

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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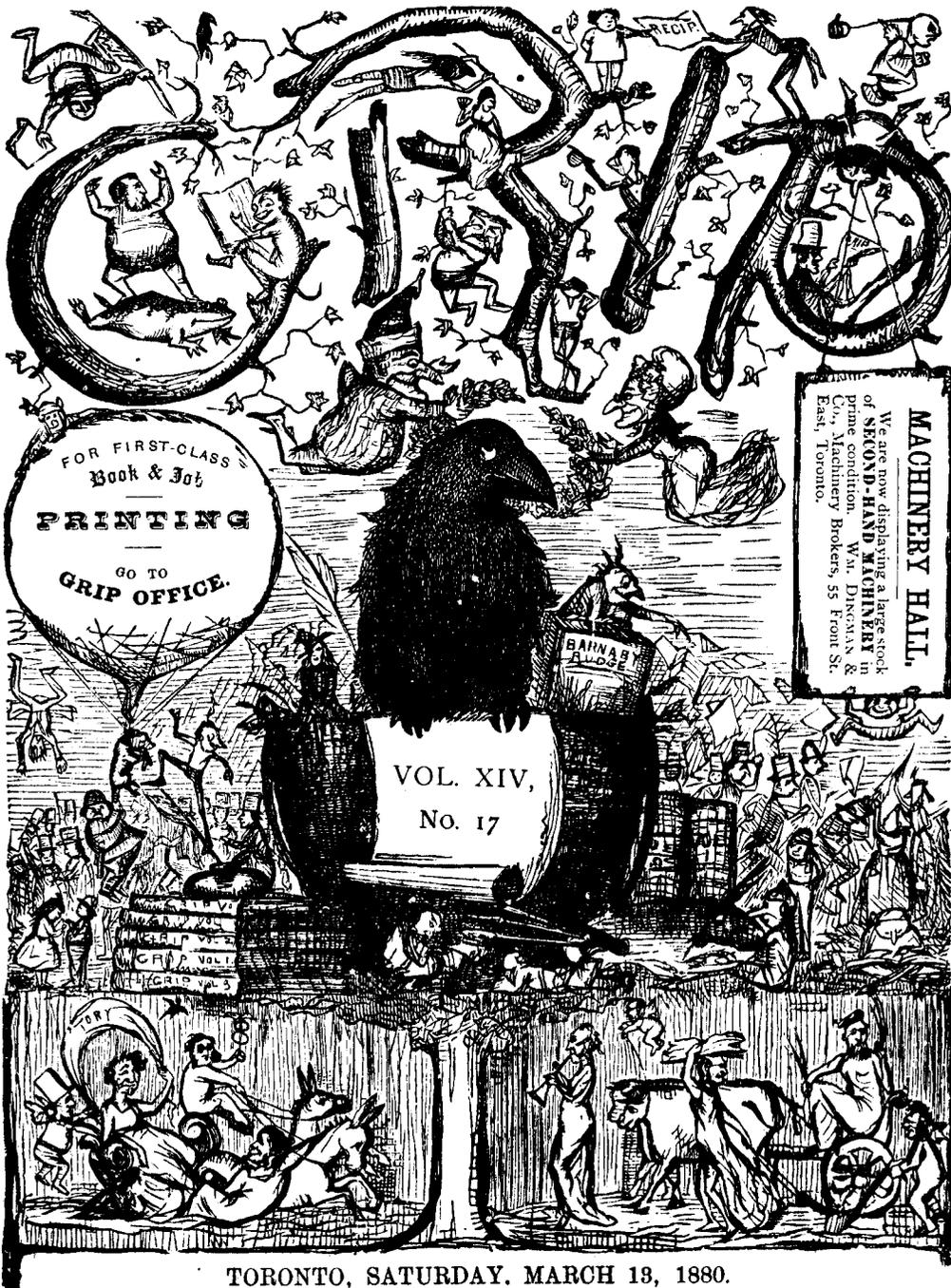
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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Literature and Art.

SWINBURNE'S new volume of poems will shortly be published. The entire collection is new. The longest of these poems has "Sappho" for its subject. Those who have seen the manuscript of this poem describe it as one of the strongest efforts of Mr. SWINBURNE'S muse. The poet, who is suffering from ill-health, is now in the South of France.

MISS CLARKE, of Hamilton, made her debut as a reader before a Toronto audience, on Thursday evening of last week. She possesses a fine stage appearance and a good voice, but appears to lack the artistic instinct, or to fully grasp the idea of her authors. As an interpreter of Irish dialect she is superior to the majority of lady readers, though her best performance on this occasion was decidedly her reading of the "Fall of Pemberton Mill," an excellent pathetic composition.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on Saturday afternoon gave her positively last farewell performance till next time. Happy thought,—why not announce it as her positively *au revoir* appearance, seeing that she will be sure to take the advice of MINNIE PALMER'S Schoolmaster and "come again." Of course on this occasion she was received with great enthusiasm, not that her reading is at all what it is "cracked up to be," but because she has such lovely dresses; such a glorious pair of eyes, such a classic nose, and such a fascinating business-like smile.

ROSA BOUHEUR is engaged upon a great painting representing horses trampling out wheat in the south of France. As yet it is only to be seen in its beginnings, though a French paper—perhaps finding prophecy catching in the almanac season—announced it last winter as a finished work. The picture is about three times as large as the famous "Horse Fair," and there are many signs that it is intended to be the artist's *magnum opus* in the figurative as in the literal sense. Every form and figure in it, every detail of the landscape will be studied from the natural object.

MACAULAY has pointed out that the first English author who really made a good paying business of literature was RICHARDSON, for the good reason that he published his own works. A statement has lately been made that SWIFT "had no pecuniary interest in his writings," but a correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out that in a letter to Mr. PULTENEY, in 1735, he says: "I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. POPE'S prudent management for me." About eight years ago corresponds with the date of publication of "Gulliver," for which \$1,000 is alleged to have been paid. Probably it has earned for the booksellers by this time \$100,000.

The London *Athenæum* discusses whether men whose names are softened into diminutives often make a name in letters. We do not speak of FRANK BACON or JACK MILTON or SANDY POPE but in Scotland you hear of BOBBIE BURNS, and there is something endearing in the names of TOM MOORE, TOM HOOD, and DICK STEELE, especially. All the SAMUELS, of whom many are great—SAM JOHNSON, SAM WILBERFORCE, &c.—are called by the diminutive. Statesmen in England have often received this diminutive, not always justified by intimacy on the part of those who employ it. PAM, BOBBY PEEL, JOHNNY RUSSELL, TOM MACAULAY, TOM DUNCOMBE, are expressions still used, and profanity has gone so far as to call the present Prime Minister BEN D'ISREALI.

The Baby's Debat.

We have watch'd your infant years,
Baby mine, baby mine,
We have had our griefs and fears,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Now proudly we can own,
That you're stout and healthy grown,
And you now can "go alone,"
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though you waddled when you walked,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And you mumbled as you talked,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Yet now we can rejoice,
That there's music in your voice,
And you're bound to make a noise,
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though the *Globe* may rant and rave,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And has wished you in your grave,
Baby mine, baby mine,
We can laugh at all their spleen,
And their slanders vile and mean,
For now you're all serene,
Baby mine, baby mine!

Now kick out and let them see,
Baby mine, baby mine,
How lively you can be,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Though the Grits are looking blue,
And mischief wish to do,
Now Sir JOHN will see you through,
Baby mine, baby mine!



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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,
DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, } Secretary.
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880 } XIV-74-6t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

LEVY will toot his horn at Manhattan Beach next summer, to the tune of \$500 a week.

MARSHALL JEWELL lectures occasionally on "A Russian Winter." A cool subject certainly.

When BRUTUS and CASSIUS were boys the girls used to say that BRUTE was such a nice fellow, but they preferred CASH. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

The managers of the Aquarium in London fired a girl from a cannon and she hit a grocer and broke three of his ribs. If girls could be used in place of cannon balls the government would effect a great saving.

"Pinafore," translated into Russian, is to be performed simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Nihilists are evidently going to try a new manoeuvre against the life of the poor old persecuted Czar.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"H. M. S. Parliament" is drawing large audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. The keen political hits and the likenesses of the leading characters to the great originals are very good and call forth frequent bursts of applause. We advise any of our readers at all interested in political matters to go and see this novel entertainment; take your ladies also, they will enjoy it. Monday and Tuesday 15th and 16th STRAKOSKI'S Grand Italian Opera Co., will appear at this house.

Mr. SMALLEY, The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in writing of the big dinner IRVING, the actor, gave to several hundred of his friends, says: "His festival was given in commemoration of an event unique in the history of Shakespearian performances, the hundredth consecutive representation of the 'Merchant of Venice.' I don't know that there is any record of any play of SHAKESPEARE'S having had a run of 100 nights, 'Hamlet' excepted." The *Tribune* ought to know better than that. EDWIN BOOTH played "Hamlet" for a hundred consecutive nights in New York, while "Julius Cæsar" ran for more than a hundred nights.

HIS UNPREMEDITATED SPEECH.—"Ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel SOLON, pulling up a roll of paper from his jacket, "this call was entirely unexpected. I am not prepared to speak and didn't know five minutes before I was called on that I was expected to say anything here, so I merely jotted down a few remarks yesterday that I intended to make. You must excuse all blunders, as my speech is entirely impromptu and all the manuscript so poorly written I can hardly read it. Drunkenness is a terrible virtue. I have known men, after a short career of dissipation, fill a drunkard's grave before they were three years old. I have seen rich men pass the wine-cup around their well-filled tables and their poor children crying for a crust of bread. You see men on every corner who have filled drunkards' graves. You see men reeling about the streets, who, if they had died of cholera infantum, would have starved the saloon keepers to death. As SHAKESPEARE says: Oh, that men should put an enemy in his mouth to commit petty larceny on his brains." My hearers, eplury bus—eplury bus—my hearers, the squire has rung in some Greek on me and as I don't understand Latin I'm obliged to quit."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



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.

Parliamentary Autographs.

The correspondent of the London *Advertiser* says that autograph hunters are always to be found at this time of the year hanging around the House of Commons, and pestering the notable members for contributions to their albums. It is mentioned that Mr. BLAKE has a mortal horror of these nuisances,—a feeling which is no doubt shared by many other distinguished representatives. This repugnance is easily accounted for. The autograph hunters expect something "original," and none of these great men possess the happy faculty of extemporizing poetry. A little hand-book containing epigrams and stanzas adapted to the circumstances and characteristics of our leading statesmen would "fill a want long felt." Mr. GRIP commends this suggestion to his friend Mr. CARROL RYAN, the bearded poet of the capital. It might be called the *Parliamentarian's Companion*, and the ready-made contributions might be modelled after the following:—

For Sir John A. Macdonald.

You ask me for something poetic,
An "original measure," you say,
I'll get the Grit party to make one,
And then bring it down (signed)

JOHN A.

For Senator McPherson.

One unaccustomed to write
May have a message to men,
Mine is—"don't wear silk stockings
On a cold winter night,
For bronchitis punishes the vanity
Of showing one's legs.

P.S.—This should be sent to my office if the rhyme is not correct.

D. L. MCP.

The poet's mind sees all things well,
The beauty of earth and air and sea,
And in political life the poet can tell
The great and glorious benefits of the N. P.

his
J. BURR X. PLUMB.
Mark.

How sad would life be to the earnest student if he did not look to future generations for justice.

R. W. PHIPPS.

'Tis truth—I've put it to the touch
In many a year of contest keen—
"No statesman can protest too much,
But he whose hands are really clean."

JOHN A. MACDONNELL.

I love the cold sequestered shades
Of opposition well, because
Therein the virtuous man parades
His rectitude, nor shows its flaws.

ALEX. MCKENZIE.

How sweet to hear the rude Reformers bray
Of contract frauds, and money thrown away;
I listen and I know they play my game,
And mark me as the heir of great JOHN A.,
Whom all good Tories love more for his shame.

The more the Grits declare that I'm Springhilly
The more I'm sure of disappointing TILLEY.

CHARLES TUPPER.

Reflection profound is the Mother
Of deeds that will alter the Ages:
Action the turbulent Brother
Of Thought the maker of Sages.
'Tis good to think and to act,
A chancery practice is good,
So is a knowledge of fact.—
Long has a Great One stood
Scanning the universe wide,
After the glow worm fashion,
By the light of his own inside:
Now he thrills with passion
And fateful deeds betide.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Be pious in your youthful days,
Be temperate likewise,
Religious reputation pays
The man who wants to rise.
He who has character may quit
His principles at will,
With crooked chaps in office sit
And feel quite moral still.

S. L. TILLEY.

De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

THE ASSIGNATION.

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

—John Stuart Hill.

'Twas eve; myriads of stars flung a subdued, enchanting light o'er a grove of orange-trees, whose blossoms were gently tipped by the effulgence of the summer moon silently rising, and whose rich perfume stole on the enraptured senses like the sound of sweet music—soft and low. 'Twas eve, and through the groves of orange and jessamine the summer night winds sighed, sweet and soft on the cheek as is the breath of the dreamy Tarantula o'er the slumbers of a sinless child.

Half reclining they sat on a rustic seat, arched over by the purple limbs of the luscious vine, whose heavy branches of ripe fruit hung dependent, almost to their heads. No sound was heard save the occasional cry of the Pata Morgana from some neighbouring thicket, or the quick, metallic chirrup of the Cantharides or Spanish fly, which made the air musical.

"Non e ver carrissima!" he gently murmured, "SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD, donna e mobile."—"Why do you thus doubt me?" she rejoined, casting her eyes down, "is it not enough that I have promised? Per Baccho di tanti palpitii, il flauto magico e il BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA. Nozze di Figaro! Will that not even satisfy you?"

CHAPTER II.

THE PROMISE.

"Promises were made to be broken."

—Bollingbroke.

They were lovers.—*She*, dark as the beauty of the night shade, or the lithe *Cachuca*, scion of a princely lineage, daughter of the Hidalgo BOLERO COSPETTO STILETTO!!—*He*, fair as is the flaxen blue-eyed *Olla Podrida*, only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger!!! Their lips met. "Swear it," he gasped; "swear it, ISIDORA, on the graves of your ancestors!" Seizing the unresisting female by the voluminous mantilla or pull-back, which hung in heavy folds from her queenly form, he with mad haste dragged her to the aforesaid graves. Standing on them in the dim, weird, dreamy starlight, ISIDORA swore a very big oath.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVAL.

"At last I have thee! oh! mine enemy."

—P. T. Barnum.

He was tall and dark, his mustaches tied lightly behind each ear, slightly revealing

his pearly teeth clenched as though in rage. Dressed in black velvet *chiaro oscuro*, and with his trusty sombrero at his side, he was a noble son of Hispaniola. He strode to and fro impatiently—a footstep—" 'Tis she!!!" With an ecstatic *pas seul*, he clasped her in his muscular arms, and gazed fondly, longingly, and with a fierce love, on the face of—his grandmother! "How can this be?" pondered the blue-eyed MANUERO, who was secreted behind the arras.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING.

"But see! what light from yonder window breaks!"

—Dr. Watts.

Night,—darkness,—black darkness enveloped the city as in a shroud. No sound but the roaring of the tempest through the forest of chimney cans, or the wail of the torrent hurrying to the sea down the gutters. Night,—darkness,—a solitary light beams from her casement. The light twanging of a guitar mixes with the sound of the wrestling trees. The light twanging of the trees mixes with the sound of wrestling guitar. MANUERO serenades the Donna ISIDORA. So does the Rival. They meet in deadly combat, and MANUERO utters a piercing cry as his opponent cuts all the strings of his beloved mandolin with one trenchant blow of the afore-mentioned sombrero.

CHAPTER V.

"Water! water! everywhere."

—Petruchio.

Above the shrill fandangos and war shouts of the combatants, an ominous sound arises. "Hark! what's that?" said the breathless MANUERO. "Fish, and find out," gasped the Rival, as he hurled a cast-iron gas pipe at his opponent, who meditatively avoided it, allowing it to strike the Alhambra such a blow that the famous gridiron trembled. Again the sound, the ominous sound, made itself heard. "'Tis she," said the Rival. "Ah," said MANUERO, "it is, it is—" "Boiling water, you villains!" sang a feminine voice from the battlements, as a shower descended on the true lovers' heads.

The scene of the fight next morning presented a fine exhibition of cuticle to the cursory spectator.

(To be Continued in our Next.)

The Mail on Mr. Dymond.

The *Mail* argues that because Mr. A. H. DYMOND reported Mr. HOOPER as guilty of defalcation, the report was worthless. Whereupon Mr. DYMOND writes to the *Mail* that he was not the Commissioner in Mr. HOOPER's case. To which the *Mail* makes this remarkable reply:

"Of course Mr. DYMOND's statement sets the matter at rest so far as he is concerned, but it is a little singular that he has been connected with the Lennox Commission by men and journals on both sides of politics. Probably the Lennox Commission has been confounded with the Cornwall case, in which he certainly was Commissioner. This does not, however, effect our argument in the slightest."

Our contemporary has possibly been reading *Middlemarch*. It will be remembered that Mrs. FAREBROTHER was once told that HYDGATE was a natural son of BULSTODES. She

did not fail to tell her son of it observing, "I should not be surprised at anything in BULSTRODE but I should be sorry to think it of Mr. HYDGATE." "Why mother," said Mr. FAREBROTHER, after an explosive laugh, "you know very well that HYDGATE is of a good family in the North. He never heard of BULSTRODE before he came here."

"That is satisfactory so far as Mr. HYDGATE is concerned, CAMDEN," said the old lady with an air of precision. "But as to BULSTRODE—the report may be true of some other son."

The explanation that the *Mail* got concerning Mr. DYMOND was satisfactory so far as he was concerned, but the partizan spirit might be true of some other Commissioner.



A Terrible Predicament.

These ladies and gentlemen are not devoutly engaged in saying grace before meat. They are members of Canadian Society, who have a veneration for De WINTON'S Precedence Regulations; they are famishing with hunger, but are unable to take their seats, because in the absence of Mr. PONSONBY, who has the Regulation. Look in his pocket, they do not know who should sit down first!

N. B.—PONSONBY is not expected to return for at least one hour.



Canadian Art.

SCENE.—The gallery of the Canadian Academy at Ottawa.

Hon. G. B.—(displaying illustrated *Globe* to the President.) These pictures are specimens of Canadian Art; don't you think they are worthy of the notice of your hanging committee?

The President.—No, sir; but I think the person who published them deserves to be hanged!

Gross Injustice to a Rising Artist.

My Dear Grip:

I should like to know why my pictures are not admitted into the gallery of the new Canadian Royal Academy. Is it snobbery on the part of the Art authorities and critics of that institution, or is it because they are afraid of introducing subjects that are above the ordinary mannerism of modern painters that they refuse, point blank, to let me hang up works that have

cost me no end of anxiety, labor, and I may add—money? I send herewith a faithful sketch of my allegorical painting, which represents Canada receiving the congratulations of all the rulers on earth upon her prosperity under the N.P.

Of course this sketch fails to convey the magnificent effects of the original oil painting which is 18 feet long and 12½ wide and which took me nine weeks to complete. I showed it to Sir JOHN during the last election here and he vowed he had seen nothing like it in all his travels. The only fault he had to find with the painting was that the figure representing Canada had its back towards the spectator. I told him it was so because it was more appropriate for her to turn her back on adverse critics than on her Royal friends assembled to do her honor and congratulate her. Sir JOHN insisted that some part of her front should be seen, if it was only the extreme end of her nose. I, therefore, to please him, compromised the matter and placed the head sideways, showing the profile. This completely satisfied him, and I was told to send it to the Canadian Academy exhibition, now being held at Ottawa, with a view to its purchase by the Government.

Does not the prospectus of the new Art Association invite all Canadians to come forward and support it by contributions of their artistic work? It says nothing about being refused admission. I think it is the public who should judge as to the merits of the pictures submitted.

Now I got up my pictures expressly for this Art Association, or Royal Academy, or whatever it is called, and I would here emphatically swear that I was not assisted in the outlining by the use of photography. It is all frechand drawing and painting.

Here is an account of the expenses I have been put to in getting up my pictures:

Canvas, brushes, paints, oils etc.	\$50 00
Express charges to and from Ottawa	\$10 00
Fare of self to and from Ottawa and a week's expenses	50 00

Grand Total \$110 00

What I want to know is this. Can I not sue for and gain this amount from the Art Association, and obtain heavy damages into the bargain, on account of my disappointment and damage to my artistic reputation.

By bringing my case before the country you will oblige

Yours truly and fraternally,

ARCHIBALD SLAPDASH.



SKETCH OF SLAPDASH'S ALLEGORICAL PAINTING REJECTED BY THE NEW CANADIAN ROYAL ACADEMY.

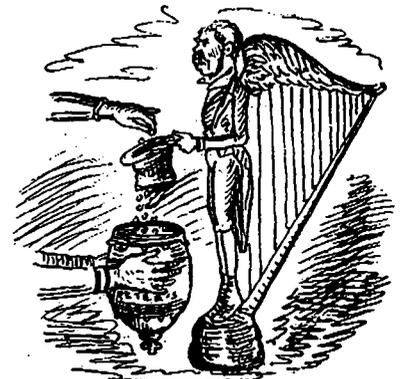
Explanation of Above.

Circle and rays represent the rising sun. Ship and train represent Canadian commerce. M.—The mining interest. T.—The agricultural interest. P.—The pork packing trade. A.—Cow represents cattle trade with Europe. U.S.—Represents the President of the United States. P.R.—The Pope of Rome. E.R.—The Emperor of Russia. E.G.—The Emperor of Germany. A.A.—Ameer of Afghanistan. F.—The French Republic represented by an eagle. V.R.—The Queen of England. Other crowned heads are in rear of German Emperor but not visible in the painting. C.—represents Canada on a pedestal receiving the congratulations of all nations on her progress under the N.P. L.—Represents refreshments. Crowd to the left. Canadians exultant.



Another "Standard Elevator."

Mr. ROBERTSON, the able representative of Hamilton in the Commons, is again on the track in the interests of the pool-selling fraternity. He wishes to have Mr. BLAKE'S act repealed, and his line of argument is that the breeding of the better class of horses is a national advantage, which ought to be fostered; that is best encouraged by races; that races cannot be made interesting or remunerative without pool-selling. The honourable gentleman announces that his object is to "elevate the standard of equine stock." Mr. GRIP would suggest that as soon as this measure is carried through, Mr. ROBERTSON should introduce a Bill to provide for the Encouragement and Propagation of Black-legs and the elevation of the standard of Gambling. It wouldn't cost the able member much trouble to get up such a bill; in fact, if pressed for time, he could simply make a copy of his proposed pool-selling measure.



"The Harp That Wants."

It appears that, notwithstanding the prevailing distress in Ireland, the call from Rome for Peter's pence is made and responded to as usual. While we can respect the piety that prompts the poor, famishing peasant to honor such a claim, we cannot admire the generosity of the potentate who would receive the money under such circumstances.



"SYMPATHY!"

KIND GENTLEMAN.—"DROPPED ABOUT THREE MILLIONS SOMEWHERE. HAVE YOU? WELL, THERE, DON'T CRY; CHEER UP, MY POOR LITTLE FINANCIER, IT'S NO MORE THAN I EXPECTED."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Nursery Tails—The laws.—*Ex.*

A Male Coach—A Velocipede.—*Ex.*

The great Ark-aid—At the Deluge.—*Ex.*

Brevity is the sole of it: A Chinese maiden's shoe.—*N. Y. News.*

A man without enemies is like bread without yeast; he never rises.—*Hiram Green.*

CHARLIE ROSS, if now alive, is old enough to find himself.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

DIAGNOS(T)IS.—ASINUS says he is certain it is cut-arrh, because of the mew-cuss.—*Ex.*

"I work on abstract principles," said a thief as he stole from the clothes line.—*Somerville Journal.*

A correspondent wants to know how long bees live. About the same as short bees we suppose.—*Ctn. Sat. Night.*

"There! let that end it!" as the shoemaker said when he fixed the bristle to the waxed thread.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The Meriden Recorder speaks of a lady who knew ten languages; one was the German—which she danced.—*Somerville Journal.*

The thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if its nothing but a borrowed umbrella.—*Oswego Times.*

Be thou ever so amiable and disinterested, some hatched-faced misanthrope will swear thou hast an axe to grind.—*Erratic Enriquet.*

Everybody can see where a plumber's job begins in these days, but when it will end passes all comprehension.—*Somerville Journal.*

I hav finally got so that I ain't at all certain ov wat I kno myself, and am getting less certain of what others say they kno.—*Josh Billings.*

The reason that dog Tray remained ever faithful, and grief could not drive him away, was probably because they kept him tied.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Veteran joker reading proof at the next table—"I wrote Brown and it is set up in Black. The compositor must be color blind."—*New Haven Register.*

Why will many ships take the former route instead of going through the Isthmus canal? Because old sailors like to double the horn.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The best book reviewers are those who have the curiosity to read a book to see if it is anything like the notice they have written and published.—*Hartford Journal.*

Wooden ware has gone up 25 per cent. in the market and there has been a corresponding enhancement in the value of wooden headed politicians.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is only one thing prottier than a lady with her hair pasted on her forehead according to the present style—and that is a tattooed Indian.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If a Chicago schoolmarm gets married that ends her usefulness, and the Board of Education will have her in the schools no more. It makes it very unpleasant for young men who are looking for support.—*New Haven Register.*

An Albany chap is courting a deaf and dumb beauty, and he says he enjoys evening recreations with his dumb belle.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Conductor (to Brown, who is pretty nearly pumped out with running to catch his express bus.) "All right, sir, all right; don't flurry yourself, you're a-gaining.—*Ex.*

SOCRATES very late in life undertook to learn to play on several musical instruments. It would seem from this that there were some grounds for his execution.—*McGregor News.*

The days are longer now than they were a month ago, but we notice that the fellow who wants to borrow a quarter doesn't let that interfere with his calling around.—*N. Y. Express.*

It is said that a church bell is more agreeably disposed than a church organ; for when the former is tolled it'll go, but the latter invariably declares it'll be blown first.—*Somerville Journal.*

The new man at the cider press thought he could get along all right as soon as he got his hand in. When he got it in and had his fingers smashed off, he changed his mind.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Kleptomaniacs were never more aggravatedly exhibited than in the case of the young Louisville thief who, upon being sent to the city jail, deliberately took the mumps from his cell mate.—*Kansas City Times.*

"These are indeed disgraceful times," said Jon SHUTTLE, as he smacked his lips dubiously after a glass of his favourite brand, "these body snatchers have been through the wine."—*New Haven Register.*

The Russians seem to be wasting a great amount of powder on the Czar. Great Guns! Can't all Russia produce a spring poet, and compel him to read a verse or so to the obnoxious sovereign?—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

It is not in good taste to show surprise or astonishment at anything, but the manifestation of such a feeling is entirely excusable in a man who finds a button on the back of the only shirt in the bureau drawer.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Scientists affirm that the bill of a snipe is of exceeding smallness at first, and gets larger in proportion to the bird's growth, they differ so materially from a doctor's bill that hereafter we shall call the snipe Romo, because it wasn't billed in a day.—*Uncle Luther Riggs.*

A Laplander will make three good meals of a tub of oleomargarine, his wife will take the hoops for a crinoline, and the boys will use the staves for snowshoes. So you see, children, how a little oil will smoothe the rugged edges of life's pathway.—*Hackensack Republican.*

A man claiming to be a "fit doctor" lost so many patients in a Nevada town where he was practicing, that some men took him out to hang him. He was saved by the interposition of friends. They evidently believed in the survival of the "fittest."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

SPILKER recently fell into the society of some severely scientific men, and by dint of much mental labor he managed to nail the word "cosmical" and store it away for future use. A night or two ago he attended an uptown party, and was introduced to a fashionable young lady with a brow like lilies and cheeks of rose-hue. Wishing to impress her, SPILKER watched for a chance to bring out his treasured word, and at last eagerly ejaculated: "Miss d' SMYTHE, what do you think of the cosmetic theory?" That young lady says SPILKER is the rudest young man she ever met.—*Cleveland Voice.*

"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young Snosbon plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse car. "Because we are better bred than you are," said one of the damsels sweetly, and Snosbon mustered courage to squeeze out to the platform.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

There has been a clean looking man in the city selling waffles lately, from door to door. He called the second time in vain at one house on Warren street, and the hired girl didn't know she was saying anything cunning when she answered his query—"No, we don't want none. Go 'way, you waffle man."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A year old infant can clamber up on chairs and tables without falling, but when its mother puts it in a high chair at the table, and fastens it so securely that she thinks nothing less than a western blizzard can upset it, the youngster will manage, without the slightest effort, to fall out of its seat and break an arm or fracture its skull.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Detroit grocer had a patent money drawer attached to his counter the other day and it was no sooner in working order than his clerk tendered his resignation.

"You going to leave? Why, what's the matter?" asked the grocer.

"I don't want to stay where a perzon has lost confidence in me."

"Do you refer to that new till?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are very foolish. I haven't lost the least bit of confidence in your honesty, but I simply argued that if you had less change to squander outside I could have more of your time in the store! Loss of confidence! The idea is absurd!"

The satisfied clerk took off his hat and returned to duty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAUD.

MAUD MULLER on a winter's day,
Went out upon the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banged hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ton till two,
And then, a hole in the ice fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat,
As wet and mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with a hickory pole went there,
And fished her out with her auburn hair.

And her mother is said to have thumped her well,

Though just how hard Miss MAUD won't tell.

And hung her over a stovepipe to dry,
With a thumb in her mouth and a fist in her eye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,
And 'rah for the man with the hickory pole.

—*Chicago News.*

Some of the papers are making a terrible blow about a doctor who made a nose out of a man's finger, just as if it was something new. The truth is, and any toper will vouch for it, a man's three fingers will soon make a nose if he follows it up close enough, without any professional aid.—*Des Moines Register.*

SHORT STOPS.

A scratch race—hens.—The miner works in vein.—A stowaway—the glutton.—Good as gold—greenbacks.—Stern necessity—the rubber.—Missing men bad marksmen.—The song of the sea—Nep-tune.—Ting-ah-Ling is a Chinese belle.—A taking person—the policeman.—Domestic cannibals—back-biters.—Sweet meats—sugar-cured hams.—Running for office—the office boy.—The song of the top—hum again.—An upstart—beginning to prosper.—Lawyers are getting out spring suits.—Contempt of court—breach of promise.—*Meriden Recorder.*

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Idyls by Our Own Idylor.

NO. 4. A MISER-ABLE STORY.

I'll tell you a tale of a miser of old,
Who lived in a garret and hoarded his gold,
Denied himself fire, howe'er cold he might feel,
And seldom, if ever, indulged in a meal.

His fingers were bony, with nails sharp and long,
His arms they were skinny, his legs far from strong,
His features were wizen, his mein it was mean,
And his body was spare, with a leaning to lean.

No friend to console him, or loved one to cheer
The long dreary years of his lonely career.
No thought nor a care but to hoard up his wealth
While he lost his complexion and ruined his health.

He spent all the day time in counting his treasure,
It made him so busy he never had leisure
To accept invitations to parties or balls,
And was never "at home" to society calls.



At night he was nervous lest burglars should come
And take full possession of all the vast sum
He'd collected together, so thought it were best
To slumber at night with his head on his chest.

Now it chanced that a robber lived over the way
Who had watched the old miser for many a day,
And he guessed as he peeped through a hole in the blind,
By the stoop of his shoulders the bent of his mind.

So that robber he laughed a sardonic Ho! Ho!
And made preparations a burgling to go,
And he muttered a joke, for he said, it is clear
I shall not want a cab, the old miser's so near.

'Twas night, and the miser was sleeping in bed
With his coffers as usual under his head,
When the robber emerged, by the light of the stars
Made notes of the windows and counted the bars.

With a crowbar, a file and a skeleton key
He effected an entrance, and shouted with glee,
Which awoke the old miser, who made the remark,
That he didn't like practical jokes in the dark.



The robber replied with a blow of his fist,
Which induced the old miser at once to desist
From expressing opinions so far from convivial;
His succeeding remarks were exceedingly trivial.

In fact I may say they were mainly confined
To gurgles, and gurgles and struggles for wind,
In five or ten minutes the robber had fled,
And the poor old miser lay lifeless in bed.

But crime never prospers; the ill-gotten wealth
Of the robber began soon to tell on his health;
So he gave himself up, and relinquished the pelf,
For he thought it his duty to tell on himself.

The judges and council were very much struck
By the straightforward honesty, candor and pluck
Of our hero's informing them all of his pranks,
So returned him his cash and returned him their thanks.

A. H. H.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The *Globe* finds fault with the Tory papers
for referring to the distressed working men of
Ottawa as "Chronic Whiners," and at the same
time itself refers to them as "Curses come home
to roost." The distressed sons of toil won't
know which way to vote, now.

Art at Ottawa.

Our special correspondent, a well known painter, (whose skill in the colouring of a nose is especially great) furnishes the following notes on pictures at the first exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Art in Ottawa. Though his descriptions run parallel with those of the eminent *Globe* critic, he will hardly be accused of wilful plagiarism.

"Adulation" is a large picture of many people under a tent on a lawn—"Under a Marquee de Lawn," a lower Canadian was heard to say in the inimitable *patois* of the Lower Province. The artist is said to be no less a personage than Herr Rial, I. Ness. The faces are rendered with remarkable fidelity, showing a thorough study of the subjects. The expression on each is invariable however different the features. Both sexes are represented. A fine test of the truthfulness of the artist is offered in the composition itself, the intention evidently being to show the nice distinction between "adulation" and funkiness. Several footmen are introduced, the countenance of each one showing distinctly a trace of personal pride which is absent from all the other faces. This remarkable picture is composed wholly of portraits of individuals in the very best Canadian society. It will be an historical piece of great value to our great grandchildren showing as it does how the eminent personages of to-day appeared to Herr Rial, I. Ness.

"A Study of Pairs" (vice-regal). Credited to the Premier artist of the Dominion. Displays much adroit management of material and knowledge of the principles of art. The pair immediately in the foreground are painted in bright colors. The face of the lady is charming, intelligent and refined. So is that of the gentleman just one remove from the foreground. Contrast is the *motif* of the composition.

"Study of Board" by an artist. There is partridge on it, "almost too well done" a critical *gourmand* was heard to say. It is unnecessary to say that the board is good when game is on the bill of fare. The bird is treated in a highly realistic manner, the trussing finely conceived, the stuffing I think somewhat spoils the composition, but the bread sauce is superb. When the Academy brings prosperity to the artists they can often have the opportunity of studying partridges, and will doubtless have even better taste in board.

"Sweet Sixteen." A large painting of the thirteen ministers at Ottawa together with the speakers of both Houses and the Sergeant-at-Arms. The propriety of clothing the figures in light *bleu* may be questioned, it should be of a darker shade. The background of starving workmen is well painted in. The hands of ministers are concealed, possibly they were not clean enough to be made conspicuous. But a dash of Chinese White (Jr.) would surely have made them presentable.

"A Summer Afternoon above Lake Superior." Understood to be by Mr. M—probably McMASTER. This is a large Woodland scene with thirteen figures. Wild Hay is in the foreground. A stream of (bad) water gurgles past. One governing figure stoops to get some of the fluid in a flask cup. Beside him stands a military figure with a cork-screw. The background shows tents, cigar boxes, champagne cases, "appolinaris" bottles. The manner of their rendering is fresh. All possible accessories enter into the pictorial account. The painting admirably suggests silence (to Grits). Conservatives say that members of the Ottawa Cabinet saw a similar scene on their way to meet the vice-regal pair at Halifax.

"Friends." This picture is reported to

be an allegory concerning Messrs BLAKE and MACKENZIE. The latter is represented as a goat—a scapegoat it is said, about to disappear into the wilderness. The lamb, much out of drawing, is typical of his friend's purity and innocence. The Goat appears to me much the more sincere and amiable animal of the two.

Mr. A. D. PATTERSON contributes a very strong portrait of a Sheriff. For some occult reason members of the civil service avoid this very life-like picture.

"The Ancient Mariner" of HAWKE's set. A colossal Brown figure, apparently a sketch of an original in "distemper." The subject is very strong in execution.

"On the Dessert," loaned by Mr. GILMOR. A small boy attacks the almonds and raisins with avidity. The red or copper colored oranges are painted with great dexterity. Near the zenith of the *eperyne* the blue plums produce a startling effect.

"Falls on the Gatineau," an allegorical title. The picture illustrates the career of Father FAURE, who "falls" into the hands of justice. Two long-horned oxen with a cart typify the slowness with which he will be brought to punishment.

"The Poet." A painting of himself by X. X. X. B. J. PLUMB, as one knows by his mark.

"A Grenadier." This magnificent picture is properly described as a "reminiscence in oils" by McPHERSON. The same artist exhibits a series of pen and ink sketches of great merit, entitled "Dreams of the Hague."

A Correction.

A correspondent writes to us regretting that in our last number we caricatured Dr. OGDEN as an opponent of the suggested reforms in the Public School arrangements, whereas that gentleman is a most earnest friend of the movement. In reply we have to say that the picture in question was not intended to represent Dr. OGDEN. It was a purely imaginary sketch, and any resemblance it may have had to that worthy gentleman was purely accidental.

A Suggestion.

Some of the School Trustees object to the proposed shortening of school hours from four to half past three, because, they say, the teachers would then have too good a time—for the enormous salaries they receive. Surely it is too bad to make the children suffer merely on this account, when the end might be as well served by arranging to have the teachers devote the odd half-hour to cutting wood for the schools.

Vote of Thanks to the Ministry.

The cracksmen of the city held a meeting last Monday evening at which they passed a vote of thanks to SIR JOHN and Pictou MACDONALD, for preventing the passage of Mr. BLAKE's bill for the better prevention of crime. The men say that they have already lost directly and indirectly by the N. P. which has left the public with little worth stealing and raised the price of burglars' tools. They feared that the Government was going to monopolize all the plunder of the country. But the firmness with which the Minister of Justice resisted BLAKE's efforts to ruin the *chevaliers d'industrie* has filled them with gratitude and they look forward to a revival of business with some hope.

Appropriate scene for the close of the Bid-dulph "Tragedy."—The drop scene.

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His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger.



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Evolution Made Plain.

Once upon a time
There was a little bit of slime
In the deep, deep bottom of the sea;
And it commenced to breathe,
Without anybody's leave,
And that was the beginning of you and me.

It sucked the green sea water,—
It was neither son nor daughter,
But a little bit of both done up in one,
And from it soon evolved,
While the old world still revolv'd,
A being which we'll nominate its son.

The son the father hated,
And so "differentiated";
Its son in course of time just followed suit,—
So it grew by many stages,
Through fifty million ages,
Till in the course of time it reached the newt.

The newt was awful gritty,
And *knew't* would be a pity
To leave the world no better than his *pater*
So he turned him inside out,
Knowing what he was about,
And, lo! became an animal much greater.

He, too, went on evolving,
The riddle ever solving
Of his destiny, and bound to solve it soon:
So he taller grew and fatter,
And one day commenced to chatter,
And found himself a bouncing big baboon.

While his tail was long and growing,
He wore it quite off rowing
A *la* HANLAN on a patent sliding-seat;
Then he went and killed his brothers,
Made soup of some, and others
Served up with roast potatoes and some beet.

The "survival of the fittest,"
See! reader, as thou sittest,
Is the proper and most scientific plan—
This ape surprised the oiliers,
Both his sisters and his brothers,
And in course of time became a gentleman.

The reason why VENNOR failed as a weather prophet, was because he forgot this was leap year, and that he could not have things all his own way.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

Every cartoon in the last number of *Grip*, alias the Canadian *Punch*, is provocative of laughter. We have, in the smaller pictures, an illustration of the story told in the House the other day that on the Intercolonial R.R. an anxious mother quited a noisy passenger because she didn't want him to wake Tupper. The mother in the picture is Sir John, and a nice old dame he makes, pictorially; and the passenger is Mr. Mackenzie, who is clamoring for returns.—*Kingston Whig*.

—Our lively friend *Grip* has an admirable cartoon on the visit to the Northwest. "The fast young man of Ontario" appears arrayed in the latest *stripes* of fashion, with *half* cocked hat, cigar rampart, corkscrew pedant, etc. The Hon. Oliver gravely points to the long bill for lush and receives a vacant stare. Judging from the excellent map of the route which adorns the background the visit may not be altogether fruitless, as the array of "old sagers" strewed along may yet bring forth a roodly crop of old rye.—*St. Catharines Journal*. (Conservative.)

"GRIP."—The last issue of GRIP is one of the best we have had for some time. Its leading cartoon represents the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, as "the fast young man of Ontario." His Honor is engaged in smoking a cigar, his cocked hat is carefully worn on the side of his head in regular "b'hoys" fashion, and he seems to be listening in a sort of "don't care" way to the remonstrances of Mr. Premier MOWAT, who points out the long array of wines, cigars and corkscrews in a particularly long bill. A map hanging on the wall shows the route of His Honor and his party, across Manitoba. The idea is excellent and the manner in which it is carried out is very clever. GRIP improves regularly as it grows older. We couldn't do without the little joker now if we wanted to. It has become a kind of weekly sunbeam.—*Quebec Chronicle*. (Reform.)