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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

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NUMBER TWO NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON NUMBER TWO.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer is one of the latest journalistic efforts of Toronto, and promises to be very popular. —Norwich, Ont., Gazette.

From all appearance this little magazine will be a welcome guest among all writers of the art, irrespective of any particular system. It is perfectly cosmopolitan in character, and contains new and interesting matter in regard to the different subjects treated. It is published both in its typic and lithographic portions, very similar to that of the Review, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to shorthand literature. —The Shorthand Review, Cleveland, O.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER" is the title of a well-edited and well-printed magazine, the second number of which has just been issued from GRIP office. Unlike some journals devoted to shorthand, this one is perfectly neutral as between the various systems, and it numbers amongst its contributors disciples of the two Pitmans, Graham, and Munson, besides one or two who acknowledge none of these men as their master. The Writer is full of interesting matter about shorthand and shorthand writers, not the least entertaining feature of the magazine being the cartoon and cartoon portraits by the artist of Grip. —The Globe Toronto.

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

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto. —Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eysel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

CAMPANINI will sail for England next Thursday.

The Ideal Opera Company add "The Bohemian Girl" to their repertoire next season.

Mr. GEORGE C. BONIFACE will be the leading support of Miss ADA CAVENDISH next season.

FRED. G. BERGER will be interested in three distinct amusement enterprises next season.

JO. EMMET, the dialect actor, has been sent to an inebriate asylum, to cure him of a passion for drink.

"A Child of the State," the recent success at WALLACK'S, is to be produced in all the leading cities of the country.

OLE BILL and Miss THURSBY go to Europe very soon. The lady has engagements in England and on the continent.

It is rumored that Mr. HANDFORD intends shortly to deliver his lecture on *Grace Greely* in the Pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens.

Mr. B. E. WOLF, of Boston, whose dramatic reputation began with the 'Mighty Dollar,' is said to be writing a play for Miss KATE FIELD.

Mr. HERBERT REEVES, son of the celebrated Mr. J. SIMS REEVES, has made a successful debut in London. He is said to sing almost precisely like his father. He will do.

Mr. WILLIAM E. CHATTERSON, favourably known as tenor singer about ten years ago, and who has made a marked hit in Vienna and Paris, in Italian Opera, has been engaged as first tenor of the Emma Abbot Opera Company for the coming season.

Dr. STRATHY'S Classical Club gave their promised concert at Newcombe's Hall, on Wednesday of last week. The affair passed off very successfully, the performers acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to themselves and their instructor.

Messrs. W. A. WRIGHT and GEORGE B. BROOKS, Canadian journalists, have received liberal offers from the American Greenback Party to travel through the States and deliver lectures in support of the Greenback candidate, WEEVER, during the coming presidential campaign.

CURRIE, the Texas desperado, who murdered the actor PORTER, has been tried and acquitted on the ground that he was insane when he committed the deed. It is absurd to suppose that a man who shoots another to death in Texas can ever be hung for murder.

The Queen, who loves music, sent the other day for little D'ALBERT, who holds the Queen's scholarship in the Kensington Training school. Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, of course, as the principal, took him to Court. When before her Majesty this wonderful little boy—who, fortunately for himself, is not a wonder-child, but a true wonder when he plays, and a true child when he does not, sat down and played, without fear and without reproach, a whole programme which the Queen had selected. When he came to play Liszt's 'Rhapsodie Hongroise' the Queen rose from her seat perfectly astonished, and stood behind his chair expressing her satisfaction and her pleasure in the most gracious manner. This little D'ALBERT, the son of the famous composer of dance music, is not only so remarkable a pianist, but at his age he has written a canon for sixteen voices, and it may be hoped that in the great pupil of his great master we may hail a new SULLIVAN to come.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, Tinning's wharf.

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

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 7, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

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

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

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

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

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

The *Magazine of Art* has arranged for an essay on the subject of "Queen Victoria and Art," to appear in the June issue. The value of the number will be enhanced by copies of sketches by both the Queen and the late Prince Consort, permission having been given for their reproduction.

The deaths are announced of MICHAEL WETTER, the landscape and historical painter, aged seventy-eight; and of CARL FRIEDRICH LESSING, the well-known German painter of the "Cemetery in Ruins," "The Sermon of the Hussites," "Luther Destroying the Papal Bull," and "John Huss at the Stake."

The American exhibit at the *Salon* this year comprises between seventy and eighty pictures of, with few exceptions, great merit. The American artists studying in Paris outnumber those of any other nation, and among the Et-rangers their pictures have good positions, and receive their well-earned praise.

We have not yet seen the book that, like Mr. MALLOCK'S "Is Life Worth Living?" is this year to be read by almost everyone wishing to keep pace with the times, and after being read with summer zeal and summer wisdom, to be pronounced wordy and worthless. Such a work, undoubtedly, will appear, and we look for it with curiosity.

Word comes from Washington that Signor FILIPPO COSTAGNI, the friend and assistant of Signor BRUNDI, whose dying wish was that the former might complete his work on the frescoing of the Rotunda of the Capitol, has received the appointment for the work. The artist chosen has made decorations in several churches and cathedrals, but is not generally known.

Mr. TENNISON will shortly again figure as a playwright. He has written a two-act play which Mr. IRVING has accepted, and which will probably be brought out at the Lyceum in a few months' time. The "Falcon" was not a great success, but it helped to improve Mr. TENNISON'S knowledge of stage business, and his next attempt will at all events be less crude.

Mr. RUSKIN has drawn the plan for a new wing to his museum at Sheffield, in which he intends to place a fine collection of prints and casts. The cost will be £500, which it is proposed to raise by subscription. So many art students have lately come to Sheffield, not only from England, but from this country, as to make this enlargement necessary.

A little brochure, written in the *Hudibras* couplet, and entitled *Canada, a Satire*, has been laid upon our table. The rhyming displays considerable literary skill and taste, though the title of Satire in connection with appears to be misused. It is an undisguised plea for annexation, and no doubt will please those who like that sort of thing.

LE COMTE DE NOUY has finished an immense picture commemorating the life and works of Victor HUGO. It is in the form of a triptych, forty-three feet long by twenty in height. On the left panel is depicted the youth of the poet, in the right the sad parts of his life, and in the central panel he is apotheosised. Carried by the Muses, the poet is brought to a marble palace, where HOMER sits with his daughters, the ILLAD and ODYSSEY. Of the five seats above, four are occupied by DANTE, VIRGIL, SHAKESPEARE, and GOETHE, and the fifth is vacant, while the Muse of History inscribes his name on a golden tablet.

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.

NO. 3. THE HOTEL CLERK.

We have no desire to be hard upon the hotel clerks, those gorgeous models of chivalry, whose aim in life soars little above that of attracting public admiration, and whose time and purse are greatly diminished by the kind attentions they pay their tailors. We never meet an hotel clerk without experiencing a sense of awe, and feeling that we are in the presence of a superior being, for King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The thoroughbred hotel clerk, not one of those hybrid specimens who unite the duties of bartender and clerk, but one whose soul is far above working a beer engine, is nothing if not supercilious in manner and resplendent in his get up. Notwithstanding that these gentlemen are supposed to be perfect encyclopedias of knowledge to the ignorant enquirer, to put one of them to any trouble by asking for information has always appeared to us a wanton piece of cruelty, calculated to disturb that serene and impressive dignity, of which the auxiliaries are a middle parting of the hair, waxed moustache ends and paste diamonds. It has often been an enigma to us how the hotel clerk gets rid of his money. As a rule they have no children or encumbrances of any kind. They have no household expenses to meet. Their income is an unknown quantity; but whatever its amount, it is obvious that it is chiefly used as pocket-money. Should a question arise, or a subject be started about which there is a diversity of opinion or a deficiency of knowledge, the hotel clerk, speaking with authority and not as the Scribes, is quite ready to bet, or to use his own language, "back his opinion" by depositing the contents of his pocket-book against the contents of yours in the hands of some mutual acquaintance or bystander; and as the amounts he offers to stake are generally larger than any you are likely to be in possession of at the time, naming them with an air of unconcerned indifference, the logical conclusion is, that his salary must be a very handsome one.

We believe the hotel clerk's chief idiosyncrasy is his unruffled self-conceit. Whether he summons the bell-boy or porter, writes out the dinner bill-of-fare, adds up your bill, chews the end of a tooth-pick or surveys himself in the glass, he assumes the air of one who evidently thinks no small things of himself. The hotel clerk first and after him the deluge. Some of these gentlemen are so very far gone in self esteem that they affect a sham asceticism, being reserved in their manner, answering in monosyllables and speaking in subdued cadences, as if a scarcity of speech and modulation of the voice were the indications of true dignity. The best passport to the good graces of these indi-

viduals is dress. Should the guest arrive travel stained and in modest attire, the clerk sniffs him at once and relegates him to a room at the top of the house. On the other hand, should the guest appear in a vest of many colors and have the appearance of being some tailor's walking advertisement, shining with ointment and smelling of bandoline, he is received with a smirk and a smile and assigned one of the best rooms in the house. Hotel clerks may change their climate, but it is not often they change their manners, and to all guests they bear themselves with a supercilious air, as if the obligation was all on their side and they regarded the travelling public as interlopers, trying to make their way on cheek and upon whom a very strict watch should be kept.

It sometimes happens that the clerk has to assume the duties of a bartender, and when this is the case he is often a cad as well as a snob. These gentlemen usually perform their duties in their shirtsleeves, pulled well up the arm and held in place by a band. To see them prepare a mixed drink is the acme of nonchalant dexterity. They go through a sort of legerdemain performance with the tumbler, throw it up in the air, catching it as it falls in a manner which seems to say "just see how very smart I am." These gentlemen are mostly sporting characters. They know all about the winners of go-as-you-please matches, are well up in the names of the winners of aquatic events, and have a horsey manner about them, as vulgar as it is common with members of the brotherhood. In a pocket in the back part of their pants they carry their money, and when they offer to make a bet they drag it out and slap it on the bar-counter or office desk with a laugh, as much as to say "You can't bluff me." These men are even fonder of dress than the clerk, pure and simple, and as a general thing they are louder in their taste. Large rings adorn their puffy looking fingers and a glaring neck-tie is set off by a pin, fashioned to represent a horse-shoe, a bridle, or something or another sporty and horsey. Like their brethren who only perform a clerk's duties, their hair is a credit to the hotel barber, and if divested of some of the attributes of their more aristocratic brother, they assume more or less, putting on airs and affecting a deportment peculiar to hotel snobs and well-known to the travelling public.

The Senate.

It was still raining in torrents. The strong North Easter blew in fitful gusts, each succeeding blast waxing stronger and stronger, causing the somewhat rickety window frames of the SLASHBUSH mansion to shake like a newly imported Englishman undergoing his first attack of the ague. The melancholy, sad-eyed cows stood patiently in the storm, gazing to leeward in an irregular row, like a squadron of the Body Guard before the Parliament House at the opening of the Session. GUSTAVUS had taken off his boots, and was sitting beside MARTHA JANE MULLIGAN, (who to the great satisfaction of GUSTAVUS, was storm-stayed, and could not go home).

"Now," ejaculated GUSTAVUS "shall we or shall we not have two houses? It is better that we keep on two houses?" "Why what on airth be you talkin' about, GUSTAVUS?" answered MARTHA JANE. "You know we'll have to go and live in AUNT MELLISSA'S old log house, and it will be a favour to git that."

"Ah, MARTHA JANE," said the ever admiring and romantic GUSTAVUS, "what care I whether log hut or baronial hall calls me master, so long as you are its fair mistress! but 'tis not of our domestic fortunes I speak! I referred to our Parliament Houses, and as to the expediency of our abolishing the Senate Chamber; or, in other words, confining the country to only one House. Now there is something expressive of dignity in the mere name of Senator that awakens feelings of worthy

ambition in our Canadian youth. True, a Senator is not exactly a lord, as he possesses no hereditary or feudal rights, yet he stands in the same relation to our House of Commons as the peer does to the English House. Besides, look at the old Roman Senator in his toga, sitting on his block of Parian marble, or addressing the great CÆSAR with his lictors and Praetorial Guards around him. Why, even the wretched Yank, in spite of all his short-comings, still clings to his Senate. I tell you, MARTHA JANE, that when I hear the vile proposition to do away with that august body howled in my ear by that vulgar radical, when I behold that infamous measure upheld in that vilest of all recrement sheets, the *Globe*, when I know—"

"How de do, MARTHA JANE?" said the head of the SLASHBUSH family, who had just came in from the farm. "Rainin', aint it? GUSTAVUS, put on your boots and go down to Uncle EPHRAIM's medder and get that hay-rake you left that, you careless critter." GUSTAVUS obeyed and went forth in the face of the tempest.

The Scientist's Soars.

(Appropos of the 1st July.)

One tranquil night I stroll'd, my mind
In contemplation cast;
The sky was clear, the forming dew
Precipitating fast.

I gazed above, the myriad stars
In silent brightness shone;
I thought of mists and nebulae,
How orbs their courses run.

When lo! a startling sight appear'd,
I was as one distracted;
My hair on end stood paralyzed,
Like light doubly refracted.

A star—its orbit seemed to run
Ten million miles a minute;
Transfixed I gazed, and wondered what
The dickens could be in it.

In frantic haste I then rushed home,
And search'd thro' star lists long;
It was not there, and so I feared
The heavens had gone wrong.

Then to my telescope I flew,
Its ponderous frame adjusted;
With look intent the orb surveyed—
Just then the blamed thing "busted."

This second shock my nerves unstrung,
I fell down in a swoon;
The doctor came and said I was
Afflicted by the moon.

'Twas false—revived, I reached the point
Where late the star had been;
But all in vain, alas! there were
No fragments to be seen.

Just then upon the threshold stood
My son and darling wife;
And I explained what nigh had caused
Cessation of my life.

How thro' the optic glass I'd seen
A wandering world destroyed;
Just as the one (as they well knew)
That formed each asteroid.

My son—he laughed, my wife did too,
My son nigh cried "You loon,
Repressing thus he said he guessed
It was a fire balloon.

For they had to the Gardens been,
To see the fireworks grand;
Made not by Nature's fingers deft,
But by another Hand.

Among the rest, a fire balloon
Rose lessening in the sight;
(He reads the classics)—and assailed
The myriad orbs of night.

But as of old, the Titan bold
From heaven high was hurled;
So fell to earth that fire balloon,
Which was my bursting world.

And ever since, if e'er I speak
A scientific word,
Strange smiles gleam round the family board,
And I feel quite absurd.

Running a newspaper is very much like running a bicycle. If you stop treading the wheel, down you'll go.—*Wheeling Times.*



The Zollvereiners.

It is in no spirit of irony that Mr. GRIP ventures to publish the above rather ridiculous-looking picture. The noble trio whose efforts in favor of a "Zollverein" are testified by the columns of the *London Advertiser*, the *Canadian Emancipator*, and the *Bystander* respectively, deserve the recognition of our pencil, whether or no we endorse their opinions; and this little sketch is intended as such a recognition, as well as a popular explanation of what they are driving at. The word Zollverein is not understood by the people at large, and it will therefore be a satisfaction to the general reader to have the whole matter presented at a glance, as it is in the above illustration. Anybody can see that these three able and industrious citizens are endeavoring to wash away the "Customs line" between Canada and the States—and that's what Zollverein means.

A "Society" Triad.

SUGGESTED BY A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN CHROMO.

"The World"—a sweet fresh face—a girl's—
Bright as the summer air—
Low-browed beneath the crown of glossy curls—
Emotionlessly fair!

Above flower-face and golden tress,
Her lovely arms she throws—
In languor of luxurious idleness,—
"The flesh," a full-blown rose!

But that young widow! She that quite
Outshines the other two!
How like to one "not named in ears polite"
Her late lamented knew.



Grip's Opinion of the Weather.

Mr. GRIP respectfully requests that friends and acquaintances who have any regard for his feelings will endeavor to avoid addressing to him the objectionable phrases "It's warm again to-day," "This is a scorcher, isn't it?" and other superfluous expressions to the same effect, when they meet him. He understands all about the weather.

We are informed that the students of the P. C. Divinity School are nearly all of them able to read *Homer* (Dixon) in the original.

Aquatics.

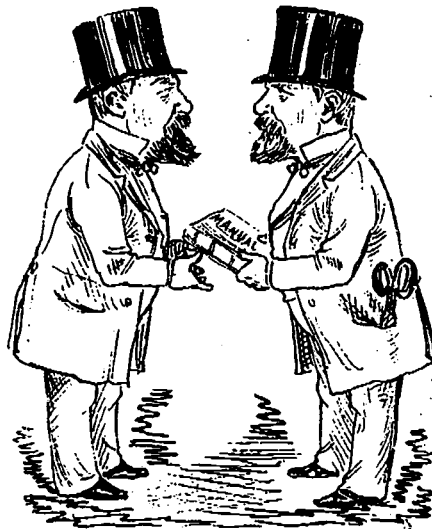
By an old Fogy.

There's something exceedingly funny
About all our matters aquatic,
(Except when we bet and lose money)
On some one who, like an exotic,
Gets quite overcome by strange weather,
Has a pain in his thick *cock-bellum*,
When he sickens, and shows the white feather,
Though his backers he don't like to sell'em.

Or perhaps gets a pain in his side,
(A misfortune that happened poor NEDDY),
I don't say there's anything *snide*
About it, but one must be ready
To take into consideration
How tender and fragile the boys are
The glory and pride of the nation,
And their boats that such delicate toys are.

Such delightfully graceful outriggers!
But then what indeed is the use of them,
Except just to show the fine figgers
Of the scullers who form the swell crew of them.
Tis true they're pulled through very fast,
Like thoroughbred highflying pacers,
But the question *will* come up at last,
What in thunder's the use of these racers?

I've respect for an old fashioned yawl,
A jolly boat's good in a sea way,
A skiff you can sometimes "close haul"
Although she perhaps makes some lee way,
Any boat you can pull through the breakers
To relieve a ship, schooner, or brig or
Anything else, is worth acres
Of your modern fancy outrigger!



Highly Convenient.

DR. MCLELLAN, (*the Book Compiler*)—I have brought out a little *School Manual*, Sir, which I would be pleased to have authorized by the Central Committee.

DR. MCLELLAN (Chief of Central Committee)—Certainly, my dear sir, I shall only be too happy to authorize your excellent work!

Nonsense.

There was a young noble of Norway
Whose ancestors carved on their doorway
A rocking-horse, *gulls*,
Charged with three wooden stools—
In Toronto: sweet suburb of Norway.

Why is the Senate like a watch undergoing repair? Because it is only a question of *time* when it must go.

Our French contributor says that *FOREPAUGH* is a good show, and that any one not going will make a *faux pas*.

Our funny contributor says he doesn't mind being called old, but when his friends speak of him as an "excoriation," a "fossile remain," or a prehistoric youth, he feels inclined to doubt that geology is a practical science.



Emigrants Wanted.

The Government is amply vindicated. The office of High Commissioner for Canada at the Court of St. James is manifesting its usefulness more and more every day, and the people of the Dominion will never grudge the paltry \$10,000 per annum appertaining thereto. Sir ALEXANDER GALT has made several brilliant appearances in public as a post prandial orator, and no doubt JOHN BULL's impression of Canadian dignity and importance has been materially deepened. It is said that this distinguished Knight is at present engaged in a manner which may be typically represented as above. The offer which he makes on behalf of the Government to pay the passage of 3,000 laborers ought to give the British nation some idea of the prodigal liberality of this Colony.



Especially as the Government is—or ought to be—engaged in the very opposite sort of duty. It is a well known and lamented fact that the Dominion has suffered from a marked exodus of this same class of the population. Thousands of workmen who in some unaccountable manner failed to grow rich under the N. P., have left our shores, and it is plainly the duty of the Government, if they are going into the passage paying business very strongly, to bring these prodigal children back again.

It is reported that a Frenchman has discovered a new substitute for gold. He ought to make money with it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Some hygienist declares that ice-water cuts off more lives than the sword. Perhaps death has changed his sickle for an icicle.—*St Louis Spirit*.

Some papers have a department headed "Items of Interest." Is this to distinguish them from other matter in the paper which is uninteresting.—*Wheeling Leader*.



THE MYSTERIOUS FISHERMAN.

THE FISHERMAN (*grimly*)—NEVER YOU MIND WHAT I'M FISHING FOR; PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND OUT NEXT SESSION.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The cannibals are captive-ating as the Irishman remarked.—*Kookuk Gate City.*

"Gentlemen make room for one mower," said the farmer as he set to work a new hand in the hay-field.—*Kookuk Constitution.*

During the summer some are going to summer here and some are going some'ers else to summer.—*Staubenville Herald.*

Take care of the onions and the scents will take care of themselves.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

It was the man caught by a prairie fire on his own section of land who ran through his property rapidly.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The following notice may occasionally be found posted upon the door of a Parisian newspaper office, "Gone to fight a duel, back in half-an-hour.—*N. Y. Com.*

The reason more umbrellas than watermelons are stolen is thought to be because the chief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. It is always ripe for the harvest.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

Since the introduction of female postmasters, a girl goes up to the window and says, "Is there a letter for Miss Margaret Robinson?" "Yes," says the female postmaster, "here is one from John McJones."

Dr. Ely claims that tobacco injures the eyesight. That is all well enough in theory, but if you have got an extra cigar about your person, a snoker is pretty sure to discover it.—*Dandbury News.*

If there is anybody who has our sincerest sympathy, it is the dear young man who has on a white vest so stiffly starched that he feels as though he was clabboarded in front.—*Lockport Union.*

"You can't bring decency out of dirt," says a modern philosopher. Can't eh? Then you never looked at the water in the laundry tubs after the clean white clothes were taken out of it, did you?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A dashing young maiden of Holly,
Had a lovely green parrot named Polly,
But it gave her away
To her beau one fine day,
By shrieking, "By gum! ain't he jolly?"
—*Albion Republican.*

"If this coffee is gotten up in boarding-house style again to-morrow, I think I shall have good grounds for divorce," said a cross husband the other morning; "I don't want any of your saucer," retorted his wife, "and what I've sediment."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

The foolish man stayeth at home, and lo! his wife setteth him to beating carpets. But the wise man hath business down town, that taketh him away early and keepeth him away late, and when he cometh home, behold! the carpets are already beaten.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

A TOO PREVALENT EVIL.

(Scene—Outside a public school; two boys about to fight over a game; Clergyman passing.)

Clergyman—Come, come, boys, that's very naughty! It's only cats and dogs that fight.

One of the boys—That's no' true, sir, for as I cam' awa' this mornin' I saw oor twa cocks at it.—*Glasgow Bailie.*

"When Eve brought woe to all mankind
And Adam called her 'woe-man';
And when she woe'd with love so kind
He then pronounced it 'woe-man';
But now with folly and with pride
Their husbands pockets trimming
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them 'whim-man.'"
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A sure cure for corns has been discovered, which will be a boon to the suffering. It has been ascertained that the worst case of corns in the world can be cured by washing the feet in clean water every night before going to bed for a month or so. To many people this will seem like one of those desperate emergencies where the remedy is worse than the disease.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

Words ending with the syllable "age" are awfully punnable, and newspaper wits would do well to send a copy of a dictionary to their readers, with those words duly marked in blue pencil. It would save lots of wear and tear of brain tissue.—*New Haven Register.* Remarks like the above from a young paragrapher would be excusable, but such language is bad, bad, bad-in-age?—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Two young men in light plaid clothes were riding down town on the Metropolitan "L" road, reading their papers, when one of them saw an item about a robbery in a boarding house, in which it was said that the perpetrators of the crime took the jewelry of the landlady and of three boarders. "It is funny, Billy," said the reader, "that they always get away with the jewelry in a boarding house. They never steal anything to eat."—*New York Herald.*

"Somebody'll Come To-night" is the title of a poem in an exchange. How we tremble as we read it, and what thoughts of our boyhood steal over us, of the nights when we slept in the garret, back room, and had played hookey from school all day, forgot to chop the firewood, and had sassod mother, and stolen the biggest piece of pie from the top shelf. We thought, and we laid and twisted, that, "somebody'll come to-night." And weren't mistaken. That somebody was dad with a strap.—*New York Express.*

The Boston Transcript says: "It is hard to believe that that noisy boy, whose hands are always on the most intimate terms with all manner of grime and dirt; whose hair is never combed, save on compulsion; whose clothes samples everything it comes near, till "it is a sight to behold;" whose hooting and yelling are constant reminders of aboriginal memoirs, and whose whistling is an aggregation of three steam bands and a brace of locomotives—it is hard to believe that he ever will become transmogrified into the amiable and tractable young gentleman so particular in the fit of his coat, the shade of his kids and the immaculate whiteness of his shirt front, so execrably clean of person and so eminently proper in word, act and deed. But he will be. The answer to this enigma is, Calico."

In many parts of the country women will be appointed as census enumerators, with the probable result something like this:

Neatly dressed women of an uncertain age with big book under her arm and pen in hand rings the door bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born?"

Young lady—"Yes'm."
Your name, please? What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the one the lady in the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking around taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a

great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plumb pudding?"

"In Maine. No, I haven't plum pudding today. I'm looking for a new recipe."

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil—O, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are they in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your censuing."

"Well, you've an imputent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born or what's your name, or when you expect to get married, and there's ten dollars' fine for not answering census takers' questions, and if I was you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slouchy morning dress, so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay ten dollars just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the censuses' either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum pudding and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself—I-I."

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all the forenoon," and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing dress skirts.

The other afternoon the tools, implements, fixtures, appurtenances and whatever else belongs to the game of croquet, were put in position on a lawn up Woodward Avenue, and as a young lady and a young man who seemed to be her lover took up the mallets to start the balls, a bony-looking old tramp halted and leaped on the fence and got his mouth puckered up for something good. The young man took the first shot, and, before the ball ceased rolling, the girl's voice was heard calling—

"You didn't knock fair—you've got to try it over."

Before either of them were half way down she had occasion to remind him that he wasn't playing with a blind person, and that she could overlook no cheating. As she went under the last arch he felt compelled to remark that her playing would rule her out of any club he ever heard of. On the way back she asked him why he couldn't be an honest man as a jockey and a falsifier, and he inquired why she didn't write a set of rules to tally with her style of playing.

"It's coming—'t ain't five minutes off!" chuckled the tramp, as he took a new grip on the fence and shaded his eyes with his hat.

"Don't you knock that ball away!" shouted the girl, a minute after.

"Yes I will!"

"Don't you dare to."

"I'm playing according to the rules."

"No you aren't! You've cheated all the way through!"

"I never cheated once!"

"And now you are aiding the crime of perjury! Sir, I dare not intrust my future happiness to such a man! I could never trust or believe in you!"

"Nor I in you!"

"Then let us part forever!" she said as she hurled her mallet at a stone dog.

"So we will!" he hissed as he flung his at her sleeping poodle.

She bowed and started for the house to pack up his letters.

He raised his hat and made for an approaching street car to get down town in time for the Toledo train.

"That's all I wanted to know," sighed the tramp as he turned away. "I've been out in the woods for a few years past, and I didn't know but there had been changes made in croquet, but I see it's the same old game clear through!"

Tabitha at the Concert.

I promised last week to tell you about the concert given by the Saint Andrew's Koran Society, in the Hautykulchural Gardens. The night bein extremely wet, I was in fear that the performers would be the only ordinance, but my gloomy precipitations were frustrated. Though the rain descended in currents, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed round that capricious Parvillain in a truly imposin manner, the musikal elemeant in the ordinance was able to resist the dampenin effects of them watery and thundery elemeants, so the floors and galleries was pretty fairly filled. The overture was founded on old MARTIN LUTHER, and finished by another man, and was rendered in a pleasin manner. Then came two part songs, by the late Mister MEDDLESOME, and, though not a musikal cricket, I must state that I think it is always a pity to be dividin things up in that way, and the whole songs would be more pleasin than only part songs. I must also state my objekshuns to minglin the sublime and the ridiculus by callin any kind of musik an area. There was altogether 4 areas which I enjoyed in spite of my objekshuns. I long Sacred Canter, I mail kwartet, another part of a song called "The Sands of Dee," and a rousin korus, the last thing before the Nashunal anthumb. Musik has a very inspin effect on me. I jest felt during the singin of that last korus as if I was kareerin on the wings of the wind along with the tempests and the breezes that the singin is about. I am glad to think that the Koran Society is in such a flourishin condishun, and also that the tastes of the Toronto people is bein elevnted by hearin classified musik.

I have just come home from a meetin about celebratin the sentennery of the Sunday-schools. We had an edifyin time, the room was well filled, the femail sect predominatin, as is usual on such okashuns. Di-kushons was lively and amusin. One klergman displayed his ignorance of human natur, by askin if any of the ladies present remembered a piknik that took place twenty years ago. I wonder if that man has any femail relashuns, I spose not, or he would know that most women were not old enuff 20 years ago to be kapabel of rememberin.

I was much pleased to observe that most of the klergymen, in speakin of pikniks, processhuns, etsettra, seemed to have a lively remembrance of the times when they was boys themselves, that bein a most important fak for those intrusted with the trainin of the young to remember, to say nothin of the effect it would have the upon literacher, (gamblin lambs bein a frekuent smile with writers.) What a kind of solemn impresshun we would have if the old sheep insisted on makin the young ones waddle round the meddows in the same slow and akward manner as themselves. I wouldn't mean to insinuate that any one of them venerated pastors was an old sheep. I am merely speakin paregorically. In fak, I have observed that menny sheep-like qualities is rarely found in klergymen. I have heard, through SAMUEL, of a book called "Soshal Pressher," where the writer says that sheepishness is a great evil in the conduct of bodies of men, they bein always inclined to go in flocks in whatever direkshun their leader chuses to take them. Now, klergymen generally act contrairy to this, each man bein natrally inclined to go in the opposite direkshun to where his reverend brother is inclined to lead him. In this respect a more sheep-like disposishun would be improvin. It will be a considerable time yet, before the brethren take up with old PETER's advice "to be all of one mind." A great menny things was decided at the meetin. One thing being that as a century only happens every hundred years, there should be a grand sellebrashun. A piknik, addresses, conferences, etsettra. My opinion is, that the bishop and his kommittee is kapable of managin with eksellent practical effect, but,

I would also remark that several things which I herd stated kame jostlin up agens the noshuns in my mind, so that it was all I could do to keep them steady. I had such a longin to get up and state my ideas of things. I am not a woman's riter, but I would jest like to inquire if eny of the mail sect, who make disparrajing remarks about us not bein able to hold our tongues, have enny idea how hard it is for a woman with her mouth brim full of words, to have to hold on to them to keep them from slipping out spontajeously, and jest have to be as silent about all them diskussed toppiks as if she hadn't a noshun of her own. I find that my feelins is runnin away with my pen, konsekwently I will preserve my ekspresshuns for another time.

With best respekts.

TABITHA TWITTERS.

Monday evenin, June 14teenth.

Divorce.

The Senate, with all due respect to MR. BLAKE, has one vital function left—that of a Divorce Court—for the rich only. To those who can pay for the accommodation she furnishes, the Old Lady is not unwilling to accord her favours. For instance MAS. MILLIONAIRE wants a divorce, not because her husband illuses her, not because he is untrue to her, but because she happens to fancy that she prefers some one else for the present. All that need be done is an elopement, a delightful state of notoriety for some days, an application for a divorce to Mrs. Senate, which that amiable old party may grant on receipt of the usual fees. Then champagne, felicitations, grand luncheons and rose-colour.

But the poor have no Divorce Court. Last week brought to light the case of a poor woman whose husband had given just and Scriptural ground for a divorce. She had no resource but to go to the United States and there be divorced and re-married.

To the weakening in any way of the marriage tie GRIP has the strongest objection. But there are cases of illusage and unfaithfulness in which the Bible allows divorce. And this should be as available for the poor as the rich.

A Sad Neglect of Womens' Rights.

Some aspects of the newspaper business are very puzzling. It is inexpressibly sad to see that noble and consistent organ, the *Globe*, rushing headlong to destruction just through one simple little error. All the congratulations of its contemporaries on its change of form sink into nothingness, because by that change it has lost the support and confidence of the fair, or ruling, sex. In its new form the feminine mind sees neither usefulness nor beauty. The sheets, once so broad, are now too narrow and contracted, too much cut up for covering cubboards, while for the same reason they have ceased to be an aid to the decorative art. It is now impossible to cut pattern dress and mantleshapes out of its substance. What is the use, they argue, of breadth of sentiment when there is only narrowness and contraction in the paper in which it is printed? True the improvement (?) may cause it to be less "cut up" by the one sex, but render it not fit to be "cut up" at all, by the other. It is to be feared "its usefulness" to the larger half of humanity "is gone." The *Mail* is actually preferred by the female element of humanity.

A settled melancholy is beginning to pervade the family mind as it reflects that the pattern newspaper is no longer fit for patterns for "the girls."

Thoughtful newspaper men will not receive these well meant hints in a spirit of levity. It is up-hill work to contend against the sex which really rules us. No newspaper, however great, can afford to trample on the time-honoured

"rights of women." Broad and liberal sentiments are doomed ever to go hand in hand with broad and liberal expenditure of paper if they would attain success.

A Blushful Reminiscence.

I loved a maid, my visage burns
As backward now my memory turns
To these most idiotic days,
I went to vapid balls and plays
With MIGNONETTA SANTA CLAUS;
My brow contracts with honest scorn
That I was such a jackass born,
That I was such a braying mule,
Such a bright, blatan long-eared fool
As time has shown I was.
Her father kept a tiny shop,
Where, with a razor and a strop,
He'd shave the smooth incipient chin
Of fools like *you* who went therein,
And oft he'd crop the tangled hair
Of nasty little schoolboys there,
And *mine* of course seven times a week
He'd cut and oil and smooth and sleek.
The fathers name was XMASTRER,
A meretricious villain he
As ever plied a pair of shears
Behind a pair of lengthy ears.
His daughter would serenely sit
Within the shop and sew and knit,
And oftentimes to ginger pop
She treated me within the shop,
Oh desperately "gone" I was
On MIGNONETTA SANTA CLAUS.
I took her buggy riding often,
In strong attempt her heart to soften,
To prove her my affection true
I treated her to oyster stew.
With oysters boiled and baked and fried
I madam MIGNONETTA plied.
I gave her liquorice and buns
By ounces, hundredweights and tons,
And oceans, too, of lemonade
I forced upon the willing maid.
A fortune large I threw away
On gum drops for her day by day,
And sausages and tender chops
I bought for her in butchers' shops.
I purchased her a seal-skin sacque
Fit for a bank clerk's widow's back,
And knitting wires and toasting forks
And patent screws for drawing korus;
I bought her traps for catching rats,
And joiners, tools and cricket bats.
Refrigerators—old car rails,
And kegs of lovely shingle nails.
My modest went to a store
Just bordering on insanity,
And presents obsolete before
I pressed upon her by the score.
What do you think of paving stones,
And scaffoldings and mammoth's bones?
Of bicycles and derrick cranes,
And curry-combs for horses manes?
Upon my word and sacred honor
I lavished all these things upon her,
Had she a Baptist chapel sought
I would have bought one on the spot;
I would have bought a parson too,
Or man 'o war with all the crew!
And yet she turned from me aside,
"I do not love you, CHARLES," she cried,
My protestations were in vain,
She hinted that I was insane;
Her "pa would never let her wed
A lunatic," she softly said;
"Besides, I'm fond of SAMUEL RAKE,
He is the man I mean to take,
So now adieu; my cockatoo
Asylum portals groan for you."
For ever blessed be the day
She ordered me to go away.
My loving but misguided brain
Resumed its wonted strength again.
I loved a maid, I say it now
With blushes mantling my 'row.
And I to empty cellars rush
To hide that self-same silly blush
And as for RAKE—unhappy man,
His course is very quick to run,
And *mine* 'oh, pigeon breasted jade,
Who with my young affections played,
Enjoy your fragrant barber's shop,
Your scissors, razor and your strop,
Your fly-blown prints upon the wall,
And *you* the mustiest of them all!

B.

A succession of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Foud Mother—"What is the matter with Billy?" Coloured Servant—"Please, marn, he is crying about jewberries." Mother—"He can't have any more. He has had four saucersful already." Servant—"Dem is de berry ones he is whooping about, He's all swelled up."—*Oil City Derrick.*

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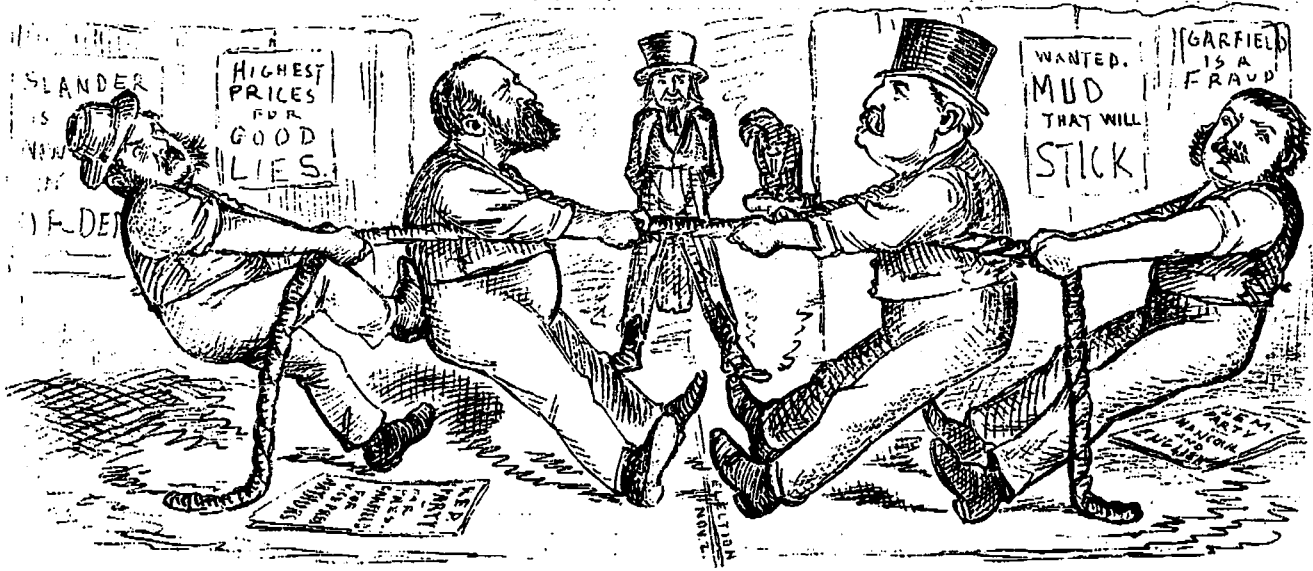
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The Tug of War.

And now the agony commences amongst our American Cousins. The tribulations of the Conventions were but the overture to the lively performances which will go on until the 10th of November. It is painful to contemplate the interim. Gurur extends his affectionate commiseration to the American people, who are doomed for so many months to endure the afflictions incident to a presidential campaign. Those who are grumbling about the weather we are at present having in this Dominion ought to be thankful when they think what the thermometer will be across the line in a few days. Ninety degrees in the shade will be coolness compared with it. And then consider the dust and dirt that will be kicked up by the newspapers and the — but let us not pursue the painful theme. If they would avert the coming unpleasantness let the American public frankly admit in advance that no two individuals in the world are so thoroughly corrupt and despicable as GARFIELD and ARTHURS—excepting HANCOCK and ENGLISH.



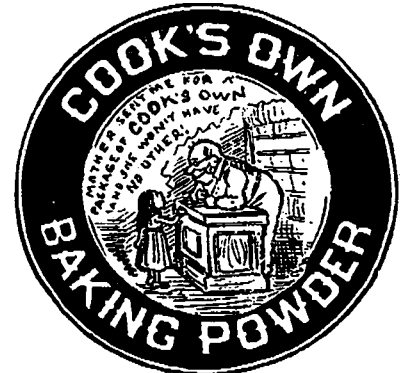
Watching and Waiting Rewarded!

In last week's number we gave a sketch entitled "Watching and Waiting." Since then the long and earnest vigil has been rewarded, the fat, sleek rat appeared and was nabbed on the very day of publication. Everything is now lovely at the Gubernatorial mansion on Simcoe st., and Gurur extends his congratulations, with the hope that the billet may prove to be a truly savory meal.

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