*, hand hi'll tell the proprietor at the first hoppertunity as hi considers 'im han himposter."

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

GEO. M. ROSE BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Strictly speaking the subject of this memoir does not come under the heading of this series, for he has never done any literary work himself and he never was a man of letters of the JUNIUS description. But the maxim "qui facit per alium facit per se," holds good, and, in this sense, he has done, and is doing, so much pen-work that he is fully entitled to be dubbed a *lit. teratus*. He is of portly form and princely generosity. He makes all men rich who are so fortunate as to be in his employment. I once wrote a story for him with a lot of (very) broken English and bad Gaelic in it and he offered me so much for the exclusive right of publishing it that I had to refuse. "Naffer not so much as once time whatever, to be surely," was my remark, and he understood me to mean that I refused his offer. He wanted then to pay me for refusing, but this also I was compelled to object to. There has been a certain coolness between us ever since, and in spite of all my overtures he positively declines to take a cruise with me by the shores Barra and Staffa and Iona, to shoot mergansers and "have a good time" as the Americans put it. He doesn't care about seals or I would try to tempt him to go to Skye where I didn't shoot any, chiefly because MacLEOD of Darc wouldn't whistle a pibroch to call them and Sheummas was laid up with the rheumatics.

I seem some how to have wandered from my subject but that is one of my chief merits. Besides I do not think I remember anything more about the subject of this sketch except that he is very generous to rising authors.—but I fancy I said that before. That will do for this volume.

THE average plowman isn't much of an orator, but when he takes the stump and gets yanked over into the next field, he is a very forcible speaker.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

THE English language is very comprehensive, but the language used by the natives of Finland has more of the real Finnish to it.—*Yacoub Staruss*. Yes, but the language used by the people of Poland has the Polish to it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Don't begin any important enterprise on October 5th—don't invest your savings in stocks on that day, or buy tickets in any of the lotteries which the police have graciously permitted to exist. It is an unlucky day. At least, we judge so from the announcement that Courtney is going to row Riley on that particular date.—*Puck*.

The Central New York Farmers' Club recently sent out invitations to its annual picnic, with its initials heading the card of invitation. "C. N. Y. F. C.!" indignantly read an old gran-ger, "eh? if that ain't the blamedest way to spell knife! This comes of yer new-fangled spellin' reform!" And he immediately sat down and wrote a wrathful letter to Professor NORR about it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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The Country Demands it.

This is a great and glorious country, but it isn't perfectly happy. It has magnificent water stretches; it has fertile wildernesses stretching away toward the setting sun; it has smiling farms, teeming lakes and stupendous mines; it has a rapidly filling treasury, due to an able and honest Government; it has returning prosperity, due to a magic-working National Policy:—and still it is not happy! It cries for just one thing more to perfect its bliss and make it the veritable El Dorado. The universal Dominion feels the lack of that one thing, and will never be at peace until it is realized. Manitoba and Ontario hanker for it; New Brunswick and Nova Scotia secretly pine for it; Prince Edward Island inwardly longs for it, and Quebec—oh! Quebec is frantic, and will never stop screaming until she gets it. It is not a standing army; it is not a bountiful harvest; it is not the Pacific Railway—no: it is something of more national moment than any of them—it is a Knighthood for HECTOR LANGRIN! Here he is patiently waiting for the touch of the Governor's sword. O, end this cruel suspense by bringing along that weapon and pronouncing him Sir HECTOR, or else cutting off his devoted head!

TWO SOLEMN CEREMONIES.



BLESSING THE ORGAN,

A ceremony performed recently by His Grace Archbishop LYNCH at St. Michael's Cathedral.



CURSING THE ORGAN,

A ceremony at present being performed by Sir TUPPER and the Conservative party in general.

Some More about That Minister.

In spite of what the people say  
He still goes on from day to day,  
Determined that he'll have his way  
In spite.

He heeds not, in his wayward course  
The croaking of the raven hoarse,  
But bangs ahead with all his force  
And might.

His ear he stops when'er he's told  
That, "all that glitters is not gold,"  
And that he'll probably be sold,  
Poor wight!

And, though professors may protest,  
He'll still their "ancient holds molest,"  
Assuring them that he knows best.  
Sad sight!

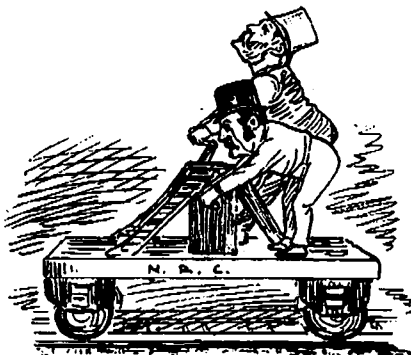
But how came he possessed of power,  
Which wielded as it is this hour,  
Is just enough to turn one sour,  
Outright?

The people gave it him you say?  
Thank goodness then! there comes a day  
When they can take that power away!  
That's right!

And now I croak in guileless joy,  
Because this very naughty boy  
Will be turned out of his employ,  
For spite.

And all you ravens, list to me  
(For raven talk I know you see),  
"Crooks croaks, crooks croaks, hurrah, hurree!"  
"Quite right."

—JA. KASSE.



The Northern Railway Strike.

GRIP has no objection to strikes, providing he is not the party struck, but when disaffected workmen who indulge in this sort of luxury are not content with the moral grandeur of the act of throwing down their tools, but betake themselves to the meanness of destroying the goods of their late employers, GRIP feels called upon to express his contempt for them. It is alleged that some of the Northern Railway strikers have been wreaking their revenge upon the Company by wrecking some of the rolling stock of the line, and GRIP only hopes the guilty parties may be caught and punished. If the men have legitimate grievances, as they no doubt have, surely there is a common sense way of settling them—and certainly the outrage method is not that way. The managers of the line have taken a bold stand, and will no doubt keep it until the men approach them in a reasonable manner. They are not to be bullied nor intimidated, and the business of the line will go on even if it is reduced to the extremity represented in our illustration.

"The cooks have organized a mutual benefit society," says an exchange. We suppose they will be governed by their "bile" laws.—*Whitehall Times*. No, sir; by their consti-stew-tion. When a member says something crisp the rest will be apt to cry out, "Well done!"—*Belton Texas Journal*.



His position Defined.

GOLDWIN SMITH, (*log*). Don't flatter yourself, Mr. ORTHODOX, that I am doing this on your account; I have no objection to your enjoying the affair if it pleases you, but I give you notice that I am doing it entirely from my own standpoint. If you want to give him a drubbing, you must do it yourself.

"Aroades Ambo."

Since Tweedle-dum and Tweedle dee,  
Those chiefs of by-gone days' renown,  
Our land shall no such champions see  
As GORDON SMITH and GOLDWIN BROWN.

The first, with blows of ponderous thud,  
To hunt his thick-skinned foe doth fall;  
The latter's heaps of oft-hurled mud  
Scarce soils his foe-man's coat of Mail.

And, with bad words that ill become  
Two serious men, as you shall see,  
Doth Tweedle-dee vex Tweedle-dum,  
And Tweedle-dum rate Tweedle-dee.

Good Christians of Toronto town,  
All think it shocking, vile, and strange,  
That GOLDWIN BROWN and GORDON SMITH  
"Raise Cain" in King street and the Grange.

Make friends!—'Tis GRIP's command, forthwith,  
And cease to fight, forbear to frown;  
Sheath the sharp sword, Oh! GORDON SMITH!  
Throw no more mud, Oh! GOLDWIN BROWN!

Sir John's Grip-Sack and its Contents.

The Hon. E. BLAKE and Mr. GORDON BROWN tried their best to peer into this mysterious wallet, (as was faithfully portrayed by GRIP last week) but without avail. The worthy Premier is much too close to let men of the Opposition see his cards. So the Canada Pacific Railway remains as much a mystery to them as ever. GRIP, however, having the ear of Sir John, and a kindly regard and affection for the Canadian public, is enabled, from the most reliable source, to explain the whole matter and satisfy the curiosity of his readers, (in strict confidence, however). At a private interview, the Premier showed us the following items, connected with his expedition to England:—

(1) Hairbrush, tooth ditto, nail ditto, comb, pocket-flask, corkscrew, pipe, &c.

(2) List of the Syndicate for the C. P. R., containing the names of the following: C. H. Spurgeon, Ashmead Bartlett, Lord Beaconsfield, Baron Lottsoyelt, Baron Albert Grant, (author of the popular song, "Emma Mine!") Morley Punshton, Henry Ward Beecher, Monsignor Capel, Bradlaugh, Baroness Burdett Bartlett and the little Widow Dunn.

The formidable bag contained also a Knighthood (by letters patent) for Sir HECTOR LANG—but that would be "telling," if I mentioned the whole name, and I promised Sir John it would go no further, so, "nuff sed." I suppose you thought I was going to tell you all about the road and the contracts, and the gradients, and the fares and things. Well, not just yet—I can keep a state secret as well as the next bird.



OUR SWEET LITTLE CHERUB;

OR. SIR JOHN "LOOKING DOWN FROM A HIGHER AND BETTER SPHERE."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In hoc signo vinces.—S.—*Boston Transcript*.  
That one woman wasn't too fresh.—*Lot's wife*.  
A horse laugh must be "hay, hay."—*Rome Sentinel*.

A high handed outrage—five aces.—*Syracuse Herald*.

Oak consistency, thou art—tough.—*Modern Argo*.

Perjury is usually settled per jury.—*Modern Argo*.

Barnum's bearded lady is dead. He was quite an old man.—*Puck*.

The Ile of man — perspiration. — *Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A bricklayer is always above his business.—*Huckensack Republican*.

One grain of corn to the foot feels like an acher often.— *Albany Argus*.

Many a singer commits murder on the high C.—*Ex*. Which is pira C.

The Chinese question—"Melican man want-ee washee done?"—*Somerville Herald*.

Wonder, now, if Noah was not "The Ancient Mariner?"—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

Unfortunate for authors—only men who can't write make their mark.—*London Punch*.

Some men ought to think of settling up before they think of settling down.—*Philadelphia Item*.

"Don't fool with me, or I'll razor row!" as a coloured barber shouted during a fracas.—*Ex*.

Galvanic batteries are the only safe things to charge in these days of bad debts.—*Owego Record*.

A sick man is loaded with powder, while an infant is loaded with bawl.—*Marathon Independent*.

The absence of hired help, croquet and mother-in-laws made Eden what it was.—*McGregor News*.

The fly isn't much on writing but he is the boss at punctuating.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Who will hold the reins of this government now, since Old Probabilities has been laid to rest.—*Whitehall Times*.

"You can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down on a piece of music.—*New York News*.

"Pride goeth before a fall," and that is the reason so many of our wealthy countrymen visit Niagara.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

An exchange thinks it very strange that contractors should be employed to widen streets.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Necessity is the mother of inventions, the mother-in-law of patent rights and the child of trouble.—*McGregor News*.

An experienced sausage maker stuffs all the chopped flannel in the middle so as to make both ends meat.—*Meriden Recorder*.

They have a lime kiln in Rochester. The lime from the paper mills kills the fishes in the river.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Cologne should be drawn from a soda fountain because it is odor water.—*Whitehall Times*. Yes, if there is a (s)cent in it.—*Cohoes Regulator*.

"Lead astray," as the proof reader remarked to a type-setter who had used leads in what should have been "solid" matter.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Butter is now adulterated with soapstone, to make it weigh heavy. With the usual hair, this ought to make good mortar.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The shoemaker carries awl before him and hangs on to the last.—*Steubenville Herald*. But if he isn't well heeled he is generally booted out, sole and body.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

Janet—Croton oil, applied with a paint brush, will remove freckles from the face. It will also remove a portion of the face, but it's a dead shot on the freckles.

An adroit thief who had a cane with a magnet on the end of it for picking up small things, said, when caught, that he "didn't know it was loco-ed."—*Billysport B. T.*

Should Everts ever obtain a Judgeship he would prove a very severe justice in court, owing to his great fondness for too long sentences, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It doesn't detract at all from the enthusiasm of a young surgeon, who has performed a difficult operation, if the patient expires soon after.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says "it loves an honest man." Oh, dear heart! It is rather sudden and dreadfully public, but we reciprocate your affection.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Balzac called love "the poetry of the senses." There are more tender lym's in love than there are tender lines in poetry—not much sense in either, in some cases.—*Norristown Herald*.

When the *Steubenville Herald* was born, it took a cradle the size of a Chicago girl's mouth to rock it in. The *Herald* is the largest folio in the world.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript*.

The *Salem Sunbeam* suggests that maybe the reason that "young Lochinvar has come out from the west," was that the vigilance committees began to get too numerous for his comfort.

At the time Capt. Cook was killed and eaten he had three wives, and, consequently, he accepted his fate with more resignation than some of the rest of us would, probably.—*Belton Journal*.

A hotel is to be built in Quebec over the place where Montgomery charged—and the charges in the future there will be probably be a long way ahead of Montgomery's.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The peculiarity of a certain well known class of business men is that they will work longer and harder to get five dollars advantage in a trade than they will to make ten dollars by legitimate methods.—*Fulton Times*.

Breathes there a man with level head who never to his friends hath said, when he returns from foreign lands, "When I was in Europe."—*Huckensack Republican*. Never. And he usually pronounces it Yurruip."

Our Grip Sack.

IMPERTINENCE—*Chin-ese*.

A very old soldier—*Mark Time*.

JUSTIFIABLE PROFANITY—*Swearing off*.

THE LAW OF THE TORONTO HUNT—*Lex Tally-ho-nis*.

CONTRACT BROKERS ARE USUALLY CONTRACT BREAKERS.

FLOWING LOCKS—Those of a canal—when they're opened.

INN-OVATION :—"Glad to see you! What'll you have?"

A burning question: Will EMISON ever get that lamp of his to go?

SIR JOHN A. is going to settle—up (in that higher and better sphere he spoke of).

SOME *real* "rocks" were lost by the friends of the *Sham-roads*, a week ago, at Montreal.

MAYOR DWAN says he has no use for lager. "Sure," says he, "there's not a foight in tin bar'ls av it."

"WHY do we weep?" asks an amateur poet. We are not good at conundrums, but we could tell you why and how we "smile," if that will suit you as well.

ROSS MCKENZIE did good service last Saturday at Montreal. That is why we say it would never do for the team to *lack Ross*. There is a paradox somewhere around.

AND this is a specimen of the Latin that grows around the St. Mary's Journal office: "mens sana in corpore sana! Our Scotchman remarks that last "na" is "no" richt.

IN connection, so to speak, with the festivities of the Oddfellows at the Rossin House, it is asked how many champagnes a man and a brother can take before becoming "mummy?"

"WHAT will the Toronto GERM give us next?" asks the *Meriden Recorder*. Well, brother, we'll hardly give you two columns containing precisely the same matter in one issue, as you did last week. Have you there!

DARWIN writes to somebody to say that there is no reason why we should be ashamed of our *Simian* ancestors for they were all educated from their earliest infancy in the *higher branches*. Apo-parent-ly so.

THE saddest country in the world is Alaska.—*Steubenville Herald*. Wrong: The saddest country is Wales.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. And they worship Wo-den there? At least if they don't they ought to.

WE believe now in what COLERIDGE calls "the eternal fitness of things." We have found a barber who rejoices in the name of A. Chin, Shaver. He lives in or near Yorkville. He scraped an acquaintance with us.

SOMEBODY stole a canal boat with two hundred and sixty tons of coal on it, a few days ago. The police must be on the track of the boat, for we see them hunting in beer saloons nearly every night.—*New York Dispatch*. Not a bit of it. They were after *schooners* in those saloons.

A woman who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States, it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.—*Puck*. In Toronto the boarders are different. They want to immolate the boarding missus, to lay her with the hashes of her house in fact.



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

**The 'True' Yarn of the Ballahoo.**

Communicated by Capt. BATES, Commander and Part Owner.



HE story lately sent to you, relating to the *Ballahoo*, was just about the biggest lie that ever was inspired by "Rye." A nastier lie of nastier tint, I've never seen in guilty print. I don't know who the dickens wrote That yarn about my luckless boat, But this I know, my name is BATES, And WILLIAM THOMPSON was my mate's.

I had the very finest crew Upon my barque the *Ballahoo* That ever swarmed a backstay up, Or drank a painful or a cup. Who were the best of sailor men But HARRY, JOE and NED and BEN? It's true they all had little thirsts And often went on little bursts, But goodness gracious! all of us Are fifty times as bad, or wuss. Well, not a skull of us was slayed Though quite a close escape we made. The questions that the pirate took From his exasperating book Made me feel faintly sick and ill, I feel the after-symptoms still. Think of his asking *all* the facts Connected with the Book of Acts! And how on earth was I to say What was the most unhappy day When Capt. COOK, head, legs and feet Was served up stewed at Hotsheet? I don't believe that I'm a fool, But fancy asking me the rule For multiplying two and two, And all about Hibernian stew! Upon my word I'm not a goose But what, the mischief, was the use Of stamping me with all that rot About the creed that PLATO taught! Oh! agonizing was my state When, lashed securely to the mate, I begged forgiveness in my prayers For all my numerous little "airs." You should have seen poor THOMPSON shake And vainly try a prayer to make. But, pshaw! he couldn't fetch a word, (He was an irreligious bird.) Bold HARRY, JOE and NED and BEN Are none of them religious men, They scorn their forks and use their knives And all lead lax, immoral lives; They're not the kind of chaps you'd pass As teachers for a Bible class, But, find yourself in nasty places, You'd bless those honest fellows' faces. Well HARRY up and says, says he, "Take off them lashings off o' me, "I ain't the least prepared to die;" "Nor don't I, nohow, mean to try;" "But, Mr. Pirate, mention this, "Who is Queen VICTORIA's sis?" "Who was ZEUSDEG's children's father?" "Which would you like, or go fishing rather?" "What was the Maid of Orleans made of?" "What was NAPOLEON's hair the shade of?" "Which do you think explodes the louder "Whiskey or Bon Ton baking powder?" The pirate chief looked badly "stuck" And wept despondent o'er his luck. What could the pirate do, but try As soon as possible—to die? He tore his collar from his neck, He slammed it down upon the deck. From out his pouch a rope he drew, And said, "Good bye to all of you, "No more to me is living worth." "Good bye, farewell, to all on earth." Around his neck the rope he tied, And shortly after we desisted



That very bloodstained pirate swung Upon the mizzen backstay—hung, / don't the least regret his fate, No more does WILLIAM T. my mate. "The other place" I'd rather grace Than meet above, that pirate's face.

So we escaped, and smartly too, Rejoicings rose amongst my crew. We lay insensible for days, (For weeks my honest Bo'n'n says), But that is neither here nor there, None but the brave deserve the fair, None but the fair deserve the brave, None but true Britons rule the wave!

ANANIAS BATES.

**Those Professorships.**

MY DEAR GRIP:

I have endeavored to comply with your request to feel the public pulse on the subject of the Classical Professorship. Of course I have been careful to interview only those who might be supposed to take a deep interest in that question. It is a matter of stupendous moment, since the practical effects of a thorough classical course are not to be mistaken. Mr. AUGUSTUS SCRAGGS, A.M., has passed through a thorough classical course, and the effects upon him are not to be mistaken. He is a man of simple tastes, but of profound judgment in such matters. I found him on the sunny side of his cabin, engaged in the effort to balance himself on the third and only remaining support of a three-legged stool. He is the husband of a meek-faced, dove-eyed, sorrowful looking woman, somewhat thin in flesh and of pale complexion, and the father of an interesting family of ten, all within the school age.

"I suppose, Mr. SCRAGGS," said I, "that you are interested in the question of who is to determine the methods, &c., of teaching Latin and Greek, &c., in the University."

Mr. SCRAGGS tucked the flags which he carried on either elbow into the holes where they belonged, switched a long flaxen lock of hair from off his lofty forehead and exclaimed emphatically: "I am. The welfare of the rising generation depends on it; and on behalf of these ten pledges of love *in esse*, which you see about you, and an indefinite number *in posse*, I am deeply concerned. If you want to bring up a family the several members of which will be a credit to themselves individually as well as to their country, teach 'em Latin and a little Greek. My father was a Latin and Greek scholar—in fact we are a classical family; and my children, from Pompey the eldest, down to Cleopatra, who is running around over there *in puris naturalibus*, that is to say, naked, shall study Latin. Give 'em plenty of it, and they will respect themselves and be respected for their learning. They will be certain to get through life without engaging in any degrading occupation. I am *in rebus angustis domi*, that is to say, I'm somewhat cramped financially, but I'm happy in contemplation of the fact that my Latin has saved me from all degrading pursuits. Had it not been for my *Alma Mater*, I might now have been following the plow or pounding away on a shoemaker's bench, or setting type, or been tied to some one of the thousand ignoble callings. Yes, sir, I am interested, and I take the attempt of the Minister of Education to import Oxford Professors as a personal insult. It's an insult to *Alma Mater* and all her children. It's equivalent to saying there are none of us of any account whatever, and that our benign mother is a failure."

At this point Mr. SCRAGGS was interrupted by a misunderstanding between Nos. 5, 6 and 8 of the junior SCRAGGSSES, in which ANTONY maintained, with some show of reason, that XENOPHON had poked him in the eye, while XENOPHON affirmed with equal plausibility, that HOMER did it, and that therefore ANTONY had struck him on the nose for no offense whatever, a view of the matter which was endorsed by JULIUS CÆSAR.

I left thoroughly impressed with the correctness of Mr. SCRAGGS' conviction, that the classics exert a potent influence upon the rising-generation, and that it is a matter of momentous concern who should fill the professor's chair, and that if, by some unforeseen casualty, it happens not to be filled at all, a great many

noble names would be lost to the world, and a legion of geniuses be doomed to laborious pursuits which would eventually bring run upon the country.

Respectfully Yours,  
SOLOMON S.

**Plucked.**

BY A NON-GRADUATE.

"And it came to pass." Now, I don't know any more irritating phrase in the English language than that same one I have just quoted. Pass-time is very far removed from the idea of recreation or diversion, or *divertissement*, as the French phrase it. It was a doleful time with me.

I am a medical student. I have studied medicine till my head is grey, and—on the higher parts thereof—actually bald. What is medicine? The science of *healing*. So say the dictionaries; but I maintain it is rather the science of becoming "well healed." All the successful surgeons that I know got uncommonly well "healed."—(pardon the slang). This was how it was. I read for a doctor. In order to get ready for being a doctor, you know. And I read hard. Between times (very much so) I studied the arts of drinking, swinging a (very) knobby stick, and studying the fashions as exemplified in Toronto's fair daughters on Yonge street. Somehow it was pleasant, (the study, I mean), while it lasted. But, the fatal hour arrived. The examinations were on. I fortified myself—with forty-rod—and calmly awaited the result of the operations of the body of inquisitors who were (literally and metaphorically) to *air* on me. My name was called. I entered the room. There was a mist round the whole place about that time. A voice from the gloom broke on my ear. It spoke thus:

"Why are the maxillaries of the spinal carotid complicated on the axis of the articular organism?"

My answer to this was: "Blamed if I can fathom!"

Again that voice was heard: "Where does the deglutition of the emergency occur in a case of collapse (after a row) *matris-in-tegic*?"

Answer—"Don't know the disease."

Question—(Illustrated with the thigh-bone of a fossil Heliogabalus Giganteus Antediluvianus). "Is the inside cavity of this bone hollow or the reverse?"

Answer—"Never been there, but it seems to me, on mature consideration, that it is convex-concave, according to your own stand-point."

The examiners said I might go.

Now, with a view to the pertinence and perspicacity of the above answers, I want to know where they wanted me to go to?

Help me to a solution of the above query, for I am at present in a quandary. Don't you think I'd do to go to Biddulph and study the theory of inquests, or should I sit on the Honorable ADAM CROOKS, meantime, and await developments?

CHARLIE ROSS, who swallowed a cartridge shell in Hamilton a few days ago, has coughed it up, and hopes are now entertained of his recovery. He is not the long-lost Charlie Ross, then, or no such hopes could be entertained.

"I don't wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him truth is stranger than fiction."—*Lowell Sun*.

It is too bad that a man's creditors will all arrange themselves on the shady side of the street when he goes from dinner and make him walk down in the sun. It's mean to use God's sunlight to help collect a bill.—*McGrawyer News*.

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GRIP.

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