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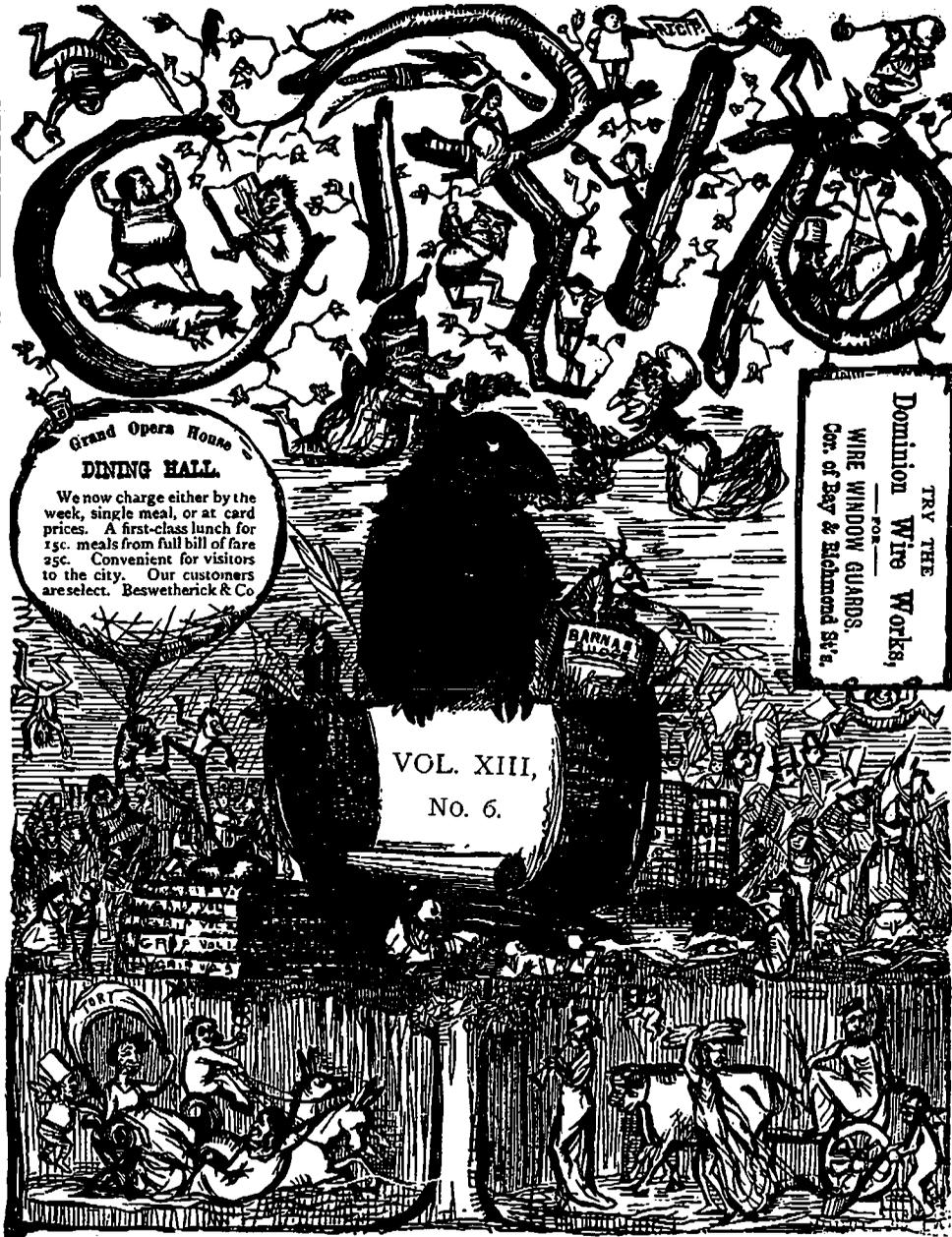
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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Literature and Art.

Mr. THEODORE TILTON is to publish a new book of poems in the autumn.

Mr. WALTER FRANCIS BROWN, a young American artist in Paris is making the illustrations for the book which MARK TWAIN is preparing on Europe and the Europeans. This announcement will be hailed with delight by the public, for MARK threatened to make the pictures himself.

The Norristown *Herald* man's constant theme is the dulness of the "wit" in the English comic papers. It is undoubtedly true that *Punch*, *Judy*, and *Fun* are often flat, stale, and unprofitable to the searcher for mirth, but not more often so than the department of the *Herald* written by their "funny man." It appears to us that this paragraphing system has developed more conceited writings than there is room for on this continent.

"It may surprise you to know," said Mr. DUFF the other day, "that the song 'He is an Englishman' made the success of *Pinkie* in London—such success as it had. The English people never caught either the humor or the satire of the work as we have done this side the Atlantic. 'Hardly ever,' and all the little bits of the piece that have gone over this country like wildfire, never seemed to strike them. They took all those things simply as good bits, but not at all as anything out of the 'common run.'"

The editor of the *Literary World*, of Boston, blames FROUDE, the historian, for saying a good word for BRET HARTE, and says that except the 'Heathen Chinee,' the latter has written little that is a credit to American literature. Whereupon the Boston *Traveller* has the courage to respond that "it is Mr. HARTE's temporary misfortune that he does not belong to that mutual admiration ring which has its headquarters in this city, and has long been engaged with more or less success in foisting a lot of very second rate writers upon the public, as the representative literary men of America."

The Chicago *Tribune* in noticing an illustration in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of the debarkation of the Duke of Argyll at New York says: "The honourable Duke is represented as coming down the gangway with his honorable hat jammed tightly over his eyes, while all the spectators are holding their hats elegantly between their thumb and forefinger as if they were attending a funeral or bowing to a pretty woman. There is no reason why good Americans should lift their hats to the Duke of Argyll. He ought to uncover his head before a sovereign people. We bow only to Death and Beauty."

Mr. J. E. MILLAIS the painter, was introduced to a lady whom he was to take down to dinner, but neither he nor his partner caught the other's name. So soon as they were seated at the table the lady opened fire with the usual questions. "Have you been to the Academy?" "I have," said Mr. MILLAIS. "And did you notice that odious old MILLAIS's pictures?" "Well, yes, I saw them too." Presently the champagne came around. Said Mr. MILLAIS, with his best smile: "I am going to ask you to take wine with me, and not a mere sip, but to drain your glass to me, to strengthen your nerves." The lady pledged him accordingly. Then said the artist quietly: "Now that you are fortified, I may venture to tell you that I am the odious old MILLAIS." The lady put up her hands in horror. "Good gracious" was all she could find to express herself.

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Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 14th June, 1879. }

xiii-6-5.

Stage Whispers.

Mlle. FECHTER, the daughter of the actor, is a very pretty young girl, a slender brunette, with much of the dramatic nature. She has been trained for the lyric stage with moderate success.

Miss MAUDE HOWE, daughter of JULIA WARD HOWE, took the character of *Aspasia* in some tableaux in Rome recently, at which the King and Queen of Italy were present. RISTORI robbed her, and CASTEL LANI lent her some almost priceless jewelry which he has just sold to the British Museum.

W. E. SHERIDAN recently made his appearance among the stars. He filled an engagement at Halifax, appearing in a round of the leading characters in tragedy. All who know Mr. SHERIDAN professionally are aware of his talents, his ample experience, his worth of character, and his zealous devotion to the dramatic art.

Certain young men of Louisville, Ky., have raised a fund of \$1,500, which will be used to purchase a thoroughbred Kentucky horse, and the animal will be presented to Miss MARY ANDERSON at Long Branch this summer. JOSEPH ANDERSON, a brother of Miss ANDERSON, seventeen years of age, expects to adopt the stage as his profession, and to make his first appearance next year.

When MAPLESON, the other night, in London, found that NILSSON, GERSTER and MINNIE HACK were all on the sick list, he rushed to Mme. TREBELLI, and she consented to go to his rescue, leaving her dinner uneaten. "A basin of soup after the first, and a chop after the second act of *Carnen*, was all the meal she had until her heavy day's work was over. Yet a better performance of M. BIZET's opera has scarcely, if ever, been heard," says *Figaro*.

Says the London *Figaro*: Mr. J. H. SARGENT is daily expected in London to confer with Mr. HENRY IRVING on the only reasonable proposition which has yet been put forward for the tragedian's visit to the United States. Mr. SARGENT's proposition is that Mr. HENRY IRVING should undertake a very brief season at BOOTH'S Theatre in the autumn, during which time Madame MODJESKA should have the Lyceum, Mr. IRVING being guaranteed a certain sum in both cases.

"Miss THURSBY is doing for Paris what some years ago Miss CRAMPTON did for London—delighting many drawing rooms by her exquisite singing. Her name figures in every entertainment and reception, and Mrs. MACKAY is incessantly giving *soirees musicales* because the name of Miss THURSBY brings everybody to Mrs. MACKAY whom Mrs. MACKAY chooses to invite. Miss THURSBY is an American, and she is called the American PATTI. But this title is scornfully assailed by the American press, because say they, ADELINA is an American." The London *World* recently claimed Miss THURSBY as an English woman.

Mr. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's attempt to restore the character of "Falstaff" to the London stage does not appear to have been brilliantly successful. He appears to have made the fat knight a male edition of his "Mrs. BROWN," and one of the critics says his performance was "even tinged at times with something approaching to a melancholy strain." Melancholy in connection with "Falstaff" is something entirely new, and Mr. SKETCHLEY must certainly be credited with originality.

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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.

To Subscribers in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.—Please remit Dominion Notes if convenient, as there is a discount of 5 per cent. on your Local Bank Notes here.

The Reception of Hanlan.

A meeting of influential citizens was held in the Mind's Eye Hotel the other night, with a view to arranging the details of the great reception to be tendered HANLAN.

Mr. ANGUS MORRISON, first sculling champion of the Bay (1840) was appointed to the Chair, and opened the proceedings by calling for three cheers for NED.

The cheers were given very heartily, whereupon

The Chairman said he would be pleased to hear any suggestions from citizens in good standing with reference to the business in hand.

Mr. GEORGE BROWN ventured to propose the erection of a fine arch on the corner of King and Yonge streets—an arch typical of aquatic matters in general and HANLAN in particular. For example, it might be ornamented with shells from the shore of the Island. He himself would be happy to supply a pair of his cast off shoes which might be hung at the apex of the arch to symbolise HANLAN's great feat on the Tyne.

Mr. HARRY PIPER thought Mr. BROWN's idea a very good one. He, also, had an idea to submit, namely, a grand typical procession in honour of the champion's having made the fastest time on record; a procession of fast young men from St. John's Ward and elsewhere. He, (Mr. PIPER) would be only too happy to ride at the head of such procession.

Mr. Alderman HAMILTON suggested, that as this reception was strictly of a civic character, it would be a good idea to have the books and documents of the City Council carried in the procession by the respective officers of the Corporation. He felt certain the public would be greatly gratified by a sight of the public accounts, especially those relating to the Water Works business.

Mr JACK A. MACDONNELL approved of the suggestion, but thought that, as the reception was in some sense national, the proposition might be made to include documents of a national notoriety also. In that case he would have pleasure in riding a mule and displaying conspicuously the written apology which it was not his intention to present to the House of Commons for having insulted their dignity.

Mr. G. R. PATULLO said torchlight should by no means be overlooked, as it was one of the first elements of an intellectual demonstration. He had a large assortment of torches at the Reform Club rooms, which he would be pleased to lend for the occasion. They had been provided for the 17th of

September, but the Reform Party had decided not to use them on that occasion so they were now just as good as new.

Mr. NED FARRA said they had a similar stock of torches up at the Mail office, which they had refrained from using on the 5th of June. The Conservative Party would not be on done in generosity by the Grits, and the Committee were heartily welcome to the use of these torches.

Mr. JOHN HALLAM proposed that in honor of the auspicious occasion of the Champion's return, an edict should be passed by the City Council exempting the premises of poor men from taxation for this year, and imposing upon the lawns and paddocks of the rich a reasonable tax.

Mr. GUS THOMAS suggested that a medal be struck to commemorate the great Tyneside victory. It might have a head of HANLAN on one side, and on the other "HANLAN AHEAD."

Prof. DAN'L WILSON proposed that the degree of B. Sc., be conferred upon Mr. HANLAN in the presence of the public by the Senate of University College. He supposed he need hardly explain that B. Sc. meant Bachelor of Science, which in this case might be freely interpreted Boss Sculler.

Dr. WRIGHT said he understood a sweet little heir had made its appearance in Mr. HANLAN's home since his departure, and, if this were true, it would be well to take into consideration the propriety of having a baby show in connection with the reception, the first prize to be awarded by acclamation to the juvenile HANLAN.

After many other valuable suggestions had been thrown out the meeting broke up in good order.

Positively the Last and Worst.

Last evening while standing on the uncertain margin of the moss-covered Esplanade, viewing with some interest the splendidly developed fungoids luxuriantly growing among its crumbling timbers, I was startled out of my botanical reverie by the sudden appearance of a stalwart youth with a red night-cap on his head, and carrying, like the melancholy Dane in the grave-yard scene, a "scull" in his hand. He was picturesquely got up in the prevailing arg nautical style, which is a compromise between the garb of an English cricketer and a Levantine pirate. "My dear GRIP," said the amateur Corsair, breathlessly, "I've a splendid joke for you."

"Heave ahead, my hearty, give her sheet; pay out the slack of your jaw-tackle," said I, in the language of the fore-castle, in compliment to his WILL WATCH-like appearance. "Well," continued the Rover of the Deep, "we were out to-day in a new yacht of NOVERRE's, who came along with us and took the helm to test her sailing qualities. The wind was dead from the south'ard, and we had to go about off the light house and stand in on the port tack for the shore." "Belay all that, and come to the joke. I'm in a hurry," said I. "But I'm telling you the joke," said the mariner, and continued, "You know NOVERRE was at the helm, and when young PONSONBY JONES suddenly asked me who built the boat, I replied, NOVERRE." JONES says, "What, NOVERRE?" I was going to explain, when HILDEBRAND SMITH, who was on the look-out, observing that we were dangerously approaching the boulders off the New Garrison, shouted, "Hard-a-lee, NOVERRE!" "Hail ha!—funny, wasn't it?" Ye gods! I had been listening all this time to a *Pinsfore* gung, told by an imbecile Bay water sailor?

A root of bitterness -The Bute Inlet Route.

Anxious Enquirers.

Since Mr. JOHN BRIGHT announced his intention of making an enquiry relative to Canadian affairs in the British House of Commons, a great deal of interest concerning the Dominion has been awakened amongst the members, and it is highly probable that other questions will follow that of Mr. BRIGHT.

An Hon. member gives notice that he will ask the Colonial Secretary if measures have been taken to secure the neutrality of Canada in the war now raging in the adjacent country of Peru.

A Right Hon. gentleman will enquire whether it is the intention of Her Majesty's Imperial Government to send out to Ottawa an adequate supply of provisions, so as to obviate the humiliating necessity for the Vice-Royal authorities of the Dominion to sustain themselves by the precarious method of fishing for salmon.

An Hon. member will ask whether the Government has been officially informed of the recent invasion of Montreal, Canada, by grizzly bears, and whether it is true that the savage animals demolished a canteen, and almost deprived the inhabitants of their supply of Beef.

An Hon. member will enquire whether the Colonial Secretary succeeded in learning from Mr. LANGEVIN what he, the said Mr. LANGEVIN did with the \$32,000 he got from Sir HUGH ALLAN?

An Hon. member will enquire whether it is the intention of Her Majesty, as reported, to confer Knighthood upon EDWARD HANLAN, the Canadian oarsman. If so, if the Government is prepared to give the House full particulars as to the charges made against the said HANLAN, together with the evidence upon which he has been convicted and sentenced to this punishment.

An Hon. member will ask whether instructions have been given to the Dominion Government to furnish His Grace the DUKE of ARGYLE with a body guard and competent Indian interpreters during his travels in the Province of New Brunswick.

An Hon. member will request to be informed whether it is true that the present Government of the Dominion really intend to change the terminus of the Intercolonial Railway from Winnipeg to Bute Inlet, P.Q.

An Hon. member will inquire whether Her Majesty's Government intend to sanction the permission granted to a certain company to drain Lake Ontario in order to get possession of valuable farming lands for purposes of speculation.

"The Toronto oarsman having defeated England's best men, Hawdon and Elliott, should now meet Courtney, of Union Springs, again. Many people are confident Courtney can defeat Hanlan in a fair contest, and will not be satisfied until the Toronto man and the Union Springs man have another brush."

We clip this rich paragraph from the columns of the Route, N. Y., *Sentinel*. This well-known journal keeps a professional funny man, and those who know anything about the relative merits of HANLAN and COURTNEY oarsmen, will consider this one of the most laughable things he ever wrote.

That Low Cartoon.

Mr GRIP read in last Tuesday's *Telegram* that his HANLAN cartoon was a very low, spiteful and wretched affair, and one that ought to make every right minded Canadian blush. Being a sensitive bird, Mr. GRIP felt a keen pang of shame on reading this. Not so much that he had published a wicked picture, as that the demoralized people of the country seemed to like it so well that several editions had to be issued to satisfy their demands.



Grip's Solo.

He is an Englishman !
 And, if he himself had said it
 'Twould have been more to his credit,
 Than to sign himself "Kanuck,"
 He's been laying odds on ELLIOTT,
 And he don't feel very well yet
 To'rds GRIP and HAN-LAN :
 Yes, that's just what's the matter,
 With the writer of that letter,
 He is an Englishman ;
 He is an Englishman !



A New Position for John Bright.

JOHN BRIGHT got up in the Imperial House the other day to make an enquiry about the visit of the Canadian Ministers, and some of the prominent Conservative papers here are saying he was put up by GEORGE BROWN. It should have been left to some conceited and unscrupulous Grit paper to say that, as it implies an amount of influence and greatness on the part of Mr. BROWN that his opponents are not generally willing to give him credit for. GRIP has not the pleasure of an intimate personal acquaintance with JOHN BRIGHT, but he has read and heard a good deal about that gentleman, and unless he has been greatly misinformed, he would consider JOHN badly adapted for a cats-paw. GEORGE BROWN is undoubtedly a very powerful giant, strong enough to bend MACKENZIE to his purposes, and to twist MOWAT around his finger, and to crumple GOLDWIN SMITH all out of shape—but there are at least two individuals in the world fairly beyond his influence, namely JOHN BRIGHT and GRIP. At least we shall believe that JOHN BRIGHT is one of these until the Conservative organs produce some evidence of his having been manipulated by the *Globe* man in the way they affirm.

Grip's Lecture Course.



LECTURE II.—BY HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

My subject is "Ambition." To look at me you wouldn't think I knew much about that subject, and I must confess I do not either look or act like a very ambitious man. Still, I am not devoid of this trait. I do entertain an ambition, though not many know just what it is. Indeed, I am not sure that I know myself. It hangs in my mind in a nebulous and fantastic shape. It is not to become the leader of the Local Government, for I have outgrown that dignity; it is not to attain a high place at the bar, for I have already attained the foremost position, and hold it as easily as HANLAN holds the Challenge Cup; it is not to write poetry for the *Globe*, for I have carefully avoided the muses, and choked off all risings of fancy by the study of logic; it is not to become the leader of the Reform Party of Canada, for I could have that position to-morrow with the benediction of every Reformer in the land. And I may tell you here privately that you needn't be surprised if I do take the reins before long just to accommodate my friends. If JOHN A., that most un—but let me be calm—is dismissed from office over this LETELLIER affair, I shall rally the scattered legions of the Grits and lead them back to office. Then I shall give you those grand and glorious measures—Representation of Minorities, Compulsory Voting, and all the others foreshadowed in my Aurora speech. Still, *this* is not my real ambition. I would as soon stay home and read a brief as do all this. Wait till confederation of the Empire is achieved, and the Imperial Arena is open to the genius of the Colonies, and then, perhaps, I may begin to display something worthy of the name of Ambition. With these few remarks I will resume my seat.

Lager-Bier.

It is settled. The fiat has gone forth from the Court House in St. John, N. B., never to be recalled. Lager beer is intoxicating! After a long trial, conducted with British impartiality before an incorruptible judge, that respectable German citizen Lager Bier has been found guilty of containing alcohol. The only question that now remains to be decided is, what will those teetotalers do with all the lager they have been drinking under the innocent conviction that it was a temperance beverage.



The Globe's Device.

Least "The Tupper Turpitude" should slip his memory, the editor of the *Globe* has, it is rumored, carved out a little figure of the Minister of Public Works like the one represented above. This he has placed upon the desk of his chief leader-writer as a constant reminder, though it also serves the purposes of ink-bottle and paper-weight. It will be observed that all the facts are brought out in the figure, and the full "turpitude" expressed. With one face he is telling the House of Commons that no terminus has been selected for the C. P. R'y., and with the other he is looking towards the British Columbians, whom he has already assured that Bute Inlet has been selected.

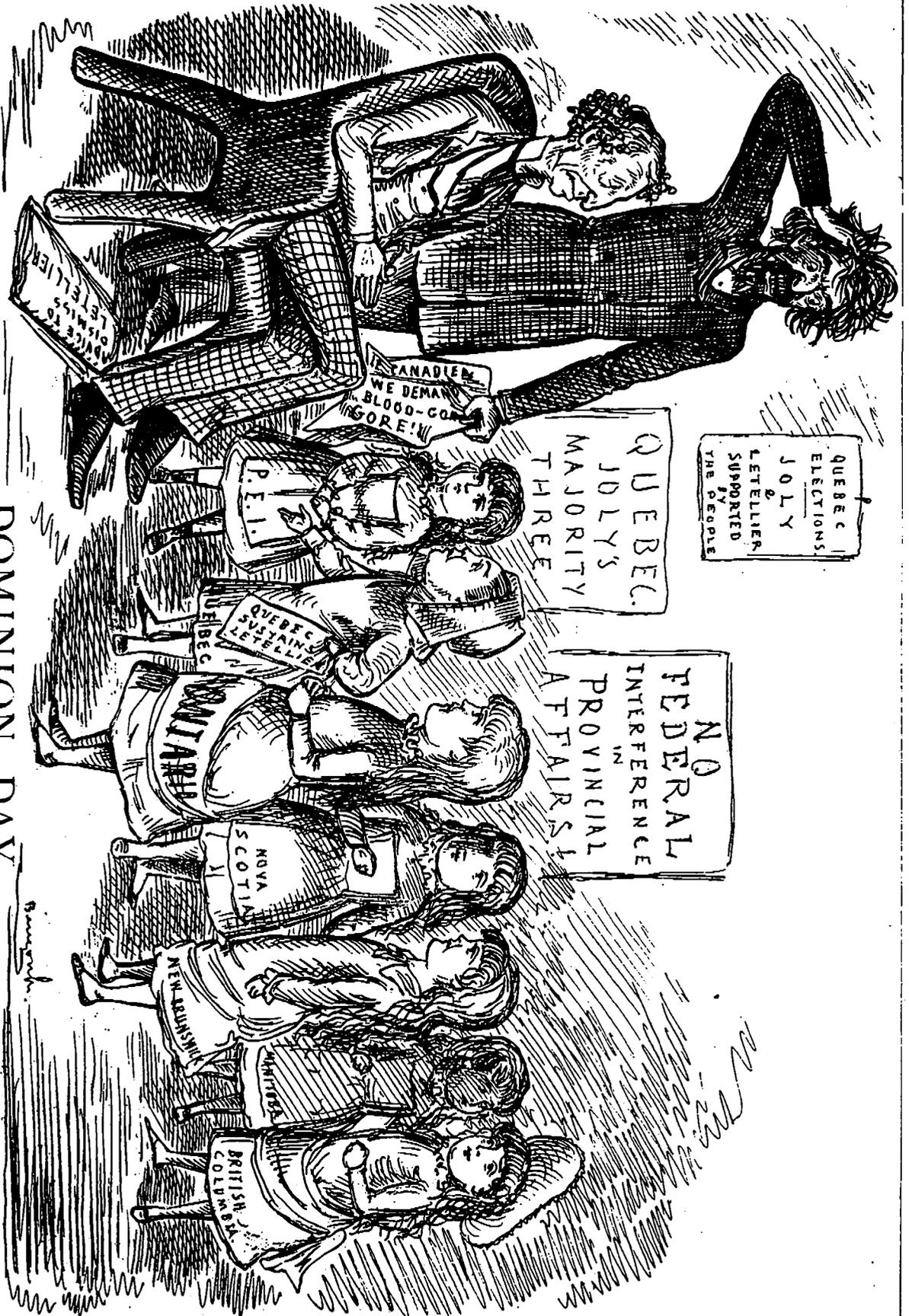
"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but CHARLEY RYKERT can be bought for \$10,000.



THE FIRE CRACKER NUISANCE:

OR, FIRST OF JULY ASSURANCE.

GAMIN.—Don't be alarmed, boss; I'll set 'em off as easy as I kin!



DOMINION DAY.

SOMETHING FOR THE "FATHER OF CONFEDERATION" TO THINK OVER.

SIR JOHN—My dears, I congratulate you on the twelfth anniversary of your Glorious Union. What can I do to add to your happiness? MADAMOISELLE QUEBEC—(Igorously) Mind your own Federal business, and permit us to manage our local affairs to suit ourselves, according to the terms of Union—*that's* what you can do, Sir !!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Germans are but a children of a lager growth.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The archery craze is here, and the girls are all trying target beaus.—*Philadelphia Item.*

With merchants the road to wealth is through the buyways and highweights.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Extremes meet," as the man said when he made a dinner of ox tail soup and calves-head stew.—*Uncle Sam.*

Now nicely the amateur fisherman's bait now worms itself into the confidence of the foolish bullhead.—*New York News.*

"I think I know your phiz," as the soda water fountain remarked to an opposition fountain next door.—*Braintree Era.*

When an unmarried woman of uncertain age says she has remained single from choice, she means that she is self-maid.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man in Utica has been detected in the act of translating *Pinafore* into Welsh. Wght! nvr! wjell hrdg!y evjr.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.—*New Haven Register.*

An axiom in the philosophy of the young lady whose dresses are a little too thin: "There's no effect without gauze."—*Hackensack Republican.*

A mud fountain recently erupted at Sarnia, Ont. A stream of mud shot up 150 feet. There must have been a political stump speaker at the bottom of it.—*Nor. Herald.*

The Quincy *Modern Argo* has a column of selected funny items headed 'why we laugh,' and those editors whose items do not appear in the column wonder why it is.—*Peck's Sun.*

And now an Indiana man has eaten twenty four goose eggs on a wager, Good enough; but isn't there something herein smacking of cannibalism?—*Boston Transcript.*

A scolding woman, like a train conductor, is pretty much on the rail.—*Modern Argo.* And a smiling young widow, very much like the rail, is pretty much on the tie.—*Koekuk Constitution.*

A bursting soda-water fountain killed a North Carolina man, a few days ago. Young women, beware how you lead young men up to a loaded soda fountain.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it carries too long at way stations: not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.—*Puck.*

All the bread yet unearthed at Pompeii shows evidences that the emptying had soured and that the loaves were heavy. They must have had cooks at \$4 per week in those days as well as these.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is truth in my remarks," yelled out a scolding wife to her suffering husband, and he meekly answered, "I'll grant all the truth there is in your remarks if you will only put fewer remarks into your truth."—*Bridgport Standard.*

"JOHNNIE, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place, or thing." "Very good, JOHNNIE, give an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And why is hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a person plays a thing."—*Springfield Union.*

A new song is called "The Old Wooden Pitcher." It is evidently intended to be sung by base ball clubs. There are a great many wooden pitchers among them. And these "pitchers," by the way don't hold the "batter."—*Norristown Herald.*

When a young man is riding along with his adorable, and is speaking to her in the softest of soft tones, and is giving her all manner of sweet taffy, it takes all the poetry out of the scene for him suddenly to discover that a gamuin is hanging on behind taking it all in.—*Salem Suburban.*

Said BROWN to PARKER:—I say, PARKER, what is the difference between a ripe water-melon and a decayed head of cabbage? "Give it up; can't tell?" BROWN laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon, you would."—*Stacy Paragraph.*

The boy who thinks himself killed when asked to saw a stick of wood at home will go over to JOHNNY BRIGGS's house, and not only saw all the wood he can lay hands on, but split it and pile it up in the bargain, and come home and tell what a "good time" he has had.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to smoke in the presence of ladies."

"Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?"

"How do I manage? Why, I seem ill-bred."—*Each Witticism.*

Milwaukee Sun: The Waupun *Leader* contains an article informing its readers "when to eat pickarel." We did not read the article but suppose of course that the *Leader* says, eat pickarel at meal times. Nothing appears so much out of place as to see a man in business hours walking along the street picking the bones out of a piece of pickarel.

"Why, what are you good for?" petulantly exclaimed a mother, when her daughter who was reading the *New York Sickly*, said she didn't know how to iron a shirt. And then she added sneeringly, "Why I don't believe you could even play JOSEPHINE in *Pinafore*!" No doubt the mother underestimated her daughter's ability.—*Nor. Herald.*

Six years ago a man arrived in this country with five dollars in his pocket. He started a patent outside newspaper in a country town, and last week he died and left property in the town valued at two millions of dollars. He left it because he couldn't take it with him. And the owners of the property would not have permitted him to take it if he could.—*Nor. Herald.*

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald—at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danby News.*

It is only when the foreman says he lacks just four lines for the funny column and must have it in a minute, that the paragraphist realizes how serious is the business of getting up fun to order.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together now proudly guards the left field in some crack base ball club, and is playing for a field average of .976.—*New Haven Register.*

It's getting around toward that season of the year when young men in colleges, who usually study the girls instead of their books, and know more about tobacco and beer in a minute than they do about science in four years, begin to brace up for the preparation of an essay on "protoplasmic evolution of the molecule, as manifested in the development of the homogenous and undifferentiated Cosmos."—*Stubenville Herald.*

When a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and runs it down with his head and packs it into the cell as a dairy maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid pack our butter that way.—*Travelers Record.* If our butter must be packed in that way, let it be done by a bald headed dairy-maid.—*Rome Sentinel.*

An agricultural journal tells how to make a very pretty window ornament. Take a good-sized sponge, it says, sow it full of rice, oats or grass seed, and place it in a dish of water. The sponge will absorb the water, and when the seeds begin to sprout, attach a cord to the sponge and suspend it in a window. We should like to serve some of the good-sized "sponges" in this neighborhood in the manner described, but the difficulty is they are already very seedy, and will not absorb water worth a cent.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Pundit's Catechism.

When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched? When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a diseased potato? None at all, as one is a bee-holder, and the other a speck'd tater.

Why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers? Because they lie first on one side and then on the other, and remain wide awake all the time.

Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by the Atlantic ocean? Because although they may correspond they never meet.

Why are the actions of men like great rivers? Because we see the course they take, but not the source from whence they spring.

In a letter to a friend, a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

Why is JOSEPH GILLOTT a very bad man? Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens, and then tries to persuade them that they do write.

Why was the whale that swallowed JONAH like a milkman who has retired on an independence? Because he took a great profit out of the waters.

Why is a short man struggling to kiss a tall woman like an Irishman going up Vesuvius? Because, sure, he is trying to get at the mouth of the crater.—*Exchange.*

Our Own Dick Headeye ;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

An artist in British Columbia sends me a pencil sketch illustrating the local railway squabble, which is little understood here in the east. From the drawing and the note accompanying it, I get at the case as follows.

Burrard Inlet is close to New Westminster, which town is immediately opposite Victoria, Vancouver Island. Victoria does not wish to see the rival town made the terminus of the C. P. Ry., but wants the line to end at Bute Inlet, away up the coast, from which it would have a ferry established across to the Island, and an additional line of railway run down the shore to Victoria.

This little scheme, if carried out to please this little town of Victoria, will cost a good many millions of money, but I suppose they can carry their point easily enough, if they get the politicians at their back.

When I directed attention last week to the wonderful enterprise of the *Telegram* in connection with the HANLAN-ELLIOTT race, I find I didn't do that journal full justice. On looking over its special cable despatch I find that the *Telegram's* too awfully clever correspondent sends a message of "HANLAN in sight and leading by a good distance" at a moment when, as we subsequently learned, they had not made a start!

I AM happy to hear that the Government has saved the self-respect of the country by recalling the permission granted to the 69th N. Y. Fenian regiment to pay a visit to Montreal on Dominion Day. There is no objection to receiving American companies and indulging in a little mutual soft soap and bosh once in a while, but Fenians cannot be looked upon by Canadians as legitimate citizens of the United States or any other country.

I understand that Sir JOHN, Sir CHARLES and Sir LEONARD are about to proceed to England to ask JOHN BULL for another big loan to enable them to go on with that QUIXOTIC enterprise, the British Columbia Railway. I hope JOHN BULL will not give a farthing until the knights demonstrate the feasibility and common sense of the scheme.

"Is Canada loyal?" enquires the London *Examiner*. Why, bless your editorial heart, yes, of course it is! You don't suppose that Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH would deliberately take up his abode in a country that wasn't loyal, do you?

A "Karrakter."

Mr. O. J. DEVLIN, a Montreal Grit, has written the following to the *Gazette* of that city:

"I had business in Ottawa the other day, and although the Ministers knew my previous political history well, yet I was treated with as much courtesy and consideration as if I had been a life-long supporter of the Conservative party. The Minister of Justice in particular exhibited a kindly interest in my mission, and gave my case as much attention as I could expect and as if there was no such thing as politics in the world."

The Hamilton *Times* looks at this and concludes that Mr. DEVLIN is an egotist and a sycophant of the worst description. We are inclined to the more merciful view that Mr. DEVLIN is a humorist, and that the above

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TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
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PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" is particularly clever this week. The cartoon is devoted, as a matter of course, to Hanlan and his victory over Elliott. The centre piece represents the champion between his friends, Ward and Hensley, in the act of putting on his coat and saying to John Bull, who shields the weeping English sculler in his rear, "have you any more champions, Mr. Bull, before I put my coat on?" Besides the main picture there are a number of others on the same subject, viz, Hanlan's select crew of vanquished scullers, six theories how he did it, "Time the only sculler who can beat our boy, the news in Australia, &c. The political notes are very amusing and embrace portraits of Sir John, Sir Samuel, Mr. Langevin who declares he was not so great a success in England as Hanlan, Mr. Norquay riding the "English" mule, Mr. Joly, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. John Bright. The letterpress is as usual, quite up to the mark, making altogether an excellent number of this sprightly paper which never descends to anything low or impolite. — *Quebec Chronicle*.

—Bungough's cartoons on the Hanlan-Elliott race are very amusing. They illustrate the various theories of Hanlan's success, and are got up in a manner which would bring a smile to the gravest countenance. — *Addington Reporter*.

Financial.

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certificate of character handed to the Government is one of the broadest pieces of satire that he, or any other Grit, ever got off. The idea that considerations of politics could affect the dealings of Cabinet Ministers with individuals visiting Ottawa on private business affairs is really rich. The *Gazette* man, a friend of the Government, should have cuffed Mr. DEVLIN's ears for suggesting such a thing.

Sound Sense.

The Bobcaygeon editor is anticipating a visit from the royal party in September, and in view of that event says:

"Louise is the daughter of our Queen, and is entitled to every consideration by her birth; she is also an artist, and thereby entitled to our admiration; and likewise a doosed nice girl and consequently entitled to our love. All of which she shall have when she comes here, and we will give her of the best we have, and put on our Sunday clothes, and spend a little money with our professional friend, the hair-dresser, next door. But having done this and made her heartily welcome, it would be folly to do more, and it is to be hoped that our people will not go crazy as they are doing in Toronto under similar circumstances, and spending money which, if their own, they can't afford; and if not their own, is dishonest.

This editor is a sterling old brick, and a man after the Princess Louise's own heart, if what we have heard of that royal lady is true. An ostentatious and extravagant parade of tawdry grandeur by our over-taxed city could not fail to disgust persons of sound sense, as their Excellencies undoubtedly are, and we hope there may be enough aldermen of the mental calibre of this Bobcaygeon editor to prevent any such costly funkyness being engaged in.

The Three Knights.

Dedicated to Sir JOHN, Sir CHARLES and Sir LEONARD.

I.

Three knights went roving out into the west. Out into the west as the writs came down: Each thought that Ontario's love was the best. And the National Policy dreaded her frown; For knights must work, though voters may weep, There's much to get and many to keep. Though the farmers all be moaning.

II.

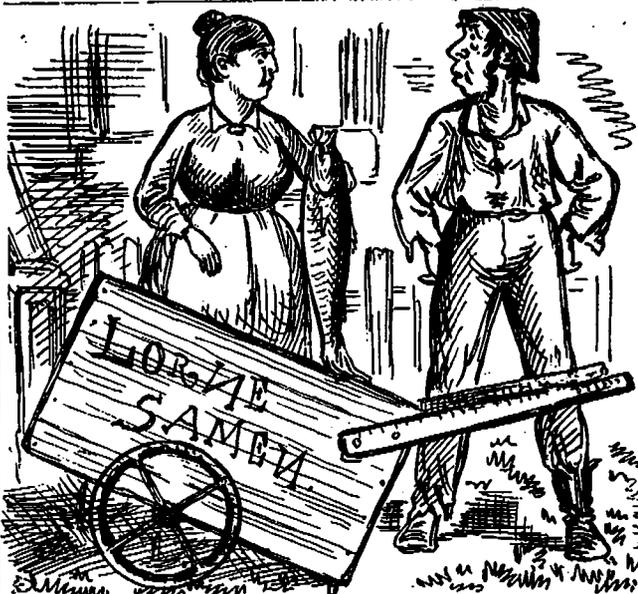
Three editors sat in a U. E. room, And they trimmed their lamps as the sun went down, They read the returns in sorrow and gloom. And swore that reaction was rolling up BROWN; But we must work though candidates weep. Reverses are sudden and voters are deep, It never will pay to be moaning.

III.

Three knights forsaken by faithless bands. In the morning gleam as the news came down, With tearful eyes were wringing the r hands. For those who will never come back to town. We worked so hard, but now we must weep. The game is up; we may as well sleep While Ontario laughs at our moaning.

To be candied with a young lady in expressing your admiration for her, it is not necessary to give her taffy.

Mr. GEORGE LAIDLAW's speeches are considered by many to be too C. V. R. on his opponents. He should have his style corrected right o' way.



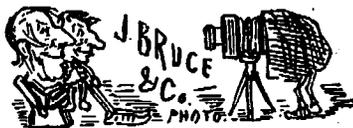
MUNCHAUSEN THE FISHMONGER.

Fresh, Missus! I should say they was! Wy! the Princess and the Markis sends 'em to me as fast as they catches 'em!



THE MONTREAL ORANGE MACHINE

My dear, there is no Grit government to embarrass, so you needn't mind vindicating your "civil and religious rights" by walking this year! Politics first, you know, my darling.



I found one morning that the sun,
Too early had his course begun;
"Phoebus," said I, "why so much haste?"
He answered, "I've no time to waste:
Photographs are in such demand,
I promised BRUCE I'd be on hand."

J. BRUCE & Co., opp Rossin House.

xii-22-17.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), 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.

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xiii-1-3m

"Sentry Go!"

"In consideration of the gallantry displayed by non-commissioned officers and men at Rorke's Drift, the issue has been sanctioned of a flannel shirt and pair of trousers to each man present, to compensate for damage to clothing."—English Paper.

A soldier sat cleaning his belts
And pouches for morning parade,
With profuse perspiration he melts,
'Tis one hundred degrees in the shade!
He had served long in all sorts of lands,
Had marched round Quebec in the snow;
And he now in the famed "burning sands"
Of Africa does "Sentry go!"

He fought through the Crimean fights,
Was bayoneted at the Redan,
And wounded at Alma's steep heights,
Got sabred at dread Inkerman;
Through the Indian Rebellion he served.
And was at the relief of Lucknow;
From his duty he never once swerved,
But he still has to do "Sentry go!"

And so in the course of events
He happened to be at Rorke's Drift,
When some thousands of bold "colored
gents"

Were seen coming down through the mist.
While there in his mealie-bag fort
He many a Zulu laid low;
He was only doing his part
As he would when he cried "Sentry go!"

The brigade now fell in for parade,
And soon were formed into square,
And the Colonel some compliments paid
To the men of Rorke's Drift who were there.

The country with gratitude seized
For their actions through blood, heat and dirt,
Had allowed to each man if he pleased,
A new pair of pants and a shirt!

FRED.—"ANNIE what makes you look so dull?"

ANNIE—(Who has been waiting for FRED to propose).—"Because I'm not yet Annie-mated."

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