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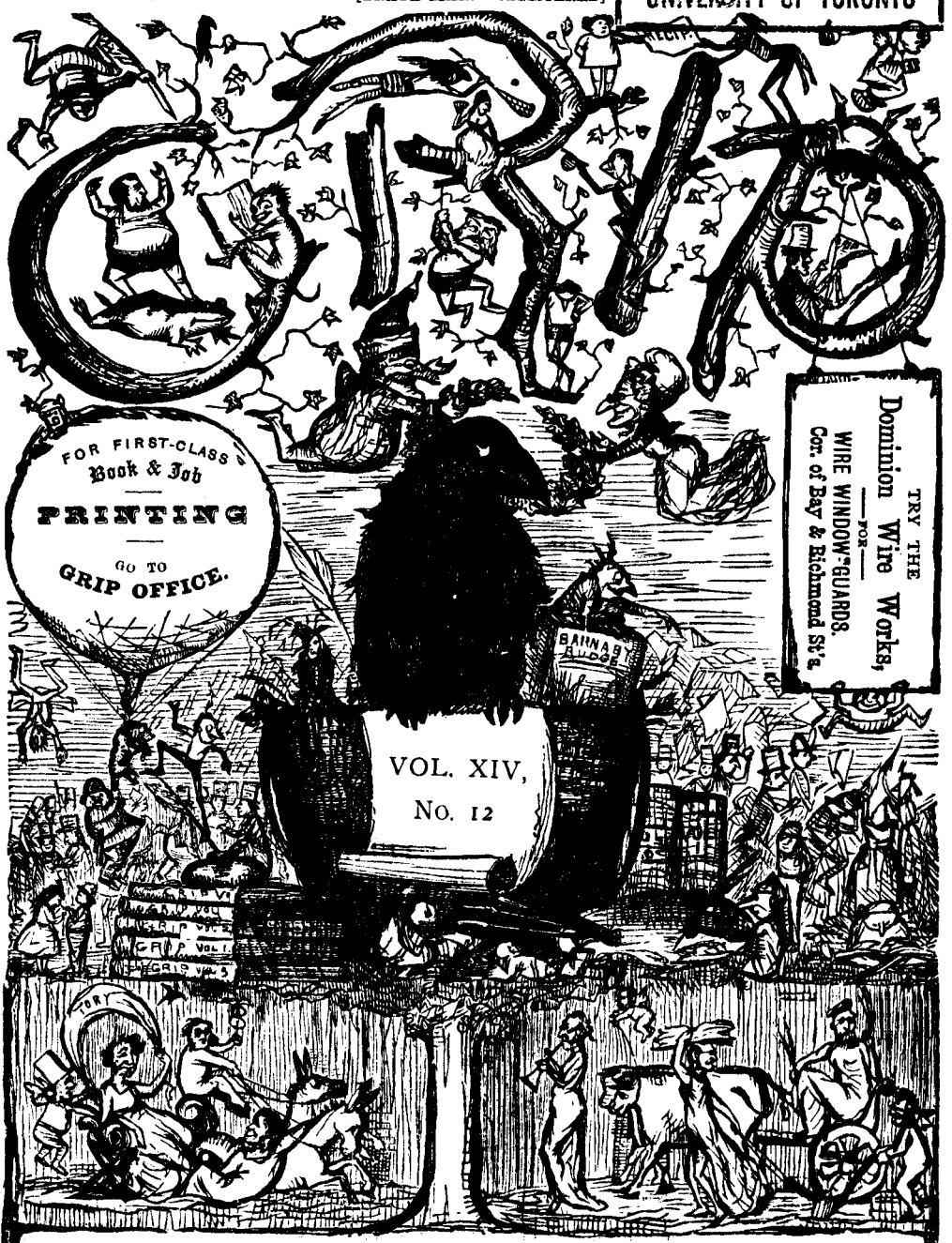
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EDITOR'S NOTE.
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected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

HERR WAGNER, who has been seriously ill with erysipelas, is now reported better.

Our gifted friend, GEORGE STEWART, JR., has been lecturing before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec on "Alcott, the Concord Mystic." The theme was handled in such a manner as to delight the large and refined audience present on the occasion.

MENDELSSOHN'S oratorio, "Elijah," was lately given at Sela Dante, Rome, by the Roman Philharmonic Academy. This was its first production in Rome, and it was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience, among whom were many distinguished men.

The Glee Club of University College promises to do exceedingly well, and be very popular this year. At the regular practice on Monday last, some additions were made to the roll, and it is now expected that there will be about twenty-five active members. The four parts are well balanced with the exception of the first tenor, which is yet weak. The club will practice some choruses for the Company dinner at their next meeting, and will throughout the winter appear at the concerts mentioned below.

Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON'S series of papers concerning WILLIAM LOYD GARRISON and the early anti-slavery struggle have been collected and wrought into a volume entitled, "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times." Mr. JOHNSON'S personal relations with Mr. GARRISON, and his own active connection with the anti-slavery struggle both in its early and in its later days, give him special ability to write the history of that struggle, and his present work will take its place at once among authoritative contributions to a most interesting and an important part of American history.

A series of organ recitals by Mr. FISHER, the talented organist of St. Andrew's church, will be given in Convocation Hall, University College, this term, commencing on Saturday, February 13th. The College Council has generously granted the use of the hall for the purpose, and a fine Warren organ will be set up on the dais at once. It is Mr. FISHER'S intention to give four recitals, on alternate Saturday afternoons, and the literary society will assume charge of the entertainment and will issue invitations. In the absence of conversazione these concerts will prove a means, which we are sure will be welcome to the students, for their entertaining and returning to some degree the kindness of their Toronto friends.

A remarkable discovery has been made by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, photographer, of Gourock, by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms. Two of the negatives he has secured are remarkably distinct, but the others are rather dim, owing to defects in the apparatus, but which he will have improved. The camera is enclosed in a water-tight glass case, suspended by the centre and inclosed in a cover, which is drawn off after the camera—which is fixed on a loaded tripod—has reached its position. One of the views, taken in the bay fifty yards west of the yacht *Selene*, shows a sandy bottom, with a number of large boulders covered with seaweed, and an old anchor; and in the shade three mooring cables belonging to a small yacht close at hand. When the weather calms down and the light becomes stronger he intends to carry out his investigations with improved apparatus, when he expects to achieve greater results.

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Stage Whispers.

In February VERDI goes to Paris to direct the rehearsal of his opera of *Aida*.

A juvenile "Humpty Dumpty" troupe is the latest Bostonian contribution to dramatic combinations.

M. WIENIAWSKI is still suffering severely from asthma at Moscow, and his concert tour has been suspended.

Dr. VON BULOW gave a recital at the Gewandhaus Leipsic on January 4, after which he went direct to England.

Miss KELLOGG has been obliged to give up her Russian engagements on account of the illness of her mother, with whom she will spend the winter in Paris.

At the eleventh Gewandhaus concert, a new choral work, "The Divine Promise," by JADASSOHN, was produced. The piece is a lament of the Jews in their captivity.

With JOSEFFY'S inflamed finger, SHERWOOD'S sprained ankle, PERABO'S rheumatic shoulder, PEASE'S lame thumb and PETERSILEA'S inflammatory rheumatism, the fates seem to be decidedly against pianists and lovers of their music.

PATTI carried the day at Berlin. The receipts were about \$4000, of which over half was paid to the Diva and NICOLINI. The opera was "Traviata," and Prince CHARLES went behind the scenes to congratulate her in person.

Miss MARIE VAN ZANDT, daughter of Mrs. JENNIE VAN ZANDT, was announced to make her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, on the 15th, in *Mignon*. This was, we believe, the first time that an American girl has appeared upon the stage of the Salle Favart.

It is reported that Miss MINNIE HAWK has signed a contract with the management of the English Opera at London for a series of three representations, in which she will create the roles of *Mignon*, *Elsa* and *Aida* in English, for which she will receive the sum of £1,000.

The Grand Opera House of this city is to be opened on the 9th inst, by Miss NEILSON, who will speak an opening ode, and afterwards appear in one of her splendid Shakespearian parts. The new theatre is declared to be in every respect superior to its ill-fated predecessor, which is saying a great deal. Mr. FITOU promises a succession of first-class entertainments.

Miss THURSBY is of a poor family, and her success has been wholly due to her extraordinary talent. She has served in several church choirs, the latest having been that of the Broadway Tabernacle, where her salary was \$3,000. There is at the present time a great pressure to secure positions in church choirs, and it is probable New York contains sufficient talent to support a thousand first-class churches.

A European correspondent of the *Occident* says that Mr. FALCONER, who died last month, made one hundred thousand dollars by the *Peep o' Day* which ran two years at the Lyceum. Up to that time he had been a struggling provincial actor, and by embarking his capital in redeccorating and running Drury Lane with a piece called *Bonny Dundee*—an utter failure—he lost all. The correspondent adds that "Old Drury" effectually cleans out every manager who tackles her.

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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.

The Disappointed Speculator.

My friend, an energetic man,
Who knows his own Canadian nation,
And quickly seizes any plan
For gaining wealth by speculation,
The other day perused with care
The biggest of the morning papers,
Then suddenly rose from his chair
And cut a half-a-dozen papers.

He had engaged in former days
In many paying enterprises,
Knew every dodge the wind to raise,
And planned some very queer surprises:
But never, never had he seen
Till then, such chance of making money—
No wonder that his joy was keen,
And that his acts were rather funny.

His eye, in glancing down the sheet,
Stopped where a telegram made mention,
"The Princess had refused to eat,—
Was sea-sick coming out"—invention
At once thrilled through the reader's brain,
He longed to reach the good *Sarmatian*,
And rushed to take the early train,
With Portland as his destination.

Vain were the task to tell the fears,
The hopes, with which his heart was shaking
As on he sped—the hours seemed years
Till he should end his undertaking.
His object simply was to try
With every kind of artful slyness,
The china wash-basin to buy
Used by Her Seaside Royal Highness.

He saw a fortune in control
If once the steward made concession,
And placed that precious china bowl
Safely within his sole possession;
Not as a sacred relic he
Would keep it—no, his sole ambition
Was to exact a dollar fee
By placing it on exhibition.

Well did he know how crowds would pay
To see the bowl o'er which in sadness
A royal Princess spent the day
In anguish little short of madness.
Well did he know that loyal thrills
Would make all good Canadians eager
To see the relic of the ills
Which made Her Royal Highness meagre.

How vain are human hopes—the snow
Came down in heavy flakes, impeding
The progress of the train—and oh!
How for my friend my heart is bleeding:
He reached his journey's end too late,
Far was the steamer on the ocean,
The sacred basin gone; and Fate
Had mocked a loyal heart's devotion.

Dyspeptic Papers.

NO. VII.—GOOD FELLOWS.

"DICK swipes hard, owes everybody who has trusted him, and has the foulest mouth of any man in town, but he's a good fellow," said TONIC the other day.

"Is he kind to his wife?" I enquired.

"Well, he neglects the little woman a good deal, and cuts up pretty rough when he's corned, I'm afraid. But she's awfully fond of him—he's such a good fellow, you know."

"Are his parents still alive?" I asked.

"His father is—poor old boy. Rubs along somehow or other on a few dollars a year. DICK got into an infernal scrape about money and the old gentleman had to lay down his savings to help him out. Mother died about that time, heart-broken they say. Perhaps you remember how nice her rosy cheeks used to look under her white hair? No! I used to think she was good for a century. Queer how she snuffed out so suddenly. DICK hasn't got over it yet—cries about her often when he's in liquor. Such an awfully good fellow!"

"To whom?" I enquired.

"Well, to everybody. They say he will share his last dollar with a friend, when he is flush. Tells the best stories of any man I know. Always ready for fun. Never quarrels, can't be put out of temper. It does me good just to see him smiling away at all hours of the day and night. Other men get fagged out toward morning over a game of loo or draw-poker. DICK, generally a loser, keeps his cheerfulness till the last."

"Perhaps he is thinking of his wife sitting up for him," I suggested, "or the children going to bed with a prayer for 'dear papa,' and a regret that he couldn't possibly give them a romp that evening."

"Just as likely as not," said TONIC, "he's such a loving nature—always thinking fondly of somebody."

"Except his creditors," said I.

"No, I believe he forgives the beggars. Never says a harsh word about them. There was one brute who followed him every where—a carpenter, I think, that DICK got to put up a shed for him. The man dunned him on post cards; besieged him at the office; tried a garnishee, but DICK had got his pay every morning; brought him up on judgment summons. DICK never said a harsh word against him, even when the fellow accused him in public of murdering his wife, 'who had died for want of wine and chickens,' I think he said. Fancy, 'wine and chickens' for a carpenter's wife! No wonder the man was taken to the lunatic asylum. And after all DICK had suffered from him, he actually put his hand in his pocket and subscribed for the support of the children."

"He is a charming character, certainly," said I, and TONIC went away to chant elsewhere the praises of the remarkably good fellow.

Do we not all know at least one of these good fellows who are said to be "nobody's enemy but their own?" Men who indulge all their own appetites, sloths at work but active in seeking amusement, neglectful of every serious duty, good-hearted to those who treat them with the indulgence of indifference, and veritable destroyers of the beings who depend on them for love and sympathy? The poor soul, rendered morose by constant anxiety for the future of those who depend on him, is treated to few friendly handshakes. The earnest, austere young man endeavouring to aid his fallen fellow creatures is called a prig—and, by the way, he generally is a prig. The just business man is considered selfish. None of these are widely liked, but they all unite in liking the Good Fellow. Yet well together the morose fellow, the austere prig, and the selfish man in one person and gift him with a thousand disagreeable qualities of temper, and it will be difficult to make such an utterly abominable wretch in effect as the Good Fellow, who is "nobody's enemy but his own." "Dyspepsia," you say, "afflicts me." True, and I feel almost thankful for the indigestion which, beginning with my early manhood, effectually saved me from the worse fate of becoming a Good Fellow, after the ideal of my friend TONIC.

"The Conceit of Toronto."

A writer in our spirited contemporary, the *Montreal Spectator*, occupies nearly a page of a recent issue in descanting on the Conceit of Toronto. According to this competent authority—for judging by the self-sufficiency which shines like burnished brass in every sentence, nobody could be more competent to deal with the subject of Conceit—Toronto is about the most intolerable place in the world. Boorish ignorance and ineffable vanity are the chief characteristics of its citizens. The critic looks at us from musical, artistic and literary points of view, and from each point he sees conceit—nothing but conceit. As to music, our organists are all pretentious amateurs; as to art, our painters are daubers without exception; as to literature, our poets are the most egregious twaddlers of doggerel. Now Mr. GRIP doesn't feel called upon to say that this description of Toronto is too severe—because it all depends. This writer may have been "grossly" offended by Toronto, for it is undeniable that Torontonians have an unpleasant way of snubbing certain officious and preposterous young fellows who come from the Old Country, and expect to be accepted as oracles amongst the "Colonists." But, as a matter of fact, Toronto is not distinguished for conceit more than Hamilton, London or Montreal. GRIP will frankly admit that Toronto is proud—with a most pardonable pride—of certain glorious institutions which she possesses. For example, she is proud of her Aldermen, on account of their ability and unswerving rectitude; of her School Board, on account of their ingenious devices for cramming the rising generation; of her Ward Politicians, on account of their disinterestedness and scholarly attainments; of her magnificent Church edifices, on account of their imposing debts; and of thousands of other things, but chiefly of her GRIP, or account of his unrivalled influence, always exerted in a good cause.

"Imitation the Sincerest Flattery."

GRIP is a Canadian and proud of his country. He has felt right along that Canada really played first violin in the Orchestra of the Nations. There is now no doubt that we take the leading part. Like all wise children we are teaching our mother, and she learns rapidly, for the following is from a reliable London (Eng.) newspaper:—"The office of Registrar-General has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one member of the Government, and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the very peculiar skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing, &c., &c. has been passed over for this well connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth."

The influence of precept and example, so beautifully combined in our Canadian leading statesmen, has told at last on the "old fogies" in the old foggy land. This is the "missing link," missed so long, which will bind our interests so thoroughly to sympathy with the Motherland that no Political Economy Society, though the Hon. GEORGE himself should lead it with his banner of "revenue tariff" stiffening to the breeze of Annexation and Independence, can ever disturb us more. Why sigh for "Independence," when our statesmen already set the fashion and lead the van of progress towards united "family compacts" in all lands. They don't print such words as "independence," "manliness," &c., or similar foolishness in modern English Dictionaries at all, because no meaning can possibly be attached to them.



Going to England.

Sir ALEX. GALT, to the Court of St. James, which is anxiously awaiting his advent as Canadian Ambassador.—“In the words of A. WARD, ‘I’m coming along—slowly along—down towards your place.’”

Advice to Tilley.

Oh, oh, Sir BUDGET TILLEY,
You are very, very silly
To be jibing and a jeering UNCLE
SAM at such a rate—
You surely ought to know
That every time you crow,
You excite his wounded feelings
so that he'll retaliate!

Of course it may be right
For a brave Financial Knight
To recount his deeds of valour at a
jolly banquet board—
But you ought to draw it mild,—
UNCLE SAM is getting riled,
And he'll hit you pretty hard if you
once rouse him, take GRIP's word!



Jubilation!

The *Globe* came out of the BOYLE libel suit right side up, and there was rejoicing in the editorial room accordingly!

The Tale of the Clerk.

The clock struck four; but one hour more and then he would be free; up King to walk, with measured stalk, a certain one to see. As five rang out, with gleeful shout, each book away he put; swift combed his hair, then down the stair into the street did strut. His green eye beamed, his red nose gleamed, his longing heart beat high, as up and down the busy town the fair in droves passed by. Alas! no lass of his did pass, although the crowd grew thinner; so home he went, gave grief its vent, and—ate a hearty dinner.

Why is the Reform Party like a tape-worm? Because it is popularly supposed to have no head.



Perrault Annexed.

Mr. PERRAULT has brought out his much-talked-of organ, the *Colonial Emancipator*. It does not present a very creditable appearance typographically, but there can be no doubt as to its sentiments. It is crammed with annexationism of the most bare-faced type, with bold headlines of black-faced type, and it will not be for want of strong language on the part of its editor if we do not forthwith go over to the majority across the line. And yet the *Emancipator* falls flat; it lies upon the book-sellers' counters in the most pitiful neglect. This must be very discouraging to Mr. PERRAULT, but there is one resource which GRIP would affectionately point out to that unappreciated philanthropist—if Canada won't have Annexation, Mr. PERRAULT himself may. There is no law to compel a lover of Republicanism to live under the bondage of the monarchical system, and nobody would think of interfering if Mr. PERRAULT should allow himself to be literally carried away by American ideas, in the manner represented above.



A Very Unreasonable Boy.

This is our little boy TOMMY, aged seven. He is the most unreasonable child that ever lived.

It doesn't seem to do any good to scold him, coax him, or warm his jacket.

He is just as unreasonable in a warm jacket as in a cold one.

It is very singular, too, that his unreasonableness is only manifested in one particular direction.

He is fond of taffy; he enjoys trundling a hoop; he glories in snow-balling; he has an evident relish for his meals.

In all other respects he is a sane and sensible little fellow.

But he is most unaccountably queer on one point.

He don't like going to school!

No snail that SHAKESPEARE ever saw crept there so unwillingly.

We, his parents, have done our best to show him the absurdity of this repugnance. We have assured him time and again that this country has the finest school system in the world—that is, in the known world.

TOMMY replies that the known world must be hard up for school systems, then.

His chief objections to our admirable educational institutions, the Public Schools, seem to be:

1. The hours (from half-past nine, a. m., to four, p. m.) are outrageously long for youngsters like him, especially when the grown-up pupils of the High Schools get off at half-past three.

2. The atmosphere of the school room is insufferably bad, owing to the over-crowding of pupils.

3. The tasks imposed upon the children are absurdly heavy, and necessitate an altogether unreasonable amount of study.

4. The discipline in the schools is cruelly severe, resembling that of a reformatory prison more than anything else.

Now, of course, we, his parents, are aware that these charges are only too true, but what can we do about it?

We can't help but sympathise with poor little TOMMY, even though he is so unreasonable.

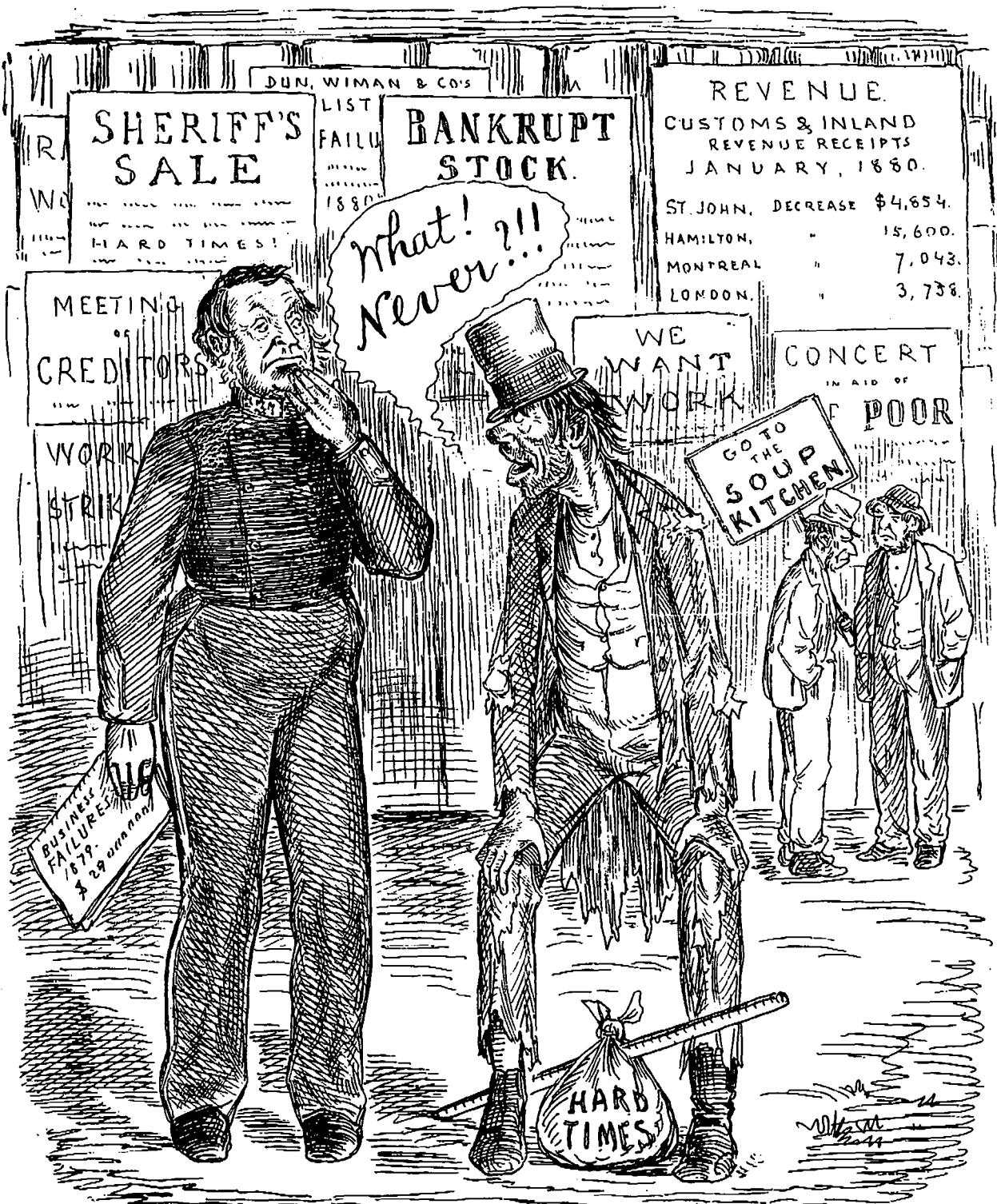
And, by the way, he quite repudiates this charge; he says it is the Board of Trustees we ought to talk to and not him.

Heraldry.

An exchange says:—

“G. R. Lambton, formerly of Montreal, has been appointed herald to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.”

“Ottawa King-at-Arms” will be his title, no doubt. It will probably be his duty to examine the numerous crests and other heraldic devices of which native notables now make such extraordinary use. The comparison of escutcheon with pedigrees will be exceedingly interesting.



“NEVER BEFORE WAS CANADA SO PROSPEROUS AS IT IS TO-DAY.”
—SIR S. L. TILLEY at Sherbrooke.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Held for further hearing—The car trumpet.—*N. Y. News.*

The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that all dinners are remembered according to their deserts.

To win, a base-ball club must start well. It all depends on good big innings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors—alas! they meet but to sever.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Correspondent: "What is the Order of the Bath?" Go and soak your head.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The difference between COURTNEY and an oyster is that the former is not good in a half shell.—*Rhinbeck Gazette.*

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.—*Oswego Times.*

No matter how finely a dentist's parlor is furnished, no one cares to take a seat in his drawing room.—*Lockport Union.*

The amount of space occupied by a woman when she calls at the post office is simply remarkable.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The most "tony" thing in the kitchen is the rolling pin, because it rolls right over the upper crust.—*American Punch.*

For Sale: A full set of resolutions: new the first of the year, but considerably out of repair now.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Trying to get a bashful young lady at a party to give you a song is, in one respect, a please-sing matter.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The milk of human kindness wells up from the heart, but cow's milk comes from the udder place.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Everything at Niagara Falls has been fenced in, with the exception of the roar of the falls and the hackmen.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

He said he was a banker, and when they went to see him they found him in a sand bank digging away like a good fellow.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Nothing looks more melancholy than the variegated quack medicine advertisement on the side of a maroon barn on a drizzly day.—*New York Star.*

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"A tail that is tolled," remarked the gate-keeper when he caught a horse by the conclusion while he made the rider pay the fare.—*Steubenville Herald.*

In some cities, where the blue ribbon does not prevail over-much, the other side of the soda fountain does the most business.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The man who had a boil on his right hip and was obliged to lie on his left side a couple of weeks realized that it is a long lain that has no turn.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Student, fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor: "We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Rochester Express.*

"I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."—*Josh Billings.*

Every time two women meet on the street and kiss, the thermometer sinks seventeen degrees and people hustle around and bank up their cellar windows.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The average woman can lay her hands on about 1000 receipts for cookery, and the average family clings to the same dishes known for three generations past.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A commercial report says: "The fall of leather causes an uneasy feeling in hides." We have often remarked this in youth while laying across the maternal knee.—*Modern Argo.*

"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have." Then she jumped up and yelled, "Goodness, JOHN, you haven't been eating my lip salve?"—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Reject not the trifles. One single tear seen gently flowing down a fond mother's cheek will often produce far deeper feelings than two-hundred admonitions.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mr. EDISON should hurry up his electric light. Thousands are anxiously waiting to see how the shining skull of a bald-headed man will glitter in the new illumination.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The reason why the ancients took the owl for an emblem of wisdom was because he saved his talk and filled his stomach. Remember this when you are invited to a banquet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.—*Boston Post.*

Let us then be up and clipping,

With an eye for every jest;

Still a-pasting, still a-snipping,

Fill our paper with the best.

—*Toledo Blade.*

"Hey, JIM, let's be oarsmen." "Oarsmen! Humph, you can't row." "Who said anything about rowing? Do HANLAN and COURTNEY row? And ain't they the greatest oarsmen in the country?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "My finances won't permit me to support a husband."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo; why don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&wewoly. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Oswego Times.*

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to go to a shoe store to buy a cheap pair of slippers for her husband and have a clerk try to sell her the identical pair she had just worked for a Christmas present to her minister.—*Binghampton Republican.*

"Thro' all these shining winter days, I cannot sing to you," writes FANNY DRISCOLL, the poetess. We are very sorry, FANNY. We had arranged for a vacation with the expectation that you would come and warble to us all winter.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name is JULE," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said: "You should have said, 'JULIUS, sir.' And now, my lad," turned to another boy, "what is your name?" "BILLIOUS sir."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A young lady who came in last week to advertise for kitchen help said with a sigh and a wring of her dainty, gloved hands: "Oh! I do hope we'll get one soon. For it does almost break my heart to see mother wash dishes, with rheumatism, too."—*McGregor News.*

About these days the local politician reaps his reward. He marches proudly to the common council chamber, is sworn in, and in the name of humanity, justice and equal rights demands that a new street shall be cut through his father-in-law's peat meadow.—*New Haven Register.*

"The Unwilling Bride" is the title of a *Ledger* story. We have not read it, but we think if the bride was unwilling to get up mornings, bring in the coal and start the kitchen fire that ROBERT BONNER should not encourage our wives by upholding such conduct.—*Whitehall Times.*

Does the court understand you to say, Mr. JONES, that you saw the editor of *The Auger of Freedom* intoxicated? "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had frequently seen him so hurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."—*New York Star.*

ROBERT, who fears he is rejected—"But you know, REBECCA, we are commanded to love everybody." REBECCA—"Yes; so I do love everybody." "ROBERT—pinaforically—"What, everybody?" REBECCA, shyly—"Well you know, present company is always excepted."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are a half a dozen 'great financiers' in this village so engrossed in making arrangements to 'pay the national debt' that they forget to pay any of their own debts. The credulous grocer who trusts any of them to the extent of a No 3 mackerel will be a sadder and a wiser man.—*Catskill Recorder.*

"Youth will ne'er return," says the poet, but we guess he's wrong, for in our own personal experience we knew a youth who had absorbed the ideas of BUFFALO BILL, and with a dollar and a half shot gun started West to hunt the savage to his lair; but he returned, and the Indian question was left undisturbed for an indefinite period.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A Hastings debating club is discussing the question: "Resolved, that woman is man's political equal." If any woman down there who holds this opinion will come to Stillwater the night before an election, and make the grand rounds with the boys, she will immediately decide that she is not man's political equal, and does not want to be.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A four-year-old neighbor of ours lately said a good thing. His mother had promised that in a few days she would communicate something that would make him very happy, provided he was a very good boy in the meantime. But he did not want to wait. So he urged her to tell it now, promising not to repeat it, and offering other inducements. Finding that everything failed, he said, as his last argument, "Whisper it to me, mamma, and I'll forget it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Spirit Anchor.

AN IDYL OF THE SEA.

Composed in my idyl moments.

Did you ever hear the story told
Of RALPH, the redhand rover bold,
Who in an evil moment sold
His best bower anchor, all for gold?

This RALPH, the redhand rover brave,
Sailed gaily o'er the dancing wave,
Nor thought the reckless daring knave
His fate should be a watery grave.

He swept the main and scoured the seas
In search of merchant ships to ease
Of cargoes rich. He loved to freeze
To other people's goods like these.

The breeze soon freshened to a gale,
And RALPH, the redhand, shortened sail,
Low on the winds was borne a wail
That made the bravest there turn pale.

The wild winds whistled loud and shrill,
Weird chords among the cordage till
The soul of RALPH began to fill
With strange forebode of coming ill.

"If we can ride this awful sea,
And round the rocks upon our lee,
We still may hope for life," said he,
That wild wail shrieked, "It shall not be!"

"And who art thou?" the rover groaned—
Above the roar of tempest, moaned
A voice distinct, but yet low-toned.
"The best bower anchor thou once owned."

Then RALPH the rover clasped his hand
Upon his brow; he called his band
Of gallant men, and bade them stand,
And wait for death on yonder land.

Thus met these valiant knaves their luck,
They died like men of iron pluck,
And when their good ship ran amuck,
They for the first and last time struck.

But RALPH himself was saved by quite
A fluke, for there to his delight
His best bower anchor floated right
Before him, and with all his might
He struggled on in eager fight
'Gainst angry billows, crested white,
At last he gained that anchor bright,
And seated on it grasping tight,
Was cast upon a rocky height,
The anchor then dissolved from sight.—
RALPH lives there yet—an anchorite.

Historic Anecdotes.

FROM THE FORTHCOMING "MEMOIRS OF LORD SNOGGLETHORPE."

I was once at a dinner party at which the Duke of WELLINGTON engaged in a lively discussion with Sir ROBERT PEEL on the Irish question. "It always seemed to me," said the Iron Duke, "that the landlords rather than the tenants, should engage in riotous and hostile demonstrations against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity." "Why so?" observed Sir ROBERT, fixing his mouth for a laugh at the anticipated *jeu d'esprit*. "Because," replied His Grace, "they are the proper rioters, d'ye mind." The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

During the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE I was attached to the embassy at Paris, and one day when I had been granted an audience our conference was interrupted by the entrance of the official printer, who had come to receive instructions about the issuing of a royal proclamation. "How now, minion?" said His Majesty, somewhat vexed at having our interview disturbed—"Mais sire," replied the worthy craftsman, "s'il vous plait je ne suis pas minion au contraire je suis bourgeois." His Majesty felt in his pocket for a *louis d'or* to give the witty printer as a mark of esteem, but finally concluded to bestow upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. It came cheaper. Shortly afterwards he was guillotined by the populace as a bloated aristocrat.

It was the same magnanimous ruler who when kindly enquiring after the health of

Prince METTERNICH, was informed that the latter was prostrated by an attack of gout. "En bien, chacun a son gout," was the royal reply. The audience remarked "Ha, ha!" This piquant observation created a profound sensation in diplomatic circles, and is believed to have averted serious complications.

I have numerous other anecdotes of this stripe on hand, collected in the course of a lengthened public experience, which I am prepared to furnish to enterprising journals at fifty cents per anecdote—a liberal discount being made to clubs. If desirable they can be brought down to our day and applied to modern personages. A few rare BEACONSFIELD stories on hand in assorted lots to suit Grit or Tory purchasers as desired.

Different Views of the Judicature Act.

THE GOVERNMENT.

We must do something, so we will copy the English Land Reform Bill. It is very long and will show well before the country.

THE OPPOSITION.

We have not yet quite read the act through—but being introduced by MOWAT it must be wrong in most points. We therefore will make some great objections to it. The old names of the Courts should not be kept—it isn't original—it must be opposed.

THE LAWYERS OF THE HOUSE.

We think it will increase litigation, and occasion a number of judgments before any one knows what it means. Its general principles are good.

THE FARMERS OF THE HOUSE.

We don't understand it, and don't want to. We'll go with MOWAT—or MEREDITH.

THE HON. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

If I were there I would show them a wrinkle or two about that bill.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

It looks as if the Fusion were going to turn out Confusion.



TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the 1st MARCH 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the undermentioned places, or any of them, by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also, for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedule obtainable at this office, at any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

MANITOBA.

St. Peters, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Rosau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

Black River, Berons River, Fishers River, Grand Rapids, The Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.

Shoal Lake, Coutecheching, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Islington, Assabasking.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Flour,	132,800 lbs.	Whiffletrees (for ploughs)	130
Tea,	6,736 "	" Whiffletrees (for harrows)	16
Sugar,	5,075 "	" Scythe Stones,	144
Tobacco,	3,999 "	" Sickles,	258
Bacon,	30,166 "	" Grain Cradles,	135
Beef,	15,000 "	" Scythes for do	135
Pork,	20,850 "	" Flails,	202
Woolen Shirts,	250	" Hose (steel)	458
Stout Trousers,	250	" Garden,	178
Canvas Shirts,	250	" Do (10 in. turnip)	58
Canvas Trousers,	250	" Shovels (steel),	178
Moccasins,	500 prs.	" Do Scoop,	28
Ploughs,	21	" Blacksmiths'	23
Harrows,	45	" Tongues,	36
Scythes,	209	" Pick Axes,	23
Snaths,	209	" Hay Knives,	23
Hay Forks,	132	" Shingle Nails,	2,500 lbs.
Axe,	865	" Do	92
Hoes,	1,134	" Borax,	400
Spades,	572	" Blue Stone,	22
Grindstones,	18	" Fanning Mills,	180
Cross Cut Saw		" Pit Saw Files,	24
Files,	144	" C. C. Saws,	24
Hand Saw Files,	120	" Hand Saws,	96
Carts,	29	" Hammers,	12
Cart Harness,	29	" Augers,	120
Light Waggon,	6	" Rakes,	171
Double Harness,	6	" Nose Bags,	84
Plough Harness,	38	" Plough Lines,	40
Plough Harness,		" Tool Chests,	22
Ox,	56	" Frows,	28
Do Pony,	54	" Single Barrel	
Sweat Collars,	88	" Guns,	45
Ploughs, break-	125	" Double do do	45
ing,	360	" Gun Caps,	800
Plough Points,		" Ammunition and Twine.	
extra,			

- 4 Hand Saws 26 in. } Equal in quality to 5 x 5.
- 4 Rip do 28 " }
- 4 Jack Planes, ordinary C. S., double irons with stand.
- 4 Steel Squares, 24 by 18, divided to 8ths.
- 4 Sets Augers, 1-1 in., 1-1/2, 1/2, short convex eye cut bright.
- 4 Drawing knives, extra quality, solid C. S. 13 in.
- 4 Cast Steel Hunch Axes, handled, best quality.
- 4 Adzes, handled, (house carpenters best C. S.).
- 4 Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Canadian patent.
- Chisels (socket firmer) with ringed handles 1 1/2 in., 1 3/4 in.
- Chisels, 1-1 in., 1-1/4, 1-1/2. 1-2 in. socket, cast steel handles.
- 4 Oil Stones.
- 4 Oil Cans.
- 4 Scratch Awls.
- 8 Gimlets 1/2, 1 1/4.
- 4 C. S. Compasses or Dividers.
- 4 2-Foot Rules, 4 fold arch joints.
- 4 Shoeing Pincers.

Forms of tender and schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, wherever as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained.

Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons, who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order,

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of the Interior, }
Indian Branch, }
Ottawa, 28th January, 1880. }

xiv-12-4t

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE, No. 2 Smith's Terrace, Scaton Street. The house (which is comparatively new) contains ten rooms, tastefully painted and papered, and is in excellent condition throughout. Hard and soft water on the premises; also a work shop suitable for a carpenter or painter. Will be sold on easy terms, or would be leased for a term of years at a liberal rate to a suitable tenant. For particulars apply at GRIP Office, Adelaide Street.

BALDNESS!

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

Send for circulars.

xiii-12-1y



THE BABY-FARMER.

MRS. BROWN ENGAGING "FINANCE" TO SLAY THE RAG-BABY.



THE WELCOME OF THE PRINCESS.

DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND LOYALTY, TO THE BRITISH NATION, BY MR. GRIP.

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."



J. BRUCE & Co.,

118 KING STREET WEST.

XII-22-7Y.

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Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.

The Baby Farmer.

Auld Mrs. BROON has for some time been pestered with the troublesome Rag Baby—a most uncanny little creature, that has given her more trouble than she feels at all disposed to suffer. The bairnie was thrust upon her hands *volens volens*, and as it bore the unmistakable marks of Tory parentage, Mrs. Broon's first and natural impulse was to put it out of existence. This she has earnestly endeavored to do, but in vain. She has dosed it with ridicule, blistered it with sarcasm, whalloped it with logic, and starved it with thin wit—but the unspeakable youngster has continued to thrive to such an extent that Mrs. BROON has become decidedly alarmed. She forces that in a short time, at this rate, the Baby will become one of the powers of Toryism, and so she has taken desperate measures. She has engaged a regular Baby-Farmer—a ruthless creature known as "Finance"—to murder the little wretch with the weapon of Argument. "Finance" has delivered three formal thrusts up to the present writing, but their effect upon the Baby has not been fatal. On the contrary the child seems livelier than ever. Mr. GRIP holds himself in readiness, however, to chronicle its demise at any moment.

Nonsense.

It was a bad boy who prob-pooched Propositions to have him tattooed Like the Princes have been : " They must be deuced green." Said that boy—(Oh! how naughtily and rude!

His mother and sisters declare That if the dear Princess did wear Tattoo marks like those On forehead or nose, They'd at once get tattooed—anywhere.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. FITZ G.— We cannot advise you to get your little boy's nose tattooed immediately. It would certainly be a fine thing to have him lead the fashion, but perhaps the noses of the young Princes are not done in fast colors. We do not yet know the size or the outline of the device adopted by the Royal youths. You had better wait till the exact truth has been ascertained by the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Adelaide St. West. Mr. AUG. PITOU, Manager Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. King St. West. Mr. LUCIEN BARNES, Manager. Popular Saturday Matinees and Evening Performances.

HEWITT PYSH, Manufacturer of all kinds of CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY, 222 YONGE STREET. Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-121

FARM FOR SALE, Or Exchange for City Property.

That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. ¼ of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

GEO. BENGOUGH, Drawer 267, Toronto.

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

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

PRESS OPINIONS.

GRIP deserves increased prosperity, and should receive liberal support. It is one of the best educators we know of, and if taken into the family circle—as it can be with pleasure and profit—it would stimulate the desire of the younger members of the family to acquire a knowledge of public affairs. It should be in every house, so also should GRIP'S ALMANAC.—*Lindsay Post*.

GRIP'S Comic Almanac for 1880 is out. It's a baster. The man who advertises anti-fat medicine may sell out, for everybody is going to "laugh and grow fat" with this side-splitting little volume. It will bear reading all the year round. Don't forget to ask your bookseller for it; And if he hasn't got it, tell him to send for it.—*Fredrickson Farmer*.

Happy is the individual who has received a copy of the *Grip* Almanac, from Toronto, Ont. As for ourselves we have done nothing but laugh since first looking into its contents. It is brimming over with good things, nonsensical and otherwise, and one must be sure their vest buttons are sewed on strongly before they commence reading the funny morsels it contains.—*Meriden (Conn.) Recorder*.

Try the ALBERT COFFEE ROOMS for DINNER. Best Brands of OYSTERS Always on hand. Prices, with Tea, Coffee or Cocoa.

6 Tickets for \$1.00 Raw 25c., Stewed, 25c., Fried, 30c. xiv-8-10-131.

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