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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The toil of the water-cart man on the sultry summer day has often excited our commiseration. Under the broiling sun he lumbers along the dusty Highway from one end of his beat to the other, backwards and forwards, scattering the grateful water upon the thirsty ground. His object is to lay the dust, but, like Macduff's ghost, it "will not down." The effects of the shower from the cart is immediately counteracted by the voracious appetite of the road and the heat of the sun combined. The water-cart man passeth on, and his labor is all in vain. This is the unhappy lot of the toiling public servant who is at present on a mission of political refreshment over the arid fields of the Maritime Provinces. At least we are assured by some reputable Conservative papers that poor Mr. Blake's speeches, copious, welcome, and exhilarating as they may have been, are simply as water spilt upon the ground so far as lasting effect is concerned. The Opposition orator has been pursued by the burning and shining Sir Leonard, who has utterly destroyed the effect of his rival's labors. To carry out our illustration fitly, it must be understood that the luminary shining in the background of the cartoon is that fervid and blazing member of the journalistic system, the *St. John Sun*.

FRONT PAGE.—The Liberal leaders in England are beginning to appreciate the gravity of the fiscal situation. The wave of the "Fair Trade" agitation is unmistakably rising, and the veteran Free Traders are showing signs of alarm. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have given voice to their opposition to the new

heresy, and Mr. Punch comes out in the most emphatic opposition to it. The scene in our picture was suggested by the following sentences quoted by the *Mail* from a recent speech by a prominent peer:—

"It is useless for the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (Mr. Bright) to sit like Canute, defying the tide "and using rather strong language. The tide is rising "in spite of him, and is already lapping around the feet of "his ducal throne. In vain do the veterans of free trade "flourish their forty-year-old mops; they cannot keep "out the sea. Strong barriers, composed of arguments, "not assertions, must be used. New dykes, made of "living, solid facts, not dead, decaying hopes, must be "thrown up to stem the tide, if stemmed it is to be."

EIGHTH PAGE.—Uncle Sam has just now a greedy eye on the Sandwich Islands, and on the first opportunity we expect to see him seize the whole stock in trade of King Kalakaua and "annex" it. It appears that the Government of the islands is composed partly of Americans, and it is alleged that the King's recent visit to Europe was part of a programme arranged by these shrewd advisers who hoped to perfect their scheme of annexation in his absence. John Bull also has been intimating that he has a taste for Sandwiches.

The Irish Land Bill has received the Royal Assent, and is now presumably in operation. If it accomplishes the purpose of removing all grounds of discontent, it will prove satisfactory to everybody concerned—excepting the Skirmishing Section of the Irish.

"It's an Abbott we 'ave," as the Argentueil elector said at the close of the poll.

Gur promises to compete with the best comic papers of the day. Its present appearance is most creditable and worthy of compliment.—*Kingston Whig*.

We stated last week that Mr. W. W. Cole, the circus manager, was a Canadian. This was a mistake; though there is a Canadian circus proprietor named Cole, Mr. W. W. Cole is an Englishman, and a grandson of Thomas Cooke, the *coco* famous circus manager.

Lord Shaftesbury is lending the weight of his name to a scheme for the exportation of marriageable young women from England to Canada. From the number of young women already here who are willing and waiting, apparently in vain, for husbands, the noble Earl and his coadjutors will need to go a step further and export the surplus young men of England to marry the girls thus sent out.

Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie are on the eve of returning home. We hope both gentlemen find themselves thoroughly renewed in health, and we ardently trust they will lose no time in stirring the stagnant pool of politics when they arrive. At present there is a depressing dearth in this field, and a dull monotony pervades the columns of the newspapers.

Excepting the news columns. They are kept tolerably lively with murders, and elopements, and other manifestations of the depravity of human nature.

Some philosopher has said that it is hard to please everybody. He was right. A Toronto man returned from Manitoba the other day and when asked how things were up there he looked sad and shook his head. "There's too much money in that country just now. Money is too cheap, and it makes living high for people who haven't a pocketful to start on," said he. Here in Ontario we appear to be suffering from the opposite complaint.

Mr. Gordon Brown would do well to take that local reporter of his by the ear, and admonish him in a paternal manner to stick to facts and leave poetry alone in his "items." Otherwise he may go on making the paper ridiculous by writing paragraphs like the one he contributed on Tuesday, wherein he told of the burial of an unfortunate woman of the town, concluding his notice with the following pathetic mixture:—

"Consumption hurried her on to the conclusion, and the dull thudding of the earth as it descended on the coffin seemed to bring up afresh the old lines:—

"Ponder it, think of it,
Dissolute man;
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can."

A gentleman, well known as a leader amongst the Free Thinkers of this Province, has written to thank us for our liberal and generous expressions on the Bradlaugh case. Very kind, sir, but not at all necessary. We spoke of Mr. Bradlaugh purely as a political man, and viewed his case simply from the political stand-point. Personally, we have nothing in common with the member for Northampton religiously, but we do not see that religion has anything to do with the matter. There is certainly very little of the spirit of the Christian religion about the conduct of some of Bradlaugh's prominent opponents. Our position is this: If Bradlaugh is to be rejected on account of his atheistic opinions, let all the other atheists now in the House be turned out too.

The *Mail* speaks of accusations made against it by certain Grit papers "which are always coupled with a pious expression of regret that the *Mail* should have fallen from some supposititious high place which, at some undesignated time and for some indefinite reason, it seems to have occupied in the minds of some Grit editors." The journal in question occupied a high place in the minds not only of "some Grit editors," but of the public generally, just after its present proprietor assumed its management, and continued to hold that place until it began to publish editorial paragraphs like the following, from the issue of Wednesday last:—

"The *Guelph Mercury* demands 'drop letter boxes immediately on pain of something dreadful. It pins Sir Hector Langevin to the wall, and pounds him, and says, *now* won't you give us drop letter boxes? If the letter boxes are not to be in the neighborhood of the *Mercury* office—if the letters are likely to be safe—perhaps the reform will be duly granted."

Perhaps the "undesignated time" alluded to above was just when the writer of this joined the staff of the *Mail*.

The Ottawa *charivari* homicide has been investigated by a coroner's jury, and the result is a verdict of manslaughter against several of the persons arrested. The latest murder, that of Richardson, near Kingston, has caused unusual excitement. The murderer, one Elijah Vanloughnet, has been arrested, and is now lying in Kingston jail awaiting trial. The *Globe*, with its usual enterprise, has secured his "likeness" and given it to the world in the form of a wood-cut, fearfully and wonderfully made as usual.

The *Globe* ought to find some better use for its space than this. The effect of its "cuts" of murderers is not only to bring one of the fine arts into contempt, but to debase the public mind. Providing the ends of justice are served, the less said about murders and murderers in the public press the better, and nobody knows this better than the editor of the *Globe*. If the leading dailies of Toronto were to take a stand on this subject, and exclude all sensational accounts of such affairs, it could not but have a salutary effect upon the press of the whole Dominion.

Otto Bendix, late Court pianist to the King of Denmark, who recently arrived in Boston, is likely to be in Toronto on 1st September, and we learn that Octavius Newcombe & Co. are arranging a complimentary recital, so that the musical people of Toronto may be favored with an opportunity of hearing this distinguished pianist. Herr Bendix for several years held the position of chief instructor in the Conservatory of Music at the Danish capital, and is considered a master of his art. The recital will take place in St. James' School-room.

To Correspondents.

- G. M., Cohocok.—Thanks; will be pleased to hear from you at any time.
- Geo. J. Holyoke.—All right; fire away.
- A. J. McN.—Very good; but might be briefer with advantage.
- Subscriber, London.—We have attended to that small matter in this issue.

SLASHBUSH ON OUR MANIFEST DESTINY.



"Manifest destiny! Why manifest? eh, Almira?" said Gustavus Slashbush one evening last week, as he had finished reading some comments on General Sherman's visit to Canada.

"I give it up," said Almira, who of late had grown quite jocose and somewhat slangy—it is feared from her association with a noble youth from Toronto, who, in company with others, had carried his fishing tackle to and had temporarily located on the outskirts of the Slashbush estate.

"And so do I 'give it up,'" said Gustavus severely, not liking the flippant style of his sister's answer. "Here's Gen. Bill Sherman who cut a swathe forty miles wide from 'Atlanta to the Sea,' through his own glorious republic, and didn't leave a bridge, fence, or house on his devastating track, is of the opinion that we ought to belong to the States. That's the word, Almira—"belong." Of course this was "war

time," and the people were "rebels," but if we joined the Union we might repent of our bargain, and want to secede too, and then look out for squalls. Now, in British Columbia, or elsewhere, people can talk of secession or anything else, and leave the Dominion, too, I suppose, if the critters want to, without a couple of hundred thousand bunnars going through the land and making ducks and drakes of everything. If we'd only think so we are all right. We can a seuss confederation of the empire, or no empire, or anything else here. The newspapers may pitch into each other, and the politicians air their mouths in long speeches, but there's no blood spilt and no particular harm done. We have no Secretary of State to pull his little bell and consign us to Governor's Island, or some other military prison, as Mr. Seward used to boast of being able to do. Manifest destiny! Why it makes me lugh! Ha! ha! It makes me—"

"Ded darn ye!" interrupted old Slashbush, who had just come home from the trout stream near the beech bush; "what in thunder are ye luffin' at? Go and order them city fellers off the farm. And you Almira, if I catch you speakin' agin to that long legged critter with the short trousers agin I'll break every bone in your body."



Barney's Trip on the "Southern Belle."

BRIDGEBURGH TERRACE, August 15th, 1861.

ME DEAR FRIEND GRIP.—

Whin yer shtomach gets out av order, an' yer aftter feelin' quare all over; whin, what wid the durt, an' dusht, an' hate, its gaspin' all the toime ye are fur a breath av the blissid fresh air—thin sm, be thim same tokens, its a thrip on the *Southern Belle* an' a whiff av the shkoy blue brayzes av Ontario that will do yez more good than all the physics av the apothecary. Shure, an't I just aftter havin' a thrip meself. Well, sir, "the morn was fair, the shkoy was clear," whin Nora, she says to me, says she, "Barney," says she, "is it the consumption yez have, I dunno, yez are aftter lukin' so bad all the toime? Musha, Barney!" says she, "luk at the foine bowl av salts an' senna wid a rizin in it I'm aftter makin' yez, an' yez musht drink it down fashin'." "All right," says I, "Nora, but get me white shirt an' me green toie ready to-night, for its off to Hamilton an' out av this I'll be thins blissid avenin'." "An' won't yez take the good physic, asthere?" "Av coorse," says I, an' wil thut, unbeknownst to me, me unfortunate elow pokes the beautiful bowl av physic clare onto the fire. "Quite accidentally," says I. "Oh, yes, I believe yez," says she kind av dry loike.

The town clock was aftter shtrikin' seven whin, behowld your sarvint waitin' on the wharf; the last golden shmoile av the sunset on me face as much as to say, "Good night, an' good luck to yez, Barney!" Ye se, Misther Garr, I had heard so much av the beauty av Hamilton, an' the way thim Tonawandians prised it up, that, says I, "Begorra I'll have a couple av dollars worth av it anyway, an' it will be asier to take than the physic." The moment I set feet on board, the captain he comes up to me an' says, he shakin' me hand, "Happy to see you, Misther O'Hea, an' its proud I am to see yez on the *Belle*." Thin he axed aftter Nora an' Tim, an' says he, "I hope, Misther O'Hea," says he, "yez will enjoy your thrip to Hamilton as much as I do readin' Garr every Saturday. I suppose," says he, "you'll be glad to see that the Land Bill has passed aftter

all; it will do a power av good to your country." "Captain," says I, "I'm a Canadian these twenty years, an' Canada is me country, an' where wil yez find wan fit to hold the candle to her as a home country. But whispur its another thrip I take wid yez, when we'll be aftter passin' the great Canadian Land Bill av 1883, an' thin I'll luck for yer congratulations on the abolition av absolute landlordism in the North-West." Be this toime the wind sprung up an' the byes and girls began to promenade up an' down the deck, buffin' an' sparkin', an' gollivantin' generally, an' becomin' a kind av in the way, I says, says I, "We'll go down stairs, Barney," an' I sauntered down to where there's a little place forinist the dure av the ladies' saloon, an' I could see they war all women folks an' childer there, barrin' two min wid black coats an' white toies, sittin' away at the far ind, an' another young man sittin' on a sofa, doi' himself the honor av kapin' a couple av gossoons av girls gigglin' at his second hand wit. By an' bye do in comes a weary lukin' woman wid a big heavy baby ashlep in her arms, an' she goes up to the dure av the saloon an' lugs all around, an' then she lukt the second toime at the min wid they lazy legs crossed over eich other, an' turned away wid a heavy sigh, for in this wuruld paple sigh with achin' backs as often as wid achin' hearts. Then a white faced craythur, as sick as death, she comes in, an' aftter her another mother, a young craythur wid a suckin' baby, an' they walked all round in front av thim min there, an' wud yez believe it, Misther Garr, they sat still an' just lukt at the poor craythurs, an' thim lukin' like to dirap. At last a big woman she reaches over an' she says right in the ear av the fool on the sofa, "Pity poor sick woman can't get a sent, an' so many min layin' around." Bedad, sur! the way that young fellow flew out av that was a trate to see; he nivir wanst said good night. All the same the weary woman got a sent at last. Thin a tall young woman wid a face loike a June rose, an' hair loike spun gowld, she cum sailin' in, an' a gentleman he lade her up to the pianny, an', begorra, she played till I cum near dancin' an' makin' an owld fool av meself! By an' bye in shteps a dapper, jolly owld Frenchman wid his cane, an' he goes saftly up to the pianny, an' he keekin' under her hat he says, wid a shly shmoile, "Ha! ha! I thought it was you." "Oh! Dr. Filigiano," says she, "you musht sing for us." "Wid plensure," says he, puttin' his hat on the tap av the pianny, an' he shtroked his grey head an' cleared his throat, for the owld man has the heart av a bye in him yet. Then the folks all crowded in, meself among the rest, an' he sang the "Marscellaise" in foine shtyle. Aftter that the lady she played awhile. Thin he sang the "Low Backed Car," an' the way he sat wid his arum round Peggy's waist as they drove to Father Maher's made the girls luff till yez couldn't heer the music. "Do," says I, "docther, sing us just another wan." So he straitened himself up, an' puttin' his hand on his left soide, he signd an' sung "The Datin' av Me own Heart," till you'd think the owld man hadn't grown his first whiskers. Well, now, what wid the music, an' the chatin', an' the fun, me thrip came to an ind too soon intoirely. There were two mosht beautiful strate cars, loike churches widout walls, waitin' to recave us. I got in an' drove to the Royal Hotel, where I slept. Next mornin' I went out to luk at the city, an' I'll nivir think av it agoin widout three C's,—clane, cool, an' comfortable. I haven't room here to shpake av its beauties, but the Tonawandians paid a grute compliment to Naples whin they compared it to Hamilton, for Naples is just as dirty as Hamilton is clane. An' how could they ivir, for a moment, compare the filthy, grasey, black-browed Nappolitans wid the clane-skinned, rose-tinted, bright-eyed lads and lassies that I saw rowin' their beanie boats over the crystal, clear waters av Hamilton Bay?

BARNEY O'HEA.



THAT BA-AD MAN AGAIN.

Some weeks ago we warned the public of the Maritime Provinces of the approach of a very Ba-ad Man who carried a Razor. Our warning was in vain! The people did not rise *en masse* and drive the desperate fellow into the sea ere he had set foot upon their peaceful soil, as they would have done had they been guided by the *Mail* and *Us*. No! they allowed him to cross their boundary line! they permitted him, in fact, to partake of all the rights and liberties accorded to ordinary visitors. The result has been just what might have been expected. The Ba-ad Man has conducted himself in a Ba-ad Man-ner. At the city of St. John he commenced his career of lawlessness by gathering a crowd of reckless men like himself in one of the hotels. There for several hours he was the leading spirit in a series of terrible orgies. They had *rum*! gallons and gallons of *rum*; and the Ba-ad Man beat upon utterly demoralizing the youth of the land, occasionally rushed out on the street and dragged in helpless young persons whom he treated to *rum*. This account we condense from the columns of the *St. John Sun*, a paper which is the organ of good, rum-luting Sir Leonard Tilley, and which never overstates the facts of a case—any more than may be necessary. From the same paper we learn that the Ba-ad Man has been keeping up his wickedness ever since leaving St. John. The editor tells us (and the editor in question is John Livingstone—no relation to the Livingstone who was once nearly killed by a-lyin') a good and truthful man, the editor tells us that at Charlottetown the Ba-ad Man kicked up a great row under the window of Hon. Mr. Pope who was stretched upon a bed of sickness. It is not stated particularly whether the Ba-ad Man threw bricks at the side of the house or merely pounded on the fence with a club and called Mr. Pope names. Besides these overt acts of badness, Blake has gone from town to town pouring forth a stream of abuse upon the policy of the Government, upon the Syndicate bargain and upon the N. P., and he has uttered his charges so rapidly that nobody has been able to answer them. Grip is sorry for the unhappy Maritime Provinces, but they should have taken warning in time, and ordered this Ba-ad Man off their premises.

From Gay to Grave.

No apology need be made for transferring the following sentences from an excellent article in the *Detroit Free Press* to the pages of Grip, a paper which is destinctively a family journal, read week after week by thousands of young persons. The wise words of the *Detroit* writer

have as much bearing on life in our Canadian towns and cities as elsewhere.

"The figure of Jennie Cramer, lying on the wet sands of New Haven harbor, was familiar to scores of people in that city. Many had marked her physical beauty, her large eyes, smooth complexion, clarified by arsenic, her weak and frivolous mouth, handsome chin and voluptuous neck. They knew, too, her gay and pleasure-loving disposition, her laughter and her singing. They had long known her as a frequenter of the streets and often turned to look at her. Some of them this summer noted her in her white muslin gowns, her ruffled and fluted overskirts, her lace sleeves and waist, her beads of Scotch pearl, her Leghorn hat trimmed with lace, and ornamented with butterfly and yellow plume, her blue-green sash, her clicking high-heeled shoes, her long mits which were not long enough to hide the rings on her fingers, so often conspicuously pointing and gesturing, and thus displaying her jewelry. Even after she lay, with limp and dragged skirts, in the tide and the weeds that washed over, they could easily recall the trim, laughing, and apparently happy girl, and the times they had seen her on excursions, in ice cream saloons, in the boats, or on the horse cars, leaning upon the arm of young men equally thoughtless, pleasure-loving, and frivolous, chatting with chatter-box companions of her own sex, and leading the life of the butterfly which she wore symbolically on her hat.

Jenny Cramer was well known in Detroit and other cities, also:—her white dress, her feathers, her high-heeled shoes; her merriment and her chatter; her companions with their cigarettes and canes, or their fans, feathers and sa-hes; her moonlight evening, her ice cream, and all the rest of it. Though her body now lies mutilated in the vats and jars in the chemist, she still walks and prattles in Detroit and elsewhere. Under whatever name and whatever guise, she is still the same. One can see her, especially of a Saturday night, tripping in the glare of the lights among the throngs on the avenues. Thoughtless chiefly, not depraved necessarily, she skips along, her arm, maybe, in that of a girl friend no worse but probably no better than she; not shameless, but still bold: often passing to the wrong side of the line that separates modesty from indelicacy; willing, if not solicitous for acquaintance with the other sex, regardless of their characters or careers; accepting the luxurious favors that such men are ready to pay—rides, wines, suppers, dances, and the score of pleasures that so easily delight and content these giddy creatures.

To just what extent parents are responsible for allowing their daughters' ignorance to dally with vice thus hidden from their inexperienced eyes, but staring the observant and the wise in the face, is for each one to determine. But surely, in the light of catastrophes like this at New Haven, it becomes a duty on the part of parents in all cities, to not only make their daughters acquainted with the path that leads to death, but to be well assured that they have not entered into it. They should realize more than they seem to, that every city has its rakes and libertines who like the Malleys, unscrupulous and heartless, come out also in the glare of the lights to entrap these silly though well-meaning girls. One need but study the crowds that throng the streets at night to see the danger to which these girls expose themselves and the large numbers of them that-headless and laughing, walk upon the edge of the abyss.

Even though they may pass untouched and unharmed this week, they may take the fatal step the next. An attractive home-life will do much to deliver them from evil, but the first thought should be to lead them not, nor suffer them to be led, into temptation; because, for one girl who can walk the narrow edge of this precipice, undazed and clear-headed, a hundred will go down into the depths below.



THE ZOO.

Listen to the Zoo, merry Zoo!
With its Great Girasticutus, Bumble Bee, and Kangaroo,
And the Pelican from Africa's burning sands.

How the untamed Zebra screams,
In the startled air of night,
And the people in the Queen's,
Start up in great affright.
When the savage Catawampus bays the moon!
His voice is a sweet tenor,
He can tell as well as Venus,
The coming of a tempest or typhoon;
From his cage there in the Zoo,
In the Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,
From the green and grassy gardens of the Zoo.

Listen to the Zoo, noisy Zoo!
And the royal Bengal Tiger, and the fiery Cariboo,
And the Thomas Cat who nightly after dark
Goes prowling round the fences,
The walls and the defences

Of the Park.
How he frightens the young maiden,
Who with her young charge is laden,
Goes out there with her fellow for a lark.
He sets the infant bawling,
When it sees his eye-balls glisten,
And his hideous caterwauling,
Makes the neighbors as they listen,
Say, "I'm glad he's in the Zoo,
In the Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,
In his iron-bound apartment in the Zoo."

Listen to the Zoo, horrid Zoo!
Oh my! oh goodness gracious!
Oh Holy Moses! Phew!
How you get the gentle perfume when at dusk,
You stroll down to the water,
With your Angelina Jane,
And she says "We hadn't orter
Come down this way again."
As she waves her "wipe" suggestive so of musk,
But the band commences playing,
A sweet and joyous tune,
Responsive to the braying,
Of the big lob-tailed baloon,
And she changes then her tune,
And wants to see the Zoo,
The Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,
She says, "How much too Utter is the Zoo!"

Listen to the Monkeys at the Zoo!
How they eat the cakes and apples,
And cut tobacco chew,
As they hang up in their cages by their tails!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
As they climb around like "tars,"
And they make the children scatter,
To their respective "inars."
When they try and grab the darlins through the rail!
But Professor Harry Piper,
Will come out with a stick,
And he'll fetch each one a swiper,
That will stop his monkey trick;
Then he'll go to the box office all alone,
And sit down there so smiling,
The multitude beguiling,
In ceaseless monotony,
"Oh walk into the Zoo,
The Zu, Zeu, Zault!
Come in and see the wonders of the Zoo.

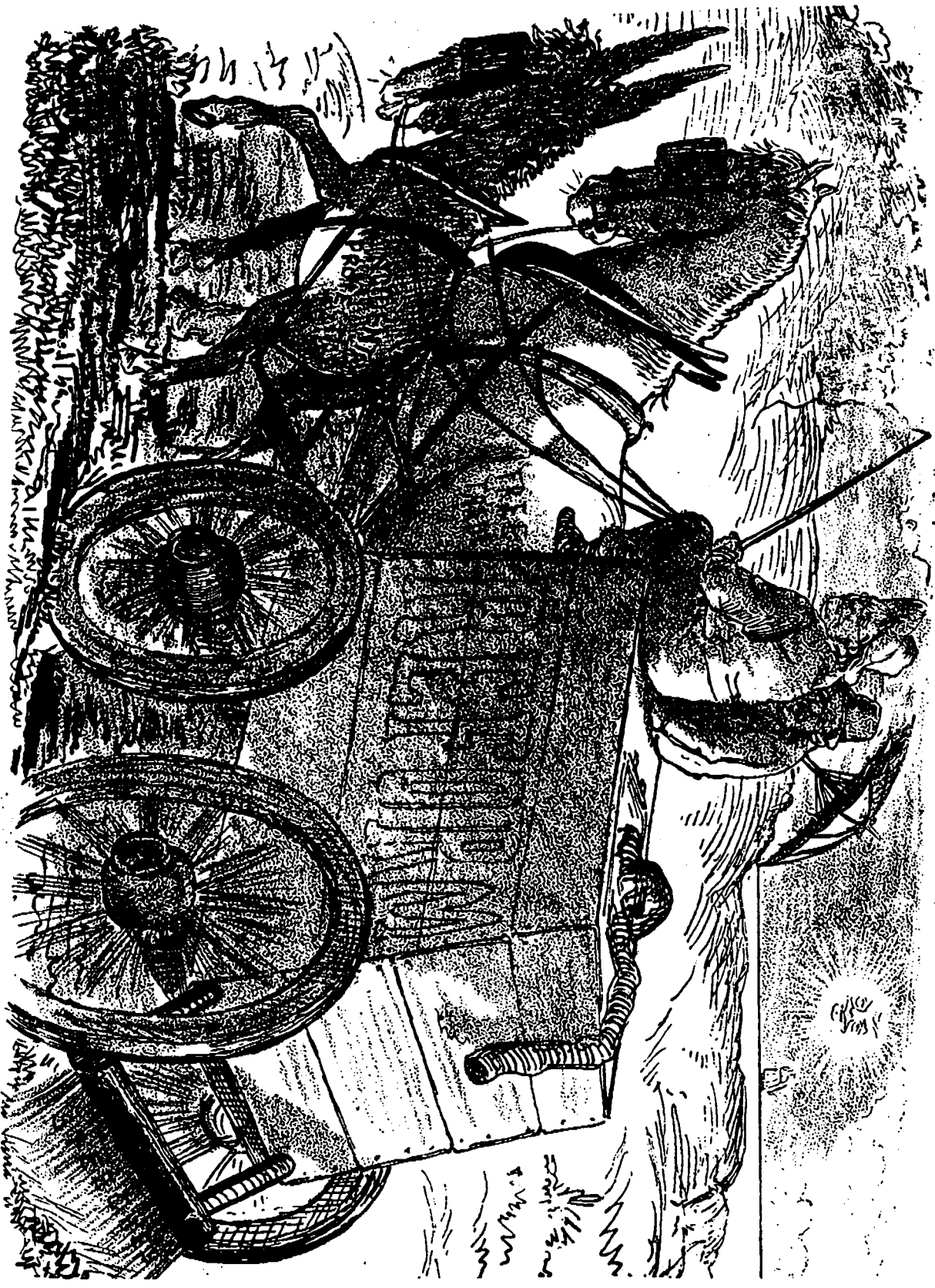
Ambition.

There was an old sporter of Winnipeg,
Who thought he would start for the east;
He said to himself, "I'll put in a pig,
No longer I'll drink like a beast."
It was not that he felt much contrition,
Or went back on rye or champagne,
But he thought he might get a commission,
To write for the *Globe* down in Maine.

Socialists who seek the amelioration of human ills cannot do it by a meal-proration, though every mealy-mouthed speaker seems to think so. *Philadelphia News*

See comments on page 5.

"LIKE WATER SPILT UPON THE GROUND."



The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

"THE VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE."

Full forty years I had ploughed the main
Along the rugged coasts: I thought I knew
The compass points—knew where remorseless rocks,
Treach'rous shoals, and hidden reefs abound.—
Knew the surges face as it came sweeping
On the bosom of the storm. The dashing
Elements upon the watery plain,
Where as terrorless to me as wanton
Winds that woo the drowsy trophies into
Dreamless sleep. I loved to see the storm
Descend the headlong drive the crested waves
To break like mountains on the rocky beach.—
Walked over wrecks as though they were toy
Houses dismantled by the peuliant
Passions of a child. I trusted to the
Needle in the compass fixed; and thought
I knew its every variant course; at
Last it took a wayward turn, and misled
Me into strange, unkown, and distant seas;
Where my presumptuous learning was at fault;
When I was but a puny child again;
The abject slave of every greater
Force, a prey to terror, struggling helplessly
With powers new, not known, and unforeseen.

This will it ever be; we mount the goal
Marked out by the inspiring dream of
Youth,—yea the crested peaks is gained! we
Stand upon the giddy height that seemed
So far away; where we had dreamed, ah
Vainly dreamed, alone there was repose.
Upon whose summit we had hoped to
Lay the weary limbs, put the busy
Cares of life aside, and rest serenely there.

For the first time we then and there behold
The fruit of knowledge is untasted yet.
A vision of shoreless, and infinite, bursts
Upon the startled brain.—The lightning's flash!—
A revelation, shocking us with its quick
Force, beneath where gleaming fire at last we see,
That thought like space is unmeasured and
Boundless; into whose unfathomed realms,
The progressive mind must onward leap, to
Its uncertain fate; what untrodden barren
Coast, or turbulent sea, it may strike upon,—
Amid what wrecks and ruins perish, or,
Amongst what living greatness still survive,
Fail man of mortal mould can never tell.

Orvis P. Coffinbury.

Constantine, Mich.

HE STOOD THE TEST FOR A FREE PASS

A young man of affable manners presented himself at the box office of a variety show at Petaluma, and requested a press pass.

"You don't claim to be a journalist, do you?" asked the manager glancing suspiciously at the good clothes and innocent expression of the applicant.

"Yes I do, though; I'm of the *Fleatown Snapper*."

"Hum! What is your department?" growled the manager.

"I do the 'Answers to Correspondents,'" asserted the youth.

"Do, eh? Let me see: What was the fastest mile ever skated backward for money in the United States?"

"That question is always signed 'Nimrod,'" said the young man, promptly; "and the answer is, 'Died in Brazil, 1446.'"

"Correct," said the manager. "When was Cleopatra hung?"

"Trinx with deep ruching and bake before a quick fire."

"Did Oliver Cromwell have a blue wart on his chin?"

"B takes the trick, of course."

"Was Queen Elizabeth bandy-legged, or only banded in one leg? and how do you take ink-stains out of marble?"

"Inquire at the hardware store. Patagonia was discovered by Benjamin Franklin in 1293."

"That settles it," said the manager, promptly shelling out a private box check; "I see you've got 'em all by heart. Pass right in."—*San Francisco Post*.

"There are two boating associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books."

"How does this strike you?" asked the lightning of the barn.

When is a room full of men like an empty one? When it has not a single man in it.

Why is a thimbleful of vinegar like a colored baby? Because it is a little bit of a-nig-ger.

If the weather is hot for seven days why is it like a rickety stool? Because it's a week's 'eat!

No woman should ever borrow the husband of another; because it is not good for man to be a loan.

There are 100,000 commercial drummers in the United States—the largest brass band on record.

Guiteau does not need a cordon of police for his protection. A simple cord on his neck is all that is required.

Considering that the law is broken so often it is not a matter for surprise that amendments are often necessary.

"Why is a garden's wildered maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?
It only wants some hand to raise
The weeds that have no business there."

Frugal landlady of boarding-house; "Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder: "Well, pr'aps, if I don't feel hungry."

The presence of Mr. Vanderbilt at the Chicago races is explained by his having taken advantage of the low rate of railroad fares just now prevailing.

Several Texans are in jail at Leadville. We have already observed that, no matter where Texans may be, they move in the very best society the place has.

He was an old party named Cholmondeley,
Whose castle was ancient and chulmondeley,
So he said, with a sigh,
"I can't brace it so 'igh,
It'll have to go topsy and thulmondeley."

A servant girl wrote from New York to her friends in Bangor that she works in a house called flats, and that they go from one story to another in ventilators and send their washing to the foundry.

This is the latest Western form of saying a man was hanged. "He was unanimously chosen by a convention of six property-holders to jump from a new pine platform into the sweet subsequently."

One of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name "Psyche" on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spoiled it out slowly, and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spoil fish!"

"What is your occupation?" asked the magistrate, as he beamed at the burglar through his spectacles. "Wot ham I, yer washup?" replied the burglar in his most silvery tones, "why, a house cleaner, in course?"

According to the *Yonkers Statesman*, this is the very latest: "Are you going to the ocean?" "No, I am not going to the ocean—I detest the notion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean by way of Goshen."

The very newest of all new agonies is for a young lady to have her hand photographed and send it to her best young man. This signifies: "Twas mine, 'tis yours," etc. If this isn't "Utter," then we are "Quite too."

He had a theory in regard to the manufacture of a gun. He never could put his theory into practice, so he consoled himself with the fact that although he could not make his gun, he was not supporting an exploded theory.

"I can't very well express which it—what there—I do not—you are very—I am not, sir, insensible—the fact is," said the diffident man, suddenly called to his feet for a speech at a public dinner; "I can't make a speech, and I can't say anything I would understand or you would wish to hear, and if it pleases you to see me blush and sweat, I will stand here on one leg and perspire for the next ten minutes." They let him off.

"I jump at conclusions," remarked the cat when she grabbed for the rat's tail as he went out of sight down a hole.—*Steubenville Herald*. "You may only want a part of my tail, but I am for the hole," replied the rat.—*Richmond Baton*.

Mr. Alcott, at the Concord School of Philosophy last week, said that during slumber the animal in our nature predominates. The "animal" referred to, it may be presumed, is the nightmare, which predominates altogether too much some nights.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Uncle," said a young man who thought that his guardian did not supply him with money often enough, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

A little kiss,
A little bliss,
A little ring—it's ended,
A little jaw,
A little law,
And lo! the bonds are rended.

Do the gamblers believe they will have a little pair-o'-dice of their own in the great hereafter? How to make a pair of back stairs—let two women with new bonnets on pass each other in the street. It begins to look as though the next world's fair would have to be held in the next world, if anywhere.

Watered silks threaten to be the rage next season.—*Fashion Note*. We are glad to know that silks are assuming a threatening attitude, though they always have a ripping time of it, even when in their best condition, but as watered silks are considered damaged goods, we fail to see how they can become fashionable.—*Phila. Item*.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

A well appearing gentleman was arrested on Thursday, charged with stealing two mattresses from a Coney Island hotel. The evidence was mainly circumstantial, and he was on the verge of being discharged from custody when the missing property was found. He had hidden the mattresses between the cases of his watch. Sing Sing, eighteen months.

He had bought his summer clothes,
La-de-da,
Where he got them no one knows,
La-de-da,
Save the tailor, and the hatter,
Who have his need to his chatter,
And can whistle for their ducats,
La-de-da, la-de-da.

Question in hats. Should a fireman wear a fire plug? "Yes, I find a good deal of culture in the United States," remarked a European. And then he added, "Tobacco culture." "That but-ter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the fence.—*Lowell Citizen*. It is easy to see how he got the impression.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"We will now take up the analytical consideration of this orange," said the learned Prof. to his class. "It is one of the most useful and important of all the fruits. Student Jones, stand up, and let me know if you can get away with this orange, for the edification of the class." Jones—"Yes sir, I'm sure I can get away with it! That's the kind of a sucker I am!"

"Shudge," said a Dutchman who was pleading his own case in a court where he was arraigned on a charge of slander, "Shudge, when a man makes up dot he will be a shoundred undt a dief undt a shideboke, undt every day de vay dot he behaves himself was der vay dot advertize he was a shoundred undt a dief undt a shideboke, vot is der matter mit der man dot dells him he vas a shoundred undt a dief undt a shideboke? Ish dero some wrongness about dot? Undt if it is, where it ish, by shiminy?"



PETERS' PENCE.

London cannot settle down to the business of the Great Western Fair until the pending law suit of Peters vs. Morrison & Trotter is settled, which will be on the 26th inst., unless the lawyers on either side move a *rule nisi* to have the *habeas corpus* transferred on an *a priori* and enlarged to the Michaelmas term. "The facts of this case," as the opening attorney will say, on rising before the jury, "are as follows: The defendants are laundrymen; it being their business to cleanse, wash, dry, starch, iron and otherwise renovate shirts, collars, vests, etc., for gentlemen. The plaintiff on the date stated in the information gave the defendants an order to wash some articles of wearing apparel for him, said articles including one white vest—or one vest which the plaintiff wanted to have made white by means of soap and water. When the job was accomplished, the plaintiff called to get the articles and asked for the bill, which was duly presented to him. In said bill an overcharge of five cents was made, according to the plaintiff, upon the washing of the vest. Defendants claimed that the apparent overcharge was due to a mistake of the printer in the printed list of charges, the words 15c. to 20c. having been put instead of 15c. to 25c. The plaintiff repudiated this vile insinuation against the intelligent compositor as *you*, gentlemen of the jury, will repudiate it, and again demanded that the defendants should pull down that vest. They refused to do so, and the plaintiff paid the full amount under protest. He now comes to you, gentlemen, to recover that five cents. I am aware, gentlemen of the jury, that this plaintiff has been maligned and abused by a thoughtless and uncalculating community on account of the smallness of the sum for which he is suing. But, gentlemen, no truly frugal man, no domestic economist has joined in these smiles and jeers. Five cents, gentlemen of the jury, is—is, well it is solid silver as far as it goes. It is not to be sneezed at, and this plaintiff is not willing to become the prey of cold-blooded extortioners without a murmur. A scene rises before me. I see a dusty highway. It is a torrid afternoon in mid-summer. A traveller, weary, footsore and perspiring, drags himself along with laggard step and haggard face. He has travelled for miles, and now he is ready to perish through heat and thirst. On the distant horizon he descries a country tavern, and his heart bounds at the sight. New energy inspires his limbs and urges him forward at an accelerated pace. At length he reaches the threshold and falls rather than steps across it. He totters to the bar and calls for beer. A glass of the beverage is placed before him, and he is about to seize it, when the barman demands cash in advance. The traveller fumbles in his pocket. It is empty! The beer is returned to the barrel, and the poor traveller—no other than our plaintiff—is thus deprived of the nourishment that Nature demands, because these defendants have got that five cent piece which ought to be in his pocket. Another scene rises before me. A gentleman has left his office for the day, weary and lagged, and makes for home. He is late

and he lives a long distance out; he sees a street car going in his direction and runs for it. After an exhausting chase of five blocks, gentlemen of the jury, he catches that car and secures a seat. Immediately the conductor approaches, and makes a slight movement with his leather money bag. The passenger searches his pockets. It is in vain. He has no change. Amid the jeers of the other passengers he is hustled with coutumely into the street. Again we look and behold it is our plaintiff, who is obliged to walk home, all on account of the merciless greed, the consuming avarice of these defendants. Five cents nothing? Gentlemen of the jury, the value of five cents cannot be estimated, except by gentlemen like you, for I will do you the justice of saying that if there is a class in the community that *can* and *do* esteem a five cent piece that class is the hardy yeomanry who furnish our country with juries.

Wanted—Missionaries for Yale!

(See "On the Wing" in the *Globe* of Aug. 13, 1881.)

Far off in British Columbia,
Beside the Pacific Rail,
On the western bank of the Fraser,
There stands the town of Yale!
And these are the strange proceedings,
There, unrestrained by law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!
The highways hummed with the traffic,
Of buyers and sellers there,
A motley crowd, like the traders,
In Bunyan's *Fantasy Fair*,
Shoemakers, snips, and hatters,
Dry-goods, and hardware stores,
Butchers, bakers, and grocers,
Were vending with open doors.
The low saloons were busy,
Plying their ghastly trade,
And poisoned drinks flowed freely,
Behind each bar-room's shade.
Men staggered about on all sides,
Reeking with "forty-rod"
And the sidewalks seemed too narrow,
For many that on them trod.
Others were stretched out, snoring,
Covered with dust and flies;
Blacklegs with broken noses,
Blackguards with crocked eyes.
Such were the strange proceedings,
Unheeded by the law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!
Navvies from San Francisco,
Miners from Cariboo,
Light-fingered sharp, and bullies,
With some of the fair sex, too,
Were gambling in tavern parlors,
At keno, euchre, and bluff,
Or rooking at three-card monte,
Some greenhorn who had the "stuff."
But the only hint of Sunday,
Was when, with Sabbatic qualms,
A maddily drunken dorky,
Hiccoughed some Goody psalms.
Such were the strange proceedings,
Unnoticed by the law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!

NORAL.

Brethren! much filthy lucre,
Is spent to convert one Jew,
While the state of countless Christians,
Looks desperately blue.
To send white-chokered apostles,
With tracts to the Jew and Turk,
Or the King of the Cannibal Islands,
No doubt is noble work,
But, ere we baptize mere Pagans,
I think that we should not fail,
To raise some funds for a mission,
To tackle that crowd at Yale!

G. M.

A Harmony in Colours.

By WILDE HOSCAR.

The king's daughter has golden clothes,—
(It is a lewd thing to say "shucks.")
Ten score pair of purple hose—
(The good hour is Love's and Luck's.)
Garters girt with garnets gay,
(Whirl! wild waltz in the palace hall),
Deftly she dons, but does not display,
(Lucre, not love, is lord of all.)
Banged on her brow the tresses fair,
Ripple as doth the ribbed sea sand—
Shoulders and neck and arms are bare;
She is *decotele*, you understand!
Like a nocturne in gold and blue,
(The lily waltz 'y the broad lagoon)—
No fairer form flits King street through,
On the dollar side, in the afternoon.

C. P. M.



SIR HECTOR'S VISIT.

Sir Hector Langevin, Kt., came to town the other day and inspected our harbor.

He understands all about harbors and there is no calculating the amount of good that is likely to result from his visit.

Having driven from his hotel in company with several gentlemen of experience, he reached the Esplanade, and took a general view of the bay.

He remarked that the water appeared to be damp, but looked like very good water.

He inquired the depth of the water at a given point, and on being informed that it was two feet he expressed a doubt whether that would afford accommodation for a very large vessel.

He observed a number of objects on the water at a distance, and, putting up his eye-glass, enquired what they were. "Buoys," replied Captain Eads. "You should not permit the boys to swim so near the city," said the Minister.

This concluded the inspection of the harbor and Sir Hector then left, having arranged to meet a party of friends who wished to hear him tell of the honors recently conferred upon him.

We Met.

We met in the midst of a bustle,
When the train was ready to go,
That instant the guard blew his whistle,
And past us the engine did blow;
And snoring away o'er the metals,
The monster went whooping along,
While I in a fit of excitement
Was left with that maiden so young.

We stood and we gazed at each other,
We spoke, but it was with our eyes,
And I cried emotion to smother,
While she badly stifled some sighs.
I know not what caused my emotion,
Nor fancied the source of her sighs,
So spell-bound was I for the moment,
With the leer of her lovely black eyes.

Her hair was as black as the raven,
And her eyes were shining as bright
As the stars that above in the heaven
Shine forth in the darkness of night.
Her lips were the hue of vermilion,
And cheeks, the deep blush of the rose;
And the calm, pale tint of the lily,
On her brow did sweetly repose.

With her I was so captivated,
I settled on asking her hand,
But, then, I got so agitated
I scarcely was able to stand.
But after a bit I took courage,
And ventured my suit then to press,
When she with a vile exclamation,
Cried, "Brute, you have tramped on my dress!"

Scotch Rhymes.

There was a young lassie named Menzies,
Who tried a sonata to senzies,
And the best of the thenzies,
A ballad she'd kenzies,
Which near to convulsions would brezies.
There was a young man named Colquhoun,
Who started a backwoods saiquhoun,
But he sold to an Injun,
And his biz at Lake St. John,
Went up like a circus balquhoun.
There was a young lady named Farquhar,
Fell in love with a gay billiard Marquhar,
But her old dad one day,
Drove the young spark away,
By the aid of a six-chambered barquhar.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. Next Door Post Office, Toronto. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.



PADDY'S LAND BILL.

PADDY.—Shure they say this'll cure me intoirely, av I take it accordin' to the docthor's orthers. It'll calm down me narves an' make me disposition peaceful, an' bedad that's jist f'what I don't want!



HANKERING AFTER SANDWICHES.

JONATHAN.—"I'd like to 'annex' that colored person's property!"

Love Letter Writing Under Difficulties Continued.

When I received your note, my lass,
The night afore yestreen,
I quickly flew and lit the gas,
And on it placed my en;
But sad was I when I beheld,
The strain in which you wrote
To weep, it often me compelled,
My heart was in my throat.

Ye really think I ha'e gane gzie!
Fie Lizzie, fie for shame!
It's bad in you to think me quite
As much as that to blame.
I never thocht that you would try,
Tae quench the flame o' love,
Within my breast, since I wad die,
For you, my bonnie dove.

But let me read a few lines mair,
Ye'll maybe change your tune,
An' ease my heart, noo sad an' snair,
As I get farther doon.
That's better! Ah, that's better lass!
Your like yoursel' again.
I'll let the first twa verses pass,
My doo, my duck, my hen!

When'er I read them ower I'll say,
Ye wrote them jist for fun,
Tae mak' the saut and burnin' tears,
Adoon my cheeks tae run.
And then brocht in the horrid strain,
Tae chase my grief awa',
Tae ease my heart frae pang's o' pain,
An' dry the tears that fa'.

You'll fin' my photograph enclosed,
An' tae the life it's true,
My cheeks through being much exposed,
Have caught the rose's hue.
My brow is as the lily white,
An' azure is my e'e.
Each feature you'll remember quite
As this bit card you see.

I haena muckle changed, my dear,
Since last you saw my face,
Afore you left this city here,
For that far distant place.
I've grown mair manly tae view;
My love for you mair strong;
The fair moustache about my mou',
Mair beautifu' an' lang.

My love, I here may tell you, Liz,
Is tender, strong, an' true,
Tis burnin' as Mount Etna is.
Like it, 'twill ne'er be through.
Though some's love is like powder's flame,
A flash, and then 'tis o'er,
My love is evermore the same,
The same for ever more.
Sae noo my bonnie, sonsie lass,
I ask you in this rhyme—
And things hae cam' tae sic' a pass,
I ask for the last time—

If you will leave your parents dear,
An' cast your lot wi' me?
You wad my sad heart daily cheer,
An' I wad comfort thee.

Noo write me by return o' mail
An' say that you'll mine.
The happy tidings will I hail,
Wi' joy my face shall shine!
I'll wait wi' patience till I hear,
What you hae got tae say,
In answer tae this screed, my dear
Your own true lover

LIZZIE'S REPLY NUMBER TWO.

Rap tap, rap tap upon the door,
I heard the postman's knock.
And quickly skipped across the floor
An' turned the willing lock.
He placed a letter in my han',
The seal I broke wi' speed;
I gied the signature a scan,
An' syne began tae read.

An' when I read it line by line,
I started it anew,
The words tae me seemed mair divine,
Each time as I got through.
An' thus I've learned it a' by heart,
An' dailly will repeat,
The words that could such joy impart
Are mair than honey sweet.

An' may Venus me inquire,
While here I mak' reply,
This is my deep, heartfelt desire,
My earnest prayer an' cry.
May she inspire the words I write,
As well she can I know,
An' humble thanks I will indite
To her, for doing so.

Your photograph I dearly love,
It's very nice indeed;
Your very thoughts come tae my voice,
As I each feature read;
Your mou' still wears the wining smile,
Your e'e the loving leer,
Not even a single trace o' gulle,
About you doth appear.

'Tis true ye have a manlier look,
Than when I saw you last,
Within you sweetly shaded nook,
Where Catman's barn flows past.
Where aft as e'en our wreaths we wove
O' blue and heather bells,
When each kiss was a treasure trove,
And love was magic spells.

I'm glad tae hear your love is strong,
And evermore the same,
As your love, so shall mine be—long.
I scorn a fitful flame
That burns as doth the noon-day sun,
An' cools doon in a trice,
Afore its rays hae richt begun,
Such love were best named vice.

And as ye ask me tae become
Your ain leal, loving wife,
Throughout the years that are tae sun
Up oor bit spell o' life,
I'm willing tae be joined tae you,
Your happiness tae share,
Oor griefs an' pains will then be few,
Love lichtsens every care.

I'll leave this place to-morrow week,
I'll leave my parents dear,
Oor tales o' love we then can speak,
Into eachither's ear.
A motto I will keep my lad,
Inscribed upon my heart,
And should I e'er be dull or sad,
Much comfort twice impart.

'Tis this, "United we shall stand,
As rocky mountains sure,
But minus matrimonial band,
We cannot long endure."
Make this your motto too, dear A.,
And we shall happy be,
Meantime that's all I've got to say,
Yours ever,
L. E. G.



TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, an' endorsed "Tender for Port Credit Lighthouse," will be received at Ottawa, up to the fifth September next, for the construction of a Timber Block, surmounted by a wooden Lighthouse Tower, at the outer end of the north break-water pier at Port Credit, County of Peel, Ontario.
Plans and Specifications can be seen, and forms of tender procured by intending contractors, at this Department, here, and at the office of the Collector of Customs, Port Credit, at the Steamboat Inspector's Office, Toronto.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank, equal to five per cent. on the whole amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

WM. SMITH,
Deputy of the Minister
of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1881.