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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

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Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Table listing various phonographic publications and their prices, including 'Compend of Phonography', 'Key to Teacher', 'Pitman's Progress', etc.

EXTRACTS.

Table listing extracts from various works and their prices.

SELECTIONS.

Table listing selections from various works and their prices.

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Our Lady of Slang.

In the land where the nutmegs are wooden, That land where they say That the Pilgrims with slings and mint juleps, Is cheered on his way--

Strange blossoms of speech at such seasons Are born at thy touch-- Unpleasing, ungraceful, un-English, And meaning not much.

But GRIP who will guard the Queen's English. Will scare with his beak These gulls and foul carrion corvi Who gibberish squeak--

Globular.

Is the Globe's new manager serious in saying that the "Canadian Premier's flapdoodle" though "inexpugnable," is but a mere "taradiddle?"

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AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly.

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. (July 14) after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c.

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COAL AND WOOD, AND AT LOWEST PRICES, NAIRN'S. Office, Next Post Office. Dooks, Foot of Church Street.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

ROBSON and CRANE open their travelling season at Detroit in September.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY has just signed an engagement with Mr. MAPLESON for next season.

It is said that Miss HELEN BLYTHE will not be a member of Mr. DALY's company next season.

KATE CLAXTON will begin the coming season with a seven weeks' tour in the eastern circuit and Canada.

The FLORENCES will make their first professional appearance in London in the Gaiety Theatre on the 16th instant.

JOHN McCULLOUGH has signed a contract to act in the Boston Park Theatre for two weeks, beginning on the 25th of April, 1881.

It is said that SARAH BERNHARDT will sail on the 16th of October by the steamer Percire, of the French line, and that she has engaged sixteen places on board.

Miss ADA CAVENDISH opens the season at Buffalo on August 23rd. She will produce "MARION DELORME" during her American engagement, which lasts till April next.

CHRISTINE NILLSON, it seems, wanted to come to this country this season; but she insisted on MAPLESON putting up a guarantee which he could not do, and so she refused point blank. This is the real reason for her not coming.

Old Mrs. KEELEY, one of the most popular actresses of her generation, has just reappeared in London as "Jack Sheppard," a part which she first played forty years ago, and acted with a sprightliness and spirit which revived pleasant memories of a past long dead.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has been wise enough to recognize the failure of his London experiment at the Gaiety Theatre, and will sail for home on the 2nd of September. He has telegraphed to his agents in New York to compose a company for him and to prepare a route. He will act in the plays with which his name has been most closely associated of late.

Women are beginning to assert their prerogative in theatrical matters. The manager of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, which is to produce "The Pirates of Penzance" in Booth's Theatre in September, is a woman, and a smart one. Her name is Miss E. H. OBER, and in addition to her dramatic affairs she controls a large lyceum interest in Boston.

Farewell is always a sad word, but experience has shown that it means less upon the stage than it means anywhere else. Very few weeks have elapsed since Miss NELSON uttered a goodbye to us all, which was supposed to be final, and already rumors are thick of her impending return. Mr. JOHN STERSON, of the Globe Theatre, has already entered into negotiations with her, and it is understood that the actress will definitely accept or reject his offer soon after her arrival in England.

Mr. J. C. CONNER, formerly the successful manager of the Royal Opera House, Toronto, who has again assumed the management, is busy with carpenters and decorators in an entire reconstruction of his theatre. The entrances, especially the grand box entrance, will be brilliantly lighted. A laudable feature in the new arrangements will be the facilities for egress, in case of fire or other alarms. These have been tested, and it is found that 2,500 people can leave the theatre in five minutes. Mr. CONNER's programme for the coming season

includes the HAVERLEY Minstrels and Mrs. SCOTT SIDONS—both of the best. GRIP believes that the management of this beautiful theatre will be distinguished by the regard for good taste and good moral tone which is the surest way to success in this city.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

To HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Prowell Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

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

To VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

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

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

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

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

To CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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CIVIC HOLIDAY. AUGUST 16TH.

LIMITED SUBSCRIPTION EXCURSION.

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CHICORA No overcrowding. Tickets positively limited. Seats for all. Meals on board.

CHICORA No expense for carriages. Street cars will run from head of all routes to boat on morning of excursion, and meet her on return same evening.

CHICORA Tickets only 50 each!!! Must be secured at once from Mr. Albert Brown, or from Mr. Cumberland, 35 Yonge street, who are alone authorized to accept subscribers.

TORONTO AND HAMILTON, CALLING AT OAKVILLE.

Str. "Southern Belle"

Sails twice daily from Mowat's Wharf, at 11.30 a. m., 6.15 p. m.

HAMILTON AND RETURN SAME DAY, ONLY \$1. Return Fare (good for season), \$1.25. Single Fare, 75c. Season Book Tickets now on sale—for Oakville, 10 round trips, \$2; for Burlington Beach or Hamilton, 10 round trips, \$4.50; for Burlington trips, \$10; 50 round trips, \$17.50.

EXCURSIONS

To Oakville every day, 25c.; to Burlington Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays, 50c. Convenient hours—Leaving 11.30 a. m., arriving 6 p. m. No night exposure.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Any politician who cannot laugh over a perusal of this week's GRIP is absolutely without a sense of humor.—*Kingston Whig*.

The Hymn Book for Sunday Schools, by Dr. ROBINSON, recently published by SCRIBNER & Co., is pronounced a model by competent authorities.

COUNT GLEICHEN is to execute the memorial to the Prince Imperial, to be erected by the subscriptions of the officers of the British army and placed at Woolwich.

A monument to HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was unveiled at Copenhagen on the 26th ult. It is a bronze statue and represents the poet seated and reading one of his tales as if to an audience.

The only portrait for which Pope LEO XIII. has sat since his elevation to the Pontifical chair is life size, and was painted this year by JOSEPH JANSSENS, a Belgian artist. It is now on exhibition in London, at COLNAUGHT'S "Guardi Gallery," and will be engraved by M. F. LANWERS.

The *Whig* says the partnership existing between Messrs. SHANNON & MEER as publishers of the *Kingston News*, will dissolve October 1st. The business will then pass into the hands of Messrs. R. W. and L. V. SHANNON, and Mr. JAS. JOHNSON, who has been chief editor for several years, will retire.

The last issue of *Grip* has a capital cartoon entitled, "Startling Affair in London; a promising young woman offered for sale to the highest bidder." The cartoon of the "three political Dr. Tanners"—Willie McDougall, John Costigan, and Angus Morrison—"starving for pap," is very expressive.—*Truro (N.S.) Guardian*.

The Toronto Exhibition, which is to open on the 6th September and remain in full bloom until the 18th, promises to be the grandest affair of the kind which has ever been held in Canada. In addition to the magnificent display of Live Stock and Industrial and Art collections, there are to be horse races, band tournaments, dog shows, and many other extra attractions.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—As usual the lyric poetry in this Review is of a high order, especially one lyric by Mrs. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN. The essays and tales are numerous—twenty-four articles in this number—crisp and not too heavy for the hot weather. The Himalayah story is excellent. "The Rector's Flirtation" is Miss FLORENCE FAIRFAX's last production; she has evidently made a conscientious study of the useful art of which she treats.

GRIP this week devotes a cartoon to our Oriental legend on the Pasha's donkey, and credits the Bobcaygeon Independent with the story. This is a good instance of the effect of newspaper piracy. We expect GRIP to make the *amende honorable* and the Independent to mend its manners.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

Here is our *amende*, Mr. *Free Press*, and now when are you going to acknowledge the original Oriental source of the legend?

CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY FOR JULY AND AUGUST.—This is the best number of the above which GRIP has yet seen. The first article, an appreciative review of GOLDWIN SMITH'S "Cowper," is by "C. P. M." The articles of most interest to teachers are the "Arraignment of the Minister of Education," by an *Old Head Master*, and the editorial note on the "Moral collapse of the Central Committee." The Arts Department and that of Mathematics by Mr. A. MACMURCHY, are excellent, and must prove useful to teachers. Altogether GRIP considers the *C. E. M.* a live magazine, independent, fearless and well-written.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

"Odium Theologicum."

The *Bowmanville Statesman* of last week copied our burlesque of the "theological" discussion which is at present being waged in its columns on the subject of Immersion, and added the following note:

Mr. *Grip* is too severe on our correspondents. It is too bad to ridicule gentlemen in a friendly discussion in such a friendly way as they have done. Our advice to you, friend *Grip*, is to keep your beak out of theology.—ED. STATESMAN.

This, of course, is ironical, as the Editor was doubtless engaged at the time in correcting the proof of "Mr. BUTLER's reply to Mr. McKAY"—which appears in the same number of the *Statesman*. We clip a few sentences from that Reply just to show how difficult it is to exaggerate the *odium theologicum* or even to do full justice to the propensity for personalities usually displayed by 'argufying' divines:

All his talk about silencing me, if he believes it himself, proceeds upon a miscalculation. I have too much truth to utter on this subject to be silenced, and he is not the man to silence me: he may disgust me as he has disgusted many others. I shall continue to leave to him the varied field of personal abuse. He is at home there and departs himself as one to the manner born. I have, moreover, far more interesting and profitable business to do in this discussion than to follow him in his moral gyrations. At any rate he needs to *revise* his attainments and bring them into subjection to the common truth and honesty of simple morality and all sound religion. To speak the truth, Mr. McKAY, and to fairly quote or honestly represent the statements of your opponents is a homely, if not in your practice a common virtue. Mr. M. will please remember that his mere assertion will not be received only so far as he shall clearly locate his references and quotations. I have learned to place very little confidence in his word, for in addition to his well earned title of slanderer of immersionists he is a convicted garbler of both Immersionists and Pseudobaptists. I have already followed my opponent too far, although an entire column remains untouched. I use the words "too far" in the sense of wasting time in following the perversions of truth of which he is guilty.

The other side of this edifying debate is upheld in a somewhat similar manner.

Mr. GRIP feels thankful to the Editor for his fatherly advice to keep his beak out of theology. The Editor ought to act on his own counsel, for already there is reason to fear that he has imbibed some of the *odium*. Witness the following note which is appended to the Reply from which we have just quoted:

[NOTE.—The statement made by Mr. BUTLER in the first paragraph of the above letter is false. We did not make any such statement, neither did we insinuate anything of the kind. The charge is utterly false.—Ed.]

A Revival.

A favorite method of executing political enemies was practised by the Proconsuls of the Reign of Terror, in 1793, at Lyons and Marseilles. This is called the *Noyade*. It consisted in sending a number of persons of both sexes on board an unseaworthy ship, which was so contrived as to sink soon after being launched. A revival of this custom of the *Noyade* seems to be favored by the police authorities, who permit the overcrowding of the excursion steamers.

Missionary Intelligence.

A missionary lately returned from that interesting field of labor, the Island, gives a most encouraging account of the progress of Christianity in that benighted part of the world.

He says the mission recently organized at Hanlan's Point, to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of the natives in that part of the Island, promises to be a great blessing. A service is regularly held on Sundays, which is usually attended by large and apparently interested audiences. The work is prosecuted in two distinct divisions, namely, the spiritual and the aesthetic, or, in other words, the preaching of the Gospel and the enjoying of a mouthful of fresh air. The success attained in this latter division of the work has been truly marvellous. Not only the natives of the Island, but thousands of the light-hearted inhabitants of the mainland who go over in ferry-boats every Sunday, (much to the delight of the pious ferry-men, who only charge the nominal sum of ten cents per head,) have attested the great benefits which they have received from the Fresh Air part of the services. As yet the missionaries have not seen any direct moral results from their labors, but they do not by any means feel discouraged. They are working earnestly without hope of pecuniary reward, though they have the inspiring consciousness that they are doing much towards enriching the poor boatmen financially, as well as enhancing the value of real estate on the Island, by imparting to it an air of unwonted respectability.

Canadian Statesmen in England.

SIR JOHN, with SIR CHARLES TUPPER, was lately present at a dinner given by the London Corporation of Fishmongers. The illustrious party proceeded to the Fishmonger's Hall in a cab, the expense of which was nobly defrayed by Sir A. GALT out of his official income. The dinner consisted entirely of fish; but the toasts were numerous, and were imbued with the heartiness peculiar to fishes. SIR JOHN, of course, was inspired by the occasion and the surroundings to speak with his usual facetious grace. He said he felt quite at home in Fishmongers Hall. Like *Polonius*, in *Hamlet's* opinion, he might seem to be a fishmonger himself. His whole political career, he proceeded to explain, had been very fishy. His new N. P. had "an ancient and fish-like smell." Some of his best measures had been *flounders*. Although few of his colleagues had *soles* worth saving, they were all of them eager for *plaice*, and some had the appetite of *sharks*. And he would, on this occasion only, and in confidence of the festive hour, here communicate that his mission in England was only a *cod*.

SIR JOHN's speech was received with cheers and loud laughter, and the chorus, "He is a jolly good fellow," was sung by all present.

"Truth."

Some of our contemporaries are expressing themselves very solemnly about our playful allusion to H. R. H. the Marchioness of Lorne last week. Our suggestion that the royal lady is not, as a matter of fact, awfully sorry to tear herself from this dear Dominion, is looked upon as rank disloyalty. GRIP is not alone in his opinion. Here is a late *Globe* clipping:

London *Truth* says that the Princess Louise is no doubt delighted to have so good an excuse for coming home, as H. R. H. has never concealed her distaste for her Canadian "exile."

GRIP has the most profound respect for the royal Marchioness; in fact he loves her so well that he would even be willing to have her remain at home altogether if she would really feel happier there than in this raw, rough and democratic country.

Why is a farmer who "can't swing a scythe" like a dead man?—Because he is no *mower*.

Attacking His Betters.

The editor of the *Globe* appears to have quite forgotten his pathetic and promising talk about keeping his paper free from the unworthy personalities which "sadden political life." If he has not already broken his good resolution over and over again with his own pen, he has at least permitted such violation through his correspondence columns. About the most craven and contemptible of these outrages on good taste occurred in Tuesday's edition, in the shape of a letter against Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The writer, who signs himself "X," professes to be a member of the Public School Teachers' Association; if he really is so, it is certain that Association is not entirely composed of gentlemen and scholars. This alleged correspondent, (for of course he may be only a *Globe* myth—an anti-GOLDWIN's myth, as our boy suggests)—protests against the distinguished writer in question being allowed to address the Teachers' Convention, because of the political views which he is supposed to hold. Had "X" stopped there, he would have been amenable only to a charge of contemptible intolerance, but he goes on and proves himself a boor and a bully as well, applying to Mr. SMITH such rowdy epithets as "carpet bagger," etc. The whole letter—if genuine—is a disgrace to the Teachers' Association, not only for its meanness and vulgarity, but as a specimen of bad English composition. Its appearance in the *Globe*, whether genuine or not, is certainly a disgrace to journalism.

Sir John and His Granny.

"Has the Ministerial Mission failed?"
The *Globe* of Aug. 4th.

Granny.—When ye ga'd awa', JOHNNIE,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye went JOHN BULL to see,
What was't ye promised me, laddie?

Sir John.—A braw new railroad track, granny,
A road frae sea to sea, granny,
But O, the weary English loons,
They were ower cute for me, granny.

Canada.—I feared how it wad be, JOHNNIE,
I'm no' mista'en I see, laddie,
Ye drew ower sair the bow that's lang—
Ye were na' slack to lee, laddie.

Sir John.—Ho! ho! ye've been to see, grannie,
That foul-tongued GORDON B., grannie,
Though I should speak wi' angel's tongue
He'd swear it was a lee, granny.

But bide ye just a wee, gannie,
"Green TUPPER, GALT an' me, granny,
Ye'll get your railway 'spite them a',
Gin you an' I agree, grannie.

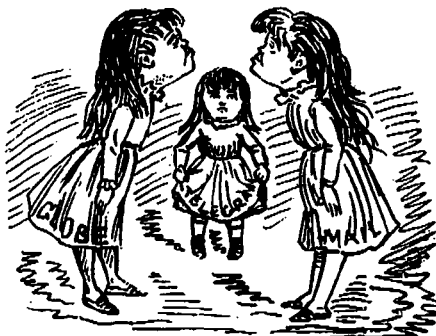
Canada.—Weel! I see tak' your word, JOHNNIE,
And sell my bits o' yird, laddie,
To want that road, frae sea to sea,
Wad just be clean absurd, laddie.

Dead Shot!

The Canadian Creedmoor team, we learn from the *Mail*, have abandoned the old muzzle-loader and have adopted the new Remington with the *Grip* sight. Under such circumstances they cannot fail to hit the mark.

Mr. JOHN CARTER, evidently an earnest Christian, writes to expostulate with us for having, in last issue, caricatured three ministers of the Gospel. Mr. CARTER has quite misinterpreted the picture, which was by no means inspired by malice against the gentlemen in question—whom we esteem as highly as our correspondent can. Our idea was to shew that these ministers (pure as their own motives undoubtedly are) are practically playing into the hands of men who have simply money-making objects in view.

GRIP would again direct attention to the special excursion to Rochester per Steamer *Chicora*, on Monday, 16th. The tickets, which are limited are nearly all disposed of. They cost \$2 each.



The New Dresses.

The Mail.—I guess you thought you were the only person who could have a new dress, but you see I've got one as well, and a nicer one than yours too! Yes, and mine is cut on the Chicago Tribune pattern, and yours isn't.

The Globe.—How! who cares for your Yankee dress? Yes, and you got it made in the States, you nasty little thing, while the Canadian dress-makers are starving, and besides, I'm going to keep mine clean!

The Telegram.—Shoot both of your old fashioned dresses. Mine is the proper cut to suit the people's fancy! (And so on, and so on.)

Knowsomethingism.

The Globe intimates that none but "scholars," in the technical sense of that term, should presume to write upon the Classical Professorship question. GRIP heartily endorses this idea, as it is pretty sure to put an end to the discussion of this tiresome matter in the columns of that ponderous journal.



A Little Story.

In Words of One Syllable.

SAM TILL-EX has a cat in a bag, but he will not let it out. If he did let it out, that bad boy DICK who is on hand with a big stick, would give a great cry of joy and rush at it and hit it. DICK says he can tell what sort of a cat it is. He says it is a big de-fic-it cat, and when it is let out of the bag it will scare the people into fits. SAM thinks so too, we guess, for he does not care to open the bag. DICK tells him he dares not open it, but that he wants to go away on the sly and cook the cat so that it will not look so big. At this SAM feels hurt, and seems as if he would cry. But he can not keep the bag shut for many more days, and when the cat is let out there will be lots of fun and a big row a-mong the boys. Wait and see if this is not so.

The Thousand Islands.

It was a quiet Sunday morning, exceedingly quiet, and excessively hot, as GUSTAVUS SLASH-SUSH endeavored to button on his paper collar and arrange his new blue tie, at the parlor looking glass, preparatory to his sallying forth to join the fair young MARTHA JANE MULLIGAN on her way to meeting. The clanging of the bell in the pepper-box like tower of the village church had just ceased, and GUSTAVUS knew he must be expeditious if he wanted to secure the company of his betrothed to the sacred edifice.

"Consarn it, ALMIRA," he said, "if it isn't enough to make a feller cuss; here's the button off the neck of my shirt again, and me in a hurry! It's a blessing that I'll soon have somebody that'll look after my things when I get a house of my own."

"The quicker you get one the better it'll suit me," retorted his sister ALMIRA. "Guess you think I haint got nothin' to do but sew buttons on your shirts. You needn't be so partickler showin' off your blue tie, you haint so awful handsome, and its just like you to cuss and swear on the Sabbath!"

"Well, don't get mad, ALMIRA," replied GUSTAVUS, "I'll pin it on, only I'm afraid it'll be so hot in the meeting house that the durned collar will melt clean away. I tell you what it is, ALMIRA, its an awful thing to have to sit in meetin' this weather. It ought to be arranged to have the preaching outside all July and August. Now if I was rich I'd go down to the Thousand Islands. That's the place to go to! Guess I'll take MARTHY down there on our wedding trip. I tell you I will go next summer, when I marry MARTHY. We'll fish for black bass part of the time, for amusement, and listen to all the fine preachers durin' camp meetin' time. MARTHY has often told me about BROTH-ER DONALD McLELLAN, from down the river, who is great as a Moderator, and would be a splendid preacher if he didn't put so much garlic into his discourses. But hold!" continued GUSTAVUS, meditatively. "There's some talk now of the Government selling the Islands to private individuals. I sincerely hope the rumor is unfounded. What! sell the Thousand Islands, and have grog shops and 'Bier Gartens' on all the choicest spots? To have the pure atmosphere polluted by tobacco smoke, and your poetic fancies chased away by loud voices at every bend of the channel, shouting 'Zur lager und pretzels, laudaman!' No! I think it is impossible for any Government—nay, I'll go so far as to say that no Government dare to —"

"That's MARTHA JANE now," interrupted his sister. "You'll have to get mighty sharp or you won't ketch her. I see 'RIAH HEMPHILL a walkin' pretty lively in her direction."

"Gosh! Thunder! I'm off," said GUSTAVUS, and hurried away by a short cut across the fields to cut out the hated URIAH.

Goldwin at Work.

GOLDWIN SMITH is now employed in the office of the *Evening Telegram*, where he works hard for several hours every afternoon. He is not engaged in writing funny items, as might naturally be supposed, but in the purely mechanical work of running off the papers, which duty he performs with the remarkable rapidity and elegance which are characteristic of him. Readers of the *Bystander* will no doubt feel disposed to protest against this desertion of his proper literary sphere for manual labour, however honest, and to anticipate any outburst of indignation, we may explain that we are not speaking of GOLDWIN SMITH the Professor, but of the beautiful new printing press upon which that classic name was bestowed with much ceremony the other day.

A straight tip—Not the point of a Hebrew's nose.



Moral Result of Dr. Tanner's Experiment.

Beggar.—In heaven's name, sir, spare a little to help a starving man. I haven't tasted food for five days!

Old Gent.—Five days? Pshaw, cheer up, man! There's abundance of water hereabouts, and you have thirty-five days to spare yet!



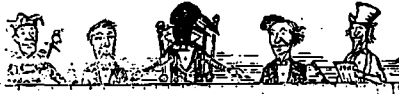
O; for Watermelon!!

DR. TANNER completed his famous fast on Saturday at noon, making splendid time on the home stretch. No sooner had the happy moment of release been announced than he sprang upon an inoffensive watermelon and devoured a large portion of it with voracity and a little milk. Ever since he has been working vigorously to fill the aching void in his stomach, and the public press of the Continent stands by to take note of every bite and sup, which are duly chronicled for the information and moral advancement of the world at large. The news that TANNER's fast was over must have stirred a queer feeling in the empty stomachs of the three Canadian political fasters, whose portraits we published a fortnight ago. How MR. ANGUS MORRISON, for example, must have groaned internally, to think that his long and painful abstinence was apparently no nearer its end than ever. There hangs the luscious melon right before his nose; its delicious aroma teases his nostrils, and makes his teeth water, but alas, he can't touch it until SIR JOHN gives the word. And in the meantime, to add to the painfulness of the situation, this same SIR JOHN sits in the midst of London luxury, quaffing champagne and talking about giving away his country!



ALL OFF THE ONE LAST!

JOHN A., N.P. SHOEMAKER—PINCH, DO THEY? OF COURSE; WE MAKE 'EM TO PINCH; LOOK AT THAT YANKEE CHAP! HOWEVER, WE DON'T MIND STRETCHIN' 'EM A LITTLE TO ACCOMMODATE A RELATIVE LIKE YOU.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A tight fit --Delirium tremens.

The points of a horse are not sharp.—Salem Sunbeam.

The fly boom has begun.—Whitchall Times.
We speak it has.—Oil City Derrick.

The fee male whose advice is oftentimes asked is the lawyer.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

The man who carries all before him—the wheelbarrow man.—Meriden Recorder.

There is always a coldness between the ice-man and the customers.—Salem Sunbeam.

Men who live in glass houses should be conservative in their opinions.—New Orleans Picayune.

The saddest words that have ever been to TANNER are, "I am getting thin."—Breakfast Table.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.—Ex.

"If you make it hoptional with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer."—Courier Journal.

The time of life when the young man's mind turns fondly to dress is unpleasantly called the garb age.—Goderich Signal.

A burglar recently arrested was asked to tell what his business was. "I am a house-cleaner," said he.—Sarnia Canadian.

A Whitchall woman calls her husband kind words, because he is so bald-headed that he can never dye.—Whitchall Times.

Dr. TANNER has at last divulged his secret. He has been living on the cream of the paragrahic jokes fired at him.—Argo.

The army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately lay down and died.

Metaphorically speaking, the editor of a country paper has to cover as much ground as a lemon in a circus lemonade.—Phil. Item.

The poet I believe, would be inclined to chuckle merry, if he could find a word to rhyme with huckleberry.—Syracuse Times.

Although a woman may ride alone in a wagon, she can never be lonely, because she always has fellows on each side of her.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

If your neighbor calls on you always give her the pedigree of your illustrious family. It will prove so interesting to her that she'll never call again.—Keokuk Gate City.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."—Kingston News.

Put away his bright toy pistol,
He will need it nevermore,
JOHNNY didn't know 'twas loaded
Till he blowed into the bore,
—Argo.

The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed one of the cardinal joys of life.—New Haven Register.

A fashion exchange says there is a disposition to revive bustles. What a bustle there will be in the newspaper offices where old papers will be in strong demand at good round figures.—Keokuk Gate City.

The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.—Sarnia Canadian.

After all, society will never be without its aristocracy. Just mark how the pedler who owns a two dollar horse, lords it over the humble individual who carries his mackerel around in a handcart.—Somerville Journal.

The P. B.'s Song.

The following is the song of the potato bug:—

The tender young potato bug
Sat swinging on the vine,
And said unto a maiden bug:
"I pray you will be mine."

Then softly spake the maiden bug:
"I love you fond and true,
But O, my cruel-hearted par
Won't let me marry you."

With scorn upon his buggy brow,
With glances cold and keen,
That haughty lover answered her:
"I think your par-is-green."
—Peterborough Review.

An American girl who marries an Italian marquis gets on very well until his Serene Highness begins to spend all her money and talk of "her father ze shopkeepaire." Then she fires up and gives him a little 4th of July.—Ex.

He was a little verdant or he never would have said: "Perhaps we had better walk on till we come to a settee where we can sit together." "Oh, no," she replied sweetly; "you sit down in the chair and I will be the settee."—Ex.

A Lowell school teacher, who deserves a purse equal to her wit, says she is in a quandary whether to get ready to go away on a vacation and stay at home, or not to get ready and go. She can afford to do one or the other, but not both.

The late Dr. BETHUNE asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the Doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

At a fashionable wedding up-town recently, quite a number of people congregated to view the bridal party on their exit from the church. A passer-by, recognizing one of the hackmen, said: "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer, "I'm waiting for the tied."—Ex.

"I'll meet you at half-past ten to-night,
And he nestled her little head
Beneath his great arm so strong and warm;
"Remember—10:30," he said.
He met her at half-past ten that night,
But her brother it was instead,
And as he walked down thro' the confounded town,
"Deuce take her 10:30," he said
—Breakfast Table.

MARK TWAIN makes an excellent suggestion for the safety of steamboat passengers. He would have every steamboat compelled to carry in a conspicuous place the following notice: "In case of disaster, do not waste precious time in meddling with the life-boats—they are out of order."

A farmer's wife in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son, a lad of six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "And yesterday I licked Ned RAWSON, threw the cat into the well, and stole old HINLEY'S gimlet."—Ex.

"What in the world induces Mrs. X. to wear so many puffs and flounces?" said a lady at a ball, as the person referred to swept past, a billowy vision of millinery. "Why," was the reply, "she has indulged so much in fashionable dissipation that she has the 'delirium trimmings.'"—Ex.

An impecunious fortune-hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his valise!"—Goderich Signal.

A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a millpond, and refused the offer of twenty-five cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he; "taint worth it!" and he handed back twenty-one cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."—Berlin News.

A critic says that the best writing is to be found in letters. He says: "Take the letters of any one of a half dozen girls and you will find that the English is bright, cheerful, free and charming." Very true; but suppose your wife reads the letters, what will she think of them?—Goderich Signal.

"MYNA,"—Your conundrum is a good one. We cannot inform you why it is that a young man who is obliged to go out for a clew of cloves between each theatrical act can sit with you in church through a long sermon and never leave his seat in quest of such an article. Perhaps he carries some in his vest pocket.—Argo.

An esthetic midday meal—At the luncheon hour, JELLYBY POSTLETHWAITE enters a pastry cook's and calls for a glass of water, into which he puts a fresh cut lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof. Waiter—Shall I bring you anything else, sir? JELLYBY POSTLETHWAITE—Thanks, no, I have all I require, and shall soon have done!—Punch.

A clothes-line is a harmless thing
When stretched from pole to pole;
Until you step across the yard
And step into a hole.
Then, as you make a forward lunge,
It stops you, so to speak,
And throws you down and jerks you to
The middle of neck's tweak.
—Keokuk Gate City.

"JENNIE, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old suitor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol, the other evening.

"How can I be your sweetheart," asked the little miss, "when I am thirteen years old and you are only nine?"

"Are you thirteen?"

"Of course I am."

"Well," answered the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd been thirteen, too, if I hadn't been sick so much when I was little."—Northern Advocate.

PARTED LOVERS.—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he: "Ah, Miss BLANK, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.—South Simcoe News.

The Poets of the Scotch and the Norsomen were pretty much alike. The former was BURNS and the latter Skalds.

Suggested Editorials.

Mr. GRIP takes compassion on his brother journalists. The weather is hot and things in general are correspondingly dull; the work of the daily editors is therefore unusually burdensome. Their chief difficulty is to find subjects whereupon to expatiate. Mr. GRIP begs to suggest the following themes for editorials:

For the Globe—The Inconvenience of Making Rash Promises to Abstain from Personalities; The Thickpatedness of Mr. Crooks; The Moral Influence of Taradiddles; The Literary Beauties of GOLDWIN SMITH; The Deficit; The Deficit; The Deficit, and the Deficit.

For the Mail—HERBERT SPENCER and Sugar Duties; Preaching, as viewed from a Monopolist's Standpoint; The Connection between Contract Jobbery and Juvenile Depravity; Hard Coal and Soft Workingmen; The National Policy and the Price of Soft Soap; Philosophical Reasons why the Returns for June should not be Published; What we know about keeping Canada for the Canadians, etc.

For the London Free Press—Smut as an Element of Newspaper Success; The Prospects of Future Navigation of the Thames; How to Make a Paper Sell; The Science of Violent Squinting; The Proper Use of Buncombe.

For the London Advertiser—Journalistic Jealousy; What we think of GORDON BROWN; London as the Intellectual Centre; Editorial Dashes at the F. P.; Why we Support the National Policy; The Trials and Tribulations of High-toned Journalism; The Thames as a Commercial Highway, etc.

For the Hamilton Times—The Elements of a Barbaric Yawp; The Hollowness of EDWARD BLAKE; Good Points about our Junior Member; The Necessity of Ambition in a Hamilton Policeman; Toronto, the Bugbear of the Universe; Against the use of Specs. by newspaper readers, etc.

For the Evening Telegram—The Difficulty of Tight-rope Dancing; "GOLDWIN SMITH" as a power in a press-room; The use of the word "But" in editorial writing; The Science of following Public Opinion; Will it pay us to advocate National Currency Reform? etc., etc.

Mr. GRIP would state that other editors, besides those indicated, are at perfect liberty to help themselves from the above array of subjects, so long as they treat the same in an able and effective manner.

What is Mr. Mackenzie Doing?

Mr. MACKENZIE is keeping unusually quiet just now, and there is tremendous internal excitement in the public mind to know the cause thereof. GRIP is authorized to state that the Honorable gentleman's silence is not due to any of the following causes:

1. That he is preparing a bombshell with which to scatter the Reform Party into smithereens on the re-assembling of Parliament.
2. That he is editing a new edition of FANXINO'S *Book of Etiquette*.
3. That he is preparing a comic lecture on the N. P. with which to go starring in the Provinces during the approaching winter.
4. That he is experimenting with the electric light, with a view to adapting the same to the exposure of Government "ways that are dark."
5. That he is writing a biography of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, which will do that gentleman full justice.
6. That he is privately undergoing the TANNER starving experiment.
7. That he is engaged in a severe study of recent *Globe* editorials on the Classical Professorship, attempting with the aid of dictionaries, blue-books and magic-lanterns, to discover the sense of the same.
8. That he is writing poetical perorations for the future use of the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.
9. That he is drawing plans and specifications for a new suit to be worn next session.
10. That he is dreaming of office.

An Ode to a Noble Marquis.

Appropos of a late Suicide in Paris.

Most noble Lord Marquis! proud Paget,
Frail woman's defrauder and foe,
Carpet-knight of the Garter ' fit badge yet,
Of her you laid low—
For adultery still you have leisure,
Does murder fit pastime appear,
Can they still purchase pleasure on pleasure
Your thousands a year!

Yes! murder, more foul and more cruel
Than the felon's of humbler degree.
Who knew what he risked in the duel
—The grim gallows-tree!
You robbed her of Name when you met her,
Ere the lies of your lust she had heard—
You stabbed her, my Lord, with a letter,
And slew with a word.

Do you think of it ever, I wonder;
That white face that once was so fair,
The sinless, still forehead, hid under
Those wild waves of hair!
Those sweet eyes that gaze, do they miss you,
Whose purity Death has restored?
Are those bloodless lips parted to kiss you
Or curse you, my Lord?

I dream not that this will afflict him,
He will drink, dine, and dance unbeguiled
By one thought of remorse for his victim
Deserted—defiled.

His wealth and his pride shall redouble,
Society's darling shall be,
My Lord, the great Marquis most noble
Of fair Angelsea. C. P. M.

GRIP's tailor defends the extortions of the hackmen. He says their overcharges come under the head of cab-bag.

IMPORTANT TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The undersigned wish to negotiate for special accommodation, in the business portion of the city, for their Printing and Publishing Business, by the erection of a new structure or alteration of one now existing. The accommodation is required by January 1st, 1881. Full particulars on application.

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Our cynic suggests that if Sir JOHN carries out his desperate Railway Scheme, the North West will soon be known as the Great Loan Land!

33d SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL . . . \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.....	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due.....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	68,900 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 35
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,092 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00

Total assets.....**\$5,171,875 01**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life Department.....	\$3,321,535 58
Reserve for re-insurance, Ac't. Dept.....	310,391 82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,096 00

Total liabilities.....**\$3,842,023 40**

Surplus as regards policy holders, **\$1,329,851 61**

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.

Whole number of Accident Policies written,	605,000
Who's number of Accident Claims paid,	46,890
Total Amount Accident Claims paid,	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department,	\$1,525,000

A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY,

which any agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

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AND THE

NARRAGANSETT.

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THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to end August.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals.
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

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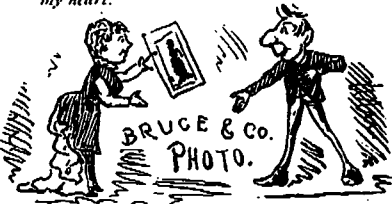
Sir A. T. Galt.—"My usefulness is gone." I might as well return to Canada.
The Military Attache.—By no means, sir, don't think of it! What would I be without you!!



NO MORE CHILD'S PLAY.

Rag Baby Wright.—Now, GORDON, suppose you drop that mud, and meet me on yonder platform like a man!

ANG.—"Mine eyes have play'd the painter, and hath still'd thy beauty's form in tablet of my heart."



ANGEL.—"Be practical Augustus, you know the impression would be much more permanent if still'd on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

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



Young Canada Abroad.

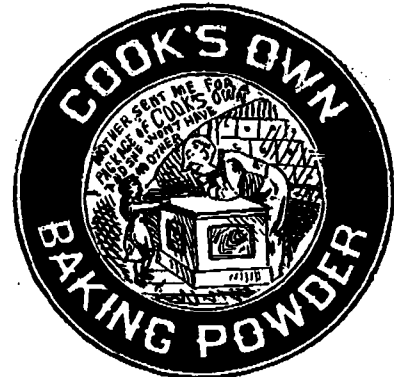
MR. BULL.—That, my dear, is COBDEN. He was one of my great Political Economists.
OUR CHARLEY.—Yes, I am aware of that; but he didn't know any more about Political Economy than the law allows. Why don't you have a bust of TILLEY—or PHIPPS?

Our Educational System.

In addition to the ordinary school course there are many accomplishments extensively learned at present by the youth of Toronto. Among them is the art of stone-throwing, as practised the other day against the Young Irishmen's excursion. Although our secular system of education excludes all instruction in the Bible, the name of the Supreme Being and other sacred words are familiarly known. Intemperance societies appear to flourish, and the manly practice of insulting and following young women is much favoured. In fact, GRIP finds in the gutter-snipe and the street-corner loafer, the protoplasm out of which all crime may be evolved.

Raw material for a very good thing to be worked up by the coming humorist: The University curriculum. CROOKS—four-in-hands (foreign hands); MACLELLAN—buck board (book-board); the school teachers and public generally—waggin' tongues; the other professors—sulky; the Hamilton Times—democrat; WARREN—two-seated rig. Wheel and whoa of educational interests.

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Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.
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