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Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.

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**VOL. XIII,**  
**No. 9.**

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 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.

**ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA.**

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## Literature and Art.

Mr. JOHN FISKE, of Harvard University, has recently delivered in London, a course of six lectures on "America's Place in History."

The first edition of 3,000 copies of GEO. ELIOT's new book was sold before it was published. One circulating library took 300 copies.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, the well-known and brilliant essayist, is said to be busy on a life of Massachusetts's great war governor, JOHN A. ANDREW.

Miss THOMPSON, a granddaughter of BURNS, has recently married Mr. DAVID WINGATE, one of the leading "working-men poets" of the age.

AUGUSTUS BRINKEBANK, who recently died at Halberstadt, Germany, was the hero of FRIEDRICH'S spirited poem, "The Trumpeter of Gravelotte."

The life of one of the greatest American statesmen, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, written by Judge SHEA, is now on the press of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.

Mr. EDGAR BRINSMEAD, the London piano-forte maker, will soon issue a very elaborate and exhaustive history of the "Development of the Piano."

HENRI GREVILLE'S new book, *Un Violin Russe*, is one of the literary sensations of Paris. It is a metaphysico-musical novel, and is said to be full of subtle character studies.

A gray marble medallion of BAYARD TAYLOR has just been presented to Cornell University by the graduating class, a tribute to their ex-lecturer on German literature, as well as a great poet.

The tomb of the great English novelist, HENRY FIELDING, at Lisbon, Portugal, was recently entirely renovated and guarded by an iron fence at the expense of the resident English chaplain there.

The Buffalo Courier speaks in high terms of Miss Emily Gilmore, of Port Hope, Canada, who is but fourteen years old, and is said to give great promise of some day becoming a clever pianist.

The London World says that visitors to HUBO HERKOMER'S studio were recently highly amused by a joke which he perpetrated on those of his brother artists who might be called extremists. A portrait of the artist was called "an arrangement in velvet and calico." The head was painted in the Pellegrini manner; below it were the front halves of a veritable velvet coat, and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers glued to the canvas, as well as a bit of vest, from which hung a gilt watch chain.

The picture by Earnest Parton, which was recently bought by the Royal Academy of London, was entitled "The waning of the Year." It has just been discovered that Parton is an American, and there is a great-do among the big wigs. The British Lion growls through the London press: "It is no assistance to British art to buy a Yankee picture, however fine, and it is probable that the Master of the Rolls may be invited to express his opinion on this transaction." To which G. W. Smalley spunkily answers: "Well, let him express it. I should say it might be argued that the stimulus to British art was very direct. If anything could sting the British into fresh effort, it would surely be the sight of British cash thus diverted into an American pocket solely on account of the admitted superiority of an American painter."

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## Tenders for Steel Rails.

TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

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## Stage Whispers.

Mr. SOTHERN, in his farewell speech in the Theatre Royal of Dublin, in the garb of "Garrick" and the accents of "Dundreary," said he was going to Canada to fish among the Indians, and that the pursuit of the gentile art there was nice, but exciting, as you had to angle with a rifle cocked in your left-hand, a bow-knife between your teeth, and an uneasy feeling in the top of your head.

A London paper says: "A new American star, Mlle. NEVADA, has just had a great success at Vienna, in the salons of Mme. MARCHESI, the world-famous professor of singing. This young lady who comes from the 'far West,' sang *Ophelia's* air from THOMAS' *Hamlet*, in so superb a manner as to speak much for both teacher and pupil. Mlle. NEVADA, whose real name we suspect to be WIXON, is destined to a brilliant operatic future."

Mme. ALBANI will remain in England until October, to sing at the Hereford and Bristol, and perhaps at the Birmingham Festivals. It has been decided that this great artist shall return to the stage of the Royal Italian Opera next season, to resume her parts of "Elsa," "Elizabeth" and "Senta," and to play the chief part in HEROLD'S *Freux et Crocs*.

The celebrated English actor IRVING and the celebrated French actor DELAUNAY met recently in the house of a mutual friend, and each gave the other a taste of his quality. DELAUNAY recited the ballad of *Fortunio* and Mr. IRVING, HOOD'S *Eugene Aram*, the effect of which was almost lost upon the Frenchman, who does not speak English. He was, however, greatly interested in the English actor's gestures and expression.

An enormous audience crowded St. James' Hall, London, to hear the first performance for many years of the famous choral song, in forty real parts, of THOMAS TALLIS. Written in 1575 to Latin words, this historic curiosity was set to English words in 1680, and performances are still on record, by the Madrigal Society in 1894, and some years ago by Mr. HULLAI'S choir at Exeter Hall. Only four copies of the work are known to be in existence, one of them being in Her Majesty's library at Buckingham Palace, the others at the British Museum, in the library of Sir F. GORE OUSELEY, and in that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was from the copy belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society that the performance was conducted by Mr. HENRY LESLIE.

Of the performance of SARAH BERNHARDT in *Hernani*, the critic of the London Times says: "In the last scene, just before 'Ruy Gomez' winds the fatal horn and appears to claim the life over which 'Hernani' has given him an absolute right, there occurs a passage beginning, 'Ce calme est trop profond,' the delivery of which by SARAH BERNHARDT is one of the most perfect passages of spoken music we have ever heard upon the stage. We need say nothing of the intensity of her agony in the closing scene, the tenderness with which she composes herself to death on the bosom of her beloved, and the beautiful cadence of her last speech, beginning, 'Mort! non pas! nous dormons.' It left a profound impression, which neither the guilty passion of 'Phedre,' the jealous fury of 'Andromacque,' nor the less classic sufferings and sacrifice of 'Zaire' are likely to efface."

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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## GRIP THE PROPHET.

(These lines will be more fully appreciated, we venture to say, a few months hence.)

The Koh-i-noor may hang its head—  
In triumph, not in shame,  
A "Garnet" now reigns in its stead,  
And WOOLSELEY is its name.

## The Perils of the Deep!

## ARRIVAL OF THE "CHICORA."

## HANLAN SEA-SICK!

Three hours from land to land—Heavy gales—Blizzards, Typhoons, Monsoons and Pomerpos—Caught in a Cyclone!—All for 25c.

Thrilling account of the passage from the Log of Our Marine Reporter.

Everything was lovely and serene to the unpractised eye of the wretched land lubber as your reporter stepped on board the noble vessel in Niagara; but any nautical man with experience beyond that of a *Pinafore* main-top man could, by simply lifting his weather eye, tell that we were in for heavy weather. Mr. HANLAN quite ill. Hoisted on board on a boatswain's chair and at once retires. Very sorry, hope he'll pull through. Think it likely—he generally does.

I keep a log. Couldn't report any nautical matters without one. Call log in use. My deckalor—my old logs, back logs—good idea.

3 Bells—Jumped on board the *Chicora*—say "How are ye, my hearty," to Captain—get no answer. Don't know me, perhaps. Such is fame! Immense multitude on board. The poor but honest Bankist, the gushing caramel-eating Syren; the university student on parole from his native cloisters, the unprotected maiden and the inevitable cigaretted masher of the matinees.

2 Bells—Get under weigh.—Fort Niagara, bearing N.N.E. Fort George, N.N.W. HANLAN sick. Wind freshening. Gentleman passengers ditto. Weather begins to look "dirty"—so do the decks. Assume guardianship *ad libem*—of young, unprotected maiden; bewitching blonde—would

I get her a chair? Would I, you bet I would!

So I got myself a chair, and one chair more,  
For the pretty little blonde in the pinafore.

3 Bells—Wind and sea rising—HANLAN worse. He took a pull—at a bottle. Ladies one by one retire to the seclusion of the cabin. My beautiful and banged blonde gets more blondy. Says something about Europe and goes below.

4 Bells—Tremendous head-sea—Blowing "great-guns." Captain says, "Mr. Mate, desire those remarkably fine looking 'Roustabouts' to come on deck, and we'll put a couple of reefs in the topsail—if you please" Mate says, "Aye, aye, sir!" Jump up here, lazy, lubberly, idle, Irish sons of Freedom and take in sail—if you please."

"Stand by your reef-tackles—settle away your halyards! Small pull of your weather topsail braces! Belay all! Now jump aloft, and haul out two reefs in one, in five minutes, or I'll rub you down with a belayin' pin, you brass-cased silver-mounted, long-shore, ungentlemanly sons of the brine!—if you please." Coarse man, that mate.

6 Bells. Weather of a decidedly typhoono hurricane sort—HANLAN indisposed—Man at mast head cries, "Sail, Ho!"—Captain, "Where away?"—"Dead astern—gaining on us fast"—"Does she look like a pirate?"—"No!"—"What does she look like?"—"The *Rothesay*!"—"What, after us!"—Mr. Mate, get those gentlemanly fellows on deck again—Turn out here and make sail, you picked-up, junk-devouring, bulwark-scrubbing sons of sea cooks, and get those top-gallant sails on here in two minutes and a half, or I'll part your hair with a heaver!—if you please. Mate's name is KIDD, used to be a captain.

7 Bells. Chaos—Confusion and cold water—ship on beam ends—Hove to under after smoke stack.—Bank clerks' canes taken and piled with stout ladies to windward—"Throw a tarpaulin over them," the cruel captain said,—"they won't get very wet."—Ship a tremendous sea—recollect no more for a time. Fortunately am washed into Bar—Just as we weather the light house, weather moderates—come on deck—officers in good humour—seamen taking grog—*Rothesay* hull down to the southward—but poor HANLAN still lies sick

As we sail in the gale,  
To the Bay of To-ron-to.

NOTE.—Our excuse for inadvertently allowing the above in our columns is our ignorance of nautical matters, which permitted us to be deceived by our reporter, who, unfortunate man, concocted the whole story in LORNE PARK, while under the influence of the Demon Lager. His excuse is that, being a sailor, rum is his usual beverage, and that the lager went to his head. This excuse is of the gauziest. It is needless to say he has been ignominiously discharged from our employ.

## Plums from Blake's Speech.

"Marry come up."—*Shakespeare*  
"Come up Neddie."—*Old Song*.

"It behoved the farmers to buy whatever they might want as cheaply as possible."

Leave the "honest yeomen" alone for that, EDWARD.

"Look to a National Policy that would hasten the day when Canadians would be able to shake hands with their fellow subjects in the British Isles, and say 'I, too, am a fellow-subject of yours. 'I, too, have a voice in the councils of the Great Empire of which you are a subject.'"

Glorious idea, EDWARD! Then the sub-

jects in the British Isles can reciprocate and shake hands with us Canucks and truly say, "I, too, have a voice in the councils of your Great Dominion." Bully! It quite brings us back to the good old times. Put it there, EDWARD—shake!

"He objected to anything which tended to produce inequalities among our people and desired the continuance of that state of things under which the son of the artisan and the son of the wealthy man would have equal opportunities to gain a thorough education and to rise in the world."

Just so, EDWARD, but we thought our Universities were free to every body's son, providing always he can raise the wind to pay his fees, and does not prove to be an utter son of a gun, and consequently get expelled, a fate which might happen as readily to the son of the wealthy man as to the artisan's "hopeful." And then there are artisans who are wealthy, and a wealthy artisan must be a wealthy man, although a wealthy man must not of necessity be an artisan.

And "it is the people in the Colonial Office who create the Knights, and not the Queen personally." "And how they will laugh at the chosen Canadians." "That is so." They very likely will—they are so funny. In fact I believe they are given very much to laughing at colonial pretensions, and doubtless will continue to laugh at everything from Canada—except, of course, you, EDWARD. They wouldn't be audacious enough for that—of course not. You'd stop their foreign wars. That's what you'd do, EDWARD.

## The Taste of the Mosquito.

Down by the dashing Restigouche,  
Where lordly salmon rise  
To make themselves acquainted with  
A Princess armed with flies.

The Princess reasoned with the sprite;  
What else could fisher do?  
"My newest, dearest, armed Knight,  
Would I could fly with you!"

"I know your taste, your ladyship,  
You love a "laddie" bonny,  
While I forego the vulgar sip  
For blood that's sweet as honey.

Indeed I own a stinging wit,  
That nothing will suffice;  
The best blood of the land's but fit  
For me, I love what's nice!

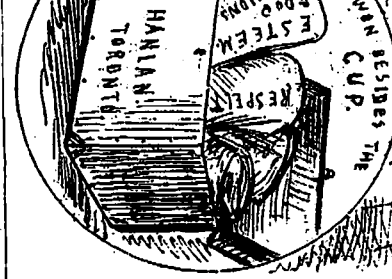
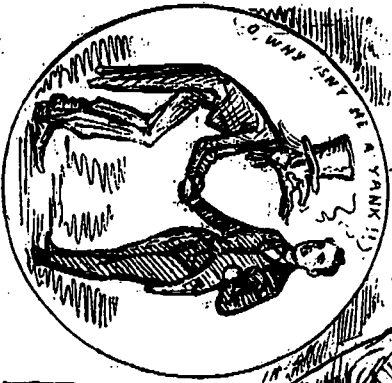
I welcome to the "fisher's luck,"  
Those who most need repose,  
Far from the stings of GRIP or Puck,  
Those wittlings who give blows!

I welcome Princess, Marquis, suite,  
To my domain of right,  
Where the St. Lawrence river meet,  
And all can get "a bite."

Your taste to streams and valleys takes,  
Where the scaled salmon come,  
Admiring fauna, flowers and breaks:  
My rule's to stay "to hum!"

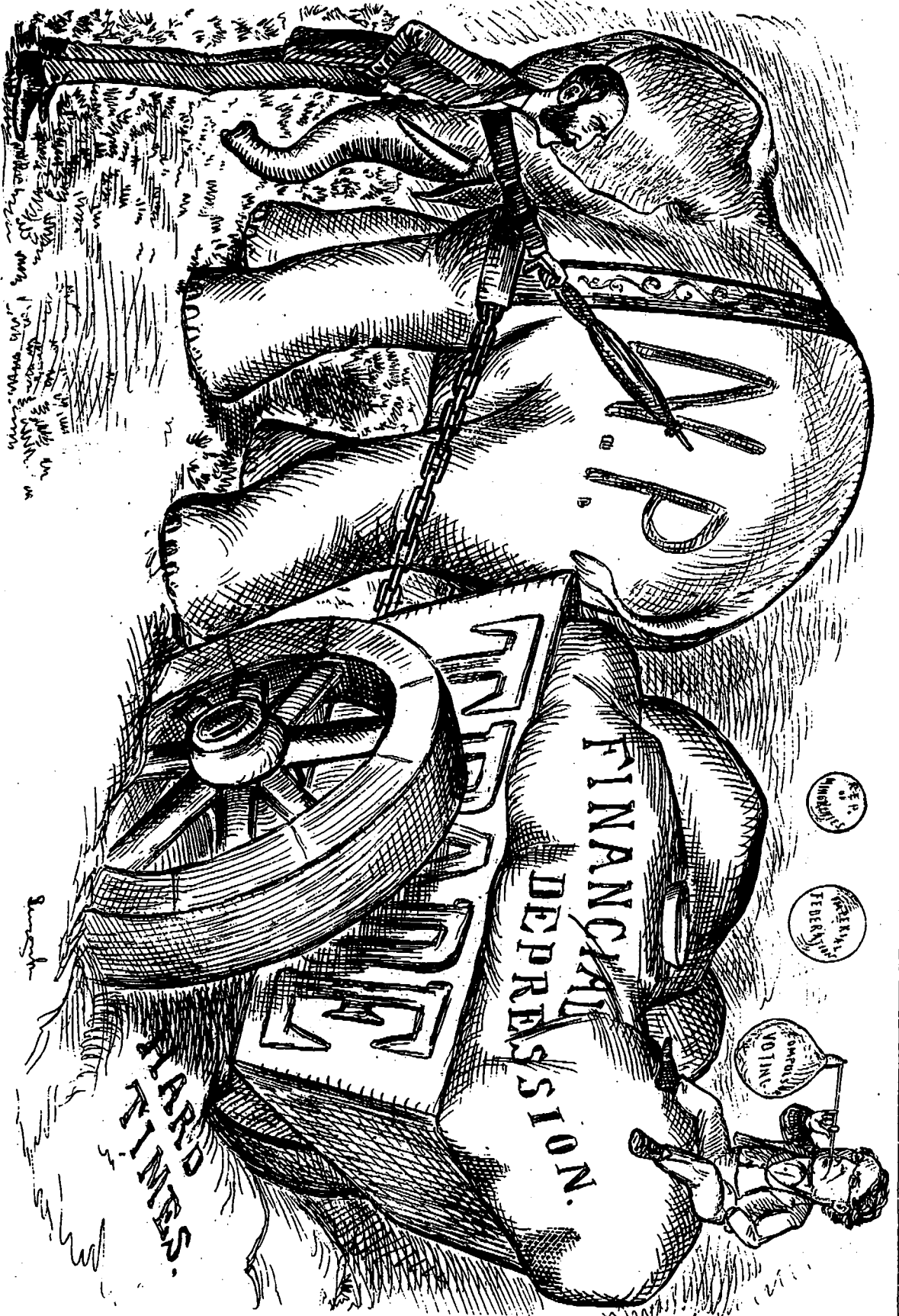
Lady, then seek great Ottawa,  
There in your brightest sheen,  
May all your paths for many a day,  
Be robed in evergreen!"

NOTICE TO GENTLEMEN.—The red lamps hung in the Horticultural Gardens warn you to "Beware of the trains!" Even now,—such a fashion—it is a *hoopless* matter to obey the warning.



HANLIAN'S

RETURN



GOLDWIN SMITH—HERE, STOP BLOWING THOSE IMPRACTICABLE BUBBLES, AND BEAR A HAND TO HELP THE CART ALONG.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Campin' gout is prevalent.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

The eloping young lady of the period is the lily of the valet.—*Utica Observer.*

The *Bull Dog* is published in Texas. It can get a good GRIP in Toronto.—*Norr. Herald.* What a dog-oned joke.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weighs and be wise enough to avoid him.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The grate art of kontentment konsists in in being perfectly satisfied with what yer hain't got.—*Josh Billings.*

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if it does not.—*Hartford Journal.*

The intelligent compositor who set up "defective" for "detective" was not such a fool as he looked.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Better bare feet and contentment therewith, than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.—*Marathon Independent.*

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

We always have our suspicions of a man who invariably takes his soda from the other side of the fountain.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Man wants but little here below," wherever he may roam, and when he calls for lager beer, he wants but little foam.—*Carry Herald.*

"My father, what is an Israelite?" "My son, an Israelite is a rich Jew." "And what is a Jew, my father?" "A poor Israelite."—*Puck.*

Never believe a man who is always telling what he used to do, who always deals with the past tense, for the past tense is a pretense.—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Lively Hens," is the name of a New Orleans base ball club. Isn't this foul play?—*Detroit Free Press.* Can't say; but we believe it's a femi-nine.—*Boston Post.*

Now is the season of the year when the small boy tieth a string around his waist and considereth himself properly arrayed to take a bath in public.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Intoxication takes all the quicksilver from the mirror which nature holds up to man, and hence the very errors it magnifies are lost in his contemplation.—*Wade Whipple.*

When a young class orator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted on his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

What terminates a man's smile about as quick as anything else, is to have his cane slip out of his hand and drop through a grating in front of an unoccupied building.—*N. Y. Star.*

It is more reputable to adapt yourself to circumstances than it is to fit yourself with another man's new silk hat, when he is taking dinner at a crowded hotel.—*Many-hatted Lukens.*

The zinc statue of Tom Moore at Dublin has a crack in its head, and is half full of water. Which is a thing that never happened to him during his lifetime.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The man who discovers a medicine that is warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," may get rich quicker than his neighbor, but he doesn't live any longer.—*Norristown Herald.*

The boy who says it's "my turn" as the short cake is being passed, rarely makes the same remark when the mowing machine knives have to be ground after dinner.—*Marathon Independent.*

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to get along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It's about time for the annual appearance of the story of the old man 97 years of age, who cuts seven acres of heavy grass with a scythe and puts it in cocks between sun and sun.—*Lockport Union.*

Pleasure has many definitions, but in reality it consists of going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there and calling it "the best time you ever had."—*Marathon Independent.*

It is estimated that the people of the United States consume 3,000 barrels of liver pills a year, and yet there is occasionally a man left to reach his end by a railway collision.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Psychologists will please come to the front on this question.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

"There have been numerous cases of death this year," he said, seriously, "from a poisonous sediment that gathers in the freezers." But it would not do, and she cooed, thoughtfully, "Oh, what a sweet way to die!"—*St. Louis Spirit.*

An uptown man when asked last evening if he was a member of a certain church, replied: "Well, I dunno; b'lieve I'm a sort of honorary member or something. Anyhow, when they have a donation, I always send something along."—*Albany Argus.*

It seems to us that Mr. Toast must be a perennial inebriate. We never see his name mentioned without being followed by a statement that he was drunk; and this amid the applause of the ton, and sometimes even at cold water banquets.—*Rochester Express.*

When the "orator of the day" at the Valley Forge dedication asked, "Shall we ever forget what was done and accomplished here? No! never!" about one thousand Pinafore-nauseated persons struck for the depot with the intention of taking the next train home, while nearly the same number made tracks across the fields. They thought he was going to add: "Well, hardly ever!"—*Norristown Herald.*

A careful housemaid puts wall paper on the front room in the spring time rather than in the fall. MILLIE's young man never leans his greasy back hair against the wall in the summer time, and the paper can consequently be kept clean. The front gate, you know.—*New Haven Register.*

There's a wonderful charm in the little word "yes," When pronounced by some roseate fair; And it thrills you with ecstasy double-distilled, From the soles of your boots to your hair— Unless 'tis pronounced to your formal request (Ah, then, how your whole being quails) To take one more saucer of berries and cream, When to back you your exchequer fails.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If the people who send you circulars soliciting money, with a stamped return envelope, would only enclose the stamp loose in the circular there would be some profit in receiving them, but it takes considerable time to cut 'em off the envelope and put them in your stamp box.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A London Correspondent says that the Prince of Wales is "a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. Ah, yes; but the Prince buys his tobacco. It is only begged tobacco that shatters the mind, weakens the constitution, and sends young men to an early grave."—*Norr. Herald.*

"Ah," said Mrs. Hickenlooper, in a sentimental tone, "how quickly the things we cherish in this life are gone, and we know them no more for ever." Mr. Hickenlooper was looking from the window, and saw three lazy tramps slowly ambling out of sight. "Yes," he remarked, "one by one our idles pass away."—*Rockland Courier.*

And now ariseth a medical man who says he can prove to anybody's satisfaction that the bites of mosquitoes are positively beneficial to the human system. He avers that they drain the system of bad blood, and that persons bothered with pimples or eruptions would find relief by permitting themselves to be bitten thirty or forty times a day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I would enquire, madam, if you would like to purchase a lead pencil for three cents," remarked the ex-tramp as he humbly stood upon the back door step. "And also, if you would be so kind as to assist me to a change of linen. I'm ashamed to beg, indeed I am, but I have only one shirt in the world, madam, and"—clutching his coat collar closely about his neck—"I haven't that with me."—*New Haven Register.*

An old man fell dead in Mansville, Pa., one Sunday night recently, while sitting in the parlor where his daughter and her young man were sparking. It may be that the conduct of the young couple sickened the old man, and caused his death, but it will do no harm, and perhaps much good, to cut this paragraph out and show it to the old folks who are addicted to sticking in the parlor on Sunday evenings when their daughter's beau wants to tell her a great many secrets and so forth.—*Norristown Herald.*

A sad event has occurred in the family of asteroids. Hilda is lost. One of the nearly two hundred members of the planetary sisterhood revolving between Mars and Jupiter can no longer be found in her accustomed celestial haunts. It is not known whether Hilda has eloped with her father's coachman, or has run away and joined a travelling Pinafore troupe. We have predicted time and again that if Hilda's parents didn't keep a close eye on her she would give them trouble. Being a revolver it is not strange that she has "gone off."—*Norr. Herald.*

### "Mrs. Lapscealing on Newspaper Stories."

If one thing more than another is to my mind unworthy of a disapproval, it is the remission of voracity by the disporters of the press. As SHAKESPEARE, through the mouth of *Hollofurnace*, in a paregorical manner, observes: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the stable of his armament." I can remunerate a striking instant of this case of unreliability. A short time ago, I pursued a sexton of the *Mail*, which stated that by means of a moderate invention, a freezing mixture could be rejected into the veins of living animals, thus reducing a spontaneous fragility; or, in other words, changing them simultaneously into icebergs. Thus, if the pronunciation of a bleat was arrested by the transmigration of a sheep into an icicle, the unmuttered half of the sound would remain putrified in the mouth of the animal till its restoration to its ordinary sheepish state by the rejection into its artilleries of an unfreezing mixture. In this state of solution, animals could be retained for any limited, indefinite period.

This startling diatribe roused my mind into a state of petrification. I became reprehensive that iceberg animals would become household ornaments; that mischance a pair of eloquent iced-cows would stand as centuries at the foot of my friend's staircase; or, perhaps, an iced-lamb would appear as a statute at the supper and be chemically refunded to life at the terminus of the feast; thus changing the vestal board into a gambling table.

But numerable are the exigencies to which many would resort, and I grievously feared that some of my fellow-creatures, myself included, might fall a victory to a parabolical advice. A hospitable enemy might thus disport his animadversion and by transcending me into an icicle, in a literary manner isolate me from the world. This harrying thought so prosecuted me that at times it almost caused the reverberations of my heart to be seized.

But unforeseen were these prophecies of my mental vision, for after pursuing a diagraph in another paper, I discovered that the subsequent article which I had previously read was only the fanatical inventory of some ingenious brain; and that the iceberg story was nothing but a *sans fraud*. That a disporter of newspaper antidotes must not be disqualified by veraciousness is a sculsion to which we must all arrive; and I cannot better include myself than by misquoting the frays which Sir JOHN MACDONALD has so beautifully compressed in an elegant simony. "Every minute now should be the father of some stratagem. The times are wild."

### Our Own Sick Beadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

EDISON takes a back seat in the presence of JAMES H. RILEY, an awfully smart Yankee oarsman, who has invented a process for beating HANLAN. By the use of this contrivance JAMES admits that he himself can "make the champion howl." Like all really great inventions this one is extremely simple, namely, to force HANLAN to row so fast for the first mile, that he'll be done for at two. In the meantime Mr. RILEY has been beaten by COURTNEY. Why he didn't try an experiment with his invention in this case is not stated.

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## PACIFIC RAILWAY. TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. } xiii-6-st.

The Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Co. will run an excursion train from Toronto to Owen Sound and return, Friday and Saturday, July 18th and 19th, for the small sum of two dollars, tickets good for ten days.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

### PRESS OPINIONS.

"Grip," the comic paper of Canada, has recently come to our hands, enlarged to eight pages, and with an increased number of illustrations. It is a remarkably clever and well-got up publication. It is published by Bengough Brothers, of Toronto.—*Reporter, Prescott, England.*

Our Canadian *Punch* is unusually good this week. The principal cartoon represents Sir John, Sir Charles, and Sir Samuel on shipboard. "The weather looks 'muddy,' especially towards the east, where a haze gathers over 'Quebec,' distinctly showing the 'Letellier Difficulty.'" Sir Charles, with binocular extended, remarks to Sir Samuel standing near, "There's going to be a big breeze over there." Sir John with his hat under his arm and looking "scart," is hurrying to the cabin. Underneath we have: "Sir John Macdonald Porter, K. C. B.—And when the breezes blow I generally go below, and court the seclusion which a cabin grants."—*Belleville Ontario.*

GRIP is unusually bright and clever this week. Again the condition of affairs political in the Province of Quebec affords the ever attractive cartoon. Sir John is represented as the great sword swallower in the act of doing something disagreeable. The Lieutenant-Governor with his arms pinioned is kneeling to the left of the Chieftain anxiously thinking of his fate. Sir John's sword bears the legend "Advice to dismiss Letellier" and he addresses the impatient audience in these words, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now proceed to—ah—er—um—cut off this person's head, or else—er—er—swallow this sword,—I don't know which." Mr. Joly stands at one wing of the stage in a threatening attitude with his clenched fist raised, and says: "Dare not to touch him! we demand justice," while Mr. Mousseau from the right shrieks out "Off with his head, we demand blood!" The spirit and idea of the design, are exceedingly rich, and really present the condition of things in rather a truthful light. The smaller cuts are also very good and represent Goldwin Smith, Messrs Mousseau, Langevin, Hanlan, Ross and Warren Smith, the Halifax oarsman, in various positions. This number is especially interesting to the people of Quebec. GRIP is never dull or common place.—*Chronicle, Quebec.*

I am rather astonished to find that the papers of this continent have taken no notice whatever of the fact that HANLAN sent back his cup for a second helping of tea at breakfast yesterday morning. Surely HANLAN and his cup have not been forgotten already?

Speaking of newspapers, what a pestilent set of wretches those interviewers are. Their infinite cheek is not so bad as their mendacity, however. HANLAN says he didn't talk half the stuff they gave him credit for in the New York journals.

After all, it must be admitted that nothing in a paper is more eagerly read than an interview, be it veracious or the contrary, and perhaps the character of the interviewer is oftener denounced by fellows whom he has never thought it worth while to torture.

The *Mail* points out that Mr. BLAKE should include members of Parliament in his compulsory voting measure. Hear, hear! Let us put a stop to this disgraceful system of shirking votes in the House.

One by one the great questions are being solved. The National Policy is a fact: Representation by Population, Confederation, and the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, are laid to rest for ever. The Quebec conundrum and Apstolic Succession are just on the eve of solution, and I may venture to hope that before long even the subject of GRIP'S HANLAN-ELLIOTT cartoon will cease to agitate the *Telegram* people.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH that Mr. BLAKE'S new fangled reform measures are more ornamental than useful just at present, especially the Imperial Federation idea. Still, Mr. BLAKE is a man not to be sneezed at, as the British members will find out when he rises as Canadian representative to address the Imperial House of Commons.

Is Mr. R. W. PHIPPS, who wrote the LETELLIER letter in Monday's *Globe*, the Mr. R. W. BIRPPS who wrote a Protection pamphlet not long ago? "We are led to this enquiry" by noticing that whereas the Reform papers then referred to him as a jumped-up lunatic, they now allude to him as a brilliant and well read gentleman.

I observe that THICKPENNY'S sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary. But why not the Asylum, if the man is insane? And if he is not insane, why commute the sentence? May we welcome this as an indication of the Government's intention to abolish capital punishment?

The *Detroit Free Press* exclaims: "If there is anything in this world more detestable than an old maid who loves gossip and slander, a chromo will be given to the person who can tell what it is." It is an old maid who wears a towering headdress, and sits directly in front of you at the performance in the Pavilion at the Gardens. Please pack that chromo carefully and send it right along.

Mr. EDISON is anxious to get a lot of platinum, and to this end he has sent out circulars to postmasters and others, in which he says, "This metal, as a rule, is found in scales associated with free gold." I am not aware that he will trouble Canadian P. M's. with the circular, as there is no free gold in the country for the platinum to associate with.



THE REFORM PAUL PRY.

P. P.—I'm not at all curious, but I'd just like to know why JOHN A. doesn't go to England.

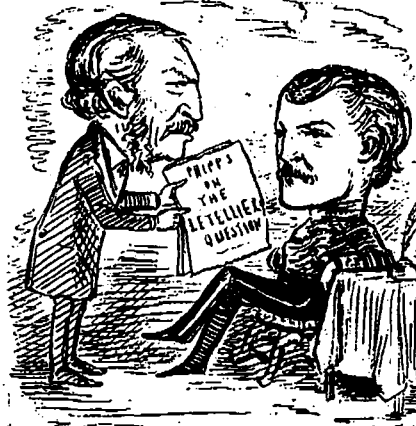


ST. JOHN'S, N. B. WAITING FOR THE VICE-REGAL VISIT.



"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried An artist to his lovely bride,  
"I'll dip my brush in colors rare,  
And show the world that thou art fair."  
"No don't," she answered, "what's the use,  
When I can have it done by Bruce?"

J. BRUCE & Co., opp Rossin House.  
xii-22-7y.



A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

If the Governor-General fails to take PHIPPS' advice, will PHIPPS have to resign?

A Query from St. Catharines.

Should we who live along the line of the Canal be called *Canalle*, by would-be jokers or others?

No; you are not down to that level yet. You would very rightly-look upon it as a "deep cut." We can Welland truly say it is a sad misnomer, and think that in future those funny people had better keep Thorold jokes locked up.

The Law Society.

It appears to be an understood thing that the Marquis is to be admitted to the Bar during his coming visit to Toronto. As far as we know, his Lordship's legal record is brief, but no doubt he will make *Osgoods* a lawyer as most of the aspirants to legal honors; we suppose he *Cantyre* the patience of the Court as well as his more practical brethren, without making a *Mull* of it. It is to be hoped he will be successful in his special pleading with juries, and that his eloquence *McCullum More* to his views of the case.

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Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.  
Send for circulars. xii-12-7y

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