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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.**

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880.

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Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete; cost \$210. Price \$150.

Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.

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**Grip's Gallery of Local Celebrities.** No. 10, PICKERING COLLEGE,—"BOOK-KEEPING."



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**NUMBER TWO NOW READY.**

**THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.**

It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits.—Toronto Telegram.

"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 commendations 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.

cosmopolitan in character, its aim being to bring into communion the various exponents of the beautiful art of phonography rather than the advancement of any particular system. The first number, which we have just received, contains, besides a fund of useful information, interesting papers from Mr. E. E. Horton, a Toronto Superior Court official reporter; Mr. Lionel Percival, private secretary to Hon. S. C. Wood; Mr. Thos. Bengough, reporter of York County Courts, and others. To the student of phonography especially will this book commend itself, and any young man whose ambition leads him to aspire to something higher than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water can scarcely do better than subscribe for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, select a "system," and begin the study of stenography, a step which he will never regret.—Chatham Banner.

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. Eysel, 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.

Our musical editor will hereafter give regular critiques of such performances as may be deemed worthy of his attention, and also review any musical publications which may be sent in for that purpose.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY will spend the summer in Switzerland, for her health.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN have another opera under way. The initial performance will be given in America next fall.

M<sup>me</sup> MODJESKA, the Polish actress, lives in Halfmoon Street, London, where she has a reception every Tuesday.

WALT WHITMAN, the American poet, is at present on a visit to London, Ont. He is the guest of Dr. BUCKE, Superintendent of the Asylum for the insane.

H. R. H. Princess LOUISE is said to have contributed several songs to Mr. FRECHETTE's play of *Papineau*, and also to have assisted in painting the scenery to be used on its first presentation.

The BEETHOVEN monument has been inaugurated at Vienna in the presence of several archdukes, the widow and daughter of one of BEETHOVEN's nephews, and the last surviving pupil of the great master. The memorial is said to be the finest work of the kind in Vienna.

J. B. POND lost \$1400 on his first two weeks with the "Pirates of Penzance," over the New England circuit, but made it all up before his contract expired, and cleared \$400 to boot. He says the escape was so narrow it makes him breathe hard to think about it, even now.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, although so genial to meet, was said by the managers to be the closest in money matters of any star on the road. A gentleman watching her in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth* remarked, "See how directly front she keeps her eyes." "Yes," was the reply, "she's counting the house."

The first concert of Dr. STRATHY's Pianoforte Players' Classical Club will, we understand, take place in the latter part of this month, when the following amongst other compositions will be performed: Overture to the *Magic Flute*, MOZART; *Stradella*, FLOTOW, and the whole of BEETHOVEN's Symphony No. 11. A performance which took place lately, to which several of our music cognoscenti were invited, the Club played the following pieces: Overture "Idomeneo" MOZART, 8 hands; *Stradella*, FLOTOW, 8 hands; and *Wm. Tell* ROSSINI, 6 hands, also the entire symphony No. 1 of BEETHOVEN. The correctness, precision and style of performance was such as to call forth the enthusiastic applause of all listeners, Col GZOWSKI who was present rising to return thanks for the audience to the conductor for the treat that had been offered them. Besides the pieces above mentioned, some songs were very nicely sung by a lady amateur, one of which was a composition of Dr. STRATHY's with violincello obligato, (manuscript) also two piano solos exceedingly well played. We have only to mention the fact that by means of this Club the above fine overtures and BEETHOVEN's grand symphony were heard for the first time in Toronto to show the good work in the cause of music the Club is doing, and we heartily wish Dr. STRATHY every success in his undertaking. We particularly approve of one feature which the Dr. as a conductor insists upon, namely punctuality in commencing his programme, and no admission to late comers during the progress of a performance. More particular notice of this Club will appear hereafter.

## PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO NIAGARA—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO OGDENSBURG.—Steamer *Tuesdays*, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 11 a. m., Mowat's wharf, Yonge st.

TO LORNE PARK—Steamer *Maxwell*, 11.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf, fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., Church st. wharf, fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare (good for season) \$1.25.

TO MONTREAL—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.



## LACHINE 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

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 \$50 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, 20th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10

## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR has just bought a magnificent lion from the Zoological Gardens at Mar-silles for \$1,000, and intends to paint its portrait for next year's salon.

Mr. JOHN C. FORBES is engaged upon a full length portrait of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, which when finished is to be presented to Parliament by the Conservative Senators and Members.

Grip's cartoon on "Toronto's Sunday of the future, perhaps" is very suggestive. The cartoon is a very clever protest against the infatuated policy of those who propose to secularize the Sabbath in cities by means of cheap railway and steamboat excursions, &c. The "great adversary" will be the only party benefited.—*Truro (N.S.) Guardian*.

GRIP.—The BENGOUGH Bros., in order to make room for the press of advertisements and other matter, have made a considerable change in their valuable sheet, and superseded the old heading by a much smaller one. GRIP is making rapid advances in the way of journalistic prosperity. Its entry into our sanctum is eagerly looked for every week. May it live forever and die happy.—*Lucknow Sentinel*.

The *Canadian Monthly* for June is a very good average number. The great question of Religion and Morality continues to occupy a prominent place in its pages. Rev. CHAS. P. MULVANEY contributes an able article on "Some difficulties of Agnosticism," for which he borrows Grip's "suggested peroration to INGERSOLL's lecture" as a text, and proceeds to shew that Atheism does not tend to make society better or happier. Mr. W. D. LE SUEUR, on the opposite side of the same question has an article in reply to his recent critics. An appreciative notice of the life and character of the late Senator Brown is also given.

Mr. CHARLES ROBERTS, of Chatham, N. B. has contributed three charming poems to *Scribner's Magazine* during the past year. His "Aida and other Poems" will be published in a week by LIPPINCOTT. *Scribner* has also been largely illustrated by Canadian artists, resident in Toronto and Montreal. It seems a not impossible hope that new blood and a fresh departure may make our *Canadian Monthly* the equal of the American magazines. There is no lack of good literary material, what is wanted is more light writing, more society articles, and above all, illustrations. There is plenty of art talent in this country and it is in the development of this that success is to be sought. There is no reason why a purely Canadian magazine should not fully equal *Harper* or *Scribner*.

Messrs NOTMAN & FRASER's new style of photo., "La Voyago," is the most artistic and attractive thing which has yet been produced in this branch of the fine arts. In shape it resembles the "Tablette" recently brought out by the same firm, but its speciality consists in the nautical accessories. The siter is represented on ship-board, flanked with suggestive life-boats, davits, and bits of rope, and with a water-scape background. The painting of these details is masterly, and the whole ensemble forms a very pretty and natural picture. In some of the specimens effects have been introduced which stamp Mr. FRASER as an artist in the true sense; for example, that in which a young lady is represented as standing beside the gunwale waving her hankerchief. The latter article is managed most skillfully. We predict a great popularity for "La Voyago," which, it may be remarked, Messrs NOTMAN & FRASER have taken the precaution to protect by patent.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eyes on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.

### Song before Synod.

Toronto, June, 1880.

The Archdeacons came down with the sheep of the fold,  
Like croziers they seemed their umbrellas to hold;  
Their orthodox legs were as pillars that be  
Where the pepper-box pinnacles crown "Trinitee."

Like the leaves of the cabbage when summer is green,  
When the Synod begun the Archdeacons were seen  
Like the leaves of the cabbage when Autumn is cold,  
At its close the Archdeacons looked sorry and old.

### DeCoursier.

GRIP sincerely hopes that Rev Mr. RAINSFORD may meet with success on his merciful mission to Ottawa, to secure if possible the commutation of the sentence of death passed upon ROBERT DE COURSIER. The whole force of public opinion seems to have set in on the prisoner's behalf, and should the Executive see fit to exercise clemency, it is not likely that a single word would be heard against the decision. No one goes so far as to say that DE COURSIER was justified in murdering his brother, for in the eyes of Heaven at least, nothing can justify murder; yet among men the fiendish cruelty of the provocation he received from the deceased may well be pleaded in mitigation of the punishment if not in palliation of the crime. A case like this is well calculated to give force to the arguments of those who oppose capital punishment altogether. Not a few of the murders which from time to time shock the community are the result of vengeance wreaked upon the perpetrators of just such offences as EDWARD DE COURSIER committed against his brother—offences of which the law of the land takes no cognizance,—and so long as human nature is what it is, such things will happen. One of two things is imperatively demanded, either that an adequate legal penalty be visited upon the betrayer, or the punishment affixed to the act of the outraged avenger be definitely settled as something at least short of execution.

### Nonsense.

A certain young miss of Rosedale,  
Always looked feeble and pale.  
She was not energetic  
But very æsthetic,  
And turned up her nose at the male.

When a prize fighter comes up smiling, does it mean that he is groggy at the time?

### Mrs. Church in Canada.

A CHAPTER IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY CONTINUED FROM THE "TALE OF A TUB."

Mrs. CHURCH, came to this Dominion when things were much ruder than at present. She was thought rather too proud, for she refused to return the call of the Methodist minister's wife, or to be introduced to the Presbyterian clergyman. She prided herself overmuch in her relationship to Lord PRER, although she quarrelled with his Lordship because he was too fond of buying plaster of Paris casts from Italian image boys. However, Mrs. CHURCH obtained a free grant of some hundreds of acres, in connection with which she had a law suit, which went against her. But her property increased so much, that she had to employ several stewards who worked the land on shares. In Quebec she had a steward named BILL. He had been Schoolmaster in the Section and the trustees gave him such a good recommend that he was made steward. In the East the steward was a younger man, but too fond of pleasure, and apt to overdraw his account. In Toronto the farm was entrusted to a young man, highly recommended by his last employer, but he gave offence by refusing to go to a party where some of the daughters of the chief families of the neighborhood were anxious to dance with him. And the other farm was entrusted to a man by name DIVES, who got acquainted with the boy who was employed to sweep the office of the local paper. This boy was able to get personals inserted in the paper and not a week passed but a paragraph appeared with some such heading as "Great personal holiness of DIVES!" "Disinterested conduct of Mr. DIVES!" This impressed the public so much that DIVES was generally recommended for the stewardship of the farm, which, to do him justice, he managed remarkably well.

### A New Coin.

The learned *Canadian Spectator* speaks of the scheme of trade reciprocity between Great Britain and her colonies as "a fevered dream bred from our inherent selfishness." This last word will be recognized as a new one, for which the *Spectator* must take the whole responsibility. Selfishness is good, though the writer of the article probably "ment" to say selfishness. Another case of the intelligent compositor, no doubt.

### Tabitha on "Cramming."

I have been readin a good deal lately about weak eyes and hedakes increasin among school children and other stewartents, and a doctor lecturin on the subject stated that it was greatly caused by teachers insistin on their pupils studyin a variety of subjects, thus obligin them to work at night. (I hope that only parents and teachers will read this profusion, as I would not like to lead boys and girls into rebellious ways).

Another lecherer, (who seemed to think more of a broad chest than a broad forehead) sed that many a man had succeeded better in life through havin spells of idleness in his boyhood. My late lamentable pardner, who was fond of obtuse readin, used to tell how the great Sir ISAAC NEWTON always stood at the foot of his class at school. I suppose because his head was so full of his own thoughts that he couldn't cram in as much book learnin as the empty header boys. Don't think MISTER GRIP, that I undervalley a good eddication, but I differ from some folks about what eddication is. I've heard people talk about teachin the young idea how to shoot, and then set to work to cram the little heads with attics and olergies for eksaminashons, etsetra, till, if they had any young ideas, they couldn't fill a spare corner of brains to shoot in, with any amount of searchin.

I had a little boy stayin with me onst, and he wanted to plant a bed of beans, well, he took a whole cup full and jest rammed em into the

ground one a top of the other, so, of course, they never come to anythin. SAMUEL sed the boy was a simpleton, that the youngest child in the naborhood would have had moresense. Now aint menny people parents and teachers jest as simple? When they take the children's heads, which is the soil they have to cultivate, and pack them so fast with the seeds of learnin, that them same seeds have neither room nor time to do any sproutin; fortunately, most children have objections to havin much plantin done in their brains, they naterally take more kindly to eksersizin they heels than their heads, and them is oftin the ones that makes the finest, go aheaddest men.

A boy onst came to board with us, in the Summer hollidays, at the "Clearings," he was considered a perfect prodigal of learnin, a pale, sickly lookin fellow without a bit of gumption about him. Though it seems almost inkredulous to say so, he actually did not know a beech tree from a butternut. His mother told me that he akwired the dead langwidges with wonderful felicity. "Ma'am," ses I, "I'm not the woman who would speak with disrespect of those there dead langwidges; when Toronto Universal students have been boardin' here in summer, I have taken up their Greek books, writ in queer outlandish letters, and though I could not read a word of it, I have sometimes felt thrilled right through with em-shuns when I thought how the men whose thoughts was stored in them had onst stood in the light of God's sunshine, and breathed the fresh sweet air, and how, though they and all their nashun had passed away, their thoughts, shrined in them queer lookin' words, had come down to us through all those ages. I have a reverence for books, Ma'am," ses I, "and for them dead langwiches, too, but it is because it is nothin but dead larnin, because your boy is storin his mind with words and facts that will lie dead there, without any meanin or life or resurrection power in them, that I have to say my say. Look at him, sittin in there porin over his books and shuttin his eyes to all the wonders of God's beautiful world. Why, if he would sit for an hour or more under that old elm tree watching the sunlight flicker on the leaves, and its graceful branches swaying in the breeze, and think how God had brought it out of the dark earth and clothed it in that soft beautiful green, or would lift his eyes and look at the beeece cloud floatin across the sky and think how the moisture comes down to refresh the-thirsty earth, and how God guides the raindrops so that they give new life to the green leaves, though he cannot understand it altogether, if he only feels humbled and awe struck by thinking of the wonders of the earth and sky, he will have learned somethin, but as it is, he it only dwarf in his fakulties insted of eddycatin them." My words was quite lost on that woman, I heard her afterwards describin me as a ignorant and presumptshus female, who didn't know her place, but I had my say and felt better. I am goin to attend various meetings this week. I will tell you about them in my next letter, so reservoir for the present, yours,

TABITHA TWITTERS.

A Bystander stood an interested *Spectator* of one of the most *Graphic* incidents he had ever witnessed in *Town and Country*. An *Irish Canadian* who had visited most parts of the *Globe*, and whose *National* love made him prefer the *New Dominion*, desired to send a *Telegram* to the *Christian Guardian* of his children in Ireland. He wrote his message as if despair had him in its *Grip*, at the same time enquiring the cost. The reply he received shocked him. "The *Monetary Times* are too dull to enable me to pay so much," he said. It will be cheaper for me to *Mail* the matter, and in the meantime I shall appeal to the *Tribune* of the people, regarding your prices. "By all means do so," said the *Clerk* who stood *Sentinel* at the desk, "and much good may it do you."

Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pint 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.  
WOLFE BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



**Grand Trunk Humour.**

(A fact.)

Tall Engineer enters Superintendent's office and enquires if it is true, as his Stoker has informed him, that the Company mean to dispense with his services?

*The Superintendent.*—I am not aware of it. (To Stoker.) Did you tell him so?

*Stoker.*—Well, sir, yes; I told him the Company didn't want him any longer.

*The Superintendent.*—And what authority had you to tell him that?

*Stoker.*—Why sir, good gracious, you don't want him any longer, do you—he's nearly seven feet now! [Exeunt omnes.]

**Advice.**

The *Irish World* is a warm advocate of rag money, and professes to believe that the speedy triumph of that movement will be the salvation of the country. And yet Mr. STEPHEN D. DILLAYE is one of the chief writers on the *World*. They ought to sack him at once, for in such matters DILLAYE is dangerous.



**"Between two Stools."**

The Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE has just received a present of two foot-stools from the ladies of St. James' Church, Charlottetown, P. E. I., he having proved to be the successful candidate in one of those highly edifying voting competitions for the "most popular man," so much patronized by modern Christianity. The Hon. gentleman replies, expressing his thanks for the handsome present, and his unbounded pride at having scored such a brilliant victory. No doubt in his secret heart he rejoices over the stools as a tangible evidence—or rather two tangible evidences—of the growing unpopularity of Sir JOHN and the N. P. amongst the Islanders, and a sign of glorious things to come for the Reform Party. The *Mail*, apprehending this, and feeling that there is really something in it, endeavours to make the circumstance a subject of ridicule. It is to the Conservative organ that we are indebted for the above perversion of Mr. MACKENZIE and

the two stools, and the insinuation that the ladies of St. James' Church in a spirit of wag-gishness meant to remind the ex-premier that it was "between two stools he came to the ground." GRIP's pages being devoted to the encouragement of native wit, this really funny idea deserves to be recorded, though of course Mr. GAZP himself is far from endorsing the suggestion that the ladies had any other motive in making the presentation than a sense of duty, seeing that Mr. MACKENZIE was the winner, and perhaps also a feeling of gratitude to that gentleman for being the unconscious means of replenishing their sacred treasury.



**Blighted Affections.**

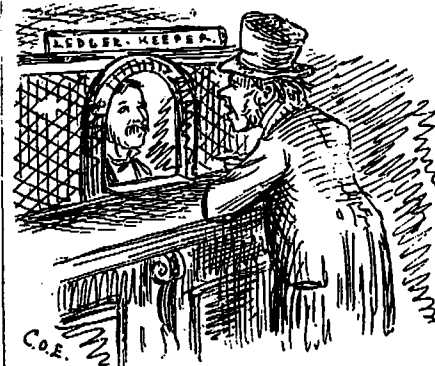
"O its 'ard to give the 'and Where the 'art can nivvah be!"

[We reproduce the above from a cartoon which is at present creating much amusement in England.]

**To Be Knighted.**

It is said that several Canadian statesmen will be knighted at Quebec on Monday next, the Queen's birthday. Among the number to be knighted the name of Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN is mentioned, and in this case all parties are agreed that the honor has been fairly earned. — *Belleveille Intelligencer.*

Notwithstanding this announcement of Minister BOWELL's organ, poor Mr. LANGEVIN was again passed over, and it begins to look as though he would never see himself in print as "Sir HECTOR." But he may console himself that several equally distinguished and worthy persons have been similarly slighted, for example, M. CHAPLEAU, Mr. PLUMB, Mr. RYMAL, Mr. JOE BEEF, and many others, whose services to Canada have been simply uncalculable.



**Udenominational.**

*Occasional Customer.*—Say, I want a stamp. Clerk.—What denomination? O. C.—O, I generally go to the first church that comes handy!



**The Champion Nepotist.**

I am the Minister of Marine, And although I do look green, I draw a handsome stipend, and fulfill the utmost hopes Of my brothers and my cousins and all the other Popes. Of my brothers and my cousins, Whom I reckon up by dozens, All the Popes!!  
You may be surprised to hear That every blessed year Some fifty thousand dollars (by my pulling of the ropes) Of the public money rolls into the pockets of the Popes, Of my brothers and my cousins Whom I reckon up by dozens, Of the Popes!!

**The Royal Name.**

The *Whitehall Review* publishes the startling announcement that the surname of the Royal Family of England is WERTIN, that having been the cognomen of the late Prince Consort. Society in London and Ottawa is of course greatly agitated at this discovery, and a marked diminution of loyalty is apprehended. It must be admitted that WERTIN does not sound just as pretty as one could wish, yet we sincerely hope the British public will recollect that "handsome is as handsome does," and abate no whit of their affection for Her Majesty the Queen and her crown and dignity. Though it may not be very aristocratic, WERTIN is by no means unappropriate, considering the sort of weather which has distinguished England for several past seasons, and created such a boom in the umbrella business.



**University College Museum.**

Tremendous consternation amongst the loose fishes in the Chemistry Department, at the unusual voracity displayed by an English Pike recently added to the collection!!

Why doesn't HANLAN claim the championship of the World? He has beaten COURTNEY, and COURTNEY is the great and only Trick-it!



"DOOMED."

LEADER OF OPPOSITION.—DON'T GET TOO MUCH ALARMED, GRANNY—WE'RE GOING TO DO IT GRADUALLY, YOU KNOW!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A suitable texture for a bald-headed person would be mo'hair.—*Lowell Sun*.

Many a property owner is poor in purse but rich in-deed.—*Yonkers Statesmen*.

In a corset manufactory a great deal of material is cut to waist.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Boots are fashionable with men, but milkmen should wear pumps.—*Whitehall Times*.

The third party movement—the intrusion of the mother-in-law.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

You may break, you may shatter a dead man's last will, but for the last cent, the lawyer will hang 'round it still.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

You can't pull up an old carpet without having the tack gatherers around.—*Whitehall Times*.

And now, brethren, can we not refer to it as the hellodious voice of the telephone?—*Quincy Argo*.

Job is the patron saint of the politicians. There are two ways of pronouncing Job.—*Steubenville Herald*.

It is easy enough to be agreeable if you can forget that you are trying to be so.—*Hackensack Republican*.

We don't exactly wish that Kearney and the Kallochs were dead, but we would like to see them know more.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

Times are so hard just now that when we send a postal to a delinquent subscriber, he won't even pay attention.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

It hurts a man just about as much to burn him in effigy as it does to have his shadow on a stone wall butted by a goat.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The man who goes into a barber shop on Sunday morning may not know what it is to labor, but he knows what it is to wait.—*Munketrick*.

"JOHN:" We do not know whether beer is called a maddening draught because it froths at the mouth of a pitcher, or not.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When you send a communication to a newspaper always tell the editor he needn't publish it if he don't want to.—*Spencer (W. Va.) Interior*.

Many oppose GRANT for a third term not because they are opposed to him as president, but because they are opposed to the precedent.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Young men persist in hugging delusions and that's the reason probably that so many young ladies wear those delusion shawls.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A man never appreciates the keen enjoyment of fishing, on the part of the fish, until he gets his hook well into the ball of his thumb.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

There isn't quite so much reading matter on a promissory note as there is on a theater programme, but a man will ponder over it much longer.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

The man who drives oxen knows all about haw-ticulture and ge-ology.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Hoe up deferred maketh the potatoes small.—*Marathon Independent*.

We have yet to see the telephone that will give an intelligible reply to the question: "Can you square that little account to-day, old man?"—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

There is a good chunk of moral implied in the answer given to the inquiry,—“Under whose preaching were you converted?” which was—“Under the practice of my aunt.”—*Somerville Journal*.

The word “dear” is one of the greatest inventions in the English language. Every married man can say “my dear wife,” and no one can tell just exactly what he means.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

We feel called upon to state that it is not half as much fun to run a lawn mower the last ten minutes as it is when you first take hold of the machine. Familiarity breeds contempt.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

Old brass and iron kettles are comparatively safe unless a boy and a circus come in conjunction. About this time also the junk shop is always found to be in perihelion with the sun.—*Lockport Union*.

The recent cold snaps have had no injurious effect upon the apples. Now, if they can get safely past the boys, there is a splendid prospect for lots of orchard fruit this year.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The young Englishman just over read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement—“Gained eight pounds in ten days,” and remarked, “Hexcellent wages that, MARY.”—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A man named STILLPERS has brought suit against an Arkansas woman for slander. We will run the risk of having this paper arraigned for libel by softly remarking, that “the villian, STILLPERS, sued her.”—*Modern Argo*.

It has been scientifically determined that Niagara Falls are 100 feet higher up the river than they were in 1852. Everything about the Falls including hack fares has moved up in the same proportion.—*Meriden Recorder*.

“Save me from my friends!” Artist—“Oh, so you think the background's beastly, do you? Perhaps the cattle are beastly, too, though I flatter myself—” Friendly Critic—“Oh no, my dear fellow. That's just what they are not!”—*London Punch*.

“Lucy” wants to know “what will take the smell of onions from my breath?” Don't eat them, dear; but if you must, take your breath out, boil for two hours, and then sprinkle with a little cologne. This will do the business.—*New York Express*.

“Yes,” said Mrs. U. P. START; “my husband is a great admirer of fine horses, and he thinks the most admiral kind are those lively, high-headed, spiritual horses, that's always kicking out of the traces; but I could never endure spiritual horses; I like quiet ones.”—*Steubenville Herald*.

If the young woman who sent us the poem, “Our thoughts are far too sweet for words,” had stopped with that much, we would have been too gallant to have disbelieved her, but when she wrote sixteen verses of it, it looked a little as if the poor girl were mistaken.—*Steubenville Herald*.

It is said that among the subscriptions to the relief of the famine stricken people of Ireland was a quantity of wood pulp, given by a number of paper manufacturers. Paper manufacturers may live and grow fat on wood pulp, but a starving Irishman would prefer something else.—*Peck's Sun*.

Young man, it is not always the girl that looks the loveliest in the moonlight that is the handsomest in the kitchen: and young woman it is not always the young man who says darling the tenderest who will say wife as gently. Ruminate upon this ye green and callow youth who expect to find fancy and fact identical.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A fond mother wants to learn some way to tell how her son will turn out. That's easily done. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden, he'll turn out slowly and reluctantly and be two hours dressing. If he's called to see a circus procession go by, he'll probably turn out quick and hurt himself trying to come down stairs and put a boot on at the same time.—*Lowell Sun*.

The boss fizzer is now frantically polishing his fountain preparatory to squirting vanilla juice into the bottom of a glass, as a sort of foundation on which he rears a superstructure of froth, total cost 1-16th of a cent, which he blandly presents in a medal-embowered salver to the over-heated school girl, and smiles and hopes for heaven, as he rakes in the five cents.—*Lockport Union*.

The master of a negro in Virginia threatened to give his sable attendant a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard again. “You rascal!” shouted the enraged planter, “didn't I tell you to cook those eggs soft?” “Yes, massa,” said the frightened negro, “an' I got up at 2 o'clock dis mornin' and biled dem five hours, and it seems to me I never kin git dese eggs softer!”—*Syracuse Herald*.

A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: “When a lethargic feeling pervades your system; when you have a disinclination to move about; when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive.” This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were lazy when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was lazy.—*Middletown Transcript*.

“Don't get out of anybody's way,” advised HENRY WARD BEECHER. But, Mr. BEECHER, when you recognize your landlord only half a block away and it is three days past rent day, and there are two cross streets, an alley and three four-story stairways with rear exits winking at you from the near side of the street, are we—is a man, that is, to go straight ahead and collide with the landlord? Oh, nonsense! what kind of talk is that to give a debt-laden people, with money at eight per cent., and your summer clothes not paid for?—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

AUCHRAY MAKES A GRAN' SPOKE.

It'll pe fery strange indeedt ta Heelant always pe attack apoot her langwinh, when she'll spoke goodt as Englis' as wha'll spoke she'll neffer. Altsu andt moreofer, maype them say wan wordt against ta Heelant no ken ta single Englis' more as her nainsel' forpye. To pe surely ta fery instinct whateffer in effer way Heelant bluid knows ta injust' always pe laid on ta heelantmans' back—sneer andt scofft at ta ladts. But wan sing she'll adfocate ta Heelant, andt that was worsy of keepit in remember—it was more intelligit to haf two langwih in her he'd as shust wan ta scoff. That's what I look to, andt nopody couldt spoke somesing to that. No matter you'll be a German frae ta Anchor Line, or a Fifermans frae Aberdonay forpye, or maype a Portrush from Slico as well, sough you'll spoke a souses' times worser andt worser again than ta accent of any wan haf would come in ta “Clydesdale” or “Clansman” poat whateffer, you wouk neffer pe torment as what ta Heelant pe.

Andt that's what she'll always said ta injust' an' wrong ta lowlant gifes, andt 'specially wan so high place as Pailie 'Onie spoke ta example —fye on her—woudt make ta fery bluid boil of a savage.

Proudt, proudt to pe a Heelant andt always standt ta Heelant cause 'gainst all ta Pailie 'Onie spokes, andt that's wan neffermore song a clear conscience wis ta wordts:—

“Neffe known to quail at ta fury of ta Gale,” as long's ta Heelant bluid's in—

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, K. 71.  
—*Glasgow Bailie*,

**A Lay of Protection.**

I sing of a sophist bold  
Who acquired a great renown,  
The public he always sold,  
And did them uncommonly brown.

He was a statesman sly,  
And a man of uncommon ways.  
He said "It is all my eye  
In the cold to finish my days.

I will will make a great surprise  
And captivate the masses.  
They will think me very wise;  
But I shall think them asses.

Protection shall be the play,  
Voters will swallow the joke;  
It will surely win the day,  
Tho' it proves a heavy yoke.

PHIPPS has a great deal of chaff  
And a taking graceful way;  
He will make the people laugh,  
And that will carry the day."

For many a month and week  
Protection was all the hum;  
The voters laughed at the freak  
And the sophist's work was done.

But now we've tried the plan,  
And heard nothing of the "hum."  
Each voter's a sorry man,  
And waits for revenge to come.

**Just the Person for Ireland.**

We are informed that:

Lady COWPER, the handsome wife of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is described as an accomplished sportswoman, few men being able to throw a trout or salmon fly with more dexterity. And Henry rifle in hand she has proved herself an excellent hunter.

Lady COWPER ought to be a most useful as well as ornamental personage in her new station, then. She can catch lots of fish for the starving peasants, as well as teach the young Hibernian idea how to shoot—landlords.

**A SONG IN SEASON.**

In the Autumn time I wandered  
Down among the golden corn,  
To myself I sadly pondered  
Why on earth I had been born.

Then I met a maiden straying,  
Down among the golden corn,  
All at once I ceased to wonder  
Why on earth I had been born.

**Quam se ipse amans sine rivali.**

—Cicero.

Until informed of the fact in the columns of the *Globe* we had no idea that the new Managing Director of that paper was such a "winner." It appears—*vide the Globe*—that he is an Admirable Crichton; a prodigy of vast intellectual vivacity; a perfect encyclopædia of information; a gentleman of great literary ability and of the shrewdest and most enterprising business aptitude. GRIP is delighted to extend the hand of fellowship to such a perfect gem. From this time hence, Canadian journalism is to be purged of its ascerbity. Its motto is to be "Resurgam," for the new manager has no intention of putting his talents in a napkin. He is going to be to literature all that AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was to the Roman State. The Senate, the Commons, the Provincial Governors, free discussion and popular rights, are all to find their saviour in this rival of PHIPPS, for has not the *Globe* said so, and surely it knows? The wonderful humiliation which once characterized the great daily has been succeeded by an egotistical bumptiousness which possesses little self-denial. In the words of the great writer of the words which head this paragraph "How much in love with himself, and that without a rival" is the new Managing Director.

**The Church Courts.**

The Church Courts are all in session this week. Here in Toronto we have the Synod of the Anglican Church, and in Montreal they have the General Assembly of the Presbyterian body, and the annual meeting of the Congregational Union. The Synod is ably presided over by the Rev. Mr. SWEATMAN, who is aided in his duties by all the devoted ministers of the Ontario circuit; His Lordship Rev. D. McRAE has been elected Moderator of the General Assembly by the unanimous votes of the representatives of the various Dioceses of the Kirk in the Dominion. The opening sermon of the Congregational Conference was preached by Very Rev. Archdeacon POWIS, of this city. A great deal of work lies before these reverend courts, and GRIP trusts a great blessing may attend them all. If it would not be considered *ultra vires* for him, as an outside layman, to offer a few suggestions, might he recommend the following as fit and proper questions for the attention of the delegates:

*Anglican Synod.*—Is it in accordance with the fitness of things that instrumental music should be used in worship?

Are Psalms preferable to Hymns, or should not the latter be excluded altogether?

Is a choir admissible, or is congregational singing better promoted by the employment of a presencitor?

Can a clergyman preach as well without a gown and bands as with them?

Are the interests of true religion promoted by strawberry festivals? And if so, what is a fair price for a plate of strawberries with skim milk and white sugar?

What is the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles on the subject of Camp Meetings?

*Presbyterian Assembly.*—Is the eastward position insisted upon by the Shorter Catechism?

Should leggings be worn *ex cathedra*, and does it improve the appearance of a stove-pipe hat to have the rims fastened to the sides with bands?

Would a sermon, under any circumstances, have any spiritual or moral force, if delivered from a reading-desk?

Should a church edifice be built *broad or high or low*, and is it possible to combine these qualities so as to make it comfortable for the congregation?

Is it advisable to read sermons, and should they be more or less in accordance with the written creed of the Church?

*Congregational Union.*—Is the idea of Independence consistent with the system of Tax Exemption?

Does it improve a church service to have it intoned instead of delivered in a natural voice?

Is "taking up the collection" the whole duty of an elder; and how old should a man be before he can be considered an elder?

"Turning points in life"—Street corners.

FIRE-CRACKERS.—Biscuits with red pepper in them.

A Post office order.—"Give me a quarters' worth of stamps."

When one loafer is added to another, what is the product? A drink, generally.

There is a shop in Port Hope called "Parsons' bookstore." It should be patronized by the clergy.

It would have been in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things" if one of the *coloured* Southern Delegates had proved the *dark horse* in the late Chicago Convention.

FISBY:—If a *chubby* boy steps into a mud puddle, and protruding his lips begins to *blubber* for fear of a *walking*, it's a kind of *mud-pout*. If you feel disposed to *carry* at this, remember that some of the most *brilliant* puns have a *bass* origin, and are sometimes out of *plaise*.

**Bangs.**

The Bang is an animal of the species 'hare' Unlike the ordinary hare, it does not exist in burrows, but in *straight* burrows, nor does it go by bounds; in fact it is not bound at all, it is waxed instead. In its wild state the Bang is of no particular color; there are red Bangs, and black Bangs, and grey Bangs, and gold Bangs.

Tamed Bangs are becoming more and more numerous. When first caught they are very troublesome. They are usually captured by becoming entangled in "brush," or are taken in a net called "bon-net," and need to be "combed down," and undergo a severe application of "wax-end" before they are tractable enough to be "let loose." They are amphibious, but under different forms. A good young Bang without any blemishes and beautifully symmetrical in its curvature, will, on encountering moisture, become, as Lord DUNDREVEN says, hopelessly "spwend out in a wov."

Bangs have played a great part in philosophy; Caliban(g) was the name of "the missing link," and they are the only animals really human that are fitted out with a tail. Their features are more carefully "pencilled" than those of any other living creature. The poodle-dog was once a kind of Bang, and so was the "bang-kaw," but both have had to give way as ladies' pets. Some Bangs live to a good old age, but there are no adult male Bangs. Most Bangs are good barometers, but the red Bang is not, because it never "makes the spirits rise." They are classified as vertebrate, *i. e.* "Such as have a cavity above and a cavity below a solid axis." They have no one of the five senses; there is no sense in them.

**"Telegram" Personals.**

Come to me, come to me, love of mine!  
Known through a "Personal"—ten cents a line  
"One who is lonely needs friendship," you wrote;  
Then I replied and you answered my note.

Strangely we two, who were strangers, have met,  
Thus in the *Telegram*, "Lodging to let"—  
Hearts that beat warmly, sweet lips and bright eyes,  
Whoso desires them need but *advertise!*

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Tenders will be received until

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

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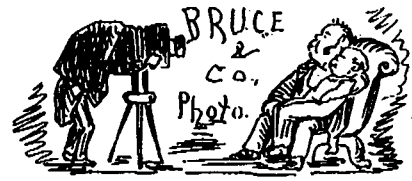


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