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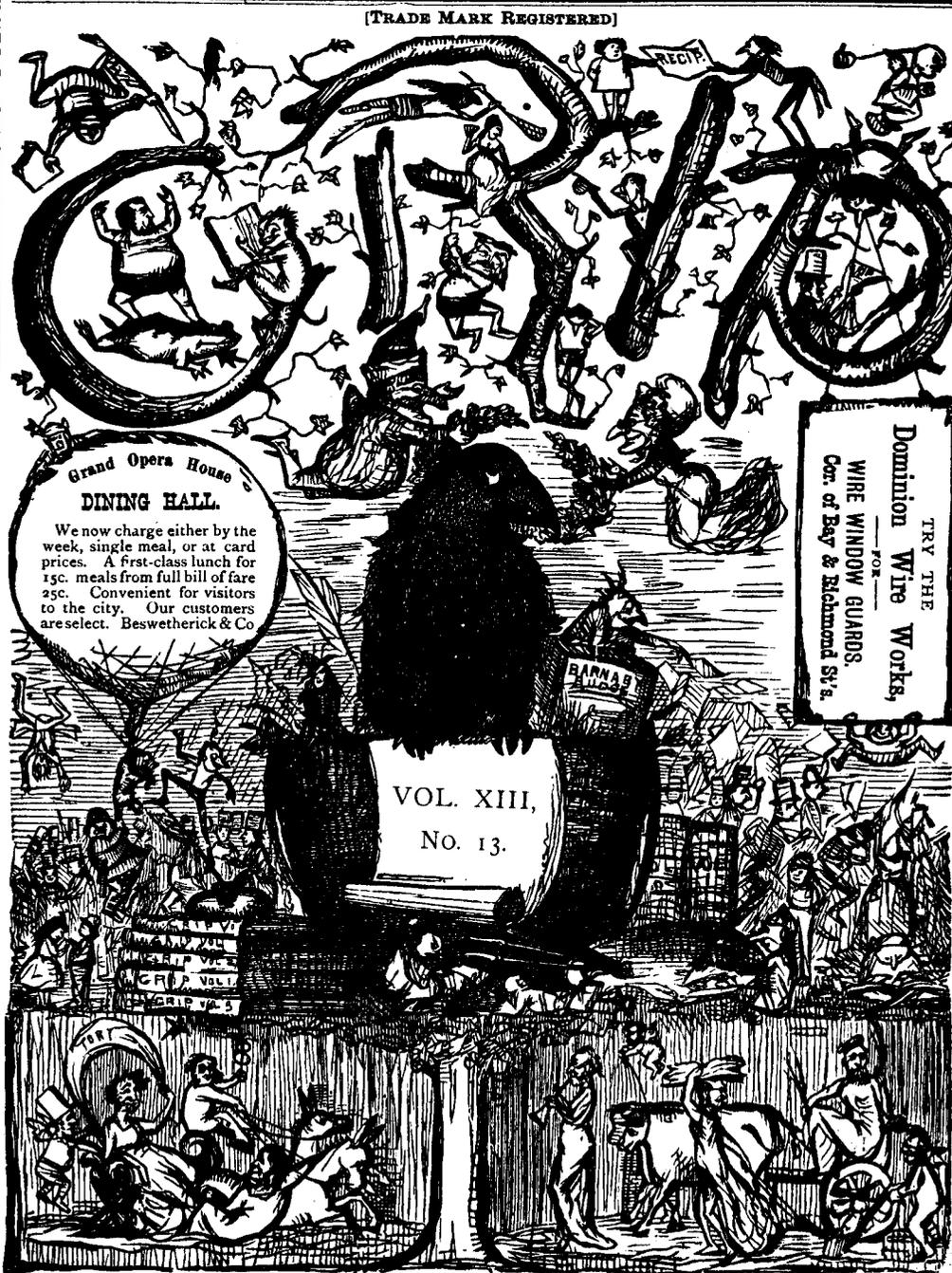
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

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Literature and Art.

A life-sized portrait of the late Prince Imperial is being painted by M. CAMPO TOSO, the Belgian painter.

Miss THOMPSON is known in America as the painter of the *Roll Call*; but if *Truth* does not lie she is not so well known in London. At the great exhibition of paintings in Burlington House, says the *Truth* critic, two ladies passed me in the throng, busy with their catalogues. One said: "I want to find THOMPSON's pictures, but I don't know where to look for them. What is her Christian name?" To which the other replied: "LYDIA, of course."

When PAYNE, the author of "Home Sweet Home," returned to Boston after a long absence in Europe, he called upon a lady, an old schoolmate, who said: "Mr. PAYNE, don't you find Boston much changed?" "Yes, madame," he answered, "very much—I receive many invitations to attend church, and very few to dinner." When the poor poet went to assume his office at Tunis, his luggage was at once pathetic and amusing—he had several trunks filled with books and hardly any clothes.

Mr. WM. B. HAZELTON and Mr. EDWARD SPENCER, well known Baltimore journalists, have written the libretto and Prof. W. W. FURST has composed the music of an American opera, entitled *Electric Light*, which will be produced under the management of Mr. JOHN T. FORD, at FORD'S Opera House, at the opening of the season in the latter part of August. The opera is purely American in subject, and is a clever satire upon familiar phases of our social and political life. The characters are Col. Cicero Clay Steep, a retired tailor with political aspirations and the candidate of the Independent National Mixed-issues Fusion Amalgamation party for Congress. He is ready to subscribe to anything, and is in favor of his constituents voting early and often. His wife, *Cynthiana Steep* is a domestic person, with a profound belief in the greatness of her husband, and devoted to the interests of the Charitable Sewing Circle for Africa, Bengal and the Further Indies. Their daughter *Minnie*, is the typical American girl, pretty and coquettish, but good as gold. Her lover, *Walter*, is the type of our American youth, self confident and enterprising, and not to be put down by any such little matter as the disfavor of the old gentleman. Professor *Bedson*, *Walter's* uncle, is the greatest inventor of the age, who has succeeded in dividing the electric light, and whose genius is only fettered by the lack of a little depreciated currency. *Harry Lightfoot* is the sporting young man of the day, ready to walk ten thousand miles, go-as-you-please, in ten thousand years, for the sum of fifty dollars—and half the gate money. *Miss Araminta Flint* and *Dr. Mary Bicycle* will be recognized as the amiable gentlewomen who, these many years, have been waiting for the suffrage, while *Three-Card-Monte Bill* and *Poker Jack* will elucidate the mysteries of that beautiful game which our countrymen pay so dearly to learn. A showman, eager to expatiate upon the blandishments of the "fat woman," and the Chinaman of the Amalgamation party aforesaid, complete the cast of characters. Choruses by grangers, messenger boys and members of the Decorative Art Society are among the striking features of the opera, which is to be produced in an unexceptional style, with handsome scenery and costumes, and large well-trained choruses.

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Stage Whispers.

Mr. HENRY IRVING has given the chain which he has worn as *Hamlet* for a hundred representations to an enthusiastic lady admirer, who sent him another in exchange. This, too, is to go to somebody else after a hundred wearings.

Messrs. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, ALMA TADEMA, STACY MARKS, TOM TAYLOR, F. C. BURNAND, and other artists and critics have arranged to give an amateur performance of *As You Like It*, at Mauchester, in September, for the benefit of the family of the late CHARLES CALVERT.

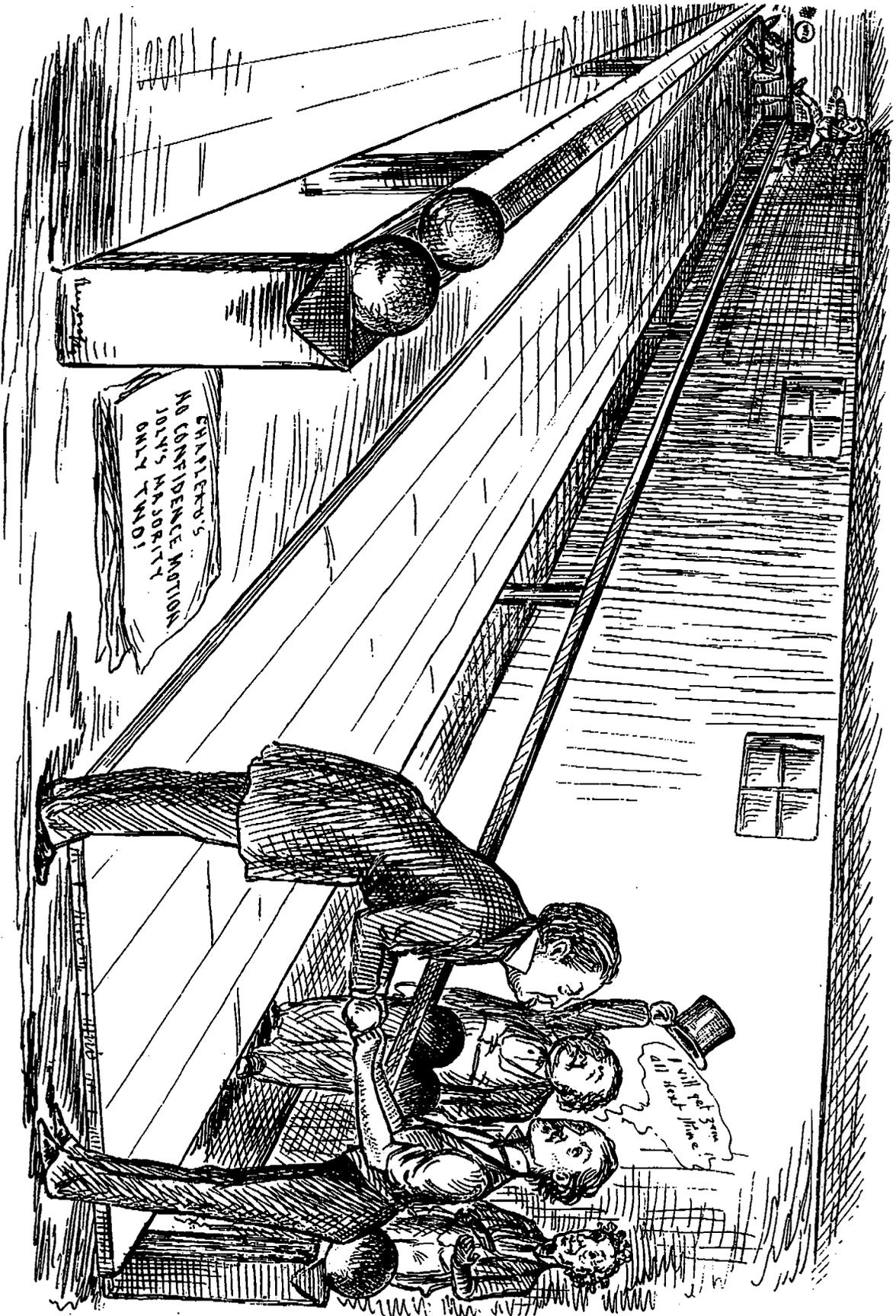
The Crutch and Toothpick is said to be the title of the new comedy in which E. A. SOUTHERN will appear in the Park Theatre. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be revealed that a toothpick and a cane with a crutch handle are the characteristics of the modern London "swell."

A writer in the August *Atlantic* says: "Among the good things which have been said of *Pingfure*, I have seen no reference to what is to me its most wholesome service. I refer to the fact that the so-called MOONY and SANKY hymns have been by it remanded to their proper place—light fancies and flippancy tongues and frolicsome moods finding it an ampler and more congruous vehicle of delivery than the "revival" strains of former years.

This was Mlle. BERNHARDT'S costume at her reception in London: A plain black jacket and skirt, a tumbled leghorn hat and black velvet trimming, a wisp of muslin about her neck, a bouquet of real roses clinging to her dress—and there was SARA BERNHARDT. There was no attempt at decoration or display. She was the one simply dressed woman in the assembly, but she carried with her the famous stick, a plain little malacca cane, very short and very simple, and she delighted everybody.

"A musical ear, and the capacity and desire to sing," says ADELINA PATTI, "were developed in me at an early age. Whenever my mother sang I was at the theatre, and every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. After being put to bed I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's, and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced, and chirped, applauded and threw bouquets at myself—bouquets manufactured of old newspapers. Then bitter misfortune befel us; the manager failed, and disappeared without paying his debts, and the troupe dispersed. Before long, we were harassed by poverty and trouble. My father carried many things to the pawn-shop, and sometimes knew not how to procure bread for us. The thought occurred to my father that my childish voice would save the family from starvation. When seven years of age, I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table, next to the piano, so that the audience could see the "little doll." And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but *bravura arias*; first, "Una voce poco fa," with the same ornamentation, and exactly as I sing it to-day. Thus a few years passed, during which I played and sang industriously with my sister CARLOTTA. My ability and my love for the stage largely increased, and in 1859, when but a half-grown girl, I stepped on the stage for the first time as *Lucia di Lammermoor*."

CHAPLEAU'S LITTLE GAME. "ALL DOWN BUT TWO!"





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

One touch of humor makes the whole world grin.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When the sun sets the day puts on its yellow "west"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Eighty-one Chicago tailors have recently formed a base ball nine.—*Cleveland Voice*.

Jam pies—the top and bottom jammed together and nothing between.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

When the farmer dresses his hog he scrapes an acquaintance.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser*.

"Of the people, for the people, and by the people, is the motto of some politicians.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The only knees which many bigoted people ever get down on—the Chinese.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Never do anything to distract the attention of a man who is managing a garden hose.—*Boston Post*.

There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog RALPH WALDO EMERSON, because he is a great thin cur.—*Seth Spicer*.

If we are crushed we prefer it to be by the scorn of a pretty woman, rather than by a falling building.—*New York News*.

Many a young man who sows his wild oats trusts to the grasshopper of forgetfulness to destroy the crop.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

The man who considers himself number one tells the truth unwittingly, for he is certainly next to nothing.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The latest circus joke died recently in Buffalo at the age of 100. It has been stuffed for future generations.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

The wise country cousin now gets an account of the burning of his house inserted in the papers and sends it to his city relatives.—*Boston Post*.

A wife is a man's better half. And when a man runs away with his neighbor's wife, it is to get the better of him, isn't it?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"You are my precious pearl," he said, as he drew her to his manly breast. "Oh, JOHN," she sighed, "and you are my oyster!"—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Repudiation is not to be thought of; but some statesmen think that the debt can be scaled fifty per cent. now, and fifty per cent. later in the season.—*N. O. Picayune*.

After having scissored, and pasted, and written, and edited a paper for a lifetime, what?—*Rochester Express*. A ten-line obituary and a dead-head passage across the Styx.—*Syracuse Herald*.

I am called little gutter pup,
Poor little gutter pup,
Though I could never tell why;
Still I am a gutter pup,
And their nets scoop me up,
When the dog catchers play at hi-spy.
—*Toronto Graphic*.

"Bright scintillations of wit" are all well enough, but the country isn't starving for these. A few bright scintillations of common sense help one wonderfully.—*Camden Post*.

Young ROBIN was inexcusable, perhaps, in stealing a kiss from MARY while walking through the tall corn; but she was in a maize, and of course was not responsible.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a young man with a small salary proposes to one of the opposite sex with a small amount of common sense, he generally receives her consent to starve her to death.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Solomon's wisdom was never more apparent than when he warned parents not to lose sight of the rod. Misplaced switches have wrought great evil to the race in these latter days.—*Philadelphia Times*.

A young man has been courting one girl five years, and every time he has called during the past six months she has fed him on pop-corn. But he doesn't take the hint—and pop.—*Norristown Herald*.

It destroys half the pleasure of a summer resort to hear a man eat soup at the dinner table like the last few gallons of water being sucked out of a bath tub by the waste pipe.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

JOE JEFFERSON is devoting the summer to teaching his boys how to fish and tell the truth. There are several cases on record where boys have been successfully taught how to fish.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

Boots of great men all remind us,
We can make our soles sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints that are seven by nine.

—*Elmira Telegram*.

When addressing a mass meeting of his colored fellow-citizens, a political orator may with propriety advise them to march to the polls "shoulder to shoulder" but it would never do for him to say: "Ham to Ham."—*N. Y. News*.

It is a dangerous thing for women to play with souls.—*Frances Hodgson Burnett*. Stay, mother, stay, whatever may hap; restrain your nervous "flipper"; remove the lad from off your lap, nor play with sole of slipper.—*Boston Transcript*.

HANLAN, the boatman, made remarkably swift time when it is considered the cramped position he was in while rowing. When he enters another race we hope he will be able to get a larger boat, so he can sit down squarely in it and stretch out his legs.—*Danbury News*.

"Yes," said the horny-fisted granger, gloomily, "last year we hadn't anything to put in our barns, and this year there's so much stuff that we can't take care of it and a heap's bound to be spoiled. There ain't no luck for us farmers anyhow."—*Boston Post*.

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. JONES?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, JOHN?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."—*St. Louis Times-Journal*.

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.—*Coates' N. Y. Expressions*.

My grandfather's hair was the glossiest kind of black,

For many years it was his pride,
But it

Turned—

White—

Never turned black again,
And the old man dyed.

—*Ottawa Republican*.

Eat onions. We once knew a poor unfortunate who was the prey of every one. Poor people borrowed money of him, rich people ran over him, book agents clung to him, insurance agents followed him from morning till night. He commenced eating onions. Now no one goes near him.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

Seventeen persons were poisoned by drinking lemonade at a picnic at Lanesboro, Minn., the other day. Some scoundrels must have put some lemons and sugar in it. In making picnic lemonade care should be taken to have it composed of only two ingredients—water and a bucket.—*Norristown Herald*.

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.—*Norristown Herald*.

As he sat upon the steps, on Sunday evening, he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then go to "calling" him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about in the distance, where trains were switching.

It is a pretty fair test to a man's birth and breeding to dine with him in a public restaurant. If he bullies the waiters and generally revels in an air of lordly authority, it is safe to say he is enjoying a luxury comparatively unfamiliar to him. The man who is born to command will always be respected, without any conspicuous effort on his part, by the people he employs. The man to whom a position of authority is something new and abnormal may make his subordinates fear him; but that is all. A gentleman may stand on his head habitually, and his inferiors will not dare to venture upon an impertinence; but shoddy, though encased in the triple brass of pomposity, cannot cheat the keen and certain valuation of the servant's eye.—*Puck*.

Young man, if you would succeed in life, never hesitate to boldly express yourself. If you say "I think," "I guess," "as nearly as I can remember," or in any other words give room for doubt in another's mind, make sure he will make the most of it and give you credit for knowing next to nothing of the matter related of. But though utterly ignorant, put on a bold front and talk loud, and you make those equally ignorant with yourself look upon you as a marvel of erudition; and as for people that know more than you, why, they will keep quiet, in your presence at least. What matters it if they do mentally write you down an ass, so long as they keep their opinion to themselves? Bluster away. If you don't deceive anybody else you may in time convince yourself of the vastness of your attainments.—*Boston Transcript*.

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To Correspondents.

ST. JOHN—MS reached us too late for this week.

Canadian Celebrities.

No. 2.—R. W. PHIPPS.

BY ASPER.

Our representative called the other day at the residence of Mr. PHIPPS. With great fear and excessive timidity he knocked at the door,—for he felt awed at being so nearly in the presence of one whose peculiar genius and individuality (almost amounting to eccentricity) have elevated him so far above all other Canadians. Mr. PHIPPS opened the door himself, and not being known to our reporter the latter enquired with faltering accents, "Is R. PHIPPS within?"

"Poor unenlightened immigrant," responded the mighty man, in severe yet kindly tones, "sad indeed is the depth of ignorance in which you are immersed. He who does not know me—PHIPPS—the political economist, the constitutional lawyer, financier, statesman, politician, journalist, pamphleteer and orator, is indeed to be pitied. What would you have of me?"

Our reporter, bowing low to the ground, informed the political economist, etc., etc., etc., that he wished to procure from him a few words of wisdom, a few comments on the state of Canada, especially as regarded its politics, its parties, and its press.

"It is now a matter of world wide notoriety," said the great etc., etc., etc., "that I occasionally give to the world through the medium of such party papers as I think for the time being are the most inclined to look to the lasting good of their country by making much of me, the benefit of what to my mind is the proper thing for those Canadian Nonentities who are misnamed statesmen to do. As you are probably aware, the *Globe* is at present my organ.

The great drawback under which Canada is now suffering, and one which she must overcome before she can ever hope to attain to eminence, is the fact that the people are not sufficiently educated. They cannot understand or appreciate the wisdom of my

letters. Their ignorance is as yet too profound to allow them to perceive that I am the only personage who can elevate the country to her proper rank. I have no doubt however that before the next election people will see that if I had been Premier of Canada, already they would have been citizens of the most populous and wealthy country in the world. Yes, sir," he continued, waxing eloquent as he grew enthusiastic, while a halo like a glory shone on his expressive and intellectual countenance, "the issue at the next election will not be office or no office,—it will be party Government or an autocracy—a Cabinet consisting of thirteen ministers, or a Cabinet consisting of R. W. PHIPPS! An absolute despotism, I hold to be the best form of Government—provided the despot is the right man—and as I hold this doctrine this doctrine is correct. From my letters, from my speeches, from my glorious policy as originated and formulated by myself—Canada will grasp at the truth—her eyes will be opened and she will perceive that I am the man—and stretching forth her arms will welcome me as the great power that will raise her to her proper sphere.

I once had hopes that the Conservative party were beginning to see that compared with me Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is a nonentity, an infant,—but they allowed themselves to be blinded to their own interests, and the interests of Canada, and what is the result? I still rejoice in the calm pursuit of my studies and in the management of my property, but my country, oh! my country, is forced by an unscrupulous politician, who has power for the nonce, to proceed in her course to ruin without my master hand to direct her and to save. The Reform party are now rousing themselves from their lethargy, and though it is little suspected by my tools, BROWN, MACKENZIE and BLAKE, look to me as their future leader. But I will not consent to be the leader of any party—I must be free and untrammelled, guided by myself and by myself only. They will recognize the justice of my contention, and as a solid phalanx will cast their votes for PHIPPS, for PHIPPS alone. Then comes a vision of beatific happiness for all Canadians. No more will it be necessary to have useless figure-heads for Governors-General. The Local Legislatures shall be done away with. The Senate will be dissolved for ever. I shall be Senate, Commons and everything!! To my great genius Canada, when she is sufficiently educated to appreciate me, will submit her destinies—she will make no mistake in doing so, but on the path to prosperity will proceed with undeviating course. This is no dream, but a truth, a mighty truth. You are yet young, my friend," our reporter on being addressed as "friend" nearly fainted with joy—"console yourself during your future life with the thought that you are the first person to whom I have unfolded my plans—to whom I have predicted the great future that awaits your country."

Mr. PHIPPS continued speaking with great eloquence, his face turned rapturously to Heaven, but our reporter, anxious to get back in time to insert what he had heard in this issue, left him unobserved. Though the prophecy was not quite finished, enough had been divulged to show the grand motive which influences Mr. PHIPPS inspired utterances and increasing industry. Short as is our extract from his glorious rhapsody, our readers will see that his speeches, his pamphlets, his policy are all due to Love of Country! Love of PHIPPS—for Canada is identified with PHIPPS—and what is PHIPPS but another name for Canada?

Open Letter from a Settler.

MUSKOKA, ONT., CANADA.

Dear PATRICK.

I now sit down to answer your letter which I am expecting by every mail. I would have written before, but waited till I was comfortably settled which I do not expect to be before next Spring. I have spent so much time clearing the farm and making a neat place of it, and it is as rough yet as if I had never done a day's work on it. Oh, often I wish that I had returned from here to old Ireland before I ever set foot on this blessed country.

We had four lambs killed in a thunder storm last week, three of them are recovering, but the children buried the remaining dead one yesterday. They had christened it the Marquis of LORNE, and put a head stone at the foot of its grave with its name written on it with BILL'S knife. The mosquitoes, which arrive in June, are at all times the pest of the country. We scare them away with "Mosquito Preventive," which only seems to attract them in swarms.

We also smoke them away with smudges. A smudge fell on little PAT'S foot the other day and burnt him so that he could not stand, but hopped round the floor screaming murder for about half an hour. We sometimes put mosquito nets on the windows, which prevents their getting into the rooms, but in spite of everything the walls are always covered with them, and just when you've killed one it comes buzzing round your head the next minute; as for the cattle while they are lying quietly asleep, the stinging things bother them so that they can't keep still a minute, but run round the farm yard ringing their bells, and making such a noise when everything is quiet that they wake every one in the house just when we can't get a wink of sleep on account of the mosquitoes and the baby screaming. They are worst in the evening, and worse still at night.

There are many other things to complain of in the country, Canada thistles and potato bugs and the National Policy. As soon as you have completely destroyed them, roots and all, they spring up again as bad as ever, they eat up every green thing on the place, even Paris green, and with their new fangled notions about paying duty, they've nearly ruined us poor farmers, (at least, the *Globe* says so). I wish it could be taught to eat the Canada thistle, then it might be some service to the country. I am referring to the potato bug, I do not mean any disparagement to the *Globe*.

In spite of all these drawbacks we are very happy and comfortable. The house is neat, and the baby is growing finely and has just cut two teeth; the garden looks green and thriving and hoping this finds you the same, I am your true friend,

TERENCE O'ROONEY.

P.S.—Answer as soon as you receive this, or before, if convenient.
To PATRICK MALONE,
Bogbury, Ireland.

Baggage.

MAJOR DEWINTON, on the Vice Regal train leaving St. John's, discovered some miserable members of the "press gang," in a forward car. They of course, by his direction, were ignominiously ousted from the "private train." The Superintendent, however, in the kindness of his heart taking compassion on the intruders, offered them a place in the baggage car, as a fitting location for such turbulent individuals. No doubt it was to this end they were "checked" by the haughty majaw.



"Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

Mr. GRIP, in the above little sketch, endeavors to illustrate the following passage, which he clips from the *Turo, N.S. Sun*, a powerful friend and supporter of the present Government.

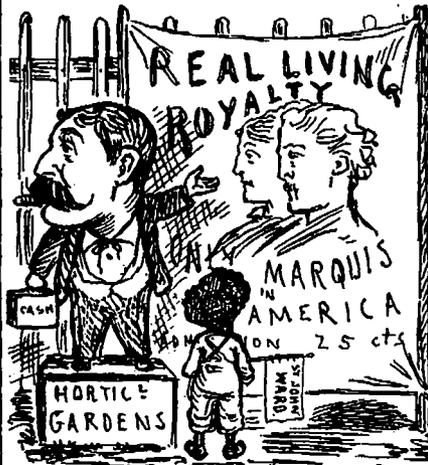
"The words of Booth, when he rushed from Ford's theatre in Washington after the assassination of that good President—Lincoln—may well be quoted in relation to the general action of the late Governor of Quebec. The *sic semper tyrannis* of the assassin of the ruler of one of the greatest nations of the globe has become historic, and while time remains will be quoted as the expression of feeling of a blind and misguided man. We can apply the *sic semper tyrannis* of Booth to a case in hand in our own small political world without the charge of being misled or misguided."



Our New Ambassador.

This is Sir ALEXANDER GALT, in his new and original character of Ambassador General for Canada to the Court of St. James. No doubt our readers have great delight in seeing this distinguished Knight's portrait, but they will probably have still greater joy in being told what his duties are to be in this new-fangled office. Well, they will be many

and onerous. His principal duty will be to draw his salary, which will be no trivial matter, as the salary will be very heavy. In addition to this he will be expected to attend the Duchess of Devonshire's Garden parties; to go to flower-shows and gaze at Mrs. LANGTRY, to attend the theatre at regularly stated intervals; to uphold the Colonial dignity by picking his teeth in the parlours of the Savage Club; to furnish British statesmen with all necessary information as to the whereabouts of Canada; to negotiate treaties with the civilized nations of Europe whereby the Canadian colonists may dispose of their rude native manufactures, and in general to conduct and enjoy himself as the representative of a high-toned and open-pursed Administration ought to do.



Harry Piper's Show.

The idea of charging twenty-five cents admission to the Gardens to see the Princess and the Governor-General when they come to Toronto, is an excellent one, and must commend itself to every person of discernment—including the distinguished visitors themselves. Some of the outside papers are sneering at the suggestion, but of course they are jealous of Toronto, and never can see any beauty in anything we do. It is to be hoped that our Aldermen will not allow public opinion either from the outside or the inside to prevent the carrying out of this admirable idea of making a show of the visitors. It is too happy a thought to be given up without a struggle. On the contrary, they ought to see that the idea is carried out in perfection by engaging Ald. HARRY PIPER to act as "orator" outside the gate, and by having a gorgeous painting of the curiosities executed, after the manner of all well-regulated shows. Some are confidently asserting that the proposed plan will not be carried out, but we trust implicitly to the good sense of our Aldermen in the premises.

The Weigh they Do It.

Who can weigh the tears and measure the woes of the late Inspectors of Weights and Measures? They have been dismissed right and left it appears, and all just because they were Grits. The Government has shown them no quarter, but pinked them to the door in a most un-gallon-t manner—a manner peck-uliar to the present administration. The dismissed officials are righteously indignant at the outrage, and denounce the head of the department as a hogshead, and a man without a grain of ability. But no matter! Let JOHN A. go on heaping up the Measure of his iniquities, at the next general election he will be Weighed in the balance and found wanting office in vain.



Our Vice-Mayor.

His Worship Mayor BEATY has gone off for some holidays, hoping to lay in a stock of extra good health to enable him to bear the strain of upholding the city's dignity during the vice-regal festivities; and meantime he has left our civic destinies in the hands of the distinguished alderman, the counterfeit presentment of whose well-known figure is given above. Ald. BAXTER we have no doubt will perform all the duties of the office in a most efficient manner, for it is well established that no member of the council is able to fill the Mayor's chair more fully to the public satisfaction. GRIP trusts he may so distinguish himself on this occasion, that the citizens will make up their minds to put him in the chair permanently some of these days.

The Gov'nor's Ball.

TORONTO, August 13th.

Muster GRIP:

SIR,—Vot's ball this 'ere bloomin' talk about vorkin' men a goin' to the Guv'nor's Ball? These 'ere vorkin' men wants to show their loyalty, does they? And they don't wants to wear a pigeon-tailed coat! Hov course not! vy should they! Now, vot Hi says is this 'ere: Hif a workin' man, or hany other man wants to go to a ball among a lot of bloomin' swells, vy he must dress like them, bothervise vy cawn't he keep away? Nobody wants a vorkin' man has a vorkin' man at a swell ball. The blessed Markis von't cry his beyes hout if they don't come. Me and my missus is just as loyal as any other workin' men, but I don't see vy we cawn't get along without a showin' of our selves among people as don't want us. It's natural enough for them blessed Scotchmen to want to 'ave a Ball of their own, becuse vy this 'ere Markis is from their country. They wants a bare-legged ball, vile the other swells wants a barc-necked von—that's ball the bloomin' difference. And now vot style of a ball does my feller vorkingmen want? Vy, a 25ct. von. I'm not proud, but I'm blowed if Hi go, neither vill my missus.

Yours obedient,

A VORKIN' MAN.

Since the dissolution of the HANLAN Club, the champion is left on his own resources. He ought to be able to paddle his own canoe.

Letter from a School Marm.

A TALE OF SORROW.

School House,
S. S. 40, Lot 5, Con. 4,
Tantrac.

Deem it not unmaidenly in me thus to seek to pour a tale of sorrow into your ears. Your world-wide reputation for sympathy with the ill-used of all classes, will, I trust, be considered a sufficient excuse for me in the action I have taken. True, we have had no introduction to each other, but such a profound moralist as yourself can easily afford to "take chances" in making acquaintance with one whose position as teacher in the above named school ought to be a guarantee of earnestness and good faith. I will be brief. Last week, one whom I had hitherto looked upon as a friend, if not something nearer, but whom subsequent events have proved to be a serpent, invited me to go with him to Toronto to amuse ourselves for a day. ERASTUS (such is the wretch's name) insisted upon it, and the fact of my sojourning for a season at his, or rather at his parents' house, accounts for my accepting an invitation that, under any other circumstances, I would not think of for a moment. At his suggestion I filled a small satchel with dough-nuts, to save unnecessary outlay of cash, (for ERASTUS is prudently careful; I will give him that credit), got aboard the cars, and in due time arrived in Toronto.

After considering the matter of amusing ourselves, we finally concluded to go to Lorne Park as a healthy and economical way to pass the day. Had I but known—but no matter. We went to the wharf, but the boat had not arrived. ERASTUS deposited me in the G. W. R'y waiting-room, with directions towards the "filter," should I require a drink, and went out to see when the boat would start. I noticed him holding a lengthy conversation with a lady with canary colored hair, who was evidently waiting for something—probably the boat. He came into the waiting-room after a while quite joyous. Said he had met a friend. I could not forbear saying, "ERASTUS, you've been drinking!" "Yes," he had a glass of lager with his friend. "Your friend, no doubt, is the lady with the 12th of July hair?" Yes; the lady had come from Hamilton, and her husband was suddenly called home on business; would come for her in the evening. So sorry, as she had made up her mind to see Lorne Park. He had asked her to join our party, and she was now waiting outside to be introduced to me. Introduction follows. Lady very stylish, profusion of jewelry, beautiful black eye-brows in harmonious contrast with her goldine hair. We go on board *Empress*. Lady becomes quite ill as we get on the lake. ERASTUS brings her below. I am left to the libertine gaze of the masculine passengers, who however, dare not to accost me. ERASTUS comes on deck and says, "SOPHY's ver' sick, mus' tend to her," and disappears at once, leaving a perceptible taint of brandy in the atmosphere. And "SOPHY" indeed—base villain! We arrive at the Park; I am left under the shade of a tree, while ERASTUS and his "SOPHY" get their pictures taken. *Very well!* I am apparently quite forgotten, but, ha, ha! a swift NEMESIS is after my infamous swain! I go aboard and sit alone, until the fact of our getting inside the harbor warns me the time approaches to disembark. I see ERASTUS and find him prostrate in a coil of rope, with his new black coat rent in twain. He tells me in incoherent accents that SOPHY's husband had followed us aboard, and not appreciating the Platonic

attentions of him (ERASTUS) fell upon him with dire imprecations, and threatened to throw him overboard, and would have done so had not a friend of SOPHY's husband suggested the idea of offering him money or valuables which ERASTUS did, handing over all his money, his watch and a valuable jack-knife, whereupon SOPHY's husband knocked his hat over his eyes, and skipped ashore at the Queen's wharf with his perfidious and pumpkin-headed partner upon his arm, while I was left to pay our fare home.

Now, my dear Mr. GRIP, advise me, shall I allow ERASTUS to continue his attentions to me as he wishes? In pity answer.

Yours, though blighted,

ALMA LETTERPENTER.

NOTE.—By no means—give him the unmistakable "grand." He's a bad man.

ED. GRIP.

**REGULATIONS**

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of Disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion Lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B, shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2.00 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniform as follows, viz: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands, arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territory has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of the Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

xiii-10-4t

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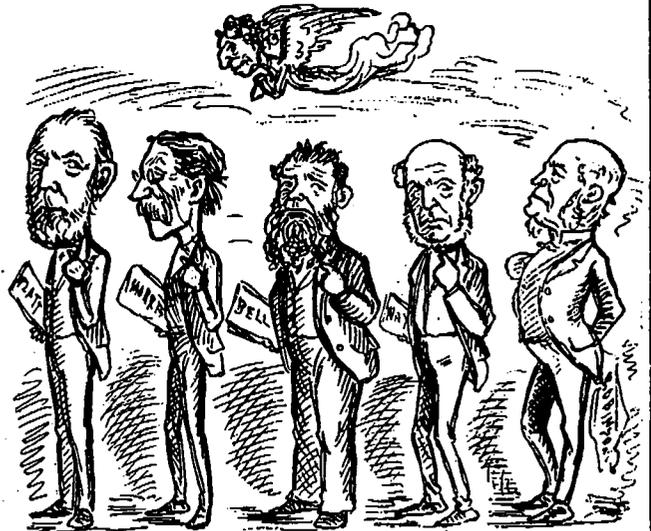
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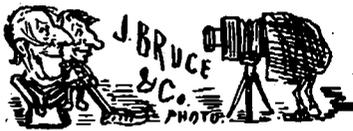
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Cabinet Ministers in London witnessing the performance of Sara Bernhardt.
 TUPPER.—Dreadfully thin, isn't she? SIR JOHN.—Yes; but not half as thin as our excuse for being abroad.



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

PRESS OPINIONS.

Grip of last week has a very clever cartoon entitled "New Idea of Confederation," illustrated by a merry-go-round, Sir John turning the crank of the machine, the horses representing the several Provinces, being ridden by the Lieut.-Governors. The ex-Lieut.-Governor Letellier has been unhorsed by Dr. Robitaille, who bears under his arm a scroll reading "Any Lieut.-Governor who is not in accord with the Federal power—off he goes," while the words "no provincial autonomy," are displayed on the sign-board of the machine. The black cartoon, "or the rejecting of the Quebec Zulus over Letellier's dismissal," is exceedingly well done; the likenesses of Messrs. Chapleau, Mousseau, Langevin and Angers, appear as engaged in a victorious war dance over the event. Grip is only \$2 a year, and is well worth the money.—*Shenbrooke (P.Q.) Examiner.*

Grip, of Saturday last, contains two very expressive cartoons illustrative of the Letellier dismissal. One represents "the new idea of Confederation." Sir John, the great thimble-rigger of Canadian politics, is represented turning by a crank the "Federal power" post, while from cross beams labelled "No Provincial autonomy" are suspended the Provincial horses mounted by the Lieut.-Governors of the various Provinces. Sir John, with his "Federal power" crank is giving them a merry race round the ring. Letellier has, it appears, been unseated by Robitaille, and lies sprawling on the outside of the ring. Robitaille, who has mounted the Quebec horse, carries a placard labelled—"Any Lieutenant Governor who is not in accord with the Federal power—off he goes." The other cartoon, a very expressive one, represents Chapleau, Angers, Mousseau and Langevin disguised as Zulus, dancing a war dance and giving utterance to fenshish yells of delight over the dismissal of Letellier.—*True (N. S.) Guardian.*

"POINTED" PICTURES.—There is much expression in the cartoons accompanying the last issue of our pet comic paper, Grip. The principal cut represents the Governor-General as acting Coachman for Miss Canada, who is surrounded in her carriage (Constitution) by a lot of children, representing the different provinces of the Dominion. The horse has a head, the "frontispiece" of which is not unlike Sir John's, and the coachman, having flung the lines over the animal's back, Miss Canada remarks: "It may be a good safe horse, as you say, but still, I don't like to be left at his mercy." Messrs. Joly (who has taken too much Tarté), Beaconsfield, Lieut. Governors Cauchon, Macdonald, and Mr. P. Boyle come in for notice.—*Kingston Whig.*

Financial.

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AUCTION SALE

OF THE

LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

An Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder. Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,
J. S. DENNIS,
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,
 Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

xiii-10-6t