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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. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied. BENGOUGH BROS.

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

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT, J. YOUNG'S, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

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1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood." 2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits. Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. vii-22-17.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

The Toronto *Grip* heads its paragraph column "Our Grip Sack," and it is full of good things, too.—*Rome Sentinel*.

DR. RYERSON'S "Loyalists of America and their times" is having a very rapid sale, the first edition having been exhausted in less than four months, and a new edition called for.

Messrs. HORTON & MACLEAN are to be congratulated on the success of their spicily little journal, the *World*. The circulation has already reached about five thousand, and on one occasion last week ran up to nearly six thousand.

HENRY JAMES' new story, "The Portrait of a Lady," begins in the November number of the *Atlantic*. Mr. JAMES must indeed be a prolific as well as a favorite writer in order to have two serial stories running at the same time in two of the three most popular American magazines.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous war correspondent, is in this country for the purpose of lecturing on his experiences in famous battlefields. Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE will be his manager. Mr. FORBES once tried—in vain—to get journalistic employment in Canada!

MR. ELDER, of St. John, has begun an evening edition of his *Telegraph*. The new journal makes a specialty of news of the day, city matters and editorials. It is quite distinct from the morning edition, and, in fact, occupies a new field in journalism.

A new work entitled "Souvenirs of the private Life of HEINRICH HEINE" is in preparation, the author being HEINE'S niece the Princess DELLA BOCCA. The work is written in Italian and will no doubt be very interesting to the many admirers of Germany's great lyric poet.

Mr. Walt Whitman is credited with the good intention of giving to the British public his estimate of the English poets of the present century. In accepting the suggestion from a London magazine editor, the poet enforced the condition that he should be allowed to break out in verse at will, on the plea that prose came awkwardly to him.

MR. S. DILTS, of the Georgetown *Herald*, has sold out that paper to Mr. J. NEELANDS, formerly of Brampton, and the Oakville *Express*, formerly belonging to Mr. J. C. GENTZLER, has become the property of Mr. JOHN AXIOS. GRIP joins in with contemporary good wishes to these gentlemen, and has no doubt of their success.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON has issued a new weekly under the title of *Truth*. Opinions vary as to the prospects of its success, but there is no reason why it should not attain a fair position among the weeklies if it fall not into the mistake, which we somewhat fear it will do, of apeing the role of a Society paper. The "Jacob Faithful" article, on its first page, shows some tendencies in that direction.

Detroit has a well edited Society paper called *Every Saturday*, in which a series of articles on the newspaper men of that city is at present being given. The sketch in the last number which reached our sanctum was of Mr. RORT BARR, a genial and clever young Canadian, who is making himself famous as LUKE SHARP on the *Free Press*. Mr. BARR is an occasional and esteemed contributor to GRIP. By the way, *Every Saturday* ought to reach us at least once a week, but, somehow, it doesn't.

WHAT has come over the Hamilton *Spec*? Just reflect on the following (italicized) blun-

ders of the intelligent compositor, abetted by the intellectual proof-reader:—"HAROLD LANDE acted as starter; HENRY McLAREN as judge; ALEX. J. MACKENZIE as referee, and JOHN PATERSON as time-keeper, all of whom discharged the *odorous* duties developed on them in an excellent and *praiseworthy* manner."

MR. ALFRED THOMPSON'S new weekly paper called *Pan* has appeared in London. It seems to be designed somewhat on the same lines as the *World*, with this difference, that it is avowedly a satirical journal. It is printed on a peculiarly green tinted paper, which at first sight is hardly attractive. "*Pan's* Prologue" is, however, certainly clever, and Mr. Thompson has the support of many of our best known and most successful journalists.

THE *Free Press* is the title of a lively little sheet of four pages issued from the office of the *Whitby Gazette*, on Saturdays, and costs—nothing. It is no doubt intended to rival the *Saturday Night*, of Messrs. ROBERTSON BROS., a smart local sheet, which puts many paid-for papers to shame. The *Free Press* is as good a paper as the *Gazette*, and is so much cheaper that the latter ought to suspend. The journalistic enterprise of Whitby is certainly very creditable to it.

A case of considerable interest to newspaper subscribers came up at the recent Division Court held at Welland. The *Telegraph* sued a subscriber for arrears. The defendant claimed that he had paid the former publisher \$1 in 1874, after which he did not subscribe. He afterwards moved his residence, and for over two years had not had it. The Judge ruled that he was liable for the full amount, and gave judgment accordingly, the defendant having acknowledged being a subscriber by taking part of the papers out of the post-office. His Honour said the law was very distinct on this point.

THE *Printers' Miscellany*, of St. John, N.B., says:—"An abridged History of Canada, one which will be better adapted to the wants of our schools than Archer's, is now in course of preparation by a New Brunswick writer. We hope our own printers will be able to secure the publishing of this book, and that it will not be allowed to pass into foreign hands, too." The reference in the latter sentence is to the fact that the school books are now printed by NELSON, of Edinburgh, who has what the *Miscellany* considers a "monopoly" of the school-book publishing. The N. P. does not seem to have yet worked a cure for the Maritime printers.

The Ontario School of Art and Design was opened for the sessional work of 1880-81 on the 1st inst.—over 70 pupils having joined on the first day. This was one-third more than the first day's accession last year, and, as the roll ran up to 150 before the session ended, it is expected that the attendance this year will be very large. About half of those who enrolled themselves on the opening day were former pupils. Comparatively few are as yet devoting themselves to coloring. The staff of teachers this year is made up of Messrs MATTHEWS, REVELL, FRASER, BAIGENT, PERRE, HARRIS, and Mrs. SCHREIBER. The first named gentleman is Secretary.

We commend the *Varsity*, a new journal connected with Toronto University, to the attention of all who are interested in that institution and in the cause of education generally. A large staff of leading writers are retained as contributors and we have no hesitation in vouching for the quality of its contents. The following extract from its preface statement will indicate the nature and extent of its programme:—

Whatever element of ambition or audacity lies latent in our programme, it is wholly bound up in the desire that the University of Toronto shall possess the best university paper in America, and an unrivalled index of the progress of educational systems.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

MARY ANDERSON will play in New York during the month of December.

Miss MINNIE PALMER'S "Boarding Schools" at the Grand, is well spoken of by those who have seen it.

SIGNOR SALVINI, while in America, will appear four times at least in his grand role of *Othello*; also as *David Garrick*, the *Gladiator*, and *Macbeth*.

J. B. GOUGH will be at Shaftesbury Hall on the 19th and 25th inst. It goes without saying that he will have full houses on both occasions.

MINNIE PALMER says she isn't married, and doesn't want to be married either, which is a good thing for the lucky man who is not her husband.—*Every Saturday*.

THE Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales and several of the Royal Family went to hear the HAVERLY Minstrels in London, recently. They laughed so at BILLY EMERSON as nearly to upset that comedian's gravity.

RICHARD WAGNER has completed the instrumentation of his new opera *Percival*. The plot is taken from BOCACCIO'S last novel in the Decameron, the trials of GRISELDIS, treated in the epic form by CHAUCER in his "Canterbury Tales."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

All the best seats for SARAH BERNEHARDT'S engagement at Booth's theatre, New York, have been purchased by speculators. Three hours after the opening of the office \$25,000 worth of tickets had been sold, season tickets selling at \$60 each.

MARIE VAN'S great success in Rome in *Rigolette* adds another leaf to the crown of laurel woven for Cincinnati by her musicians. There is not another city in the country that can boast of such names as LAURA BELLINI, JULIA RIVE KING, JOSIE JONES, MARIE VAN, EAJMA CRAMER, and JULIA GAYLORD. Their reputation is world-wide.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

SIGNOR TAGLIAPIETRA at the Royal Opera House has been furnishing his audiences with such a musical treat as is rarely to be had in Toronto. He has, himself, been in magnificent voice and, when we say that his company has in all respects been worthy of his leadership, it will be acknowledged that anything better in the shape of an operatic entertainment could hardly be found. In *Il Trovatore*, on Tuesday night, notwithstanding the absence of Mlle. LITTA, the company excelled itself and the applause was enthusiastic and continuous. We advise every one who can appreciate first-class music, rendered in the highest style, to visit the Royal while SIGNOR TAGLIAPIETRA is there.

MR. TOM TAYLOR'S will, dated July 30, 1872, was proved on the 21st ult. by Mrs. LAURA WILSON TAYLOR, the widow, ARNOLD TAYLOR, the brother, and MATTHEW WHITING, executors, the personal estate being sworn under £16,000. The testator leaves to his wife £400, and his furniture, books, pictures, works of *vertu*, and other household effects; to his executors £20 each, free of duty; and to his said brother, his sisters-in-law, the Misses LUCETTA and LELLA BARKER, and to Miss MINGSLEY, some books or sets of books, pictures, &c., as a personal memorial of him; his house and grounds at Lavender Sweep, his interest in the Olympic Theatre, his copyrights, acting rights of plays, and all the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust, as to the income, to his wife for life, and as to the principal, at her death, to his children, as she shall by deed or will appoint. The testator also appoints his wife guardian of his infant children.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Beauty vs. Science.

A DRAMA OF THE UPPER TENDOM OF TORONTO.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. TOMKINS JONES, a Toronto Citizen.
MRS. TOMKINS JONES, his Wife.
MATILDA, ROSE AND FANNY, their Daughters.
CLASSICAL PROFESSOR: MR. PASSMAN, a Classical Tutor and Dean.
Chorus of Scientific Girls.
A Toronto Graduate in Honors.

Mr. Tomkins Jones—We have received, on this auspicious day,

A double card of invitation from His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, To say on Friday next that there will be Himself and Mrs. ROBINSON, "At Home." The girls are asked, I sign an ample cheque, Spare no expenses—we may hope to meet Two nice young English gentlemen of means Imported by the swell-importing one—The patron of all foreign college men, The snubber of Canadian graduates—Great Crooks!—the super-fine—the high-toned Crooks!

Matilda—Delightful thought!—the young Professor mine!

Rose—But Mr. PASSMAN's youth I should prefer. He is to be Dean; will he wear leggings like Those of the Very Reverend at St. James'?

Fanny—The Passman and Professor are but two, The marriageable daughters of mama are three!

Matilda—And then those horrid girls—the Briggs,

Go in for science and for ologies,— For evolution and the processes By which the toad from monkey grew to man— They'll take the lead of simple girls like us.

Mrs. Tomkins Jones — Don't you mistake! Young men from Oxford, dears, Prefer bright eyes that wear no spectacles; Think more of glossy hair than addled brains— The all-important point is, what to wear.

Matilda—A jersey, myrtle green, and fitting close, With ribbons of pale gold, and tie of lace— One band of scarlet in my braided hair.

Rose—A jersey, too, but bright maroon, and trimmed With rich pink lace of slightly paler shade.

Fanny—For me a dress of lustrous green and gold, How trimmed this evening's shopping shall decide.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Palace. Distinguished guests. Enter Chorus of Scientific young Ladies, also in resplendent toilettes. Chorus of the Tomkins Jones' girls, seated at opposite sides of the room.

Chorus of Scientific Girls—We are for Learning and Science and Intellect; We do not want them to say we are beautiful! Dressed up like those horrid girls that are opposite;

And we are sure that these learned Professors Will much prefer us to those idle nonentities— Eriolous, vapid—not knowing the ologies; Going to parties and dancing there ceaselessly, While we sit still in our places with dignity, Going to church and believing implicitly All the old myths that great HUXLEY has exorcised.

[Enter Professor of Classics and Mr. Passman, Classical Tutor. They look in terror on the Scientific girls and with admiration on the Tomkins Jones' girls.

Professor—I am the Senior, mine the right to choose, I'll seek those charming girls upon the right— You take the learned maids that leftwards sit.

Mr. Passman—'Tis hard, but I obey, as once I learned.

Experientia docet.—

Professor— Stop your talkingshop, Or take your learning yonder to your friends.

[They separate left and right. Professor sits between Rose and Matilda. Business to soft Music.]

Chorus of Scientific Girls (to Mr. PASSMAN)—

Very learned sir,
We have much to question:
Say, do you demur
To HÆCKEL on Digestion?
We have studied closely
All that SPENCER thinks,
Seeking comfort ghostly
From that solemn Sphinx.
Say, is it your opinion
That we also share
Equally with monkeys,
Virtue, breath and air.

Mr. Passman—

Dear young ladies, do not
Ask such awful things,
For you surely know not
What remorse it brings.
Such hard questions ask not,
Such I cannot scan,
A poor Passman test not,
Seek some Honor man.

[A Toronto Graduate in Honors appears, is seized on and explains everything.]

Chorus of Scientific Girls—This is the person to hold a Professorship!

All that we wanted to ask he explained to us; Still how we wish he would sit here and talk to us!

Toronto Graduate—Hold! I will escape these wrinkled faces

Since to the muses I prefer the graces:
You pretty girls we'll seek.—I'll introduce you— Ask them to dance and they will not refuse you.

[They join the Tomkins Jones' girls. All three become engaged, one to the Professor, one to Mr. Passman and the other to the Toronto Graduate. Mr. Crooks gives his benediction. Lime light and tableaux of burning bliss.]

The Irish Question.

BY WAN AV THE B'YES.

A matein wiz hild yestherevin,
In Lombard Street, Accident Hall,—
So called from the many mishapp'ns
Thir since its erection, last fall.

It was thir that MICK BURNS lost a finger,
An' O'ROURKE lost the use av his arm,
Wid the ructions they raised last iletter—
'Tis thim same dale a grate dale av harm—

There wiz DANNY MULDOON got his hid broke,
PAT MAGEE lost a pace av his ayt;
There wiz foightin' an' bolitin' threminjus,
Nary favor w' d' an' no fear.

An' all that riz up this ribblion
Wiz the iltorts then med by thim Tories,
Fer to make their Grip nabors believe
All thim National Policy shories.

Sure ivry wan knows as the Lombards
Is the pacifullist pable on airth,—
An' it is'th' their fault if a ruction
Arizes disturbin' thir mirth.

But the Tories an' Griets get a squabblin',
And thim is the wans fer to blame
Fer disturbin' our pace wid their gabblin'
And deafenin' our ayrs wid the same.

But this is the whoy that the pable
Our max'ins disorderly call,
An' fer want av a better cognomen,
Nickname the place Accident Hall.

Last noight, tho', it wiz'th' elections
That called us together, ye see;
We all wiz met there to consider
How Oireland wans't more might be free.

Jist as whin in the days av bowld BRIAN
She ranked wid the first in the world,
Till the Saxons came in, wan foime mornin',
An' down all her glory wiz hurled.

Thir was RORY O'MORE on the platform,
Wid delegates from the Ould Sod—
MICKY FREE and our frien'd PATSEV HAGAN,
Wid FINNEGAN minus his hod.

PAT BOYLE, av the IRISH CANADIAN,
Wiz there to the fore ivry time,
And JOHNNY O'DONOOGHIE likewise.
(Oh, I'm stuck now intirely fer rhyme.)

JERRY SHIELDS, an' DWAN sat beside thim,
As proud an' as happy as Kings,
Wid the smile av content on their faytures
Which the conscience that's satisfied brings.

It wiz moved an' immajitly carried
That General O'NALE take the chair;
And we rose as wan man fer to chare him,
On sein' him sated up there.

He shud up jist pale wid emotion,
But his words rung out firmly and clear,
'Ye all know what's called us together,
Ye understhan' whoy we are here.

'Oh! ye men av a wan'st moighty nation
Our country is crushed in the dust;
She is ruined, dishonored, forsaken,
A prey to the Sassenach's lust.

'She's poor and she cries o'er her childer,
'How long shall this be! oh, how long—!
Will the conqueror always dispoil us,
An' the victory be fer the strong?'

'Her wans't haughty crest is now humbled,
Her flag floats no longer on high,
Her sons and her daughters by thousands
Stretched out in their hovels to die.

'The famine fiend feasts on its victims,
The fever cuilts o'er its prey;
Oh! whom shall we turn to fer succor,
Who'll hilp or assist us? Ah, say!

'The landlord looks down from his castle
Upon his poor tenants beneath,—
An' thinks as he sees all their sufferings,
'The poor are created fer death.'

'The world turns around on its axis,
An' what does she care for their woes—
Man springs from her breast, an' returns there,
Sooner or later, she knows.

'Thin rally my b'yes fer your freedom,
Lift high the green banner wans't more,
Shout dith to the Saxon intruders,
An' diluge the land wid thir gore.

But bowld MICKY FREE shood up shumlin'
As bright as a basket av chips;
'B'yes,' says he, 'It's a long time, I'm thinkin',
Since tlicker has mistened our lips.

'An' what is the use av us throublin',
Lif others take care av their own;
Our loife is too short to take sadness
That isn't fornist of us throu.

'An so fer the rist av the avenin'
Our backs upon sorrow we'll turn;
That the same may take place now immajet,
O! move that this matein' adjourn.'

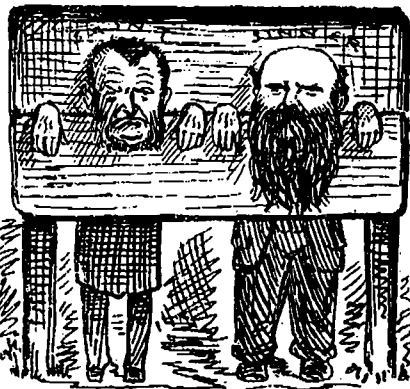
'Hooroo!' said the min on the platform,
'Bhring phwusky and glasses galore;
Let's pile up the binchins and tables,
It's dancin' we'll have on the floor.'

And afther this,—wud yiz believe it?—
Before we dispersed fer the night,
We'd a dale av the ch'icest divarion,
And wound matters up wid a fight.

PATRICK O'RAFFERTY

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Plus 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Nobbl st Things in the market. - WOLTZ BROS & Co.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



"Sinner" and "Saint."

It is said that "two heads are better than one," and, acting on this adage, GRR assumes that the picture he herewith presents will be considered by art critics an improvement on the sketch published a few weeks ago. In that illustration there was only one head—that of LAWSON, the Saint, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., whom public opinion had placed in the pillory for conducting his paper, the *Presbyterian*, in a manner unbecoming a good newspaper man. Circumstances now furnish us with an excuse for supplying Lawson the Saint, with a companion in tribulation in the person of his local contemporary—Lawson the Sinner, who has also, it appears, been lately over-stepping the bounds of editorial safety, having been brought before a stipendiary magistrate on a charge of libel. GRR has the pleasure of knowing Lawson the Sinner, personally, and he can testify that, in the main, he is a good conscientious journalist. If he has gone wrong in the matter referred to, it has surely been through what the *Globe* would call inadvertence, for he is incapable of wilfully libelling anybody. We trust that the authorities, when they see this picture, will forthwith order the liberation of LAWSON the Sinner, as the punishment of being put in the same pillory with the other LAWSON (a truly bad editor) is ample expiation for his offence.



Not Big Enough.

It is just like the generous heart of Dr. Wilson to come to the defence of the unfortunate Mr. Crooks, but his defence, as may be seen from the above pictorial representation of it, is not equal to the occasion. The arrows of the press continue to shower upon the devoted form of the Minister of Education from every quarter, and a great many of them hit him more or less severely, because the shield is too small. As far as it goes, it, however, is a very good shield, and no doubt the persecuted ADAM appreciates it to its full extent. To descend from

metaphor, Dr. Wilson's letter anent the University difficulties, though timely and satisfactory upon certain points, fails to extricate Mr. Crooks from the mess he has got himself into, for it leaves several important matters in the controversy entirely untouched. The Doctor is a very good and conscientious man, and probably wrote only so far as he could speak with authority. After all, Mr. Crooks is the only man really competent to satisfactorily clear up the difficulty, and to judge by the general tone of his critics, the only way in which he can do this is to plump down on his marrow-bones and beg the public's pardon, at the same time promising never to be naughty again.



The New Sheriff.

The sunny side of King Street is going to lose one of its best known and most popular *habitués*. Mr. JERRY MERRICK, having been appointed Sheriff of the united counties of Prescott and Russell, intends shortly to leave us for the scene of his future usefulness. This item of news will be received in political and convivial circles with the traditional "mingled feelings." Society will feel a pang of regret at the prospect of missing the genial Milesian countenance so well known to nearly everybody,—and the only consolation mourners can have is to preserve a copy of this issue of GRR, which contains the only authentic portrait of MERRY JERRICK ever published; and at the same time his friends cannot but be pleased that he is made the recipient of a Government favor—though it be but a very inadequate reward at the hands of a Government which owes its popularity and stability so largely to his zeal, influence and eloquence. GRR joins the multitude in bidding the new Sheriff a friendly farewell, and, in the exercise of the important duties now entrusted to him, may he never be asked to touch a drop!



The Queen's English.

CUSTOMER—Say, mister! Do yor keep postage stamps here?
 WAGGISH STATIONER—No! I sell them.
 (Customer retires, musing on the niceties of the Queen's English.)

A CHICAGO girl, who had read the paragraph about the method of eloping by a rope-ladder made of shoe strings, tried it—but we need hardly say the attempt was boot-lace.



A Sad Farewell.

Mr. GRR is much pained at the rumor which has of late been going the rounds to the effect that Sir CHARLES TUPPER is on the eve of retiring from public life. It is said that the distinguished Knight has become disgusted with the monotony of Ministerial duties, and the meagreness of the pay appertaining thereto, and that he has determined to transfer his great financial genius from the service of his country to the service of himself, by deserting his portfolio for the promising field of railway contracting. GRR will be sincerely sorry to lose him, as his character and countenance are amongst the most valued appurtenances of his stock in trade. Sir CHARLES was designed by nature to supply material for cartoons. He is always saying or doing something which can be more or less happily illustrated for the moral admonition of the public—as a glance at GRR's past volumes will show. As a railway contractor these qualities will be of no service to us, as the purely business and private doings of contractors—like those of MACKINTOSH—do not come within our province. The loss which GRR and the country are about to suffer—if this rumor be true—is plainly to be laid at JOHN A'S door, for he is the party who put Sir CHARLES into the official position where-in he became aware of the grand possibilities of Government contracting, and we hope the electors will bear this in mind.



"What's in a Name?"

SCENE—A section of Canada Pacific Railway; friendly contractors overtaken in a rain-storm.

1ST CONTRACTOR—Fearful weather this; enough to give you your death! Why didn't you fetch your Mackintosh with you?

2ND CONTRACTOR—Fetch my Mackintosh? Not much! No sir!! A Mackintosh is the worst thing a contractor can have anything to do with!

THE *Turner's Falls Reporter* credits a joke of GRR's to the *Toronto Globe*! What next! Of all the Canadian prints—the *Globe*! O Cecil T. Bagnall!—This Bangs all!



THE ABORTIVE TRICK!

THE WIZARD—(apologetically)—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I—I—MUST CONFESS I'VE MADE A MISTAKE HERE. I *DID* INTEND TO GET A RIBBON OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT COLOUR OUT OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S MOUTH, BUT—!!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Oysters belong to the R-istocracy.—*Ex.*

As a Rule.—"Signal failures"—Railway accidents.—*Punch.*

The two fastest females in the world are SARAH BERNHARDT and MAUD S.

Enchanting music—A cackle over the last lay of the minstrel.—*Modern Argo.*

'Another hotel gone up,' said a tramp as he gazed on a burning straw stack.—*Ex.*

Foreign notes: The report that the Afghans are worsted is a crewel yarn.—*Yanocob Strauss.*

Dr. TANNER is just the man to be the guest of a country editor for a week or so.—*Modern Argo.*

Every man is to be considered innocent until you can prove him a politician.—*Ottawa Republican.*

"Words that burn," mused the editor, as he dumped the contents of the waste basket into the fire.—*Ex.*

Goat milk should be termed buttermilk, because the goat is an acknowledged butter.—*Lovell Sun.*

There is positively but one parlor heating stove, and every hardware man is its proprietor.—*Lockport Union.*

Frequent explosions in the Winter Palace may now be expected. The Czar is married.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A burglar, recently arrested, was asked what his business was. "I am a house-cleaner," said he.—*N. Y. Express.*

"The camel got its back up about something in the ark, and has had it up ever since." (Laughter)—*Barnum's Clown.*

The "eternal fitness of things" will occasionally crop out. MELL & COLLEY are Florida undertakers.—*Modern Argo.*

A man may not be able to hang paper worth a cent, but he can 'hang' a stove pipe most emphatically.—*Ottawa Republican.*

There are two distinct kinds of boys in this world—the human boy and the boy who exists in Sunday school books.—*Andrew's Bazaar.*

A man who paints signs on fences and rocks fell from a precipice in Colorado, last week, and was killed. Precipices should be encouraged.—*Ex.*

JINKS says he discovered several new asteroids, stars and comets the other evening. It was pretty dark, and he tried to split a tree with his nose.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A Miss HUSH, of Baltimore, has sued her lover for breach of promise, laying damages at \$10,000. Now the question is, will he give her any Hush-money.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

We've heard it remarked that cotton gin did not make as good a beverage as Holland.—*Waterloo Observer.* That's strange since hollands are made of cotton.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

It might have been money in some men's pockets if they never were born, but there is a sight of relief in the knowledge that it is better to have boomed and busted than never to have boomed at all.—*Ex.*

A man may be called Ole Bull and become famous, but if a woman was called Ole Cow the result would be an explosion compared to which nitro-glycerine would be a fourth of July.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"Why, Franky!" exclaimed a mother at the summer boarding house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 't was no use," replied Franky quietly, as he proceeded with his pie eating.—*Boston Transcript.*

We are inclined to take sides with the *Modern Argo*, in its conclusion that Gen. HANCOCK has a very amiable wife, while Gen. GARFIELD has—well the last named gentleman is very bare-footed on the top of his head.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

God created the cat for a purpose.—*Gowanda Enterprise.* That's fur-fetched.—*Port Chester Journal.* Our cat is me-v-sing over it.—*Gowanda Enterprise.* You folks are kitten too smart for anything, and we join in concert for a paw.—*Friendship Register.* Enough to harrow up the felin's of a mowl.—*Randolph Courant.* That completes the cat-egory.—*Ex.* And finishes the cat-alogue.

"When the cat's away the mice will play." Since the death of "Old Pross," the weather has been behaving very badly, even going so far as to dump a little snow upon sinful Chicago. A successor to Gen. EYRE should be appointed at once, or there is no telling what may next happen.—*Modern Argo.*

The drinking water at Milwaukee has become so stringy that it cannot be swallowed in the ordinary manner, and is now used as a breakfast dish, fried, roasted or boiled to suit the taste. Some prudent housewives are drying and smoking a supply of it for winter use. Beer has been substituted as a quencher of thirst.—*Modern Argo.*

A rural chap who witnessed the unloading of Cleopatra's Needle, says he don't wonder that the dusky Queen committed suicide by taking a viper to her bosom, if she had to sew buttons on MARK ANTONY's pantaloons with a needle nearly seventy feet long, or make shirts for the Jew dealers of Egypt at five cents a shirt.—*Binghampton Republican.*

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody know he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.—*Galveston News.*

New Haven Register: "She dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well-known belle. It is an absurdity. When a woman dresses there is more rattling round of shoes and corsets, and banging about of wash bowls and pitchers, and calling for this and for that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and—and we have often wondered how the mirrors stood it so well. We don't believe that a woman ever dressed quietly, but of course we don't know. How should we?

Our Grip Sack.

ADVICE TO TANNER—Hide, or we'll stop your bark.

THE Indian Reserve—Sitting Bull's reluctance to fraternize with Uncle Sam.

A TREATISE on cat-a-leap-sy is announced. It explains exactly how the cat jumps.

GRRR may be a-ravin' if you like, but, all the same, it never speaks without caws.

THE Missing-nary Link is not a bad pun, considering that it is perpetrated as the name for a religious paper.

It is insinuated by a billous Tory that Mr. MERRICK's appointment is the result of Jerry mandering on the part of Hon. CHRIS. FRAZER.

It takes a mighty good taxidormist to stuff a corset.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.* Of course it does; any bodice aware of that. (Stay-le joke).

A good many of our exchanges adopt the "No-credit" system in the matter of clipping. They don't give us credit, and it is no credit to them.

THE Fortune Bay Fishermen don't trust in Providence (bailing from Gloucester) worth a cent, and they say the American Eagle is a fish-hawk.

THE doctors gave him up—and well they might! He is ninety-four years' old, never had a day's sickness, and does the work of any ordinary three men. So a Western paper says.

I. M. POKER-UNIOUS has been enquiring at this office for a man who can "stand a loan," as he wanted to borrow a few dollars till next week. We answered the description, but declined the application.

THE first P. D. was a job-printer. He worked on the frame of the man of Uz, and made a mess of his form. He failed to make an impression, however, and had to cut his stick;—Then there was a chase.

STRANGE, that Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, approved of lager for the very same reason as Mayor DWAN condemns it. (See last week's GRIP). Who shall decide when such men disagree?

A HAMLET is not a little ham. Looks strange, doesn't it?—*Modern Argo.* No more so than that an inlet is not a little inn.—*Steubenville Herald.* Neither is Roulette a little rule.—*Breakfast Table.* Nor FRECHETTE a little fresh. (Yet stay—we don't know about that. There was that banquet at Montreal, you know!)

PERHAPS when MACAULAY's New Zealander sits upon the ruins of the Brooklyn bridge, he will wonder what the American people wanted with an Egyptian obelisk, anyhow?—*N. Y. Express.* Yes, and when he sits, as he's sure to do, on the apex of the needle, and wants to know why on earth the American people didn't finish Brooklyn bridge, what then?

THE party who took two Photographs from my table will return them at once and save trouble, as they are known. W. BONEZAS, *Guelp Herald.* The party, or the Photographs, which? Were they (the photographs) so large that it required two to take them, or did the party divide "the swag." Mysterious altogether.

THE editor of this paper is wifeless, and in a measure homeless, and is open for a limited number of applications to go out and take tea.—*Mitchell Recorder.*

There was a lean scribbler called RACE, Whose wife had gone north from his place: "I'm starving," said he, "Please ask me to tea, "And I'll come at a Maud S's pace."

The ladies complied with good grace, And he went with a smile on his face, So largely did he imbibe of their tea That he henceforth was known as TEA RACE.



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

First Impressions.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLANCY," "COMETH DOWN LIKE A SHOWER," "BRIGHT AS A BEET IS SHE."

VOL. I.

The obsolete proverb "Two heads are better than one," was being superseded in the Squire's drawing-room by the newer saying adapted to the festive occasion, "One leg is better than two." Twelve magnificent Queen-Anne's-pattern chairs marked out the space all round the room. "If you hop past them all," said Jane to the Dean of Oratorio, "you will be lucky all the twelve months of the year which begins at midnight." "And if perchance at any time I should break down at one of them," said the pale young Ritualistic priest from Oxford,—"Why, of course," laughed Lillian, "you'll have a bad flirtation during this year for every chair you can't hop past." "What a shame for LILLIAN to speak in that light way to one of the COWLEY great-grandfathers!" whispered SOPHIA LIVINGSTON to her sister ANNIE. They were the daughters of the old General who sat scowling at his wife at the other end of the room. They were a wealthy family, and lived like fighting-cooks, in all respects.

"Now, then," said the Squire, "one, two, three, and away!" The solemn race began. First the Squire, the Dean close beside him, his shapely leg steady as a pillar of the church. LILLIAN lost her balance at the first two chairs, which symbolized January and February, as she stopped to reach over a cough-lozenge to one of the younger girls who had sneezed. JANE hopped all round, secure and deliberate as a kangaroo. All had hopped their best, the last arrivals being the Ritualistic priest and ANNIE LIVINGSTON. The COWLEY great-grandfather was a pale young man, with long limbs not unlike a large frog, accustomed to genuflections. He hopped nimbly along, when, on a sudden, his gaze fell on ANNIE's gorgeously illuminated stockings, on a ground of dead gold, with rings of azure and gules, her monogram in *renaissance* letters were embroidered as clocks. The COWLEY great-grandfather had never beheld the like. With a sudden cry he brought down both feet to the ground. All laughed. "Your month of trial will be March," said ANNIE; "Lent, you know; and, as I seem to have frightened you, I suppose my penance of flirtation will be with you, dear sister," he replied in monotone. Being tired, all present then retired to the drawing-room, where they sat down and amused themselves spinning tectotum. It is a private practice with the *élite* of society to spin tectotums.

This refined and intellectual amusement was interrupted by a servant who entered with a silver-salver, on which was a card. "D. LAMBERT, dealer in patent medicines," he read, in solemn tones. "A visitor for Miss LILLIAN LATIMER," he added. "Do try and get rid of him, dear," said the Squire to LILLIAN. "Yes, love," was her affectionate reply, "don't you remember the insurance agent I took off your hands yesterday." "Yes, yes, LILLIAN; there are few girls as clever as you, dear," said her uncle, gleefully, "not to mention the lightning-rod man I induced to quit the premises last week."

But the patent-medicine man was one of iron nerve. "Your pa's real bad," he growled. "He wants—well, not exactly to kiss you—you've got to git." "I won't," she murmured. "Yes, you will—at 8, too," he sternly replied. She yielded. Neither spoke till the train arrived at London (Ont.) They drove to the Tecumseh House.

VOLUME II.

"A nice affectionate daughter you seem to be!" said a wizened old gentleman, with a Satanic leer and a complexion yellow as a baudan-na handkerchief. "Playing tectotum while your papa would have been expiring but for this

gentleman, armed with a peristaltic lozenge and a dose of Pop Bitters! But, since you are here, what can you do to amuse me? What are your accomplishments?" "I got first prize in trigonometry; I got the medal for algebra; I understand physiology as far as the bones." "Anything else?" (this in a tone of concentrated bitterness). "I can paint landscapes in sepia, and uncle got me taught how to model wax-flowers." "Malediction!" exclaimed her parent. "But go and get your breakfast; one comfort is, your coffee will be cold and your beefsteaks gutta-percha. 'Tis ever thus at the early six o'clock breakfast at the Tecumseh. LILLIAN went to the breakfast-room, where she found her papa's description of the viands most accurate. She could hear his voice above stairs loudly but vainly endeavoring to induce Dr. BURNETT to give him a horn of rye. Presently that person appeared. "When you're ready go up to him," he said, curtly. LILLIAN went. "Can you read French?" said he. "Yes, pa, only I was taught by a Dutchman," she replied, dutifully. "Then get that pile of objectionable novels and read me to sleep." So she got a lot of trashy French books, and read to her pa, who soon went asleep. She left the room. "Her pronunciation is pretty nearly as nauseous as one of BURNETT's pills—but a thought strikes me! I will make him marry her!" And he did. At least when the will was read she exclaimed: "So he left me all this money on condition that you marry me!" "Yes," said the pill-vendor, "but I'm euehred if I marry you!"

VOLUME III.

LILLIAN left the Tecumseh House and returned to the Squire's. There she found her usefulness gone, its goodness being caused by her cousin JANE, who had taken her place, and took charge of visitors, and insurance people, and book agents, and lightning-rod men, as well as ever did LILLIAN. They tried in vain to cheer her. The poet came down and painted her portrait. A long-necked nymph it was, with orange hair and complexion boding the last stage of dyspepsia. "Wilt thou be the blessed damozel?" he asked her, "that shall illumine the palpitating darkness of pain with the possible splendors of love? Ah, wilt thou?" But she wilted not.

At last, one wild evening, when she travelled by stage to the house of a friend of the Squire's, where a quilting-bee, on an unprecedented large scale, was to be held, she noticed a sombre stranger, on whose valise she dimly read the words "Pop Bitters, Ammonia, Anodyne, Celestial Oil." He with two others were engaged in a game of cards. "May I take a hand?" she asked. "Certainly, marm," said the other two young men. BURNETT—for he it was—was too much absorbed in thought to reply. They played. LILLIAN had for months carried a large assortment of "right bowlers" in her left sleeve. Those she produced, one after the other, in rapid succession. The game was hers. "I'm euehred," was the exclamation of the defeated medicine-man. "I'm eu—" "Say I am yours," she corrected him, as, with a smile, she raised her veil of priceless point-lace. They all went to the quilting-bee, where the Ritualistic priest united them; also himself to JANE, and the Squire to one of the jolliest of the other girls.

[We affectionately warn the author of "Clancy," &c., that he (or she) must manage to be a little more connected and intelligible next time or else his (or her) productions will go to the waste-paper basket. A plot is not an absolute necessity, of course, in a story,—but it kind of helps the reader along. Ed. GRIP.]

LOTTA, to use the elegant language of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, "kicked" against Canadian hotels when on her recent tour.

HENRY IRVING is to appear in "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng.

The Midnight Troubadours.

We were a happy party—when we started out,—but when we got back—Oh!!!—One evening last week five of us met at a certain sal—street corner, I mean, for the purpose of serenading a few of our lady friends. I say lady friends advisedly because we never did consider either their fathers or brothers to be in a state of hankering or pining after our society: The event confirmed us in that opinion. All of us are strictly temperate—that is, one of the party is, and the rest of us on that occasion did not visit the poison dispenser across the road; either out of compliment to our temperance friend or from motives of economy. I think the latter one of the crowd audibly wished for a drink—of water—several times, but as no notice was taken of this, he proposed that we should sing a song or two *just to get into practice*. We did so; but instead of that miserable Publican (and sinner) inviting us in, he set the dog on us—it was of the bull persuasion, and we retreated rapidly, but in good order—all excepting BORRS. That dog was evidently under the impression that he stood in need of a new overcoat or something, and the pattern of BORRS' pants seemed to tickle him immensely; in fact, so much so, that he succeeded in taking a tolerably nice sample away with him. BORRS says he is thankful that the pants were not any stronger. If that dog is as successful with every new acquaintance as he was with BORRS, he will be able to set up a shoddy factory on his own account in a short time. One of the crowd said it was shameful the way the police acted in this city—there was actually a case of highway robbery committed in the most bare-legged manner—BORRS says it was more like fly-away robbery. He was immediately suppressed. The first place visited after this was the residence of two charming young ladies, who are step-sisters, but rather good-looking in spite of that. We were anxious to please them because we heard that they were going to give a party shortly. BORRS proposed something pathetic; something, he said, which would express the love, admiration, &c., &c., which filled us. Our basso basely commenced the "Golden Slippers," (much to the disgust of the sentimental BORRS,) which was sung through with an average of two and a quarter discords to the line. During the chorus I heard a window softly raised, and, expecting trouble, I discreetly retired behind a sapling, to await developments. They came as the last notes died away upon the evening breeze in the shape of an avalanche of bouquets. That is to say flowers. Well, I can tell a lie, but won't. The fact is, they had presented the remaining four with the makings of about three large loaves of bread. I internally thanked heaven and the sapling that I wasn't flat enough to stay round. After a short time the effects of the flour were removed from their *bran* new suits, and our spirits again rose as we turned (y) eastward. With one accord we raised our voices in the most abominable discord ever heard since the last Philharmonic Concert. We sang the "Enterprising Burglar," but, of course, being only amateurs, with a very, very slender knowledge of either the music or the words, the effect was scarcely up to that produced by D'OLNEY CARTER'S Company—and besides it seemed to annoy a "Guardian of the Peace," one of those fellows, you know, who are *always* on hand when *not* wanted, and never to be found when they are. He apparently got mad, and as we didn't see why we should annoy his sensitive soul, we left hurriedly, some in one direction and some in another. With the usual perversity of human nature, he followed me—and I never sung a note in my life—he followed me for nine blocks as hard as we both could go, when he abandoned the chase, and I scrambled dejectedly home to bed. I ran so hard that I haven't recovered my breath yet, but when I do I will take an affidavit never to serenade again. JA-KASSE.

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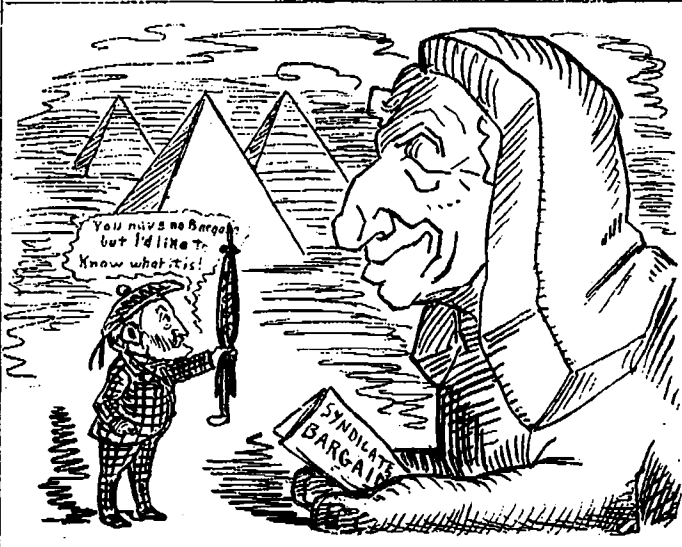
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Up to five minutes before, they had been lovers, but now there was like to be a coldness between them. At last he arose, took his hat, and said:—
"Maudie, I am going to see—"
"Oh, Augustus, forgive me. I was wrong. Stay by my side. Do not leave me."
"No, I cannot stay. I am going to see —"
"Hear me, I pray! Do not leave me. Think of the dangers of the ocean deep, and do not venture on its treacherous waters."
"Nonsense! What has water got to do with this? I was simply remarking that I was going to see you again to-morrow evening."
He saw her.—*Marathon Independent.*

Another Version of the "Ballahoo" Business.

By William Thompson, 1st officer.
Last week while visiting the States, I read the yarn by Captain BATES, which tells about a pirate, who attacked the barque the "Ballahoo." Well, lies is lies and truth is truth, and I'm an honest-speaking youth. Double-dealing ain't my game. Though WILLIAM THOMPSON is my name. A nasty berth was that of mate's, with such a chap as Captain BATES, No lobster salad on the earth Could make you dream of such a berth.

We had a tolerable crew Upon that barque the "Ballahoo." They all could "turn a dead-eye in, Or drink a glass of Hollands gin. They all could grease or scrape a mast And squeeze a bottle to the last. Oh they were good and no mistake, And I've got no complaints to make. But that great lie of Captain BATES In which the hoary villain states, "A pirate grabbed the Ballahoo, I ain't a-going to listen to.

We sailed away from Table Bay Upon the twenty-third of May, (I should have mentioned this before That we were bound for Singapore.) The heathen people at the "Straits" Had interested Captain BATES, And he had shipped a load of mules and Testaments for Sunday Schools. We'd modern novels, poems, plays, Briar root pipes, and Irish "clays," Scottish whisky, (various blends) sent by various Scottish friends. To melt the hardened pagan mind And help it purer light to find. (I heard that he got L. A. A ton, from there to Singapore, He was a cute old hand at "freights," Was that old villain Captain BATES.) We had a week of heavy gales, We lost a boat, and split some sails; But, bless you, trifles such as these Are often met with on the seas. I've got no memory for dates (No more has that old villain BATES.) But 'twas October, not before, When we arrived at Singapore, Where we disposed of all the rot Which that old villain BATES had brought, And loaded up for New Orleans With Cinnamon and Tonquin beans; And coffee too, at awful "rates" Secured by that old villain BATES.

When we set sail the crew got drunk And each man got him to his bunk. The Captain quickly followed suit, (I knew he would, the ancient brute.) For months he sat in his saloon Singing love songs, out of tune. "Wait for me at Heaven's gates" A favorite was of Captain BATES. I worked the ship as best I could, (I said before the crew was good), And, notwithstanding BATES's gin, I brought the vessel safely in To New Orleans, Louisianner.

In quite a creditable manner. But what upon my nature grates Is that great lie of Captain BATES Aneut the "blood-stained pirate, who, Attacked the barque the Ballahoo."

An awful reckoning awaits All those who lie like Captain Bates. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Canadian Men of Letters.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, BY HIS HONOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR BEVERLY ROBINSON AND W. F. MACLENN, ESQ.

Moved by a common feeling of the most intense admiration of Mr. ROSS ROBERTSON, we have undertaken to show, in brief, how wonderful a man he is, how unbounded his capabilities as a journalist are, how eminently good and humble a Christian he is, and how exemplary in his courtesy to those who are in his employ as well as to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship. Mr. ROBERTSON began from very little—we observe all truly great men do—and has risen to—but any one who reads his able journal can tell to what he has risen. He has a circulation that would make the immortal HARVEY stare, especially if he took into account the accelerations of the journalistic pulsations that tax even the registering powers of the GOLDWIN SMITH press. He has ever been noted for his fearless defence of truth, orthodoxy, morality and all the virtues; but he has nevertheless not been without his enemies. He has been sneered at by purists and accused of having published filthy French translations. He has been even charged with writing scurrilous slanders in his paper regarding gentlemen of standing in society, and on one notable occasion had to endure personal chastisement at the hand of the low-minded individual who fancied himself aggrieved. Mr. R., however, with a spirit worthy of any of the martyrs of old (take your choice!) has always returned good for evil, and when smitten on the one cheek has turned—to the law for redress. We hear that he contemplates, in the near future, gaining possession of the *Mail*, over-coming the *World*, and over-turning the *Globe*. And he will do it if he makes up his mind to it. Let us hope that ere he accomplishes his dread purpose, a merciful Providence may intervene and lay him with the ashes of his fathers—that is—if anyone knows where they are. No man is worth anything that has not some mystery about him.

We are sorry that space prevents our saying a great deal more concerning this truly great and good man.

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