

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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**TO PHONOGRAPHERS.**

We have in contemplation the issue of a **MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL**, 16 p.p., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

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**VOL. XIV, No. 18**

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.  
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**"Mr. CHRIS. COLUMBUS."**

A MOST AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE BURLESQUE DIGEST OF THE HISTORY OF CANADA, FROM EARLY TIMES UP TO THE PRESENT DAY.

**NOTICE TO SOCIETIES, CLUBS, &c.**—Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH may be engaged to deliver either of the above lectures, with *Impromptu Crayon Illustrations*, embracing Sketches of well-known Local Men; or to give his popular "CHALK CHAT" as a feature in an evening's programme. For terms, &c., address—

GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager, GRIP Office.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

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## Literature and Art.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN produce a new opera next summer.

BLIND TOM plays 7,000 pieces besides the pieces into which he knocks the piano.

"The Complete Works of REMBRANDT," with a description and notes by CHARLES BLANC, has three hundred and fifty six plates, reproducing in fac-simile the whole of his etchings.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has a high, round head, bald on the forehead and bordered by curly, fluffy hair. He is 65 years old, and is overbearing in his manner.

VICTOR HUGO drinks coffee continually, stands always while writing, walking up and down to rest himself, and does all his work in the morning.

EDMUND ABOUT, a Paris correspondent says, had two hundred thousand dollars bequeathed him; he married a rich wife; but for ten years he has not advanced one step save in increased wealth. He has grown gray, and wears a most disappointed face.

The first part of Mr. W. J. RATRAY'S work on "The Scot in British North America" has been published by MACLEAR & Co., and is commented on in favourable terms by the critics. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Says BARTLEY CAMPBELL, "My progress for the last nine years has been through a purgatorial existence, and if I have reached the haven of success I think that I have fairly earned it, and any one who wants to get it at the same price has my condolence in advance."

The Students of Trinity College, not to be outdone by their *confreres* of the University, have started a quarterly journal, which they have named *Rouge et Noir*, after the College colours. The paper is a highly creditable production from both literary and typographical points of view, and will no doubt be *rouge* with much interest by all friends of the College. Messrs. A. J. BELT and E. VAN CARSON—the latter a clever Whitby boy—are the editors.

"Practical Instruction for Business Men"—is the title of a book from the pen of J. HENRY GOODWIN, of Chicago, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the best works on Book-Keeping in the market. The principles of Book-Keeping in Mr. GOODWIN'S work are taught, not by means of abstract rules, but by examples of the various transactions common in actual business, and gives valuable hints for detecting counterfeit money, computing interest, rules for measurement of capacity, how to succeed in business, &c., &c. Price \$1.00.

*Vanity Fair*, a brilliant comic weekly which made its appearance in New York twenty years ago, was started by HENRY L. STEPIE'S, artist, and FRANK J. THOMPSON, of New York, with WM. A. STEPHENS as managing editor. A few months afterwards it was purchased by Dr. WILLIAM CAMAC and HENRY BONSALL, of Philadelphia. It was successively—and successfully—edited by FRANK WOOD, CHAS. G. LELAND, ARTEMUS WARD and CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY—all of whom, save LELAND, are dead. Its three years' existence cost the proprietors over \$25,000. It was doing well, and promised to be a success, but was prostrated—as were a great many other literary enterprises—by the breaking out of the rebellion.

## "The Hog Swindle."

Such is the heading of a *Globe* article explaining how some of the pigs suffer under the N. P. The *BIG DAILY* may be trusted when it speaks on behalf of the grunters. It was bad enough for JOHN A. to swindle the Grits out of office, but to swindle hogs is even more wicked.

## Canadian Literature.

Mr. ADAM says that the *Globe* has done nothing for Canadian Literature, and the *Globe* does not retort that Canadian Literature has done nothing for Mr. ADAM. It may be truly said that there is no Canadian literature for which anybody can do anything and none that can do anything for anybody. It is a real though a negative service to literature to refrain from puffing twaddlers. When one man or woman capable of writing decent fiction, verse or history shall go to work in Canada, the *Globe*'s aid will not be needed to insure the success of that writer, nor will any literary midwife have to weep over a still born production. GRIP has the prophetic gift largely developed.

## Toronto Church Choir Opera Co.

H. M. S.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF Red River will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.  
XIV-14-6t.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880

## BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cobyn, 244 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

## Stage Whispers.

N. C. GOODWIN, Jr., has secured a new play. Its title is "Ourselves," but the work is not F. C. BURNAND'S.

RUMMELL, the New York pianist, says, "There are but three pianists in the world, LISZT, RUBINSTEIN and RUMMELL."

Mrs. D. P. BOWERS will support EDWIN BOOTH during his spring engagement, and at the close of the season will retire from the stage.

MARY ANDERSON does not play during Easter week, but after that date will enter on a supplementary season through Canada and the Western States.

PATTI was thirty-eight years old last month. She made her *debut* in "La Sompambula" over twenty years ago, when she was little more than sixteen.

JULES VERNE'S "Michael Strongoff" is being dramatized by D'ENNERY, and will be played this year. Rightly handled it must make a powerful and effective drama.

BESSIE DARLING'S real name is CARRIE CRUMP; LOTTIE'S is CHARLOTTE CRABTREE; LAWRENCE BARRET'S is LARRY BRANNIGAN; and VENIE CLANCY'S is LAVINIA GARDNER.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD has written a comic opera entitled "A Race for a Wife," the score of which is said to be bright and original. The libretto is by Mr. BERNARD, of *Scribner's Monthly*.

Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND will commence a year's engagement shortly at the London theatres, having recently closed a contract with Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the well known London manager.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—For the remainder of this week RICHMOND and VON BOYLE'S Comedy Company present "Our Candidate," a new American comedy. On Monday next Mr. WILL GILLETTE appears as "The Professor."

ELIZA WEATHERSBY and her sister JENNIE are to visit England this summer, but though offered several engagements they will probably not appear in public, as they go out to rest and visit their home for the first time in several years.

The mother of Miss FANNIE KELLOG, the singer, died very suddenly at her residence in Bambridge, Mass., of apoplexy. This bereavement is doubly sad, following so soon upon the loss of her father, who died only three weeks since.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The HOLMANS, who need no words of introduction, are announced to appear at this house in an original nautical comic opera, entitled "Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*," Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, and at the usual matinee.

Mr. BANDMANN is still confined to his rooms at Dayton, Ohio, from injuries received by falling into an excavation in the sidewalk at Columbus, Ohio, some time ago, and will be unable to meet his engagements for some time. He has brought suit against the city for damages.

The Toronto Choir Company perform *Pinafore* in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Garden on Friday afternoon and evening of this week. This Company as we have before observed, gives a really excellent performance of the favourite Opera. The proceeds go to the City Charities, whose funds have already been considerably augmented by these generous ladies and gentlemen.

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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.

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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.

## Currency Poetry.

The Rag Baby advocates are felicitating themselves on having secured ALEXANDER McLACHLAN as the poet Laureate of their cause. The venerable versifier has contributed a piece entitled "The Song of the Baby" to a late number of the St. Catharines Journal, whereof the following is a specimen verse:—

O come and listen to my song,  
Ye tillers of the soil;  
Ye've labored on, but where has gone  
The fruits of all your toil?

CHORUS—A foe has got among you worse  
Than either grub or weevil;  
A most unconscionable curse,  
The very soul of evil.

There is more "caunyness" than poetry about this. Mr. McLACHLAN's muse has evidently not made up her mind on the currency question, and it will be observed that she takes care not to commit herself here. The chorus is delightfully vague. The "foe" alias the "inconscionable curse" referred to may be the present hard money system, or it may be ISAAC BUCHANAN. SHAKESPEARE wrote not for his own age, but for all time; ALEXANDER emulates this illustrious example by writing not for the Rag Baby but for all parties.

## National Sentiment!

He sat on the topmost cross-bar of the barnyard gate, having just escorted the cattle to their nightly haven of repose. His eyes were turned towards the slowly sinking sun, whose roseate rays tinged the tops of the melancholy pines with brilliant hues. The whip-poor-will, in its eccentric flight, uttered its plaintive cry, while the bull-frog's clear baritone, wafted on the gentle evening breeze from the adjacent moorlands, ('twas early spring), lulled his soul to calm repose—or would have done so had GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH not been possessed of a spirit far too proud and ambitious for his tame surroundings. No, his soul was not lulled to any great extent.—"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, "it cannot, must not, always remain thus. Oh, Canada! when I reflect on thy vast domain, stretching as thou dost from the broad Atlantic to the still broader Pacific, when I think of thy stupendous canals, bridges, and Parliament Houses, thy

colossal (projected and otherwise) Railways, thy magnificent water stretches, and illimitable wildernesses, I shudder at the thought of the possibility of thy children, the most hardy, the most brave and intelligent (probably) on this earth, through the machinations of false traitors, turned into basswood nutmeg-making Yankees! Perish the thought! And shall we be independent? Alas, our independence would be but a purgatorial stage preparing us for the grasp of the obscene and bald-headed U. S. Eagle! Mr. BLAKE is right, we must have confederation of the Empire. We must have our representatives in the British House of Commons, in the House of Lords. We must have a voice—"Get off'n that gate, you blamed lurkhead!" shouted SLASHBUSH *pere*, who had just *debouched* from under cover of the barn; "what in thunder are you ravin' about now? Get inter the woodshed and split that kindlin', or I'll fan you with this ox-gad!" GUSTAVUS sighed, slid down, and sallied slowly woodshwards.

## Something Like a National Song.

NOT BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

Oh, "poet" well-intentioned,  
Thy verses we've perused,  
And now it may be mentioned,  
We're deucedly amused.  
"Dominion" rhymed with "union,"  
"Terrors" with "mirrors" matched—  
Euphonious communion  
As scribbler ever scratched!  
Oh! bless our wide Dominion,  
True freedom's fairest land,  
Where "union," "onion," "minion"  
Rhymed may hereafter stand.

"Nurture" with "hurt her" rhyming,  
"Forest" with "sorest" found,  
"Glory" with "o'er ye" chiming,  
"Order" with "border" bound;  
When we have known death's slumbers  
Our poets shall prolong  
Such "ground and lofty" numbers  
As fill the "nation's song."  
O, bless our wide Dominion,  
And give us common sense  
To squelch with one opinion  
Flapdoodle and pretence.

## De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

THE ARENA.

Bully pour vous! mi Lord!

Moliere.

A sea of heads;—an arena;—sawdust;—glitter, spangles.—The aristocracy of birth and beauty are assembled to witness "*Muerto del Tauco*." The Rival rides out into the arena, mounted on a cavalcado or Spanish jennet of great strength and beauty, whose sweeping mane and tail attest to the purity of his breed. In his right hand he bears a glittering *matador*, while from his shoulder a bright colored *chuto* hangs. On his head he wears a broad-brimmed *picador*, ornamented profusely with *bandilleros* of different hues. A huge bull, bred expressly for the arena among the marshes and wild mountains of Ireland, rushes out at the Rival, who dexterously avoids the shock; throwing a sharp-pointed *guerilla* or dart deep into his massive shoulder as he careers past. To the horror of the spectators the huge brute turns suddenly, and without apparent effort seizes the Rival and—swallows him! Nothing is seen of him save the *spagnolettos* or spurs on his boot heels.

A chill tremor prevades the crowd as MANUERO leaps lightly into the arena, and seizing the Rival's spurs, disentombs him with one gigantic effort.

The air is dark with caragas, caramdas, vivas and plaudits, and bouquets of every description, as MANUERO sinks gracefully on one knee and returns thanks. "He is happy," he murmurs in a voice broken with emotion, "to have been enabled to save the Rival from digestion, though the primary process of mastication (mastication) and deglutition (deglutition) had proved too much for his (the Rival's) vital spark." (Loud and continued applause, which only dies away as the HIDALGO COSTELLO STRILLETTO beckons with his right eye for him to approach.) Turning a few well executed demivoltes, MANNERO complies.

"Young man," quoth the haughty Don, "were it my heart's last blood thou should'st have it at the asking. Ask what thou wilt! never have eyes of mine beheld a more gallant *escapado* than this last of thine. Ask! my friend, and spare not in thine asking!"

"Your highness will confer a lasting favor on the subscriber by bequeathing him your daughter, free of legacy duty," said MANUERO, in accents of the profoundest respect and gratitude. "Young man," observed the nobleman, searching in his pockets for his note book, "your name in full, occupation, age, and present place of residence?" "My name, Sir, is MANUERO DE WHEELBARO' only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger, I am apprentice to him, and I live in the Plaza de Offalo." With a loud shriek the HIDALGO falls back senseless—dead. "These are hard times," said ISADORA, after a pitiless ransack of her parent's pockets for loose coin.

CHAP. II.

FINIS.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells.  
Solomon.

Morning: roseat, balmy. The golden light steals o'er the tower and belfry of the Cathedral of Alcantara Valdepenas. As the day grows older, the haze of dawn is gently dissipated by the gentle rays of the sun. (A good many mornings are like this, it is not remarkable.) As the morn advances, crowds gather round the ancient Moorish doorway of the Church and block up the interior of the solemn aisles and chancels.

ISADORA appears upon the scene, and the bells ring out a joyous peal. Happiness pours from every pore as she leads the blushing bridegroom to the altar rails, where one of the minor canons stands pointed and primed. Supporting his trembling knees with one hand, she utters the responses in a loud and happy voice. His answers to the momentous questions are inaudible from extreme nervousness—how sweet to see a child-like bridegroom thus moved. MOODY and SANKEY couldn't have married them tighter. "Carissima," he murmured as they left the sacred edifice. "No cards," said she to the verger who ushered them out.

A. D. S.

## Flattered Canada.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Boston Post says:—"Representatives from all parts of the Dominion are to be met here during the session, and among them may be found as intelligent men as one will meet anywhere in the States."

This flattery will soothe Canadians in general. But it would never have been uttered had not the correspondent heard Mr. WALLACE on the Rag Baby, CHARLEY RYKERT on the N. P., DELIGHTFUL MILLS on anything and B. J. PLUMB on everything.



"Over Brain Work"

1st Medical "Student"—Come on CHARLEY, the fellows are all going out serapading again to-night. We're going to have a howling old time, and we want you to sing the solo part in "GABRIEL blows his trumpet." Come on! 2nd Medical "Student"—No; I heard Dr. WORKMAN's lecture on "Over Brain Work," and I've made up my mind to stay in the house and read up my *Materialia Medica* for a rest

**Quite Write!**

It is well to be explicit. A professor of penmanship in this city has just issued a circular announcing the opening of his classes, and in that somewhat unique document he says:—

"Writing, as you all understand, is the means by which we express our thoughts, by written words, which are used to represent sounds and convey ideas."

The captious critic might say this explanation was unnecessary for those who already "understand," but the professor probably intended it mainly for the benefit of that large and influential class of the community who think a writing school is a place where they teach dancing.



**The Great Budget Speech.**

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT has been highly praised for his great speech upon the Budget, and quite properly, for it was a very able effort. But to give all the praise to SIR RICHARD would be a grave injustice to another worthy member. The speech has been described as eloquent and spirited. Now the orator himself may get credit for the eloquence, but SIR A. J. SMITH who acted as efficient bottle holder on the occasion, and kept his colleague's tumbler replenished, surely ought to get credit for the *spirit* of it.

Although it occupied a comparatively brief time in delivery, this speech will go down in history as the great two knight oration.

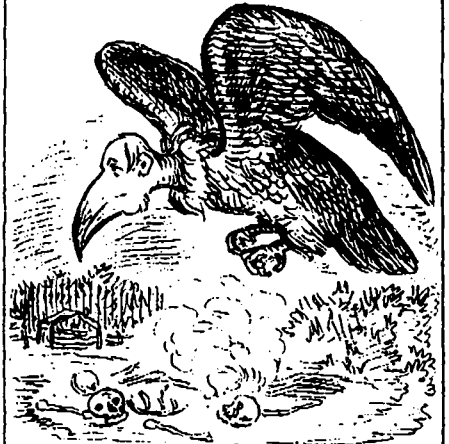
**Unreasonable.**

The Guelph *Mercury* makes a note of the alleged fact that "\$1,100 in cash were received at the Amherst Station of the Intercolonial Railway in one day for tickets to the Western States. Amherst is the chief town of SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S County." The *Mercury* comments on this in a way that is not at all respectful to the N. P., and argues that in the face of such a fact SIR LEONARD TILLEY has reason to feel abashed. Now this is very unreasonable. Any unprejudiced person would come to just the opposite conclusion—that it might be considered a feather in the honorable Knight's hat, or helmet (of course Canadian Knights wear armour.) Surely it shows plainly that under the fostering influence of the N. P. the railway business in Nova Scotia is enjoying a "boom."



**Wild Extravagance.**

We never did consider SIR CHARLES TUPPER a very economical man, although we were not always prepared to accept the *Globe's* picture of him as the Prince of Spendthrifts, as strictly correct. But now we begin to think that the organ was not far astray in its drawing; indeed, it is a question if the portrait is not altogether too flattering. It certainly is if we are to believe the story that reaches us from Ottawa, to the effect that SIR CHARLES has declined the generous offer of the Rag Baby to build the Pacific Railway "without expense to the country." Under the present arrangement it is estimated that that great—and, we may add, nonsensical—enterprise, will cost the people of Canada something like \$100,000,000, in hard money, which must be earned by hard work. But under the scheme proposed by the National Currency advocates, it would cost simply nothing, payable in paper. Surely a minister with half an eye for economy would jump at such a chance! Think of it, he would save \$100,000,000 at one stroke, and without so much as an effort! Why, that would provide for all the deficits that the most unfortunate financier could be afflicted with for the next ten years, and it would mean an indefinite prolongation of the Government's term of office! What in the world can TUPPER be thinking about! Perhaps he don't want his term of office prolonged. Maybe he has some contract jobbing on hand. Possibly he doesn't care about providing against further deficits. Or, peradventure, it may be just within the bounds of possibility—perhaps SIR CHARLES doesn't believe in the Rag Baby.



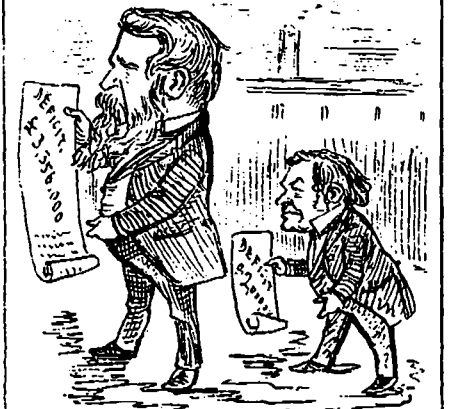
**A Natural History Lesson.**

This, dear children, is the vulture. It is a bird of prey. Its favorite food is governmental scandals, which it devours with a keen relish. It sometimes attacks grown up politicians, and when fairly aroused is very savage. It is not very much of an epicure, however, in matters of diet, and when there are no good fat scandals to be had, it seeks out the scene of a murder, and feasts itself on the barrowing details. It has been known to haunt the vicinity of such a tragedy for weeks, each day dragging forth some relic of the affair, much to the disgust of sober minded birds like GRIP. Vultures are divided by naturalists into several classes. The above engraving represents the species known as the Biddulph Vulture.

**Uncertain Geography.**

TEACHER.—What is the capital of New Brunswick?

SMART BOY.—Please, ma'am, I don't know yet. Fredericton used to be, but the wire-pullers are trying to get the buildings put up in St. John, so you'll have to hold on till the thing is settled before I can answer the question.



**"After you, Sir"**

The Canadian Minister of Finance at all events observes the rules of precedence in the matter of his deficit. He is a respectful distance in the rear of SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has an "aching void" in his account to the tune of £3,350,000.



# “JEALOUSY!”

*Chorus of Grit boys, who can't get Master GALT to play with them.—“HUMPH; HE'S NOT MUCH OF A FELLOW ANYHOW!”*



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A drug on the market—quinine—*Steuenville Herald*.

When a man gets tight the Devil generally gets loose.—*Steuenville Herald*.

Never lie to your lawyer—it is a waste of raw material.—*McGregor News*.

Catching the train—picking up the end of a lady's dress.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The words of a Governor's reprieve carry wait with them.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Another good man gone wrong. He tackled the "fifteen" puzzle.—*N. Y. Express*.

Receipt for making your own eye water—stick your finger in it.—*Ottawa Republican*.

A question for bankers—Can a blind man be drawn upon at sight?—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Take care!" says a timid exchange. Yes, but take it in small doses.—*McGregor News*.

When is a book-keeper not a book-keeper? When he is an absconder, of course.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Of all the works of man, he has never discovered a way of getting out of this world alive.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A barber is always open to conviction. Tell him his razor is dull, and he will hone up.—*Boston Transcript*.

ADAM was not very fussy about his dress and we do not see why he is called the fussed man.—*Whitehall Times*.

About the time a statesman offers to sell his influence he suddenly discovers he has none left.—*Nat. Burbank*.

Three scruples make a dram, and yet many a man takes a dram without any scruples whatever.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The grocer who persists in using broken and therefore inaccurate scales, ought to mend his weights.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The most uncomplimentary thing you can say of a weather prophet in the future, is that he is VENNOR-rated.—*Sandy Stone*.

The biggest men we have in this country are policemen and captains of ferry boats, they outrank a major general.—*Peck's Sun*.

An American tallow candle makes just four bites for a Russian peasant, and the wick is used for a collar for his cat.—*Proof Sheet*.

When you can hardly say enough for a man, say he is one of a thousand. It will be true as long as there are 999 other men in the world.

The best newspaper men, it is said, boil down their matter, which probably accounts for their work being so well done.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forty minutes and a congregation can't sit still.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A perfumer whose wife cloped with another man, says he resembles a portion of an army—the left scenter, as it were.—*Des Moines Register*.

Color blindness is thought to be growing prevalent. For instance, a man with a red nose thinks that nobody sees it.—*Binghamton Republican*.

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.—*Boston Transcript*.

What is the reason the man who draws the big prize in the lottery always lives in a town about five hundred miles distant?—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Waiter—"What will you have, sir?" Clerk—"Oysters." Waiter (to another clerk)—"And you sir?" Second Clerk—"Oyster stew."—*Ex.*

The last words which would have gone down to history as the dying utterances of the Czar would have been, "Well, I'm blowed!"—*Oil City Derrick*.

In one of our exchanges we notice a lady gives "ten reasons for not dancing," and we'll bet if all her reasons were boiled down into truth she can't dance.

The young man who boasted of having been to three balls had only been to a pawnbroker's shop trying to borrow a second-hand dress coat.—*Picayune*.

In the stomach of a Pennsylvania cow, recently killed, were found seventeen wrought-iron nails. She had cowhide outside and oxide inside.—*Boston Transcript*.

When we see two fashionably dressed women pass one another on the street, we can't suppress the thought that they want looking after.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a customer a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separate.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Canada is trying to arrange matters so that a widower may marry his deceased wife's sister, thereby shutting out the chances of any girls outside the family.—*New Haven Register*.

The man who said he would pay his subscription as soon as his corn was all gathered is going to avoid payment by leaving a half dozen stalks standing till next fall.—*Salem Democrat*.

Division of labor—Aunt MARY: "Well, TOMMY, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" TOMMY: "No, aunty, tanks. Me tarry bat and 'tumps. 'Oo tarry me."—*Punch*.

He told her that he loved her,  
In tones so soft and mellow;  
But she said she couldn't marry him,  
For she'd asked another fellow.  
—*Steuenville Herald*.

The Czar is determined to keep book agents out of his winter palace, hence the stories about maniac commanders, paralyzed Governors, dynamite explosions, and the like.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A Connecticut widow, worth \$4,000,000, is ready to marry, provided she can "find a man who knows enough." Almost any man knows enough to marry such a woman.—*Norristown Herald*.

Bald-headed persons are recommended, by one who knows how it is himself, to have a spider painted on the top of their heads as a preparation for the fast approaching fly time.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"You can never wear those boots out," said the shoemaker.

"Then I don't want them," replied the customer: "do you suppose I want boots to wear in the house?"—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A St. Louis lecturer calls his lecture "Around the Horn," although there are very few men in that city who go around a "a horn." They approach it fearlessly and sieze it by both dilemmas.—*Norristown Herald*.

An exchange says. "Doves quarrel more than eagles." No doubt of it—but then, from what may be seen of the doves, they have such a nice time when they make up, and that accounts for the quarreling.—*N. Y. Expressions*.

If, as we have been taught, grey hairs are a sign of wisdom, we know of some men who will live to be one hundred and forty-nine years old, and still carry about with them a head as black as the raven's wing.—*Rockland Courier*.

The Chicago Tribune has a streak of typographical economy, thus:

Rev. Douglas got inebri-  
But denies he was intoxic-  
And wants to be renom-  
By way of being vindic- } ated.

"You gorgeously attired dame is the Duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She hisn't a Duchess hat all," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I ear as how she be the wife of hau Hamerican plumber."

SETH GREEN says it is as easy to raise fish as it is to raise chickens; but it is not so. A man may sit on the river's bank with fishing tackle all day without raising a single fish, but he may go into his hen-house and raise a chicken—off its roost—in two minutes.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Pine, lovely flower, pine and die," sadly sings LEO C. EVANS in the *Yonkers Gazette*. But our flour don't need any such command as that. It pines away so rapidly without any special pleading on our part, that we are forced to roll in a fresh barrel about once a month.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A Danbury man resolved recently that he would conquer himself in all things for one whole day. He gave up about three o'clock in the afternoon. He says he did not know there was so much of himself, and when he again aspires to conquer anybody he will not take a man his own size.—*Danbury News*.

"Will you please pass the milk, Miss BROWN?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well" he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."—*Lowell Sun*.

A man of the tramp persuasion walked into the *Mail* composing room this morning and introduced himself thus: "I am the inventor of the gum puzzle." He was distributed so suddenly by the compositors that in four seconds and a half a button was the biggest piece of him that could be found.—*N. Y. Mail*.

When you hear a man, in the midst of an argument say, "Well, I don't pretend to be any judge of so and so, but, according to my idea, it is so and so," you can just bet that he does consider himself a judge of the matter under discussion, and calculates he knows all there is to know about it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

**Further Particulars.**

"Two men in Ohio claim to have discovered perpetual motion, and have sent a model to Washington for a patent. The machine consists of a large iron wheel containing a number of slides, inclined planes, etc. It will start itself."

Mr. GRIP,

SIR.—I suppose many of your readers have noted the above paragraph in the papers, and I am sure they will all be pleased to hear some further particulars about this triumph of mechanism. I happen to be in a position to furnish this information, and submit the following brief account, which may be relied upon by all who see fit to rely upon it.

The motive force of this machine is now utilized by one of the inventors in doing the domestic work of his house, and has enabled him to dispense with the services of all his servants. When the first rosy tint of dawn gilds the front window, the machine with the aid of various ingenious automatic contrivances, turns out the electric lights in and about the house to which it has during the night supplied the electricity, shakes down the coal fires and heaves in several scuttles of coals. It then proceeds to build the kitchen fire, put on the coffee to boil, the beefsteak to broil and the bread to toast; dusts about and puts upon the breakfast table all the necessary dishes, and in fine performs in a perfect and satisfactory manner all the duties incidental to the preparation of the matutinal meal. A gong is now struck which summons the sleeping family to the smoking and delicious viands. Breakfast done, a touch by the lady of the house on something like the button of an electric bell sets in motion the machinery, which removes the dishes and makes everything straight again. In a similar manner are the other meals of the house prepared and disposed of, all that is necessary for human hands or head to do being to select and place upon a table the raw material for the feast. The inventors expect to render even this unnecessary after a time and to make the machine so perfect that it shall also select—and keep up a varied programme of—the necessary dishes. It is needless to say that it does the washing and churning, rocks the cradle and performs all the household drudgery. When a caller rings the front door bell the door is automatically opened and a neat tablet inscribed with a request to step into the parlor meets his eye. If a tramp, however, knocks at the kitchen door he gets such a terrific electric shock as prevents his return for ever and for aye.

Any further information that I can furnish concerning this remarkable and useful machine I shall be most happy to do.

Yours truly,

VERITAS.

**"More of it."**

"EDWIN" said MUNDOCHINA McCHANTER the witty lovely and only surviving daughter of old McC. as she rearranged her bright glucose auburn "bangs," while he brushed a few specks of pearl powder off his coat sleeve with his aromatic *mouchon*. "EDWIN," I am not going to be bored with Professor WARMINGPAN'S instructions any longer and keep on practising "The Beautiful Daisies" for ever—I am going to learn the part of *Josephine*, do you know why?"

"Well dearest," replied EDWIN, "I hardly know what to think about it. I know the neighbors say that your 'beautiful daisy' is rather too self asserting, and as it were loud, for such a modest flower, and that they would like a change, even if they have to ask your "poppy."

"That's pretty good (for you)" said the charming girl. "The neighbors may go to

Muskoka for all I care—now listen. The reason I am going to attempt the part of *Josephine* (here she playfully placed her taper finger on which glistened a superb Lake Superior amethyst, the gift of EDWIN, on his Albert chain of the purest goldine purchased at WILKES', while her lovely olive tinted eyes sparkled with vivacity) is, that all "Pinafore" music is so easy to a *choir*.

EDWIN for a moment reflected and then—"Easy to acquire—easy to a *choir*—church choir of course! ha! ha! Come again." Oh MUNDOCHINA! (Tableau—more disturbance of bangs, and more distribution of powder). And EDWIN on his homeward way, as he gently whisks the superfluous "bloom of youth" off his coat to the cold bosom of the unsympathetic night winds, murmurs to himself, "Dear girl! You are too clever by far for the home circle. Yes, dearest MUNDOCHINA you should be on the lyric stage!"

**Idyls by Our Own Idylor.**

NO. 5. A MEDIEVAL EVIL.

Sir GASPARD was a valiant knight  
Who had a sword and loved to wave it,  
He also had a "ladye brighte"  
Who stirred him up a *stir-rip* cup and gave it.

His ladye had a tender heart,  
And wept because it did so grieve her  
To think her *fortiun* lay *as-here*,  
And that her noble lover had to leave her.

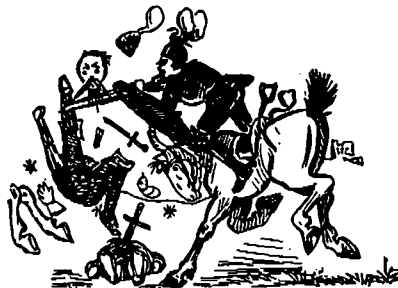
Sir GASPARD was a warrior bold,  
And though his eyes with tears were swollen,  
He managed to appear controlled,  
And tried to *steel* his heart that she had *stolen*.



And then he hid him to the fight.  
Alas! 'tis much to be deplored,  
That though his foes were in the right,  
That right they *waited* when'er he *waited* his sword.

He slashed him here, he slashed him there,  
(The foe was *hurt* as well as *netted*)  
Till *twenty* knights of valor rare  
Had bit the dust and then the *score* was settled.

He wiped his blade and sheathed it, then  
He dug a grave, and in it rolled  
His vanquished foes; he'd found them men  
Of metal so he cast them in the mould.



Meantime at home, his ladye fair  
Being much concerned about her dear,  
Consulted an astrologer  
And begged he'd try and make her *knight* a *peer*. (appear)

A weakly man this seer wise,  
With shaking limbs and withered hair,  
(He'd been more used to *ex'rcise*  
Th' immortal spirit than his body spare.)

A dwarfish man, and not the sort  
Of man at all for wedded life,  
But tho' he was so very *short*,  
The lady made him *long*—to take a wife.

For ladies fair are really so  
Inclined to coquetry, the while  
She *measured* him from top to toe  
She managed to *engage* him with a smile.

And then he had a *charming* voice,  
And charnted incantations grim  
So sweetly, she had ne'er a choice  
But fall in love both with his *chant* and *him*.

And when the knight returned so wan  
And travel stained, to claim his bride,  
He found she'd bolted with that man  
Of magic, so he smote his *breast*—and *sigh'd*. (side.)

Sir GASPARD fell upon his sword  
And pierced his bosom in the fall,  
No eye observed his life-blood poured,  
Because the "(K)nights' dark mantle covered all."

**A Capital Agitation Killed by a Seventhly.**

The city of St. John, which dwells on the edge of the Bay of Fundy, has the capital fever.

It has had the plague, the small-pox, and the biggest fire the Dominion can boast of, and, thinking that all of these calamities have not been sufficient, it offers to receive the House of Assembly! The people not only cheerfully assent to the infliction, but offer to provide a residence for the Lieut.-Governor, and a site for the Legislative building.

It is urged, in favor of the change from Fredericton to St. John, First, that the chronic atmosphere of fog which envelops the latter city, makes it a peculiarly appropriate place for Legislative deliberations.

Secondly, that the prohibitory liquor law which prevails in Fredericton, is highly detrimental to Members of the Assembly, who are obliged to use an inferior quality of liquor, or go without.

Thirdly, that neither JOHN BOYD nor ROBERT MARSHALL will ever accept the Governorship while Fredericton is the capital.

Fourthly, that St. John ladies are much more beautiful and attractive than their Fredericton sisters, and would save the Members from dissipation by drawing them into absorbing flirtations.

Fifthly, that WM. ELDER or EDWARD WILKES can take the office of Provincial Secretary without neglecting their papers.

Sixthly, that the corporation of St. John would be saved the annual drain on its resources for the expenses of Common Council lobbying delegations to Fredericton.

Seventhly, that the debates would be reported *verbatim* if the session were held in St. John.

Everything went on swimmingly for the change until the seventh argument in its favor was announced, and then the managers of the "boom" suddenly discovered a falling off in the popular enthusiasm. People who had signed the petitions began to get up counter petitions, and speakers in support of the movement began to hear groans mingled with the cheers. "Seventhly" is too much for the St. John people. They are long suffering, but *verbatim* reports of the House of Assembly carries the joke a little too far.

And the capital will probably not be moved, and the unlucky mention of *verbatim* reports is responsible for the stopping of the agitation. If the leaders of the movement had only stopped at sixthly they might have succeeded.



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Content.  
BY A CANUCK.

I. I would not care to be the CZAR,  
I'd rather be myself by far  
Than run the chances day and night,  
Of getting "raised" with dynamite,  
Or visit the sweet By-and-By  
By hand grenade blown up sky high,  
Or fear to tread where e'er I list  
For fear of shot from Nihilist;  
I'd rather drive a Queen Street car,  
Than rule all Russia like the CZAR!

II. I would not care to be the KAISER,  
(Some time I fear he'll get a "riser,")  
Some Socialist will make him his mark  
In spite of MOETKE, FRITZ or BISMARCK;  
And p'raps exclaim "Hail fellow, well met!"  
And blow the top off his spiked helmet;  
Or perforate his coat of blue  
Remarking, "That will do for you."  
For such distinction I don't sigh, sir,  
I'd just as soon not be the KAISER!

III. I do not envy DON ALPHONSO,  
Intransigentes do go on so,  
At him they keep a steady firin',  
(I've stolen this last rhyme from BYRON)—  
As he goes driving down the plaza  
From visiting at his mamma's or  
Calling at some country villa,  
He's "waited on" by some guerills,  
All this is rough on the bon ton, so  
I do not envy DON ALPHONSO.

IV. I worry not at the N.P.,  
Nor at the Gov'nor's "little spree,"  
I would not care a single dime  
If HAY had drunk a "butt of wine,"  
Nor if Sir JOHNNY's hands are clean,  
Nor which way EDWARD BLAKE will "lean."  
Nor if the law courts all get "fused,"  
I'm sure I'd not get much "enthused,"  
I am content to let things rip,  
And rest content and read my GRIP.

An osken chest, containing upward of a thousand original documents, some of which date back to the thirteenth century, has been found at the alms house at Wells, England.

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