

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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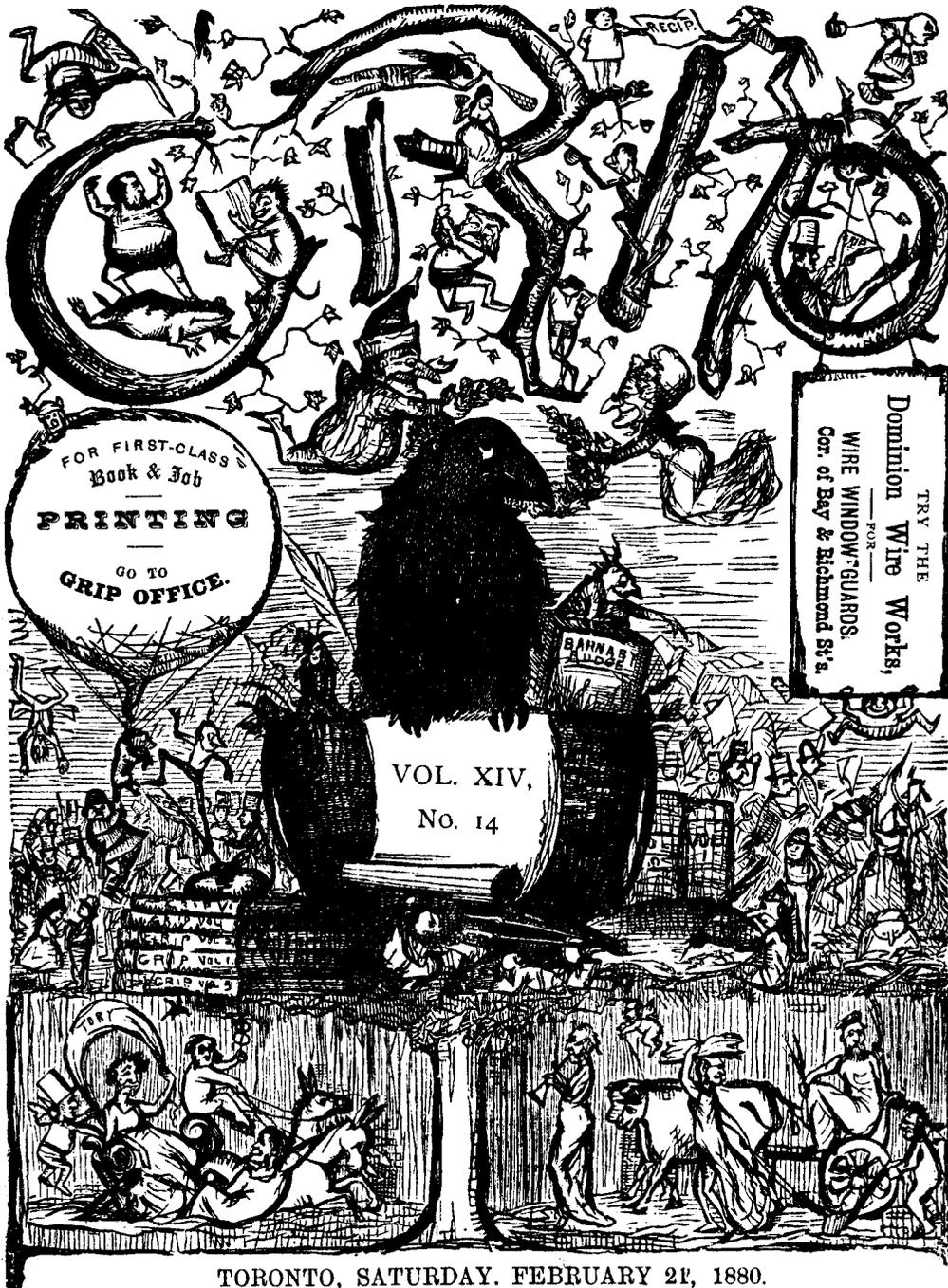
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

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GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager, GRIP Office.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

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## Literature and Art.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER went to Egypt for the winter, but did not leave his literary work behind him. It is said that he is about to return home.

"Japanese Ornamentation," a book containing several hundred designs in the Japanese style, will be published early next month by HANEY & Co., of New York.

Dr. MORITZ BUSCH has a right to congratulate himself on the success of his book on BISMARCK, of which seven translations have appeared and 48,000 copies are in circulation.

MESSRS. SAMSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. have commenced the republication in monthly numbers of Mr. FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH'S illustrated "Fern Paradise," or "plea for the culture of ferns."

Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, sometimes styled IRVING'S successor, is preparing an introduction to the "Geoffrey Crayon Edition" of IRVING'S writings, which G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS are nearly ready to bring out.

The new volume of FRANCIS PARKMAN'S series, "France and England in North America," to which he is devoting such time as is not occupied in the discussion of the woman question, will be entitled "Mont-calm."

Dr. SCHLIEMANN is about to publish a new volume, to be entitled "Ilios the Country of the Trojans," in which the indefatigable explorer will give an account of his latest researches in the plain of Troy. Four hundred plans and illustrations adorn the work.

Mr. J. B. MCGURN announces the early publication of a work to be entitled "The Canadian Portrait Gallery. In the prospectus he says:

"It is intended to make the work a complete and trustworthy Cyclopaedia of Canadian Biography, from the period of the first discovery of the country down to the present times. Special prominence will be given to the lives of persons now living. With regard to those who have passed away, there are also a few who stand out so conspicuously in our annals as to deserve full and comprehensive treatment. On the other hand, there are many names which, though of sufficient note in their day and generation, have left no permanent or abiding traces behind them. With reference to the latter, a more concise account will be given.

LITERARY men and journalists generally receive substantial recognition from the Government of the United States. Frequently they have been chosen to fill foreign missions, and in every instance have reflected honor on their country. From the days of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to the present time, the list of those so honored contains many of the brightest names in American literature. The latest appointment of this kind is Mr. F. H. MASON, editor of the *Cleveland Leader* to a Consulship at Basle, Switzerland.

A Toronto artist prints a letter in which he brings forward the suggestion that some of the great English painters should be employed by the Dominion Government to paint the picture of some prominent men—say the Canadian Resident Minister in London—and that the portrait be sent to Canada and exhibited in the leading cities in rotation. This, he claims, would give a good idea of the English style of technical "handling," which all art students in Canada cannot go abroad to study. The art advantages would be equally great if the party who got the painting paid for it himself.



## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section West of Red River will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek. Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

xiv-14-6t.



## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

## Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY instant, for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:—

- 4 First class Cars.
- 2 Postal and Baggage Cars.
- 60 Box Cars.
- 60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,  
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Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

xiv-14 3d-1t.

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FOR  
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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will be received by the undersigned up to noon

On MONDAY, 1st MARCH, 1880,

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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and  
Public Charities, Ontario.

Toronto, 13th Feb., 1880.

## No Chairman.

It is mentioned that the Lucan vigilance committee had no chairman and this of course explains the disorderly conduct by which the country has been shocked.

## Stage Whispers.

ALBANI, the Canadian prima donna, is all the rage at Florence.

PATTI and NICOLINI receive \$20,000 a night for singing at the Gayety Theatre, Paris.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD has taken a long lease of a pretty house in London for herself and relatives.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is crowded to the walls at every performance of the "Pirates of Penzance."

Having been successful in Madrid as *Mignon*, CHRISTINE NILSSON is announced to sing there in "Norma."

During DEN THOMPSON'S engagement at the Boston Theatre 2000 coupon tickets were sold for a single performance.

To a Washington correspondent Miss EMMA THORNTON emphatically denies the report that she is to be married.

The burning of Rome is one of the scenic effects in RUBINSTEIN'S opera of "Nero." Is this to bring in the Roman emperor's fiddle?

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI has joined MAPLESON'S Opera Company at Chicago, and will remain with them until the end of their season in America.

JOHN P. SMITH'S "Tourists" have been out fourteen weeks, and have played to over \$59,000 gross. MINNIE PALMER'S "Boarding School" to \$11,000 in five weeks.

"The Lord of the Manor," by HERMAN MERIVALE, recently produced in London, is founded on GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister*. It is said not to resemble the story very strongly.

MARY ANDERSON is playing through the country towns of Pennsylvania and New York States with unvarying success. She will not appear either in New York or Philadelphia this season.

A new star is about to illumine the theatrical sky—LILLIAN SPENCER by name. She is a resident of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and although only sixteen years old is said to manifest wonderful dramatic genius.

Many a man who starts with trade ends by becoming a prosperous merchant. JOHN McCULLOUGH, the tragedian, is a chair-maker by trade. He used to make seats, now he sells them. JOHN is a Philadelphia boy.

Twenty-five operas were produced in the various theatres in Italy within the past twelve months. The only works which earned even the semblance of a success, were "Ero de Leandero," by Signor BOTTE SINI, produced at the Regio di Turin on January 11, and "Maria Tudor," by Signor GOMES, produced at the Scala of Milan, on March 27. Neither work is worth bringing to England, but both were superior to the remaining twenty-three operas, not even the names of which is worth while to mention.

The Spanish students have made a genuine success at BOOTH'S where they are introduced during the olla podrida of "Humpty Dumpty." They are picturesque of course and they play with an *esprit du corps* that make their instruments sound like one great mandolin. The overture and dance tunes were exquisite in their delicacy, precision, and coloring. On the first night all the boxes but one were filled with Spanish residents, and the bright eyes of Americanized senoritas flashed softly as the music arose "in it's voluptuous swell." But there was also a noisy gallery who did not know the Spanish for "Hist the rag!"

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**Popular Air and Chorus.**

SUNG BY FESTIVE GRITS ON THE DAWSON ROUTE.

*Gov. M.C.D.* I am Ontario's Governore?  
*His Companions.* And a right good fellow too!  
*Gov.* You're very, very good,  
 And be it understood  
 I can handle a good corkscrew.  
*Companions.* We're very, very good,  
 And be it understood  
 We can help with a good corkscrew!

*Gov.* Here's lashings of the best  
 To satisfy us all.  
*Companions.* And with it we are quite content.  
*Gov.* You're exceedingly polite,  
 But refrain from getting tight,  
 Except for experiment.  
*Companions.* We're exceedingly polite,  
 We'll refrain from getting tight,  
 Except for experiment.

*Gov.* I dread a glass of beer,  
 For it makes me very queer,  
 But champagne I like when its free,  
 And here it cannot fail,  
 If we drink it from a pail,  
 But we never must get on a spree.  
*Companions.* What! never?  
*Gov.* Well, hardly ever.  
*Companions.* We must hardly ever get upon the spree.

*Gov.* When we go upon a booze,  
 Bad liquor we refuse,  
 Except in emergency,  
 Such as never, never can  
 Overtake any man  
 Who is catered for by Colonel G.  
*Companions.* What! never?  
*Gov.* Well, hardly ever.  
*Companions.* Hardly ever if you leave him free.

*All.* Then give three cheers and one cheer more  
 For the Colonel who catered for the Governore,  
 For the treasury that pays the whole of the score,  
 And the Province that trusts sober Grits with its store.

**The Princess and the Premiers.**

A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.

London *Mayfair* says:

"I hear that the Prime Minister of Canada is so ridiculously like the Prime Minister of England that when the Princess Louise met Lord Beaconsfield first after her voyage across the Atlantic 'so powerful was the association of ideas that her Royal Highness at once involuntarily spoke with a Canadian accent."

The *Mayfair* man is evidently under the impression that the remarks of Her Royal Highness were something like these:—

"Ugh! Big Chief you! Princess me! Like Canada much—so do—much! So me Brave, too." (Then recollecting that it is BEACONSFIELD and not the great native Canadian who is before her). "Yes, Canada is quite too awfully chawming. So pwim-itive—aw—the wintabs so vewy wefeshin-vewy—the savages so wespctful—so eu-

thusiastic—but waw and wuff, oh! fearfully so!"

It is hardly necessary to say that Her Royal Highness affected neither the English of an Iroquois nor the slang of London Dunderrearies. She spoke throughout with the perfect purity of accent—acquired perhaps by a residence in Scotland—which distinguishes her in Ottawa as in London. GRIP's informant—one VIVIAN GRAY—was present and states that the resemblance between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir JOHN affected only the tenor and not the accent of her utterance. The British Premier advanced, bowing low, and said:—

"I may be permitted to say how the country congratulates itself that your Royal Highness condescends to entertain a liking for your Canadian home."  
 H. R. H. (*dreaming of Rideau's marble halls and thinking of Sir JOHN*) "It would be hard to say how much Canada pleases me. Not the novelty of nature merely. But the charming originality of her public men. Your own ideals for instance, Sir JOHN. Such breadth! None of our English statesmen could have carried through your magnificent arrangement with Sir HUGH ALLAN. Old prejudices linger in old lands. A lofty disregard for a worn out conventional morality—alas! it is uncommon at home. You are justly distinguished by it. It was a sublime conception—that of disposing so profitably of a charter. Even Lord BEACONSFIELD would have hesitated."  
 "Lord BEACONSFIELD is before your Royal Highness!" broke in the English Premier.

"Oh! pardon me, my lord! I had imagined myself at Rideau Hall—and Sir JOHN MACDONALD's great pride and merit is in his resemblance to you. I was congratulating him, in my forgetfulness, on his greatest achievement—that by which he secured the affectionate gratitude of his party—whereby he dished the Whigs, in fact."

"One must not even momentarily appropriate the credit of his remarkable acts," returned Lord BEACONSFIELD, with an envious expression, but a courtly bow. "It satisfies me to have educated my party." The dreaminess of the Princess was at

this moment very noticeable. She heard only the words, while her fancy took wings which bore her to the distant Ottawa.

"Ah!" said she, "that is a proud recollection, sir. To have brought your followers to the level of your ideal—*c'est magnifique*. What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* does Canada owe to you—are not those ELIA's words? Let me whisper in confidence that I fear my husband's early Presbyterian training has prejudiced him so that he will profit little by your teachings of the possible and the permissible in politics. He is unable to rise to the height, (so different from Lord DUFFERIN let me say), even of the statesman who lays hands on the treasures of other countries than his own—Lord BEACONSFIELD, of course I mean, whose foreign policy"—

"Your Royal Highness does me too much honor," said the English Premier, with marked sternness.

"How can I express my regrets, my lord. In Ottawa one says these things mechanically. It is necessary to conciliate the native leaders. I really begin to accept their original views as a matter of course. How I hope you will pardon my absentmindedness!"

"The honor of being mistaken for Sir JOHN is so great that I can feel no chagrin in being reminded that the resemblance is only external. It goes no further because our circumstances have been so different. Had I had his opportunities and he mine—but the English are Semitic in their prejudices regarding the one's public acts, while the liberality of Canadian views is distinctly Aryan. At this juncture I long for a people who would view with approval the exchange of a charter for a generous subser—"

"Really, my lord, resemblance to Sir JOHN is startling at this moment," said Her Royal Highness as she gave her arm to VIVIAN GRAY who had carefully taken notes of the conversation in shorthand on his shirt cuff.

Words are cheap, except when they are sent over the Atlantic cable.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

**A Tale of a Valentine.**

"Where Bay street crosses King street west,  
 Meet me to-day at five.  
 You'll know me by a rose at breast,  
 And by a necktie blue;  
 In garb of furs, with face in veil,  
 I'll pass the cabin's line,  
 And if you meet me without fail  
 I'll be your valentine."  
 Such was the missive came to JONES  
 All by the early post.  
 At breakfast when he growled o'er bones  
 Of chickens, tea and toast.  
 In female hand the words were writ,  
 And through the breakfast room  
 The open note exhaled from it  
 A subtle, faint perfume.  
 As military music sounds  
 To some old battle-steed  
 Who draws a baker on his rounds;  
 As tastes a savoury feed  
 To hungry tramp; as Grits delight  
 Who Tory scandals scent,  
 So did our hero feel more bright  
 By ninety-five per cent.  
 Long had he ceased to exercise  
 His charms on female hearts,  
 For always Mrs. JONES'S eyes  
 Checked the dove's ears;  
 But now that some poor lovesick maid  
 Had marked his goodly form  
 Rapture through all his pulses strayed—  
 He longed to yield to storm!  
 Still he dissembled well—he knew  
 His wife had seen the note,  
 And watched him with her eyes askew,  
 As on it he did glaze.  
 So with a careless air he placed  
 The missive with the rest,  
 Rose from his chair, not showing haste,  
 And pulling down his vest.  
 He said, "MARTIA, you must make  
 Your lunch alone to-day,  
 For certain business matters take  
 Me several miles away,  
 Across the Don in fact"—he smiled—  
 Oh! villainy of man!

How are poor women oft beguiled  
 By simple seeming plan!  
 He buttoned up his overcoat  
 And wended on his way  
 While Mrs. JONES took careful note  
 From window, that more gay  
 Than usual was his air, his gait  
 More jaunty, and his cane  
 Cut flourishes, she saw his state  
 And laughed and laughed again.  
 Long as she kept his form in sight  
 She laughed with feudish glee;  
 But, when he left the street, a fright  
 Her face became to see.  
 "Villain," she cried, "he little knew  
 The scented note was mine—  
 Long have I felt he was untrue  
 And hence this deep design."  
 Up-stairs she had the scarf of blue,  
 Up-stairs she had the rose,  
 Upstairs the veil, which gazing through,  
 No feature would disclose,  
 And, hid away, a neat new suit  
 Of furs he'd never seen.  
 Triumph was certain, "Oh! the brute!"  
 She said, "he look meant!"  
 Meantime her husband scarce forbore  
 To whistle on the street,  
 He saw the joyful hour before  
 When he the fair should meet;  
 Red lips and golden rippling hair  
 Above the scarf of blue—  
 Of course the dear unknown was fair  
 With eyes of heavenly hue!  
 That day—this was, you know, last year—  
 In furs and scarf of blue,  
 Deep veiled did Mrs. JONES appear  
 On Bay and King at two;  
 No husband there she saw, but met  
 At once a strange young man  
 Who, bending to her, whispered "Pet  
 What is your little plan!"  
 "Darling, I got your note," he said,  
 "And when I saw your rose,

Your scarf of blue, veiled face and head  
 My joy no more I knew;  
 Here is a cab will drive us two  
 To quiet rooms of mine  
 Where I may be alone with you  
 My own dear valentine.  
 Horror seized Mrs. JONES, her heart  
 Ceased beating as she heard,  
 Her tongue refused to do its part,  
 She could not speak a word;  
 Her letter then had gone astray  
 And those endearing tones  
 Were those—oh! shocking thing to say—  
 Of some one else named JONES!  
 Quickly she turned and almost screamed:—  
 "Go away you naughty man,  
 Or I will call 'Police'—he seemed  
 Surprised, and stopped—she ran  
 A yard or two, then called a hack  
 And off for home she flew  
 Feeling cold shivers down her back  
 At what she had gone through.  
 But, strange to tell, that naughty one  
 To Mr. JONES went straight,  
 They roared together, seeing fun  
 In that poor woman's fate.  
 The wicked husband saw the scene  
 From windows near at hand  
 And he it was—oh! monster man!  
 Who all her sorrow planned!  
 For in a hatter's shop he'd strayed  
 To buy a handsome tile,  
 Becoming suddenly afraid  
 His own was out of style,  
 While there, he asked in casual way  
 About the price of furs.  
 On which the shopman said "And pray  
 How does your wife like hers?"  
 Surprised, he questioned more and smelt  
 A very large-sized rat.  
 The more he thought, the more he felt  
 Just what his wife was at;  
 Arranged to turn to utter rout  
 Her deeply laid design.  
 This year he freely went about  
 And sought a valentine.



**A St. John Duet.**

**SIR SAMUEL TILLEY.**

Never mind the why or wherefore  
You're a Senator and therefore  
You may drop all recollection of  
That JOHN A. "telegram,"  
You are now an Hon-o-rable,  
You've achieved undying fame!  
Set the N.P. bells a-ringing,  
Fill the air with shouts of pride,  
For the recent elevation  
To the Senate, of JOHN BOYD.

**MR. BOYD.**

Never mind the why or wherefore  
I'm a Senator and therefore  
Though St. John has lost a champion,  
Though the N.P. doesn't suit,  
I have now high rank and station  
And a salary to boot!  
Set the merry bells a-ringing  
Fill the air with warbling wild  
For the recent elevation  
Of this happy lucky child!



**Won't go the Whole Hog.**

Moved by public opinion, ripened and directed by Mr. GRIP and a few other far-seeing publicists, the local Government have at length taken action on the subject of exemption from taxation. The measure introduced is one which, in the opinion of the *Globe* is calculated to give rise to a good deal of discussion. The subject is confes-

sedly a difficult one to deal with, and perhaps the Government shows wisdom in touching it but slightly at the present time. So far as it goes the act now introduced is good enough but it does not go very far. It confines its attention to lawns, paddocks, and church property, and on the whole is a local improvement scheme rather than anything else. Mr. GRIP would like to see a stroke made at the income tax phase of the subject, and the absurd exemption from taxation of certain high-salaried officials, done away. But no doubt the sagacious Premier of Ontario has good reasons for declining to go the whole hog just at present.

**Rural Rhymes.**

NO. 6.—UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.

Under the moonlight SARAH and I  
Were taking a stroll together,  
And if we had made it to suit ourselves,  
We couldn't have had finer weather.  
I talked of the future with all its desires,  
As she laid her head on my vest,  
But she pinched my arm, and said with a sigh,  
"Now, FRED, do give us a rest."

Under the moonlight slowly we went,  
Conversing as lovers will do,  
Along the avenue, under the trees,  
With the railway track in view;  
Just then a train came shooting along,  
Excited, my pulse grew quicker,  
Then, I ask'd her to list to the engine's snort,  
And she answered—"Let her ficker!"

We wandered along 'till we came to the lane  
That leads by the banks of the creek,  
And my heart was so full that I thought it time  
To put on a spurt and speak.  
Then I pop'd right down on my knees and ask'd  
If she would be mine right there,  
And what do you think was the answer I got?  
"Now, you ain't a-doing things square."

I did think it strange—the expression she used,  
Then I thought it was just her way,  
So I put off pressing my suit just then,  
To a more appropriate day,  
But no satisfaction I got when I ask'd,  
If she was inclined to wed,  
She would put me off with a smile and say,  
"There's nothing too good for FRED."

The presents I gave her would ruin a bank,  
And I tell you it gobbled my pay;  
What with ribbons, and trinkets, and tickets for shows,  
With now and then a boquet;  
But I never could fathom her feeling for me,  
Nor tell whether fickle or true,  
She would take all I gave her with smiles that bewitched,  
And say—"That's bully for you."

Under the moonlight sadly I stray  
Reflecting on days that are gone,  
As a partner she could not assist me a bit,  
And so I must "go it alone."

\* To be particular, this was a hog train going east on the G. W. R.

**The Princess and Alderman McMurrich.**

It is said that the reaction from her nervous excitement caused Her Royal Highness to be very despondent for several days after the late distressing accident. The physicians having vainly tried to make her feel cheerful because really afraid that her physical condition would not improve while her depression of mind continued. Fortunately the Toronto papers that arrived in the Capital on Tuesday night contained a report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the City-council. Alderman McMURRICH is reported to have spoken of Her Royal Highness as a "warm friend." This being read to the Princess at once aroused her mirth and she broke into a peal of laughter. Her condition at once improved and she is now very well. The public is under an obligation to the worthy alderman for having restored Her Royal Highness so quickly by saying something at which nobody can help laughing.



**The New Member.**

The Rag Baby has been regularly introduced to the House, and has taken his seat alongside of his illustrious sponsor, Mr. WALLACE, of South Norfolk. When the matter of Bank Charters, alluded to in the Speech from the Throne, is brought up, we shall hear from the new member, and no doubt he will highly distinguish himself. In the meantime he presents as intelligent an appearance as many other honorable gentlemen on the back benches, and probably has at much in his head as some of them.



**"Don't wake Tupper!"**

Mr. MACKENZIE, in the course of his speech in the debate on the address, made a good point by parableizing an incident which is said to have taken place recently on an Intercolonial train. A woman from Cumberland county, with several small children were aboard, en route to the Western States to join the head of the household, who had gone thither to get work, notwithstanding the N.P. One of the children at length grew restive, and began a squalling match, whereupon the mother uttered the memorable words of our text, "Keep still, and don't wake TUPPER!" that distinguished name having been bestowed in honor of the member for Cumberland upon another of the youngsters who was just then enjoying a nap. Mr. MACKENZIE conceived that the original TUPPER was very fast asleep too, at present, and in his subsequent remarks did his best to arouse him by shaking the emigration returns over his head.

A certain physician informs us that there's money in his coughers.—*Ec.*





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Down in the mouth—back teeth.—*Ottawa Republican.*

A thing that is never "too fresh"—The oyster.—*Ex.*

Cuba's greeting to GRANT: "Shake!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

To make a superb soup use the proper soup herbs.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The gold headed hair-pin will never do. It can't be used for a button-hook.—*McGregor News.*

The man who is picking out a location for his new house is evidently site-seeing.—*Herald P. I.*

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat you can put a bit in his mouth.—*Boston Post.*

A firm advertises "raw silk stockings." Good gracious, who wants them cooked?—*Rockland Courier.*

Spilker, whose latest sweetheart is a blonde, calls the part in her hair the tow-path.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Where there's a will there's a way; and where there's a won't there's a woman behind it.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Nearly everything seems to be possible except to get an office-boy to trim a kerosene lamp so that it won't smoke.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A man can buy a hat for one dollar. It takes from ten to fifteen for a woman to go comparatively bareheaded.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

Since EDISON'S horse shoe carbons have failed to succeed, the horse shoe as an emblem of luck must light out.—*Steudiville Herald.*

There's no crowd, or no person so uninteresting as that one which does all the talking when you want to do it all yourself.—*Steudiville Herald.*

"Bring on your sahara," is what SMUGGINS said to his wife the other evening, after he had enveloped his pork and beans.—*Mid-report Advertiser.*

A new lecturer started in the field last week with "Milk" for a subject. It is needless to add his first audience soured on him.—*McGregor News.*

A man once asked of Echo, "what shall I do if my wife drinks liquor?" and the unfeeling nymph answered—"lick her."—*Marathon Independent.*

Rev. LOUIS WAZAWAGANAYANA is a Dakota clergyman. He has one satisfaction, however. Nobody opens his letters by mistake.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

This is leap year to be sure, yet it does not look very well for a young lady to be going home at two o'clock in the morning, after sparking her beau.—*Kingston Freeman.*

If the theorist who avers that animals can resist temptation will experiment by poking his neighbor's big bull-dog in the ribs, he'll find that his theory, together with his trousers, will be torn in shreds.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Why am dis world a vagrant?" inquired one darkey of another. "Gib it up, eh? My chile, don't 'stronomers say it has no visible means o' support?—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A rich man who had begun life as a boot-black, happened to remark that he had taken a box at the opera, and some one meanly asked if a brush went with it.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

AIMEE, the French opera singer, is very fond of monkeys, but it is said the sight of a young man with his hair parted in the middle makes her feel very sick.—*Rockland Courier.*

"SALLY," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl; "you are too green to burn."—*American Punch.*

When you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on the front step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is said a handful of salt thrown on a coal fire will hurry it up. And still many people will continue to practice the kerosene oil plan and hurry themselves up as well as the fire.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Duke of ARGYLL was graciously pleased with the Niagara Falls. It is very gratifying to have our efforts at natural scenery meet the approval of the nobility abroad.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail for the newspapers rode fourteen miles through a fierce snow storm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."—*Boston Post.*

"This reminds me of Italy," remarked a suburban as he plodded home through the rain and mud last evening. "Why so?" "Because this is the sort of weather we had most of the time I was there."—*Boston Transcript.*

Kentucky girls have been married in the Mammoth Cave and Buffalo girls on the Niagara Suspension Bridge.—*Boston Post.* The first must have deemed matrimony a cell, and the latter a state of suspense.—*St. Albans Advertiser.*

"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. JONES, rapturously, as she looked over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied JONES, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."—*Boston Transcript.*

If it turns out to be true that Edison will be able to harness electricity to coffee mills, the men who have to get up of mornings and grind the coffee, will arise as one man, hold a convention and ratify the invention.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The New York *Express* says that frauds in velvets have been discovered in the custom house. That's nothing new. Frauds in velvets can be found in almost any city, and you don't have to look in the custom house for them either.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Other papers are busy telling what they want to see. The *Argo* has two wants. First, it wants to see a show which surpasses its advertisement. Secondly, it wants, very much, to see a scribbler who uses a *nom de plume*, and don't use every exertion to let the public know his or her true name. The *Argo* will sail a good way to see the "rare and radiant" being who is satisfied with the chosen *nom de plume*.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

If BENNETT'S polar expedition be successful he will probably start places all over the country next summer for the sale of open polar water.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The funeral of the printer, who made us say on Saturday that ADELAIDE NELSON would sing Little Buttercup next Thursday night, will be from the City Hospital, save in the improbable event that he recovers from his injuries.—*Utica Observer.*

An exchange says: "There are three headless roosters being exhibited in a town in Indiana." There are four headless roosters being exhibited in this city, and the butcher sticks to it that they are spring chickens and cheap at eight cents a pound.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

A living skeleton applied at a drug-store in this city yesterday for a situation as prescription clerk. "What do you know about drugs?" asked the proprietor. "Everything sir, everything; I was a juror in the HAYDEN case." He got the position at a large salary.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Children and brass bands in their extreme youth don't amount to much without a tutor.—*Owego Record.* Who ever saw brass bands in their extreme youth?—*New York Express.* Who ever saw them when arrived to years of discretion, would be a more appropriate question.—*Rochester Express.*

"Women" says a literary journal, "live on love." That may all be; but we notice all that have the pleasure of our acquaintance linger around the table three times a day and get on the outside of an awful lot of beef-steak and potatoes, as well as other substantial articles, of food.—*Elmira Sunday Telegram.*

"What is a home without a wife?" asks the *Yonkers Gazette.* It is the dining room in the parlor, the coal bin in the kitchen, the clean shirt in hiding, a depot for soiled clothes, a trysting place for divorced stockings, a smoking furnace, a private pandemonium, a cavern of profane rumbblings, a lunatic asylum. More.—*Rochester Express.*

If Mr. TENNYSON'S nonsense verses, "Minnie an Winnie," in the February *St. Nicholas*, had been tendered by an unknown poet, they would not have been printed on the first page of the book. They would have been inserted in the other end of the magazine, and charged for at the usual advertising rates.—*Norristown Herald.*

A boy once took it in his head that he would exercise his sled. He took the sled into the road. And, lord a massy! how he slide. And as he slid, he laughing cried, "What fun upon my sled to slide." And as he laughed, before he knewed, He from that sliding sled was slide. Upon the slab where he was laid They carved this line: "This boy was slide."—*Kansas City Times.*

The charity balls have been unusually successful this winter, and in many instances the poor dress-maker has realized a profit of \$75 on one costume, and the poor tailor has been scarcely less fortunate, while the poor florist has had more orders for \$8 bouquets than he could fill, and the poor livery men have had all their carriages out all night at \$2 an hour, and the poor caterer has realized his usual profit on Jersey cider at champagne prices. In the meantime we believe the poor people who don't know how to do anything but saw wood and dig ditches have gone on starving about the same, but then a charity ball can't be expected to take care of all kinds of poor people.—*Hawkeys.*

**Cur-sory Remarks on the Dog Question.—A Doggerel Ditty.**

Hail to Commissioner COATSWORTH,  
Who has had the cur-age to stop  
Those ornery dogs without owners  
Running loose—and to end them cur-flop.

Now the day has arrived when all puppies  
Must see to the name on their gullet,  
Or the bobbies will settle the Setter,  
And finish the Bull with a bullet.

The Pugs, though they may be pug-nacious,  
And collies, though sheepish they look,  
The cowardly as well as cur-ageous,  
Will all be brought surely to book.

The terrified Terrier will vanish,  
Sacri-ficial with a sack and a brick,  
While the Black-and tan goes to the tanner,  
And the whole pack, pack off mighty quick.

The Poodle will end in the puddle,—  
The Hound will be hounded from town,—  
The spots will be knock'd off the coach-dog,  
And the Spaniel find water—can drown.

While we'll prove the old adage familiar,  
That every dog has his day,  
Even Tray who was reckon'd so faithful,  
Will have nary a chance to be-tray.

Then no longer our nights will be noisy,  
With the brute, baying up to the skies,  
For the dog-star will twinkle in silence  
And the Pointers will make no replies.

**Idyls by Our Idyl-er.**

No. II.—A TALE OF A TAILOR.

DICK TRINTO was a tailor's son  
And had to bear with much abuse  
Because he would not learn the trade  
And sowed above the tailor's goose.

For Fame's fair visions filled his mind,  
How could he stick to stitch and baste?  
His soul it loathed the tailor's board,  
The painter's palette was his taste.

And as he couldn't cut a coat  
He with himself debated whether  
(The circumstances being such)  
He'd best not cut it altogether.

His father when he learned the case  
Stumped round with much unseemly wroth  
To think his sonney would prefer  
Mere canvass to the best of cloth.

DICK mildly tried in vain to steer  
His way to peace through all the rumpus  
The old man raised, but failed because  
The needle was not in his compass.

And so to fair Italia's skies  
DICK wandered in the hope that time,  
Would see him mount the pinnacle  
Of fame by trying such a climb.

But art is long and DICK was poor,  
And very soon his soul was moved  
To fancy that his talent great  
His evil gen-i-us had proved.

At last he in a deep despair  
Resolved to take the homeward route,  
And asked his dad's forgiveness, if  
Refused, to warmly press his suit.

The poor old man was overcome  
To see his son so crushed by fate,  
And wept a bitter tear to find  
His son in such a crooked strait.

He took DICK into partnership,  
And lavished on him wealth untold,  
As if he wished his life to be  
A volume bound in cloth and gold.

A wealthy man is RICHARD NOW,  
And doesn't care for art a rush  
He gave it up, but rides to hounds  
And thus is master of the brush.

**Conundrum.**

Why does Mr. VENNOR continue his weather prophecies?

Mr. VENNOR's almanac for 1875 is offered as a prize for correct answers—competitors being warned that the following answers, already in circulation, are not admissible.

- Because he's an ass.
- Because he's an idiot.
- Because he's a donkey.
- Because he likes to be laughed at.
- Because he wants to show that the N. P. has done nothing for him.
- Because he has nothing better to do.
- Because he hopes to make a correct guess sometime.

Some men have such an abundant amount of "cheek" that it is perfectly justifiable for a barber to clip off a chunk once in a while.  
*Danielsonville Sentinel*

**TO SHIPPERS.**

**The Credit Valley Railway Comp'y**

Are now prepared to give

**Prompt Despatch to Goods**

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| Lambton,     | Drumbo,     | Sligo,          |
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| Streetville, | Innerkip,   | Alton,          |
| Milton,      | Woodstock,  | Orangeville,    |
| Campbell's,  | Beachville, | Erin,           |
| Schaw,       | Ingersoll,  | Hillsburg,      |
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Office of the Company—No. 6 Wellington Street East.

General Offices—32 Front Street East.  
G. LAIDLAW, President.  
JAMES ROSS, Superintendent.



**TENDERS**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the 1st MARCH 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the undermentioned places, or any of them, by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also, for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedule obtainable at this office, at any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

**MANITOBA.**

St. Peters, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Rosau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

**NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.**

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

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Black River, Berens River, Fishers River, Grand Rapids, The Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

**LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.**

Shoal Lake, Coutcheching, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Islington, Assabasking.

**NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.**

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

**NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.**

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Flour,	132,800 lbs.	Whiffletrees (for ploughs)	130
Tea,	6,730 "	Whiffletrees (for harrows),	26
Sugar,	5,075 "	Scythes Stones,	158
Tobacco,	3,922 "	Sickles,	258
Bacon,	30,166 "	Grain Cradles,	135
Beef,	15,000 "	Scythes for do	292
Pork,	20,850 "	Flails,	458
Woolen Shirts,	250	Hose (steel)	178
Stout Trousers,	250	Garden,	28
Canvas Shirts,	250	Do (ro in. turnip)	58
Canvas Trousers,	250	Shovels (steel),	28
Moccasins,	500 prs.	Do Scoop,	38
Ploughs,	21	Blacksmiths' Tongs,	23
Harrows,	45	Pick Axes,	36
Scythes,	209	Hay Knives,	23
Snaths,	209	Shingle Nails,	2,500 lbs.
Hay Forks,	132	Borax,	92
Axes,	865	Blue Stone,	400
Hoes,	1,134	Fanning Mills,	22
Spades,	572	Pit Saw Files,	180
Grindstones,	18	C. C. Saws,	24
Cross Cut Saw Files,	144	Hand Saws,	96
Hand Saw Files,	120	Hammers,	12
Carts,	29	Augers,	130
Cart Harness,	29	Rakes,	171
Light Waggon,	6	Nose Bags,	84
Double Harness,	6	Plough Lines,	40
Plough Harness,	38	Tool Chests,	22
Plough Harness,	38	Frows,	28
Ox,	56	Single Barrel Guns,	45
Do Pony,	54	Double do do	45
Sweat Collars,	88	Gun Caps,	800
Ploughs, break-		Ammunition and Twine.	
ing,	125		
Plough Points,	360		
extra,			

- 4 Hand Saws 26 in. } Equal in iron to 5 x 5.
- 4 Rip do 28 " }
- 4 Jack Planes, ordinary C. S., double iron with stand.
- 4 Steel Squares, 24 by 18, divided to 8ths.
- 4 Sets Augers, 1-2 in., 1-1 1/2, 1/2, short convex eye cut bright.
- 4 Drawing knives, extra quality, solid C. S. 13 in.
- 4 Cast Steel Hench Axes, handled, best quality.
- 4 Adzes, handled, (house carpenters best C. S.).
- 4 Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Canadian patent.
- Chisels (socket firmer) with ringed handles 1 1/2 in., 1 1/2 in.
- Chisels, 1-2 in., 1-1 1/2, 1-1 1/2. 1-2 in. socket, cast steel handles.
- 4 Oil Stones.
- 4 Oil Cans.
- 4 Scratch Awls.
- 8 Gimlets 1 1/2, 1 1/2.
- 4 C. S. Compasses or Dividers.
- 4 2-Foot Rules, 4 fold arch joints.
- 4 Shoeing Pincers.
- 100 Cows, 25 Yoke of Oxen, 12 Bulls.

Forms of tender and schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, whereat as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained.

Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons, who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfillment of the contract, if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order,  
L. VANKOUGHNET,  
Deputy Superintendent General  
of Indian Affairs.

Department of the Interior, }  
Indian Branch, }  
Ottawa, 28th January, 1880. } xiv-12-4t

**FOR SALE.**

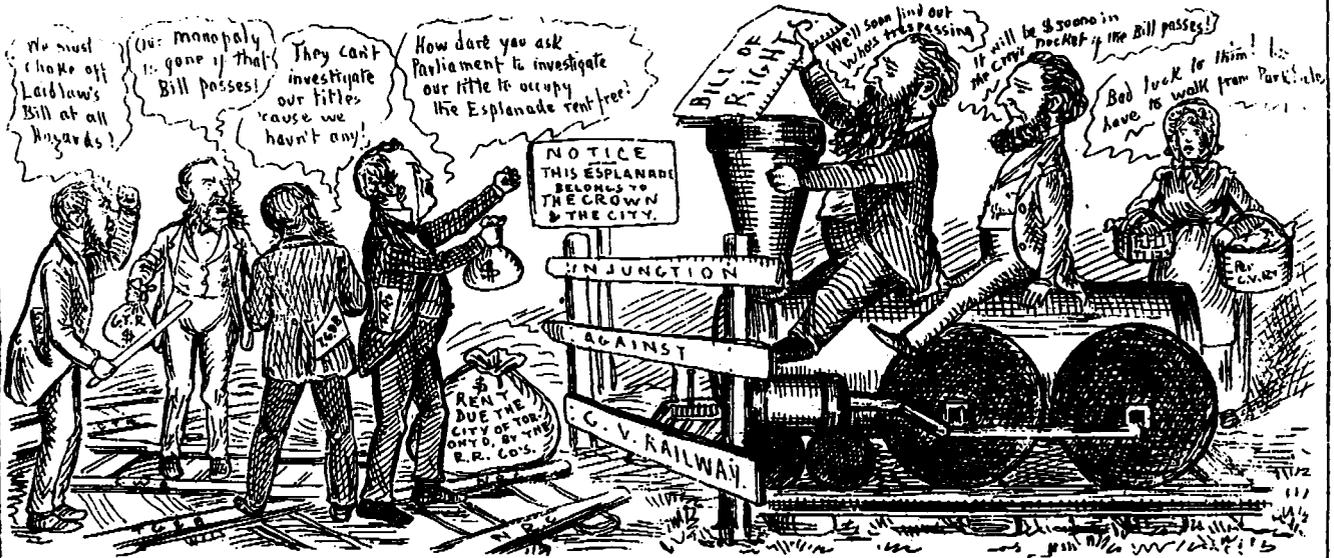
A DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE, No. 2 Smith's Terrace, Seaton Street. The house (which is comparatively new) contains ten rooms, tastefully painted and papered, and is in excellent condition throughout. Hard and soft water on the premises; also a work shop suitable for a carpenter or painter. Will be sold on easy terms, or would be leased for a term of years at a liberal rate to a suitable tenant. For particulars apply at GRIP Office, Adelaide Street.

**BALDNESS!**

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. Winter-cornby, 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.

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For a GOOD SMOKE use } MYRTLE NAVY! } see T & B on Each Plug.



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Two hearts that beat as one."



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Aesop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20	
Ten Fables and Other Tales, cor. style	20	
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**The Railway War.**

The *Globe* has lately made a praiseworthy attempt to enlighten the citizens of Toronto on the subject of the Esplanade Railway War—a subject in which they ought to be deeply interested, as it touches them in that tenderest spot—the pocket. Mr. GRIP, knowing that the pencil is mightier than the pen, comes to the assistance of his big brother, and lays the whole matter plainly before the public eye in the above picture. Comment is perhaps unnecessary, but while we have pen in hand we may as well add a few explanatory words. The case, as GRIP understands it, is simply this: The Esplanade (a valuable tract of land on the lake-front of the City of Toronto) is now, and has for many years past been occupied by several railway companies, to wit,—the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Northern, and Toronto Grey and Bruce. A fifth railway, the Credit Valley, has just been completed, and seeks an entrance to the city by this common highway. It meets with the combined, and thus far successful opposition of the rival lines, who have reason to believe that the success of the new line means a speedy reduction in the present rates of freight in Western Ontario. Now, the circumstance which gives this quarrel a special interest for Torontonians is the alleged fact that the railway companies who are opposing the Credit Valley have themselves no title to the Esplanade, which property, in the opinion of eminent counsel, is really Crown land, vested in the City of Toronto, for which the railway companies ought to pay rent. The Credit Valley Company have carried on a vigorous fight, single handed for a long time, against the money and influence of the quadruple monopoly, and the battle is expected shortly to culminate, as Mr. LAIDLAW, the President, has asked Parliament to look into the question of title and decide upon it once and for all. If the legal opinion just indicated be found correct, a handsome amount of money will be poured into our City treasury in the shape of back rent from the various companies, and the Esplanade will henceforth be an important source of civic revenue, which will somewhat mitigate its present character of a nuisance. Considering the state of our finances, this circumstance ought to be sufficient to arouse our citizens to something like a lively interest in the bill which will shortly come before the House at Ottawa.

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Adelaide St. West. Mr. AUG. PITOU, Manager.  
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinee.

**ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.**  
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Popular Saturday Matinees and Evening Performances.

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That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. 1/4 of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

**GEO. BENGOUGH,**  
Drawer 2673, Toronto.

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