

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.  
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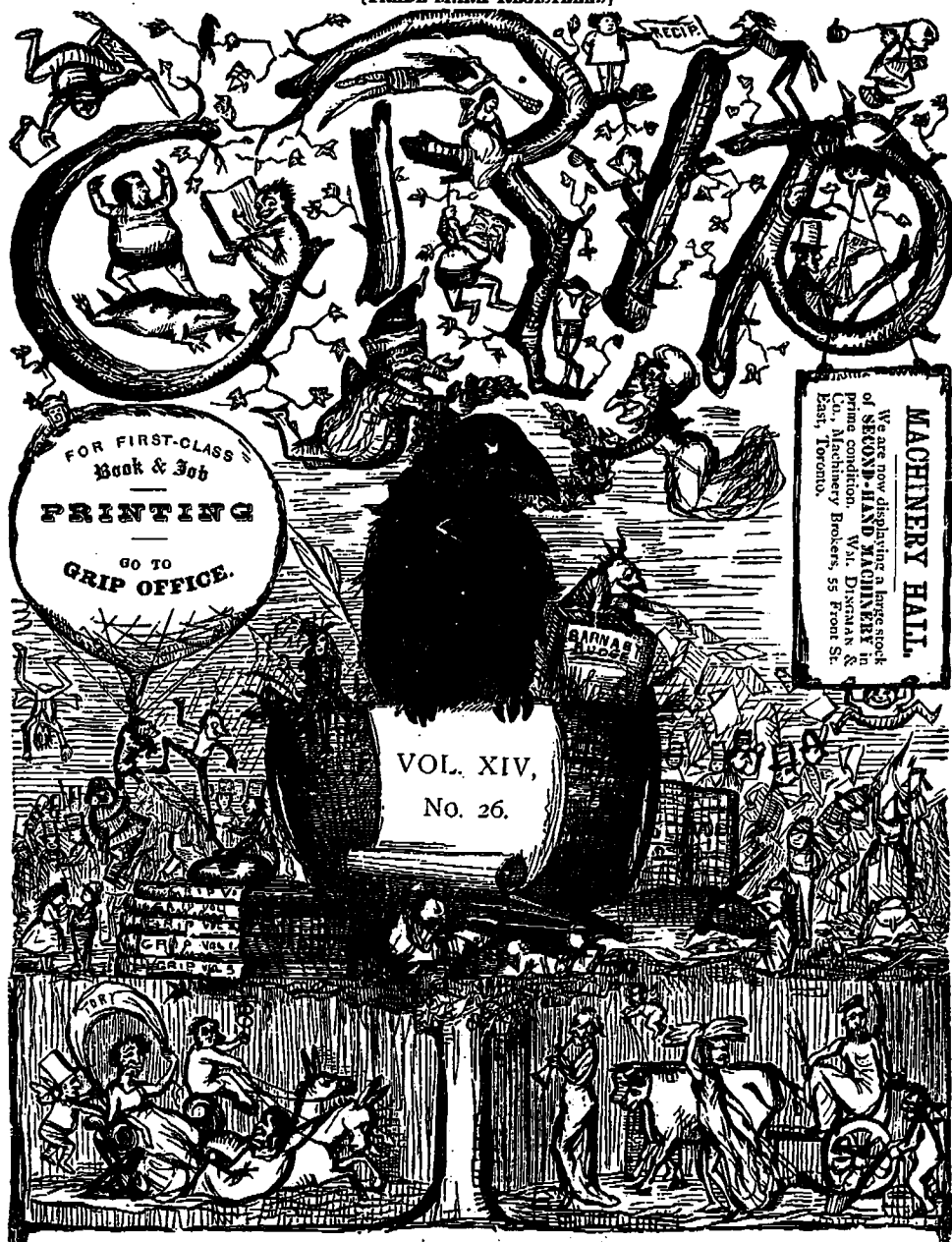
It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits. —Toronto Telegram  
The contents and mechanical make up are creditable to the enterprising publishers, and it can hardly fail of success. —Brantford Expositor.

We have no hesitation in saying it is the most newsy, chatty, ably edited phonographic publication yet published on the continent. It contains editorial and other notes, with phonographic gossip and no fewer than ten articles in shorthand. It is also ably illustrated by Grip's artist. —Hamilton Times.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

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**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

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

The *Widow Belott* is convulsing with laughter the patrons of the Royal Opera House this week. If you fail to see her you miss a rare treat.

The "Pirates of Penzance" have amused the audiences of the Grand this week, with their pretty costumes, ludicrous adventures and mellifluous music.

BIERSDADT, the American artist, is a guest at Rideau Hall, Ottawa. He visited the cricket grounds on Saturday in company with the Princess and Lady PELLY.

The eighth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open. The display of pictures is as usual very good, though the chief excellence is undoubtedly in the department of work in oil.

Mr. JAMES PAYNE, in a recent Magazine article on "Sham Admiration in Literature," tells of a young lady who confessed to him tremblingly that she didn't see much fun about "John Gilpin," though she had never before dared to say so openly.

"The Lambs" club, of New York, has just gone into handsome quarters, and promises to be a formidable rival of the Lotus. Its membership is composed chiefly of actors, artists and men about town. It courts seclusion rather than publicity, and journalists are therefore debarred from joining.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS told a Cincinnati *Gazette* reporter that she strongly resembled her grandmother, the great Mrs. SIDDONS; she has the same face and the same eyebrows. What a pity it is that there all resemblance ceases. As a Boston editor once remarked, Why can't she act as she looks as though she could act?

Mrs. WATSON came off badly with her Matinee readings at the Pavilion last Saturday afternoon. It appears to be impossible to get a good day-audience at that place unless the attraction is something extraordinary. By the way, we thought the Directors of the Gardens had a cast-iron rule to the effect that musical entertainments only would be permitted under their management.

DAN RICE has not yet given up lecturing, as we perceive by the following notice in a recent number of the New Orleans *Times*: "Colonel DAN RICE will deliver a lecture to-night at Grunewald Hall, upon the New Departure, being a humorous treatise made up of incidents in his eventful life as a showman. This will be the only opportunity to hear Uncle DAN lecture as he leaves on Wednesday for Morgan City to attend the State convention of Good Templars."

At last we are to be favored with a visit from the world-renowned JOE JEFFERSON, and to have an opportunity of seeing his immortal creation of *Rip Van Winkle*. He appears for the first time this Friday evening, and it may be safely anticipated that the "standing room only" notice will have to be brought into requisition at an early hour. Mr. PIRROU deserves a cordial vote of thanks for bringing us what our hearts have often hankered after. Secure your seats early.

A writer in the *Telegram* combats the arguments of Rev. Mr. SILCOX against the Theatre, given in the essay to which we referred last week. His view of the matter is briefly summed up in the following sentences: "The stage, like any other occupation, simply caters to the demands of the public; therefore, if Christians would purify the stage they must mingle with its occupants and the audience. They must go there, to support what is good in it and make it pay, to repress what is evil by hisses, criticism and moral suasion exerted upon its frequenters."



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
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**NOTICE**

TO

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }  
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880. } xiv-20-9t

**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

"Across the fair Blue Sea, Marie," is an effective song of BRANSON, the tenor.

The last issue of *Grip* has interesting points. It would be a new departure were it otherwise.—*Kingston Whig*.

DITSON, the music publisher, has sold in all 65,000 copies of the complete "Pinafore" score, and has netted a profit of something over \$30,000 therefrom.

An early number of the London Magazine of Art is to contain a paper on "Queen Victoria and Art," which by her express permission, will be illustrated by copies of sketches by the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

BESSIE DARLING had an interview with SARAH BERNHARDT, in Paris, the last time she was abroad. During the conversation, the great French actress remarked: "Had I your face and your figure, I would never play any part but that of Lady Macbeth."

Mr. SAMUEL ALEXANDER, of Capetown, has sent out the prospectus of an Album it is his intention shortly to publish, and which will contain at least one hundred photographs of natural objects of interest, striking landscapes, prominent institutions, and distinguished men, belonging to South Africa.

The sale of J. H. DOLPH's studio effects took place last week. One hundred and twenty-one paintings by Mr. DOLPH and seventeen by other artists brought \$4,554.00. The proceeds of the entire sale were over \$10,000.00. Mr. DOLPH leaves soon for Paris, where he will open a studio and remain two years at least.

Canadian Scenery shown last year at 39 Piccadilly, London, England, is now on view at 172 New Bond Street, with the addition of many most interesting views in British North America. The artist, Mr. ALFRED SCHORCK, whilst representing very truthfully the virgin state of the country, has done so with a classical and poetical feeling that appeals to the educated taste of the learned critic and delights the general admirers of nature. The society newspaper, *The Queen*, speaks very highly of the exhibition, and there is no doubt Mr. SCHORCK has done justice to the scenery of our picturesque Dominion.

It is said that KATE GREENAWAY's "Under the Window" has had a sale far in excess of what its well-known popularity would indicate. The London house, in a single day, has sent out 60,000 copies, of which 20,000 were in Russian, 20,000 in German, and the same number in French and Spanish. About 10,000 copies were exported for the American market, and everybody knows how soon they were sold, with no more to be had at any price. The American edition, recently published, consisted of 20,000 copies. Altogether, it is believed that 150,000 copies have been disposed of during the six months that have elapsed since the book first came out.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE finds that his training in journalism on his father's newspaper was of great value to him in the formation of a concise style, and in making a ready writer, a journalist often being compelled to send away his work sheet by sheet to the compositor, hungry for copy, and, therefore, to avoid repetition, he is obliged to keep what he has already written fresh in his mind, there being no opportunity of turning back to refer to the previous pages. He makes use of an amanuensis to some extent, often finding it a relief to be free from the mechanical exertion of writing, but, whether written by himself or dictated, there is no distinction in the quality of his work.

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**EDITOR'S NOTICE.**—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

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**Special Notice.**

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorized canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

**To Subscribers.**

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



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.

**Specimen Doggrel.**

(Reviewed by our Literary Editor.)

It isn't often that we inflict upon our readers the doggrel which is sent to us by aspiring poetasters. We usually consign it to the waste-paper basket and oblivion. But we feel like making an exception in the case of the following "poem," just to let our readers see the extent to which editors sometimes have to suffer. Kind reader, imagine the feelings of a man whose profession obliges him frequently to read stuff like this:

**FIRST VERSE.**

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be in all that was,  
Whirled for a million æons through  
The vast waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light.

Now the spelling and grammar of this is all right, for a wonder, and if it had any meaning at all it might pass. But so far as we can see it is unmitigated bosh, and couldn't be made intelligible if it were "whirled for a million æons" through "multitudinous eddying light" or anything else. But enough; let us pass on to the

**SECOND VERSE.**

Out of the deep my child, out of the deep,  
Thro' all this changing world's changeless law,  
And every phase of every heightened life,  
And nine long months of anti-Natal gloom;  
With this last moon, this crescent, her dark orb,  
Touched with earth's light thou comest darling boy—  
Our own, a babe, in lineament and limb  
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man,  
Whose face and form are her's and mine in one—  
Indissolubly married like our love.  
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve  
This mortal race, thy kin, so well,  
That men may bless thee as we bless thee.

Worse and worse, if possible. Evidently this is the raving of some rag-baby advocate, whose mind has become a little unsettled by the patronage the Finance Minister has lately been bestowing on their cause. At least there seems to be something about a baby in it, though its meaning is even more obscure than the average run of soft-money speeches. Perhaps Mr. BUCHANAN will kindly put this verse under his microscope and let us know what the "poet" is driving at. Meantime we pass on to the third, and, happily,

**LAST VERSE.**

O, young life, breaking with laughter from the dark,  
May the faced channel where thy motion lives  
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course  
Among the years of haste and random youth,  
Unshattered, their full current through full man;  
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,  
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,  
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

We give it up. "Breaking with laughter from the dark," is good. It describes exactly the frame of mind in which every reader will throw down this piece of trash, for anything more "dark" than the meaning of this we cannot imagine. It is well for the author that he disregarded our rule that the real name of every contributor should be enclosed with his copy. Perhaps he was ashamed to put it to such verses; if so, he has more sense than we would be inclined to give him credit for. If the writer intended it as a ridiculous burlesque on Mr. BURR. PLUM, he has entirely overshot the mark. We hope he will never inflict us again, at all events.

**APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION.**

[The editor-in-chief rushes in to repudiate all responsibility for the above criticism, which was written by a junior in his absence. As to the justice of the strictures passed upon the poem he says nothing, but considering that it was written by ALFRED TENNYSON, and printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, he feels that this apology is due to the admirers of first-class poetry.]

**He took the Loan of a Knocker.**

DAWKINS went to a swell supper the other night, and on returning home about 2 a.m., he, as cautiously as his condition would permit, ascended the steps to the door, with the fixed determination of admitting himself noiselessly with his latch-key. Once inside the hall, he would take off his boots and ascend to his room. He turned his finger around in his vest-pocket, where it was his custom to keep the key. But it wasn't there. Urged on by the critical state affairs had assumed, he set to work and diligently searched every pocket on his person, when he became painfully and disgustingly conscious that there was no key about him, if he excepted the now useless and inconvenient whis-key. "Ah!"—he moralizingly mused, as he dug his hands deep down into the pockets of his pants, that he might the better steady himself—"whiskey can unlock a man, but I'll be hung if it will admit him unheard through the door which separates him from his longed-for bed."

He was a mad man, DAWKINS was; for he must now do that which he had firmly made up his mind he would not do: arouse some one to admit him. It was very seldom he broke his word, when once given—to himself: it was seldom he changed his mind; but he must do both now, though he, as he reached up to that part of the door where knockers are usually kept, but there wasn't any knocker there. DAWKINS, feeling himself beginning to shake, as the air was damp and chilly, was about to resign himself to his dismal fate of walking about the lonely streets, until those in the house would be astir, when the thought struck him to ascertain if the next house's door was also knockerless. So reaching the next door in the terrace, he ran his hand over it as he had done on the other, when he suddenly came in contact with the object of his search, and taking hold of it, he rapped vigorously and continuously, the sound echoing up and down the silent street. This soon aroused the inmates; who, no doubt, supposing the house to be on fire, or that some such terrible thing was happening, flung up the windows, as perhaps they had never gone up before, and from one came a strong, yet frightened female voice pitched in a high key to get above DAWKINS rapping,—which said:

"Who's there; what in the name of mercy do you want?"

"Want to get in;" deliberately answered DAWKINS, resuming his work on the knocker. "What do you want to get in for?" asked the voice—of necessity loud, but in a decidedly changed tone.

"What do I want to get in for?"—and rap-tap-r-r-rap! went the knocker again, loud and shrill,—"do you think I want to stay out here shaking with the cold?"

"But you don't belong here, sir; go away with you!"

"I didn't say I did, did I?" followed with knocks even louder than before.

"You have made a mistake, I say! Be off with you!"

"No I haven't; no, you're out there;" and he again applied that knocker as though he would bring the door down.

"I shall send for the police, and have you arrested, unless you immediately desist, sir, and go away!"

"No, don't; don't put yourself to any trouble that way, ma'am; it's all right now; very sorry to disturb you though, very sorry; but I'm exceedingly obliged, and shall ever be grateful to you, for the loan of your knocker," said DAWKINS, observing that he had accomplished his end; as the windows in his boarding house, with those of the whole terrace were hoisted up—the result of his last application of the knocker—by parties who anxiously peered out into the dense darkness, to discover the cause of the loud and continuous knocking. DAWKINS going to his own door, and his request for admittance being granted, the clamorous sound of the borrowed knocker was heard no more; and the echo faintly dying away in the distance, quiet and peace reigned again in the vicinity of EDWIN DAWKINS' boarding house.

Paragraphing is like the 15 puzzle, it looks easy—try it.

Ministers are very polite, they are always studying the amenities.

If honey is bee ware, then "Beware" ought to be a sweet song.

Motto for a crows' convention, "Success to the Caws."

**On Stoves.**

Being in the act of going into summer quarters, I lent a hand to move my stoves out into the wood-shed the other day. The unusual exercise somewhat exhausted me, and when the task was done I sat down on a convenient ash barrel and fell into a reverie.

I reflected on stoves, and mused upon their many resemblances to humanity. As with men, it requires a good many dampers to shut them up. Moreover they need to be constantly fed, and naturally prove to be dull, though a little rubbing up occasionally will cause them to shine. They are unmanageable at times. When you want them to stay in they go out; when you try to conciliate them with little fondnesses and allow them to have all the fat, they get beyond themselves and blaze away—just to annoy you—and yet they must have the delicate touch of a gentle creature to manage them. The drawing-room stove, how pleasant and cheerful it becomes when tickled by the young ladies; the small faults gently removed, no harsh measures ever allowed, and don't he repay you for the care bestowed? Then there is the bedroom stove, only allowed in the domestic privacies of a happy home. What would the house be without that stove, or what would the children do? And now the hall stove, like a host or hostess, gently breathes the kind welcome that softly melts the soul of the weary with gratitude and thankfulness. Though the parlor stove is less respected than its drawing-room companion it has an amount of importance, but "familiarity breeds contempt," and the parlor stove like the jolly little man, gets more stirring about than is good for him.

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## In Memoriam.

### HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Born Feb. 20, 1818; Died May 9, 1880.

The varying noises cease,  
And plying men, jaded or jubilant before,  
Fall nigh the common grief.  
The cortege passes now in princely circumstance,  
'Mid quiet thousands in the city's streets,  
While the aspiring throb of anxious hearts,  
Busy and buffeted in life's rough way,  
Is mute in conscious widowhood.  
Ah! he was noble who lay confined there—  
A peer in Nature's aristocracy;  
Bearing the unction of that generous grace, which in the  
life

Wins love from toiling men,  
And, dying, summons them like children round the tomb.  
So pass away, great spirit,  
But thy work, so well and truly done,  
Shall stand a witness to thy goodness and thy gifts.  
On that enduring pile a superscription  
Written in letters that shall ever glow  
May tell the rugged grandeur of his life  
In simple narrative:

How homespun worth and royal honesty  
Braved the distempers of ambition's path,  
From youth of filial love and lofty thought,  
To sterling manhood and vice-regal place;  
How on that height he bore a manly front,  
Lending his pen to Freedom's sacred cause—  
Counseling wisely for the Nation's weal,  
And smiting down the ills that menaced her;  
Then how at eventide his light was quenched  
By base assassination, and his star  
Went down mid clouds of pain and weariness,  
While in its fading rays, ere yet 'twas gone,  
Sad-visaged friends, drawn by the bonds of love,  
And generous foes who knew and prized his worth,  
Paid, side by side, the tribute of their tears.  
His faithful fight is o'er; his work is done;  
He lived sublimely, and his footsteps mark  
A noble course upon the sands of time.

"He was a man, take him for all in all."  
But only man, and therefore had his faults,—  
Not weaknesses that rise from recreant heart,  
But such as mark and mar the best of lives;  
He hated falsehood with a burning scorn,  
But may have erred, mistaking true for false;  
His nature was a rushing mountain stream,  
His faults but eddies which its swiftness bred.  
Yes, carve his name on marble monument—  
'Twill mark his resting place to reverent eyes  
Perchance of generations, until Time,  
The tireless sculptor, with relentless hand  
Has written an inscription over it  
In weird, grim characters of mildewed moss,—  
A grander line upon life's fabled dream.  
Yet is his name deep graven in our hearts,  
A more abiding record, that will pass  
From sire to son as proudly-guarded pearl,  
So long as Canada shall have true men,  
Who love the memory of the great and good,  
And may that ever cease? Shall ages come  
When man's frail memory is clouded o'er,  
And history's page is shrivelled into dust?  
Comes there a day when all the lives of earth,  
The thoughts and actions, yea, and earth itself  
Shall vanish in eternal nothingness?  
So be it—yet our Statesman's name shall live!  
There's an eternal tablet in the skies  
Where names are written that shall never fade:  
Perish, then, record on ephemeral stone,—  
Faded, trivial ink on human history's page,—  
For with the blood of God's anointed Son,  
'Mid all the names of humble, faithful, ones,  
'His name is written in the Book of LIFE.

GRIP lays aside his cap and bells this week, and mingles in the universal expressions of regret at the untimely death of GEORGE BROWN. The late political leader and journalist was one of GRIP's favourite subjects, and by pen and pencil his peculiar physical and mental angularities, as seen from the artist's and satirist's standpoint, have been developed, that the world might be amused and educated. That Mr. BROWN had weaknesses, the representation from time to time of his particular failings and foibles is evidence; but, as a compensating element, GRIP's pages contain many a cartoon in which the deceased gentleman is presented in the character of a stern rebuker of folly in others.

Now that Mr. BROWN has left the stage upon which he always played a leading part, whether

before or behind the scenes, GRIP has no personal reflections which add poignancy to the grief which he shares with his every reader.

A contemporary—one of the bitterest opponents of the deceased gentleman in the past—sensibly remarks that neither friends nor foes form a proper estimate of the character of our public men while they are with us. GRIP has an advantage over party journals, and over partizans, in this respect. Peering down from his comfortable basket, with feathers unruffled by the breezes which fan into fury the flames of political strife, GRIP looks for motives and for principles, and, having seen these, presents them in the most telling form for the comprehension of people of all creeds and classes, of all sections and shibboleths.

In the busy crowd of active Canadian people GRIP saw GEORGE BROWN, and as it saw him so it pictured him. The impetuosity and energy which characterized the late Senator, constantly provided new subjects for the artist's pencil, and made the eye and hand so familiar with the characteristic form and features, that a few rapid strokes brought them into prominence, and a few touches finished the portraiture. So numerous have been GRIP's representations of this many-sided man, that the draughtsman's ingenuity was taxed to devise modes of dealing with him which, while effective, would be at all times original.

A glance through the fourteen volumes which GRIP has published excites a decidedly pleasurable sensation; for in the various cartoons the treatment of the deceased gentleman, though at times severe, as it needed to be, was never characterized by bitterness or anger. In an interview with one of the artist's brothers a few weeks prior to the tragic event that terminated in death, Mr. BROWN alluded in a pleasant way to this feature of GRIP's cartoons, and remarked that as men grow older they enjoy with keener relish the good-natured liberties thus taken with them. It is well known among the intimate friends of the deceased journalist that he was not only willing to be impaled upon the pencil-point for the delectation and edification of the public, but that he positively enjoyed the martyrdom. In the interview alluded to—sitting in the room and in the chair where the assassin found him—he expressed a strong desire to meet and converse with the person whose cartoons excited his laughter. This desire, however, was unfulfilled, and so the artist and his distinguished subject never met, although the former was a member of the *Globe* staff in the early days of GRIP.

The sharp report of the murderer's weapon reverberates through the land, and is re-echoed from across the ocean. For GEORGE BROWN was an honest man and a true patriot, and his virtues will shine with greater lustre after the noise and dust of political animosity shall have vanished. Looking out upon the weeping multitude, GRIP reads in the faces of the Canadian people their sentiments regarding this man. There is not one, however rabid a partizan, to say aught of him but what witnesses to his nobleness of nature and purity of purpose.

The sad and surging crowd, remembering the cause of their affliction, cry out for swift and condign punishment upon the wretch who scarce dare claim fellowship as man with the object of his revengeful passion; but through all these

threats and expressions of revenge we can hear the echo of the words of the dying one, pleading for mercy upon his murderer. Few men spoke so strongly in the heat of political warfare as GEORGE BROWN, and few were so unsparing of an opponent; and this marvelous exhibition of tenderness in one who usually presented a rugged exterior is one of the bright spots in the dismal picture. Like SAMSON of old, this hero has subdued a greater number of persons in his death than he did in his life. Dying, he has left a lesson which all need to learn.

GRIP looks into the future and sees other veterans from the contending political armies leave the field. The gray heads are growing less numerous among the foremost men. The old issues have died with those whose names have ever been linked with them. A new spirit takes possession of our politicians. The new leader of the Liberal Party proves to be a statesman in the highest and best sense—pure in language—lofty in aim—high-minded in method—successful in carrying out every good project.

The Conservative leader, unwilling to be outstripped in patriotism and gentility, any more than in statecraft, imbreathes the same spirit, and Parliament becomes a pleasant assemblage of wise gentlemen whose energies are given to the expediting of public business, and that alone.

A country happy and prosperous, and rejoicing in the great achievements of the past. The new elements coalescing and working together with the sentiments of patriots, not of partizans, and quitting present miserable party moves and methods—despising the vituperation and slander which have come to be inseparably linked with the names of the two opposing parties.—the eyes of the common people are directed away from personalities and quibbles to those great national questions on which hang the future of this Canada of ours.

With this number of GRIP the Fourteenth Volume closes, and it is a melancholy coincidence that with it closes the life of a public man who has occupied our pen and pencil perhaps more than any other in the past. We lay our sprig of kind remembrance upon the bier of the Honourable GEORGE BROWN, and say Farewell!

But GRIP's work is not yet done. He hopes to live on to serve his country, and he will endeavour to do so as faithfully in the future as he has in the volumes gone by. It gives him great satisfaction to have evidence that his work is really effective, and no doubt it will give all his friends equal pleasure to learn that for the past year the circulation of this little journal has been increasing at a rapid rate. This is certainly due in part, at least, to the N. P., which has furnished Mr. GRIP's pen and pencil with material for comment for several months, and will continue to do so, as he trusts, for many more to come. It is also due in part, he would fain believe, to the fact that he has permanently established himself in the affections of the Canadian public, and that he has proved himself worthy of their confidence and support.

Not only have many subscribers been added to our list since the enlargement of the paper, but many advertisers have enrolled themselves as our regular patrons. Shrewd business men have discovered that a paper of limited dimensions, enjoying a large circulation amongst the most intelligent classes, and the copies of which moreover are in most cases carefully preserved, furnishes the very best medium for advertisements. The consequence is that, of late, Mr. GRIP has found the space at his disposal too limited to accommodate all who would avail themselves of it. He has, therefore, determined to make room by removing the large frontispieces which now grace the first page, and to substitute for it the smaller cut with which he started in life. This change will be effected in the next number, with which GRIP hopes to start on a fresh career of success, under the inspiring influence of the mystical number "Fifteen."



**IN MEMORIAM.**

HE WORE THE WHITE FLOWER OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.



**THE JOKER CLUB.**

**"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."**

The early circus catches the quarter.—*Whitehall Times*.

A good writer's maxim: "Have some style about you."—*Monthly Union*.

Air castles, we presume, are built of sunbeams and herc-rafters.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The ship that often carries its passengers into troubled waters—courtship.—*Whitehall Times*.

A devout friar knows but little of the mysteries of the frying pan.—*Huckensack Republican*.

Carpenters should be honest. Their life is a plane one, and they do things on the square.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—*Philadelphia Item*.

Every cloud has a gilt edge. Even tight boots make us forget other cares and troubles for awhile.—*McGregor News*.

An American lady recently said that she was going to Europe in a thorough artistic way to attend "the saloons of Paris."—*Boston Globe*.

They have a race-horse out west called "Chicago Girl." Of course the horse-shoer has a double rate price for shoeing it.—*Somerville Journal*.

You can't suit a man anyway. He will scoff at the microscopic bonnet on the street and growl at the aspiring one in the theatre.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Come John, do get up. This is the second time I've awakened you." "A plague on both your rouses! go 'way, and let me sleep!"—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Help from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."—*Boston Traveler*.

A dealer in fruit trees should understand the business in all its branches, and then make his little bough in behalf of the public patronage.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When a woman runs after a street car, waving her handkerchief wildly, the conductor knows well enough what the wild waves are saying.—*Fat Contributor*.

It is upheld that the proverb, "Two heads are better than one," only applies to a bass drum. But what about the innocent game of kissing, eh!—*Somerville Journal*.

Can you call a woman who laughs while she has her seven-year-old across her knee and is giving him fits with her shoe, a Lady Gay Spanker.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

A disappointment.—EDWIN: "Dull paper this morning, ain't it ANOY?" ANGELINA: "Yes! Not a soul one knows mentioned?—not even in the deaths!"—*Punch*.

Speaking of the sudden variations of the weather and the danger of taking cold, a friend says it isn't safe to change a pocket handkerchief now a-days.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Whenever the mail from Ontario brings us an illustrated weekly journal, brimful of spice, instinctively we tighten our Grip upon it, while our sharpest scissors goes for its best jokes.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The man who went into a newsroom and asked the proprietor if he had a Chaucer, was informed that gentlemen bought their tobacco, and didn't beg it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

There are two kinds of oranges grow in this country; one is the kind that is good to eat, and the other is the kind that is sold on the railroad trains.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

There are seven different names for a whale, but the small boy says that a "whale" by any other name would raise just as big welts, and smart just as much.—*Naugatuck Enterprise*.

That Canadian weather prophet VEXNOR now peers ahead into May, and says he doesn't like the looks of it. Got a three-months note coming due then, doubtless.—*Rockland Courier*.

A small pox convalescent upon being questioned as to how he felt, said as he passed his hand across his furrowed brow, "I feel a marked improvement."—*Balt. Every Saturday*.

Why is a white child reaching for a desired object like a colored infant? Because it's an eager baby. (The point to this master-piece is barely visible to the naked eye.)—*Modern Argo*.

It may be that the reason why they put such a pretty red blanket over the back of the big elephant is to cover and keep from sight his totally dirty old hide.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

You can capture and utilize the lightning as it leaps from the angry heavens, but you can't make a boy stop sucking his thumb when he goes on a visit to relatives.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Few barbers shave their own faces. This is explained by the perfectly reasonable fact that no barber is foolish enough to make himself the voluntary victim of his own stories.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Her maid of all work, broom in hand,  
Playing truant at the labor,  
Beside the front gate takes her stand,  
To scandalize her neighbor.

—J. S. Watkins.

"What shall we do to keep our girls at home evenings?" asks an anxious mother. Why, give them the key to the front door, a hunk of chewing gum, go to bed at dusk and ask no questions.—*Waterloo Observer*.

If you want to get an idea of what is the meaning of the term "confusion worse confounded" just take a look into the cellar after the servant has had the run of it for the entire winter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

You can't have everything as you want it in this world, boy, but when you succeed in getting a tin can in one hand and a dog's tail in the other it's your own fault if you don't have some fun.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

And now as spring is coming on,  
The season fresh and sweet,  
The housewife takes a big, long stick  
And doth the carpet beat.

—Danielsonville Sentinel.

Frosted cakes and cookies are a desirable side dish for the youth of the land, but he doesn't seem to take half the enjoyment devouring them as he does demolishing a fruit cake cut in the shape of an elephant.—*Fulton Times*.

For at least one half of the ills to which human flesh is heir, there is more real curative power in well regulated doses of wood sawing than there is in physic enough to fill a gas reservoir—and don't you forget it my friend.—*Modern Argo*.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder. In this country some girls are believed to have no hearts, but if a jilted young man was to kill one of them, the law would make as much fuss about it as if she had a heart as big as a water bucket.—*Norristown Herald*.

"An Indiana girl who was suddenly kissed at a party has become insane." This paragraph was read by SKINNER to his girl the other evening, and then he queried: "Do you s'pose that's true?" She blushed slightly, and then like a true girl replied: "I don't know, but I think I'd risk it."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Nothing is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile hop right off at his own store.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

A poor up town man fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had BRUNT'S disease. "What will the SMITH girl say now?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me! O, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what sort of a hair pin I am."—*Burbank*.

You see that boy? How timidly he approaches every dark spot as he hurries through the night! how warily he watches every tree box! how he jumps aside at the slightest rustle! how tremblingly he meets every wayfarer! Well, that is the same boy who is just dying to go out West and slaughter the pesky redskins. You wouldn't think so, to see him now; now, would you?—*Boston Transcript*.

"A Mother of Girls" asks, in a London newspaper: "The question is, what is to become of the girls who are not (and perhaps never will be) perfect in the trois temps?" "A mother" shouldn't worry about such a trifle as that. If the girls are perfect in cooking, are good conversationalists, can sew on trousers buttons, and have a few thousand pounds, sensible young men will not care if they haven't got a trois temps to their backs.—*Nor. Herald*.

To make a two-cent newspaper, take one part money, one part brains, one part friends, one part fighting material (highly colored), one part brevity, two parts independence; stir well together over a hot fire, and just before it comes to a boil add sufficient pluck to outlast the money and friends. Then find a place needing the mixture, and apply as hot as the patient can stand. Circumstances being favorable, the advertising will be attracted to the concoction without much effort on the part of the doctor.

LORD BEACONSFIELD once said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, etc., etc. It is now Mr. GLADSTONE'S turn to style LORD BEACONSFIELD a meretricious mercator sublimated with the effluence of his own medulla oblongata, who has precipitated an avalanche of contumelious obloquy upon the devoted pericrania of his compatriots, and who is now about to be relegated to that Acherontic oblivion which, in the gorgeous imagery of his own Oriental vernacular, fits him like the paper on the wall.—*Puck*.

"Oh, MRS. BLANK!" exclaimed a Philadelphia woman, rushing into the house of a neighbor, "your son has gone off to fight a duel!" "Gracious! you don't tell me?" shrieked the mother, throwing her arms wildly over head. "Has—is—oh, dear!—has he gone—tell me quick!—has he gone as a second or is he one of the principals?" "Why, he's the challenged party, and he's one of the principals, of course." "O, what a shock you gave me," said the mother, becoming calm in an instant. "I feared he had gone as a second, and would be brought home badly wounded. If he is only a principal, of course he's safe from all harm," and the sensible woman dismissed the duel from her mind, and entered into an animated conversation anent the spring fashions.—*Norristown Herald*.

**"Our Brothers."**

Who make themselves such general pests  
To those at home and all our guests,  
The truth indeed must be confessed,  
Our Brothers!

They never pick us any chips,  
Unless we give them sundry tips  
To spend in candy, gum and whips,  
Our Brothers!

They love to persecute the cat,  
But never see the front-door mat,  
Oh, no, they can't remember that,  
Our Brothers.

They leave their towels lying round,  
Their hats and coats upon the ground,  
Their mits are never to be found,  
Our Brothers.

They tease us girls and call us swells,  
And say we're nothing but dumb-bells;  
They grin and give such Indian yells,  
Our Brothers.

They make remarks about our clothes,  
And laugh and mimic all our "beaus,"  
Or tell Papa if they propose,  
Our Brothers.

They really have as much to say  
As our Prime Minister JOHN A.,  
They'll surely rule the world some day,  
Our Brothers.

**Marine Intelligence.**

During the last week the wind has been light and variable.

The first propeller *Hanlan* has sailed for the South to pick up a \$6000 freight.

At Ottawa rates show no signs of improvement, the quotations still being \$1,000 per season for small craft and \$8,000 for vessels of a larger size.

The new temperance barge *Alfred Boulbee* after discharging cargo in Ottawa and receiving ballast has returned, and is open for engagements.

The staunch, well built, but slow sailing barque *Oliver Nowat*, after taking in ample supplies, sailed with her tender in attendance for Europe. It is expected this steady craft will return with a cargo of new ideas.

Rumour says that there is likely to be great activity in the port of West Toronto very shortly. The old election barges, stonehookers, scows and mud barges are being caulked in anticipation of high freights.

The barque *Cameron* which was recently fitted out by the opposition in South Huron, broke from her moorings at the Parliament dock, Ottawa. After colliding with several ministerial craft she was secured. Further investigations will decide whether the vessel sustained any material damage or not.

The lugger *Bunster*, of British Columbia is reported faulty in her upper works. Notwithstanding the great breadth of beam possessed by this vessel, she is reported very crank and difficult to manage. It is reported that she is too lofty and that reductions will have to be made in her upper works if she is to continue serviceable.

The schooners *Platt*, *Hay*, and *Robinson*, have returned to this port light. The latter is preparing for dry-dock where she will, in all probability be laid up for some seasons to come. This schooner is very old-fashioned and a slow sailer. In bad weather it is not unusual in order to save the vessel, that her deck load has to be thrown over board.

The new Government tug *Masson* is going into dry dock for a thorough investigation. It is reported in marine circles that the government intend swapping her off for a more serviceable vessel. The craft was only recently purchased by the Dominion authorities after considerable delay, and that she would prove faulty after only two seasons' work, is commented upon unfavourably by vessel men.

**Straight Loans.**

The Bill which Dr. ORTON, M.P., introduced into the Commons, has started a discussion regarding straight loans. Some editors appear to be more or less in a fog, apparently not understanding the nature of a straight loan. GRR, anxious to enlighten the masses, hastens to explain. Lending a man \$500 just for a day or two, which he never returns is a straight loan. Endorsing a friend's note merely to oblige him and which the endorser has ultimately to meet, is another straight loan. Running a newspaper and having three dead head subscribers out of five is a very straight loan indeed. Buying stock in some bogus company, and never realizing anything in return besides losing the principal, comes under the head of straight loans. Paying politicians who never attend to their business a large sessional allowance; buying patent medicines, warranted to cure any disease; taking everything a book agent, pedlar, or lighting rod agent says for gospel, are all straight loans. The list could be extended, but it is enough to add, that whenever the lender finds no return coming in from his investment, he has made a straight loan.

**Mr. Boulbee and the Scott Act.**

MR. BOULBEE, M.P., is not only a wag but is an adept in casting the horoscope of the future. Indeed, so much has he divined that there is very little left on which he can exercise his prophetic office, and he is bound to make the most of it. Driven to extremities he has taken the Scott Act under his careful consideration, and the result is, that the cause of temperance will be retarded if its provisions are adopted. As a temperance advocate Mr. BOULBEE has not made his mark. In this respect he is a graduate in buckram. He preaches from an old text and it can scarcely be pretended that he has imported any novelty into the sermon. Common-places are clear to a large class, and the member for East York goes with the crowd, displaying much liveliness of faith in the virtues of "bum-kum." When those who love to sneer at the honest efforts of noble men and women to mitigate some of the disastrous effects of drink, can point to some action of their own in the same direction, their divinations will have more weight. Prohibitionists and total abstainers may slop over occasionally, but they are on the right track, and the mere vaticinations of erratic seers should be estimated at the mere nominal figure which they are worth.

An American gold dollar is a *miley* dollar.

If that race doesn't come off this time HANLAN will be getting *riley*.

The most dangerous of all medical pads—a foot pad.



**WELLAND CANAL**

**NOTICE**

TO

**BRIDGE-BUILDERS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for high-ways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless

made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**TENDERS FOR FENCING.**

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.



**LACHINE CANAL.**

**NOTICE**

TO

**Machinist-Contractors.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

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By Order,

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-8t

For a GOOD SMOKE

**USE MYRTLE NAVY.**

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

**FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.**

First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.



HURRAH! HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS!!

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,  
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand  
And nail, and finger.



Bring your little darlings to **BRUCE**, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.  
vii-22-1y.

To Phonographers.—Revised Price-List of Isaac Pitman's Publications.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts
Exercises in Phonography	5
Grammalogues and Contractions	10
Questions on Manual	15
Selections in Reporting Style	20
Teacher	20
Key to Teacher	20
Reader	20
Manual	50
Reporter	75
Reporting Exercises	20
Phrase Book	35
Railway Phrase Book	25
Covers for holding Note Book	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style	75
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style	35
The book of Psalms, cloth	75
Common Prayer morocco, with gilt edges	\$2.80
The Other Life, cloth	50
New Testament, reporting style	\$2.50
Phonographic Dictionary	1.50
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style	55
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	90
Esop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20
Pearls from Shakespeare	75
Vicar of Wakefield	60

EXTRACTS.

No. 1. Ten Pounds and Other Tales.	cor. style	20
No. 2. That Which Money cannot Buy, &c.		20
No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c.	cor. style	20

SELECTIONS.

No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Canning at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style	20
No. 2. Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, &c., rep. style	20
No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

Sent post-paid on any address on receipt of price.  
Next Post Office, Toronto BENGOUGH BROS.



Grip's Gallery of Local Celebrities.  
NO. 6.—ST. THOMAS. ONE OF THE LANDMARKS.

School's Out.

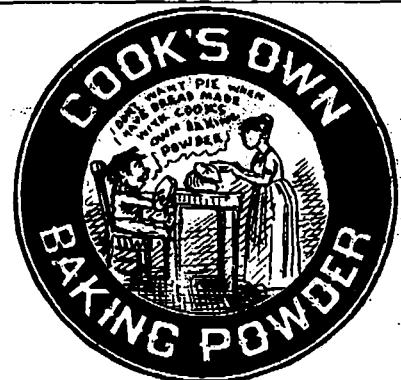
'Tis the last weary day,  
They've collared their pay,  
Those law-making boys of the nation;  
The session is done,  
And, chock full of fun,  
They rush home to enjoy the vacation!

Sir SAM jumps with glee  
For now he is free  
From the taunts and sneers of Sir DICKEY,  
So blithe JOHNNY feels  
That he kicks up his heels,  
For now there's no need to be tricky.

TOM WHITE feels so good  
In a gay sportive mood  
He hoists old BURR PLUMS and his "poem,"  
And BUNSTER he prances,  
And CARTWRIGHT he dances,  
At thought of again going home!

Then lively NED BLAKE  
A big jump does take  
Right over the head of old SANDY;  
And the Senator gray  
With his wounds goes away,  
From the place where bad language they bandy.

**HEWITT Fysh,**  
Manufacturer of all kinds of  
**CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,**  
222 YONGE STREET.  
Wedding cakes a speciality. xiv-3-12t



For sale by all leading grocers.

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