

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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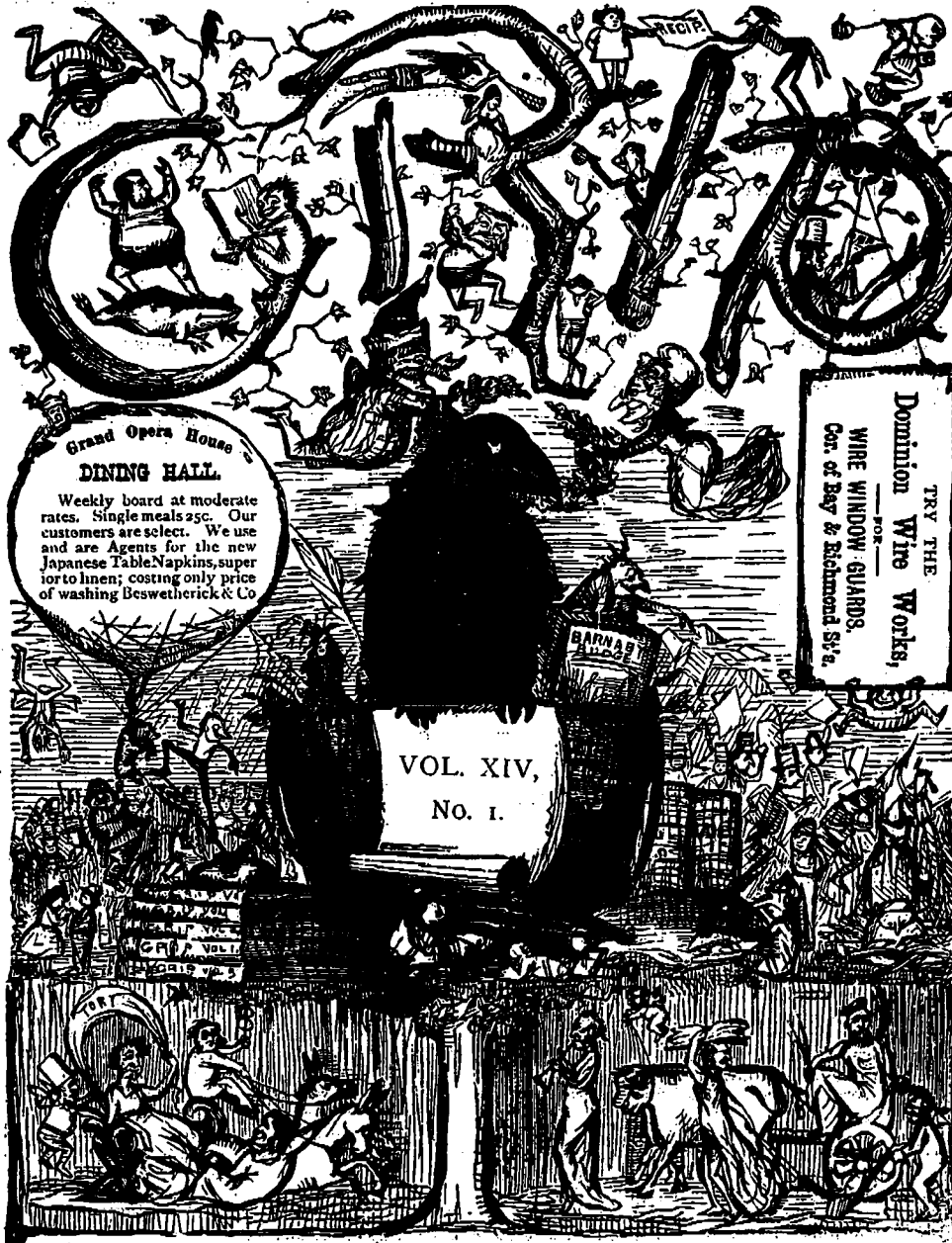
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

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Literature and Art.

The recently discovered Farnesina frescoes and the objects of art found in the Tiber, have been placed in the "Museo Tiberino" at Rome.

The late Lady WALDEGRAVE left Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS' picture of the Duchess of Gloucester to the gallery of the Duc d'Aumale.

M. PROTAIS, the French battle painter, is making a picture for the ex-Empress, representing the Prince as he lay dead in the Zulu maize field.

*Apollo and Marsyas*, a genuine RAPHAEL, is for sale in Rome, price 500,000 francs—only \$100,000, and the buyer will be able to carry it away in a good sized carpet sack.

There has been an exhibition for some time past in the corridor of Brighton Beach Hotel, at Coney Island, a reported *Ecce Homo* of Corregio, which bears very strong proofs of authenticity. It was disposed of by raffle, and can now be seen for a short time at GIBBON'S Art Gallery.

Boston has an important art association in the Highlands Crayon Club, which was organized last January. Only professional artists are eligible to active membership, but any gentleman may become a passive member. A boys' school of art has been established in connection with the Club.

*The Musical Review*, an excellent journal devoted exclusively to music, has issued its first and second numbers. It treats in carefully considered articles of the musical interests of the time, and is rendered attractive to the general reader by its foreign letters, and notes of the movements of musical celebrities.

The Misses GILMORE, of Port Hope, give the greatest promise of distinguishing themselves in the Art World. Speaking of their performance last week at a grand concert at Peterborough, the *Review* says:—"The wonderful playing and singing of the very youthful Misses GILMORE of Port Hope especially called forth enthusiastic plaudits." Mr. Franz Rummel, the distinguished pianist says that the elder sister (Miss Emily) "possesses extraordinary musical ability." And the Princess Louise in a recent graceful letter to the young pianist says: "Her Royal Highness wishes you every success in your musical career." The Misses GILMORE are already engaged for several concerts this season.

There are no less than 1376 reproductions in the Dresden exhibition, which is now open, and they form, as so large a number well may, a very interesting collection of RAPHAEL. The reproductions are in oil, water colors, copper-plate engravings, color-prints and photographs, and are classified in the catalogue under the head of RAPHAEL'S portraits. Old Testament, New Testament, various religious pieces, Holy Family, Life of the Virgin MARY, saints, various portraits, Vatican frescoes, Loggia, various frescoes, architectonic works, sculptors, drawings and studies. In addition the collection includes twenty-nine original, and for the most part well authenticated drawings, which were lent from various private galleries, and nineteen sketches and paintings in oil, the authenticity of which is disputed. Upon these latter the judgment of RAPHAEL connoisseurs is solicited. The success of the exhibition has in a large measure been due to the powerful assistance given by the director of the Royal Galleries of Paintings, at Dresden.



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Stage Whispers.

The New York Aquarium is at present the home of English opera. The "Bohemian Girl" is sung there nightly in a very acceptable manner, and the Sabbath School Juvenile Pinafore company appear every afternoon, except Saturday.

Mr. PITOU is about to mount a battery of big guns at the Grand. DANIEL E. BANDMANN and his English Company open a brief engagement in a round of legitimate plays, at that house on Monday. The name of BANDMANN is familiar to all patrons of the drama as that of a German-English tragedian of the first rank, who, like FECHTER, has kept the pens of the critics busy for many years. In the great Shakesperian roles he has made many bold innovations, of the merits of which Toronto play-goers will have an opportunity to judge. He is accompanied by Mrs. BANDMANN, who has long shared her husband's histrionic fame. The members of the company are selected from the principal theatres of London and the English provinces.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS renewed her former brilliant triumphs in this city on Monday and Tuesday evenings, when she made her alleged farewell appearance. Mrs. SIDDONS (we drop the SCOTT, since the lady has dropped the man who bestowed the name upon her) is the pet of fortune. To use the language of the lowly sailor, *Rackstraw*, in her "there meet a combination of elements" which conspire to make her a phenomenal success. She has a great stage name; classic beauty of form and feature; original dramatic talent of a high order, a charming manner, and last, but by no means least, she is, in theatrical slang, "a good dresser." She reads SHAKESPEARE magnificently, managing the small parts as well as a woman could, she has also a complete mastery of the pathetic and the humorous styles. Her chief stumbling-block is dialect. She cannot do the Irish brogue, at all events—and where is the Englishwoman who can? All in all she is a charming little person and will always retain a warm spot in our hearts.

BRONSON HOWARD'S new play entitled *Wives* is pronounced very good. The action is compressed within a few hours and its drift is merely to show what an egregious donkey an old man may make of himself when he undertakes to train up a young girl to be his wife. There are two stories in *Wives*, but being a good deal alike, they harmonize very nicely and run smoothly together to the end. The best part is that of *Agnes*, one of the prospective "wives." This is charmingly played by Miss CATHERINE LEWIS, who made a decided hit the first night. Such a demure and ingenious little puss has not often been seen at the footlights, and her song, "I'm such a little fool," is rendered with a *noisette* that captures the house at once. Both author and manager are fortunate in having the part in such competent hands, for if *Agnes* were not well played the play itself would be in danger. CHAS. FISHER and WM. DAVIDGE as the two old men with recipes for making wives, have parts which suit them admirably, and play them with an unctious that is thoroughly enjoyable. The play is superbly mounted, and in the item of dresses, DALY again shows the enterprise and excellent taste which drew special attention to his earlier management. If *Wives* fails to secure a good run, it will not be his fault or that of the leading members of his company.

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## NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



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.

## Volume XIV.

It is a gala night at Mr. GRIP's theatre. The handsome edifice is packed from pit to gallery, with the genius, beauty, bone and sinew of the Dominion. (That is to say, all Mr. GRIP's subscribers are present.) The Royal box contains the Vice-Regal party; the other boxes are crowded with distinguished statesmen, judges, lawyers, clergymen and *litterati*; and in the body of the house every class of the community is largely represented. Full dress, opera glasses, and scented handkerchiefs are the order of the occasion. It is a gala night. The country has assembled to do honor to Mr. GRIP's seventh birthday, and to witness the inauguration of his Fourteenth Volume. The roaring piece entitled, "A Fine Child for Adoption," has just been finished amid demonstrations of approval, Senator BROWN and his friends being particularly demonstrative in their applause. (See *Globe* of Monday morning.) With unanimous voice the audience demand the appearance of Mr. GRIP before the curtain, and that sagacious, profound and gifted individual comes forth, radiant in a swallow-tail and white gloves, his plumage glistening in the gas-light, and a fragrant bouquet gracing his button-hole. A tremendous round of applause, echoed from ocean to ocean, greets his appearance, and the most respectful and impressive silence then falls upon the multitude. With a voice betraying genuine emotion, Mr. GRIP speaks as follows:

*My Friends and Patrons:*—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (*applause*) you will readily believe me when I say that I feel myself unequal to the task of thanking you adequately for this warm and generous reception. When I ventured seven years ago to embark upon the stormy sea of humorous journalism, I left a shore which was strewn with wrecks, and I was not unprepared for a rough voyage, or even a disaster. I determined, however, that, should my craft meet the doom of all its predecessors, it should not be on account of rotten timbers in its hull, or because of navigating in questionable waters. I made up my mind that it should never engage in an unworthy traffic, nor carry articles that were too heavy. Abiding by these first principles, I have to

tell you that our voyage on the sea of popular approval has been a prosperous one. In the words of the poet:

"We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty."

To drop this nautical metaphor, I, GRIP, rejoice in a continued and ever increasing popularity, which is in part, no doubt, owing to the ability with which I perform my functions of public censor, if I may be allowed modestly to think so—and in part certainly to the generosity of the humor-loving public, whom I have sought to serve, and who have expressed their sympathy in the tangible form of giving me a good subscription list. On the completion of my Thirteenth Volume, I am able to look back upon my work with satisfaction. No doubt there are flaws which the artistic hand would fain correct, but there are no lines which the moralist would demand should be obliterated. It is my purpose, ladies and gentlemen, to go on in the same path for the future, extenuating nothing, and setting down nought in malice. Amid the strife of politics it is often necessary to speak plain words with the pen and pencil, but plain words are not necessarily malignant or unjust. Hitherto it has been my aim to be kind as well as honest, and in the future that humorist shall continue to be my model—him of whom it was written,

"His wit in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

At the conclusion of his brief but brilliant speech, Mr. GRIP bowed his acknowledgments amid the most enthusiastic applause and waving of handkerchiefs, and retired with difficulty over the heaps of bouquets which impeded his path.

## A Cure for Hiccough.

JOHN SMITH had a bad hiccough the other day and tried a number of so-called cures. He put a cold key down his back, but it did no good: he held his breath till he thought he would burst, and when he did burst it was into a hiccough; he took nine consecutive swallows of water without one inhalation of air. All was no use. At last he remembered that his mother used to say that a sudden shock or surprise was certain death to the hiccough. He meditated for some time on the best method of surprising himself. Then he grabbed his leg violently, but the surprise wasn't sudden enough. He then shut his eyes and walked slap up against a door, but the old thing wouldn't work. He stubbed his toes, trod on his favorite corn, threw a glass of cold water in his face, and performed many other practical jokes at his own expense, which would have surprised him greatly at another time. The hiccough was worse than ever! Then he went out, turned down the Receiver-General's lane from Toronto street, and asked his friends to surprise him. There were a number of them present, as this all took place during business hours. One told him that fashionable girls were really learning to cook, but he had heard that before; another said that of late, PHIPPS looked no more self-satisfied than J. D. EDGAR, but he couldn't believe it, and was, consequently not surprised; another assured him that the *Globe* was receiving more cable specials than the *Mail*, but he wasn't surprised a bit. The hiccoughs still continued. Then some one told him that the U. E. Club intended to pay their notes, and for a moment it seemed that SMITH's hiccough had ended. But then he reflected on the pavement of the bottomless pit and his surprise

vanished in incredulity. Then some one informed him that the police were trying to suppress houses of ill-fame; that Mr. JOHN TURNER had no intention of running for Mayor; that GEORGE BROWN is becoming popular; that MR. BLAKE does not wish to supplant Mr. MACKENZIE; that Senator MACPHERSON hadn't signed his name to a letter for their works; that the Marquis of LORNE thought that he had been decently treated by Sir JOHN in the LETELLIER matter, and twenty other equally surprising statements. Still the hiccough continued and SMITH was about to conclude that he could not be surprised, when a man outside was heard to swear, "This copy of the *Globe* does not contain one attack on the manufacturers." The effect on SMITH was electric. He was not surprised by the statement itself, but he was so much surprised to feel that it did not surprise him that the hiccough stopped at once, and permitted him to get back to this office.

## To Live Forever.

Doctor SCHMOELER is a very great man, And he can tell what nobody can, (Nobody else, that is, you know) The way to survive to a million or so.

Only imagine, the Doctor has told How we can all be a million old. GRIP puts it a million, not harshly to strike Your feelings, but fact is—as long as you like.

We all of us knew that the way we must live Was to eat: it was left for the Doctor to give The diet immortal—it's simply to stuff Yourself every morning with lemons enough.

And you never will die—only think what a thing, And what wonders the cycles revolving still bring, And how lucky, no matter how many there be We've not got to die off, but may stop here and see.

But a sad thought arrests the smooth flow of GRIP's pen, What on earth will become of the funeral men? We shall soon meet them begging—all little and big, Frozen out undertakers, with no graves to dig.

And a few thousand years from to-day, as we walk Smartly round, and with some great-great-grand-child talk (It needs fifty more greats, but his columns have been So much crowded of late, that GRIP can't get them in).

Then that small many-greated will ask us to say "What are all those queer stones there decaying away?" And unto him we shall make instinctive reply, "They are gravestones, set there once, when folks used to die.

"Have you taken your lemons?" And now by the way, What will we do for lemons in that coming day? We'll need one lemon orchard all over the land While the folks will increase, till there's no room to stand.

There'll be small houses every where under the trees, There'll be chaps in the branches as thick as you please. We'll be hard up for room if we don't learn to fly And annex some waste planets far up in the sky.

With a soil fit for lemons. And what comes to pass With the doctors and chemists, and folks of that class? Say, how lucky that TURNER and TILLEY have got Into politics; they'd have been dished, would they not?

But the subject's too vast e'en for GRIP's mighty view, And he can't sing always; he has business to do, Which reminds him—"Say, office-boy, send for a ship Full of lemons, directed, 'Toronto, for GRIP.'"

A Ground Plot.—Making up a plan to rob a cemetery.

Horse fanciers are very fond of jewellery—notably studs.

Mennonites.—Fellows who get home late from the Club.

When a small boy ties an oyster can to a dog's tail he remembers the Latin motto, *Cave can'em*.

When a writer swears when his articles are refused it's a proof that rejected communications corrupt good manners.



**Served Him Right!**

We have heard it said that aldermen are of little practical use, particularly when they are ideal aldermen—very, very portly. This may be true so far as civic affairs are concerned, and on ordinary week days, but it is now certain that stout aldermen are eminently useful in connection with sacred things on Sundays. At least our distinguished city father BAXTER has proved himself a handy—or rather a footy—man to have around when any tibald fellow undertakes to disturb public worship. We learn from the *Hamilton Times* that a certain “infidel” attempted to interrupt the services in the Queen St. Methodist Church on a recent Sunday, by interjecting remarks during the sermon, much to the annoyance of the congregation, when Mr. BAXTER, who was present—as he always is—inflicted condign punishment on the irreverent fellow by walking him out to the door and kicking him down the steps. This may not have been dealing gently with the erring, but it served the intruder right. If the worthy alderman would mete out similar treatment to some of his useless colleagues at the Council board, he would confer a public favor.



Oh, Oh!

JONES—Do you do the carving at home?  
SMITH—No, my wife attends to that,—she’s my help-meat, you know!

**Political Cookery.**

“Ladies,” says assistant Chef BLAKE, “we will now proceed to cook Mr. MAC-KENZIE’S goose.”  
“Pardon me,” says Grand Chef BROWN, “you mistake the programme. I do not see

in the *Globe* any announcement such as you have made. Moreover, the bird in question is exceedingly tough.” And the Great Chef smiled widely, and straightway proceeded to parboil Mr. BLAKE’S younger and tenderer bird.

MORAL—The best intentions are sometimes at fault.

**The Blakeite Grit.**

Written by MR. BLAKE, and “designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the Service.”

The BLAKSITE Grit is a soaring soul,  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word!

His views should veer and his votes should change,  
His words should shift, and his hopes should range,  
He should sit very loose from his colleagues slow,  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with Aurora fire,  
His brow with scorn be wrung,  
He never should bow down to an editorial frown  
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His ideas should grow and his faith should soar,  
His promises be many and his actions more,  
His thought should expand and his hopes protrude,  
And *this* should be his customary attitude!

(Squaring up at G. B.)



**The Humble Pie.**

The other day the editor of the *Globe* received from certain of his admirers at Woodbridge, a magnificent humble pie, which he duly ate in the presence of the public, but for which he expressed no thanks whatever. Mr. GRIP considers this a breach of good manners, and comes forward on this, his first opportunity, to acknowledge, on behalf of the *Globe* magnate, the receipt of the pie, which was in every way delicious. The pastry was too well done, however, as it made the editor feel decidedly crusty for a long time.

**The Hum.**

BY A HOPEFUL PROTECTIONIST.

While Premiers and policies to hard times succumb,  
There’s nothing like fallacies—catch-words like “hum!”  
The good times long promised have not yet been seen,  
And to keep up our courage we loudly have been  
Shouting hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,  
Be it ever so silly, there’s no cry like hum.

There’s RUDPATH’S Refinery, which, under Grip rule,  
Had been all broken up in a manner most cruel,  
Now it’s working like mad; it’s good time has come,  
For now our dear sugar is all made “to hum,”  
Hum, hum, sweet sugar hum,  
There’s nought like monopoly to make a big hum.

The sturdy old yeoman drives into the town,  
And sees with disgust that the market is down;  
So to cheer up his heart he indulgeth in rum,  
And when he is full he can talk of the hum,  
Hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,  
There’s nothing like liquor to make you hear hum.

So rest ye contented, content is the sum  
Of comfort and happiness, so wait for the hum,  
The good times are coming, so be of good cheer,  
Your ears for the humming you scarcely can hear  
With the hum. It will come, will the hum,  
Be joyous and hopeful, we’ll soon have the hum!



**The Denouement.**

The serio-comic tragedy in Quebec has reached a temporary close. Virtue, in the person of Mr. CHAPLEAU, has triumphed gloriously. The JOLY villain of the piece—he who dishonoured his Province by giving her decent Government, and wiping away a large portion of her debt, is flung headlong from office; and the noble minded and incorruptible FLYNN, who has made himself illustrious in the character of BENEDICT ARNOLD, rushes into the arms of the sickle genius of Quebec. The next act is to be performed when the general election comes on, and it wouldn’t surprise the world a great deal if JOLY should then come up smiling, and poetic justice be done all around.

**Political Nonsense.**

A certain French *Bleu*, full of art,  
Thought to get of the spoils a fair part,  
But when foiled in his game  
Quite *Ronge* he became,  
And declared CHAPLEAU’S grapes very *Tarte*.

A certain young Ottawa Mayor  
For a Government job did tendare,  
Which was clever, no doubt,  
For he stepped down and out  
With a couple of thousand per year.

**An Apology.**

Mr. GRIP regrets that by an inadvertence he gave it out in his last two numbers that the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE was seeking election for the riding of *East Durham*, when he should have said *West Durham*. He hopes that this unfortunate circumstance did not put the electors of the former riding to too much trouble and expense. If they have held a number of meetings and worked up a great excitement, and spent a large part of their valuable time in canvassing, on the strength of the erroneous announcement, of course it cannot be helped now, and the most GRIP can do is to offer this apology. Let us trust that the work done may not be altogether lost, however. It may do for the next general election.

The story of a “Broken Engagement” is of (one) match less interest.

“Well, I’m blown,” as the bubble said to the child. “I’m so ‘appy,” as the child said to the bubble.



**"HIS CUSTOMARY AT-TI-TUDE!!"**

"I ALTOGETHER DECLINE TO ACCEPT ON MY RE-ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE ANY MORE *STRAIGHTENED* CONDITIONS THAN HERETOFORE."

—Hon. E. Blake, at West Durham.



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A contented sheep is a good sign of settled weather.—[*Denielsonville Sentinel*.]

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex sports of this country.—*Marathon Independent*.

All that the American Navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Don't laugh at the cat for running round after her tail. She is only pursuing her end.—*Boston Transcript*.

Knows no bounds: A played out rubber ball.—*Yonkers Statesman*. Knows no bounce: A tramp.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Between keeping her sauce from working and her girls at work, the housewife has her hands full.—*Syracuse Times*.

One way to let people know you are not going to the poorhouse, is to wear rings outside of gloves.—*C. B. Lewis*.

A reporter on a daily paper got some good points recently by climbing over a spiked fence.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*

The chromo that comes with a package of tea is less a work of art than is the stuff called tea.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

If those who over-eat and those who half starve were to strike a balance, the world would be pretty well fed.—*New York Mail*.

Girls are wearing boys' hats, boys' ties, and boys' cravats.—*Yonkers Gazette*. And boys about their necks, the darlings.—*Lockport Union*.

When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sigh'n's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.—*Steuenville Herald*.

COURTNEY'S song: "Hop bitters 's my lot! How could these fellows do it! They sawed my boot in two, and no one there to glue it."—*Syracuse Herald*.

Some influential papers announce that they are "entered in the post-office as second-class matter," and they do not lie.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."—*Andrews Bazar*.

GASPERONI, a noted Italian brigand has recently died aged ninety; from which we infer that brigandage in Italy is ten per cent. below par.—*Steuenville Herald*.

The man who has got the sweetest little wife in the world is surprised to find that it takes just as much saccharine matter for his coffee, as it did before.—*N. Y. People*.

There are lots of men who have attained high reputation for strict attention to business, but the trouble has been it wasn't their own business.—*Marathon Independent*.

GEORGE R. WENDLING has named a new lecture "The Problem of the Ages." If he means the ages of the fair sex, and has really solved the problem, he is a genius.—*Chicago Journal*.

The only difference between a restaurant and a boarding house is that at one you order what you want, while at the other you order what you don't want.—*Lockport Union*.

Young man, a diamond pin looks real nice and glistens brightly, but when four dollars a week supports a man and pin both, one or the other is not genuine.—*Oswego Record*.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He never stopped to argue when his wife told him to get out of his warm bed and build a fire in the kitchen stove.—*Wheeling Leader*.

—Scarce do we bid adieu to ills  
That mark the reign of summer,  
Than premonitions bid us grieve  
The stove man and the plumber.  
—*Lowell Sun*.

Why will people insist in commending honest industry when they see, every day, that it brings thousands of masons, carpenters, and plasterers to the scaffold?—*Somerville Journal*.

An article is going the rounds treating on the best method of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three boys and three girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.—*Rome Sentinel*.

When you see evidences of hair on the lappel of a young man's coat, and the concave side of his sleeve worn threadbare, it is tolerably safe to conclude that he has been hugging something more than a delusion.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

No boy of ordinary ability, who has to manipulate the buck saw and axe, and furnish the family with fire wood, will think of going to work before he has selected a convenient place where he can hide the knots that split hard.—*Oswego Times*.

"Yes, Robert," said Mrs. Yeast to her young hopeful, "indulging in forbidden fruit in our neighbor's orchard, especially while a policeman is in the vicinity, is often attended by very unpleasant results. You may feel a very severe attack of collarer."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The engagement of Miss HELEN ASTOR, of New York, to Mr. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON is announced.

When DRAYTON Astor to be his,  
Miss HELEN grew quite happy,  
And warmed J. COLEMAN so by "yes,"  
He forthwith Astor Poppy.  
—*Lampton*.

They have found a big lot of ancient Roman coins, gold and silver, near Zurich, and you bet when the ancient Roman hears of it, he will be dreadfully sorry that he didn't spend the money instead of hiding it. Nobody will ever find any coins we hide.—*Hawkeye*.

A man has just died in the Portsmouth, N. H., poor house, who was 118 years old, and who had been an inmate of the poor house for 76 years. Young men, if you want to live to a good old age, quit your carousing and go to the poor house. It beats a liver pad.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

"Well, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year old son, the other night, "What have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket!"—*Ec*.

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, or pirate, or song and dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath of life were thentred on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Three or four pretty good men, pastors of Massachusetts churches preferred, are wanted immediately to go down to the Grand River Divide and talk pleasantly to the Ute Indians about the pleasures of peace and the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life. Good salary and short hours. Hair restoratives for sale at this office in pints and quarts.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"What is nobler than a man wrestling, his bread from the stubborn soil by the sweat of his brow and the break of his back?" asks a philosopher. We don't recall anything nobler at this moment, but we know what is a blamed sight more popular—hiring some other fellow to do it, while you sit on the fence and superintend him.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A "cap festival" is the latest social caper. Each lady makes two caps of paper cambric, one of which is sold for fifty cents, while the buyer seeks one to match it, and escorts the lady to supper. These "festivals" cap the climax in the way of offering a young lady an opportunity to "set her cap" for a man. The ingenuity of woman is past finding out.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fashion item says: "The drawers this year are made very short, and some have lace ruffles." Some fashion reporter has evidently been looking over our back fence at the clothes line. But they got awfully fooled. The shortness of those drawers was cause by the flannel shrinking and the lace ruffles the reporter noticed is where a calf chewed them when they were hanging out to dry last fall on Black Hawk Island, when a gun kicked us out of a boat. Some of these fashion reporter's think they are smart.—*Peck's Sun*.

An atom is indivisible and is a particle of matter; nothing is indivisible, therefore a particle of matter is nothing, and matter being composed of particles which are nothing is necessarily nothing, therefore the world and its people which are matter are nothing. Hence we are but creatures of imagination, which is a faculty of beings of nothing and consequently a creature of nonentity and—Professors HUXLEY and TYNDALL, will please take charge at this point and finish the train of thought.—*Steuenville Herald*.

### Love and Poetry.

A practical man of business, with a poetic fancy and an eye to the main chance, thus opened up the tender subject of matrimony to the girl he had his eye on:

"Can my darling wash the dishes?  
Can she scrub the kitchen floor?  
Will she keep on mending stockings  
When she hears the baby roar?  
Does her nose detect bad butter,  
With which the grocery stores abound?  
Tell me, darling, are you careful  
To keep tidy all around?"

And the equally practical maiden, in a straight-forward, mercantile manner, thus met him in his own vein:

"Can you black your boots, my darling?  
Keep the sidewalk clear of snow?  
Can you duly split the kindlings?  
Will you go to the market go?  
Can your eye detect the shoddy  
Of which tailors' shops are full?  
Tell me, darling, is your ulster  
Lined with cotton or with wool?"

Exchange.

**Evening Terrible Editorials.**

THE rag baby is growing stronger every day, and if the National Currency agitation were not already exhibiting signs of early dissolution we should be tempted to produce some unanswerable reasons why it were better to maintain our present banking system, or else abandon it for another. There can be no question that the time has come when powerful popular feeling in favor of an issue of government notes, would have great strength in some quarters, and might even lead Sir JOHN to look kindly on the schemes of Mr. WALLACE. At any rate it would be well if this question could be approached without bitterness, though when the unconquerable currency people are all either idiots or knaves it perhaps is as well to speak out boldly. It would be rash, however, to oppose them too decidedly, because by giving them every opportunity to create discontent, much may be done to render the country ready for changes which would either be advantageous or otherwise.

Mr. BLAKE has been returned for West Durham by acclamation. This is conclusive evidence that the Conservative party did not put a candidate into the field against him. Still they might have done so, and the lesson is that even the greatest statesman may be opposed from factious motives by either of the organized parties. The tyranny of GEORGE BROWN is the cause of a state of affairs so unsatisfactory to every one who has the interests of the country more at heart than the success of any particular set of politicians. We hail the opposition which was not offered to Mr. BLAKE as an indication that the Dictator can no longer be permitted to allow no brother near the throne. Still Mr. MACKENZIE has rendered services to Canada, which history will not forget even though the *Mail* should choose to decry them. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD will chivalrously welcome a great opponent into the House, even while he shows that he wishes he were dead and buried. Good men of all parties share with us the sentiments which we are thus impelled to express.

**The Lumber Question.**

LUMBERMAN No. 1—I go in for developing resources of the country.

LUMBERMAN No. 2—So do I. The country's got lumber. Well, cut it down and sell it. That's developing resources. Get the money for it.

No. 1—Yes, besides, a fellow needn't put much into it. Now, with factories, mills, or things of that kind, you have to erect expensive buildings, build often a lot of houses for workmen, and live here the year round. Not so in lumber.

No. 2—Not at all. A fellow may be a Russian, or a Yank, or anything. Just come here, buy a big timber limit, slash right in, hire a lot of the poor farmers round for some weeks, get some cheap French Canadians, chop down a forest right and left, get out all the logs, raft 'em off, sell 'em, go right home to your own country. That's the way.

No. 1—Yes, and one doesn't have to make a lot of fellows' fortunes, either, who don't thank him. Our men would generally make, one year with another, more money on their own farms in the end, if they stuck to them, and worked as steady there as they do for us.

No. 2.—And if the Government do think they get a good thing out of us, the country don't make extra. I tell you where I've gone, fire generally gets away the rubbish I leave, and after it works a week, there's the mighty little soil left for farm operations.

No. 1.—It wouldn't do to let it out, but I



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**RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH.**

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Engines," will be received at this office, up to noon on FRIDAY, the 5th of DECEMBER next, for the supply of Twelve Locomotive Engines. Plans, specifications and forms of tender can be had at the Mechanical Superintendent's office at Moncton. The Department not bound to receive the lowest or any of the tenders.

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary

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Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879 } xiv-1-2t.

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- 4  
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- 5  
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- 6  
*William Arthur Crawford.*
- 7  
*Miss Susie Wade.*
- 8  
*Byron W. Scott.*
- 9  
*William Shakespeare.*

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**BENGOUGH BROS.,**  
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tell you, there's very little pine left in the States, and less in Europe. If Canada chose now, and piled right in and took care of her timber, setting men to watch to keep fires down, fining fellows caught lighting them, and so on, and stopped selling at all except for a high figure, she could pay off her debt, dig her canals, and build her railways, with the timber that's left

No. 2—Very true, but don't mention it. By and bye, when it's all gone, they'll find out. In the meantime, let us make hay while the sun shines.

**The Amenities of British Ministers.**

*What Lord BEACONSFIELD considers:—*

That Mr. GLADSTONE is a revolutionary and wild person. That British foreign influence is best strengthened by sanguinary pictures of the terrible people residing in India, and other colonies, and the vast armies immediately available from Canada and elsewhere. That in asking the British workman for his vote, the most forcible persuasive is Beer, administered through the Licensed Victuallers. That in Diplomacy there is nothing like bluster. That politics are a bore in age, and when one has made a lucky hit it is better to retire, before misfortune might make a retirement resemble a flight.

*What Lord SALISBURY considers:—*

That the trouble in Ireland is the chief trouble of England. That this trouble has been produced by the persistent efforts of one individual, to improve the state of Ireland. That that individual is Mr. GLADSTONE. That that individual had better not be allowed a fresh lease of power, as it would deprive the present holders of the same, and might also possibly injure the country, or at least not do it much good. That Mr. GLADSTONE is, when out of office, a very inoffensive person.

*What Mr. GLADSTONE thinks:—*

That Lord BEACONSFIELD is a melancholy instance of the possible success of a most remarkable compound of audacity, impertinence, shallowness, want of statesmanship, garrulity, free-lance-ism, foppery, and a small amount of slippery cleverness. That the most dreadful results may follow if the chief power be retained in Lord B's hands. That such results have followed already, but are not generally discerned, owing to the dullness of a public bribed and muddled by interested Victuallers. That a renewal of the GLADSTONE administration would prevent these results. That a non-renewal of the same will effectually destroy the country. That he will in future, especially when Premier, not write more than nineteen post cards, forty-three letters, two five column reviews, six editorials, and five speeches daily.

Is your watch going?—It's gone!

The Spirit of the Times—Rye whiskey.

Remember the poor. Coal is very grateful this weather.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY says he hears the "hum" every time he buzzes a manufacturer.

*Grip* published weekly at Toronto, Ont., by Bengough Bros., is "about as lively as they make 'em." We are glad to welcome it as a regular visitor, and hope its editor may never lose the very strong *Grip* he has on the public.—*New York People.*



THE HUM HUNT.

SIR L. TILLEY—How do you find business, Mr. MANUFACTURER?  
 MANUFACTURER—Splendid; making lots of money!  
 WORKINGMAN—Yes; out of me!



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O! wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see ourselves as ithers see us!



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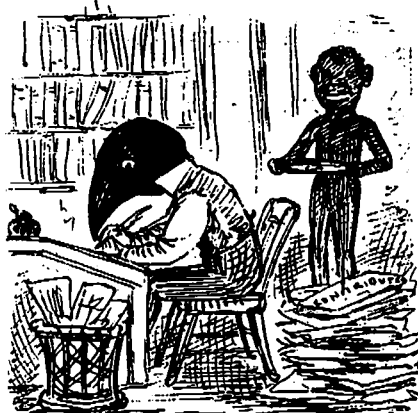
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Mr. GRIP—Tell His Excellency to call  
 some other time; I'm busy getting out my  
 Almanac for 1880.

Acrostic.

TO A HUGE FRAUD.

Chilly and cold's the weather,  
 Oh gracious! it is freezing,  
 Unless one's lungs are leather  
 Rowing must be displeasing.  
 Toronto sports may weep,  
 For now their chance is over  
 Ever to make a sweep,  
 Or Yankee stamps to go for.

The Duffer has out-duffered  
 His former actions quite,  
 EDWARD again has suffered,

Done by the feather white,  
 Uncle SAM's disgusted,  
 FRENCHY has brought his saw back,  
 Frauds who can't be trusted,  
 Even on the Potomac,  
 Retire e'er they get "busted."

GRIP, here's our tip!—Exchange. Thank  
 you brother, but we prefer Tom and Jerry

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 Will his imperial majesty order Grip to Siberia, or will  
 he treat him as a bird of omen. Grip may now be  
 considered a bird of passage—as he is on his way to St.  
 Petersburg. Pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Grip, and may  
 you be able to secure favor in the eyes of the Emperor of  
 all the Russias.—"WANDERING WILLIE," in *Chatham  
 Tribune*.