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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 3.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

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Grip's Gallery of Local Celebrities. No. 9, TORONTO.—MR. FISHER, THE ORGANIST.



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**THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—Dan Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Phonography.

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendation: from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Evelyn, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Portraits of Mr. W. J. FLORENCE as the *Hon. Bardwell Slope*, have recently been exhibited in London as the likeness of Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND in *Col. Sellers*.

Miss ADA ARTHURS, formerly of this city and granddaughter of JAMES AUSTIN, president of the Dominion Bank, has passed a most successful musical examination, and was admitted at once to the study of grand Italian opera at Milan.

Mr. PRUOU the enterprising manager of the Grand, engaged WILHELMJ for two additional performances at the Gardens, on Tuesday night and Wednesday afternoon respectively. The great performer was on each occasion welcomed enthusiastically.

MODJESKA has achieved a brilliant success in London. Her first appearance in that city was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and she was honored with the heartiest manifestations of appreciation from an aristocratic, cultured and critical audience.

Our young friend Mr. W. BRAYBROOKE BAYLEY, composer of *La Belle Canadienne* has received a graceful compliment from Prince LEOPOLD, His Royal Highness having stepped into NORDUMIER's and purchased a copy of that popular piece, remarking that he had heard it played by the band at Quebec.

Mr. JOE POLK snaps his fingers at the critics' taunts, and manifests the most unbounded faith in "Christopher Columbus Gall" and its setting. The public is familiar with the play through the descriptions, and need no introduction on that score. POLK believes firmly in JESSOP, who wrote it, and describes him as a remarkable man—able to dash off a scene in a few moments' time.

The terribly sudden death of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, senior, cast a gloom over all the artistic reunions held on Saturday. On that evening Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH took the chair at the Savage Club house dinner, his second son, WALTER, being also present. He had just recited "An incident in the life of the late Sergeant TALFOURD," and amidst the applause of his friends he was, to the horror of all present, observed to fall in the first seizure of an apoplectic fit.

WILHELMJ.—This great violinist, who gave his first concert in Toronto on Thursday evening, 21st inst., made his first appearance in New York on the 26th Sept., 1878. Comparatively unknown there, excepting to those who take an interest in foreign musical matters, his performance took his audience quite by surprise, and was of such a character that before he played many bars he fully proved the correctness of the high encomiums passed upon him by the first critics in Europe, as being not only one of the greatest violinists of the day, but almost without a compeer. We have only to say that his performances here have had the same effect upon all who have heard him, and were capable of judging. Without entering into further criticism, his chief characteristics are his pure, strong and beautiful tone, grand and imposing style, with highly intellectual rendering of the music he plays, the effect of which is heightened by the ease and grace with which he performs the greatest difficulties of *technique*. Madame SALVOTTI, soprano, sang several first-class number in a truly artistic style. This lady possesses a voice of great power and flexibility, which she uses with great taste. She gave much satisfaction. Herr VOOMICH proved himself to be a first-class pianist and accompanist. We know him to be a good musician and a rising composer. All who attended any of the three concerts admit it was a great treat.

STRAP SIXTH.

## Sir John's "At Home."

So rich a vein of absurdity has traversed recent proceedings at the U. E. Club, that it is only fair to let the public share the fun. It is no violation of any confidence to say that this notorious resort of the faithful has been disorganized by a serious row. The beefsteaks in the kitchen have been outdone by the broils in the parlour, and the noble gentleman they call the "Chieftain" has been having a pretty lively time of it. So soon as this illustrious personage reached this aristocratic lounge, instead of enjoying the exclusiveness and the conviviality in which he so much delights, he was assailed by an ill-favoured multitude clamoring for office. All the stock characters were there. The high tragedians and the low comedians; the ward politicians and the wire pullers; the briefless barristers and the political speculators—a motley crowd with greater claims to be considered demagogues than to be regarded patriots. Never did a public character have so many callers in a single day as the "Chieftain." From the back kitchen to the garret, the building was full of them. They gathered from drawing-room and pot-house, overflowing with praise of the great man before their interview, but cursing him silently, but deeply, after it. It was a time of anxiety and excitement, for there were three loaves to be distributed, and a hungry, gaunt-looking rabble, each expecting one a-piece. The fun commenced by a free fight between two noted old party men for the collectorship. It was followed by a lively scramble for the nomination for West Toronto. No one felt tongue-tied. Epigram and sneer were bandied about, nor were threats forgotten. The Chieftain was fairly cornered. PERRUCHIO had a simple task in taming KATHERINE compared with the task of taming these vehement patriots, and like a wise man, the Chieftain gave it up, turned tail and ran. By degrees the building emptied, and assumed its wonted appearance. The victims of misplaced confidence retired to their haunts, feeling that the great Canadian sophist had once again done them uncommonly brown.

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## WELLAND CANAL.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD OF JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

Tenders will be received until

**Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.**

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

**Tuesday, the 8th day of June.**

By order,

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

St. 15-5.

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## Authors, Artists &amp; Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Some studies by GAINSBOROUGH in chalk and pencil were recently sold in London for from \$4.00 to \$10.00 a pair.

The *Mirror* is the latest addition to Hamilton journalism. It is devoted to Art, Literature, etc., etc. The writing is very fair, but there is plenty of room for improvement in the artistic department.

GRIP entered upon its fifteenth volume last week with a diminution of heading space to accommodate increasing business. The next volume will probably see this spicy sheet a rival of *Punch* in size, and, as it is now, superior to it in the ability displayed through its columns.—*Elora Express*. Ahem! thanks.

The *Chicago Advance* opines that THOMAS NAST's pencil has lost its cunning, or else he has forgotten how to use it, as many of his recent productions have been anything but happy hits. Perhaps the *Advance* editor doesn't know how much harder it is to keep up a high reputation with the pencil than with the pen.

BURNAND, of *Punch*, is puzzled to know why BRET HARTE should have been selected to reply to the toast of "Literature" at the dinner of the Royal Academy. He might have fairly represented American literature, but certainly not literature in general. But, adds this witty person, seeing that BRET read his oration from manuscript, it was not a *speech by Harte*, after all.

We have been favored with a view of a proof-print of the first engraving made for the forthcoming work "Picturesque Canada." It is a reproduction of one of Mr. J. A. FRASER's sea shore subjects, and when we say that the engraver has faithfully interpreted that artist, no higher praise will be asked for. It is an exceedingly fine piece of work, though no better than the whole series is expected to be.

Brisbane, Queensland (Australia), has its *Punch*, a sixteen-page weekly journal of an exceedingly readable character, profusely illustrated. The cartoon in the number before us represents JOHN BULL giving notice to Brother JONATHAN that "this little girl of his (Australia) says she can keep her old father supplied with meat." The publisher of Queensland *Punch* is Mr. J. EDGAR BYRNE, Brisbane; price 6d.

A New Brunswick contemporary says the volume of poems by AMOS H. CHANDLER and CHAS. PELHAM MULVANY, announced some time ago, has at last appeared, and more than fulfils all expectations. It is an achievement of which all Canadians have cause to be proud, and contains poems that rank with the mature work of the leading English and American poets. Mr. MULVANY's writings have long been held in the highest estimation at Dublin University and at Oxford, where they have enjoyed an extensive private circulation.

Society in Australia retains much more of the spirit of the motherland than here with us. Amongst other home institutions, the Antipodeans must have their *Punch*—the literary, not the liquid article. Melbourne has a humorous journal of that name, which in point of artistic ability is undoubtedly the peer of its English namesake. It is strongly Conservative in its politics, and exerted a powerful influence against the BERRY (protection) ministry, whose decline and fall it commemorates in an extra edition containing reprints of the chief cartoons. Canadians will find these pictures interesting. Copies may be obtained by addressing the publishers, J. MCKINLEY & Co., 69 Queen Street, Melbourne; price 6d., postage 1d.

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### Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

### To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

### The Model Official.

ACT I.

Scene—Office of Hon. C. F. FRASER, Commissioner of Public Works.

Enter Deputation of respectable Canadian Architects.

*Spokesman of Deputation.*—Good morning, Mr. Commissioner; hope you are quite well, sir.

*The Hon. Com.* (rudely.) What do you want?

*Spokesman.*—We called, sir, as the representatives of a respected profession—that of Architecture—to politely request you to make a few amendments in the terms and conditions governing the competition for designs for the new Parliament Buildings. Our requests are very reasonable and cannot but commend themselves to your judgment, we believe. May we proceed, sir?

*The Com. Hon.* (pulling his soft felt roudy down over his nose, and dropping back in his chair with an expression of contempt and impatience)—Go on!

*Spokesman.*—Thank you, sir. Well, then, firstly, considering the great importance of the proposed work, we would suggest an extension of the time allowed to competitors to prepare their designs. There are but ten weeks now remaining, which length of time is utterly inadequate. Will you kindly extend it to December or January?

*The Hon. Com.* (fiercely.) No!! you insolent upstarts, no!!

*Spokesman.*—We beg your pardon, sir, if we have unintentionally wounded your feelings. May we proceed?

*The Hon. Com.* (savagely.) Go on!

*Spokesman.*—Secondly, we would respectfully suggest that instead of asking competitors to state the amount they will ask for their services,—and thus making it a competition of professional charges instead of designing skill, you should adopt the plan of offering the usual rate of five per cent. commission; and also that the successful competitor shall be engaged to superintend the erection of the building, if found competent in all respects.

*The Hon. Com.*—No, you presumptuous pettifoggers,—no!!

*Spokesman.*—Thirdly, we humbly suggest that the judges of the work sent in shall be competent Architects chosen from different points outside of the Dominion.

*The Hon. Com.* (contemptuously,) Humph!—Go on.

*Spokesman.*—Fourthly, we would suggest that competitors be permitted to finish their perspective drawings with sepia or India ink, so long as they use no colors.

*The Hon. Com.* (roughly.) I'll do no such thing, you miserable botches. Get through with your palaver as soon as you can, and clear out. Go on!

*The Spokesman* (considerably agitated,) Fifthly and lastly, honourable sir, we would wish you to alter the condition that the persons to whom the second and third premiums are awarded, shall be compelled to sell their drawings to the Government for \$400.

*The Hon. Com.* (rising and opening the door)—Now, if you've got through, dig! I'll grant none of your absurd and preposterous, not to say cheeky and impertinent requests, you wretched orowd of scallwags! Get out!

[Exit Respectable Deputation, with expressions of sorrow at having given the *Hon. Commissioner* so much annoyance.]

ACT II.

Scene—as before. Enter office Boy.

*Boy.*—Hon. Sir, there's another deputation of Architects waiting to see you.

*Hon. Com.*—Maledictions on—! More noodles who think they know as much about building Parliament Houses as I do, I suppose! Tell them I won't see them!

*Boy.*—Here's their card, sir; they asked me to give it you.

*Hon. Com.* (with sudden change of manner.) From the United States? Ah! Show the gentlemen up. [Exit Boy.]

Enter American Architects.

*Hon. Com.*—Ah! how do, gentlemen? Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Be seated; what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?

*Spokesman.*—Much obliged for your kindness, sir. Will you have the goodness to read this little petition?

[*Hon. Com.* politely takes petition and carefully reads it over.]

*Hon. Com.* (pleasantly) Why, this is very remarkable, gentlemen. I had a visit from a number of Canadian Architects proposing these very things. Of course I shall have the greatest pleasure in making the alterations you suggest. It shall be done forthwith. Anything else I can do to oblige you? Will you drink a glass of wine? (*Treats Deputation.*) Good day, gentlemen, delighted to have met you; good day.

[Exit Deputation, deeply impressed with the amiability of the *Hon. Commissioner.*]

### Tabitha Abroad.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though I have objections to argufyin females, there are times when I get a sort of inspirin spell, and feel that I must say my say. My late lamentable pardner, SAMUEL, has sometimes endeavored, in a ineffectual manner, to cut short my observations on weighty subjects, by remarkin that any simpleton could get into deep water, but a considerable number couldn't swim when they got there. "SAMUEL TWITTERS," I would reply (feelin my tongue sharpen up sufficient to make a cuttin answer). "SAMUEL TWITTERS, as our respectable pastor remarks, in a Latin phrase, *ek speary-ensha cloze it*, so I suppose you have often felt yourself sinkin when you headed into arguments that could swamp any man of your metal qualities." SAMUEL was mostly always silenced by my observashuns, knowin that *diskreshun* is a better pardner than valor, or somethin to that effect. But I am digressin, digressions is my weakness.

As I propose to decant on currant topics, I will remark that I took considerable pleasure in readin the statement that Her Graceful Majesty VICTORIA's youngest boy, LEOROLD, honored this city with a visit, and was likewise pleased to observe that town councils, and setters, have

had respect to his wishes, and though it must have evolved much self denign, have refraned from presentin him with any addresses. He has done a good deal in the speechifyin and corner-stone layin line in England, and perhaps a spell of rest will retrooperate him.

I spent a very pleasurable evenin last week at a rehearsell of St. Andrew's Koran Society. I was taken in superstitiously by one of the members. They performed a sacred canter of the late Mr. MEDDLESOME. My friend told me that it was one of his — works, I don't remember the name, it was something about post and mouse, but if folks will use outlandish words instead of speakin good, plain English, they must expect other folks' minds to get confused.

I felt touched and uplifted by the performance. It was quite inspirin to see the head musishun flourishin his batong, and evincin a manner brimfull of Annemashun. The young gentleman who resided at the piano-fort looked serious and minded his business, which was the musical implement, as folks should, and the Augustra performed with eksellent armoury. I will go to the performance at the Haughty-cultural Gardens on the tenth day of this month, so that I can then cricketise it with great satisfakshun.

I am also goin to attend the meetin of the Anglinecan Sinod, beginnin on next Tuesday. I hope I shall not be necessitated to see any delicates at logwood heads, or looking dragons at each other. I hold that it is unbecomin for ministers of the Gospel of Peace to be flingin spiritoal wepuns about in a unspiritoal manner, and leavin hard words and bitter feelins as stumblin blocks in paths that are too rough already for some feet to walk strait ahead on them. So hopin to see a whole Sinod full of eyes beamin brotherly love all round, I will put a v 2 on my remarks, subscribin myself,

With much respect,

TABITHA TWITTERS,  
Relic of the late S. TWITTERS, of  
Twitters' Clearing.

### A Sensible Letter from a Workin' Man.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I've been a-readin of the paper a good bit lately, and see a deal of talk about doin way with the Senate—squelchin of it out altogether. I don't want for to take and give no opinion bout that, cause I arren't sure that I propply take in all the facts of the case. But there's one pint I see through, and that is about them Senators as takes more pay than wot is right, bein that the Act allows 'em to do so. GRIP showed this up strong to my mind. Now, wot I says is, this is wrong, but still I don't see as them Senators is to be blamed, bein made out of the sort of human nature as other folks, and I shouldn't wonder if I would do the same thing myself, if I only had the chance. Well, if it is wrong, wot makes it so? The law that allows it, to be sure. Them of course all you've got to do is to change the law. Then Senators and members of Parliament, when they makes speeches, often calls themselves workin men, and if they are so, why they be paid the same a workin' men, namely, accordin to the amount of work they do, just like the rest of us? If this was only attended to we wouldn't hear no more about salary-grabs and such things. You can print these remarks for the good of the country,

And oblige yours respectfully,  
A WORKIN MAN.

In one of our exchanges we read that,

LOUIS WATSON, the Indian Chief, who is over 100 years old, and who lives at Lake George, has just received a long-expected pension from the British Government, for war-like services rendered as Chief of the Abenakis in the contest of 1812.

Now this will probably serve as a text for philippics against governmental ingratitude, in some quarters. But no doubt the Government purposely postponed the payment of the money until LOUIS WATSON had reached years of discretion and was not likely to squander it on circuses and such like.

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**Gull River and the Trent Valley Canal.**

The Peterborough Review excuses the brevity of Sir CHARLES TUPPER'S visit to that town on the ground that it was "of the greatest importance that he should get a good look at Balsam and Cameron lakes, and their feeders, Gull and Burnt rivers." In the above illustration Sir CHARLES is taking a particularly good look at Gull river, and judging from the expression of his countenance and the present state of our national finances, he is a mentally soliloquising: "Gull river. What an appropriate name! I cannot conceive of any word which so aptly expresses the true inwardness of my present undertaking; though, when the people around here who believe I am going to build the Trent Valley Canal right away come to realize that I am only on a little pleasure trip, I shouldn't wonder if they were to change the name of Gull river and call it—Tupper!"

If some unforeseen calamity should rob the world of the watermelon, the small boy, the mule, the parental boot and the front gate, the American paragraphers' occupation would be gone.

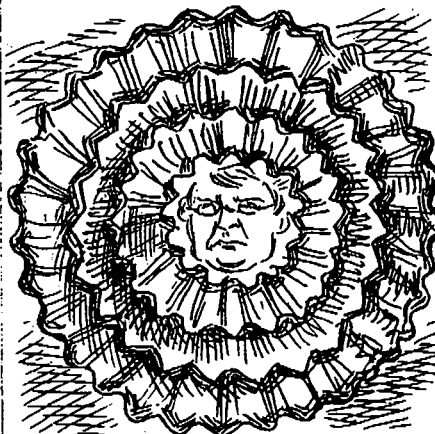


**The Great "Family" Journal.**

Mamma.—Don't be so selfish, SAMUEL; read out your *Globe*.  
 Papa.—No, JANE; it's all about the brutal Ryan-Goss fight; it wouldn't do to read it out before the children!  
 (Similar scene in *Mail* patron's house.)

**Royal Selfishness.**

Prince LEOPOLD, being of opinion that it is no fault of his that he belongs to the Royal Family, has determined not to allow that unfortunate circumstance to interfere with his pleasure and comfort on his present visit to Canada. He has elected to travel as a private gentleman, without any banquet or address accompaniments. Now, this is very cruel of him. A large section of the Canadian people are burning for a chance to show that they are truly loyal to the British throne, and the constitutional method of doing so is to read and present elaborate addresses to scions of the House of Brunswick. This glorious opportunity will be lost through the obduracy of the Prince, and the world at large may not be convinced that the Canadian people really are loyal. Again, there are hundreds of mayors and councilmen, clad in a little brief authority, whose hopes of doing the grand at royal receptions will be dashed by the Prince's decision. We are afraid His Royal Highness has not taken these matters into consideration. He is said to be a very affable and thoughtful young man, and there is every likelihood that if he was made aware of the serious consequences which this regard for his own comfort may have, he would readily change his mind, and tranquilly submit to the torture which our gushing people would be only too delighted to inflict.



**The Conservative Pen-Wiper.**

GRIP, ever ready to encourage the growth of industrial art in this fair Dominion, has much pleasure in presenting the above sketch of a neat little article which is at present greatly in vogue in the editorial rooms of Conservative newspapers. It is a new pen-wiper, known as "The Blake," and is said to have been originated by the clever Premier, and distributed to the faithful journalists under the auspices of the Government. Like all pen-wipers, it is intended to be used for cleaning dirty pens, though we understand the Cabinet "instructions" accompanying each one recommend that only such quills as are befouled with personal attacks on the present leader of the Opposition are to be used upon it. Considering the short time the BLAKE Pen-wiper has been in use, it is remarkable what an amount of editorial ink has already been smeared upon it. In fact, a casual visitor to the office of any leading Conservative paper who poked up the article, would hardly be able to recognize the portrait in the centre as that of the honourable EDWARD at all.

Our funny contributor says that when his tailor presses him for that little account, (now several years over due,) he in reply sings the tailor a verse of that beautiful song, "O loving heart, trust on."



**Vox Populi.**

The old lady is beginning to get agitated, and not without cause. Since our last issue the Press of the country has been talking about little else than the abolition of the Senate. The journalistic followers of the *Globe* are of course *en masse* in favor of the proposition; and, as might be expected, the Conservative organs are nearly all the other way. Time will have to decide the matter, but in the meantime the venerable dame has received unmistakable "Notice to quit."

**The Political M. Loyal.**

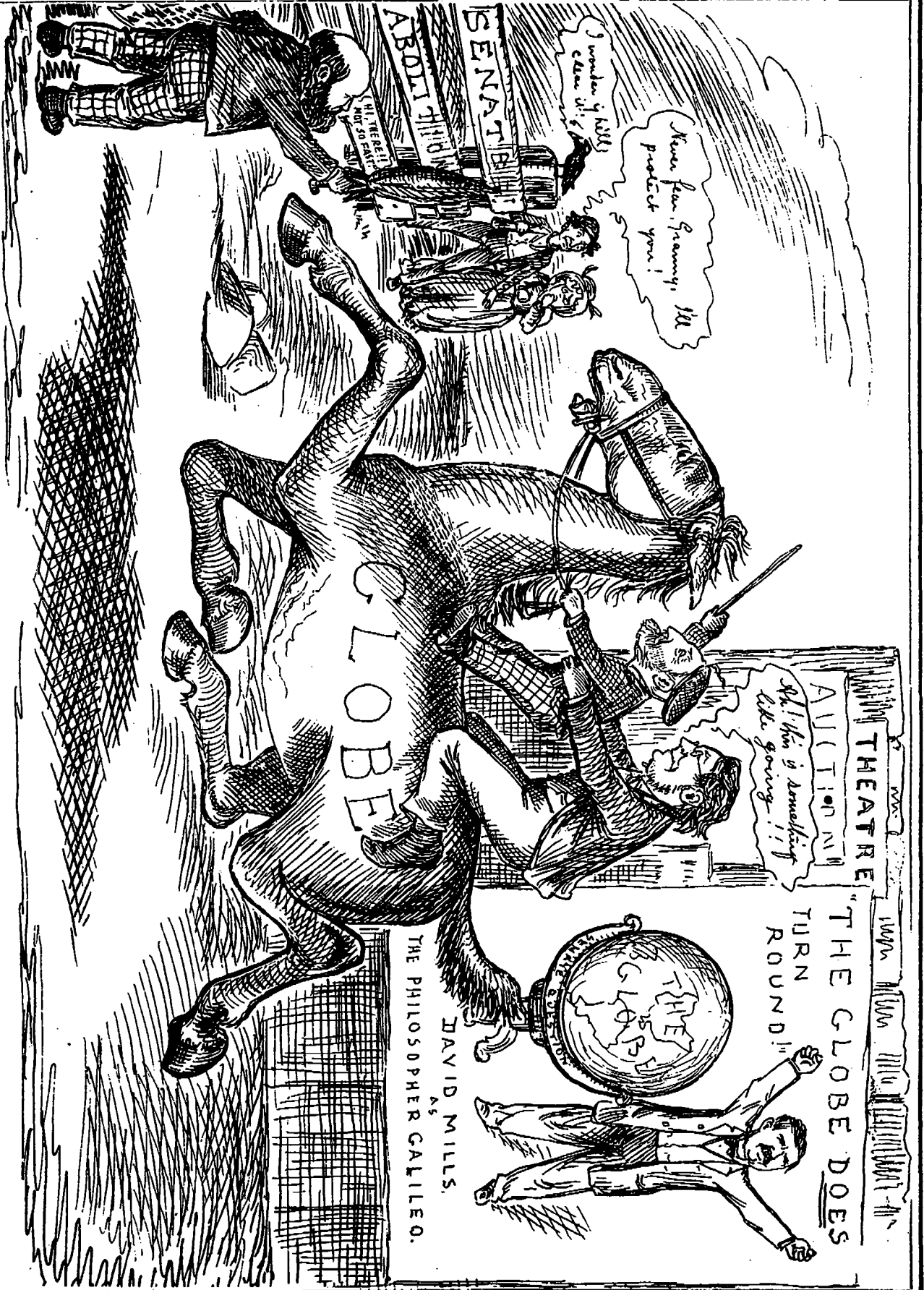
FOREPAUGH'S big circus is coming, as everybody knows, and the dead walls of the city are flaming with gorgeous pictures which delight the heart of the small boy and the elderly deacon alike. Among these faithful illustrations of what is actually to be performed, is a out representing the thrilling act of Mons. LOYAL, who allows himself to be shot from a big gun away up into the air. GRIP takes the liberty of reproducing this picture on his eighth page, not for the purpose of immortalizing the name of FOREPAUGH, but because another great manager is about to perform the same sensational act in the political circus. It is believed (though there are no coloured posters announcing the fact) that Mr. J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON is about to emulate the daring of M. LOYAL. He has proclaimed himself willing, nay anxious to allow Sir JOHN MACDONALD to fire him into the high position of Lieutenant-Governor, and there is every probability that Sir JOHN is going to accommodate him. GRIP only hopes the affair may pass off successfully, and that when JOHN B. reaches the dizzy height he may not lose his head altogether.



**Our Cricketers Abroad.**

The "spare man" of the Canadian team.

THERE'S SPEED IN THE OLD HOSS YET!!



DAVID MILLS AS THE PHILOSOPHER CALLED.

THEATRE AUCTION

All this is something like going...

THE GLOBE DOES TURN ROUND!

SENATOR!

I wonder if Mills' election will be...

Have fear, Grammy, I'll protect you!

THE GLOBE

THE GLOBE

TURN ROUND!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is believed that the word "never" has been crippled for life.—*Danbury News.*

There are few men who can catch a six-inch trout and not lie about it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Since the foot produces ache-corns, what kind of fruit will the negro?—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Speaking across a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"My work's dun," remarked the collector as he started out in the morning.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Rockland man calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.—*Rockland Courier.*

The politician wanted the newspapers filed because they were so rough on him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

An authority in such matters says love levels all ranks, except rank butter.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"Farewell, my hone," sang the barber, as he saw a thief making off with it.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be busy writing a war poem. Mr. MILLER was very recently married.—*New York Commercial.*

The marriage of a deaf and dumb couple is always the result of a mutual admiration.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The old M. Ds. see to it that graves are occupied, and the young M. Ds. that they are emptied.—*Lockport Union.*

The circus times are upon us, and already there is a noticeable falling off in the church contributions.—*Kbokuk Constitution.*

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Once more the busy bumble bee  
Bumbleth his bumbling song:  
And the small boy army seeketh he  
'Bout 40,000 strong.—*Augusta Mail.*

Figures can not lie, but if a bad man knows how to use them they will help him cover up an embezzlement for a long time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young Darwinian. Jack (to his married sister)—"Hi! POLLY!! Look!!! Here's your baby trying to walk on its hind legs!!!!—*London Punch.*

Eleven million dollars was spent in this country last year for hair restoratives, and we can't see one more hair than the year before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is suspected that when the great buzz went up from assembled thousands on the occasion of HANLAN'S victory, COURTNEY the great buzz saw.—*Corey Press.*

We see at last that we must cease making jokes. When it gets so they are liable to explode and scare horses it is time to stop.—*Rockland Courier.*

All things are ordered wisely. No sooner does the grass get robust enough to soil light pants than the tailors begin making the article.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The need of many an editor,  
From long time immemorial,  
Is a pair of double action shears  
That can write an editorial.  
*Hackensack Republican.*

As far as we are informed, there is nothing in the appearance of a church contribution box to derange any one, but it is well known that it turns men's heads—the other way.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When lovely woman hears strange news,  
What form of speech so efficacious,  
To give expression to her views,  
As this plain English—"Goodness Gracious!"  
*Chicago Journal.*

VANDERBILT is worth over fifty millions. He can go to the first church strawberry festival of the season, treat half a dozen young ladies, and have enough money left for next morning's marketing.—*Norristown Herald.*

Did it ever occur to you why a lawyer who is conducting a disputed will case is like a trapeze performer in a circus? Didn't? Well, its because he flies through the air with the greatest of ease.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

A five cent piece and a foolish man don't make an acquaintance pooty long, then, it was pooty good to be foolishness and have plenty five cent pieces introduced to you, and it?—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?  
Who, stepping through the kitchen door,  
On baking day, sees goodly store  
Of fragrant, amber-shadowed cake,  
And—half unconscious—does not break  
A ragged chunk?  
*California Paper.*

Here is the way a Vallejo girl puts up her back hair: "Ri tum de iddle, de iddle de lay; where is a hair pinny de liddle de lay; oh, ain't I killing rum tiddy de liddle de lay; and I'm going to the picnicky er rickety de lickety de lay."—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

A Georgia man in California was boasting of the size of southern productions. Pointing to a barrel he said, "We raise larger watermelons than those." "Watermelons!" exclaimed the Californian, "why, those are only huckleberries."—*New York Herald.*

This is the time of year when the industrious young man resolves to get up very early every morning and take a walk, or read history, or do something awfully commendable, and then oversleeps himself and is late to business twenty-seven days in the month.—*New York Mail.*

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in it at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.—*Lowell Sun.*

She has, as usual yearly, commenced work on the front spring flower garden. She can't find the hoe, rake and trowel used last year. She never can. She buys a new hoe, rake and trowel. She has done this for nine successive seasons. Also, garden gloves and a new watering pot. Yesterday the old ones were found where they were safely put away last fall in the barn loft. Now there are two sets to work with.—*New York Graphic.*

"Sir," roared a man out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "Sir, you are a liar." "I am?" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I have found it out." "How long have you been living here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor, tranquilly adding his head: "Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

She painted on china and silk, she talked science and art day and night, she read RUSKIN, CARLYLE and that ilk, and combed her hair like a fright. She wrote essays and papers and such, on the cosmic, the real, and ideal, she was linguistic from English to Dutch, and her stockings were out at the heel.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

If the person who called at this office some time ago and had the following verse printed upon a display card, and who failed subsequently to call for the job or to pay for it, will now lend his doleful presence to this establishment he will learn something to his advantage.—

"Since man to man is oft unjust  
I do not know what man to trust.  
I've trusted some, and to my sorrow,  
You pay to-day; I'll trust to-morrow."  
*Rome Sentinel.*

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE SOCIABLE.

[B. P. SHILLABER in the Cambridge Avenue.]

There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. PARTINGTON was indeed in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake. "Bless me! how salutary you are!—just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm sure, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church sociables in my young days, but we had huskin' bees, and quiltn' bees, and apple bees, and—" "Bumble bees," said IRE, breaking in like a boy on thin ice—"and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as IRE in his restlessness placed his heel on a circumjacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir," replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself in a scene of such life and animosity as this?" "Very true, madam." "And then the lights, blazing like consternation, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharaoh land." The minister was called away, and the master of ceremonies asked Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice —?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on the long—, as if it were the top bar of a gate; "oh, very." A rush by the contestants in a game here broke in between them, the band gave a crash which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waded to and fro, IRE started off with a new cry in quest of some suggested peanuts, and Mrs. PARTINGTON backed into the seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle through her own parabolas, her fingers beat time to the music, and her olfactories inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adjacent room, till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand. It was the attentive manager again with an ice cream, which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she, smiling. "I was unconscionable at the moment. Thank you. I will. I am very partially fond of ice cream, and this is manilla, too, which is my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the scene, and went away soon after, when IRE had joined her, with plecthoric pockets, bidding the manager convey a good night from her to the party, saying she had enjoyed a real sociable time.

### An Unworthy Quibble.

GRIP notices with dismay the shock of surprise which many are experiencing, simply because our Ottawa M.P.'s charge their tobacco bills to the country. Surely each and every laborer in the vineyard is worthy of his hire, and when the loaves and fishes are so few, it is niggardly meanness to make a fuss about a tobacco bill. The difficulties that beset statesmen in making laws, the wear and tear on the mind, to say nothing about the muscles, certainly deserve an adequate remuneration from the public. What delicacy of mind can be expected from a man who has to bother his head about a tobacco bill? Commonplace individuals may be forced to economise, to live sparingly, clothe themselves with frugal care and try to gather together a few dollars in preparation for a rainy day. But an Ottawa M.P. ought to have a soul above buttons and should be troubled with none of these cares. Considering the vast amount of work they do, their devotion to their country, their self-abnegation, it is surprising that anyone can be found willing to deny them a little self-indulgence. GRIP is surprised at the selfishness of the masses and the utter absence of sympathy for the individual. Let the M.P.s. enjoy themselves and their tobacco, and so far from carping over a few paltry pounds of smoke, let the country come forward generously and pay for their beer, their shaves and shampooings, their washing and toothpicks. No man can be a successful M.P. without these things, and now that we have protection we should first protect our protectors.

### Marine Intelligence.

Great preparations are being made by the sporting fraternity for the Grand Regatta in West Toronto. Several well-known boating men have entered, and the struggle is expected to be severe. Up to a late hour last night the following boats had been entered: the *Beaty*, *Bickford*, *Morrison*, *C. Robinson*, *Kerr*, *Davin* and *Cunawan*. Some of these are expected to withdraw, but enough will compete to make the race a most interesting one.

Despatches from the U. E. Club report heavy squalls of wind at that port. The *Chieftain*, with the Commodore of the station on board, anchored there for a few days a short time ago, and experienced the full force of the wind. Beyond coming into slight collision with some of the small craft which infest that harbour, the *Chieftain* sustained no damage, and rode out the gale with safety. The *Commodore* sailed for the east on Monday last.

The Government vessels *Bowell* and *Tupper* left Ottawa on a cruise westward last Saturday. Both vessels reached Belleville in safety, where they parted company; the *Bowell* remaining at that harbour, and the *Tupper* proceeding to this port.

The phantom ship, *Protection*, which has been spoken of so much by owners and masters of vessels, has been sighted again. This time this mythical craft has been seen in the vicinity of Allan's Dock, Montreal, where the labourers became so alarmed that they quit work, and refused to resume, unless an advance was made.

### Shameful!

It is only a sense of duty to society at large which could possibly induce us to notice the the slighting allusion recently made in the editorial columns of a most esteemed contemporary. Speaking of the Lieutenant-Governor, a Toronto daily compares him to a "tin-pot." Only a depraved imagination could possibly make a comparison between "His Honour" and a despised article of kitchen use. To mistake a provincial dignitary with his cocked hat, his state robes of chaste splendor, his court suit and his sword, for a "tin-pot," is to be guilty of disloyal flippancy. It is a mistake to imagine that the country will be satisfied with this com-

parison. We have so many noble men in Canada, who make it the ambition of their lives to bring their vast influence into politics, and to suffer for their country, that to belittle the very few rewards that can possibly fall to them, is well calculated to cool their unbounded patriotism. What inducement is there for unfledged patriots to serve their country if the only reward is a "tin-pot." There is something which impresses one with a distressing sense of familiarity in this comparison. If there was ever a time when the Lieutenant-Governor should be spoken of in a dignified manner it is the present. A bran new article is about to take up his abode in this Province, and how can he be expected to strike out in new paths if he is only a "tin-pot." GRIP is surprised at the wrongheadedness and shortsightedness of the paper which could make such a comparison. Fortunately the evil is not irreparable, and even "tin-pots" are useful articles in their proper place.

### The March of Progress.

MR. JAMES YOUNG, M.P., has written an interesting book on the early history of Galt, and in it we get a description of the Grand River country, when it was the hunting ground of the Six Nation Indians. On page 11 we read: "The locality abounded in fish, game and fresh water. These were the chief objects of Indian pursuit, and they lingered long in places where they were plenty." What an idea this simple statement gives us of the vast improvements time has wrought in our beloved country! The locality of Galt at present abounds in factories, foundries, and Grit politicians, and there is no game there to speak of, except base-ball. Moreover, the inhabitants, who are chiefly Scotch and German, spend very little of their time in fishing, and fresh water is far from being an object of their pursuit—while Highland whiskey and lager beer can be obtained. Such are the blessings of the great N. P.!

### "There's Speed'in the Old Hoss Yet!"

That venerable roadster, the *Globe*, is surprising the people by his recent performances on the political track. Everybody thought that his day was pretty well done, and that with the recent lamented demise of his old master, what little spirit he had left would soon ooze away. But on the contrary, the wonderful old nag has begun to exhibit new life, and the speed he has gotten up on the Senate question has fairly astonished the political sports of both parties. This result is all due to the new groom, who appears to be a decidedly fast young Reformer, and began to apply the rod as soon as he was safely mounted. The reckless pace at which the animal has been driven has excited not only astonishment, but alarm, amongst Conservatives generally, and the more staid old fellows of the Reform party, who, like Senator PENNY, of Montreal, have not failed to sound the alarm. On the other hand, the lively young Radicals, BLAKE, MILLS, and their following, are filled with delight. The leader of the Opposition has long had many bright schemes in his noddle, and amongst them is the abolition or thorough reorganization of the Senate; but he had begun to despair of ever getting a lift on his journey from the *Globe*. Now he feels inspired with new hope, and the clouds surrounding the treasury benches already seem to be breaking up. GRIP's impression of the whole affair is given in the cartoon of this number, to which the reader is respectfully directed for further particulars.

The Toronto system of dealing with stray dogs has been adopted in London. This is only net-ural; the Londoners will find it the cur-rect plan.

### A Much-horn Queen.

In the advertisement columns of one of our Old Country exchanges, the announcement of special excursions and performances on a recent auspicious occasion, are introduced with "May 20th—Queen's Birthday—May 20th." This rather puzzles Mr. GRIP's brains. There must be a mistake somewhere. Was Her Gracious Majesty born twins, or is it possible that the Old Country people are really in the dark on this matter, as they are on so many other subjects in which Canadians are well posted? It's all right, anyhow; VICTORIA is a good woman, and she deserves to have two birthday celebrations every year.



### LACHINE CANAL.

#### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 31st of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—  
Tenders will be received until

**Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.**

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

**Tuesday, the 8th day of June.**

By order,

F. BRAUN

Secretary

Department of Railways & Canals,  
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

41-15-5



### WELLAND CANAL

#### NOTICE

TO

### BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10

For a GOOD SMOKE  
**USE MYRTLE NAVY.**  
See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to  
**FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.**  
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

Grant's  
Paris  
Pattern  
Shirts,  
AT  
55c.  
75c.  
\$1.00  
\$1.25  
\$1.50  
\$1.75  
\$2.00  
To order.  
283

Queen  
St. West,  
Toronto.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM. — Postal Card  
Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00.  
One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.  
BENGOUGH BROS., AGENTS. NEXT POST OFFICE, TORONTO.



HOW TO PAY THE SUFFERING YANKEE FISHERMEN.



THE POLITICAL M. LOYAL.

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,  
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand  
And nail, and finger."

Bring your little darlings to **BRUCE**, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.  
vii-22-1y.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

- PRICE LIST OF PHONETIC WORKS.
- ANDREW J. GRAHAM'S PUBLICATIONS.
- First Reader ..... \$2 00
  - Key to First Reader ..... 75
  - Hand Book ..... 2 50
  - Little Teacher ..... 50
  - Second Reader ..... 2 00
  - Dictionary ..... 5 75
- A NEW EDITION OF THE SYNOPSIS. — With a series of beautiful exercises illustrating all the principles of the Brief but Comprehensive and Clear Text, and with a beautiful Correspondent's List of Word-Signs, Contractions, Prefixes, Affixes and Phrase-Signs — "the prettiest and clearest List ever produced." ..... 60
- A NEW EDITION OF THE HAND-BOOK has been issued with Reading Exercises reproduced, in very clear and beautiful style, by my process (Stereography). Price, \$2.50; post-paid ..... 2 60
- THE MUSIC SCALE (a valuable aid in learning the music scale and Transpositions). Price, 60 cts. With Journal for 1880. .... 2 50
- MUNSON'S PUBLICATIONS.
- THE COMPLETE PHONOGRAPHER (thoroughly revised in 1877) is the most perfect instruction book of Phonography ever published. Post-paid ..... 2 25
  - THE DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL PHONOGRAPHY gives the outlines "65,000 words and names." Post-paid ..... 3 50
  - THE PHRASE-BOOK OF PRACTICAL PHONOGRAPHY (published in January, 1879), gives over 5,500 practical and useful phrases, printed in phonographic signs; also rules for phrasing. Pronounced by phonographers the greatest work on Phonography ever published. Post-paid .. 2 50
- Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.  
Next Post Office, Toronto BENGOUGH BROS.

**Summer Travel.**  
HINTS FOR GENTLEMEN GOING TO MUSKOKA.

As the season for mid-summer wanderings draw near, GRIP offers to the victims of unrest a few hints before starting, which he hopes may be accepted in a spirit of humility.

Firstly, as to luggage. Be sure, when starting, to take plenty of trunks. Nothing adds to the comfort of summer travel more than the consciousness that you have all the clothing you possess — and some you have borrowed — with you. If you have not enough to fill three or four trunks, your winter ulster will answer admirably to fill up with.

Secondly, if you are boarding at a farm house, take care to impress upon your host and his family the immeasurable superiority of town and city people over those living in the country. This will be flattering to the people you are with, and will secure you many little unlooked for attentions.

Thirdly, it would be well to make friends with the family watch-dog. You may be out late at night; in such case some slight acquaintance with the animal would be desirable. Carry a piece of raw meat in your white waistcoat pocket as a *piece* offering.

Fourthly, if you hire a boat and the boatman capsize you, pay him only an *upset* price. If you are going fishing where the mosquitoes are likely to be thick, read the book of Jon before starting. It will prove a source of great consolation. If on returning you meet a man who has been lucky enough to catch an eel, (while you haven't), take off your hat to him; he's a good eel better than you are. If you should step into a mud puddle with your white duck pants on, call to mind that well-worn axiom, "this is better than the *dust* in the city." If you are kept awake at night by the cats wrangling under your window, never mind; you can speak *felinely* on the subject next morning. If you go out walking in "Nature's solitudes" (i. e., the woods,) and come across a colony of black flies, *fly* at once, even if you have to abandon your ulster and cow-hide boots in the process.

Surely they have an Irishman of pronounced Hibernianism on the staff of the St. John's *Telegraph*, from whose columns we clip this:

The death is announced, to-day, of CHARLES L. PHILIPS, who lives at the east end of Duke street.

**GRIGG HOUSE.**  
Cor. York and Richmond Streets, London.  
FIRST CLASS HOTEL. RATES — \$1.50 PER DAY.  
SAM'L GRIGG.—PROPRIETOR.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**  
Adelaide St. West. Mr. AUG. PIROU, Manager.  
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.

**ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.**  
King St. West. Mr. LUCIEN BARNES, Manager.  
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.



For sale by all leading grocers.

AGENTS:

SMITH & KEIGHLEY, TORONTO,  
J. A. BANFIELD, Manufacturers' Agent, 24 York St.,  
TORONTO, for Province of Ontario.

LIGHTBOUND, RALSTON & CO., MONTREAL,  
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**HOSSACK, WOODS & Co.,**  
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**\$1500** TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address **GEORGE STINSON & CO.**, Portland, Maine. xiii-10-1y

**VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE.**  
NOTED FOR PURE TEAS!

Over 50 different grades, varieties, and mixtures in stock.  
GET PRICE LIST.

**EDWARD LAWSON,**  
93 KING ST. EAST.

J. YOUNG'S. The Leading Undertaking Establishment.  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.  
Complete in Every Department.  
N.B.—Telephone Communication.  
361 YONGE ST.