

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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VOL. XII.

No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

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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.

Miss CLARA MORRIS is going to attempt *Lady Macbeth* next season.

The *Phila. Bulletin* says "What, never?" has become a sort of *Pia-aphorism*.

IRVING is going to play the *Corsican Brothers* as soon as he gets through with *Hamlet*.

Mr. TONY PASTOR has caught the fever and is out with a burlesque, the *Canal Boat Pinafore*.

The presence of MOJESKA may account for the recent Polar wave in this latitude. — *Cincinnati Commercial*.

We learn from a Kingston paper that Mr. JAMES GREEN'S venture with his *Henry V.* combination has failed for want of patronage. The company broke up after seeing Ottawa.

GEORGE the Count JOANNES did *Lord Dunsyre* to a large audience the other night, and as nobody killed him he probably thought the representation a great success. — *Buffalo Express*.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT has entered an action for libel against a Paris journalist, who declared that the paintings to which she signed her name are the work of another artist.

W. S. GILBERT owns theatrical New York at present. His *Pinafore*, *Engaged* and *Sorcerer* have held the stage there for some time, and now there is talk of bringing out his *Palace of Truth*.

The Rev. EDWARD EGGLESON has dramatised the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and purposes having it played in the lecture room of the Church of Christian Endeavor, Brooklyn. Rev. Ed. ought to appear as *Mr. Worldly Wiseman*.

There being no six-day international pedestrian contest on the programme this week, our theatres ought to do a right smart business. Fifty thousand dollars taken out of their pockets in one week! Think of the absurdity of it! — *Clipper*.

Mr. BENJAMIN PORTER, an actor in the WARDE and BARRYMORE *Diplomacy* combination, was deliberately shot dead by a Texas rough named JIM CURRIE, at Marshall, Tex., on March 20th. Great indignation is felt throughout the South, and the murderer is safe to hang, as he ought.

There seems to be no longer any doubt that the great Italian tragedian, Signor SALVINI, will reappear on the New York stage next season. He will play at BOOTH'S Theatre, which will then probably be under the directorship of Mr. DION BOUTICAULT. Signor SALVINI has added the roles of *King Lear* and *Macbeth* to his already large repertory.

Mlle. FAVART has been on the point of severing her long connection with the Comedie Francaise, Paris. She had undertaken to give five performances at Monte Carlo, but was refused leave of absence; indeed, M. PERRIN, when he heard of her intention, caused "Le Fils Naturel" to be announced for the night she should have left Paris, and her departure thus became impossible. The lady, remembering with jealous indignation that the permission refused in her case had been granted in that of Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, at once sent in her resignation; but the committee of the Comedie was too gallant to accept it. Mlle. AGAR has retired from her brief engagement at the Francais, and henceforth Mlle. FAVART, having at last resigned herself to play "mother's" parts, will fill her role in "Les Fourchambault."

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Notes of Music.

It is reported that Sig. MARIO, the famous tenor, has become insane. His family deny the rumour.

Miss KELLOGG keeps her name before the public by announcing her intention to live in Europe when she quits the stage.

In everybody's mouth—"Sweet little buttercup pie." — *Times* Post.

Ole BULL is again going to Europe and announces one of those "Farewells" for March 24, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

Miss LILLIAN NORTON, who accompanied GILMORE'S Band to Europe, was a few days ago to have made her debut in opera in Milan, Italy, as *Zerlina* in "DON GIOVANNI," under the pseudonym of GIULIO NORDI A.

A remarkable presentation of "H. M. S. Pinafore" is soon to be given in Boston, with Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY as *Captain Corcoran*, Mr. TOM KARR as *Rolph Rackstraw*, and Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS as *Little Buttercup*.

The great singer of past generations, PAULINE GARCIA, has two daughters, Mlle MARIANNA VIARDOT and Mme CHAMEROT VIARDOT, who are charming vocalists. They recently appeared at a concert in Paris, accompanied by their mother as pianist.

JAMES M. SUTHERLAND, known to the theatrical world as "Senator BOB HART," minstrel orator, was lately baptised at the Berean street Baptist church, New York. He has renounced the stage and is going to devote himself in the future to the gospel ministry.

Miss AVONIA BONNEY of Boston has recently achieved a noteworthy success in Italy, in Verdi's "Ermani." She is a granddaughter of GEORGE the Count Joannes, of New York, has been studying abroad for several years, and the Italian press praise her voice, executing and acting.

Miss EMMA THURSBY has been singing to a very pleased audience at the concert of the Philharmonic Society in London. Joachim was the violinist of the occasion. The house applauded Miss THURSBY wildly, and the *Times* observed next morning that she evinced technical accomplishments of the highest order.

To our remark that *Pinafore* produces less laughter than any other comic opera we have ever heard, the *Boston Com. Bulletin* comments: "Entirely a matter of taste." From this we infer that the C.B. man is one American—though perhaps he is an Englishman or a Russian—in ten thousand who laughs at the jokes in the London comic weeklies. *Pinafore* is enjoyable, but we repeat that it is not funny. The music floats the craft. And scores of exchanges agree with us. — *Norr, Herald*.

RUBINSTEIN is in a turmoil over alleged unfair treatment by BARON HULSEN, manager of the Royal Theatre at Berlin. At one of the rehearsals of RUBINSTEIN'S new opera "FERAMORS," Frau MALLINGER, the prima-donna, who had to sing during the ballet, suddenly refused, fearing that her voice might be affected by the dust arising from the performance of the dancers. RUBINSTEIN became so excited at her declaration, given in accordance with a previous agreement with the Baron, that he threw down the music and abruptly left the house, denouncing the theatre as a barracks wherein there was no appreciation of good compositions.

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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.

To Correspondents.

SUBSCRIBER, *St. Mary's*.—Very good indeed; come again.

CHATHAM, *A.B.*—Will write you soon, meantime, "keep your goose quill a floppin'."

HON. C. F. FRASER.—Your proposal to get up a foot race open to the Local Members is premature. You will probably have more running than you care about next June.

G. B.—The word "hoax" does not mean "pictorial representation of an awkward predicament," as you suggest; it means an attempt to deceive the farming or the cab-driving community.

The N.P. Catechism.

Respectfully dedicated to the Government,

By ZEDEKIAH TIMBERTOP, B.A.F.

Ques.—If a duty of 50 cents per barrel be placed on flour and 10 cents per bushel on wheat imported, will it increase the price of flour in this country to consumers?

Ans.—No; because the noble minded farmers and millers of Canada won't take advantage of the duty, and won't charge any additional price for their goods; and should the millers require to import wheat, they will be quite willing to pay the duty out of their own pockets for the benefit of their fellow countrymen!

Ques.—If a duty of 40 cents per barrel be placed on corn-meal, will it increase the price to consumers, especially the poor man?

Ans.—No; because although not much Indian corn is grown in this country (the country for the most part not being well adapted for its growth on a large scale), the farmers, from purely disinterested motives, and in a spirit of self sacrifice, will immediately begin the cultivation of this cereal, to the exclusion of better paying crops!

Ques.—Why should a duty of 50 cts. per ton be placed on hard coal; and can soft coal be used in the same manner as hard coal?

Ans.—A duty of 50 cts. should be placed on hard coal because we have none in the Dominion, but if no stop were put to our consumption, the supply might become exhausted! Soft coal cannot be used in the same manner as hard coal, but that should not be taken into consideration, as the N.P. will "readjust" the whole matter.

Ques.—If peaches be taxed 40 cts. per bushel—the duty on vegetables be increased to 20 per cent., will it increase their price to consumers?

Ans.—No; Because nature will at once accommodate herself to the N.P. and peaches etc., will now be grown all the year round in Canada, as far north as the 75th parallel, which will include the new grain port for the N.W. Territories.

Ques.—Will the sugar duties under the new tariff raise the price to consumers?

Ans.—No; because we will immediately begin to refine for ourselves, and the refiners are to give the public the benefit of all duties, especially the increase—and no more colossal fortunes are to be made in the trade.

Ques.—What is the duty of the people of a country which does not produce everything required for their maintenance within itself?

Ans.—The duty of a people so situated is to elect a Government having a National Policy.

Ques.—What is a National Policy?

Ans.—A National Policy is doing your best to prevent your neighbour from supplying you with what you can't grow or manufacture for yourself, and to generally increase the cost of living.

Ques.—Is this consistent with the received axiom of what good government should be, viz., "The greatest good for the greatest number?"

Ans.—Yes; for the greatest number is No. 1.

Horace, Odes, Bk. I, 9.

I.

Reminiscences of Mutual Admiration.

HE.

As long as I met wid no rivals in wooing ye,
Ne'er a thought had I av trouble or care;
Sure I laughed at the threats av Dame Fortune to ruin me;
I was ready to fight for a lock av yer hair.

SHE.

As long as ye loved me, and regular called me
The salt av yer prattles, and light av yer eye;
My mistress as regular threatened to scald me,
For castin' shape's glances when ye were near by.

II.

Mutual Scorn.

HE.

Now I've taken a shine to Miss CATHERINE FLANIGAN,
She's a voice like the nightingale, eyes like the sloe;
I called on her last night, I'll go back when I can again;
She's the cook for my money, her cake's niver dough.

SHE.

BARRY LAFFERTY now is the lad that is courtin' me;
At the hate of his passion my bosom grows warm;
He's so fond that from mass he's for ever escortin' me;
Och! he's lousy wid money and owns a big farum.

III.

Reconciliation.

HE.

MOLLY dear, li's be frinds, what's the use av yer banterin'
Me wid this tale av the wealth av yer beau?
May the Devil take KATE on his back and go catherin'
Off to bake cakes for the jintray below.

SHE.

Though BARRY's politeness itself in comparison,
And ye'r stingy as mud wid what little ye own;
Av ye ask me to wed ye, I'll jilt the whole garrison,
And "laugh and grow fat," on a crust and a bone.

TABLEAU—*Sung Cabin in the distance.*

A short time since a son of Mr. James Turne, Brantford, drove a nail through the wall of one of the rooms, to his intense surprise a stream of honey, pure as crystal came oozing out. Further examination revealed a stock of the delicious store sufficient to supply an ordinary family for a year.—*Exchange.*

Sir JOHN has more than fulfilled his promises. The N.P. was to make the land flow with milk and honey, but here we have sweetness and abundance flowing out of roughcast houses!

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO.

WHEN JACQUES CARTIER and SEBASTIAN CABOT were cruising along the coast of the Maritime Provinces, and their Geological Staff were looking for coal deposits,—long after Father HENNEPIN, LA SALLE and other adventurers, journeying by canoe and portage from the head waters of the *Grande Riviere*, now the Ottawa, until they struck what is called in the vernacular of the country the "Upper Missisip," Toronto, the Queen City of the West, was represented by an unbroken forest. The Island was sacred to the wild duck, the beaver and the fiery gazelle. HANLAN was not yet born. BYRON had not yet written the memorable line,

"I stood with Hamlan on this place of skulls."

The old Windmill—(here we must draw a line, as indicating an epoch in our city's history)—was not built. GOODERHAM & WORTS had not erected their colossal structure, which has for so many years contributed so largely to the revenues of the country, and the number of convictions in the Police Court. There was no University, no U. C. College, no Trinity School, no Normal School, no Church Society, no *Mail*, no *Globe*, no GRIP, no nothing. Nothing except the long vista of hemlock and cedars, following the outline of the shore, the brightness of the former relieving the darker greenness of the pines, which served as a back-ground to this picture of solitude. (Ahem!). In this primeval condition it remained until Governor SIMCOE, struck by the beauty of the site, pitched his tent here.

Early in its history this place was called Muddy York, but since the accession to power of a Council which keeps the streets clean, the name has been dropped, and is now Toronto.

The summer tourist, on arriving here by steamer, after viewing with admiration the forests of masts of the shipping lining the noble Esplanade fronting the city, will likely land at TUNNING'S Wharf, whence he will in all probability drive up *York Street*. Nothing, we should think, would please the Southern tourist more, after imagining that he had left all associations of "Dixie" behind him, than the view presented to him on either hand as he drives up this splendid avenue, above King street. After passing a number of magnificent hotels, club houses, etc., further down, he enters upon a scene that will at once bring up recollections of the old plantation "Way down in Georgia." And we take this occasion to state that we attribute to the striking peculiarities of *York Street* a strong reason why Toronto is so much visited in the summer months by fashionable Southern Planters and others. I have no doubt the visitor will agree with us as to its resemblance to the Sunny South, in all but the odour of the magnolia blossoms, alas! not indigenous to these latitudes. At the northern end of York, and across Queen street, lies one of the most beautiful structures in the city. It is the seat of all the legal lore in the Dominion, and its description will be given in a future paper. It is called *Osgoode Hall*.

"All Flesh is Grass."

All in the merry month of June that follows smiling May,
The farmer and the candidate, intent on making hay
While shines the sun, a hint may take, 'tis well that they should know it,
Necessity and Nature both direct them first to Mow-rr.



THE FACTS IN RE LETELLIER.

Grip's Book Review.

The Intelligent Fish Merchant; or How to make a Haul, by R. W. CLARKE, with Notes (and cheques) by PETER MITCHELL. Published by A. J. SMITH, without consent of the Author. Ottawa, 1879.

This is a very interesting little work, intended to show what energy and cheek can accomplish, with the aid of a good-natured Government. The author has a very taking style, and the binding is such as to catch the eye. The Publisher deserves great credit. It is a fine job.

The Glendon; or a Cruise in a Rotten Ship by Sir A. J. SMITH.

In this volume the author endeavours to depict the dangers and tribulations of a crew who were obliged to put to sea in a ship he had bought when Minister of Marine. The work of course is largely imaginary, as the author took good care to stay ashore himself. The style is worthy of JULES VERNE, though the ship wasn't worthy of such a price as was paid for it.

Duty; a Moral Essay, by ROBT. HAY. Mahogany boards, rep binding.

We welcome this sound and healthful work. The Author insists that Duty is the paramount thing in this life. Man should find out what his Duty is, and then set himself manfully to perform it. This is what the Author himself did. His Duty was 35 per cent.

India Rubber in relation to Public Discussion, by CHAS. TUPPER, M. A., M. D., F. S. A. (Factus Stretcherus Assolutus).

This is a collection of the Hon. author's Parliamentary and Picnic orations, extending over several years. The binding is tough.

The Curse of Canada; or a Plea for the Poor Man's Beer, by SAMUEL L. TILLEY, with practical notes by Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. This is a very able little work, in which the joint authorship is plainly manifest. Mr. TILLEY's vein of repugnance is beautifully blended with his collaborateur's genial bonhomie. We commend this work to all Temperance Orders and Licensed Victuallers' Associations.

The Pleasures of Hope, by ROGERS, with annotations and suggestions by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. Dedicated to the Dominion Opposition.

This touching poem is here inspired with fresh significance. Mr. MACKENZIE's annotations are very pathetic, though they sometimes betray an impatience which is a little strange in a very hopeful man.

The Tariff Vocabulary, by GEO. BROWN. Globe Publishing Co.

This valuable work contains an exhaustive collection of the most trenchant, bitter, biting, sarcastic, abusive, appropriate, and objectionable terms, phrases and words with which to describe the abominations of the present Tariff.

What's all This?

In Monday's Mail is the following advertisement:-

"WISHING TO RETIRE.—I will give a good foundry and machine business for the building of a Steam Yacht. Box 7, Dresden, Ont."

What, a foundry and machine business for building a Steam Yacht? Surely this is irony? It can hardly be that the advertiser has already made his fortune since the N. P. has come in force? The only explainable reason for this extraordinary offer is that the machine maker's head has become "a little off," on account of the unprecedented number of orders that he has lately received, and his inability to execute them. Either this, or that an extraordinary demand is made now in Dresden for yacht builders. If this offer was made for a steam yacht complete and ready for sea, it would be less remarkable, but for the building alone,—well, it must be on account of the National Policy somehow.



NEWSBOY (to Chum).—"I'll bet you Ten Cents the Local Government'll be knocked higher'n a kite in June—"

GOOD GENTLEMAN, (who happens to be passing).—"My dears, it is very wrong to bet; only wicked men do such things."



Capt. Wynne and the Rag Baby.

Our neighbour city, St. Catharines, is famous all over the continent for its attractions as a summer resort. Commercially it is one of the smartest towns in the Dominion, and politically its fame as the home of RYKERT, CURRIE, and interminable election trials, is known wherever the English language of the local papers is read. With these introductory sentences GRIP proceeds, with extreme pleasure, to chronicle the establishment in St. Catharines of another great Institution, which will enhance the reputation of the city ten fold, namely, the Financial Founding Hospital, and Refuge for Worn Out Ideas. This great and humane concern is under the management of Capt. WYNNE, a gentleman of ability and experience, from whose plans and specifications the building it occupies was created. Architecturally, this building is typical of the Financial views of its founder, being composed entirely of paper, and having no foundation. The Hospital has not been in operation very long, and as yet has only one inmate, a poor little rag baby, found, we believe, originally on the door-step of a house in Massachusetts. The poor child is supposed to have been left there by its unfeeling parent, BEN. BUTLER, who found that he couldn't make any headway so long as he kept it with him. The baby has every appearance of ill-usage, and no wonder, for ever since its birth it has been dragged about by demagogues, and kicked from one State to another by sensible people. Capt. WYNNE thinks he is doing a benevolent thing in giving the rag-baby a home on Canadian soil, and he hopes, by careful attention, to develop it into a strong and hearty child. But the majority of the people of St. Catharines look upon this as misdirected charity, for they believe, as GRIP does, that the rag-baby is a pestilent little wretch, infected with a financial disease called Repudiation, which it would be a great calamity to spread amongst the sound and healthy mercantile people of Canada.

Rev. Dr. PROUDFOOT says that angels haven't got wings, and somebody writes to the Globe, quoting the passage about the angel GABRIEL "being caused to fly swiftly," and winding up with the triumphant query—"Now, if the angel had no wings what did he fly with?" The Rev. Dr. appears to be floored by this question, but why can't he reply that the angel flew with velocity.

We respectfully call the attention of the Globe to the fact that under the N.P., you get twice as much GRIP, and no increase in price.



MISS CANADA'S SMART JOBBING BOY.

(ONLY A SHORT TIME IN HIS PLACE).

JOHNNY.—There Missus, I've done the Post Office job, the Section C. job, the Hansard job, and the Fish Merchant job already, and my hands are as *clean as ever*!!

MISS CANADA.—Very well; now you had better resume that old Pacific job!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The funny "column" in the Grip papers is now headed "tariff notes."—*London Herald*.

CAN a hoisterous donkey be said to have the bray'n disease?—*Baltimore Ev. Saturday*.

MILED insanity—Trying to walk a certain number of miles in a given time on a wager.—*Chicago Journal*.

CAROLINE S. BROOKS doesn't seem willing to have anybody carve out a "Dreaming Iolanthe" butter-self.—*Graphic*.

Is INSANITY Increasing? asks the *Globe* in large, black type, just after a violent burst of indignation against TILLEY and the Tariff.

THE Canadians did not yell for "protection" until they learned that their new Governor General wrote spring poetry.—*Nor. Herald*.

A LANDLADY was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why not make one end vegetables?"—*Boston Globe*.

THE king of Siam has a boly guard of female warriors. They are said to be very beautiful—the most killing young ladies of his realm.—*Boston Transcript*.

ROWELL patronised a New York hack after making his last mile, so it is safe to say he has left a good portion of his gate money in this country.—*Boston Post*.

LET your light shine before men, but pull down your curtain when women folks occupy the house on the opposite side of the street.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

"SEE how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed the man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.—*Hack. Republican*.

QUERY: Is a baby a vegetable or a mineral? We hear of "baby farm" and "baby mine" so frequently, that we arc becoming confused as to the genus of the thing.—*N. Y. Mail*.

A TROY man has invented a "Complete Shirt Starcher and Ironer." Well, we don't want any more than the bosom starched and ironed, if it is all the same.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

THE New York *Sun* thinks there isn't nuch in a name when PEACE is hung for murder, ANGELL sent to prison for theft, HOPE arrested for bank robbing and LAMB in jail for killing a man.

It is not always safe to assume that the man who carefully removes his hat before entering the outside door of the church is highly reverential. He may have a shocking bad hat.—*Boston Traveller*.

A HORN of liquor, goblet of sweet milk and a tablespoon of sugar will make a milk punch, so that the owner of a cow need only buy the sugar, as the cow furnishes the horn and the milk.—*Whitehall Times*.

ABOUT this time the small boy looketh for the circus, with gilt-edged chariot, the two-hundred feet high giraffe and the seven legged colt, and begins the sale of his father's scrap iron and old tools, with the advertised end in view of giving the proceeds to the Children's Missionary society.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

SPRING is coming. We know it by the singing of the birds, the forming of buds, the softness of the sunshine.—*Danbury News*. Here, in Toronto, we haven't had much birds, nor buds, nor sunshine yet, but we know it by the Almanac.

WHERE does Miss-Deal board?—*N. Y. Mail*. Joist around on Pine street, near the corner of Oak and Chestnut.—*Danbury News*. Here, in Toronto, we haven't had much birds, nor buds, nor sunshine yet, but we know it by the Almanac.

"WHAT organ," inquires OLIVE LOGAN, "has such a diapason as the human soul?" We don't know, but suppose any manufacturer will claim that his organ can beat the diapason of the soul, on the dead level, best two in three, p. p., and give the soul ten yards the start.—*Oil City Derrick*.

AN English magazine epicure insists that American oysters are much inferior to the little coppersy English variety. He is like the darkey who went catfishing, and happening to catch a fine trout, threw it back into the water, saying, "When I come catfishing, I want catfish."—*Yankee Ex.*

THE Rochester *Democrat* has an astronomical editor. The Buffalo *Express* an astro-cornical writer, and the Detroit *Free Press* an ass—Well, the pen is so poor that we will not try to finish the sentence.—*Paul Dean*. PAUL DEAN will open his next copy of the *F. P.* with fear and trembling, or we don't know anything about human nature.

WE are now open to proposals to any one who wishes to work our garden "on shares." We will furnish the old boots, straw-hat, spade, hoe, earth, and nature will throw in the dew and sunshine; all that is required of the party of the third part is the manual, the muscular, the bone and sinew, the early rising, the backbone, and—the crop.—*London Tiser*.

A LETTER was no doubt inadvertently dropped when Mr. LEWIS WIGLE was named, that letter being "g," and its proper location somewhere about the equator of the gentleman's name. LEWIS WIGLE has been, during the past session, the Opposition whip in the Ontario Legislature. Now he goes before his constituents and declares himself an Independent!—*London Tiser*.

RECENTLY a young man was presented in a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and as soon as he had taken his leave, the friend who had introduced him said to the father, "Well, how would he suit you for a son-in-law, hey?" "Very well, indeed," says the father. "All right; suppose he comes round to-morrow and proposes?" *Father (with dignity)*:—"To-morrow? Pooh, pooh; what are you thinking of? That would be indecent haste. Say the day after to-morrow."—*Paris Paper*.

New Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, because the drummer was not feeling very well and asked to be excused, nor a funeral note of any kind, as his corpse to the ramparts we hurried; not a single solitary son of a gun of a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave where the remains of the late Mr. MOORE were deposited. The farewell shot business was omitted on account of the great scarcity of ammunition. We buried him darkly at dead of night, and did the best job we could for him under the circumstances. We could not borrow, beg or steal a pick or shovel in the entire neighborhood, and were obliged to turn the sods with our bayonets, which, by

the way, was the first thing that had been turned by said bayonets since we had been drafted. We did all this by the struggling moonbeams' misty light, and the lantern dimly burning, with just about half enough oil in it, and a strip of old flannel undershirt for a wick. Few and short were the prayers we said, the chaplain being home on furlough, and no one within forty miles to take his place. We spoke not a word of sorrow, our time being somewhat limited, as the enemy was not far distant, and advancing with gigantic strides. We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed and smoothed down his lonely pillow with a canteen, that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head and we far away on the billow: not too far, however, as the enemy outnumbered us about seven to one. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, and wonder where they can get another flask filled with the same, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, knowing of course, that he is in no condition to defend himself; but little he'll reckon if they let him sleep on in the grave where a Briton has laid him, and not bother him to get up and take out a burial permit or ask him to pay ground rent. We wish here to correct the impression that slowly and sadly we laid him down from the field of his fame fresh and gory. We did no such thing. The corpse was washed and put in good shape, and we defy any man to show that there was a drop of gore about him. It is true that we carved not a line and we raised not a stone, because there was no stone-mason handy who would do the job at reasonable figures. About this time we heard the distant and random gun that the foe was sullenly firing; so we adjourned the funeral, left deceased alone in his glory, and made ourselves scarce in that vicinity.—*Clipper*.

Mr. Domville's Complaint.

MR. DOMVILLE complains that newspaper correspondents try to make him look ridiculous in Parliament.—*London Advertiser*.

Kind friends, your attention I crave,
To a case of unkindness quite sad,
Those newspaper fellows treat me
As if I were merely a cad;
I'm a good-looking cove, I'll allow,
And perhaps have a touch of the swell,
But is that any reason why they
Shouldn't treat me half decently well?

I've a seat in the House, and I come
To the session sometimes in full dress—
Which always evokes the chagrin
Of those carping chaps of the press;
Next day it is spread far and wide
In the rascally sheets of the Grits,
That my claw-hammer coat wasn't brushed,
And my kids were extremely bad fits.

I sometimes endeavor to speak—
That is, I do speak very well;
Next morning I look through the *Globe*
With fear, for I never can tell
Whether they've given my speech
In a shape that's simply absurd,
Or whether (through malice and spite)
They've cut me right down to a word.

To a question of privilege I rise—
I don't want to make any fuss—
But my feelings are sadly cut up,
And I want to know why is this thus?

THE Dundas *Banner* (Free Trade) is pleased to hear that the "Canada Screw Company are busy preparing to commence drawing wire." But the *Banner* man would be anything but pleased if he heard those manufacturers were preparing to pull wires. And yet, isn't it just the same thing?

A Word to a Critic.

The Editor of the Stratford *Herald*, a Conservative, (when last heard from), says that GRIP leans strongly to Criticism. GRIP leans strongly to what he considers right and honorable, and castigates all who do wrong, whether Grit or Tory. He challenges this critic to point out a single misdeed of the Grit party that he has ever failed to denounce both with pen and pencil since he began his course, and if the other side have suffered oftener it is simply because they have walked more crookedly.

Our Girls.

Who all dress so becomingly,
(When fashion dictates so to do)
But, on the whole so cosily,
So prettily, if *glosily*,
So anything but prosily?
Where will you find such glorious eyes,
So bright and winsome, blithe and free,
That dart their rays so cheerily,
And twinkle so right merrily,
And glance out so audaciously,
So kindly, and so graciously,
At impudence so glowingly,
Aut ab! can "cut" so spicily,
And look straight on so icily,
So stouilly, so *Sphinxically*,
Sometimes so almost *lynally*?
Who trip so daintily along,
So satisfied and self-possessed,
So pleased with things in general,
Themselves and all terrestrial
Affairs, as eke celestial?

Our girls!

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 F TO I.

MR. FRESHER, M.P., *S. Cowford*.—Is a "Canady boy;" brought up on a farm. Knows all about the wants of this country; above all things the agricultural interests should be attended to. Quotes former prices of oats, barley, wheat, corn and all farm products, and draws contrasts between the prices now and those of former years. Does not think that home manufacturers will benefit the country to any extent. Shows cause why things from the States or England, should be let into the country free, if producer can get them cheaper than elsewhere. Is down on the N. P. and JOHN A. Thinks both are frauds of the most pronounced type. Used to vote for Rep. by Pop., and still is under the impression that "Upper Canada" is ruled by the French. Would desire that the Militia Department be disbanded altogether, and that Deputy Adjutant Generals, Brigade-Majors and all Staff people go to chopping wood for a living. Is very energetic in language—and of sepulchral appearance. *Mem.*—Under ordinary circumstances would take Hon. member for returned Foreign Missionary.

MR. GOOSEGREASE, M.P., *Fustsogo*.—Bran new and independent member from infantine constituency. Talks of fertile valleys, and splendid high grazing lands of his county. All it wants is "opening up." There is any quantity of the best timber, and if the necessary railways were built, the country at large would be benefitted, and his own constituency be one of the most populous in Ontario. In order to consummate this desirable end, the Government should grant a bonus of one million dollars. Is a director of each of the projected railways, and knows

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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 has been enlarged to eight pages, and has now several minor cartoons besides the usual full page one. Bengough is always good, but the last number excels all his previous efforts.—*National*.

"GRIP"—*Grip* is evidently prospering. It comes to us this week enlarged to eight pages. In addition to its usual cartoon, it contains several other sketches, besides being chock full of original wit and fun. It also still maintains the independent position on which it started, and when occasion offers gives both public parties a home thrust. The price is the same, \$2 a year.—*Port Hope Guide*.

ENLARGED.—Our favourite comic paper, *Grip* has been enlarged and considerably improved. It takes an eight page shape and contains an excellent variety of humorous reading. The cartoons and laughable sketches which it regularly furnishes are not confined to any political party. Its "drives" are independent in character and all pungent and bright. We hope the change will add to the popularity of the paper and the proprietors, Bengough Brothers.—*Kingston Whig*.

"GRIP" is progressing. The publishers, Bengough Brothers, surprised their subscribers this week by sending out the publication double its former size, without any addition in the price. It contains several amusing small cartoons in addition to the principal full-page one and an increased amount of reading matter. *Grip* announces itself quite independent as it hits politicians on both sides. We were afraid for a time that it had gone over body and bones to the Grits, as during and since the general election its cartoons have been chiefly against the Party now in power. To be successful as a comic paper it must not be one-sided, and consequently if *Grip* desires Conservative support it must not be so partial as it has been for some months past. It shows signs of a change, however. Presuming that it will fulfil its promises to be independent, and Grit and Tory alike will receive attention at the clever cartoonist's hands, we cheerfully recommend it as worthy of support.—*Kingston Daily News*.

"GRIP"—Our facetious provincial contemporary "has" broken out in a fresh place," to use a well worn axiom, in other words, has drawn up the curtain to place before its audience an enlarged platform behind the footlights. It is now issued in eight pages and the cartoon of the present week appears to us to be etched with possibly a little more care than heretofore. Some of the woodcuts are remarkably well executed and the general tone of the paper throughout in its letter press and etchings is all that can be desired.

It may be as well to inform our readers that the "Toronto Punch" is not increased in price with the enlargement of the paper, therefore, up to the present moment, the "N. P." has not in any way affected our humorous contemporary, so far as placing it out of the reach of its ordinary patrons. And it cannot be disputed that the purchaser of *Grip* has really a good five cents' worth for his very little coin.—*Hamilton Times*.

that everything is "on the square." Is very voluble and bland in manner. *Mem.*—Fear that honourable gentleman is not entirely disinterested as to railway matters. See a prospective billionaire in him.

MR. HARDCIDER, M.P., *Stillington*.—Old representative. Comes down to Session as matter of course. Don't take part in debates. Leaves that to the "old heads," and young aspiring members. Always votes on his side of the House. Is a Conservative, always has been, and always will be: so was his father. Does not particularly interest himself about political questions, anyway. Knows Sir JOHN is right, and votes with him. Is well off. Has plenty of money. Is satisfied with everything, and is of opinion that everybody ought to be. Looks upon the Session rather in the light of a joke. Recounted some funny stories of parliamentary experience. Has plenty of friends among the Grits. Has friends everywhere. Shakes hands before exit. *Mem.*—This is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. Imagine he takes his "coffee" regularly. Would like to be a nephew of his, or son-in-law, if possible.

MR. IMMERSON, M.P., *Gambleton*.—Sporting member this; wants repeal of Pool Bill. Has small opinion of E. BLAKE; wonders at BLAKE, he being of sporting Irish stock. Has gloomy anticipations of decadence of horse-racing. What's the use of having races, if you can't sell pools? Says that pools sold since Act passed, on all important events. HANLAN and ROSS, new Bishop, and other interesting matches. Queen's Plate run for here same as in England. Argues no pool, no plate. Will advise colleagues to take a long pool, a strong pool and a pool altogether, and get Act amended. *Mem.*—Hon. gentleman very enthusiastic, though not very "hossy" in appearance. Fancy his constituents must be: wouldn't like to take big chances on his amendment.

That Horrid N.P.

"Now sit down a moment and briefly explain. Why of TILLEY's new Tariff you loudly complain: Did you not last September cast your vote for Sir JOHN? And halloo like wild when you found you had won?"

"Very true, we all did it, but then, don't you see. He promised to tax everybody but me. If he'd add ten per cent, on the goods that I make, And let the rest be, why that's a fair shake, My eyes! how I swore, when I first heard the news. That he'd doubled the tax on the raw stuff I use; I ought not to swear, I belong to the church. But a fellow gets riled when he's left in the lurch."

"My friend," said J. calmly. "don't dishevel your hair, Subside for a moment: come take a cigar."

"Well, I'll take a cigar, but I wish I could light Both JOHN A. and old TILLEY, I'd smoke 'em up quite: An' my laboring men, oh! didn't they tuck it. Heaven help the poor souls who buy coal by the bucket!"

Said I, "Do you know, that for once in his life. Sir JOHN has kept faith in his promises rife: Protection you wanted; he protects one and all. That is, all the great, though he leaves out the small; And to show he's consistent, and sound as a bell. He claps a high tax on what he loves well, Defies the L. V.'s, and regardless of risk, he Raises the price of his favorite whiskey."

Our Friends.

GRIP has to thank his contemporaries of all political parties, for the kindly mention they have been making of his enlargement. A few of these courteous paragraphs are inserted in the adjoining column, and others will be printed next week.

What a queer idea of logic Mr. JOE RYMAL must have! He made an allegation against Mr. RYKERT, which CHARLES indignantly denied. "Then," said the logical JOE, "you may not be guilty, but you were once charged with treachery, and that's just as bad!"



FISHING FOR JOBBERY.

Peter M—toh—ll.—CATCHING ANYTHING, MAC?
 Isaac Walton M—cPh—rs—n.—NAETHING AS YET, BUT I
 FEEL A DREADFU' FISHY SMELL HEREBOOTHS; DINNA you
 NOTICE IT, PETER?



THE RYKERT RYMAL ROW.

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 xi-20-17

THOR is the god of Spring. Well, Odin's
 he to be?

WHY is Toronto like a vice? Because it
 has a good GRIP.

Is it true that Tar-if on coal would have
 made SNARR-stick to it?

If a horse drops dead of the heaves, isn't
 it a case of 'eaves dropping?

Is a type-setter a lazy man because he is
 so often found taking his "e's"?

Is it because it has been Lent that the Tariff
 has been so long getting through?

AN Indian tribe who have lost all their re-
 lations.—The All gone *kins* (Algonquins).

NEED a lady be afraid of anything while
 walking on the street except a dog-catch(h)er?

WILL the Tariff make chairs so high that
 small men cannot sit comfortably on them?

WHY is the verdict of a coroner's inquest
 a highly criminal act? Because it is per-jury.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK does not take much
 interest in his sisters and his cousins, but
 does in his *ants*.

"Absence is the greatest of trials."—*Elz*.
 We know some men who would consider
 the *absence* of their creditors the least of all
 evils.

A NATURALIST has discovered that crows
 hold a solemn Court at which offenders are
 tried—a sort of crow-bar. We presume no
 bird is tried without *caws* and that a true *bill*
 is necessary in every case.

An exchange speaks of an enamoured pair
 meeting on the platform of a railway station
 to exchange words of tender import. No
 doubt the meeting was brought about by a
 locomotive, the parties being in search of a
coupler.

"The Indians used to bury their dead in
 the tops of high trees. This was considered
 an awful joke on the Ohio medical student
 burrowing round in the ground beneath."—
Ex.

It was certainly *high trees* on to the resurrec-
 tionists, literally getting the *dead wood* on
 them.

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