

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

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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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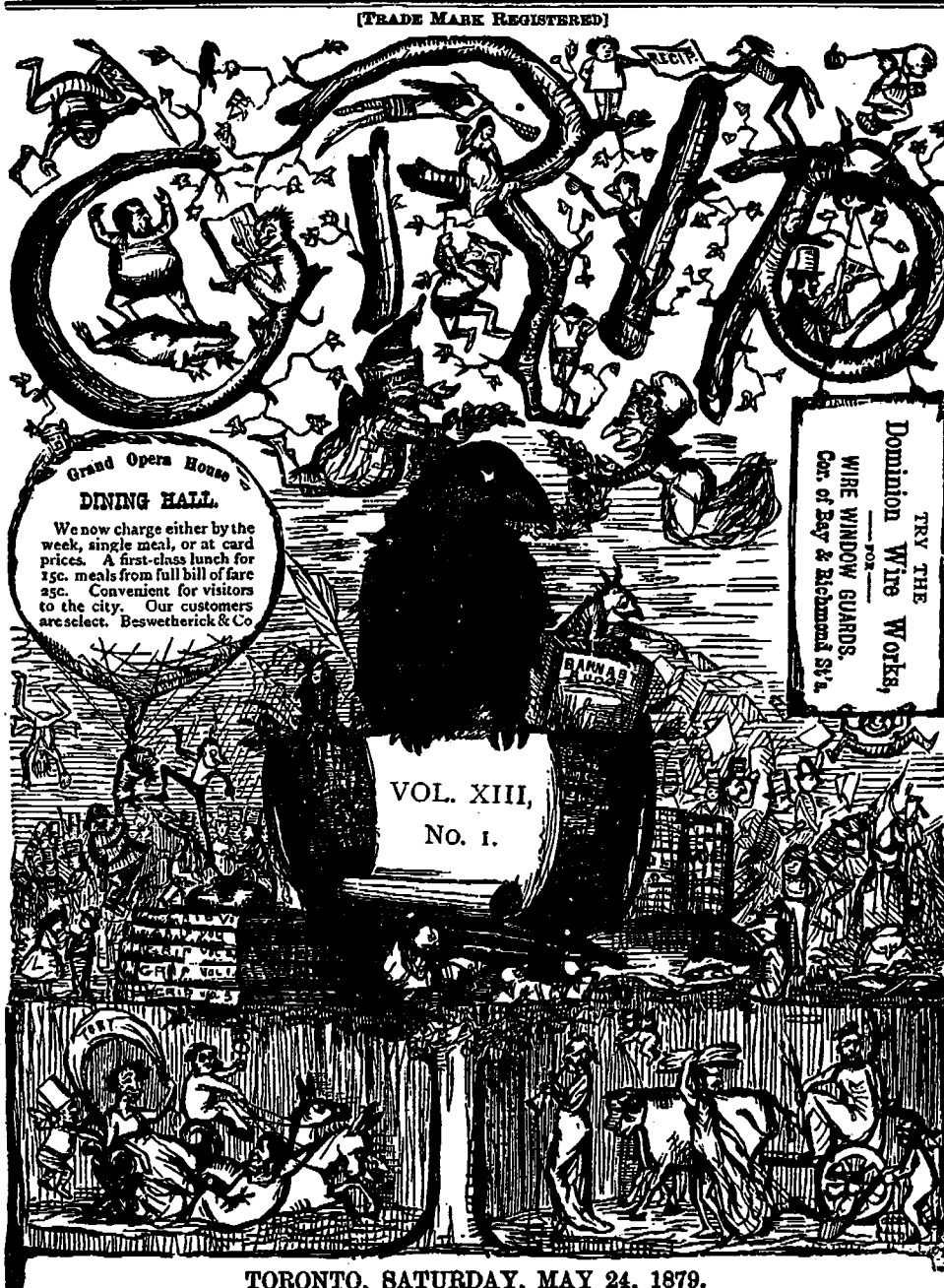
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## Literature and Art.

London *Punch* will celebrate its thirty-eight birthday in July.

It is said that "GEO. ELIOT" will probably resume the name of EVANS, as Mr. LEWES' wife is still living.

Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT, painter, sculptress, actress and aeronaut, will be the art critic of the new Paris newspaper, *Le Globe*.

MARK TWAIN who is staying in Paris, engaged on a new book, attended a club dinner at the Continental Hotel, and took three quarters of an hour to give his reasons for not being able to say anything.

Mr. T. B. ALDRICH is forty-two years old, A. C. SWINBURNE is forty-one, E. C. STEDMAN is forty-five, C. D. WARNER is forty-seven, and W. D. HOWELLS is forty-one. Yes, yes! we great and good men are all over forty.

*Scribner* for May has pen-and-ink sketches of WILHELMJ and REMENYI. The picture of WILHELMJ indicates that he was hit with the biggest piece of the boiler and was standing nearest it when the explosion occurred, but there is no doubt in the world that REMENYI was blown a mile and a half the highest, and hit in an osage hedge when he came down.—*Burlington Hawkeye*

FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Fortnightly Review*, says of book collections: "Rare books are, by the nature of the case, worthless books. It does not indicate complete knowledge of ordinary literature when a man affects profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books, but rather that he has 'no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men of the world.'"

Mr. WHISTLER, the eccentric American artist who has endeavored to make himself famous by certain pictures which he terms "arrangements," "nocturnes," and so forth, has recently been made a bankrupt in London. "Arrangements" in blue and gold, and grey and silver not having proved remunerative, it will now be in order for Mr. WHISTLER to try his hand at an "arrangement" with his editors. In black and white presumably.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS was a delegate to a State Convention at Syracuse, and while at the hotel he overheard a conversation about the different conspicuous delegates. Finally, to his consternation, they edged around to his name. "There's CURTIS," said one. "Yes, there's CURTIS," said the other emphatically. "CURTIS is a good deal of a man," said the first. "Yes," responded the second, "he's rather intelligent." "He is," said the first, "he is quite intelligent." "He is quite intelligent," said the second, "very—uncommon intelligent—for a literary man."

There has been, if we consider what was his endeavor, no more successful stylist in our literature than Lord MACAULAY. He was like VICTOR HUGO in this, that emphasis was at once his means and end. His object—his resolute determination—was, as Mr. STEPHEN himself says, "to be understood of the people." Mr. TREVELYAN speaks of his great delight at the criticism upon his "History" by Messrs. SPOTTISWOODE's reader, who declared that, in the entire work, he had come upon only one sentence the meaning of which was not apparent to him at first sight.—*The Athenaeum*.

## ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

Seventh Annual Exhibition of OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS, 14 King Street West.

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## SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

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The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

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And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire: the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gulliver," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition, the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), *Canada of To-day*, *American Art and Artists*, *American Archeology*, *Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel*, *History*, *Physical Science*, *Studies in Literature*, *Political and Social Science*, *Stories*, *Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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## Stage Whispers.

The actress with the biggest feet always wants to play *Cinderella*.

A "clergyman's matinee" is the latest agony at the Broadway *Pinafore*.

Over 250 members of the dramatic profession are said to have died this year.

*Rip Van Winkle* JEFFERSON is only 50 years old, though he looks much older after a 20 years' sleep.

A stage-struck young man of Buffalo pawned a watch worth \$25 for \$6 and steamed away with a *Pinafore* company.

Cologne is now WAGNER-mad. *Das Rheingold* has been given with great success, and *Die Walkure* is in course of preparation.

WILL WHITNEY, son of MYRON W. WHITNEY, is a pupil of W. H. SHERWOOD, of Boston, and promises to become a pianist of much merit. His taste for music is of a high standard.

A glance over the list of prima donnas which this country has given to the world: ALBANI, KELLOGG, CARY, LITTA, PATTI; and, let the truth be stated, the greatest musician of them all, whatever he faults, is CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.—*M. T. Review*.

A new society freak to supercede the necktie party business, is in vogue. Invitations are printed on long ribbon bows. The first line of a couplet is printed on the gentlemen's ribbon and the second on the ladies', and the two that make the couplet are partners.

A New York tenor recently saw a pile of music books with some money lying on them, and from force of habit he took the upper part, and now he has been transported to Sing Sing, where he paints chairs in the upper loft of the shop, making a chromæatic job of it.—*Lovell Courier*.

A New York paragraphist, speaking of the craze for comic opera, says that Dr. DAMROSCU, when approached by a librettist, is said to have drawn himself up in incomparable dignity, and said: "Ab, eff de pooblic shall desire me that I write a leedle *Pinafore* styly, who shall pay me de money before I do him, ah?"

C. S. ELIOT, writing to the New York *Evening Post*, says: "The organists of London—STAINER, BRIDGE, HOYR, STEGGALL, etc.—not forgetting BEST, of Liverpool, may challenge the world to produce their superiors; and nowhere is the organ played so well, as a rule, as in England. Here, too, Protestant music reaches its highest development.

A FEW DRAMATIC QUERIES:—When a scene is "set" how long before it will hatch? Does a long wait between acts justify the audience in pounding?

When a scene is "struck" does it ever strike back?

When they ring up the curtain, whose wringer is used?

Are the "flies" troublesome in summer? What do they bait the "traps" with?

Is one of the employees of the theatre an immodest person because he is always scene shifting?

Is there any danger of getting wet if you sit in the first tier?

When anything is "down" in the bill do they get it from the wings?

Are the foot lights more than 12 inches long?

When *Mazepa* and *Dick Turpin* are announced, is it a sign that the theatre is to be opened under favorable (h)ors pieces?—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

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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.

**Our Birthday.**

GRIP hopes the public, who are so enthusiastically celebrating his birthday to-day (24th), will not forget that this is also the natal day of our good Queen. It is somewhat inconvenient that these two important events should clash, because everybody will admit that they are each worthy of a separate and distinct day and demonstration. And yet, considering the hard times, it is better as it is, in the interest of economy. To-day GRIP is six years old, and Her Majesty is sixty. Both have worn their royal honors worthily, and at the present moment rule over a happy and affectionate people. When Her Majesty ascended the throne she was a young and fair maiden, slight as to person; now she is a lady of good proportions, having a portly but withal queenly figure. GRIP, too, was a small and slight personage when he began to reign, but now he also has grown stout and hearty, sporting eight pages and many pictures. His success he owes very largely to the kindness of his patrons all over the Dominion, and he hopes in the future to retain their respect and support by doing his whole duty as well as he knows how. Before plunging into another volume, he stands on the threshold to say—Subscription price, the same as heretofore, \$2 per year.

**Advertisement a la Mode.**

We scan the "Meetings to be held" column of the *Globe* and *Mail*, every Saturday in the expectation of seeing something like this:

**CHURCH OF SOLID COMFORT,** Corner of Broad-Way and Slippery Path, Sunday next: Morning and Evening performances. The pastor,

REV. J. ELIPHAH FRIVOLITY, in his new and popular entertainment, 11 a.m., the amusing discourse "Spring Poetry." Evening at 7, the new sensation, "Croquet; its use and abuse." Attractive music. Solos by talented amateurs. A brilliant display of bouquets. All are welcome. Collection in aid of the new ornamental turret.

ON Wednesday night three loud concussions started the city. Many thought it thundered, but the clear sky contradicted that theory; others imagined another dynamite explosion had taken place; others again concluded some large building had collapsed and come down by the run. All these theories were astray; and next morning the whole mystery was made plain when we picked up our copy of the *Mail*. Senator MACPIERSON had fired off three more columns of facts and figures at the devoted head of Mowat.

**House Cleaning at Ottawa.**

House cleaning operations are about to commence in the public buildings at Ottawa. The Ministry are just on the point of completing contracts with a washerwoman, (whose political views have been found satisfactory after a searching examination), and who has agreed to do the work in first-class style, at a ridiculously small figure. The contracts embrace all the buildings, which are to be thoroughly cleansed and purified. In the Departments, the chief labor will be the sweeping out of superfluous clerks, who are lying around in such profusion (at \$4 per day each) that public business is greatly impeded. A good deal of white-washing will also need to be done. In the main building, and especially in the chamber of the Commons, the contractor will find plenty to do. An enormous mass of chewed paper and other rubbish used by members as arguments in recent debates will have to be carted away. The carpet under the desks of WHITE and HORTINGTON will be found to be very dirty, and the floor alongside Mr. HOLTON's seat will require repairing, being quite worn away by the constant rising of that gentleman to points of order. The room will demand a thorough fumigating to clear it from the heavy odour of bad temper, tough language and rowdyism that hangs around it. The Senate Chamber is tolerably clean, but will need ventilation to clear it from the heavy, depressing and misty air which clings to it after Senator MACPIERSON'S speeches.

**Notes and Queries.**

Does setting the teeth on edge enable one to get in words edgways?

WHAT is the relationship between Miss Government and Ann Archy?

WHAT degree of sharpness is required to make a pointed remark?

WE ask why *borax* was admitted free. We are of the opinion that there should be a duty on all *borex*.

Is the bridge of a large nose "The Bridge of Sighs"?

Morro for the gray-haired—"Never say dye."

**The Parkdale Fete.**

The truly rural suburb on our west was full of happiness and visitors last Saturday, when the tree-planting bee came off. Our special artist, who was present, has furnished some sketches of the occasion, which will be found on our eighth page. The proceedings began with devotional exercises, after which, as the *Mail* says, the band played the 100th Psalm. Trees were then formally planted by several distinguished ladies—though we don't believe any such mishap occurred on account of the pull-back costume, as our Special has depicted. Some of the trees were appropriately named after prominent individuals, as for instance, a popular tree was called JOHN A., and an evergreen was named PHIPPS, etc. The crowds of visitors present expressed astonishment at the growth of Parkdale and the activity of J. B. DAVIS, who was rushing around in his shirt sleeves like a perturbed spirit. After the planting was over a promenade concert took place, at which Mayor BEATY made a speech, congratulating the village on the occasion. Parkdale's streets—we beg pardon, avenues—will soon present a glorious appearance, and GRIP hopes the trees may live for ever.

**The Montreal Review.**

The celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in Montreal is to be a grand international affair. A regiment from New York is to be present and take part in the review before the Governor-General; and we suppose if his Excellency has any fault to find with their drilling abilities he will point it out and have it remedied, for it is a matter of great moment to us in Canada that these Yankee regiments should be well up in the tactics of war. Some of the unreasonable journals on the other side are showing bad taste and bad temper over this little exhibition of courtesy between the two countries. "What a position for American soldiers," exclaims one of them, "that they cross the borders into a foreign territory to pay tribute to its Queen!" What a position, truly! Even sadder than that of Congress when it had to knuckle down and pay the fish-money! Of course there are very few editors like the one just quoted; our sensible and good natured neighbors in general looking upon the occasion as one rather for congratulation than anger. And why shouldn't they celebrate the Queen's Birthday together? Don't we meet on a common platform of protection against the Britisher; and haven't we beaten JOHN BULL on the river and on the turf? Nothing can be more seemly than this international review; and GRIP hopes it may become a regular institution. If it has the effect of impressing on the American Republic an adequate sense of the valour and prowess of the Queen's Own, it may be the means of maintaining lasting peace on this continent. We hope there may be scores of these celebrations in future, and may the Queen be in good health to enjoy the fun!

**Flambeau Flashes.**

All jokes on the Rev. JOE COOK, we hang on the joke book until wanted.

Which are the lucky numbers? The 4, 2'n 8 are the most fortunate.

The *Pingore* has worn well and don't seem to "tire." This is *apron nous*.

When a vessel is in shore and you're afraid that she won't come in sure that's the time to insure her—if you can.

A new device among florists is to arrange bouquets in the shape of a horse-shoe.—*N. Y. Tribune*. Hoof first thought of that?

The Boston *Courier* says "successful pedestrians must be mile-sians." CORKY is, and ENNIS's skill in walking proves him one also.

More hemp is being planted this year than ever before. This is suggestive.—*Boston Post*. Jokes on this are exempt from duty. We are rope-sed to capital punishment. By the way wasn't GUILLOTIN the originator of Caput-al punishment?

F. LL DRESS.—Messrs. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLESON, a dry goods firm in St. John, N.B., advertise "Zulu Cloth" as the latest fashionable material for ladies. If the illustrations of the Zulu ladies' street costume in the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic*, are correct, we don't think it would bare reproducing in this cold climate—it's too thin.

A young person who is looking forward to a blissful 24th with his sweetheart, amid the shady dells of the new park near Credit, wants to know why the crowds on the Queen's Birthday will resemble the maid who milked the cow with the crumpled horn? And he says the answer is—Because they will be all for LOUKE (Park).

**Jack A. Macdonell's Apology.**



I wathaw guess the Gwits, and the House of Commons, and the country, and HUNTINGTON, and HORROR, and sevoral othaw fellows, and ewrybody in general, feel a little cut up, don't they? I wathaw imagine I have made them look a little widiculous wih wegawd to that little affaw of mine on the flaw of the House. They thought I was coming to the baw to apologise, like a sheep to the slawtaw, but if I wecollect awight, I don't think I did go.

Lots of fellows at the Club say I'm an awth, but I am not quite awth enough to make an apology to such a fellow as HUNTINGTON. Then the idea of that jolly old duffaw, MACLENNAN, getting up and twying to smooth things owaw, talking about my "hot blood" and all that sawt of thing! If he had said hot bwandy, it would have been wathaw less abawwed; but I excuse the dweadful old fellow—he is fwom the country, and meant well enough. Wondaw how the Speakaw feels? I took lunch with him affaw the little affaw, and of cawth it was all wite so faw as he was con-awned. P'waps he thought I was going down to the House to apologise. Yaas, p'waps he did. And p'waps I will. Yaas, I think I see myself! I will go when they bwing me; and they will bwing me when the U. E. Club says so; and the U. E. Club will say so when Sir JOHN tells it to; and Sir JOHN will tell it to when the Gwits get stwong enough—and the Gwits will get stwong enough "when the pigs begin to fly," as the vulgaw fellow in the song says.

It is when a school-girl puts an e to the word lov that the spell begins to work.—*Cin. Saturday Night.* That's so; an he would certainly be a hextra nimpvement hon the horiginal patent



PHIPPE is his white-headed boy just now—but he is in a good position to get tossed when no longer needed.

**The C. P. R'y.**

Last week we published a little picture, together with a brief paragraph giving our opinion of the proposal to go on with the building of the Canada Pacific Railway west of Manitoba. An intelligent gentleman, who has traveled over the country where the line is to be located, upon reading our remarks said he entirely shared our view, that the project was a wild and ruinous one. He added that the nature of the country is such that a railroad through it would cost a figure which Canada would not find it easy to pay within a century. Our information from other quarters, on the same subject, quite bear out this view. And now, why is this gigantic piece of nonsense seriously entertained and actually entered upon by both the political parties? Simply to stop the howlings of a handful of people on the Pacific Coast, and to sustain the impalpable and unprofitable fiction of "Union." If the question is between the secession of British Columbia and the solvency of the Dominion, GRIP is ready to bid an affectionate and very hearty good-bye to Mr. BUSBY and his 9,999 fellow citizens. We can laugh at JOHN T. RAYMOND in the character of Col. Sellers, the man of crazy speculation, but we don't relish seeing our country in the same role.



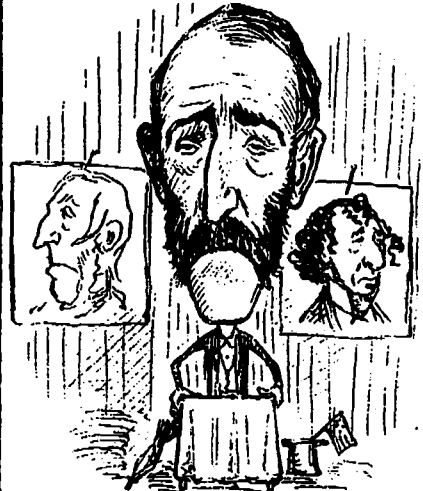
THE GREAT EAST-TORONTO GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE MATCH to conclude on June 3rd, for the Premiership of the Province and \$7,000 per year.

**A Warning.**

Mr. GRAHAME, Dominion Gov't Immigration Agent at Duluth, asks us to warn persons on their way to Manitoba, against the wiles of American land agents, who are in the habit of interviewing travelers in the interest of their own speculations. These touters are as unscrupulous in their statements as the average run of our "greatest statesmen," and Mr. GRAHAME counsels the 'mmigrant to turn a deaf ear to them. If he hasn't the good fortune to possess a deaf ear, it may answer to put his hand over it for a time, or, better still, clap it over the Yankee agent's mouth.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH longs for the day when Canada will be merged in the Great Republic, and the continent of North America shall contain but one nation. It looks as if that happy moment had arrived when we find the New York papers speaking about HANLAN, the "brawny young American."

**Grip's Lecture Course.**



LECTURE I.—BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**

In coming before you to deliver the first of this course of lectures, I thought it might be well to choose as eccentric, erratic, and volatile a subject as possible, and therefore I have chosen myself. I have no doubt you would all like to hear a little about me, and my aims and objects in life. I will not, however, gratify your curiosity with regard to my personality, beyond informing you that I am an Englishman (which I very much regret), and a distinguished scholar, formerly connected with Oxford University. For further personal particulars I would refer you to the editor of the *Telegram*, who worships me in a shrine at the top of his new building. With reference to my aims in life, I will speak more freely. There need be no great mystery about me, although I am aware that I am looked upon with vague apprehension by many. The secret is, I have two foes, and my life is consecrated to the sacred purpose of getting even with them. And I mean to accomplish this end if it takes all summer, and though *ruat cœlum!* The first of these hated enemies is DISRAELI, the so-called EARL of BEACONSFIELD. He inflicted a wound upon me, which I have been avenging for years. My vengeance shall be complete when I see England stripped of her glory and her colonies, and humiliated at the feet of mankind. My second enemy is GEORGE BROWN, whom I hate with a hatred as bitter, lasting and malignant as a feeble constitution and a theoretical belief in Christianity will admit of. I am working out my revenge in this case too, and will consider it complete when BROWN is crushed in the dust. To effect this glorious end I am willing that all who acknowledge his leadership or share his opinions, or all whose opinions he may share, shall perish with him. Purely to beat BROWN I am striving to overwhelm MOWAT, whom I sincerely respect. Purely to beat BROWN, I am working for MACDONALD, whom I have denounced as a man of unclean hands. To beat BROWN, I would do anything; and to beat BROWN and BEACONSFIELD both—Oh! the rapture of such a thought is too much—too much!!

Mrs. SILLIBUS wants to know whether H. M. S. *Pianoforte*, that every one is making such a fuss about, is a CHICKORY or a STAIRWAY?



### A SCENE FROM "HAMLET."

*The Queen*—MISS ONTARIO.    *Hamlet*—MR. MOWAT.    *Ghost*—MR. BLAKE, (his favourite part).

*Hamlet*.—Look here upon this picture, and on this. \* \* Have you eyes? \* \* For at your age the heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment; and what judgment would step from this to this?

*Ghost*.—Speak to her, HAMLET!





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A cool thousand—Half a ton of ice.—*McGregor News.*

Dear little things—Early asparagus.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Paragraphs worth copying are creditable affairs.—*Boston Post.*

Boston folks only ask to live, move and have their beans.—*Utica Observer.*

A little knowledge may be dangerous, but a little widow is more so.—*Hartford Journal.*

The successful farmer trusts a great deal to the fates—phosphates.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Sing Hey is not a merry maiden or a tar. He is just a Chinese washee-man.—*Boston Post.*

Fast girls who offer their hearts and hands usually belong to the giddy-uns' band.—*N. Y. Herald P. I.*

Cholera is out of the reach of the poor, with cucumbers at 50 fifty cents a dozen.—*New Orleans Times.*

"Given up by the doctors"—All hope of collecting more than one-third of their bills.—*New York News.*

House cleaning is nearly over in this city, and the men are returning from the woods.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

"Lovely woman stoops to folly," when she bends over to pick up an absurdly long train.—*Ottawa Republican.*

A farmer was killed by his hired man, and the coroner's verdict was, "Death by his own hand."—*Steubenville Herald.*

Sympathy is a "pathy" that touches many a sore heart, when homoeopathy and allopathy have utterly failed.—*Steubenville Herald.*

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.—*Picayune.*

Men often go around the Horn, and every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

There is nothing more likely to estrange two friends than a small debt. Land U may some day be separated by an O.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"Madam," said a tramp on Cottage Hill, "would you give me an old pair of pants, for I'm starving to death?"—*Norristown Herald.*

SHAKESPEARE must have seen two ladies taking leave of each other before he wrote "Much Ado about Nothing."—*Norristown Herald.*

It is a very poor newspaper office that hasn't got at least one compositor who "used to set type right alongside of ARTEMUS WARD."—*Ch. Ed. Night.*

An exchange says: "The most notorious girl of the period is Em Bezzle." She generally keeps company with a fellow named I. Mizzle.—*Reno Gazette.*

The same gambling dens which the police hunt for months to find are frequently found by strangers who have not been in town half an hour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The jolly minstrel is a banjovial fellow.—*N. O. Picayune.* Indeed they are, even if their bones do rattle, and they nearly all have the guitar.—*National.*

A Pittsburg barber whose educational fund is limited, spoke of a man whom he considered to be a hypocrite, as a "wolf in cheap clothes."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

In a list of "Maxims for Young Men," a contemporary includes "Make few promises." But, in that case, how is a fellow to be a promising young man?—*N. Y. Mail.*

A London paper thinks that by residing in Europe, an American girl can gradually "get rid of her war-hoop." American girls don't war-whoops now.—*Montpelier Watchman.*

A Fort Worth stage robber has acquired as much money in the practice of his profession as if he had failed in business and compromised at fifteen cents on the dollar.—*Gulveston News.*

Base balls are covered with horse hide tanned with alum, but base ball players are covered with glory and tanned by the sun. P. S.—Sometimes they are tanned by the other club.—*Utica Observer.*

It looks the easiest thing in the world to carry a market basket, but keeping the cover in its place and the butter-bowl from clasp- ing hands with the bag of sugar, is what bothers most men.—*N. Y. Express.*

Some hotels furnish bills of fare in French, so that many guests will call for bread and butter rather than make a display of ignorance before an empty stomach and an illiterate waiter.—*Furness Falls Reporter.*

There is a telegraph operator on the Binghamton road who, like Ralph Raokstraw, loves a lass above his station; and it is as much as ever if he can keep an eye out for the down train.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

The Czar has got frightened a bit

On reading up Latin, to wit:

The Nihilists hold

Were fighters of old;—

'Tis written the first "Nihil fit."

—*Puck*

The female students of the Iowa agricultural college are taught to cook and be practical-housekeepers. We should think there would be fearful matrimonial mortality among these girls following their graduation.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question from the smaller question book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five year old promptly answered, "I do."—*Ex.*

The unblushing assurance that leads the hen of twenty summers to enter market as a spring chicken, compels the belief that nothing but the inexorable difficulties attending the exploit prevents her from appearing in the guise of a fresh laid egg.—*Boston Transcript.*

A person is known by the position he occupies. The man who trudges around the sawdust arena, amid the thumping of drums and the sounding of brass, is a hero; while he who plods his weary way along the dusty thoroughfare, beseechingly asking for work, is a tramp.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The following testimonial for a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."—*Norristown Herald.*

It isn't the frail, delicate girl, with the soft, gazelle-like eye, that the divine affluatus of spring poetry rests upon. Not at all. The genius of rhyme and rhythm is more often found in the robust and somewhat wrinkled maiden of 40 summers, with a good appetite and superb digestion. Young man beware of the rhyming female. She is the most expensive kind to feed.—*New Haven Register.*

As soon as spring put off her frown,  
And man put off his ulster,  
Fair woman put her bonnet on,  
With joy that 'most convulsed her.

For there is naught to her so dear  
As a new and sweet spring bonnet;  
Nor there is not she more does fear  
Than a drop of rain upon it.

—*N. Y. Mail.*

Says JONES, "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow, and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes and a clothes pin protruding from her mouth; it seems impossible that she is one and the same with Miss STUBBINS I used to feed on peppermints, and about whom I used to rave so."—*Boston Transcript.*

A good-looking young fellow in Cambridge applied for the position of coachman to a wealthy citizen, who had advertised for a servant of that variety. Cræsus looked the young man carefully over, and presently said: you won't do, my young man. I want a groom for my horses, not for my daughter. It is a hostler, not a husband that I am after." The young man hung down his head, and went away sorrowful, for he had great expectations.—*Ex.*

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning two men met on Sixth street and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally calling the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered together.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs a hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.—*Empira Gazette.* Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the darndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore.—*New York News.* Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—*Newsboy.* Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float adown the stream, that the boys who come behind us will have to pay for lots of cream. N-e-x-t!—*Yonkers Gazette.* Be not like dumb, driven cattle, be a hero in the strife, never with her mother battle, save the ice-cream for your wife. Proceed!—*Brooklyn Eagle.* Art is long and time is fleeting; he who higgles is a churl; soothe with cream her heart's wild beating, pay the score and win the girl.—*Bowmanville Statesman.*

**A Political Mouse.**

ST. LEGER McDUFF,  
A lazy young muff,  
Sigh'd to be a Government mouse;  
So his wealthy old dad,  
Who some influence had,  
Got him "a soft sit" in the House.

There now he doth shine,  
In his best superfine—  
This mouse on the wheel of the State—  
Secure of his pay,  
He loafs all the day;  
And has his accounts kept on the slate.

To take care of his share  
Of this partisan fare—  
A share of the loves and the fishes—  
He'll bully, lie, dare.  
Sneak, slander, or swear—  
This mouse at the Government dishes!

He lives at his ease,  
As he nibbles his cheese—  
The public cheese in "the House;"  
And on brandy and beer  
He spends hundreds a year;  
As becomes a political mouse.

He joins in the throng  
Of the party most strong,  
Observing each change of the hour;  
And when JOHN A. grows weak,  
Why, then off he will sneak—  
You may bet—to the party in power.

**How to Spend the Holiday.**

NOBODY need spend a dull holiday on this, the 24th. The Goddess of Leisure extends her arms invitingly on every side, and smiles from ear to ear. But still there may be some who have not had time to formally arrange a programme for the day, and others who are equally undecided by reason of the variety and brilliancy of the attractions. With a view to aiding such unfortunates, GRIP begs to recapitulate a few of the ways in which the day may be pleasantly spent.

To the citizen of aquatic tastes nothing would be more enjoyable than a row on the bay. As the weather will probably be meltingly hot, the exercise of rowing will be most healthful. To get the full benefit of it, however, it is necessary that the citizen should take a tolerable cargo with him—a few of his sisters, his cousins and his aunts. Without this he could not enjoy the consciousness that he was combining benevolence with pleasure.

Those who do not care for rowing, even under these delightful circumstances, may go on one of the many steamboat excursions. Heads of families might take the children to the Zoo at the Humber, where a great deal of solid instruction in natural history may be laid in at small cost, in viewing the free menagerie, which, when Mr. GRIP last visited it, consisted of a consumptive fox, a disconsolate bear, and, if he is not greatly mistaken in the classification—a polecat.

Or if he prefers a somewhat longer trip, the pleasure seeker is at liberty to go to Niagara on either of the three steamers, any one of which is a great deal faster and better than the others; or he may take in Victoria Park, where the luxuriant foliage shields him from the sun, and he need have no fear of being *Boyled* any more; or, if he feels that he can pay a more delicate compliment to Her Majesty by visiting LORNE Park, he is at liberty to do so, and will probably be well rewarded for his choice. This is a new pleasure ground, and on this auspicious 24th will be filled with blooming young ladies, green grass and young men.

But it may be that the party for whose guidance we are writing, is one of those

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*William Richards.*

3  
*Miss Maggie Thompson.*

4  
*George Augustus Williams.*

5  
*Mrs. Thomas Jones.*

6  
*William Arthur Crawford.*

7  
*Miss Susie Wade.*

8  
*Byron W. Scott.*

9  
*William Shakes;ere.*

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hapless beings who dare not go out on the water. In that case we must try and find a pleasure resort ashore for him. If he is anything of an antiquary, perhaps it would amuse him to go and see the Indian fete at the Cricket Ground. If he has never seen any aboriginal performances before, he will undoubtedly be delighted with the way in which the red-men perform the green-corn dance. This dance is supposed to be in honor of the harvest, and on this occasion will be given with all details, not omitting the ripe corn juice. There are also other sports to be indulged in here.

On the Lacross Ground, at the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets, he may see poor Lo under other conditions. Here a team of braves representing the Sioux are to do battle with the pale-faced twelve, at three in the afternoon. This will afford the visitor much diversion, as it is well-known the Sioux are a very savage race, and it is possible a few of the white men may be scalped before the game is over.

If our *protege* is of a blood-thirsty character, that is to say, if he is the sort of fellow who delights in witnessing prize-fights, hangings, and that sort of thing, perhaps the most blissful fun for him on the 24th will be at the Rink, where he may witness the wind-up of the six days' walk. There his soul may revel in a spectacle of torture of the most delightful description. In addition to all these attractions, there are cheap excursions on all the railways, and it is at once an innocent and pleasant recreation for the city man to go off for a quiet day in Hamilton or some other adjacent village, where he can have his feelings gratified by exciting the astonishment and envy of the simple country people. In conclusion, GRIP would say that if the pleasure-seeker intends to indulge a taste for old rye on the 24th, he should decidedly stay at home and mind the child, and let his wife go fishing.

**Walker.**

"Now," said Dr. JOHNSTON, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." Dr. JOHNSTON was a walker, his friend "Bozzy" tells us so, and his pace no doubt, like his favorite street, was fleet, although the number of "laps" he made is lost in the lapse of time. Yes—there is no more doubt that the learned Doctor was a great walker than that he wrote a dictionary. Of course he was not the author of WALKER'S Dictionary, nor should he be confounded with other historic walkers, NICARAGUA WALKER, HOOKEY WALKER, or Major WALKER, for instance. Had the "great man" lived in our own time he would have cultivated his legs and given his brains a rest; he would doubtless perceive that his "walkist" merits would be a surer road to fame than all his erudition, and knowledge of Greek roots. We are now in Toronto happy in the possession of a number of walkers, who, like so many wandering Jews, night and day plod on their weary way, one of whom is WALKER by name, and all walkers by nature. The object of their great feet is to ascertain who among them can go the greatest number of times around a ring in a given period, at the termination of which the winner becomes a champion, the recipient of a monetary consideration, and the plaudits of an admiring multitude. It is to be hoped that should another "match" take place, the walkers may be induced to take a course in any one straight direction from the city, the "pod" going farthest and staying longest away to receive a purse, to which, under these conditions, Mr. GRIP will readily and generously contribute.



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"SPORTING" NEWS; OR THE SIX DAY'S WALK.

"Please LORD, help poor father to keep up and win the walking match, 'cause he ain't got no work, and we are all so hungry."

**The Rag Baby Safe.**

The electors of the town of Simcoe, who went to the station to meet Mr. WALLACE on his return from Ottawa, expecting to see the celebrated Rag-Baby, were disappointed. The old gentleman didn't have the child with him, but there is no ground for the suspicion that he murdered it on the way up. Those who are anxious about the well-being of the poor little waif will be pleased to learn that it is safely lodged with the editor of the *National* in this city, and is sure of the most tender and judicious nursing until next session, when Mr. WALLACE will again dangle it before the eyes of the House.

THE *Kingston Daily News* tells of a man being "kicked with a horse." It is bad enough to be kicked by a horse; but what could have kicked this unfortunate man?

MR. DUNBAR, the artist, is engaged in modelling a figure of PAN, the mythological flutist, for the Gov.-General. He is also completing a characteristic medallion of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. We presume he will represent the Premier as APOLLO, with a leading Oppositionist in his hand—the one he called a lyre during the Session.

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