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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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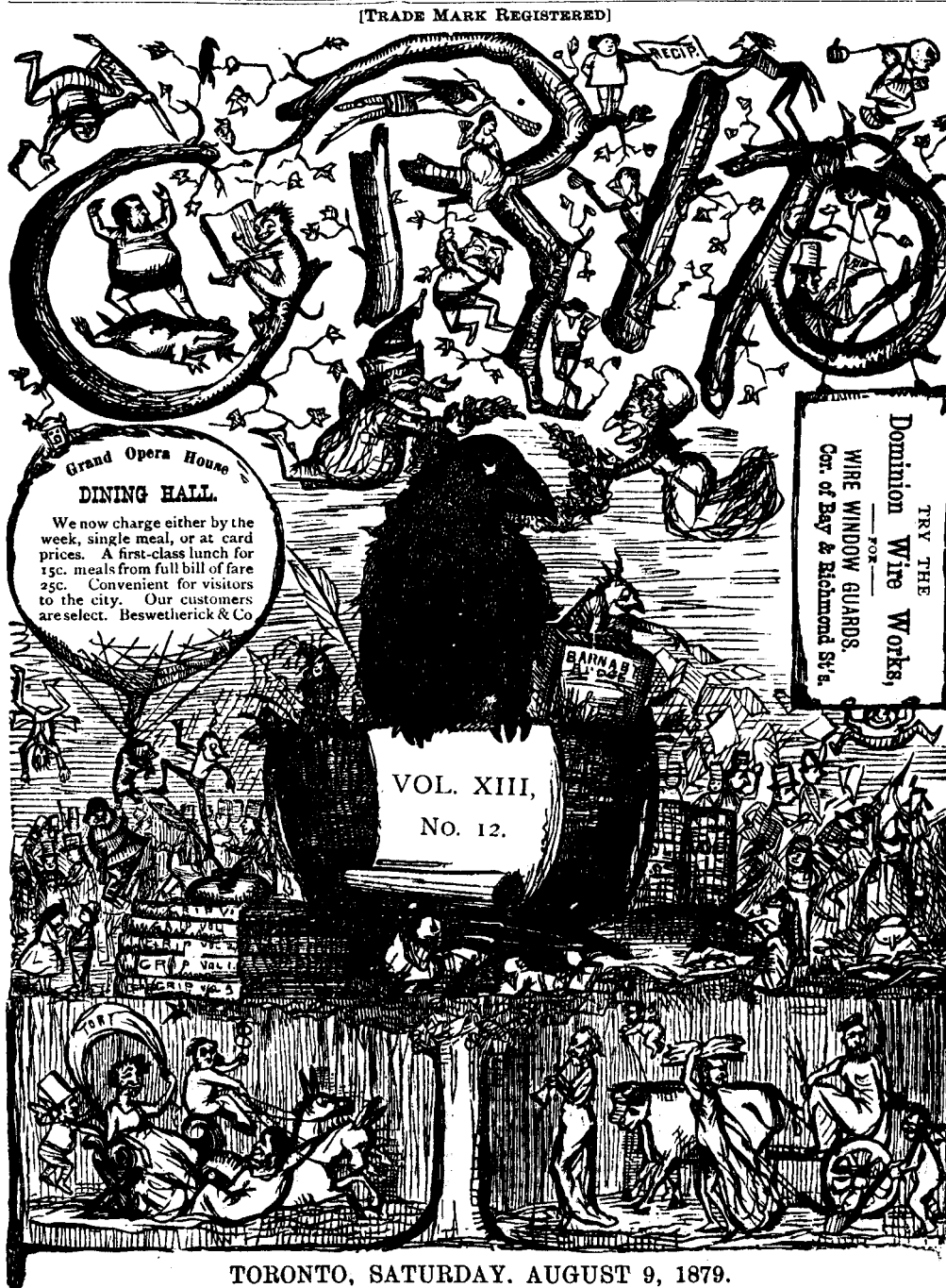
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.

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 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.

Miss REIDY, the young Canadian lady who sang in the Gardens on three evenings of this week, is looked upon as a very promising *cantatrice*. She has recently concluded a course of study in New York. Her voice is a light soprano of unusual flexibility, and particularly well cultivated in the upper and lower registers.

Mr. ARCH. BLUE has left the *St. Thomas Journal* and assumed an editorial position on the *Globe*. Mr. B. is an able writer, and has shewn that he knows how to make a newspaper interesting. GRIP extends his congratulations and hopes his old friend may find Toronto as pleasant a place to live in as everybody else finds it.

VERDI, the celebrated composer, led the grand chorus and orchestra a few days ago during the performance of his "Mass" at the Scala Theatre, Milan. Before the doors were opened the price of seats had advanced from \$7 to \$25 each. The building was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. When VERDI appeared the applause was loud and long.

The new comic opera by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, which is to be brought out next fall, is described by the London newspapers as a burlesque of Italian opera, a great deal like *opera bouffe*, and not much in the style of *Pinafore*. The introduction of six burglars into a house, where they fall in love with six maidens, constitutes the second act, instead of furnishing the entire action of the piece, as at first proposed. No name has yet been chosen.

The two new pictures of GUSTAVE DORE, which have been added to the Dore Gallery London, are an "Ecce Homo" and an "Ascension." In the latter the principal figure is eight feet in height, though in the middle distance, and the canvas is twenty feet in height and thirteen feet six inches in breadth. The spectator is supposed to be in midair, and looks toward a mass of angels, above which, soaring gently heavenward, is the ascending Christ, awaited by the heavenly legions.

Concerning the late BERNHARDT craze in London the *spectator* of that city says:—"It is time that the English should acknowledge that they are just as silly as their neighbors, and see that during the past month London has presented a spectacle which any keen French or American satirist would have been justified in describing as an exhibition of the frivolous vulgarity and sheepishness inherent in a people which is afraid to admire art till a Prince admires, and then will admire anything that costs enough.

The cast for the monument of the Princess ALICE—commissioned by the Queen of Mr. BOEHM, for the mausoleum at Frogmore—promises well. The Princess lies as in sleep, her head thrown back on a high pillow supported on either side by little angels, the lower part of the figure being draped and swathed by the heavy folds of a mantle bordered with ermine. With her left arm the Princess embraces her child, who is placed at her side, resting her head on her mother's breast, and extending her left arm to meet the caress of her mother's right. This group, which is to be executed in marble, will be supported on a base enriched by a band of delicate Renaissance arabesque crowning the pedestal, which is divided by fluted pilasters into three compartments. The general effect of this part of the work will be much varied by the employment of colored marbles.—*Academy*



AUCTION SALE

OF THE

LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

AN Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

xiii-10-61

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"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

EXCELLENT SKETCHES.—The principal cartoon accompanying *Grip* this week sketches the Governor General in the act of dashing as a circus equestrian through a flaming hoop. The horse is indexed "Lettelier case," and the hoop represents "Criticism." We have two or three smaller and very amusing pictures, chief of which is "Tilley's Triumph." Tilley as a rooster, is crowing on the top of his new loan, negotiated at 95, while Brown and Cartwright appear in the background to be perfectly disgusted.—*Kingston Whig*.

Grip for the week ending Saturday, August 2nd, is a real Quebec number. The cartoon is irresistible, and would do credit to *London Punch* itself. Indeed Bengough is an admirable artist in every way, and his hits are always excellent and in good taste. This week he treats us to "his new idea of Confederation," and illustrates it by a merry-go-round in full blast. Sir John Macdonald is turning the crank of the machine, and the horses representing the several provinces are ridden round the ring by the Lieutenant Governors of the same. Doctor Robitaille has just leaped at a bound on the back of the steed labelled "Quebec" with a manifesto under his arm bearing the legend "Any Lieutenant-Governor who isn't in accord with the Federal power—off he goes," while beneath his feet is the Hon. Mr. Lettelier dethroned. "No Provincial Autonomy" is painted on the sign-board of this novel merry-go-round. The idea of this cartoon is very good indeed; and is admirably carried out. The "rejoicing of the Quebec Zulus over Lettelier's dismissal is equally spirited and clever. Messrs. Langevin, Moisseau, Angers and Chapeau appear engaged in a triumphant war dance. Their likenesses are true portraits. "His Usefulness is Gone" is the poem of a number of *Grip* which is more than usually attractive.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

The circulation of *Grip* is steadily increasing in this district. We are glad of it. Good, liberal, high-principled, independent journalism, is very scarce in Canada, and not all of such journals as do exist are distinguished for talent. But *Grip* is everything that can be desired, and the satire of its cartoons are invariably directed towards a good purpose. We like *Grip*. The mighty mind of Mr. Smiff, the gentleman who writes our leading articles, finds in *Grip* a congenial spirit. We invite our friends to subscribe to *Grip*, for *Grip* is good. Our publisher states that in the reading rooms in this district, on a Friday, immediately on the arrival of the mails, the demands for *Grip* and the *Independent* are more numerous and more urgent than for any other journals, even greater than for *Globe* or *Mail*. This is a hopeful sign. The Canadian population, as a whole, is very stupid, and seldom rises much higher than the Howler or the Pighead level, but it is a good sign that *Grip* is read, liked and understood. Possibly, some day, the population may become intellectual and respectable. We are labouring hard to lead it to higher elevations of thought, and are not entirely unsuccessful. The only point in which we do not succeed is in getting our pay—we are tired of taking pumpkins and taters for subscriptions. Our collector is again going his rounds with a wheelbarrow. But we should like to see the subscriptions to *Grip* increase and multiply. *Grip* and the *Independent* are both working in the same great cause. Mr. Smiff at this moment drinks a health to *Grip*—at his landlord's, Mr. Goulais, expense. "Rah for *Grip*."—*Bebaygon Independent*.

Stage Whispers.

Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, long and favorably known in this country, is a favorite oratorio and classical concert tenor in England.

Dr. TALMAGE is so much of a lion in London that he is said to have had nearly a thousand invitations to lecture before he returns to America.

Mr. JOHN T. FORD has leased the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, for the opening months of the season. He has also concluded a contract with the London manager to produce GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S *Pinafore* and their new opera in all of the four theatres which he now controls.

Mr. SCOVEL, the New York church singer who married the wealthy Miss MAURICA ROOSEVELT, sang recently in "Traviata," at Brescia, Italy, for twelve nights with so much success that he has been invited by the King to sing for a week at Mousa, his summer residence, next autumn.

A recent performance of "Around the World in Eighty Days" in Orenburg, Russia, was marked by a tragic disaster. A fire breaking out in the scenery, a German actor lost his life in the flames, while the panic-stricken audience, in a mad endeavour to escape, crushed three persons to death and injured many others.

The libretto of GOUNOD's new opera, *Heloise and Abelard*, is said to embody a strong protest against the abridgment of liberty of mind by the priesthood. That GOUNOD, who was educated for a priest at Rome and received into minor orders, should "at the mature age of sixty-one be concerned in what is practically a protestant opera," is considered remarkable.

LOTTIE ELLIOT is a skipping rope dancer of the burlesque stage. She went across the continent with the VICTORIA LOFTUS troupe, and on arriving in San Francisco was unable to collect six hundred dollars due her for salary. FROST and DAVIS, the managers, were to start with the company for Australia. LOTTIE got out a warrant for their detention, and the steamer was thoroughly searched, but they were not discovered. They had disguised themselves as coal heavers, and were working at the coal-bunkers until the vessel put to sea.

When the Prince of Wales called on BERNHARDT behind the scenes of the Gaety Theatre, London, she received him coolly, upon which the Prince said, "Madam, you don't seem to remember me." She replied, "Monseigneur, I never saw you before with your hat on." The Prince had forgotten it was a French and not an English actress he was addressing, but BERNHARDT who is the lion of aristocratic England, did not propose to allow the future King of England to keep his hat on in her presence.—*New York Commercial*.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes to his paper: I doubt it in the whole history of the drama there has ever been a more preposterous failure than that of Lord BEACONSFIELD tragedy, "Count Alarcos," which was played at the Crystal Palace with the sanction of the distinguished author. The piece, I believe, was once done at ASTLEY'S in Miss MENKEN'S time, and an eminent critic is reported to have said of it that there might be a worse play in the world, but that he would give a hundred pounds to the man who would show it to him.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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To Correspondents.

MILLS, Montreal—1. Sketches not deemed suitable. 2. \$1.50 per column.

ASPER—As above.

"Camping Out."

'Tis the song of the buzzer—he's at me again!
Alas! I have courted sweet slumber in vain.
Oh, life in the wild wood, your charms I've heard stated,
I'm convinced that the pleasures were all over-rated.

Oh, sleep, balmy sleep, delightful repose!
Can I sink into dreams with a swarm on my nose?
Ah, no, in exchange I've the sad consolation,
That I'm helping to feed half the insect creation.

They buzz in my ears, they examine my hair,
Ah, much do I wish that no parting was there.
Black-beetles and spiders all o'er me are strolling;
On my couch (it's not downy) I'm restlessly rolling.

I've a thorn in my pillow, and twigs in my back,
And this harassing thought keeps my mind on the rack,
How can DONA, the fairest of feminine creatures,
Admire to-morrow my classical features?

My nose is full twice its usual size,
My face is all mottled, and as to my eyes
They'll present quite a somnolent, drooping expression,
Like the Hon.—'s at the close of a session.

Oh, young men and maidens, take my advice!
If you camping intended, let intentions suffice;
Or you may when by legions of insects surrounded
Discover, too late, that my words were well-founded.

Canadian Celebrities.

No. 1.—JOSIAH BURR PLUMB.

BY ASPER.

We propose to give, as is the custom in "society" papers, sketches of those of our citizens who have attained to great eminence. In following out our plan we shall be careful to avoid showing partiality to any political or other kind of party. In fact, we shall neither stand by the party, nor with the party, but shall go for the party, if we think it advisable, as much as we can. The gentleman who was the first to grant an interview we shall give the place of honor, on the principle that the "first shall be last and the last first," as we feel confident that he is the last person that any one would for a moment imagine to be a celebrated Canadian. But GRIP is more intimately acquainted

than any one else with the statesmanlike mind, the noble private character, and the indomitable perseverance and pluck—perseverance in keeping up his record as one who can talk more and say less than any other member; and pluck in standing up in his place in the House and absolutely refusing to be put down by obstreperous imbeciles—of JOSIAH BURR PLUMB. As to the birth place of this great Canadian statesman, history is silent. Certain it is, however, that although his name is BURR he did not stick there for long. Having launched forth on the great world in a variety of callings, as to which history is also silent, he at length reached the great town of Niagara, and shortly afterwards the noble light which had glimmered so long in private burst forth with brilliancy on the astonished gaze of the people of Canada.

Our reporter called at Mr. PLUMB's residence, and was ushered into the presence of the great man, who, considering the high position he holds, received him with wonderful affability. At this moment it may not be out of place to suggest the idea that the mind of the gentleman we are discussing is wierdly like the great river on which he resides. His noble aspirations and thoughts of genius—as the water in the river—at one place make a tremendous noise, and belching forth like thunder, astonish all who are witness of the tumult; anon, as the water, so the words—gliding along with dreary monotony—with unceasing repetitions of the same eddies,—the same ideas—wearing one with the sameness which continues for so long a time. Then, as the water in the river—the words being very rapid about the mouth—are scattered and mingled with greater things until they are lost forever. And no frail, ordinary mortal mind can guess what is the reason for all the noise and bustle—or when the end is to come, if ever. Both words and water seem to go on, on, on, for all eternity.

But to return. The genial statesman on being informed that the object of our reporter was to interview him seemed astonished, and inquired what portion of the globe the newspaper was printed in that had not heard of JOSIAH BURR PLUMB. The explanation being given that although every one had heard of and admired, still they could never hear enough of him, the orator was satisfied, and proceeded in a speech of four hours and a half in duration to give our representative a few of his leading ideas on matters and things political and otherwise—every word of which was taken down in shorthand, and the copy of which has been purchased by the *Globe* at a fabulous price. He then suggested that in case the short conversation had not furnished sufficient material for one issue of the paper, he would give us one or two little poetical ideas which he had in his leisure moments committed to writing. Bringing forth several reams of closely written foolscap, he handed it to our reporter, kindly and considerately saying that in case there was not enough, to come around next day, when he would be favored with a few more remarks. He added that in case the hints he had given should be too late for the mail, the telegraph could be put into requisition. Our representative, wondering at so much unreserved kindness in one so great, eagerly promised to attend next day.

This was a week ago, and as he has not yet turned up, we are inclined to think that he is still taking notes at Mr. PLUMB's dictation. It would be unjust to him to insinuate that possibly the work was too arduous for his unformed mind and that he has been talked to death.

As our readers all over the world are aware,

Mr. PLUMB is now M. P. for the great constituency of Niagara. A suffering and outraged country was by means of the grossest bribery and corruption deprived of his invaluable presence in the House of Commons during the greater portion of last session. But now, being firmly ensconced in his seat, we may expect to hear more of, and from, him in future.

They do say—but this is what cannot but be apparent to every thinking mind—that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD has gone to England, to stay, and that in future the helm of the nation, the guide of the National Policy is to be the subject of this little sketch. There is nothing like encouragement to native industries—and the work that, in that event, will be given to Canadian shorthand writers and printers is incalculable.

The *Globe* says, in speaking of the visit of the Princess, that people in Toronto should use the lawn more. Dwell on the last word and then act on the suggestion.

The Ballad of Lord Bateman.

A NURSERY STORY.

LORD BATEMAN was a Noble Lord,
A Noble Lord was he of high degree,
And he determined to go abroad,
To go abroad as far as Canadae.

He sailed East and he sailed West,
For many long days upon the sea,
He sightest Chicago and Manitoba,
And St. Helena and Miramichi.

When he arrived at Nova Scotia,
He lowered his small boat and made for land,
Where he was met by five hundred burghers,
Each with an address in his right hand.

"What place is this?" then said LORD BATEMAN
"What place is this, oh tell to me!"
Then up stepped the Mayor of Halifax City,
Saying "The place you see is fair Canadae."

Then up spake LORD BATEMAN unto the Mayor,
Saying "Who are the people that around I see,"
"Well, there's GEORGE BROWN and N. F. DAVIN,
And Sir JOHN MACDONALD K. C. B.;

There's Governor CAUCHON from Manitoba,
Who, like the rest, is a man of rank;
L. S. HUNTINGTON and HARRY PIPER,
And EDWARD HANLAN from the old sand bank."

Then they put LORD BATEMAN on a high platform,
And loud to him read a long address,
And told him all about the New Dominion,
Which put his Lordship in great distress.

They straightway marched him to the Railway Station,
When he left on a Pulman on the double quick,
And wherever he stopped he got an oration,
And another long address that made him sick.

"How much of this are you going to give me?"
Said his Noble Lordship unto JOHN A.
"You'll have got to take it in very large doses,
Until you get up to Ottawa."

Then they brought him up to Ottawa City,
And confined him up in Rideau Hall;
And they made him dance the Tollock Goram,
And the Ghillie Callum at each native ball.

And they caused the Court ladies to come before him
Each with a gold chain on her bare neck;
And made him execute poor LUC LETTELLIER
For cutting up didos down in Quebec.

So pity the sad fate of poor LORD BATEMAN
Detained in Canadae for four long years;
And thank your stars that your not Governors
When you go to bed to-night my pretty little dears.

They are agitating for fog-signals at the mouth of the Niagara. GRIP begs to suggest that Mr. J. BURR PLUMB might be utilized, and thus save expense. He can make as monotonous a sound as any fog-horn, and at the same time he is a burning and a shining light. Let him be stuck on a high pole at the point wherever the weather demands it.



Political Grief.

MABEL—Why do you weep, my dear?
 MAUD—Because LETELLIER has been dismissed.
 MABEL—But why should you care?
 MAUD—Because, in dismissing him the Governor General has given away his prerogative!
 MABEL—True, dear, but why should that effect you so deeply?
 MAUD—Because,—boo-hoo!—papa is a Grit, and he is mad about it, and he vows he will not go to the Governor's Ball, nor let any of the rest of us go!!

A canvas-back duck—Getting rained on in the top seat of a circus



Dizzy's Double.

The society journals of London having exhausted MRS. LANGTRY, SARA BERNHARDT, and DE WITT TALMAGE, are evidently longing for something to fill the aching void, and it wouldn't be very surprising if our dapper Premier becomes their next nine-

days wonder. It is not his towering intellect, his phenomenal rectitude, or his bewitching manners, however, that is to put him on the pedestal of hero-worship; London don't bow down to such qualities—it is his interesting physical resemblance to Lord BEACONSFIELD, which the casual observer will be able to trace in the above sketch. It will be very flattering to Sir JOHN's Canadian admirers, and very edifying to the beau monde of London, if Lord BEACONSFIELD condescends to take the little colonial politician by the hand and lead him around at the garden parties, to let the ladies see what a really DISRAELIAN looking person he is. And their well-read escorts, who happen to know something of recent Canadian history, will be able to point out that the resemblance is more than skin-deep, that the little statesman, like the big one, has always been a dealer in glitter and gammon, and ready to do anything to serve the moment.

The Fair.

Everything indicates that the forthcoming Exhibition is going to be a great success. The hum of industry is now heard within the enclosure, and in a few days the place will be in a state of completeness and awaiting the ringing up of the curtain. It is expected that the show will be much more extensive than usual, and the presence of royalty will be a sure guarantee of a much larger attendance than heretofore. It may be news to the general public to learn that the following distinguished persons are to be exhibitors of the articles severally specified: H. R. H. the Princess LOUISE will exhibit an oil painting entitled "Life at Ottawa," representing a Cabinet door with a placard nailed upon it bearing the inscription, "Gone to Europe; back in three months."

His Excellency the Governor General will exhibit specimens of the royal prerogative, including the now obsolete power of dismissing corrupt ministers.

Hon. GEORGE BROWN will show a choice assortment of epithets, illustrative of his ideas of journalism, and, in the inventors department, he will exhibit a unique and original contrivance for moderating one's feelings under political chagrin.

The Editor of the Mail will adorn the ornamental department with a beautiful Cabinet of stuffed figures representing the present Government. All who see this ingenious object will be astonished at its fidelity. The figures appear to be endowed with intelligence, and look quite as much like statesmen as the original.

Mr. Mayor BEATTY, in the architectural department, will display plans and specifications for a civic robe and chain to be worn by the chief magistrate of Toronto on state occasions.

Hon. OLIVER MOWAT will display a fine assortment of fruits of the model farm, consisting of apples, plums, pears and political influence.

Mr. J. ROSS ROBERTSON will exhibit in the curiosity department, the balancing pole used by the editor of the Telegram in his painful performances on the tight rope of independence.

Mr. GRIP will contribute a fine display of cabbage heads and beets, selected from the field of Canadian politics.

It is announced that the Hon HECTOR LANGEVIN is about to deliver a speech on the questions of the day. Wonder if he will give any attention to that interesting and important question, "What did the Hon H. L. do with that \$32,000 of Sir HUGH ALLAN'S?"



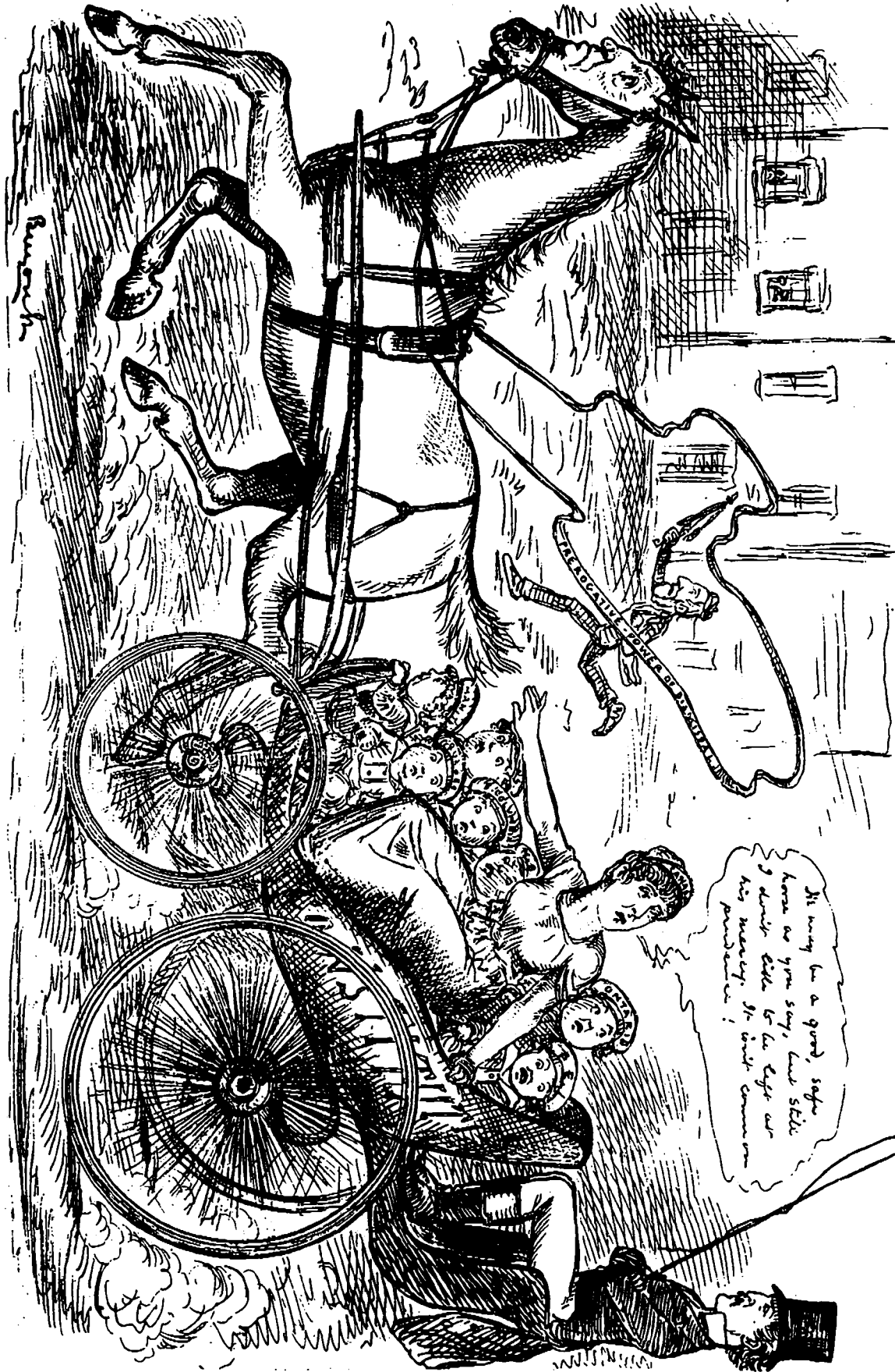
The Great Uncrushed.

It is rumored that the Irish Canadian, the able and eloquent organ of the Great Downtrodden, is soon to be issued as a daily. GRIP is pleased to hear this, and in anticipation congratulates his heroic confrere Mr. BOYLE on the evidence of his prosperity. Mr. BOYLE is the WILLIAM TELL of Canadian politics, and has long stood before the public in the sublime attitude pictured above—grandly scorning to bow down to the symbol of Scotch ascendancy. The unspeakable BROWN, the atrocious MACKENZIE, and all their hated clansmen, whose only aim in life is to persecute the tender-hearted and simple-minded Irish, have had abundant cause to stand in awe of the Irish Canadian in its weekly shape; what will become of them when Bro. BOYLE is in a position to use his shillelah every day it is hard to conjecture. In the words of Little Buttercup, GRIP would say, Let them tremble, let them tremble!

A wicket keeper says that the drinks at a cricket dinner should be bailed out, and served by Back-us.



PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE QUEBEC BOY WHO HAS HAD TOO MUCH TARTE.



GIVING AWAY THE REINS!
 AS A COACHMAN, "HIS USEFULNESS IS GONE."

All wrong in a good sign,
 here as you say, but still
 I don't like to be left in
 my hands; it's not common
 practice!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Motto for the dog Catchers—"Justice, tho' the skyes fall."—*Puck*.

Listening to the "voices of nature," we note that green corn is a little husky.—*New Haven Register*.

It is suggested to Mr. Edison that an ounce of invention is worth a pound of talk about the electric light.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Amid all the annual havoc in garden sauce, there hasn't a bug been found mean enough to attack an onion.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home and dine?"—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Texas is the land of miracles," says the *New Orleans Times*. Somebody must have escaped being shot there lately.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"There is something new under the sun," remarked the old gentleman as the young man sat down on the fresh paint of the front stoop.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Although the height of a bootblack's ambition is to shine a man's shoes, it always pains him to see a pedestrian pass with his boots highly polished.—*N. Y. Star*.

Now is the time when the wise country cousin writes to the city relations that a neighbor across the way is stricken with the small pox.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A modest young man says he would't expose himself to public view while bathing, under any consideration—"In fact," he says, "I'll dive first."—*Bradford Era*.

People are accustomed to think harshly of the freaks of genius, but let them relent; for the airs of genius are no worse than the airs of mediocrity.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

When the boy fell out of the apple-tree and broke his leg in two places, the doctor who was called in attributed the accident to the effect of climb it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The man who owns a fine gold collar button, with a diamond set in the centre, always considers it cooler and more comfortable to go without a necktie.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

A Pulaski boy recently swallowed a pen-knife. Although not quite out of danger, he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.—*Fulton Times*.

The ambitious city young man is now saving up money enough to enable him to spend fifteen or twenty minutes in some fashionable watering place.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A man will eat soggy biscuit twice a week without complaint, when his best girl invites him to tea. But after that girl becomes his wife, if there is the faintest indication of a touch of saleratus in them, the neighbors will think there's a district school out for recess by the racket he makes.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Yes," said a Texas lawyer, who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."—*N. Y. Star*.

A man attracted more attention at the depot this morning by wearing his hair in ringlets than he could have done by merely being president of this great and glorious country.—*Bridgeport-Standard*.

"Thermometer's up to ninety, Mr. Putancall," said a visitor to a State street broker. "Let 'em go up to par," said the man of margins, abstractedly; "I'm not short on 'em."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

If Sara Barnhardt is twice as thin and twice as subject to fits as Clara Morris, we suppose she will want twice as much for reserved seats when she comes to this country.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

It is becoming fashionable among intelligent men to send a card instead of going to a party. Being out all night dancing, and eating an indigestible supper while standing up, does not hurt the card.—*Ex*.

A brand of chewing tobacco is called "Hope." When a man asks for a chew and you pass him the box, the old proverb is reversed and reads, "He who enters here leaves no Hope behind."—*New Haven Register*.

The ceramic art has become so popular on Long Island that dominic hens that used to feel flattered while sitting on china eggs refuse to take anything less than a blue milk-pitcher or a purple tea set.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The grape crop of Ohio will not pan out first-class this year, but don't you imagine that this will make the least difference with the number of gallons of wine demanded. Grapes are not necessary to wine.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady of Bellefaste to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if"—"if what?" he anxiously asked, "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose"—*Puck*.

Two young ladies and Mr. THADDEUS O'GRADY were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."—*Phil. Transcript*.

A great many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin! But they spend a pile of money and lay around the house and let their mothers do the work. That's the kind of holly-hocks they are!—*Elmira Gazette*.

Editors are seldom heard discussing the propriety of taking summer vacations and leaving their congregations. Editors must preach every day. Editors must stay and "stick it out." Editors can't move their studies to the mountain or breezy seaside. Editors must get their inspiration at the same old desk the year round, the desk which looks out on a patch of brick wall ten feet opposite and an iron shutter. Newspapers never close their pulpits. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to propose vacating a newspaper's pulpit for two or three months during the warm season, and sending the staff to Europe or Long Branch to cure their bronchitis? Newspaper men are like cooks. They must broil at the furnace the year round. Folks can't do without their morning chops, coffee and paper.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

JONES says there are three ways of getting a restaurant lunch in this country—the American plan, where you get your meal for what you pay; the European plan, where you pay for what you get; and the Asiatic plan, where you pay for twice as much as you get.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Many a man who scolds his wife because things are not just to suit him at home will be as placid as a custard pie and as mild as milk at a fashionable summer resort, and where nothing is as good as in his own house, and he knows it. It takes a man to do that.—*Steubenville Herald*.

If we wanted to paint a picture representing intense feeling of embarrassment and anger whitewashed with a thin coat of the most guiltless innocence, we would select for our subject a young lady who had suddenly sat down on a banana peel on a crowded street.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

She held firmly onto the ropes and gaily warbled, "Oh, George isn't this just nice? Now, really, I think this just too exquisite for anything, with the cool breezes blowing silvery foam around in little fairy goblets, and—" The dash denotes the moment she swallowed the billow.—*N. Y. Star*.

"You love me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said tenderly, "you are my own and only—" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's show bills."—*Rockland Courier*.

A hen out in the country is laying eggs measuring eight and a half inches around the waist. She is evidently tired of hearing of "hailstones the size of a hen's eggs," and is determined to inaugurate a reform in this particular. It is hoped all the hens in the country will turn in and assist her in her laudable effort.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is a fish-pole that can be made to look like a cane. Why hasn't some one invented a pail that can be shut up to look like something entirely different, so that when a man returns from an unsuccessful berrying venture, and he is quite likely to, there will be no pail in sight to suggest unhappy questions in the minds of those he meets?—*Danbury News*.

Julia and Pauline, figurantes at a theatre, have a little tiff.

"I hate you so, you mean thing," says Julia, "that I wish you hadn't a brooch to your back."

"And I hate you so, retorts Pauline, "That if you were drowning before my eyes I wouldn't lift my little finger to give you a cup of cold water—there!"

The other day a farmer met a friend in Detroit who asked him how prospects were out in the country. "This dry weather is just killing everything," was the doleful reply. Some hours afterwards a storm of rain broke over the city, and as the farmer ran in and out of the wet his friend said, "This will do good out your way." "Maybe, maybe," said the farmer, "but it's mighty rough on them's got hay out to-day."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The young woman who desires to have herself published in the newspapers as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," will please pack up her clothes in a dry towel, crawl out of the back upstairs window, some dark rainy night, and elope with the man who carries her dad's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain-water barrel will beget mosquitoes in July.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The Quebec Trial.

A committee of Parliamentary electors has been formed in Quebec to take legal proceedings in the nature of a writ of two warrants against THEODORE ROBITAILLE, to inquire by what authority he supports the character of Lieut-Governor of this Province.—*Telegraphic Dispatch.*

Mr. GRIP anticipates these legal proceedings and begs to submit a brief report of the trial.

Court opened in due form. After a number of petty larceny and assault cases had been disposed of, THEODORE ROBITAILLE was placed in the dock, charged with supporting the character of Lt. Governor of Quebec.

Mr. JOLY appeared for the prosecution, Mr. TAITE for the defence.

Mr. LUC LETELLIER was the first witness called, and testified that the accused had taken from him the character of Lt. Governor of Quebec, including a cocked hat, a gold-trimmed coat, a pair of silk knee breeches, and a sword. Was not aware that he had done anything to justify this robbery. Believed the accused in taking possession of the articles enumerated, had acted on the authority of Sir JOHN CAMPBELL, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne.

The Marquis of LORNE was next called, and stated that he was Gov. General of the Dominion. Had authorized the accused to possess himself of the honours and articles mentioned in the information. Could not say that Mr. LETELLIER had done anything to justify this. Had no animus whatever against that gentleman. Acted in the matter on the advice of Sir JOHN MACDONALD. Believed the charge against LETELLIER was dismissing his Cabinet. He had a constitutional right to do so. Would dismiss a corrupt Cabinet himself if he was a person of Mr. LETELLIER'S temperament. Carried out Sir JOHN'S advice on that occasion to save trouble.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD was next examined. He testified that he was at present Premier of Canada. Had advised the Marquis of LORNE to authorize ROBITAILLE to seize the hat, sword, &c. Had no personal feeling against LETELLIER, and considered that in dismissing his Cabinet he acted constitutionally, though not wisely. A Lt. Governor cannot be dismissed for un wisdom. Could not say that it was any of his business to interfere with Mr LETELLIER'S affairs. Was driven to it by a man named MOUSSEAU, who made threats. Would not otherwise have interfered.

Mons. MOUSSEAU was next called, and admitted that he had frightened the last witness into acting as he had done. Entertained a bitter feeling against LETELLIER for having thrust his (witness') friends out of fat places. Was aware it was called an "outrage." Didn't care what it was called, so long as it was accomplished.

This concluded the evidence. The learned magistrates having consulted together briefly, ordered the acquittal of ROBITAILLE, as it was plain he had been a mere lay figure in the case. MOUSSEAU, Sir JOHN MACDONALD and the Marquis of LORNE were sent down (in public estimation) for ninety days.

Chorus of Ministers Abroad.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our Cabinet is a beauty;
We're not very bright, 'tis true,
Nor attentive to our duty.
On the campaign stump we shout and jump,
And "Economy" cry all day;
When office we get we enjoy it, you bet,
And the people have got to pay.



REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of Disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2 "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion Lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B, shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described: the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2.00 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the bal-

ance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

1. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

2. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

3. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

4. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

5. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

6. "The above regulations it will of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

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(Dedicated to the University Senate.)



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Was it a Plot?

Lt. Gov. MACDONALD entered Winnipeg the other day on a hand-car. He was wrecked in a C. P. R. train, and was obliged to have recourse to this humiliating and undignified means of locomotion. Mr. GRIP sincerely hopes this was not the outcome of a deep Government plot to degrade more Grit Lt. Governors. When the train went off the track both COUCHON and MACDONALD were unseated with as little ceremony as LETELIER experienced, but neither of them have as yet been dismissed. This is not owing to a want of inclination on the Government's part, but because it would be manifestly absurd to declare their usefulness gone after seeing the way in which they worked that hand-car.

Men of note—Bankers and brokers.

Men of high aspirations—balloonists.

WE have been taught to entertain great respect for Mr. JOLY, but this has surely been misplaced if it is true, as the Quebec *Telegraph* says, that his Government have already perpetrated twenty-seven scandals. If this really so, it is a pity the Tory party has put its foot down on the dismissing power of Lieut.-Governors.

There is an item going the rounds about an Italian accidentally finding a gold mine while in the act of taking a drink at a spring. Incited by this narrative many sanguine individuals in this city are devoting most of their time to drinking, but we would respectfully call their attention to the fact that it was not a lager spring wherein the gold was discovered.

The editor of the *Petrolia Advertiser* has been running a foot-race with the *Arkana Advocate* man, and in publishing the result he says: "We have to use the immortal language of the great sculler, ELLIOTT, and say we 'have been beaten by a better man,' but have this consolation, the honors have fallen into the hands of a man we believe capable of guarding them securely against all comers. Time will tell." It will, Brother HERRING; time always does tell in a foot-race, but it must be better time than you made.

S. R. QUIGLEY,
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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-corn, 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.
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