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The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GERRARD OFFICE, TORONTO. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newdealers. Back numbers supplied BENGOUGH BROS.



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

VOLUME XV. No. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Table listing various phonographic publications and their prices, including 'Compend of Phonography', 'Exercises in Phonography', 'Grammologies and Contractions', etc.

EXTRACTS.

Table listing extracts from various works, such as 'Ten Founds and Other Tales', 'That Which Money cannot Buy', etc.

SELECTIONS.

Table listing selections from various works, such as 'Character of Washington', 'Address of the Earl of Derby', etc.

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BENGOUGH BROTHERS, 80 Adelaide Street East.



Greedy Johnny.

NED BLAKE—Don't you give him anv. He doesn't really need it; he's got more than he can manage now!

Fatal accident The patient begged to be allowed to die quietly without receiving the additional punishment caused by the jolting of the vehicle The necessity of an ophthalmic for use in such cases has frequently been urged on the authorities, but no steps have been taken toward procuring one.—Mail.

We learn that the Port Hope Police Magistrate lately fined a man four dollars for assaulting a newspaper editor, he having a week ago fined another man one dollar for assaulting another editor. Let not the one dollar editor feel too small, as the five dollar man put on a superfluity of frills, caning you know, like kissing, goes by favor.

THE COMING DRINK K-A-O-K-A DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs. Sold in half-pound tin-foil packets, at ten cents, by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of Grip's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—London Advertiser.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved fac similes of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Graham, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—Daily Nonpariel, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. (July 14) after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the WRITER with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 22 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The Miscellany will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario chum."—T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Craukshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a smiling mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemptively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The got-up of the number is good.—Newcastle, Eng. Courant, July 6th.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum, Single Copies 10c. Send for Sample Number.

BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

The TANDY BROTHERS are singing at Grimsby Ont.

The HOLMAN "Pinafore" Company are this week at the St. Thomas Opera House.

The second exhibition of the "Royal Canadian Academy of Arts" will be held next year at Halifax.

NELLIGAN'S Company, with Miss ADELAIDE FLINT are performing the "Maid of Chrissy" at Oakland's Theatre, Hamilton.

Mr. HURSON, of the St. Thomas Opera House, has arranged for REMENYI, the violinist, to give a concert at St. Thomas on September 21st.

A Minstrel entertainment will be given at the Royal Opera House on Friday next by the B. Battery Minstrel Company, assisted by Mr. GEORGE KEELY, Toronto's favorite comedian.

The Mayor has given the use of the Council Chamber, Toronto, for the purpose of testing the audiphone, which it is claimed enables the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

Col. J. FRANKLIN WARNER'S Comedy Company will appear at the Royal Opera House on Monday next, August 23rd, for a week. MILTON NOBLES and Co. will succeed them on Monday, the 30th instant. Both companies hold the highest rank in the New York Theatres.

The London Times says of "The Gilded Age" that "to conceive that the play in which Mr. RAYMOND is now appearing at the Gaiety theatre is believed in America to be a good play, would be a libel on the national intelligence which could be rightly punished only in the court of Judge Lynch."

Mr. CHARLES DARWIN lately entertained a scientific association at his country house in Kent with a dinner and a lecture on "Insectivorous Plants." In a pleasant speech the old gentleman spoke of the generous support his labor had always received at the hands of the Germans and Americans. Mr. DARWIN is an agreeable old man, having handsome eyes, a noble and kind expression, and simple and courteous manners.

The Times says the sudden death of the actress NEILSON was hardly expected. She was subject to seizures of heart disease. A fainting fit after a scene calling for more than ordinary emotional strain, has been something not uncommon with Miss NEILSON. She was in great suffering for ten hours. Alas! "We shall not look upon her like again." GRIP would fain lay a wreath of regret on the grave of a conscientious artist and graceful actress.

Mr. PIROU has fully realized the promise of his advertisements in the grand concerts at present being given in the Horticultural Pavilion. The company consists of genuine artists. BARONOUR, the renowned tenor, is to the fore with all his old-time charm of voice. We can assure the Signor that there is no occasion for his being so very impassioned in uttering "Meet me once again," for we will be only too much pleased to meet him every time he comes round. Miss HARTZ is an accomplished pianiste, and Miss STONE adds to a handsome presence a soprano voice of rare sweetness. The Venzel male quartette receives rapturous applause on every appearance. As the engagement of this superior company ends on Saturday night, those of our music loving readers who have not already enjoyed one of the concerts, should by no means let the opportunity slip.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Frowell Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3-45, 5-45, and 7-45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3-30, 5-30, 7-30 and 10-30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in *The Accident Insurance Company of Canada*. Travelling Tickets at the rate of 25c. a day, and Policies issued for stated terms granting indemnity for bodily injury and loss of life. Apply, BUCHANAN & CO., General Agents, 37 KING STREET EAST. "Buy a ticket before you start on your journey."

WEST TORONTO ELECTION

POLLING DAY, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1880.

Hours From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

YOUR SUPPORT AND VOTE

ARE REQUESTED FOR

Aid. PETER RYAN.

of St. George's Ward.

The unanimous choice of the Liberal party in convention assembled as their candidate, in opposition to the nominee of the Government at Ottawa, and as a

Supporter of the Hon. Edward Blake.

Vote for Aid. Ryan and protect yourself against the burdensome taxation of the Ottawa Government and against the proposal of Mayor Beatty to abolish the Provincial Legislature and Toronto as the seat of Government. XV—14.

NOW READY.

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Twelfth Annual Volume.

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Revised annually, and information brought down to the latest date.

Sent to any address on receipt of the price. Address GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, (Newspaper Advertising Bureau.)

10 Spruce St., New York.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Boston is about to add to its literary clubs an "Artist's Guild."

Mr. A. TROLLOPE has finished his new novel "The Duke's Children."

Lady DUFFUS HARLY'S new book on America will appear this Fall. "An Earnest Trifler" is now in its twentieth edition.

The Canadian Press Association have arrived home from a trip up the lakes, feeling satisfied and grateful to their entertainers.

The London Globe hears that Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT paid 3,000 guineas for M. de NEUVILLE'S "Defence of Rorke's Drift."

AGOSTUS DABBLE (artist)—"Don't you think it is about time I exhibited something?" Severe critic (examining DABBLE'S latest production)—"Yes, a little talent, for instance."

GEORGE ELIOT'S retirement from literature is mentioned as a settled thing by the *Literary News*. It quotes her as often saying that her late husband, Mr. LEWES was a great mental stimulus to her, constantly encouraging her in her work.

MCGILLICUDDY BROTHERS, at present publishers of the *Brussels Post*, will take possession of the *Huron Signal* on Sept. 1st. They are energetic journalists and have GRIP'S best wishes for success in their new sphere.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S "Life of COPPER" is one of the most charming biographies in the admirable series edited by Mr. MORLEY. It is a thoroughly appreciative picture of a life second to none in pathetic interest.

The "Grand Frix de Florence," established by *L'Art* to enable a young artist to study for three years in any foreign country, has been awarded this year to M. EDERLIN for his plaster statue in the late Salon, called, "Le Jour de Billes."

ADRIEN MOREAU, who paints so well and so charmingly *genre* pictures of French life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gets up the handsomest costumes for his models with great care, often resorting to the National Library for details, and has them made by workmen in a room adjoining his studio.

The editor of the recently defunct *Otterville Magnet* has gone into the drug business in the States. A journalist who would succeed must have a greater love for paper and printer's ink than for pellets and potions. The *Otterville* editor is a sample of a large class who think any one can run a paper. His experience Otter be a warning to other journalistically inclined druggists, blacksmiths, &c., and GRIP sincerely hopes it will.

The editorship of *Punch*, which is one of the prizes of journalism in England, giving as it does £1,500 a year for editing a small weekly, has lately been vacated by the death of Mr. TOM TAYLOR and filled by Mr. F. C. BURNAND, for many years a constant contributor, and a writer of several excellent farces and comedies. Mr. BURNAND is a Roman Catholic, and his assumption of the editorial control of a journal which has been noted for its denunciation of the Papacy, is another illustration of the saying that the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. It would not be surprising now to learn that RICHARD DOYLE—a co-religionist with the new editor, and whose artistic talents were lost to *Punch* on account of the anti-Romanist course pursued—should again assume his favorite work. DOYLE is at present painting water-colours.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

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



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

To Correspondents.

Zoo. The mock-turtle is caught in the neighborhood of Cape Cod.

Ceremonians. Green cotton umbrellas are not suitable for Archdeacons.

Sweet Sixteen. Clocks on stockings were invented by Queen ELIZABETH and do not date from the Order of the Garter.

A Naiad. Wait till the public baths are opened, you will then get on swimmingly.

X. You write reminding us that GRIP has censured Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's political opinions, and you therefore infer that we have no right to censure your letter in the Globe abusing Mr. SMITH as a "carpet-bagger," and implying that he is a "traitor," a bad writer, and a person unfit for the high honor of being admitted to a Teachers' Convention. The cases are different. GRIP has never descended to treat Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, or any one else, with mean, vulgar abuse.

Campaign Sheets for West Toronto.

(For the Beatty Party.)

Electors! Don't be bamboozled!

WRIGHT is a bad, bad man. Not only is he a rabid advocate of the Demoralizing and Dangerous Heresy of Rag Money, but he is in other respects an unfit person to represent the enlightened, intelligent and refined constituency of West Toronto.

Time would fail us to enumerate all the rascalities of this unhappy man, but we may mention that there is evidence to shew that he has been seen in the company of DENNIS KEARNEY, which fact alone is enough to secure his defeat. It is alleged on good authority also, that in his youthful days he was a notorious gobbler of marbles from smaller boys; later in his life he deliberately pried two columns of type in a respectable printing office; and every body who knows him is aware that he habitually steals political thunder from the great and only PHIPPS.

Electors! If there is a worse man than WRIGHT in America, that man is RYAN. You have all heard of the notorious RYAN-Goss prize fight. We need not dwell upon that brutalizing subject. Gentlemen, if you would save West Toronto from utter ruin; if you would see your grown-up sons prosperous, and your families happy and contented, vote against PETER RYAN. Gentlemen, P. RYAN is an Importer of Dry Goods—nay, worse, he is a Wholesale Importer. He is getting along well in business and growing wealthy. It behoves you, Electors, to say whether you wish to be ruled over by a proud and bloated plutocracy. Your only safe-

ty in this tremendous crisis lies in voting for BEATY! Down with WRIGHT and RYAN! Hurrah for BEATY and Prosperity!

(For the Wright Party.)

Electors of West Toronto!

A grave crisis is upon you. Summon all your energies and go forth as one man in the cause of WRIGHT and National Currency! We altogether deprecate the use of personal abuse in electoral contests, and therefore will not dwell upon the notorious infirmities of the two candidates, BEATY and RYAN, further than to say that they are well known to be bloated, bondholding Shylocks who support the iniquitous and lying system of Gold Basis and Banking Robbery. BEATY, moreover, is a ward politician, and as such, ought to be frowned down by all heads of respectable families. It will be in the recollection of all that he was one of the disorderly crowd that went skirmishing around Detroit and Chicago "examining pavements." Gentlemen, are you prepared to submit to this? As for RYAN, he is said to be respectable, and we would be the last to raise any question on this point. But, gentlemen, he is in the habit of taking luncheon at a pastry-cook's; and not only so, but he takes it at the unusual hour of 2 p. m. Are the Electors of West Toronto prepared to see their member carrying on in this disreputable manner? If not, vote for WRIGHT, who is no upstart TOMSONDY, but takes a good square dinner at noon, and is a tolerably honest and genuine working man. Down with RYAN and BEATY. Up with WRIGHT and the Rag Baby!

(For the Ryan Party.)

Electors of West Toronto!!

Though it may seem a work of supererogation to point out the vast moral and intellectual difference which exists between Mr. RYAN and his unworthy opponents in the present contest, nevertheless, we think it proper to do so. Mr. RYAN's record as a sound and successful business man in Toronto for the past seventy or eighty years is a sufficient reutation of the miserable, skulking insinuations which are being thrown out by BEATY and WRIGHT, both of whom are bad, wicked, and evil men. Though we despise personalities we cannot refrain from enumerating a few of the many misdemeanors which are laid to the charge of JAMES BEATY, Jr., and which that person will not dare to deny.

(1.) He has been known to go to a plain old-fashioned church on several Sunday mornings in succession.

(2.) Not only so, but while ostensibly engaged in worship, his thoughts have been known to wander to low, worldly matters pertaining to the City Council.

(3.) He habitually wears a hat of outrageous shape, calculated to bring the electors of West Toronto into contempt.

(4.) The fact that no city funds have been embezzled during Mr. BEATY's occupancy of the civic chair, is not to his credit, as it is a Mayor's simple duty—nothing more—to refrain from embezzling the public money.

With such a record as this, surely the electors of West Toronto will scorn to elect BEATY. As for WRIGHT, he is outwardly respectable, but he is a punster. We do not bring this serious charge against WRIGHT hastily or in hot blood. We speak advisedly, and are prepared to stand by the consequences. WRIGHT has been guilty of punning on innumerable occasions, and competent authorities testify that some of his puns are of the poorest and most far-fetched description. Gentlemen, consult your own domestic interests and vote for RYAN, who doesn't wander in church, who doesn't wear a disreputable hat, and who never makes a pun! Down with BEATY and WRIGHT. RYAN is the man for West Toronto!

The most incorrigible liar is the man who "lies at the point of death."

"James" to the Fore.

My dear Mr. GRIP:

My name is JAMES SNOBKINS, Esq. I am the scion of an ancient and honorable family, it being in the highest degree probable that I am descended from PERE ADAM, Esq. Among our family archives there is also a very ancient document tending to show that a long dead member of the family kept some sort of a skiff of his own at the time of the flood. But, though I am so well connected, there are some things, Mr. GRIP, that I must confess my inability fully to understand, and I know well that I need only apply to you to have all my doubts set at rest, finally and forever. Now, among other things, Mr. GRIP, what constitutes a fashionable wedding? When can marriage be said to be "fashionable," and when unfashionable? When has a young fellow a right to claim that his wedding is a "fashionable" one, and to get a suitable notice of it put in the papers? Is it the ceremony that is "fashionable" or the ministers, or the guests, or what? How much money must a fellow have in order that the Globe may devote a quarter of a column to the notice of his marriage, when it would grudge five lines to advertise a Bible Society or struggling scheme of charity? Must the happy man be a lawyer, or a doctor, or what must he be? How many guests should be at a "fashionable" wedding? Of these, what proportion is it absolutely necessary should be persons of the most exalted dignity? How many bridesmaids should there be, how should they look, and what should they wear? How many yards or pounds of "brocaded silk grenadine," or Languedoc lace, or *costume de cours* is requisite to furnish a young lady for such a ceremony? How many clergymen are necessary to perform the ceremony? How many generations back is it the correct thing to trace the genealogy of the young couple? Is it anybody's business what presents the bride had? And, dear Mr. GRIP, can you explain how the Globe and Mail reporters acquire such a profound acquaintance with female millinery? Lastly, Mr. GRIP, and on the whole, what is "high" life? At what elevation can a man properly be said to be "high"?

Yours in deep anxiety,

J. SNOBKINS, Esq.

Our Boys.

GRIP has read with disapproval Admiral STERLING's kind purpose to supply the Pacific Fleet with Canadian boys. GRIP advises the Admiral to back his main-top-sail and leave to. Canadian boys are needed for Canadian work on land or water. As to there being any wish on the part of Canadians to see our boys take up the artificial and idle habits of a man-of-war, Admiral STERLING may tell that to the Marines.

Mr. Crooks' Letter.

We have perused with painful feelings the letter purporting to be by the Hon. ADAM CROOKS in the Globe. From strong internal evidence we are convinced that the letter in question is the work of one of the burglars who at present infest our city, and who recently robbed the Minister of Education of the original document which, we are informed, contained the following passage:

"The chief points I have to apologize for are, in the first place, my tolerating a book-peddling coterie in the Central Committee, and in the next place allowing the responsible position of School Inspector to be occupied by Mr. HUGHES, author of the absurd and ill-composed 'Manual of Drill.' I have also to give my reasons for systematically ignoring 'Canadian Interests' in the University of Toronto."

These were the points at issue, and these the real Crooks' letter no doubt alluded to. The bogus epistle in the Globe took no notice of them.

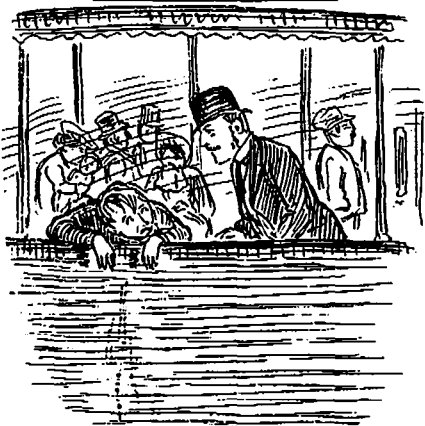
Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches. WOLTZ BROS. & CO. Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



Mr. Phipps' Reflections.

Of course; of course. I knew how it would be; never expected anything else. RYAN is brought out in West Toronto; I should have been. Were it not that I have a prescience, which is as marvelous as my other gifts, I might have suffered more or less of a shock at this revelation of ingratitude. But I knew it would be so; and besides, I am rather inured to acts of base ingratitude by this time. Nevertheless, I ought to have received the Grit nomination, if only as a formality; a slight recognition—infinisimally slight to be sure—of the services I have rendered to the Opposition, by my brilliant occasional articles in the *Globe*. Of course, my goose is cooked with the other fellows; wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole. This consideration gives Grit ingratitude a still darker shade. But it is not Grit ingratitude so much as Grit *stupidity* that affects me. I do not censure Brown and the Party; I pity them; from my heart I pity them. They are surely in a state of mental imbecility to choose RYAN when they might have had me. And they haven't even suggested my name for any future constituency. Clearly, the Party is demoralized; evidently its leaders are mad. But no matter. My time will come.



Sick Transit Gloria Monday.

A Reminiscence of the Civic Holiday.

Healthy Passenger—What's the matter, CHARLEY; are you sick?
Unwell Do—Sick? Why, confound you, do you s'pose I'm doin' this for fun?

T is not the only letter of the alphabet crossed. Great seas one often crossed too.

A Parable of Secular Education.

LITTLE MORE, the son of BIG MONEY, came to be educated by the white men of Toronto. His own tribe had taught him to steal. So when he knew that he was hungry, which was about all he did know, he took a loaf of bread, and got sent to jail. In jail the white men whom he met advised him to learn to write in order to commit forgery. So LITTLE MORE worked hard at the public school, and learned to write real well, and forged a cheque. But he got found out and sent to the Penitentiary. There he met a much wiser white man who advised him to go into legitimate business, and cheat and take every advantage of his fellow creatures within legal limits. So LITTLE MORE lied, wheedled and cheated till he got a large fortune and died universally respected. But when the only clergyman whom he ever saw asked him about his soul, he said that the white man's education-process had taught him nothing about his soul.

A Plea with the City Authorities.

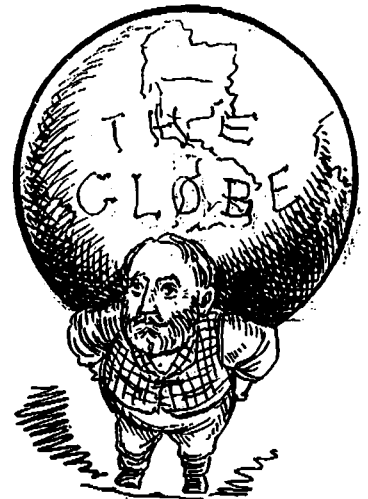
My heart's at the Island, my heart is not here,
 To lave in the cool water, lus trousers and clear,
 At the Island with bathing huts amply supplied,
 Which the good City Fathers will quickly provide.

Then each *belle* of Toronto, in bathing-dress fair,
 That costume most coquettish a lady can wear,
 Will float there like flowers round the marge of the isle,
 Which the good City Fathers beholding will smile.



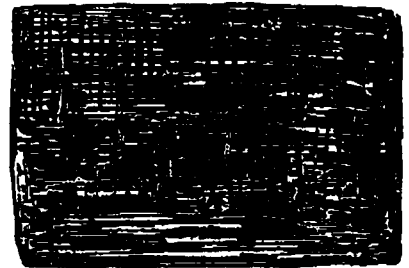
The "Saint" in Trouble.

GRIP has on former occasions given his readers the counterfeit presentment of the Rev., or as the wicked newspapers of Charlottetown call him—the "ex-reverend" STEPHEN G. LAWSON, Prince Edward's Island's phenomenal journalist. This truly good man, whose shining virtues have secured for him the sobriquet of the "Saint" amongst the little boys of the Island, is editor of a truly good paper, called *The Presbyterian and Evangelical Union*. This journal has achieved supreme local distinction for its peculiar exposition of Christian ethics, its pious articles being generally mistaken for vile diatribes of personal abuse, and its illustrations of Religion and Morality being invariably misinterpreted as calumny, slander and vituperation. At this moment the truly good but misunderstood STEPHEN is in trouble. He libelled a certain Mr. STEWART, and that gentleman was so unkind as to haul him up for it. Rather than go before a mere worldly tribunal, the martyred STEPHEN offered to print a retraction and apology. Being a truly good man, of course he kept his word. But, brimming over with pious generosity, he did more. He followed the retraction with about seven columns of matter which the Islanders, who do not know Christian writing when they see it, declare to be a villainous repetition of all his previous slanders in an aggravated form. Hence poor STEPHEN is again in trouble. He is being tried now for criminal libel, and the chances are that he will be punished, notwithstanding the black coat and white tie which he has so long disgraced.



Too Much of a Load.

People are beginning to criticise Mr. Gordon BROWN's performance in his difficult role of *Atlas*. Some say there are evidences that his knees are beginning to give out; and others prophesy that before very long *The Globe* will crush the unfortunate man to the ground. GRIP hopes not. It would be too bad to see anything like a collapse in the venerable institution; and there is really no need of such a catastrophe if Mr. Brown will only be very careful. His political advisers ought to take his case into their serious consideration without delay. It will probably be found that what is wanted is a judicious application of strengthening plasters, and a good internal dose of *Liberal Spirit*. Those members of the Reform Party who are not prepared to follow the old organ down the pathway of Toryism are not in despair, however, for already another and more youthful *Atlas* is in the field, bearing upon his shoulders *The World*, a paper which is to represent the advanced thought of the Liberal army.



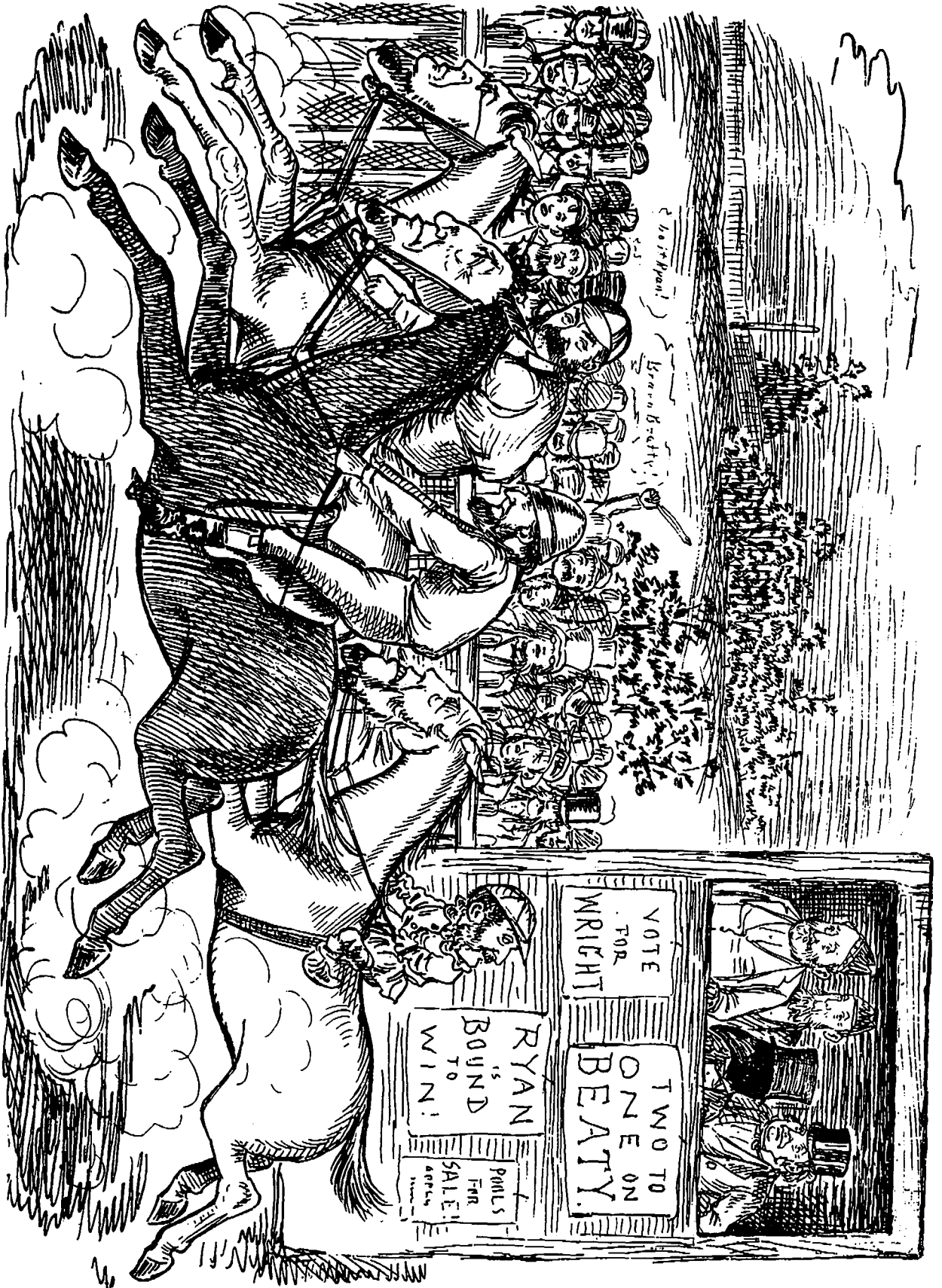
Quebec by Night.

Dedicated to the Aldermen of the Ancient Capital.

"The Old Man" of the Ottawa *Free Press* is away rusticiating in New Hampshire, and has been writing a letter home to the paper. In the course of his remarks on what he saw he mentions a lot of factory girls on their way to work. "They were noticeable," he says, "for their plain style of dressing; and though plain, neat and unscrupulously clean." The Old Man has been getting things mixed. He must have been thinking of the *Free Press* when he used the queer expression, "unscrupulously clean."

The erudite puff-writer of the *Evening Telegram* mentions a grocer in the city whose cellar is "well-stocked with liquors in great variety and butter."

THE WEST TORONTO STAKES--THE START!



(last part)

Keenan's

VOTE FOR WRIGHT

TWO TO ONE ON BEATTY.

RYAN IS BOUND TO WIN!

PONIES FOR SALE!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A noise annoys one.—*Boston Transcript*.
 Light houses—tents.—*Marathon Independent*.
 Forced politeness—Bowling to necessity.—*Proof Sheet*.
 The war-ery of the army of tramps—to alms.—*Berlin News*.
 Sailors always have a hard time of it. They are always in a mess.—*Boston Post*.
 Fly time—when you hear her father's heavy cane thumping along the hull.—*N. Y. Truth*.
 Some one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' legs gone?" Gone to waist long ago.—*Lowell Sun*.
 A man's slippers are made for comfort and a woman's to show her colored stockings.—*Lowell Sun*.
 Sightless individuals should avoid liquor. It is very easy to get blind drunk.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.
 STIGGLES says there is too much roamants about camp life to please him.—*Syracuse Sun-Jay Times*.
 Buttonless shirts make a man swear. Nice clean collars make a man's wear, too.—*Breakfast Table*.
 Nature saw the bicycle in the dim future when she created a bow-legged man.—*Norristown Herald*.
 The reason some people are so frightfully empty is, that they are full of themselves.—*Steubenville Herald*.
 There may be such a thing in man as perfect goodness, but it hasn't effervesced in these parts.—*Yonkers Gazette*.
 Another triumph of modern science. A Broadway firm advertises: "Artificial flower boys wanted."—*Proof Sheet*.
 If you want to feel a smart breeze at sea, when on a pleasure steamer, go up on the hurricane deck.—*Somerville Journal*.
 The man who said he was fond of the hops at the seaside, forgot to mention that he took them in his lager.—*Somerville Journal*.
 Better is a lone fish-ball at your own fireside than the big bowl of a bouncing baby at a summer resort.—*Hackensack Republican*.
 Faith moves mountains but it takes a couple of express wagons to move a fashionable woman's baggage.—*Balt. Every Saturday*.
 The woman who keeps the candy store thinks nothing finer ever was written than, "The sweet buy and buy."—*Somerville Journal*.
 There's a chap in Fulton street who actually started an opposition business in a basement to undersell his rival on the first floor.—*New York News*.
 If it was right for man to pay his just debts and repudiate his unjust ones, he would never contract any of the former.—*Whitehall Times*.
 Man fastens his smallest virtue to his eye-winker when he gazes upon his largest fault. That is the reason he can never see his fault.—*Whitehall Times*.

A market report says:—"Cheese is active." It is an excellent opportunity for the Limberger to skip off for a warm weather vacation.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Come, gentle SARA, ethereal thinness come, but don't expect us to pay \$5 for seats, Miss BERNHARDT, that would be altogether too thin.—*Syracuse Times*.

Yes, MELINDA, chunks of wisdom are much safer to carry in your hat than chunks of butter, especially at this season of the year.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

When ADAM was asked if he wasn't happiest in the early morning of his existence, he answered, "No, he was happier after EVE came."—*Somerville Journal*.

"Another man overboard," the landlady remarked when the dead-beat skipped on Saturday night without paying for his week's board.—*Cincinnati Times Star*.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.—*Gocanda Enterprise*. Is this the way fat women are constructed for the circus.

An old lady with several marriageable daughters feeds them on fish diet because it is rich in phosphorus, which is the essential thing in making matches.—*Lowell Sun*.

"None but the brave deserve the fare," said the conductor, when he took off his coat and lammed a passenger to make him pay for his ride.—*Steubenville Herald*.

When one of the Mute base-ball team gets hit on the thumb with a ball, it is perfectly shocking to observe the profanity of the fingers.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Some unknown philosopher evolves the following: When you get on the right side of a person, be sure to stay there, and don't trouble yourself about any other side."

BOB INGERSOLL is growing old, and therefore approaching the threshold of his everlasting home. But when BONNIE gets home, oh! won't he catch it?—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Careful computation by an experienced ward politician, has demonstrated the fact that it takes seven drinks and a promise, to secure a weathercock voter.—*Lockport Union*.

A gentleman has been cowhided in Chicago, and no woman figured in the affair. This would seem to indicate that the millennium is only a day or two off.—*Petroleum World*.

"No matter how ill-tempered or resentful the ship may be on her voyage," said old Captain CROSTREE, "she always drops her rancor when she comes into port."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Some mean fellow has said that when one talks to women he must choose between lying or displeasing them, and that the only middle course is to hold one's tongue.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Ahem," said the sewing-machine, looking with love-burning eyes at the needle. "It's all in my eye!" said the needle. Do you catch the thread of their conversation?—*Philadelphia Item*.

A New Orleans woman, whose husband was killed by a pet bear, has sued its owner for \$55,000 damages. Now, there's a place where a husband is rated at his true value.—*Meriden Recorder*.

An exchange says that a new pattern of striped stockings is on the market. We always thought that striped stockings were on—our modesty can't stand it—we'll have to subside.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

An elderly maiden lady, who lives a short distance from the Hudson, hearing it said that matches are made in heaven, remarked that she didn't care a cent how soon she went there.—*Newmarket Era*.

Never run from the man who promises to chastise you. He's harmless. It's the fellow who walks up to you and plants his knuckles upon your eyes that you want to be wary of.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A young lady of Penir Yan, N.Y., wears twelve diamond rings on one finger, at which the Norriston, Pa., *Herald* suggests that she should also wear a gold band around her head to prevent the crack in her skull from becoming wider.

A Philadelphian contractor says whisky can be made out of a garbage. And we believe him. Whisky makes garbage out of man, and why shouldn't man make whisky out of garbage. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.—*Norristown Free Press*.

There is a sort of betwixt-and-between age when it is surprising how much a person knows, self-estimated, and it is equally surprising how little the person knows, estimated by others. This for the youth from seventeen to twenty-two.—*New Haven Register*.

"A Colorado man can take a rifle and put a bullet into an old straw hat 1,000 yards away every time." But he might have a great deal more fun if he would simply put a brick in the hat and place it on the sidewalk. He would save his powder, too.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I don't like JONES," said SNODGRASS. "No," he added, after a pause. "I don't like him. The fact is, JONES speaks so much of himself, tells so much, you know, that he doesn't leave any room for the imagination." Does any reader know JONES?—*Boston Transcript*.

Some young ladies at the late firemen's picnic were speaking about the different kinds of material for ladies' belts, when one exclaimed, "I prefer a coat sleeve belt." "Yes," remarked another, "and the sleeve filled." All right, when you want one to wear let us know, and we will try and accommodate you.—*Danbury Globe*.

A scientist says 50,500,000 stars glimmer in the firmament. Will some one of our readers please count the stars and inform us how near this scientist is correct in his figures? If the count can't be made in one evening, the enumerator should make a chalk mark where he leaves off, in order to know where to commence the next night; otherwise he may count some twice.—*B. Dadd*.

The desperate straits to which "space" writers are put is illustrated by the following sentence from a description of Dr. Tanner in the *New York Times*: "It was just 8:30 when he returned, and there were then more visitors in the hall than there generally are. A lady was playing the piano, and the doctor seated himself on the little rocking chair inside the inclosure, put his feet up on the cot-bed, and looked at the people."

This comes to us by mail. If the writer will call at this office he will hear of something to his advantage:

"I wish I was a codyur,
 I'd in my sanctum stand,
 An' wear upon my countyanque
 A smile jist orful bland,
 An' when the candydade cum in
 To try to taffy me,
 I'd exercise no modesty
 To any grate degree;
 I'd tell him rite into his teeth
 That our infloocence allers
 Is lent to the aspirin' man
 That has the shinin' \$\$\$\$
 An' if he pungled up the dust
 Forthwith my sheet'd praise him,
 But if he didn't cum to time,
 Grate Moses! how I'd raise 'im!"

—Argo.

Letter from Bridget O'Flanagan to Kitty Mulligan.

My dear KITTY,

Shure it's longin' I am to be back wid ye all. This is a quare counthry intirely, and if I'd iver set foot intil it before lavin' ould Oireland they'd niver have seen me here. It's a sorry time I've been havin' lately, an' yestherday I got meself intil a peck of troubles. MARY JANE, the table-maid, bein' ill, Mrs. ROBINSON sez to me, "Biddy," says she, "ye may wait on the table in MARY JANE's place." "On which table, Ma'am," sez I. "At dinner, this avenin'" sez she, "we're expectin' company."

"Arrah," sez I to PATRICK PINNEGAN, whin I wint down stairs intil the kitchen, "they have some quare customs in this country. The missus sez that MARY JANE always waits on the table whin they have company, and she wants to sit me up there in her place. I cant see the sinese of it meself," sez I.

I thought he would have burst his sides wid laughin' and thin he explained to me that it was to sarve round the vittles to the company that she was manin'.

"Then she ought to have better ways of expressin' herself," sez I, and "bad luck to ye, MAGGIE O'HALLORAN," I sez to meself, "for gettin' me this place by represintin' that I had lived in ginteel families in ould Oireland, and be the same token I had niver lived annywhere but on me father's place in Tipperary, and its little I know about the ways av ginteel families." Howiver I had often seen MARY JANE puttin' the things on the table, an' though feelin' confused in me mind wid their big glasses and their little glasses, I thought it was all set right, when the missus came in to see. She jest threw up her hands looked the very pietier of consarnment and misery. Well, I just had to unset it all, and set it over agin under her directions, and thin she gave me so many ordhers about how I was to wait on the company that me head was ready to burst wid the confusion in it. At last the avenin' came, and all the company was set down to dinner except three that was not prisint.

KITTY MULLIGAN, I couldn't begin to tell ye all the misfortunes that befell me. Everything I did seemed to turn out in a conthrary way, and the missis looked ready to ddrop through the floor wid confusion. But the worst av me troubles isn't over. I was obsarvin' the company in general whin my attintion was caught by a young lady who seemed to be wearin' a wig, for her hair had got right over to one side. "Lost her hair in a fever," thinks I to meself, "otherwise she wouldn't have had any need for wearin' a wig at her age." I had in me mind a story I had heard about old Squire MORPHY, in Tipperary. One Sunday, whin the old gentleman was at church, his wig slipped round till the partin' was just over his left ear, and Mr. O'CONNOR's little boy, havin' a way of investigatin' everything he didn't understand, leaned over the pew while the ould Squire was kneelin' at his prayers, and seizin' the wig hild it up in view av the whole church, exposin' the ould gentleman's bald head. I have been tould he niver spoke to Mr. O'CONNOR afterwards. Havin' that story in me mind, and not wishin' the young lady's feelin's to be hurted, "Ma'am," sez I, leavin' over her, "yer hair has got a little crooked, shall I put it straight for ye?" "Oh, no," sez she, and puts her hand to the back of her head, thinkin' it was them plaits I was manin'. Jest thin me attintion was called away, but comin' around to that side of the table agin, sez I to meself, "I'll jist fix it straight unbeknownst to anny one." So I seizes it an' gives it a pull. The young lady screamed, and iverybody looked up, and she nearly choked through her ice-cream goin' the wrong way, and the Masther, lookin' black as a thunder cloud, sez, "The woman must be mad," and he commands me to lave the room that instant. I was willin' enuff to do that, bein' covered wid shame and confusion; but I jist stayed to ex-

plain me actions to the company, through fear of bein' taken for a mad woman and put in the Asilom. I thought one young gentleman would go into a fit wid laughin' when I tould them I was only puttin' the young lady's wig sstraight, and then it appeared that it was only a new-fangled way the young ladies have of partin' their hair on one side. However, the missis wouldn't listen to anny explanations, and dismissed me that same avenin'. I'm goin' away in a day or two, wid-out a character, so, if ye niver resave me nixt letter, ye needn't be surprised if I tell ye that I've immigrated to another part of the counthry.

Yer sorrowful frind,
BRIDGET O'FLANAGAN.

Doc. Shephard.

A LEGEND OF THE QUEEN CITY.

DOC. SHEPHARD was one Who was fond of his fun, And descended from NOAH's factious son, So the tint of his phiz Was exactly like his Who once, I have heard, Called the saintly Medard, In the desert, "a snuff-coloured son of a gun."

But yet, though his face Was as black as the acc Of the spades that, I take it, were ne'er for use meant, (Except in such games As are known by the names Of "seven-up" or "poker,") He was a great joker, In fact quite *au fait* in all kinds of amusement.

Still, life has his cares, Trouble nobody spares, And the Doc. got too "mixed" in domestic affairs, "White trash" came around, And the Doctor was found, By "cops," heaving bricks And brandishing sticks While he raised 'merry—Hades' with tables and chairs.

Brought in front of "his wushup," Doc. prayed him to hush up The case, and his "cracter" he henceforth would brush up,— Never throw his wife out; Knock the "fixin's" about; Never give any "hops," To annoy the good "cops," In short he'd give liquor (that's often called *lush*) up.

But although he got bail, Poor Doc. did not fail In a brief week or two to appear in the *Mail* As having been "tight," On the preceding night, And raising "great Cain," In his homestead again— So his case seemed a *black* one in every detail.

The Doc. gave a groan, He felt he was "gone," Since the "cops" and the *Mail* would not leave him alone,— With "his wushup's" consent To retirement he went, Far from causes disturbin' In that palace suburbian, Known as "Emerald Castle" that smiles o'er the Don.

* See Ignotsdshy's Ledgens.

Mrs. Lapsusling's Syllabub of Currant Events.

I am very sorry to see that the exclusive, equestrian walk in Universal Park, which Mr. HAGUE says is attractive to lovers and convenient to pedestals, has been presented to a Baptist body. Who is this Baptist body?

I see that there has been a great corruption through the equator of a volcano in Sentinel America. My nephew, TED, says that when the *crust* of the earth breaks out in corruptions, it shows that it is very *badly bred*. He says that the whole inferior of the earth is in a state of confusion by heat, and that we are just subsisting on the internal covering of a molten mask. It makes me feel very uneasy.

Professor EPISON has had an engine made that can make 600 resolutions in a minute. (I know some people that can do that, but they don't keep them.) Then he hopes to succeed with his election light. Has his election light anything to do with the election of a President? I should like to have some light thrown on that matter, for the more I read about it the more I feel puzzled. Why will they talk about Erratic

and Repugnant parties? They ought to stick to our good old names of Grips and Preservatives.

I observe that the crickets are still making comets on Mr. TENNYSON's latest confusions. They show very little consideration for his feelings, but that is a way crickets have.

TED says that sharks are going to be present at every race with professional oarsmen, and that they will take a turn with the *skulls*. I think it is a disgrace to a civilized immunity. We might as well go back to that area in the history of Rome when the unfortunate glad editors were rooflessly analyzed by wild beasts. I hope that such sports will never become popular in this country.

What a fuss they are making about that Sentinel Committee. The first thing I read was that Dr. McLELLAN, wishing to imply with the deprecations of teachers, imposed an Algebra. And that when it came into the hands of the teachers it was quite detective and of very inferior tripe. In fact, Dr. McLELLAN had just gobbled up the whole thing and then laughed in his sleeve.

33d SEM-ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.
PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.....	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due.....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	63,600 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 26
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,992 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00
Total assets.....	\$5,171,875 01

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent. Life Department.....	\$3,521,525 22
Reserve for re-insurance, Ac'td. Depart.....	310,351 22
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,996 00
Total liabilities.....	\$3,842,872 40
Surplus as regards policy holders.....	\$1,329,002 61

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.
Whole number of Accident Policies written. 605,000
Who's number of Accident Claims paid, 46,893
Total Amount Accident Claims paid, \$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department, \$1,525,000

A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY, which any agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

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AND THE
NARRAGANSETT.
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RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary
C. F. RUSSELL, Agent for Province of Ontario.
Room 17, Union Loan Building,
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USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

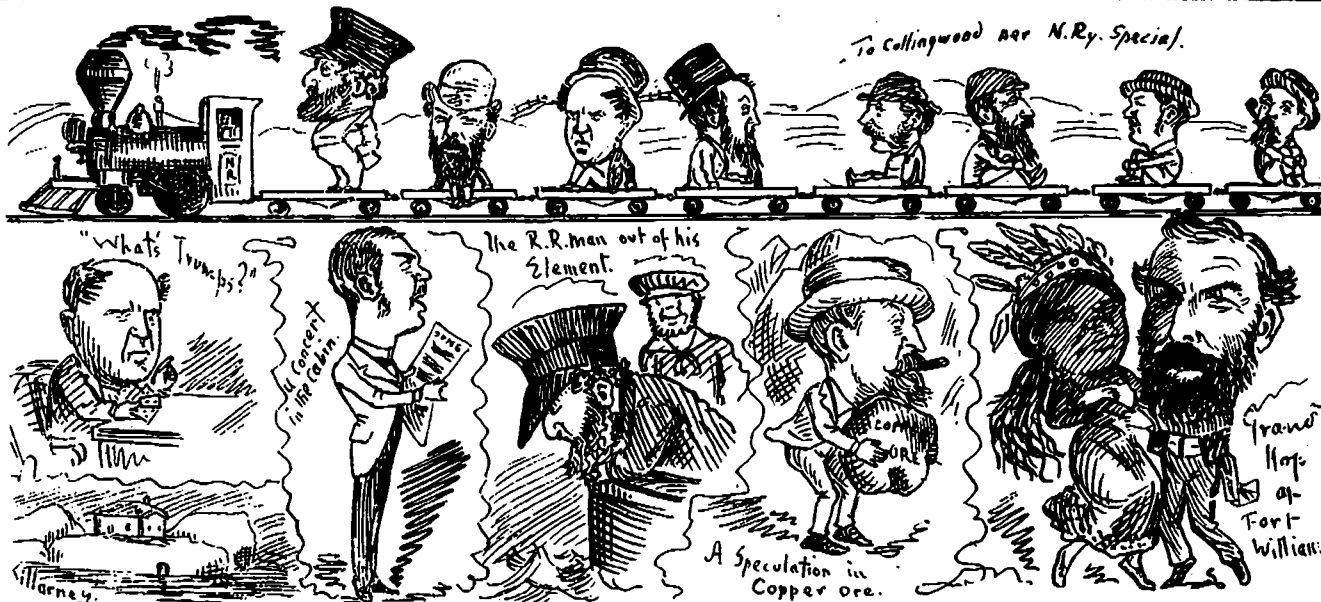
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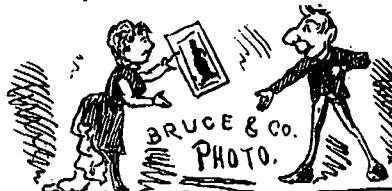
Complete in Every Department,
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361 YONGE ST.



PRESS EXCURSION PENCILINGS.

AUG.—"Mine eyes have play'd the painter, and hath still'd thy beauty's form in tablet of my heart."



ANGEL.—"Be practical Augustus, you know the impression would be much more permanent if still'd on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

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"11-22-17."

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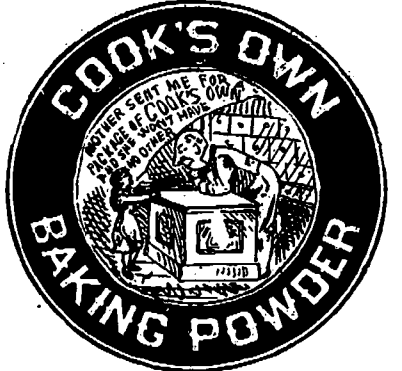
The Press Excursion.

The editors are home again; and now look out for thrilling amounts of their hair breadth escapes and desperate ventures in the Nor' West! Unhappily Mr. GARR was unable to join the party on this occasion, but nevertheless he signalizes the event with a few sketches as usual. He shows how the party proceeded to Collingwood per Northern Railway train, giving a fine broadside view of that jolliest of conductors, AMOUGH. Then he represents Bro. TRY with a lone hand, putting forth the highly intelligent query, "what's trumps?" Next you have a bit of charming scenery, which will give you a fair idea of the sort of landscape upon which the party feasted their eyes for many miles of the journey; next comes a bold but we fear ineffectual attempt to depict the manly form of Bro. SHANNON, in the act of warbling one of those sweet airs which gave the concerts on board the steambost such a charm; the passing from joy to sadness, you next have a picture of the unhappy AMOUGH gazing meditatively over the side of the boat, and waiting Micawber-like for something to turn up; the next episode pictured is JAMIESON'S speculation in copper ore, this enterprising journalist having invested thirty cents in a huge nugget, which it is his intention to present to his chief on the Belleville Intelligence as a genuine product of the N. P.; last scene of all and certainly sweetest—behold Brother JACKSON threading the mazes of the witching waltz at the Prince Arthur's Landing Ball. This moment of joy more than made up for all the tribulations the genial Era man has been made to suffer because he has shown an inclination to think for himself in political matters

Mr. FRANK SHANLY has left to the City Fathers a bequest of several valuable plans for the improvement of Toronto. Among these are a subaquatine tunnel to the Island, commencing at the Union Station, and ending at HANLAN'S point. The expense will be considerable, but it is hoped, by this means, loss of life by overcrowded steamers may be to some extent avoided. Mr. SHANLY has a large contract in more than one tropical climate for the constructing of an extensive pavement of good intentions.

How cool and breezy it makes one feel to get hold of an editorial beginning "After the terrible and oppressive heat of the past few days—st!"
—Detroit Free Press.

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SECOND-HAND MACHINERY FOR SALE

Baldwin Lathe, latest improved self-acting. American make; cost \$375. Price, f. o. b. here, \$200.

Resaw, 24 in. saw, pulley on mandril 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$125.

Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete; cost \$200. Price, \$150.

Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.

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