

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

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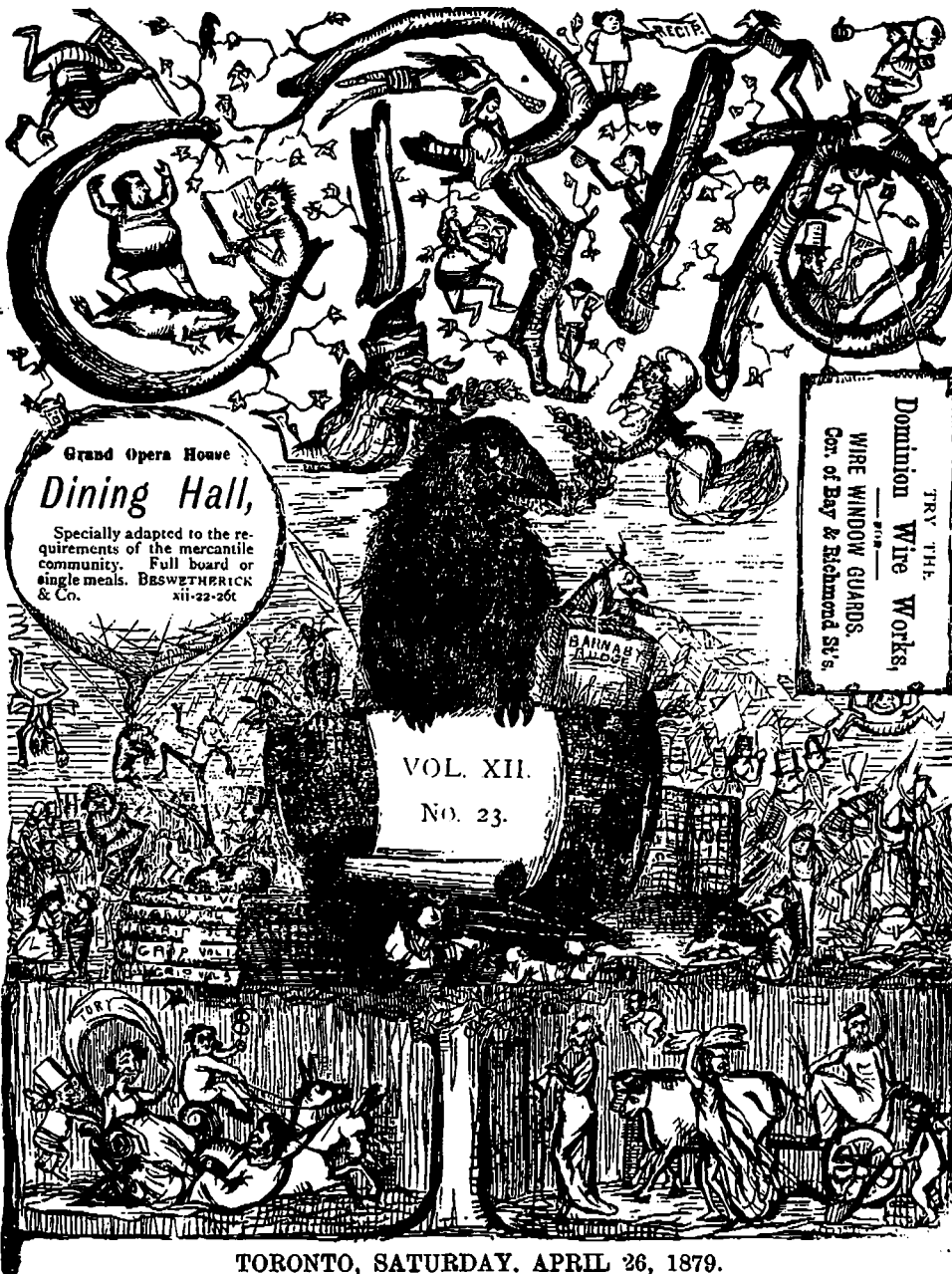
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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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## Stage Whispers.

The burlesque on "Pinafore," by the San Francisco Minsterels, has become one of the hits of the season. The music as rendered by the company is admirable.

JOE JEFFERSON says the acoustics of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, are very bad, while the Walnut Street Theatre is one of the best places to speak in in the country.

The vivacious ROSE EYTINGE is being sued by LEWIS MORRISON for calling him "a nigger, a liar and a thief." ROSE will find great difficulty in proving Mr. MORRISON a nigger.

JENNIE BLITZ (Mme. Van Zandt and Signora Ranzini) has been engaged for the Teatro Veggio, Turin, Italy, and was to have begun there as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni."

Mr. RUDOLPH ARONSON states that all of the money necessary for the erection of the Musical Pavillion which he intends to build in New York has been subscribed, and that he will proceed with the work at an early day.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE has been investing some of his mighty dollars in mining stocks. We need not follow the painful story. "I shall never go outside of my profession again," says Mr. FLORENCE with the utmost solemnity.

From Naples:—The five performances given by ADELINA PATTI at the San Carlo have not been so successful as the gifted lady's engagements generally are. The receipts of more than one fell below the 10,000 francs claimed by PATTI and NICOLINI every night. During the representation of "Rigoletto" there was even some hissing in consequence of certain cuts which had been made. Considering the prices of admission the audience thought they were entitled to hear the work in its entirety. The curtain had to be dropped in the third act, and the money taken was returned.

SARDOU'S "Andre Fortier," written for the Boston Theatre, has now been played three weeks, but appears to fall short of the great success expected. The ingenious and beautiful scenery is said to be its chief attraction. Although the play is placed in California at the time of the gold fever, all the characters are French and Spanish, not one being American. The tone is melodramatic, and the construction is only in parts equal to SARDOU'S usual works. There are dreary dialogues, and the translation of the author's French is not of the best. The conflagration, in which a powder flask is fired under an old aqueduct, thus releasing water that extinguishes the flames, is a marvel of stage mechanism, and invariably excites the audience to a remarkable pitch.

A dramatic correspondent thus speaks of the play of *Our Boys*, which is in the fourth year of its run: "It has evidently been too much for the actors. It might be imagined, and that by persons accustomed to the artistic conscientiousness of French acting, that such noted performers as Mr. WILLIAM FARREN and Mr. DAVID JAMES (the Sir Geoffrey Champneys and the Perkyrn Midlewick of the caste) would strive to maintain their respective impersonations to the level of their original merit. On the contrary, they hurry through their parts as though running a race against time. The dialogue, half the time, is converted on their lips into a meaningless gabble, guiltless of point, and unintelligible to at least one-half of the audience.



**PUBLIC ATTENTION** is directed to the following provisions of the Fishery Laws in the Province of Ontario:

PICKEREL [*Dore*] cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

MASKINONGE, cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

BASS cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

SPECKLED TROUT, BROOK or RIVER TROUT cannot be caught from 15th Sept. to 1st May.

SALMON TROUT and LAKE TROUT cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

WHITEFISH cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

Net or Seine fishing without licenses is prohibited.

Nets must be raised from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week.

Nets cannot be set or Seines used, so as to bar channels or bays.

Indians are forbidden to fish illegally the same as whitemen.

Each person guilty of violating these regulations is liable to fine and costs, or in default of payment is subject to imprisonment.

No person shall, during such prohibited times, fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any of the kinds of Fish mentioned above.

By order,

W. F. WHITCHER,  
Commissioner of Fisheries.

FISHERIES DEPARTMENT,  
OTTAWA, 2nd April, 1879.

xii-23-3t

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**"GRIP"** Now in its sixth year and Twelfth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical publications. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of *absolute independence* which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

### Press Notices of Recent Numbers.

"Grip" is becoming to be the representative humorous publication in the Dominion. It is published by Bengough Bros., at Toronto. The TIMES is glad to make it one of its associates. —Fulton (N. Y.) Times.

Twice as much *Grip*, and no increase in the price, is about the only good thing we have yet got under the N. P.—St. Thomas Journal.

The pictures illustrating *Grip* this week are of a kind that will tickle those having a predilection for comic political tibits.—Kingston Whig.

Toronto has a comic paper called "Grip," that is full of fun. The people of Toronto should see that they don't lose their "Grip."—Cincinnati Sat. Night.

"Grip," comes to us this week in an enlarged and improved form. Besides the usual full-paged cartoon it contains a number of smaller illustrations interspersed throughout the text. Both the reading matter and the illustrations in the number now before us are very clever, and fairly entitle it to be called the *Punch* of Canada. It is embellished with a portrait of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries which is accompanied by some very appropriate verses. *Grip* will now compare very favorably with its old established contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is certainly ahead of any of the professed humorous journals in the United States unless it may be the *New York Pack*. Canada has certainly good reason to be proud of having such a clever cartoonist as Mr. J. W. Bengough.—Patriot, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

## Literature and Art.

"The Memoirs of Mme. BONAPARTE, Written by Herself," will doubtless soon astonish a world that will consider GREVILLE'S Memoirs tame by the side of them.

Mr. SWINBURNE is to be a contributor to the new dramatic dictionary or encyclopedia, to be edited by Mr. THEODORE WATTS. Mr. SWINBURNE has made a special study of the Elizabethan dramatists.

The remainder of the books belonging to the library of CHARLES DICKENS have been secured by SCRIBNER and WELFORD. They consist principally of presentation copies from the authors to Mr. DICKENS.

FRANK MCGRAW, a colored boy, seventeen years old, living in Milwaukee, has shown unusual talent in painting, and has been taken in charge by the artists, who intend to give him every opportunity.

Arrangements have been made with D. APPLETON & Co. by HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., whereby the latter firm will publish the complete edition of BRYANT'S poems, uniform with their household edition of the poets.

The rejection of the picture of Mr. THOMAS MORAN by the Society of American Artists is the theme of gossip throughout the art and social world in New York, and Mr. MORAN is in a fair way to arrive at great popularity through the ill will of the society to which he has belonged.

There is to be seen at TIFFANY'S, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, a life-size statue in marble, by ROSETTI, of Rome, which is most beautiful and cannot fail to be exceedingly popular. It is entitled "Hidden Love," and represents a Cupid, partially enfolded in a veil, which covers the face and part of the body. The marble is tinted, and the rosy lips and roguish eyes are seen through its folds, while the rounded and dimpled limbs are so natural that one almost feels as if the touch of a finger would leave an imprint in the flesh. Two replicas of the statue have already been sold, although it has been on exhibition but a week.

A rather singularly written story is *Thos*, by GEORGE GRAHAM, published by the LOVELL Publishing Company, Montreal; price not given. The author calls it "a simple Canadian story," and he is not far out of the way. Its simplicity is, we think, its chief charm. It is not written to promulgate a theory, or demonstrate a fact; and is utterly devoid of plot or dramatic interest. It is a story, however, that interests a reader from its very homeliness, and was undoubtedly written by a newspaper man or woman. We suspect this last from the faithfulness to detail which characterizes it throughout. It is a wholesome story, and will be a welcome dish in a general bill of fare.

The *Saturday Review* which reluctantly gives Americans credit for superiority in anything, has testified in favor of the superior merit of American wood-engraving. It says: "Wood-cutting has been brought to a point of perfection it has never attained before. Some of the American engravers are far ahead of any on this side the Atlantic, and only want artists worthy of them to make a revival of the art of Bewick possible. We have not, at the present time in England, a single wood-engraver of the first rank, except for landscapes; but one or two of the French cutters are able to imitate steel engraving on blocks worthy of a better art.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

## The Parliamentary Alphabet.

A is for ANGLIN, who lately was Speaker,  
B is for BURKEE, a milder and mucker.  
C is for CARTWRIGHT, a fly off the wheel,  
And D is the warrior, bold Major DOUVILLE.  
E is for ELLIOTT, whom nobody knows,  
And F is for FARNER, who caws like the crows.  
G is for GILLMOR, who kicked up the touse,  
And H is for HOLTON, grandma of the House.  
I is for INNES, who was lately elected,  
And J is for JACKSON, whom South Grey selected.  
K is for KILLAM, whose name suggests fight,  
And L is for LANGEVIN, who may soon be a knight.  
M's for MACDONALD, MACKENZIE, MCKAY,  
And O is for ORTON, a maker of hay.  
P is for POPP, of Compton, of Queens.  
And Q is the QUERIST who doesn't know beans.  
R is for ROBERTSON, friend of pool sellers,  
And S is for SNOWBALL, most cheeky of fellers.  
T is for TILLEY, the chief of Finances,  
And V is for VALLEE, who shouts, howls and prances.  
W for WALLACE the Rag Baby's nurse,  
And Y is for YEO, who endeth my verse.

## Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS  
AND CELEBRATED MEN.

## III.—THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

In the year 1720, when GEORGE THE FIRST was King, there was a Grit ministry in power. This was, of course, a sad thing for the country; but, in addition to this, there was a great financial depression,—although we suppose that is only effect following cause, in accordance with the cast-iron laws of nature. It was just at this juncture of affairs that the great South Sea Scheme made its debut in history. This scheme achieved undisputed preeminence as the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on a civilized community, and maintained that reputation down to the date of the Steel Rail Purchase (according to the *Mail* historian) or the introduction of the N. P. (according to the *Globe*). In the present paper we purpose setting forth very briefly the facts, etc., of this S. S. S.

About 1710 a mercantile association had been incorporated for the purpose of doing business along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Whether this business was selling clams, carrying excursion parties, or starting newspapers, we are not aware, though it was probably the latter, as we are told that during the first ten years of its labors the

Company didn't make a cent. In the year first mentioned, Sir JOHN BLOUNT, a leading director of the Co., began to see a bonanza ahead. Sir BLOUNT was a man of wonderful financial ability—combining in himself the recklessness of a MACPHERSON, the profundity of a WYNNE, the hopefulness of a WALLACE, the unbounded credulity of a BUCHANAN, and the politeness of a HUGH ALLAN. This combined individual waited upon the Government of the day, and told the Finance Minister that he had a plan for clearing off all the national incumbrances. The Finance Minister asked him if his name was PHIRRS; to which he replied in the negative. He was then invited to sit down and explain himself. He did so. His scheme was, that the Government should grant certain commercial privileges to the Company, which would have the effect of raising the value of its stock, in return for which the Company would give the Government a *quid pro quo*. The Government, in the words of JOE RYMAL, M. P., a distinguished statesman of that day, "swallowed the bait, hook and line, hob and sinker." When the terms of the bargain leaked out, the Opposition raised a fearful row. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, a leading Grit, though now in Opposition, made furious speeches in the House, and was ably supported by MACKENZIE and others, who denounced the Scheme as a Pacific Scandal. Nevertheless, as old BLOUNT predicted, it was a big success. The Company's stock went away up out of sight, and the good times came back with such a sudden rush that most of the people went crazy. Nothing ever equalled the S. S. Scheme for bringing back good times instantaneously, excepting the Canadian National Policy of a later date. Speculation became rife—very rife, indeed. Everybody went into it, from boot-blacks down to professional politicians. The Company's stock bore a 1,000 per cent. premium and JOHN T. RAYMOND drew splendid houses with his great play of "Millions In It." Around this Scheme hundreds of others sprang up, and shares were sold faster than the clerks could hand them out. At one time the nominal value of the schemes afloat was more than twice the worth of all the land in the Kingdom, and five times as much as the currant cash of all Europe. Capt. WYNNE, Mr. WALLACE and Mr. BUCHANAN, the great inflationists, were almost wild with joy at this marvellous triumph of the rag-baby philosophy, and went swelling around the Royal Exchange with badges on their bosoms, inscribed "A Paper Currency is the Bulwark of Humanity." But before long the bubble burst. People began to hand in their paper checks and ask for specie payment, but the polite clerks informed them that they didn't want the paper currency, as they had a press in the back room and could manufacture all they needed. Then the people began to see where the joke came in, but several of them refrained from laughing. Messrs. WALLACE, WYNNE and BUCHANAN were torn limb from limb by the enraged masses, and thus became martyrs to the glorious cause of Greenbackism. Notwithstanding all which, it is said that the modern representatives of these three distinguished financiers, are following in the footsteps of their misguided ancestors, and courting the terrible doom that overtook them.

A WESTERN man is writing up fire places. He must be a grate author—*Ec*. Up fire places must be a very uncomfortable place to write. It wouldn't suit us as we'd be afraid of catching the in-flue-enza.

## Dominion Theatre, Ottawa.

## GRAND GIFT ENTERTAINMENT.

The Management have unlimited pleasure in announcing the continued success of the popular and successful performances now being given at this place of amusement, and respectfully apprise their patrons that the standard programme will be presented every

Afternoon and Evening, until further notice. All the old favorites in their attractive roles. Look at the array of talent:

PROF. JOHN A., the accomplished juggler, in his new and startling LETELIER Trick.

ALECK MACKENZIE, in his imitatively droll impersonation, entitled "The man out of Possession."

DAVY MACPHERSON, with his wonderful troupe of Educated Statistics, which will, at the word of command, assume any shape their master may wish, and prove anything he may desire.

DICK CARTWRIGHT, in his lugubrious performances on the Tariff.

TOM WHITE, in his great black face speciality, entitled "Jump Jim Crow."

SAMMY TILLEY, in his side splitting burlesque oration, "How I fooled BOYD wid de telegrams, and still dey wonder at Crime." This noted performer will also have the honor of introducing his trick pantomime entitled, "Humpty Dumpty's Drawback."

LUSH HUNTINGTON, in his new sketch, "The Copper Pirate, or Injured Innocence."

JIM DOMVILLE and WILL GILLMOR, in their great exposition of the manly art of Parliamentary Self-Defence. These famous bruisers will use hard gloves and language. The whole to conclude with the laughable performances of MACDONALD & MACKENZIE'S Combined Troupe of Puppets.

The Management have further to announce that, in connection with this *recherche* programme, they have introduced the popular feature of

## VALUABLE GIFTS!

to be distributed indiscriminately to their patrons. Amongst the beautiful and costly articles to be given away may be mentioned:

1. *A National Policy*; bran new, with all the modern improvements. This gift, though valuable to any possessor, is especially attractive to the working classes.

2. *A National Insurance Co.*, a most complete apparatus with which the fortunate recipient may be enabled to make any amount of money, and set at defiance the bloated bond-holding stock companies.

3. *A Rag Baby*, a most ingenious toy, well calculated to amuse the infantile mind.

4. *A Sugar Plum*, worth \$5,261,160. This gift is restricted to the occupant of the private box, and will be presented to that lucky individual in the shape of a tax on Sugar. N. B.—Mr. REDPATH, of Montreal, has secured the private box.

Besides many other attractions too numerous to mention.

In active preparation the Great Constitutional Tragedy.

## "THE MURDER OF ST. JUST,"

which will be produced with stage directions, scenery and effects from England. Our agent, M. LANGEVIN is at present abroad securing the accessories for the presentation of this thrilling piece.

MEN of the Time: Watchmakers.

SOLDIERS of the Line: Fishermen.

ALMS givers are hand-some people.

The boot-black is a bright and shining light.



Brave "Puck."

The above little sketch is a tribute to the wonderful nerve and heroism of the New York *Puck*, who, with true Democratic and Republican fearlessness, boldly throws mud at the Marquis of LORNE, notwithstanding the high rank of that nobleman, and the fact that only a few hundred miles of railway, an imaginary boundary line separate the daring journal from his very presence. The recklessness of *Puck* is still more wonderful when we remember that the Marquis cannot answer back, and that if he did attempt to show fight he would have to destroy the entire American army before he could reach the offender. *Puck's* pluck is incomprehensible to Canadian editors!

Worthy of a Poem.

Tweed, March 3rd, 1879.

To Charles Clairmont, *Sarnora*.

Can get Sisters of Charity from Kingston as nurses, provided authorities secure temporary hospital.

THOMAS DAVIS.

GRIP is sorry that he cannot have this brief telegram printed in gold, as it deserves to be. It is from a Catholic priest in an eastern Ontario county, to a citizen of a village in another part of his parish, in which it had been reported that small-pox had broken out in several *Protestant* families. No Catholic was known to be afflicted, but the reverend father, with a true Christian heart, in the presence of trouble became a pastor to all alike. It need scarcely be said that the Sisters of Charity gladly consented to go on this mission as soon as word was sent them, but happily it was found that there was no ground for serious apprehension as to the disease spreading. This manifestation of brotherly love must be grateful to all who have a regard for the well being of our country, as well as to the Protestant people of *Marmora*. GRIP lays aside his jester's garb to grasp the hand of good Father DAVIS and say, "God bless your reverence, would we had more like you in all the churches!"

ACCORDING to the *Bothwell Times* the Rev. Mr. BEE, of Toronto, preached three sermons in that town on Sunday last. This circumstance adds prophetic beauty to the lines of Dr. WATTS:

"How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour."

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM P TO Q.

MR. PRUNE, M. P., *Cataractus*.—Highly polished manner and great command of language, of the blank versy order. Has evidently aesthetic tastes, and mind romantic. Seems imbued with lofty thoughts, arising through long contemplation of grandeur of local scenery. Is heavy on poetical quota-

tions, seemed desirous of delighting Excellency with original sonnet of his own composition. Couldn't go it. Stand him off by looking at watches for time. Hon. member much interested in Kaministiquia River; delighted with river; as a river, compares its "delta" to that of the Rhine, Danube, Nile and other historical streams; but unfortunately it has a habit of filling up with mud every spring; is therefore in favor of P. A. Landing for terminus of Railway. Is a strong Conservative, and has lately been the victim of Grit turpitude. Has triumphed and is now "all serene." His constituency is the oldest, finest and most respectable in Ontario. He furthermore adds that its Capital has within its corporation the best pasture for cattle and ranges for artillery practice in the Dominion.

Mem.—Think there was a great lyrical poet lost when hon. gentleman unfortunately took to politics.

MR. QUIMAL, M. P., *Ramcaster*. This gentleman is apparently possessed of a vast fund of anecdotes which he seems desirous of recounting, though entirely irrelevant to the subject of conversation in hand. He likewise has the peculiar property of asking the most extraordinary questions. When asked as to the requirements of his constituents he said that one of them desired to be a Notary Public, when he (Mr. Q.) replied that he was glad of it, as he was no Tory himself and did not care how public the acknowledgement was made. Here hon. gentleman laughs, and looks enquiringly at Excellency, who seems puzzled. Asks me why does the Capital of Canada resemble JOSHUA of Holy Writ? Inform him I see not the slightest resemblance. Says the latter made the sun stand still, and "Ottawa's tide the trembling moon" Objects to Sir JOHN politically, and admires him as a domestic man. "He is so fond of TILLEY and the Baby." What on earth does he mean? Hope he's not crazy. Asked if he will kindly explain. Hon. gent. says its only his joke (!) Perhaps it is, but can't see where it lies. Governor looks grave. H. G. "smiles all over" and exit.

Mem.—Have learned since that this is the "funny member" of the House, *pur excellence*. Must enquire why.



A Czar-tain Remedy.

MR. GRIP feels for Russia in her present distracted condition. He sympathises with the poor Nihilists, whom "leagued oppression" has driven to the desperate extremity of insurrection, and he sympathises with the despotic, though feeble Czar, whose crowned head must lie very uneasily indeed, just now, if, in fact, he ever goes to bed at all. This feeling of compassion for all concerned has caused Mr. GRIP to give a few of his busy moments to profound consideration of the whole Russian question, and it is needless to state that the result of that consideration has been the conception of a sure and czar-tain method of settling the whole unpleasantness—a method which GORTSCHAKOFF could never have hit upon, with all his experience in statescraft. GRIP's plan, like all the inspirations of true genius, is very simple; it is nothing more nor less than this—Reconcile All the Antagonistic Elements. If the Diplomatic world here strikes an admiring and incredulous attitude, and anxiously asks, *But how?* GRIP, in reply, leads his old friend DUFFERIN into the presence of the troubled Czar, and addresses his Imperial Majesty to this effect: "Here, Mr. CZAR, is a gentleman who can do the job. You abdicate the throne in his favor, and let his genius for tickling the popular heart have full play, and if he don't pour oil on the Russhin' waters and have them all nice and calm within a fortnight, you may send me to Siberia. We had him out in Canada, and after five years he left our shores with the tender regard of both Grit and Tory; and Mr. CZAR, any man who can mollify the Canadian Grits and Tories will think it only child's play to tame the hearts of Nihilists. This is my specific. As the doctors say, give it a fair trial."

The Earl of Dunmore brought out a wedding march at the Opera in London on the 13th inst., which he was requested to compose in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught. He led the orchestra himself, and the march was pronounced a success.

It appears an English earl Can do something more than twirl A mere ornamental stick, for note the fact; In the operatic field DUNMORE did the baton wield, And has pleased the British public in the act.

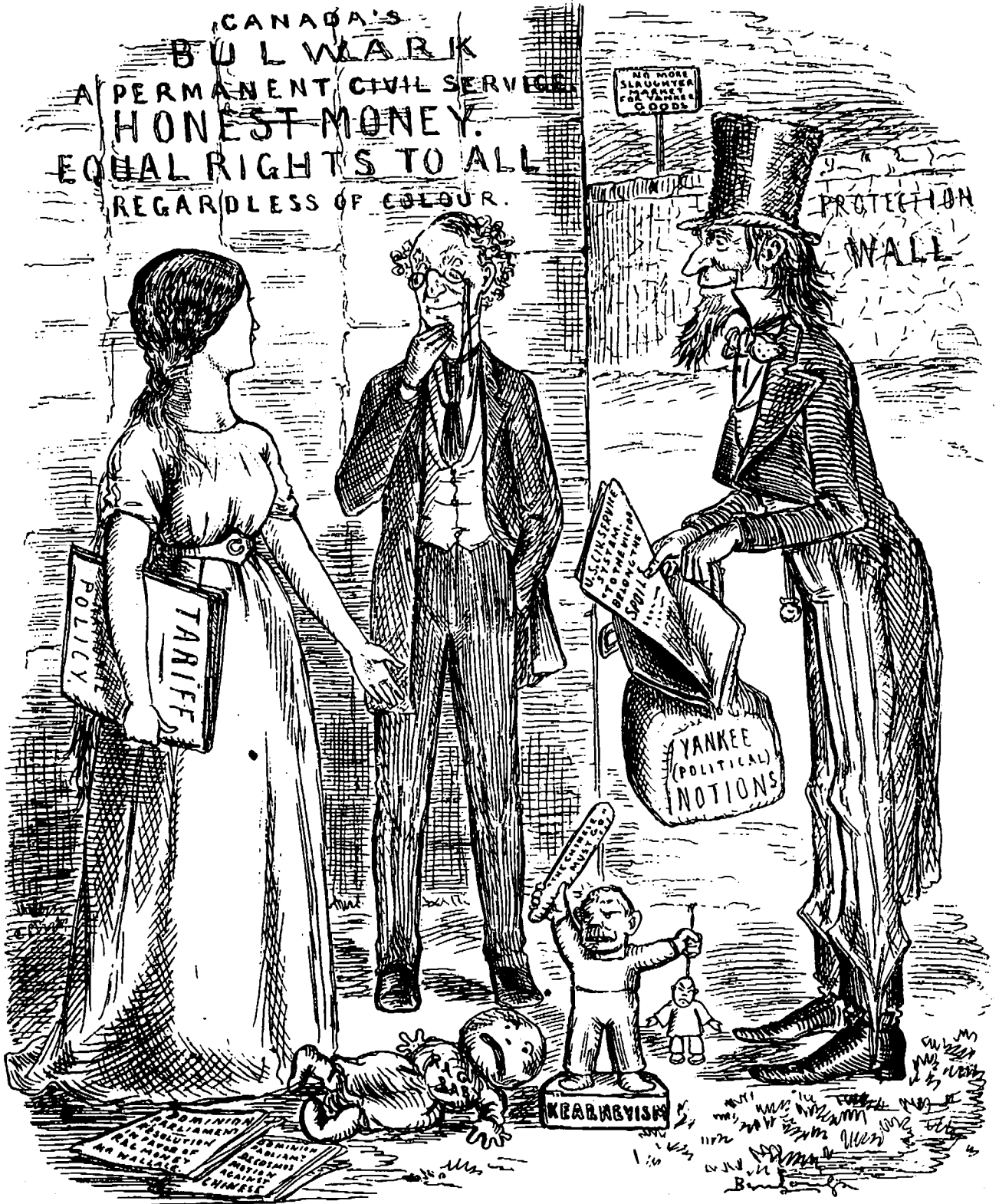
To compose and lead a Royal Wedding march was truly loyal; And though MENDELSSOHN might not approve the score; Yet let foreigners confess That, instead of doing less, Britain now can say with truth she has Dunmore.

A DETROIT baker wants to know what is the greatest knead of the hour? Our greatest need is to get bread cheap.



"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT!"

It is said that a party of twelve caught 144 suckers one night lately at the Don. "LARRY" says this *bait*s the police, who consider a dozen of the species a large haul. Perhaps they are not always a-fishin'(). But doesn't this strike the reader as rather a gross transaction.



**GOODS PROHIBITED, BUT EVILS ADMITTED.**

MISS CANADA.—NOW MR. PREMIER, I DON'T PROPOSE TO ALLOW THIS COUNTRY TO BE MADE A SLAUGHTER-MARKET FOR AMERICAN IDEAS, ANY MORE THAN FOR AMERICAN GOODS.



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The shad is the Bonypart of the finny tribe.—*Boston Transcript*.

Come gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, c—at-choo!—*N. Y. Express*.

Circus clowns this year will appear in fool dress.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A good name is rather to be chosen than an Indian agency.—*Rochester Courier*.

Toast by our Irish friend—Massachusetts, may she ever Cape Cod.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.—*N. Y. Star*.

It is no longer wicked to go the theatre. We predict a great falling off in attendance.—*Rochester Express*.

Walking against time—colliding with a hall clock when getting upstairs in the small hours.—*N. Y. Mail*.

"I study two pleas," remarked the judge when the case was left to his decision.—*Oswego Record*.

Be Sirius and tell us how Saturn got into the Ring? Why Venus sat-a-lite for him.—*Phil. Transcript*.

A Rochester mule kicked a tub of butter, but it was too strong, and broke the mule's leg.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The Pope talks English fluently to American visitors. And quite a number of them understand it.—*Danbury News*.

A young goat may never have a propensity for stealing, yet when he's asleep he's a kid napping.—*Hackensack Republican*.

How ridiculous it is to see a tramp "out in the cold world" with fire in his eye and benzine on his breath.—*N. Y. News*.

There's many a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail keg in a corner grocery.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Nature is drunk; the very buds are on the "bust."—*Waterloo Observer*. She is simply having her "Spring opening."—*Ottawa (Kan) Republican*.

"MAY MYRTLE:" Somebody has been stocking you with falsehoods. BARNUM's fat woman doesn't wear a magna garter.—*Widdit Gray*.

As the base ball season approaches there is a lamentable falling off in the attendance upon the average Sunday school.—*St. Louis Times-Journal*.

The lady who orders the clerk to send home that spool of thread can generally carry a scuffle of coal up three flights of stairs.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The attraction between the small boy and the mud puddle is daily augmented. The mud puddle is something to add mire.—*Marathon Independent*.

A Whitehall dog tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours, on Thursday. He made 347 laps and lipped over the dish.—*Whitehall Times*.

It is understood that a distinguished bigamist in Illinois proposes to get married one thousand times in one thousand quarter hours.—*Buffalo Express*.

They have discovered a tree in South America that gives milk. A Yankee would make pumps out of the wood and get a patent.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Tramps would be more numerous than ever, were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The admiration we have for ourselves is only equalled by the commiseration we feel for those who are too short-sighted to perceive our virtues.—*Erratic Envy*.

A domestic named ANGELICA JORDAN has passed over her last name and become a part of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil.—*Norristown Herald*.

When your wife falls asleep by the fire, take the tongs and poker.—*Exchange*. Perhaps a shovel wake her.—*Boston Post*.—But that might fender gratefully.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Young man know thyself. A \$12 silk hat looks well on some persons, but we can't say it becomes a fellow whose salary is too weak to stand up to \$1 a day.—*Oswego Record*.

"It may be," says HEFFELSPIN, "it may be that a man and his wife are one, but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board bill the landlord doesn't think so."—*Home Sentinel*.

It is printed as something remarkable that "glass clothing is now manufactured in Germany," whereas in this country glass has long been used for sashes!—*Cutskill Recorder*.

From the fact that NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, we may infer that business had been pretty dull and he had insured the old place for all it was worth.—*N. Y. World*.

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Herald P. I.*

The old, old story.—Rev. Mr. BEARDSLEY, of New Milford, was offered \$100 for his cow. He refused it, and shortly after the cow died. When will the populace learn wisdom?—*Danbury News*.

A few years back when times were hard, the collectors were among the greatest pedestrians, but they never made any uproar about it. Then a collector would walk 2,700 miles and go 2,700 times for 2.70 cents.—*Quincey Modern Argo*.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that GAMBETTA's father once sold oranges. Well and what of it? If his son fell so low as to become a statesman, must his honorable father who sold oranges bear the blame?—*N. Y. Express*.

Paragraphers may yet have cause to combine against the Chinese. Ah SIN, a Sixth street laundryman, winked his almond eye the other day and remarked that he wasn't the biggest Ah Sin the world after all.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

It is asserted that sleep first begins at the feet and thence extends to the rest of the body.—*Exchange*. This foot rule won't work. If it was true a Chicago man could not get asleep until the middle of the next day.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A Wisconsin editor has just died of apoplexy superinduced by over-eating, and all the other journalists in that section are dying of envy.—*San Francisco Post*.

PAUL BOYTON is now on his way down the Mississippi river, but the States bordering on that stream haven't as yet offered a reward for the steamboat that runs him down.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald*.

"Illustrious potentate," says the King of Siam to his guest, General GHANT, "are you to be the next emperor of America?" Then smoked ULYSSES mused a little while in silence, and made answer very gravely, "Yes, Siam."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

MISS JULIA E. SMITH of the famous Glastonbury sisters, aged 87 years, is married. Miss SMITH fought hopelessly all her life for representation at the polls, and now she is married. This shows to what extremes a woman will go to win her purpose.—*Danbury News*.

It has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A diamond weighing 400 karats—the largest in the world—was recently found in India. During the past few weeks the owner has received twenty-seven letters from young Americans who will act as clerks at seaside hotels the coming season. It is easy to imagine the object of the missives.—*Norristown Herald*.

By securing a divorce, Mrs. BRIGNOLI allows her husband to keep on the even tenor of his way.—*Lowell Courier*. But she alleged that his ways were base.—*Boston Traveller*. And she was alto-gether too sharp for such a flat.—*Danbury News*. The fact is old BRIG. put on too many airs. But, give him a rest; he is over the C.

It is going to cost England \$10,000,000 to kill ten or a dozen Zulus. It costs more to kill a Zulu than it does an Indian. Our government never pays more than \$200,000 for killing an Indian; and a white man—well in this country you can kill a white man for almost anything you are able to pay a lawyer.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

Emotional plays affect men and women differently. A woman will sit through a five act tragedy and use five or six handkerchiefs in weeping over the woes of the heroine. A man rushes out between the acts, bares his fevered brow to the night air and lets the dew fall on him. The dew gathers mostly on the mustache.—*Binghampton Republican*.

The politicians of Lower Canada are crying "havoc" and may at any moment let slip the dogs of war if LEBELLIER is not at once removed. The Montreal *Witness* publishes an interview with Alderman THIBAUULT of that city, who had just returned from Ottawa, and the way the Alderman of that city talks is enough to make England tremble in its shoes. He talked about striking for liberty and a grand rally for independence. We gather from his remarks that Canadians will no longer be slaves. They will never, never put up with British tyranny. At least, "hardly ever." "You will see striking events before long," said the blood-thirsty Alderman to the quaking reporter, "just a very little will lose this province to England." When BEACONSFIELD hears this he will, very likely, want to sell England for what it will bring.—*Detroit F. P.*

**An Episode in the Life of a Statesman.**

BILL SMITH made his pile in the mines,  
And sighed for love and fame;  
But alas! how could he hope for them  
With his plebeian name?

"Why have immortal longings high  
This bosom often stirred?  
BILL SMITH," he sighed, "must never be  
One of the common herd."

And then he struck a paying lead—  
That is, got an idea,—  
And away unto the Capitol  
Right smartly he did steer.

"O change my name!" he loudly cried,  
To the legislators there.  
"Down with the dust and we'll change it or bust!"  
The members all did swear.

"AMOR DE COSMOS! What a name!  
Three languages you've pruned;  
But you pays your money and takes your choice—  
Ten ounces you must stand.

The gold was paid, the bill went through  
Till near its latest stage,  
When a member an amendment moved  
That filled BILL SMITH with rage.

"I move," said he, "to amend the bill,"  
And broadly he did grin,  
"By striking out all after *De*,  
And putting MUGGINS in."

"AMOR DE MUGGINS!" yelled the House,  
And laughed and roared with glee,  
At the frightened face of poor BILL SMITH,  
Which peered from the gallery.

But lobbyists worked, and WILLIAM coaxed,  
Champagne did freely run,  
And the motion was lost and the bill was passed—  
The majority only one.

**Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.****TORONTO—(Continued).**

Probably the most pleasing characteristic of Toronto, and one for which it is justly celebrated from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is the great number and splendor of its different

**PARKS,**

the chief of which, beyond doubt, is "The Queens Park." Let us enter at the Queen street avenue leading thereto, and proceed northerly on its magnificent concrete pavement. On either side is a line of stately trees, the prolific horse-chestnut, so deceiving to the juvenile eye and taste; and the towering poplar, which sheds in its season its umbrageous favors on the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" suits of the visitors, and which, strange to say, is actually maligning by some of them as a nuisance! But of course there are people who will grumble at any favor unasked for by them (except, perhaps, a donation of "filthy lucre"), and would doubtless growl if all the scented rose blossoms of

**THE VALE OF CASHMERE**

were showered upon them. But let us proceed. On arriving at the southern limit of the Park proper, you may behold on every side aristocratic mansions, each with its "paddock" and closely shaven lawn, presenting a very pleasing and strikingly handsome appearance; indeed they are considered of so much value to the common people from an æsthetic point of view, that the city authorities subject them to a merely nominal tax, much to the disgust of the chronic grumbler before mentioned, who can't by any means "see it in that light." Looking to the north, you will behold a brace of

**BIG GUNS,**

pointing in line with the top of your head. Be not alarmed; they have not been loaded since their capture by "our troops" at the fall of Sebastapol. We are not just now quite sure what corps distinguished itself in

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.****PASSENGERS**

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Should remember that this is the most comfortable and direct route; and the only line in Canada running the CELEBRATED DINING CARS, in connection with the Michigan Central R. Rd., between Suspension Bridge and Chicago. Wagner's Sleeping Cars attached to all Night Trains, Parlor Cars to Day Trains.

THROUGH TICKETS by this Popular Route can be obtained at Lowest Rates at All Principal Stations, and from Agents representing the Line throughout Canada.

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**MAIL CONTRACT. TENDERS.**

Addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

**FRIDAY, 2ND MAY, 1879.**

For the conveyance of Letters, Papers, &c., between the several Street Letter Boxes in the City of Toronto, and the Toronto Post Office, on a proposed Contract for Four Years from the 1st July next.

Conveyance to be made in suitable Vehicles, to be approved of by the Department, drawn by one horse or two horses, at the option of the Contractor.

A full description of the Service required, and further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Toronto Post Office, and at the office of the undersigned.

MATTHEW SWEETNAM,

Post Office Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, }  
Toronto, 26th April, 1879. } xii-21-31.

**A Pity.**

"I remember the late Sir Henry Dalwer telling me that if I wished to be the most popular man in England I had only to get some one to kick me down Regent Street every consecutive morning for a month."—*London Truth.*

It is a pity that this most snobbish of modern egotists, LABOUCHERE, hadn't taken the advice of SIR HENRY, who, of course, was his personal friend—(the paragraph is probably only written to convey that idea)—because if he had secured a popularity in that way everybody would have rejoiced. The man who did the kicking, however, would hold the warmest place in the popular heart.

this act of gallantry, but we believe both the Queen's Own and

**THE TORONTO FIELD BATTERY,**

lay claim to that honor, and both have volunteered to the home authorities to "do it again," should the exigencies of war demand their martial services. The Park is ornamented by magnificent oaks, spared at its laying out from the primeval forest, and its appearance from the banks of the tumultuous stream dividing it from the University grounds is unsurpassed and most enchanting to the beholder.

On Sundays it presents quite a sacerdotal appearance, from the number of amateur theologians who air their peculiar views before a rather nomadic and ever-changing congregation, who, however, appear to enjoy the somewhat startling addresses of the *al fresco* divines. Here we may remark that our friend the "growler" comes in again, and says he objects to all this unorthodox rant, and would greatly prefer the Park in normal quietness. However, there is no doubt it is a favorite place of resort: so much so that the "peelers" are at times obliged to turn out the too strongly fascinated frequenters who remain beyond the prescribed time. We will not dwell on the beauties of Victoria Park, reached by boat east of the city; nor LORNE Park, also reached by boat on the west, nor

**HIGH PARK.**

reached, (we forget how, but would suggest a walk)—which, though as yet almost in embryo, have, as a set off, a rustic simplicity quite charming, where the admirer of nature can at his leisure watch the gambols of the sprightly chipmunk, while he listens with delighted ears to the tuneful bullfrog chanting his plaintive lays in the waters of the adjacent streams.

**New Novels.**

An enterprising publisher has sent us the following:—"The Unlucky Pedestrian" by the author of "The Last of his Race;" "Going thro' the Whiskey" by the author of "Coming thro' the Rye." "The Unscrupulous Office Seeker" by the author of "Put Yourself in his Place;" "Scabbard and Nightcap" by the author of "Sword and Gown;" "Unlimited Loo" by the author of "Little Loo;" "Chased by a Bull" by the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson;" "The Itinerant Preacher" by the author of "The Perpetual Curate;" "Uncle Jim" by the author of "Anteros;" "Five Hundred Miles on Foot" by the author of "Round the World on Check;" "The Lady Killer" by the author of "The Dear Slayer."

**Flambeau Flashes.**

CAKES that are always frosted—cakes of ice.

CAN back teeth be considered merely inside-dentals?

THE pensioner is mightier than the sword.—*N. Y. Herald.*

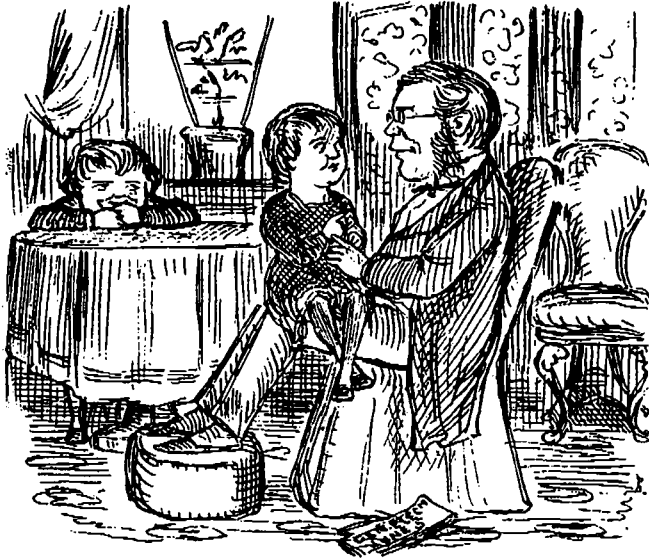
CAN a book on the "language of flowers" be called a book, ah?

If your shoe's tore go to a shoe store and get it repaired.

WHY is an impudent boy like a certain carpenter tool? Because he's saw, see?

THE eyes through which country magistrates generally look—Assize.

WHERE did VICTOR HUGO? Does BISMARCK time correctly?



A "HOME"-THRUST.

*Juvenile.*—SAY, UNCLE OLIVER, ARE YOU GOING TO A WALKING MATCH?  
*Uncle Oliver.*—WHY, NO, MY DEAR; WHY DO YOU ASK?  
*Juvenile.*—CAUSE MY BROTHER JIMMY SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WALKING TICKET IN JUNE!



TORONTO HUNT CLUB SKETCHES.—No. I.

*Scene.*—PARKDALE.  
*De Muggins*—(who has lost the other fellows)—SAY, SONNY, DID YOU SEE A LOT OF HUNTERS PASS THIS WAY?  
*Small Boy.*—LOT HUNTERS? YESSIR, THE'S CROWDS OF 'EM HERE EVERY DAY.



"There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

This was quite true in Shakespeare's time but Art is like everything else in this fast age, progressive; so that by the aid of Photography, the powers of mind combined with visible expressions of character, and all the cardinal virtues are clearly delineated in the portraits taken at the Photo Art Studio of **J. BRUCE & Co.**, 118 King Street West, Toronto.

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THOSE DOWNING ST. CLERKS.

*MR. LANGEVIN* arrives in London and presents his card in the Colonial Secretary's ante-room.

*THE CLERK.*—From Canada, hey? Business with 'Er Majesty's Government? Anythink with reference to this Canadian sculler, 'Anlan?

*OUR Funny Contributor* thinks that the practice of marking down the placards in the dollar stores to ninety-nine cents is a cents less proceeding. It was probably done to meet the views of people who look a long while at a dollar.

*'ARRY* has been reading the contents of our waste basket and thinks writers of spring poetry ought to be arrested as lunatics at large, and puts to us the following legal point: "If spring poets should go (w)inter the dock ough't em to be tried summery by the *Devizen* of the police court, or fall under the *Jury's* diction of a higher court?"

**VERNON,** MANUFACTURING JEWELLER, 159 YONGE STREET. Watches and Clocks repaired. Pipes Mounted. xii-19-8t

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