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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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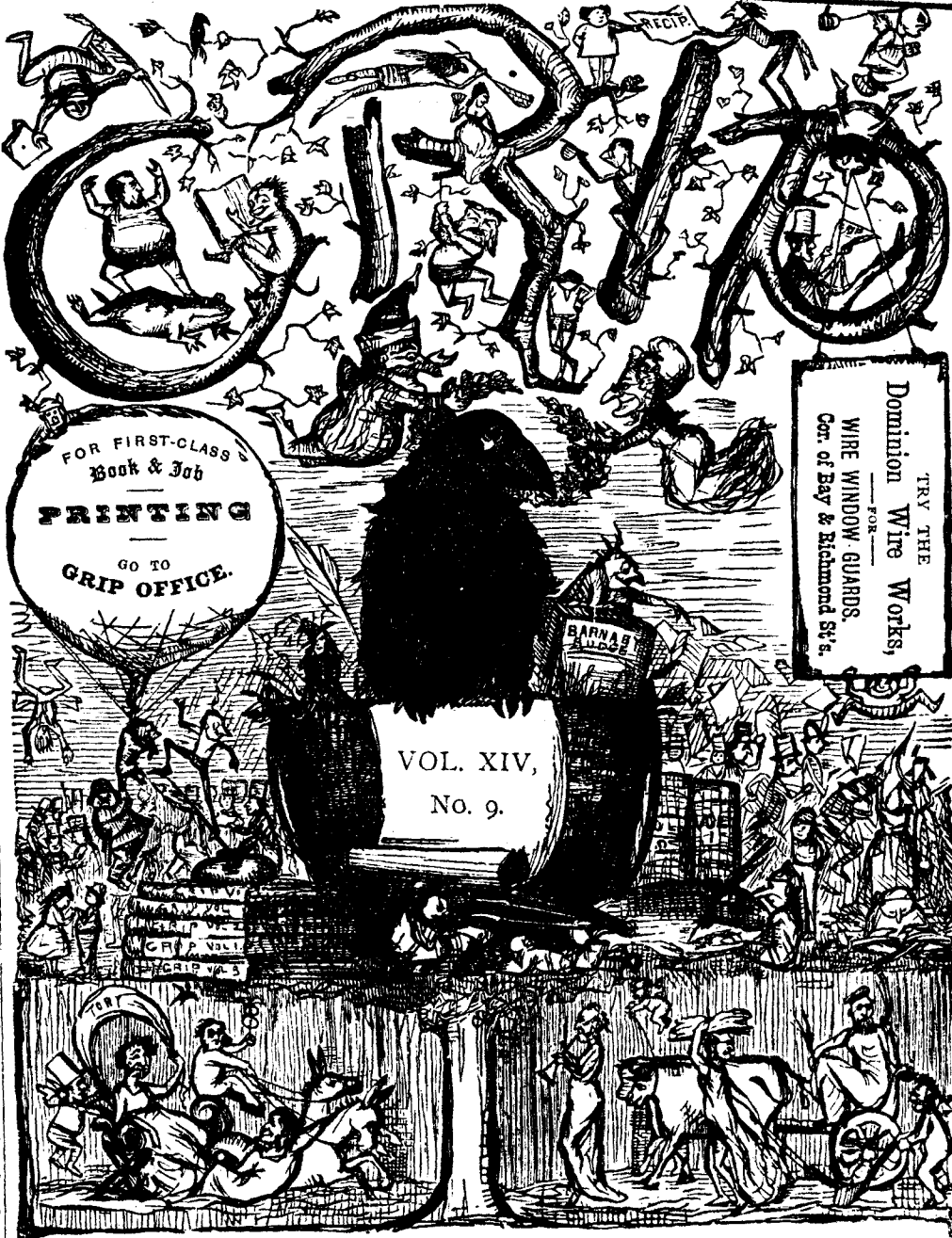
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FOR 1880.

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HURRY UP!

If you intend to secure a copy of Grip's
Comic Almanac
The Edition is nearly exhausted. See Press Notices in
this issue.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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COAL AND WOOD, AND AT LOWEST PRICES, **NAIRN'S.** Office, Next Post Office. OF THE BEST QUALITY. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Good houses this week. CHAS. L. DAVIS as *Alec Joslin*. Distant relative of our old Yankee friend, *Joshua Whitecombe*. Very good actor, Mr. DAVIS. Play might be improved in some respects. Takes so well, however, that the manager has thought best to extend the engagement to the end of the week. Usual Matinee on Saturday afternoon.

AUGUSTUS and NELLY were walking
Through the meadow, one bright summer day.
And merrily laughing, and talking,
When some toad stools they saw, by the way.

"So the toads really use these to sit on?"
Said NELLY—"now don't make a pun, Gus:
If you do, like the subject we've hit on,
I'll deem it the meanest of fun—Gus."

—*Yasrob Strauss*.

"You look as fine as a hired girl," is the way they put it down east.—*The Eye*.

The English language may yet get split up. Men are continually breaking their word.—*Dennetsonville Sentinel*.

An ounce of keep your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.—*Stamford Advocate*.

Angle worms appeared on the sidewalks, Monday morning, apparently regretting having taken off their winter flannels so soon.—*Danbury News*.

How does painting agree with my daughter? "asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.—*Pulaski Democrat*.

When the noble red man sheaths his knife and says he will lift no more scalps of the pale face, he generally does so with a great deal of reservation.—*Sandy Stone*.

Why can't we call a judge a paragrapher? He makes long and short sentences, and every one finds fault with them and thinks they could have done better.—*Lovell Sun*.

Puck: Youth of the Nineteenth Century—"Go to bed? Why, you said the other day that Mr. PRETTYMAN came to see us all, and so he will be disappointed if LILY and I didn't set up."

If we should live up to the golden rule, what a nice little heaven we should have here on earth; but a great many branches of business would necessarily go under.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

Men can live for years and years with only one lung, but the chap who expects to moved the previous question at a ward caucus should have both his lungs—and his legs too.—*Detroit Free Press*.

This is a good time for charitable feelings; and we hereby forgive all our enemies. We hope they will stay forgiven; but we warn them that they will have to behave themselves mighty sharp.—*Puck*.

A gentleman writes to say that he is hard at work on a new play "similar to SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet." It is perhaps needless to say that this gentleman resides in Boston.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

We know a man who is such a fanatic in the belief that continual progress is essential to his happiness that he will not drink milk because he thinks it is going back to "first principles."—*Hackensack Republican*.

One hundred and twenty-seven of the woman who registered in Boston, failed to vote. They hadn't got their winter cloaks trimmed, and of course "didn't look fit" to go to the polls.—*New Haven Register*.

More Opinions of the Press.

GRIP'S Almanac for 1880 has been received and is now before us. As we turn over the pages and read the comic writings, at the same time looking at the droll illustrations, we remark it is the best Almanac we have seen. If you wish to get over a fit of the blues, or have some hearty laughs, send 15 cents to Bengough Bros., Gurr Office, Toronto.—*Acton Free Press*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880 has been received from the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto. Taken as a specimen of droll humor and comical illustration it deserves to live for ever, and we hope its annual appearance may be continued for many years. It is sold at fifteen cents per copy. Everybody wants it and everybody must have it.—*Newcastle Advocate*.

Grip's Comic Illustrated Almanac for 1880, published by Bengough Brothers, Toronto, Ont., is just out, and is cram full of fun. It contains articles from many of the paragraphs, and any one who enjoys a hearty laugh can do no better than send 15 cents to the publishers and obtain one.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Union*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—The above named Almanac is destined to be universally popular. We have received a specimen copy and can recommend it to our readers without fear of disappointing. The little work is brim full of Bengough's latest witticisms, while the cartoons on the political events of the past year afford an extensive fund of amusement and information combined. No one should be without one. The price is 15 cents.—*North York Reformer*.

Grip's Almanac has arrived at last. It is as full of fun as it is possible to imagine such a pamphlet to be. The Canadian political hits are very good. The illustrations comical in every respect. "Reflections by Miss TALK," collected by F. BLAKE CROFTON, is a pointed and witty article. We hope Grip may meet with a good sale for this the first attempt at a Comic Almanac in Canada. His weather prophecies are most readable: as of this month he says, "expect the weather to be cold if Vennor mildness hath foretold," and for next month he gives us the startling announcement, "this month the sleighing will be good, if snow falls nicely as it should."—*Truro (N. S.) Sun*.



TENDERS

FOR

CORDWOOD AND PINE LUMBER.

The undersigned will receive at his office up to
Noon on the 23rd day of Jan., 1880,

TENDERS FOR THE DELIVERY OF
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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons, &c.

Office of the

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Parliament Buildings,

Toronto, 9th January, 1880.

The red tops add more to the small boy's height than high heels.—*McGregor News*.

If a person should buy all those things which "no family should be without," he would have to erect at least a dozen buildings every year to hold them all.—*Rochester Express*.

A paragraphic Othello exclaims, "I had rather be a tramp and feed upon the vapors of a five-cent lodging house, than to share the credit of the joke I love with him that steals it."—*New York People*.

Somebody remarks: "We never saw a bashful man who was not the soul of honor." Ah, thank you, but we can't help being bashful, although the soul of honor business is awfully lonesome.—*Whitehall Wilkins*.

I think of thee, dear WILLIAM,
And I long to hear from you;
Send me a missive, won't you, please,
Oh, come now, *billet-doux*.

—*Kookuk Gate City*.

The imbibers of champagne will regret to hear that this year's vintage must prove, both as regards quality and quantity, the worst on record. But as long as pure champagne can be made in this country from lager beer slops, cider and chemicals, the imbibers will not suffer by the failure of the foreign vintage.—*Norristown Herald*.

If you wish some man to think often of you and wish you well, borrow \$1,000 of him on your personal integrity, and see the undying interest he will have in you (8 per cent. and commission) till he is paid.—*Chicago Journal*.

A young man, while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch" on a young lady's head in a hall-room, stepped on her dress and "wrecked the train." She told him to conductor to a seat and be more careful in future.—*Wheeling Leader*.

LAMPTON, of the *Stubenville Herald*, says that "newspapers are good for cleaning stoves, tinware, knives, spoons, mirrors, windows, and lamp chimneys." That's right, brother, anything to keep up the circulation.—*Waterloo Observer*.

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thought of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

It is curious to note, says the *New York Star*, how a flaming new silk handkerchief will struggle up from the deepest breast pocket into the light of day and linger there, while the soiled cotton one skulks at the bottom, making only now and then a hasty peep into the open air.

The senior Greek professor in his lecture to the juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked "that the handsomest women generally married the homeliest men," adding grimly, "that's encouragement for a good many of you."—*Amherst Student*.

"If you marry GRACE," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Remarks a writer, "A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair." Now, what foolishness that is to put into the minds of children. Why, bless you, elephants don't have hair: they just have hides, that's all. Perhaps a gentle hand might lead them by the tail, but, mind you, we have our doubts even of that.—*Rockland Courier*.

Now is the time for the domestic circle to close around the cheerful fire while pater familias with a reverted flat iron between his knees cracks his fingers a good deal and a hickory nut occasionally, and the children, armed with darning needles and hair pins, scoop around in the intricacies of the nut shells, and everybody thinks he is having a glorious time.—*Cleveland Voice*.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Lieut. Governor's Speech.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

As MOWAT'S mouthpiece here I greet you,
It gives me pleasure thus to meet you
Fresh from the people—their selection
At the last general election.
That contest, orderly and quiet,
Unmarred by any row or riot,
Was greatly to the country's credit,
It was, though I myself have said it,
We've harvested a splendid crop;
The lumber trade is looking up;
My Government asks your attention
To certain facts they have to mention
About the lands just added to
The Province of Ontario.
In that fine district I am told
The pioneers are finding gold,
Which many settlers will bring
Most likely with the coming spring;
Anticipating this increase,
You'll please make laws to keep the peace.
The Boys at Penetanguishene
Invoke your aid it will be seen,
And also that great seat of knowledge,
The Farmer's Agricultural College.
I'm sure 'twill give you all great pleasure
To carry through a needed measure
Our rural interests to conserve,
And timber limits to preserve.
My Cabinet's come to the conclusion
To do some more at legal fusion,
And to extend Division Courts
To take in suits of many sorts;
The law about Insolvency
Is going to be repealed, I see,
And when it has been made dead letter
The goods of the Insolvent debtor
Will call for you paternal care.
That all may get an equal share.
A Bill poor brakemen's lives to save
Your kind attention, too, will crave.
We'll also introduce a Bill
On tax exemption—that grave ill.
And last, my Cabinet will produce
Their plans for building a new House,
Which both our taste and wealth shall mark.
And now, my hearties, do not shirk
This pile of solid, useful work,
Attend to biz., indulge no gas,
And let these measures smoothly pass.

REMENYI, who is considered by many to be the greatest violinist in the world, is to appear in this city shortly, under the auspices of the Shaftesbury Hall Committee. He will be accompanied by a concert company of corresponding merit.

Something Like Fables.

THE BARITONE AND THE CASSOWARY.

A Baritone who had been a member of a Pinafore company was found by a Cassowary wandering, with every appearance of Enjoyment and Delight, upon the scorching Plains of Timbuctoo. Astonished at his joyous aspect, the Cassowary inquired if it was possible he had the pleasure of addressing another Missionary? "I have never been a missionary," replied the Baritone gaily, "though as I intend taking up my residence in this delightful Spot, I may yet become one. You cannot think how the Immunity from certain forms of speech which I here enjoy, fills me with new Hope." The Cassowary stood Musing. "Have you Never," asked he, "been a missionary?" A Deadly Pallour overspread the Baritone's countenance, and he feebly shook his head. "What!" persisted the Cassowary, with whom missionary agreed, "Nev—?" Whereupon the Baritone, uttering a despairing Shriek, fled wildly into space.
Moral: It is better to bear with Pinafore at home than fly to it in Timbuctoo.

THE BANK-CLERK AND THE TAILOR.

A Bank-clerk, who was dressing for an evening party, gazed admiringly upon his Reflection in the Limpid mirror. "What a pity," said he, "that such an elegant form and Figure should be accompanied by so contemptible a Mental calibre." As he uttered these words, his Landlady entered bearing a huge manuscript on a salver, which proved to be the long neglected Bill of his tailor. "He's a waitin' in the hall, sir," said the Landlady in a Tone of sympathy, "and says he'll be Jiggered if he goes away before seeing you." The Bank-clerk stared helplessly about him, when suddenly his despised Intellect came to his relief. "The fire-escape!" he whispered, and letting himself down thereby, he proceeded in safety to the Scene of Revelry.

Moral: Always put off till to-morrow the dun you get to-day.

FLORENCE GRAY.

The Tay Bridge.

On through the storm! the rushing, swaying train,
Chased by the demon winds and mad with fear,
Up to the cold white moon that will not hear
Send shrieks for pity as it flies in pain.
On through the night! the iron sinews strain,
Freighted with human lives—the Frith is near,
And in the tempest, surging wild and drear
The wind-swept waters warning shout in vain.
On to the bridge! the giant girders groan,
They tremble—fall!—then under the wide sky
No trace of aught but ruin, and the moan
Of waves that roll o'er death and agony.
Bright hopes, fair dreams—was it for this alone
Ye blossomed in the hearts that silent lie?

Celestial and Terrestrial.

It was in beautiful accordance with the fitness of things that Prof GOLDWIN SMITH should have been chosen to introduce Prof. PROCTOR at his first lecture, for while the famous Astronomer has done much to popularize the heavenly bodies, the chairman has done just as much to unpopularize the *Globe*.

Still Worse.

In a highly sympathetic article on Pastors and Choirs the *Mail* says: "Of all the troubles a clergyman encounters, perhaps the worst is harmony in his choir, and concord with it." It is well the cautious writer put a "perhaps" there, for some clergymen are of opinion that a want of harmony and concord with the choir is even a worse trouble.

Rural Rhymes.

NO. 4.—YES, INDEED!

When curting my MATILDA JANE,
Before the knot was tied,
One summer eve, with fluttering heart,
While sitting by her side,
I asked her if in case her Ma
And Pa should be agreed
She would be mine? she quickly smiled,
And answer'd, "Yes, indeed!"

I asked her if when we were join'd
In wedlock's holy state,
She would not grumble if at times
I stayed out rather late;
I'd get a latch-key for the door,
And so she would not need
To rise and let me in at night,
She answered—"Yes, indeed."

I told her too how fond I was
Of pipe or mild cigar,
And asked her if she'd let me have
My evening C.P.R.,
She told me that she rather liked
The perfume of the weed,
And with a kiss she gave consent
To smoking—"Yes, indeed!"

I told her too quite lovingly
I had a friend or two,
With whom I often took a hand,
At euchre, whist or Loo;
I told her I would ask my friends,
(if she was quite agreed)
To come and have a quiet game
She answered—"Yes, indeed!"

We're married now,—my evening hours
Are under watch and guard,—
I never have a soothing pipe,
And never touch a card;
And when I tell my friends I wish
From wedlock I was freed,
They give a sympathising smile,
And answer, "Yes, indeed!"

An Original Design.

We are informed by an advertisement in the *Mail* that at the opening exhibition of the new Canadian Academy of Arts in February, "Mr. ROBERT HAY, M. P., will give \$25 as a prize for the best original design for a cabinet." JOHN A. is sure to win this money if he puts his present Ministry in competition.

Skaters are believers in the theory of evolution.

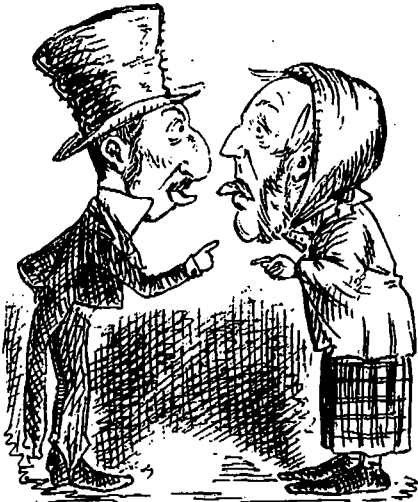
Edison makes light of a thread; paraphraser makes light of almost everything.

Marble-cutters should make good curlers. They are capital hands at "putting up a stone."

Surrogate Clerks are very industrious: they first open their office, and then go to work with a will.

HINT TO FICKLE LOVERS.—About this time of the year young ladies don't mind getting the sack—scalpskin preferred.

The title page of GRIP'S ALMANAC represents a huge raven holding in its claws Sir JOHN and Mr. MACKENZIE suspended between heaven and earth. This was one of GRIP'S delicate compliments to both political parties, which, through the perversity of human nature they have so far failed to recognize. The idea sought to be conveyed was that the leaders (while in the bird's claws) wore the most talon-ted men in the Dominion.



International Fishwifery.

"Whatever are our national meannesses, we never took five and a half million dollars from a neighbor in compensation for a fishing license, and afterward set a mob to worry his fishermen for dropping a line over the taffrail on a Sunday morning."—*New York Herald.*

Whatever our national meannesses may be, we never took a consideration from a neighbor in compensation for admitting lobsters free of duty, and afterward taxed the cans so highly as to render the privilege useless."—*Globe.*

Grip did it.

Mr. JAS. BEATY has been re-elected for a second term Mayor of Toronto, by a majority of over 900. His majority last year was 617. His election was at one time considered doubtful by many, as this year only two candidates ran for the office, whereas last year there were three or four. We believe one of the strongest arguments used in Mr. BEATY's favor was GRIP's cartoon of last week.—*Halton News.*

A Good Opinion.

The associate editor of our brilliant New York contemporary *Puck*, flatters us as follows: "Permit me personally to congratulate you on the excellence of GRIP. It is my *beau ideal* of a local humorous journal."



THE HANLAN - COURTNEY DUET.

"We MAY meet in the Sweet By-and-Bye!"

The Sound Doctrine.

The *Globe* indulged in a doleful wail on Tuesday over the sad falling from sound principles which has marked the recent history of the Canadian people. In the good old times, quoth the organ, "they acted in political affairs on the belief that the function of Government is to give every man a fair chance in the struggle, by securing justice to all alike, and affording protection to property and person." This was before the N. P., and all things are now changed. But Mr. GRIP fails to see that there has been any relinquishing of this sound doctrine; on the contrary it has been only more than ever confirmed, for the people now hold that it is the function of the government to afford "protection" to their business, as well as to their property and persons.

The Opposition Hydra.

It isn't every Provincial Premier who undertakes the task of carrying so many heavy measures as Mr. MOWAT has laid down for himself, and still fewer Premiers have to meet a three-headed Opposition giant. We hope our Local Hydra will not crush the brave little Attorney-General this session, but mercifully stand to one side and let the measures pass, or, better still, throw down his terrible weapons and help to carry the acts. In case the giant proves blood-thirsty, however, we have every confidence that the Hon. OLIVER will show that he is another JACK, so let the giant beware!



"Sammy, I Hardly Knew You."

With GRIP's apologies to Mr. TOM HURST, the singer of the popular ditty, "Johnny, I hardly knew You."

It is not so many years ago,
Aroo, aroo,
You were a Liberal down below,
Aroo, aroo,
You were a Liberal down below,
And led and taught the people so,
O SAMMY, SAMMY, SAMMY I hardly knew you!

Chorus—With place and pap, and pap and place,
The enemy surely slew you,
O SAMMY dear, you look so queer,
O SAMMY, I hardly knew you!

Where are those Liberal notions gone?
Aroo, aroo,
Tories you used to frown upon,
Aroo, aroo,
Tories you used to frown upon,
But now you follow old Sir JOHN,
O SAMMY, SAMMY, SAMMY I hardly knew you!

Chorus—With place and pap, etc.
Free Trader once you used to be,
Aroo, aroo,
Protection bosh you couldn't see,
Aroo, aroo,
Protection bosh you couldn't see,
But now you father the N. P.!
O SAMMY, SAMMY, SAMMY I hardly knew you!

Chorus—With place and pap, etc.

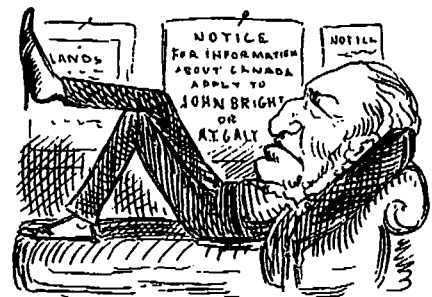


Instruction Wanted.

Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, although an excellent Quaker, does not appear to be a very good Friend—to Canada. He has been making another great speech, and extolling the United States as usual, without saying a word about our own country. As one of our exchanges says,

We may surely claim that the extent of territory, the resources, the immense, undeveloped farming lands in this Dominion, should not be overlooked in discussions upon America as a field for emigration. It is disheartening to Canadians who look forward with confident hope to the future of their country, to find many English party leaders so persistently oblivious to the advantages of the Dominion as a field of emigration from the old world.

So far as Mr. BRIGHT is concerned, this probably arises from ignorance, and it will be well for our government to take some means of doing what Mr. GRIP suggests in the above sketch. In the meantime, where is our plenipotentiary extraordinary, Sir T. GALT, and what is he doing? Let us take a peep into his luxurious quarters in London and see:



Improbabilities.

That the name of the *Bystander* is to be is to be changed to *Understander*, to indicate its editor's keen insight into the motives of Mr. GEORGE BROWN.

That the newly elected Aldermen will prove a vast improvement on their predecessors, and during their term of office give us tolerably decent street-crossings in slushy winter.

That Mr. MEREDITH feels extremely comfortable in his present position between Messrs. LAUDER and MORRIS, in the Local House.

That Mr. ANGUS MORRISON is delighted with the result of the mayoralty contest, and thinks that it was only what might have been expected.



THE OPPOSITION HYDRA.

A Tale of Decorative Art.

Mr. PETER SMITHERS was one evening seated in his bachelor apartment before a pile of books in which he had been assiduously reading. A slight air of bewilderment pervaded his honest countenance, and he gave utterance to hasty expressions as he threw upon the others the last volume of the collection. His impatient movement laid open the book at the fly-leaf, disclosing the name, in feminine penmanship, of the lady whom he had distinguished by choosing as the future Mrs. SMITHERS. "JANE TEMPLE" ran the magic of the inscription, and as his eye caught the inspiration of the syllables it kindled, but hardly cleared.

"Decorative art, humph!" he remarked to himself audibly. "Decorative stuff and nonsense! I don't wonder JANE has lost her bearings and been talking wild lately, after poring over this kind of literature; a course of it is enough to upset the strongest reason. And what in thunder does it all amount to, anyway? Isn't one chair as good as another, provided it suits the way a fellow's made? Ha! ha! I'll be told next that the marble-topped sideboard I bought to-day is "incorrect," and then something's the matter with the carpet I picked up for a song. 'The most natural roses and tulips I ever saw in my life,' the auctioneer said, but I have a fearful foreboding that DRESSER doesn't approve of natural roses. Yet, pshaw! who cares what DRESSER says? I'll go and get JANE'S opinion. Dear JANE!"

PETER'S voice was growing tender and dreamy. Taking out his watch, he started to find it much later than the hour at which he was accustomed to present himself at the house of JANE'S parents. Hastily putting on his hat, he was soon ringing the door-bell whose music was so sweetly familiar to his ears.

"Miss MURIEL is in her stoojo, sir!" said the maid, recognizing him with a solemn nod, as she admitted him.

"MURIEL?" repeated PETER to himself. "Studio? What does she mean? Am I dreaming?" But here was certainly his prospective father-in-law's hall oil-cloth, with its floriated diamonds, and the yellow sheepskin mats at the doors. Incorrect they might be, but he felt that he loved them all, as ELIZA led the way, not into the drawing-room where he had spent so many blissful evenings, but quite to the end of the hall.

"Why, ELIZA," he remonstrated, "are you taking me into the pantry?"

ELIZA made no reply, but drawing aside the folds of a curtain, with a sad wave of the hand she bade him enter. Thus encouraged, he stepped within, and found himself in the queerest little place he had ever been in, in his life. At first sight it looked to him like the upright tomb of an ancient Egyptian. Curious devices were wrought upon the narrow walls in strange browns and yellows, much as he had seen on mummy cases; the sacred ibis obtruded himself in the most unexpected places, and queer pots and lamps and vessels such as used to be placed in tombs, were scattered about in ghastly profusion. But these things, he soon perceived, were mixed up with furniture, if furniture it could be called, of a later date. There were tea-pots and fire-irons, and brass candlesticks, and ginger-jars, and Japanese fans, and extraordinary chairs and a real china closet. In the middle of the tiny apartment, moreover, stood a tall screen, from the upper left hand corner of which a pensive stork was flying down towards a group of remarkably dignified cat-tails in the lower right. And beside this screen there stood, no brown, unsavory mummy, but a fair and very pretty girl who blushed and appeared somewhat

embarrassed as she saw our friend.

"Oh, PETER!" she exclaimed, slightly advancing, "is it really you? How long you have been away!"

"These are rum arrangements, JANE," said Mr. SMITHERS, looking critically about him. "What do they mean?"

"Oh! PETER, do not call me JANE!" exclaimed his betrothed, with sudden petulance. "We've discarded JANE as too awfully unæsthetic. You must learn to call me MURIEL."

"JANE will always be more real to me," said PETER, quickly. "See it? Ha! ha!"

The lady turned disdainfully away, while PETER resumed his examination. "Well it beats me," he said, finally. "Excuse me—ahem! MURIEL—but what in the name of MOSES does it mean? Let us go into the parlor and sit down, and you'll tell me all about it, eh!"

"What it means, PETER? Oh! how can you ask? Where are all the books I lent you? Why, it's EASTLAKE, you know; it's MORRIS & Co., and DRESSER, and CLARENCE COOK, and Mrs. LOFTIE, and the Miss GARRETTs, and the Art Amateur! It is the modern idea of art applied to home-decoration. It is the culture that teaches the recognition of the pure lines and coloring, the—the motif, the feeling, as it were, of a bit of Baccarat crystal, of a Japanese fan, or even of a ginger-jar."

"The motif of a ginger-jar," observed PETER, "is, I should say, ginger. And as to those monstrous oblique-eyed—"

"Oh, you! Yes, I suppose so!" returned the late JANE, with not a little scorn, "you have a good deal to learn, I assure you."

"Perhaps," said PETER. "But I suppose EASTLAKE doesn't object to a fellow sitting down?"

"Oh, oh! not there! Oh! how stupid! That's a table—a table after the Miss GARRETT'S!" and the lady flew to the rescue of what appeared to PETER'S uncultured eye a little three-legged stool. "There's a chair—a Cromwell chair. I myself furnished the carpenter with the design—an exact copy from KNOWLE."

"And who is KNOWLE?" asked PETER jealously.

"Why! a house!"

"Oh!—Well! if I may be allowed to criticize the feeling of a Cromwell chair, I should say it was doosed uncomfortable. And if the rest of CROMWELL'S furniture resembles this, I assure you I wouldn't exchange the whole kit for your mother's old Magenta sofa. I should think not, indeed! Why upon it you pledged me this little hand, dear JANE," exclaimed PETER, tenderly seizing it.

"Rep is not admitted by MORRIS," said the lady, coldly, and drawing the member away. "And Magenta is an aniline dye. Oh, PETER, how much you have to unlearn! Don't you know that the aniline dyes are becoming the ruin of art? These cheap colorings are being sent to Persia and Japan and are ruining the manufacture of the Turkish rugs!"

"Well, we don't care. We can't afford Turkish rugs just yet, JANE! I bought a carpet to-day!"

"You!" JANE turned pale, and began to tremble.

"Yes, a tapestry—all poppies and peonies, like the dear old thing in your mother's parlor. And a side-board, JANE—with a marble-top and rounded drawers. What, are they unæsthetic, too?"

"Unæsthetic?" exclaimed JANE, in a terrible voice. "They are immoral! SABRETACHE will tell you. It is impossible to recognize them."

"Is SABRETACHE a house, likewise!"

"No—that is—he is a man, PETER—that is—he is a distinguished exponent of modern art. I am his disciple!"

"Oh, indeed! Well, I shall take my leave for the present as I seem to be detaining you. Mr. SABRETACHE is perhaps occupying the drawing-room this evening."

The sarcasm of Mr. SMITHERS' voice was extreme. But there was a fine sneer in JANE'S tones, as she replied, "He is! allow me to present him to you!" And she flung open a side door that led into the precincts so dear to PETER'S memories. Instead of the cherished objects, however, which had seemed so admirable to him, an utterly empty apartment met his sight. It was empty, that is, but for a step ladder, and certain painters' utensils, and the extraordinary figure of Mr. SABRETACHE. This modern genius reminded PETER of nothing so much as the cat-tails he had left behind in JANE'S "stoojo," and which were reproduced upon the walls here in amazing profusion. The gentleman swayed forward in acknowledgement of the introduction; and at once stalked back to his employment of painting storks (painfully conventionalized) on the dado.

"What do you admire in him?" whispered PETER to his betrothed. "His elegant stork, I suppose. Stalk, I mean,—see it?" PETER'S good humor was quite restored and he began affably to converse with the artist. "What is there beautiful in a cat-tail, I should like to know," he inquired, "or a stork? If it is disproportioned limbs that attract in the latter, why not choose the Kangaroo or the Giraffe?"

"This is blasphemy," murmured SABRETACHE.

"My idea of blasphemy," said PETER, loudly, "is dismantling a comfortable home around which a thousand associations had grown, and filling it with weak-kneed cranes that everybody will abominate fast enough in a year or two when they've gone out of fashion. Where are your parents, JANE? Do they know of this desecration?"

"My parents have at last emancipated themselves from the false art of the last generation," exclaimed JANE proudly.

"And dragged back the ugly old side-board from the hen-coop, eh? and rescued the coarse old willow-platters from the kitchen to worship them on the family hearth? And torn down the marble mantle before which they and their children have sat in joy and sorrow, and set it up in the graveyard, eh? You see I've read your books to some purpose, JANE!"

But JANE appeared no longer to hear him. With a fascination which she seemed totally unable to resist, she had taken up a paint-brush, at SABRETACHE'S nod, and was engaged upon the dado. SABRETACHE likewise vouchsafed no word to PETER, but began in a drowsy, murmuring tone, a monologue on household art. The greater part of it was an incomprehensible jargon to PETER, though he recognized in it scraps from the utterances of those great lights of modern art which JANE had so urgently pressed upon him. That she seemed to enjoy it was maddening to PETER. She listened and painted, and painted and listened, and drew nearer to SABRETACHE, who looked queerer and more weird every moment.

"JANE!" roared PETER at last, unable to endure the scene another instant, "go and call your mother!" and as he uttered these words, to his horror and anguish, his dear, though misguided girl shrank and changed before his eyes into a slender reed, and went sailing through the window and out into the night. SABRETACHE had already disappeared.

FLORENCE GRAY.

The Pirates of Toronto Bay:

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

"Don't say anything about this business," said Detective BURROUGHS to our representative.

"Why not?"

"Because, dy'e mind, when a thing gets into the papers, the offenders they read it and get scared and clear out. Just keep it quiet for a few days, and we'll have them fellows spotted. You wouldn't go and publish anything to defeat the ends of justice."

The trouble is not with the ends but the beginnings of justice most of the time.

CHAP. IV.

O'er mountain and ocean,
O'er river and plain;
Mid wildest commotion
I've wandered in vain.
All is lost, I've a notion,
Away up in Maine.

—Jim Blaine.

Shortly subsequent to the Deeds of Gore narrated in our last chapter, Rev. J. POTTS, D. D., was approached on the street by a leading citizen, when the following conversation ensued:

"What is your opinion, Doctor, concerning the gang of pirates who have raised the that is to say, the black flag in our hitherto peaceful midst?"

"I think," said the Dr., after a period of due reflection, "that their conduct is decidedly reprehensible. Some may regard me as illiberal and fanatical in my views, but I must say that I consider murder a practice which should be discountenanced. I can say this consistently, for never in my life have I indulged in it. But aside from faults of this character, I understand that RED-HANDED RUDOLPH and his crew have been guilty of offences which must make every right-minded man shudder—that they have on more than one occasion been known to sing a 'Pirate's Chorus' in the highest style of operatic art! Oh, it is terrible to think of the harm of their depraving example upon young and susceptible minds!"

"Terrible!" echoed the citizen.

"There have been rumors," continued the Doctor, "that certain members of the Metropolitan Church Choir belonged to this unhalloved organization—rumors for which, fortunately, there is not a vestige of a shadow of foundation. Furthermore, I can assure you, that if in future any member of the Choir should become a pirate and unite in their abominable choruses, or even in their depredations, he shall not retain his position in the choir for a day!"

CHAP. V.

Then hurrah for Independence!
Slave we will no longer be;
Spurn the hated yoke of Britain!
Canada shall yet be free!!!

—G. Brown.

"Why thus sad and despondent noble chieftain," quoth Lieut. BERTRAND DE SANTIAGO, a son of one of Yorkville's noblest families, to the corsair captain, as he strolled homeward after a game of ten-pins at one of the Island hosteleries.

There was a wistful, far-off look in the eyes of RUDOLPH as he replied—

"Life is full of mysteries. The human soul like yonder lake hath its depths and shoals. Man is a strange being—even when our revelry is at its height I oftentimes feel o'erburdened with a sense of unutterable woe. To night my spirit is yearning. Hence, I would be alone."

BERTRAND retired and RUDOLPH, after discharging his trusty revolver a few times



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 50z. to the yard.....	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.....	2,500 "
Woollen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).....	750 "
Woollen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn).....	750 pairs.
Woollen Socks, long legs.....	1,500 "
Stockings, long legs.....	750 "
Mitts, long wrists.....	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunk) 54 inches wide	1,200 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide.....	600 "
Yellow Overall Lace, 2 inches wide.....	2,500 "
Yellow Russian Braid.....	2,500 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete	250 "
Forge Caps.....	400 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.....	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.....	200 "
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.....	500 pairs
Kit Bags.....	100 "
Mosquito bars.....	400 "
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined.....	350 pairs.
Teamsters, Deerskin, unlined.....	100 "
Blankets, 10 lbs.....	300 "
Towels, large, linen.....	300 "
" small.....	500 "
Nose Bags.....	300 "
Curry Combs, Web handles.....	100 "

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.

Grained Leather, 18 to 22 feet each side.....	280 sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each	1,400 lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side.....	3,300 "
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 13 to 18 lbs. per side.....	150 "
No. 1 Russian Sheep Skins, for linings.....	17 doz.

The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.

Patterns of all Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.

The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders.

Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

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

FRED WHITE,
Chief Clerk,
OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879. xiv-7-3t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144, King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars. xii-12-1y

Men who are standing around the street, declaring that they can't find anything to do, generally have enough enterprise and ambition to go to their meals with provoking regularity.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The *Modern Argo* tells of a plumber who fell twenty-six feet in a house in Washington, and lay for ten hours in an unconscious condition, and the owner had to pay for it at the rate of twenty cents an hour.

after the receding figure to relieve his overwrought feelings—dashed himself at full-length on the sward and bit his lips till the blood spouted from betwixt his clenched teeth. Pirates frequently do this.

"Yes, yes!" he murmured, "she shall be mine, ah, were she even the daughter of Toronto's haughtiest Alderman!" 'Twas but yester-night that I beheld her for the first time, yet her surpassing loveliness has enthralled the proud defiant soul of RUDOLPH the corsair. To win her I would stoop to be the veriest slave that ever rallied to the polls at the bidding of a packed Grit Tory convention."

Strict political impartiality having been enjoined upon the author, the intelligent reader can take his choice of the party epithets.

"You would? you would?" said an eager voice. "You're just the man I've been looking for—Vote for—"

Bang! A pistol shot rang out sharp and clear, and the rash intruder bit the dust.

RUDOLPH heaved a sigh of *ennui*. Even bloodshed brought no balm to his perturbed spirits.

The dead man held a paper tightly clasped in his right hand. Wrenching it from his stiffening fingers the Pirate read by the flickering flashes of his revolver in characters which seemed to thrill him with something of the emotions of earlier days:—

WEST TORONTO.

Your Vote and Interest are respectively solicited for
ROBT. BELL.
As member of the Local Legislature.

He paced towards the cave more thoughtfully than was his wont, in the dusk of the evening, occasionally stumbling over some of the corpses which had been thoughtlessly left around by the gay rovers of the deep. "Confound it, this won't do," he soliloquized, "these stiffs ought to be put out of the way now the elections are coming on. It may create an adverse public opinion and injure the party. The spirit of faction runs very high in Canada and in a profession like ours we cannot be too considerate of prejudices, which, however unreasonable, nevertheless exercise an important influence upon our social relations."

The tender passion was already beginning to soften that austere and rugged nature.

A ball from the rifle of the Island Constable passed through his hat as he neared the rendezvous, but RUDOLPH was so absorbed in thought that he barely noticed it, and he rejoined his comrades without further adventure.

CHAP. VI.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing with courage bold
"There's money we can borrow."
—*Joaquin Miller.*

"Something should really be done, Mr. Mayor," said the spokesman of a large and influential deputation. Being spokesman, he was anxious for the city's weal.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mayor BEATY; "nonsense—mere newspaper sensation. Does it stand to reason that, in a City of Churches and Charities, such things could be? Ask the detectives—pirates, indeed! Fiddlesticks! Rubbish!"

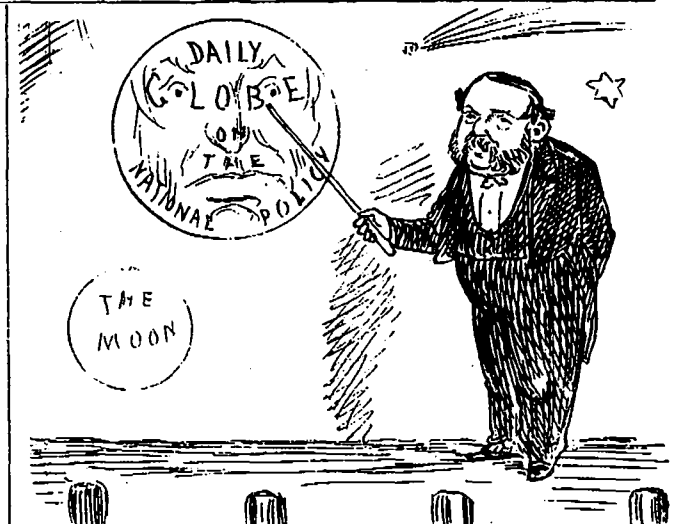
"'Tis the city's shame," said a solemn looking delegate, "that the success of those miscreants should tempt our youth to a corsair's career."

(Concluded next week.)



SOME MISTAKE!

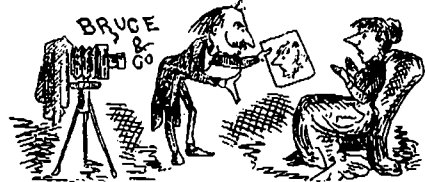
SIR CHARLES.—(To deputation looking for work)—There must be some mistake on your part, gentlemen, MACKENZIE isn't here now, you know!



ENCOURAGING!

PROF. PROCTOR.—It only takes 55,000,000 years for a Globe to cool down.

Oh read some power the giftic gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!



J. BRUCE & CO.
HAVE THE POWER TO BESTOW THAT GIFT
AT
118 KING STREET WEST.
xii-22-17.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

REVISED PRICE-LIST OF ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammatical and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
Manual,	20
Reporter,	50
Reporting Exercises,	75
Phrase Book,	20
Railway Phrase Book,	35
Covers for holding Note Book,	25
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	20
Self-culture, corresponding style,	60
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style,	75
The book of Psalms, cloth	35
Common Prayer morocco, with gilt edges	75
The Other Life, cloth	\$2.80
New Testament, reporting style,	50
Phonographic Dictionary	\$2.50
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style,	1.50
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	55
Æsop's Fables, in Learner's Style	90
Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	20
That Which Money cannot Buy, etc. cor. style	20
Being and Seemng, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, etc., cor. style	20
Character of Washington, Speech of George Canning at Plymouth, etc., with print & key, rep. style	20
Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.



The Rag Baby.

Don't let the casual observer imagine for a moment that Sir JOHN and Sir SAMUEL are here engaged in hanging the Rag Baby. Not by any manner of means! That would be the last thing they would dream of doing. They are weighing the child, and are delighted beyond expression to find that it is getting quite "hefty." If it keeps on thriving at this rate for a few months more they think they may venture to adopt it. In the meantime they give it back to the care of its nurse tenderly chanting

Oh! it's WALLACE mind the baby,
Oh! it's WALLACE mind the child,
I fear the *Globe* will choke him off,
For GEORDIE's getting rified.
In spite of wet-nurse GRIFFIN,
And faithful doctor WYNNE,
He's got the coffin ready,
And he's bound to put him in!

Then, it's WALLACE mind the baby;
Oh! it's WALLACE mind the child,
Be careful of its bringing up,
And see it isn't spoiled;
With all its infant troubles past,
And healthy, brave and strong,
Sir JOHN will take it by the hand
And help the child along.

S. R. QUIGLEY,
ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &C.
7 1-2 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

HEWITT Fysh,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
222 YONGE STREET.
Wedding cakes a speciality. xiv-3-127



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES,
FISHERIES BRANCH,
OTTAWA, 31st Dec., 1879

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st April next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:

River Kogashka (North Shore).	
Watsbeeshoo	do
Washecootai	do
Romaine	do
Musquarro	do
Fashasheeboo	do
Cornelle	do
Agwanus	do
Maggie	do
Trout	do
St. Marguerite	do
Pentecost	do
Mistassin	do
Beausie	do
Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).	
Nouvelle	do
Escumenc	do
Malbaie (near Percé).	
Magdalen (South Shore)	
Montlouis	do
Tobique (New Brunswick).	
Nashwank	do
Jacquet	do
Charlo	do
Jupiter (Anticosti Island).	
Salmon	do

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance
Leases to run for from one to five years.
Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.

By Order,

W. F. WHITCHER,

Commissioner of Fisheries.

xiv-8-4.

Try the **ALBERT COFFEE ROOMS for DINNER.**

Best Brands of OYSTERS Always on hand.

Prices, with Tea, Coffee or Cocoa

11 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO.

6 Tickets for \$1.00

Raw, 25c., Stewed, 25c., Fried, 30c.

xiv-8-10-137.