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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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

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**THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.**

It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits.—Toronto Telegram.

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—Dan Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Phonography.

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

cosmopolitan in character, its aim being to bring into communion the various exponents of the beautiful art of phonography rather than the advancement of any particular system. The first number, which we have just received, contains, besides a fund of useful information, interesting papers from Mr. E. E. Horton, a Toronto Superior Court official reporter; Mr. Lionel Percival, private secretary to Hon. S. C. Wood; Mr. Thos. Bengough, reporter of York County Courts, and others. To the student of phonography especially will this book commend itself, and any young man whose ambition leads him to aspire to something higher than a beaver of wood and a drawer of water can scarcely do better than subscribe for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, select a "system," and begin the study of stenography, a step which he will never regret.—Chatham Banner.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eysel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, the novelist, is eager to appear as a lecturer, and has announced a series of six lectures, the subjects selected being Milton, King Lear, Browning, The Tempest, Tennyson and Timon of Athens.

M. De Pressense, the great French champion of Protestantism, is coming to Washington as French Consul.—*London Advertiser.*

This is a mistake. The gentleman in question is a nephew of the great theologian.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT does not look exceedingly strong, but few even of the strongest of her sex could support the labor through which she goes. One Saturday recently, after playing in an afternoon and an evening performance, she rehearsed 'Frou Frou' from 12 p. m. until 6 o'clock the next morning.

The Duke of Eönbürg played at the Albert Hall, London, a few nights since, the violin obligato in GOUNOD'S "Ave Maria" to MARIE ROZE'S soprano solo. "It seemed," says a correspondent "that, although accustomed to face the public, His Royal Highness was at first a little nervous, and his bow seemed slightly to tremble; but as he went on his wings unfolded, and he went to work boldly."

Mr. Prou was lately in New York completing his engagements for next season. He now controls the entire Canadian circuit, consisting of the Academy of Music, Montreal; Grand Opera House, Ottawa; Opera House, Brockville; Opera House, Kingston; New Opera House, Belleville; Grand Opera House, Toronto; Holman Opera House, London. He has now completed his circuit by arranging with the Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton. Mr. Prou already holds contracts for his entire circuit with a large number of first-class companies.

Mr. GILBERT lets his story be moulded in the odd hours of the day or night, until it becomes coherent. Then the prosy part of the work commences. First of all he writes the plot out as if it were an anecdote—the condition in which his forthcoming work at present is. This covers a few quarto slips of copy and is written very neatly, almost without correction, so perfectly are the main lines settled before anything is set down. The next proceeding is the more laborious one of expanding the anecdote to the length of an ordinary magazine article by the addition of incident and of summaries of conversations. This being carefully overhauled, corrected, and cut down to a skeleton, the work has taken its third form, and is ready to be broken up into acts; and the scenes, entrances, and exits are arranged. Not till its fifth appearance in manuscript is the play illustrated by dialogue, which, it is hardly necessary to say, it is not written "end on" from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof. The important scenes are first written, and then these brightly-colored patches are gradually knitted together, as it were, by the shorter scenes.

"Sharp Sixth's" critique on the St. Andrew's Choral society's concert, was not fully given in our last number for want of space. We append the remainder here: The male quartette "O wert thou in the cauld blast," sung by Messrs MacMICHAEL, DOWARD, ANDERSON and SCHUCH, was sung too much in the spirit of the words; it was very cold and was received equally so by the audience. Miss FERRIS (soprano) in "He shall feel his flock," showed very fair cultivation of voice, the intonation of some of her upper notes was a little at fault, although they were not the highest notes she sang. The accompaniment to this aria was very well played by the Orchestra. Miss DECK, who sang "He was despised," possesses a very pleasing

contralto voice; and sang her number with good taste and judgment, which called for an encore, to which she kindly replied, although we think it would have been better not to have done so. That quaint part song of MACFARREN'S "The sands of Dee," was then given, and received an encore. The concert finished with VERDI'S chorus, "O hail us, you free" which was really sung with great spirit and effect. Before concluding we must state our decided objection to the members of the orchestra sitting whilst performing (of course with the exception of the 'cellos). Aside from the better appearance it presents, the standing position enables them see the conductor, as also him to see them better, and the bow instruments cannot be played with the same vigor or ease in a sitting position. European orchestras invariably stand, and we hope our orchestras will adopt the same custom in the future. We will not find fault with the concert beginning half an hour late, as the weather was such as to prevent many of the performers arriving in time, but caution them to be careful of a similar occurrence without good cause.

## PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

To HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, Timming's wharf.

To LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Marshall*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf, 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 5.30 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 *Picton*, 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.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

To OGDENSBURG.—Steamer Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 11 a. m., Mowat's wharf, Yonge st.

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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## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

WALT WHITMAN proposes writing an ode to Colonel ROBERT INGENSELL. Orthodoxy's hour of triumph has come.

MRS. K. S. MACLEAN, of Kingston, an accomplished writer, has a new volume of lyric poetry in the press of HUNTER, ROSE & Co.

VICTOR HUGO'S new volume, *Religion et Religions*, has just appeared in Paris, and ran through four editions in the first five days. It comprises 150 pages, and deals altogether with the question of religious faith. A late Paris paper says "that the veteran poet who has filled this century with his fame may rest well content, if this, his last work, should be his last earthly utterance;" and another of his worshippers describes a certain passage as "the most sublime invocation to the ideal that ever sprang out of a human brain."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* evidently agree with the opinion GRIP expressed on TENNYSON'S "poem" entitled *De Profundis*. It says:—Why should we be called upon to admire such stuff as this? The poet and his friends may say we have missed, or misapprehended his "subtle" meaning; but we have caught it perfectly, and affirm that there is no subtleness in it—that it is a mere common-place, put into the poorest and most unmelodious language. It lacks rhythm, rhyme, and everything that goes to make up true poetry. It is the sort of thing which would not be accepted from a schoolboy, and which when put forth by a laureate in colossal type suggests mournful reflections as to the state of intellectual degeneration at which a great poet may arrive.

Our clever contemporary, *Grip*, makes his last week's principal cartoon apply to the present much-discussed proposal in abolish the Dominion Senate. He pictures our Canadian "House of Lords" in the form and garb of an old granny,—people generally seem to have the old lady notion of the character of the Senate,—and he represents the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. BLAKE, with a rope about the old body's neck, which he is gradually submitting to the strangling process.

We think *Grip* has about hit the nail on the head; for however suggestive his satirical reference to the proposed gradual character of the strangling, that such strangling should be done we believe everybody is agreed,—with the exception of the Senate, and the members and friends of a Government which always uses this useless and expensive body as a means for the furtherance of their party objects.—*Coboury World.*

The *Christian Visitor*, of St. John, N. B., favors the idea of a memorial to perpetuate the memory and worth of the late Hon. GEORGE BROWN, but thinks there is a more excellent method than by the proposed monument. It says:—" \$25,000 would found a GEORGE BROWN professorship in some College, and that would perpetuate his name as effectually as the method proposed, besides being a lasting benefit to coming generations." This is a very sensible suggestion, and GRIP heartily endorses it. The deceased journalist was full of enthusiasm,—a statue has no heart; he was a speaker, a statue is a dumb thing; he was eminently practical, a statue is essentially poetic. We feel certain that if Mr. BROWN himself had been consulted as to the method in which he would prefer to have his fellow citizens perpetuate his memory, he would instantly have decided in favour of such a professorship, as against the idea now in contemplation.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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 Book of Unthackered Snobs.**

NO. 2. THE SNOB IN BROADCLOTH.

Having, in the first number of this series, spoken in general terms of the snob in petticoats, we proceed to do the same of the snob in broadcloth, after which we shall in future numbers particularize the different members of the genus more at length. If the female snob is not an agreeable creature she is certainly an improvement upon her upstart brother. The *pseudo* gentleman is perceptible at a glance. It is not alone his dress which betrays him. His fondness for display and general love of parade are conspicuous, but in the richness of his imagination, this clever imitation reveals the true inwardness of his disposition. "Liars should have good memories," is an admirable axiom, but it is not one the snob in broadcloth has committed to memory. Some of them may be free from the vice of deliberately uttering mendacious statements, but as every one of the breed is trading in qualities which he does not possess he is guilty of acting lies if not uttering them. In their dealings with women these fashionable prigs show a most unwholesome deficiency. Should they be loved unselfishly and devotedly by wife, sister, mistress or mother, they never think of feeling grateful for the devotion, but accept it as their rightful due, toy with it until satiated and then fling away the instrument of their enjoyment as a cumbersome burden, without the least compunction. These Philistines have no reverence for women. In their eyes honour is a mere bagatelle, and they gild over the most wretched vices with the most specious reasoning; dress themselves up in an appearance of virtue, talk loudly of their integrity, magnanimity and general high-mindedness, but are still libertines and dissolute men of pleasure. If the outside of the cup is clean what matter the dregs inside? It is these people who repudiate their debts of honour, are always betting but never pay when they lose, borrow money they never intend to return, cheat at cards, pull their horses on the turf, slander those whom they imagine have no power to retaliate, are adapts in white lies, and in a variety of petty ways show that they are floundering in a mass of mud. Every snob is a bully provided he thinks he can safely indulge in the practice. It is a perfectly safe pastime, requiring no long apprenticeship, and it is easy to fling a good deal of mud and abuse with the sure conviction that some of it is bound to stick.

In society the snob pays a certain amount of deference to custom, and outwardly frequently wears a fair appearance. He attends church more or less regularly, because it is the correct thing to do, takes the sacrament, and the older members of the species often send handsome

donations to neighbouring charities with the request that an acknowledgment may be made through the press. This is the homage which hypocrites pay to virtue, and very cheap homage it is. Some old snobs, as if anxious to atone for past misdemeanours, become active in good work. They build churches and schools, take an active part in philanthropical enterprises, become church deacons and lay delegates, and in general assume a glamour of respectability which is sometimes only short lived. If the private transactions of some of these aged gentlemen could bear the strict investigation which their public ones court, certain boards and committees would have failed in unearthing scandals which have brought desolation and tears to bankers, stock-brokers and the general public. Whilst outwardly these old reprobates appear both in word and deed strictly honest, inwardly they conduct much of their business upon those fluid and elastic principles which usually lead to a crash. Nearly all snobs show their claim to the title in their features, for most of them have a vulgar, coarse, flabby appearance, the very antithesis of the quiet dignity and reserve of the well-bred gentleman. According to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, "a gentleman is always calm-eyed," and it is because it is an attribute of dignity, and dignity involves self-respect. Snobs usually speak in a loud and boisterous manner, though some specimens of the class, and they are the worst in existence, assume a humility which serves to gloss over their defects without curing them. All these members of humanity are loud in their dress. They have a profusion of jewellery and make a great display of watch-chain. To be fashionably dressed is the *summum bonum* of their existence, and in order to be up to the mark in this respect, they mortgage their salaries in advance, defraud those who trust them, and borrow from those they can persuade to lend to them.

The younger members of the class often assume airs which they have no brains to substantiate. Unless a man is fashionably dressed, he is, in their opinion, no gentleman. These young prigs pander to riches and titles. Position is everything and they wrap around themselves the mantle of good appearance and fancy they can deceive the multitude. In their more sportive moods they frequent questionable resorts, are familiar with bar-maids and bar-men whom they address by their christian names. They consume vast quantities of beer, not because they really care for it, but because it is the thing "you know," they are slangy in their conversation, use questionable adjectives to enforce their statements, speak of their sire as the "governor," the "old man," and as a general thing do not care about being seen in his company abroad. They have generally some little business on hand in which a woman is mixed up, and about which they talk mysteriously. Nothing pleases these genteel young men more than to be thought "Don Juans" and "Gay Lotharios," but they are men no true woman ever cares to love. The vulgar herd they may impose upon, but sooner or later they stand revealed in their true colours as *pseudo*-gentlemen.

**Machine for Awakening Boys.**

MR. GRIP, SIR.—As the extreme difficulty of rousing, at even a moderately early hour, a small boy who has been engaged in base-ball playing the night before, has been experienced by every one, I have at the cost of much mental labour invented a machine which I flatter myself will materially assist those who are compelled to engage in the above mentioned pastime. The cost is trifling when compared with the results. An ordinary bedstead is procured, and placed about ten inches from the wall; five dozen extra strong especially constructed alarm clocks are ranged round the room and are so contrived that as the weights descend they pull up a stout cord, which, passing over a pulley, is attached to the foot of the bed clothes. The

youth retires. At 7 a. m. the alarms start, and as they progress gently but firmly pull up the bed clothes. Suddenly an imitation leg covered by a real no. 10 man's boot (which has been concealed betwixt the bed and the wall and which is worked by a small steam engine) attacks the subject in the rear (the alarms going like mad) and whilst operating, by a simple mechanical contrivance the contents of three pails which have been warily hung over-head are overturned and at the same time the bedstead is caused to assume a perpendicular position (the alarms still going like fury) which it is calculated will induce the occupant to locate himself on the previously carpet-tack-covered floor. Here the patient is seized (the clocks still howling) by an ingenious steel instrument on the principle of a pair of sugar-tongs and deposited in a cold shower bath, his night costume being removed by a contrivance for that purpose (the alarms tearing and yelling.) The juvenile on being released will, it is confidently asserted, be more than three-quarters awake.

Yours, Sir,  
INVENTOR.

**The Matrimonial Question.**

"Let us look the situation calmly in the face," said GUSTAVUS SLASHDUSH to MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN, his fiancee, as they sat under the broad verandah fronting the MILLIGAN homestead, in the twilight of the balmy June evening. Nothing disturbed the serenity of the hour, except the occasional dull clang of the bell that graced the neck of the "muley" cow in an adjoining field, and the sound of grand-ma MILLIGAN's spinning wheel, which hummed and boomed like an embodied National Policy. Probably it was the hum of the last mentioned relict of by-gone time that suggested the thoughts he was about to give utterance to. "Let us view the situation from all its stand-points, not with the prejudiced eye of Grit or Tory, but as two of the *people*. Yes, MARTHA JANE, as two of the *people*. Let us assume," continued GUSTAVUS, "that we are married and we commence house keeping. It will be just such folks as us that the N. P. will most sensibly effect. Yet there are counteracting and indirect advantages arising from the measure that will to a great extent nullify the extra cost of living."

"All I know is," interrupted MARTHA JANE, "that sugar's riz, and tea's riz, and calliker's riz, too."

"Ah, too true, too true," resumed GUSTAVUS, "but let us not forget, there are other interests besides our own that must be fostered. Do you think, MARTHA JANE, that I for one desire to see this, my native country, remain as a mere agricultural or grazing field, while south of us the insatiate Yank keeps shooting—yes shooting his slaughtered and damaged wares into our midst, while our own factories are as silent as a young lady in meetin'? No MARTHA JANE, we can start the world together, live with less luxuries, buoyed up with the knowledge that we are doing something for the good of our country, for posterity."

"Come off the front stoop, MARTHA JANE, and tell that tiresome critter to go home!" were the shrill words that closed ERASTUS' peroration, as he looked up to the second storey window and beheld the dread form of his adored one's mother. "Guess I'd better go," he said, and as he passed through the front gate, he distinctly caught the sound of Mrs. MILLIGAN's piquant tones saying to her daughter, "You're just as big a fool as he is, MARTHA JANE, sitting out in the night air with that lunk-head half the night!"

A hot spell—a well contested spolling match.

The black fly is a "gnatty little fellow."

In old times malefactors had their feet put in the stocks. Now-a-days people who dabble in *stocks* often put their foot in it also.

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**Besmirching Hanlan.**

The Conservative papers have recently had frequent occasion (or thought they had) to point out departures which Mr. GORDON BROWN has made from the spirit of the promise which he published on assuming full control of the *Globe*, to the effect that the columns of that journal would be kept free from unworthy matter. GRIP thinks the Editor-in-chief certainly violated this promise the other day when he allowed one of his scribes to write that mean-spirited article in which it was insinuated that HANLAN'S misadventure at Providence was a "put up job," and his physical suffering all buncombe. It would be bad enough for such a suggestion to emanate from an obscure and craven American sheet, whose gambling proprietor had lost money on the race; but when the leading newspaper of the unfortunate oarsman's own country is made the medium of the cowardly assault, not merely HANLAN, but Canada is defamed. GRIP has a full appreciation of the duty of the press, and would join the *Globe* with good will in denouncing fraud in aquatic or anything else, but he also has a respect for the axiom of British fair play which says that a man should be held innocent until he is proven guilty. So far as we are aware, there is not an atom of evidence to show that HANLAN'S failure was not a pure and simple misfortune, and unless the *Globe* possesses proof to the contrary, the country has a right to demand a retraction and apology for the article in question.



**Grip on Degrees.**

GRIP learns with profound regret that certain gentlemen of the Presbyterian Church are anxious to secure the power of granting degrees for Knox and Montreal Colleges. GRIP cordially agrees with the opinion expressed by his friend Principal GRANT, that this proposal would result in opening the gates for the degradation of degrees. It would not really benefit these colleges, for degrees, to be of any real value, must come from the National University. In this matter GRIP has a personal interest, for he has reason to expect

the honour of the degree of D. C. L. as soon as the University course is opened to birds as well as young ladies. Meanwhile he reminds his friends of Knox College that if they get the degree-giving power, other denominations not quite so learned may claim the same privilege. The "Peculiar People" may grant the degree of P. P. The Mormon elder may claim to be made a Master of Hearts. And a sect which, by the way, has a church in Toronto, the "Bible Temperance Christians," who to their excellent practice of Temperance, add the somewhat unusual doctrine that they possess the gift of miraculously curing diseases, will of course confer on all their members the degree of M. D.



**Tilden Retires.**

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has made up his mind that taking one consideration with another, a President's is not a happy lot, so he has retired from the Democratic candidature, to the joy of KELLY, and other citizens too numerous to mention. GRIP congratulates the poor (or rather rich) old gentleman on this display of common sense. Gramercy Park is a far nicer place than Washington, and much better use can be found for that "barl of money" than squandering it amongst the great unwashed. If Mr. TILDEN is at a very great loss what to do with his over-plus wealth now that he has retired from public life, and especially as he has finally decided not to incur the expense incident to matrimony, we might venture to intimate that GRIP is a deserving bird, and could find an excellent way of employing more money than he is at present encumbered with.



**Mr. Hanlan's Stitch.**

The eyes of the civilized world are at present fastened upon the form of Mr. HANLAN, and the universal intellect is concentrated upon that gentleman's side. Political and business considerations the world over pale into insignificance before the importance of poor EDWARD'S stitch. The *Globe* forgets the "Zollverein" and the National Policy, to devote a column to the all-absorbing theme, and in our mind's eye we can behold an unwonted commotion amongst the people of the Antipodes upon the same subject. Under these circumstances GRIP feels it his bounden duty, as the only illustrated journal of the Queen city, to present the public with a correct picture of the "stitch in the side" which has caused so profound a sensation throughout the universe.



**Wanted—A Divorce Court.**

*Unfaithful Husband*—Well, what are you going to do about it? I admit that you have legal grounds for a divorce, but you can't get it in Canada—you haven't enough money!!

This little sketch presents with some force the exact position of affairs on a matter most important to the well-being of society. We commend it to the careful study of the Government, who can add greatly to their popularity by introducing and passing a bill establishing a Divorce Court in Canada. Or, if the Government fail in this duty, let the Opposition take it up, and make it an item on their programme side by side with the abolition of the Senate. There appears to be an impression on some minds that to suggest the establishment of such a Court means to introduce the laxity which prevails so alarmingly in some of the States of the Union, but this is quite unwarranted. The present method of procedure is open only to the rich; justice demands that rich and poor should be on the same level in this as in all other matters. The point in which our neighbours err is in recognizing other than Scriptural grounds of divorce as valid; let us avoid that error and all is safe.

Appropriate song for Knox College.—*Peccavi*, a song of Degrees.

The daily papers tell us about a young woman who recently underwent the operation of having her jaw-bone removed in the hospital of this city. When she quite recovers, as GRIP trusts she may, it is safe to predict that there will be no lack of suitors for her hand. A woman without a jaw is what thousands of distempered bachelors are searching for.



**Quite Discouraged.**

GLADSTONE.—What's the use of my attempting to run this Imperial Government? Here's another article in the *Mail*, a running of me down!



# CIVIL SERVICE INVESTIGATION.

AWFULLY SOLEMN ENQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, BY FIVE DISINTERESTED GENTLEMEN APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A capital thing—cash.—*Semerville Journal*.

A wide-awake fellow's life is not a nappy one.  
*N. Y. News*.

A cure for felons ought to meet with a large sale at the state prison.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Naturally enough, the spot most dear to catfish is there folderland.—*Yonker's Statesman*.

This is the season when collegues utter their big, big D's.—*Foul dulack Reporter*.

KATE FIELD SAYS CASTELAR has no chin. KATE and CASTELAR are very different in that respect.—*Albany Argus*.

When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in which there is a vacancy.—*Cin. Com*.

The young man who, in writing to his sweetheart, spelled it 'sweat' summer time made a serious mistake.—*Albany Argus*.

If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.—*Whitehall Times*.

In the bright lexicon of the smart merchant there is no such word as fail—with empty pockets.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

It isn't very probable that any inventor will be able to make a fish-pole that will fold up and look like a hymn book; but if it is ever done, the patentee's fortune is made.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

It is said that a local politician said to a friend to-day, "I am filled with amazement," and the friend went directly to the bar and called for "amazement."—*Kingston Freeman*.

It takes some men a lifetime to fly higher than they can roost.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A good part of our floating population quite naturally comes from Cork.—*Boston Transcript*.

In olden times, when crossed in love, a maid  
Would pine and die; so it was writ and said,  
But brave GIGERIE, ELIOT'S not a pining dove;  
She's made most happy by a Cross in love.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"I smell sutfin a burnin'," remarked an aged negro who sat at a camp fire, toasting his extremities. "Gosh!" he added in a moment, with a wild yell; "its dis nigga's own foot."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"No," she said when she sipped the cream it would take his last dime to pay for; "no, I never eat cake myself, but ma says she is getting awfully hungry waiting for a piece of my wedding cake."—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

A wild beast lies in wait for his prey, and a grocer lies in wait for—but hold on; let's put it this way: Why is a grocer like a wild—or, rather say, why is a—somehow, we can't get onto this just right.—*Modern Argo*.

One of our editorial brethren remarks: "We always keep our eye on truth." Ah, brother, if you knew how painful it was to feel your eye was constantly upon us, you would occasionally look toward ELI PERKINS.—*Whitehall Times*.

They are digging for Captain KIDD's gold back of Absecon beach. The most remarkable thing about the captain's gold is that it is just as easy to hunt for it in one place as another.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a female contributor to a monthly magazine speaks of "the most delicious, delightful, delectable, entrancing and distracting of all innocent indulgences," she means a kiss.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A lady lawyer out west, always addresses her husband at breakfast as "My learned brother;" at lunch she calls him "the counsel for the defence;" at dinner she calls him a brass mounted pettifogger with a cheek like an army mule."—*New York Herald*.

"Where is your other shirt?" she asked in tones of concern. "I have it on," he replied, calmly; and then he looked into his wife's face with a look of quiet endurance and went down to the office to get out the paper.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

They are building the private dwellings in Chicago with deadened walls to accommodate lovers and protect neighbors from annoyance. In the earlier stages of his courtship the kiss of an arduous Chicago man sounds like the splash of an empty bucket in a horse pond.—*Andrew's Bazaar*.

The length of time that that SNIFKINS girl will spend over a five cent plate of ice cream, when in company with her CHARLES AUGUSTUS, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period is a subject worthy of scientific investigation.—*McGregor News*.

"The book to read," says Dr. McCOSK, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." An empty pocket-book will do that. It will make you think that unless the butcher will trust, you will be obliged to do without meat for to-morrow's dinner.—*Norristown Herald*.

The latest rage among young ladies is to possess and old fashioned spinning wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-board and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning-wheel, but they are not fashionable.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fashion item says broad soled shoes are to be the correct thing for ladies' feet this season. It would interest a certain class of young men more to know what kind of shoes is going to be the correct thing for the paternal foot. Fathers of young ladies have been wearing 'felt,' if numerous floating paragraph don't prevaricate.—*Norristown Herald*.

A London gentleman named JENVIS left \$30,000 to the owner of a hand organ who had ground out music for his delectation. This important item should be communicated to all the organ grinders in this country. There are a great many rich gentlemen still living in London, and the fare to Europe is low.—*Norristown Herald*.

"You army chap," said a girl to her military lover.—*Bangor Commercial*. "That's where you soldier self," he wrote back, when he cloped with another girl.—*Ottawa Republican*. This may be trooper haps. Hussar for the other girl!—*Boston Post*. Some militias mischief at the bottom of it, no doubt.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. It's the regular thing of corps for a fellow to keep company with one girl.—*Post*.

Eminent medical authorities hold that the drinking of ice water is the worst thing a person can do. "It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, retards digestion, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact." And in the face of all this, barkeepers persist in setting it out to a man along with the other little tumbler. It is no wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics.—*Peck's Sun*.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept.

Or tried it.  
Some of them slept like Christian men and women—peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly. Others slept like demons—malignantly, hideously, fiendishly—as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower No. 3 was "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower No. 3" in, with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that ever was done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring—a sleeping car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited till everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific  
"Gn-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long drawn "Gw a h h hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst—and the sleeper in "lower No. 3" went on—in long-drawn, regular cadences, that indicated good staying qualities—

"Gwa a ah! Gwa-a-ah! Ghawahwah! Ghawahwah! Gahwa-a-a-h!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows and the swearing began. It mumbled along in long, muttering tones, like the echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "lower No. 3" gave a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwoeek!"

Which sounded as if his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike.

Then there was a pause, and we began to hope that he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particular which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurooch!"

That nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear them. It seemed a matter incredible—it seemed an utter preposterous impossibility—that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine as the fellow in "lower No. 3" was making with his. He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down to very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places.

All the night he told his story:

"Gowah, gurrh! gn-r-r-r-knowff! Gawawaw awah! gawaha! gwonk! gwart! gwash-h-h-h! woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower No. 3" awoke. Everybody watched the curtains to see what manner of man it was that made that beautiful sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, and the curtains parted, and "lower No. 3" stood revealed.

"Great Heavens!"

It was a fair young girl with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's!—

**A Literary Light.**

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—I am a man of pronounced literary talent. I frequently write letters to the *E—g T—m*, nor are the efforts of my pen strangers to the columns of other sections of the popular press. Let me confide in you. I burn with ambition to start a "high toned" journal—high-toned all over I mean—printed on high-toned paper of a grieved and yellowish tint, wherein I can relate my wrongs, and right other people. But I am a new-comer, cannot claim to be the oldest inhabitant, and I want to ask you if I am right in supposing that Ontario is not at present blessed with a journal such as I describe. I have heard that a sister province boasts of this tinted happiness of high-toned journalism. Tell me, does Ontario still languish in darkness? Say yes, and let me choose it for my field.

I am sound on all the great questions of the day. Do not here interject that probably I am all sound and have only sense enough to blow my own trumpet, for that would be severe, and too ill-natured for the editor of a comic journal I ain't going to interfere with you, there is nothing comic about me. I am all earnestness and devotion to the people. I am so devoted that I represent all their views—only, in a high-toned way. I am not a Bystander merely watching the fight, nor yet a contemplative and disinterested Spectator, criticising every thing and every body. I should start as "The Sympathizer." I want to fight every man's battles, as if they were my own—only I want to do it in separate columns. I want to advocate "criticism" in a high-toned vigorous style; to show in glowing colours the sweetness and light there is in conversation; to clothe in thoughts that breathe, the great truths of "protection," illustrated even from the exceeding usefulness of the humble policeman; to utter words that burn with the love of freedom in all its forms, freedom to trade not excepted. I can rise even to poetry when I tackle the glories of a "Canada first" movement. I can wax eloquent on the brotherhood of humanity and the natural ties which life on the same continent engender, as I advocate immediate "annexation;" while in panegyrics on loyalty I cannot be excelled. Finally on the justice of direct taxation, and the total abolition of custom houses, I can paint pictures worthy of GLADSTONE himself, of the noble privilege of paying directly for good government and the exceeding loathsomeness of trunk-searching.

I want to advocate all these things in the First Person, in this one projected high toned journal edited by myself and nicely printed on tinted paper by an educated and superior class of journeymen printers who shall do all the work themselves without the aid of their familiars, the printers' d—ls, and without a single error, so as to avoid all necessity of proof-reading, which I regard as a waste of time.

Tell me, oh tell me sympathetic GRIP, what are my prospects of success?

"A LITERARY ASPIRANT."

**Dramatic Performances at the Normal School.**

We understand that a series of free entertainments will be given shortly at the above-named Institution, to commence with the acted proverb, "Law-makers should not be law-breakers." A number of highly comic extracts from their new School-Manual will be read by Inspectors MACLELLAN and HUGHES, and the latter gifted individual will furnish a philosophic essay on "The differentiation of *meum* and *tuum* in book compiling." The whole strength of the Central Committee will be given to representing the *Book Pirates of Pens-ends*, and the same body has so effectually darkened the official reputation of the Minister of Education, as to enable him to exhibit a lively impersonation of the *Black Crooks*.

**Tabitha at the Bishop's Reception.**

Dear Mr. GRIP.

I went, on last Tuesday evening, in company with MARTHA BLANK, to the Bishop's reception at Trinity College. When MARTHA came down stairs looking very pretty all dressed in white with natural flowers in her hair, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps the Norman School was not altogether to blame for her neglect of domestic economy; but that a considerable portion of her time was devoted to bangs, and frizzes, etsettra. So feeling that advice was my duty, "MARTHA," says I, "the Apostle PETER recommended the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit to the women of ancient times, in preference to the plaiting of hair and other adornings, but, I fear, judgin by them bangs and frizzes that his words are lost on you." However, I was glad to see her looking well, for her own sake, and, also, selfishly speakin, I was well aware, that when one gets into what the late Mister BRYON, or some other man, calls the "sincere and yellow leaf," the attentions of the mail sect is not as plentiful as in the days when we was endowed with beauty and youthfulness, and, therefore, bein akompanied by a pretty young girl is an advantage by remindin stewdents and others at supper time etsettra, that it is best for them to shew us some politeness.

The Collidge is an interestin buildin. I am not much of an arkitektorist, so will not call it Gothik or Normal, it is not, however, in the Mansard style (which style is not to my taste) it has walls full of ins and outs, and a roof juttin up in a considerable number of points. It stands at some distance back from the road, and with the fine old trees surroundin it and the Virginny Creeper clingin to its walls, presents a imposin appearance. As we approached that seat of learnin and saw the lights twinklin from the windows, I felt several pleasin sensations.

When we arrived one stewdent wished to show us the way to the cloak room, but another, a friend of MARTHA'S, sed that if we would do his studdy the honor of depositin our bonnets and shawls in it, there would be less confushun attendin our findin them again. We passed thre several curvy doors to the studdy, which was a pleasin lookin room, with some nice books and pictures, also, a handsome bracket ornamented with a lager beer bottle, and another very pretty painted one holding some pipes and tobacco, which, though not a style accordin to my taste, I would not interfere with other people's notions of what is ornamental. The stewdent told us, that, eksaminashuns bein near, he had intended to remane in his room and read, but the fasimashuns was irresistibile, and, though feelin uneasy about spendin an evenin in mere amusement, he would endeavor to forget his work. Castin my eyes on him once or twice durin the evenin I reflected that he had either forgot his uncasinos, or succeeded very well in disguisin his feelins.

There was a great crowd, the fair sect predominant. The Bishop rescaved us in Conversation Hall. There was some good singin, solows and korusses, after which we went down to the dinin room for supper. It is a capacious room, with several rows of pillows; the supper table was ornamented with flowers, and eligibles consistin of ice cream, cake, lemonade, etsettra. When the time arrived for goin home, I had considerable searchin before I could find MARTHA. The felicity with which that girl contrives to get lost in a crowd is wonderful. I changed my mind about shapperonin pretty young girls, and concluded that there is no ardyouusser task; and, hearing the young stewdent excluin as I came in sight of them, "Here's that old party in search of you," did not add to the solarity of my feelins. "MARTHA," says I, speakin severe and cuttin, "I never studied Match-Matics, in my youth, and couldnt find my way over them outlandish

lines and circles, with any amount of tryin, but I have enough reception to guide me thre the anglers and currydors of this here building." I could have said more, but remembein piknik and other times in days gone by when I strayed about with SAMUEL and forgot how time was passin, I kurtailed my census.

I also went to the Sinod Meetin on Wednesday but am unable to tell you what I heard dislcussed, thre bein in the gallery and not hearing at all. I did not find it very enjoyable. The sun streamin thre the windows made it very warm, and, though menny of the argumens was evidently convincin and full of elegy and anniemashun. I remarked that several klerical, as well as lay members, seemed to find things in general a kind of weariness to the flesh.

In addition to the above I intended the Koran society's concert in the Hawtyculchal Gardens, as I said I would, but I must preserve my remarks on that affair till next week. So adew for the present, and believe me

Yours respectfully,  
TABITHA TWITTERS.

**The Sort of Subscribers we Want.**

The Editor of the Newcastle N. B. *Advocate* has had the felicity of discovering a genuine *rara avis*. This was not a dweller by the sea who was satisfied with the N. P., nor was it a "conscientious manufacturer;" it was an object far rarer than either of these two fabled creatures. It was a delinquent subscriber, who, on asking for his account found that he was just five years in arrears, upon ascertainin which he said—"Well, sir, as you have waited five years for your pay, you may credit me with *five years in advance*." In reply to a remark that many things might occur before the expiration of that time, the publishers might be dead and the publication of the paper discontinued, he said—"Well, even so, the loss would be but triffin."

This jewel of a newspaper patron surpasses in brilliancy and value the finest pearl that was ever found in any Maritime oyster, and Mr. GUR takes delight in thus making his memory immortal. The Editor of the *Advocate* is now the cynosure of all the envious editorial eyes of the Dominion. He ought to feel so proud and happy at the generosity of that subscriber, as to utterly overlook the childlike and bland though somewhat anomalous remark of the latter, about the possible death of the publishers and the suspension of the paper being regarded us but a "triffin loss."

**A New Version of an old Nursery Rhyme.**

There was a lonely woman who resided in a shoe.  
"If I had spouse and children now much better should I do!"  
She oft muttered to herself and dreamt it o'er in bed,  
Until her constant thinking of it almost turned her head.  
There was an anxious widower with several girls and boys,  
All famous in their neighbourhood for kicking up a noise;  
He wooed and won our spinster as the best thing he could do,  
And she amiably consented to the enlargement of her shoe.  
But soon she found her husband's boys had got the upper hand,  
And when she took to lacing them 'twas what they wouldn't stand;  
Her temper soon grew sour and she became a chronic scold—  
'Twas evident that in marrying she'd been more than half-sold!  
Her former comfortable shoe got very hot at last,  
Her boys and girls made such a row, and waxed so very fast,  
Said she "Alas, 'tis very plain, I've put my foot in it,  
So now I'll pack my little awl, and then git up and git it!"  
And so this hapless woman, who resided in a shoe,  
And had so many children she scarce knew what to do—  
Packed up her *kit* and left them—quite right too,—in despair,  
And found herself a hopeless tramp not anxious to repair.  
E. M.

Bachelor's hair dye must have been so called because so few married men have any hair left to speak of.

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Distinguished Politicians.—Exodus! Let's be off,—he may make some  
personal remarks!!



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



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The Political Merman.

I  
Who would be  
A minister bold  
Of education  
Paid by the nation  
Such plenty of gold  
As is given to few—  
With much to get,  
And little to do?

II

I would be a minister bold,—  
I would run the Normal School shebang,  
I would pay the country's dollars of gold  
To the Central Committee's book-making gang.  
They may force the unhappy teachers to use  
The Manuals made by MACLELLAN and HUGHES!  
With scissors and paste constructed in haste,  
The wretched parents' money to waste—  
The press and the public may all cry shame,  
But in spite of them I'll do just the same,  
And MACLELLAN and HUGHES shall accumulate  
dimes,  
And the Central Committee have lovely times—  
And their books in our schools shall still be seen,  
At vast expense to each poor sardine.  
Merrily, Merrily.

Grip on Low-necked Dresses.

According to Truth, her majesty has made a rare exception in favor of one vocalist engaged to sing at the state concert by waiving a stringent rule. Low-necked dresses for the lady singers are always de rigueur at these affairs; but as Mrs. Osgood is forbidden by her doctor to ever dress in this manner, the Queen has permitted her to disguise her neck in flesh-colored silk and tulle on the occasion mentioned.

So it seems that the reasons are weighty,  
And that ladies who visit the Queen,  
If the darlings are not *decolletee*,  
At the "drawing-room" mustn't be seen.

Though warmly admiring the ladies  
From Her Majesty's tea cups who sip—  
Though disloyalty hating like Hades,  
This is not approved of by G.M.P.

This baring to all the beholders,  
Undraped by the milliner's art,  
The arms, neck, and bosom and shoulders,  
May injure the lunge—or the heart.

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