

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

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, GRIFFIN office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIFFIN 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 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. 11

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880.

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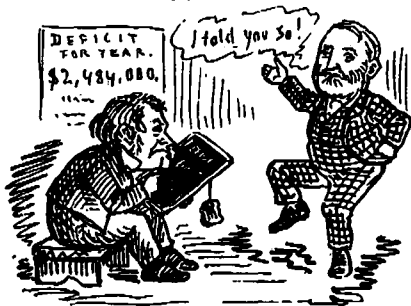
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Typical Illustration

Of the Distress and Sorrow of the Reform Party year is discovering that the Deficit for the present year is very much larger than the Finance Minister anticipated!

The Three "Fishers."

Three Statesmen went sailing away from the West, Away from a pauperized people done brown, Each thought of the spree that would suit him the best, At their country's expense in fine London town.

For the people must work that great men may play, And there's little to get, the N. P. don't pay, And the Grits and the Globe are growling.

Three dead beats were loafing with nothing to do, And plenty to drink till the sun went down, Nor knew the hotelmen whose bars they went through How reluctant to pay were these men of renown.

For the people must work, &c.

Three men next elections will surely be turned Out of place, by a people no longer deceived, Who the N. P.'s. sophistical advocates spurned, Mid the shouts of the poor and of farmers aggrieved.

For the N. P. don't work, as the people all say, And political quacks are not worth their pay, And no wonder the Globe is growling.

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JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The whole make-up is creditable, and we commend the WRITER to all students of the beautiful art of phonography.—*Galt Reformer.*

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer is one of the latest journalistic efforts of Toronto, and promises to be very popular.—*Norwich, Ont., Gazette.*

The Canadian Shorthand Writer, published by Bengough Brothers, 30 Adelaide street east, Toronto, Canada, for July, has been received. This journal is certainly improving. The matter is more varied. A happy hit is made in their illustration of the cosmopolitan character of their journal. The shorthand notes are rather better engraved, the various systems are well illustrated, and it must certainly meet favor with phonographers everywhere.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce.*

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of *Grip's* cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—*London Advertiser.*

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved fac similes of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Grahani, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—*Daily Nonpartial, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portraits of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The set-up of the number is good.—*Newcastle, Eng. Courant, July 6th.*

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The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

St Marys, says the *Mail*, has a very pretty theatre newly built, seating 800 persons. The *Mail* man adds "Many of the theatrical companies intend taking in St. Marys this season." We grieve to hear it. St Marys is unfortunate in its theatre if it is going to be taken in.

The concert at the Horticultural Gardens last night, by the North Church Choir and the Band of the 65th Reg't. U.S.A., was well attended. The singing was good, especially that of Miss BUTTERFIELD. It is desirable that there should be an abatement of the nuisance of people walking about on the verandah while singing goes on inside. This barbarous practice interrupted the singing on the stage and seriously annoyed the audience.

Why cannot Toronto have a first-class vocal quartette? We are quite certain it is not for want of good material. If it would not be thought invidious to particularise amongst our host of popular vocalists, we might suggest Mrs. MORRIS, Miss SCOTT, and Messrs. T. BEDDOE and SCHUCH as one party; and say Mrs. C. BEDDOE, (Miss REDD), Mrs. COOPER, Mr. HAMPSHIRE, and Mr. MACDOUGAL as another, who would be certain of success. Think it over, ladies and gentlemen, and see what can be done in the approaching season.

"The Great Pyramid" was the subject of a lecture in the School-room of Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Tuesday evening. The lecturer, Mr. C. F. FRAZER, Superintendent of the Halifax Institute for the Blind, is himself quite a blind. This lecture was an able, and under the peculiar circumstances, an interesting effort. But the best Egyptologists acknowledge the uncertainty of the dates in existing records. The belief most general among scholars as to the Pyramid is that as the Greek Temple is an enlargement of the Greek peasant's shanty possessing the same shape, so the Pyramid is a funeral monument, a cairn, a heap of stones on an enlarged scale.

The announcement of the death of Tom TAYLOR, the English dramatist and humorist, naturally recalls the pleasure that his plays have afforded to the theatre-going public. He is said to have written more than one hundred plays, and although many of them were proessedly adaptations, there was a certain amount of cleverness in all and more than ordinary merit in some. The dramatic pieces by which he will be remembered best are "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Unequal Match," "The Overland Route," "Our American Cousin," "The Fool's Revenge," "The Ticket of Leave Man," and "Twist Axe and Crown." He covered, as will be seen, a wide range of subjects, and seemed to be equally at home in tragedy and comedy, each receiving from him the treatment of a man well versed in the requirements of the stage and the public. He did not confine himself to dramatic literature alone, however, for he was a keen admirer of art, and wrote discriminatingly and understandingly concerning it. His first contributions to *Punch*, of which he became editor after the death of MARK LEMON, were in 1844, and from that time until his death he never tired of writing for the journal with which his name had become so closely identified.

Mr. J. H. MAPLESON has decided not to open his American season until after the Presidential election, and to remain in England until October. His New York season will, therefore, not begin until November 1st. He has, however, practically settled the details of his pros-

pectus, which may now be announced. The sopranos will in all probability be headed by Madame GERSTEN, Madame MARIE ROZE, Miss MINNIE HAUCK, M'LE LILLI LEHMANN, and Mrs. SWIFT, while the chief contralto will be M'LE TREMELLI. The tenors will be MM. CAMPANINI, CANDIBUS, FRAPOLLI, and perhaps FANCELLI, and the basses MM. GALASSI, PANTALEONI, DEL PUENTE, and NANNETTI. Such a troupe would be a strong one, even without the assistance of Madame CHRISTINE NILLSON, with whom negotiations are still pending. Should Madame NILLSON come to terms, she would play *Semiramide*, *Valentia*, *Elsa*, and very likely, *Norma*; Madame GERSTEN will resume the roles of the light soprano; Miss HAUK will, of course, play *Carmen*, while Madame MARIE ROZE will perform the dramatic parts formerly in the repertory of Titens. The novelty of the American season will be BIOTO's oft-promised "Mefistofele," with, should Madame NILLSON be engaged, that lady in the part of *Margaret*.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

To HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Prowett Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

To LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

To VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

To PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

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

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

The famous violinist, OLE BULL, is ill.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD dresses like a Parisienne, and talks French like one.

TALMAGE lectured at Detroit on the 10th, on "Bright and Happy Homes."

The *Electeur* has commenced publication as the organ of the Liberal Party in Quebec.

A new weekly, the *North-West New Era*, is about to be started at Winnipeg by Mr. W. D. MACDOUGAL.

August 10th is appointed for the first meeting of the World's Fair at New York. It will be on the grand scale.

A new journal is about to be started in London, England, by FAREGON, the novelist, to be called *Saturday Afternoon*.

WALT. WHITMAN, the Poet, visited Toronto on Monday the 26th; he suffered from severe illness when at London, but has now recovered.

There is a call for money in the Shareholders of the *Montreal Spectator*. That looks shaky, but if the *Spectator* succumbs, Canadian literature will have scant cause for regret.

A new paper will shortly be started in Toronto. It will be edited by Mr. WRIGHT of the *Commonwealth*, and will advocate Independent views in politics: it will also be a Society paper, and give much attention to Art.

The *Commonwealth* has issued a prospectus number. It contains a leader on "Infidelity," and one on "Communism," which classes the N. P. as a step in the Communistic direction! Both articles are well written, and the first cry of the Rag Baby is heard in an article on the Currency.

"The Canadian Ganges" is GRIP's last cartoon. SIR JOHN, in the condensed garment of a Hindoo mother, is heaving his offspring Canada into the river, where the jaws of a gigantic saurian, in the shape of a Land Company Monopoly, is waiting to receive it. And the N. P. elephant quietly grazes in the background. The cartoon may be taken as representing things.—*London Advertiser*.

Our cotemporary, the *Evening Telegram*, has been treating itself to a fine new press, capable of running off a vast number of papers per hour. The *Telegram* establishment is now one of the most complete and tasteful in the Dominion, and the paper is said to have become a very valuable piece of property. It is a wide awake sheet, and deserves its success. The talented young editor, ALEX. PRIE, remains at the helm.

A wretched comic paper dubbing itself the *American Punch* is published in Boston, and bears the inscription "Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter." GRIP thinks that the Postmaster made a great mistake in rating the *American Punch* as even second-class. It has had the audacity to crib *Punch*'s excellent cartoon of GLADSTONE and the Rat. "Stolen goods" would be a better name for the *American Punch*.

A mania for saterical writing appears to have broken out in Canada. The anonymous brochure, *Canada by one of her Sons*, has been followed by *The Englishman in Canada*—a rather poor effort—and *The Story of a Canadian Secretary*. As literary productions none of these works have attained marked success, but we hope that will not discourage our ambitious litterateurs to go on. Somebody will make a big hit some of these fine days.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Startling Affair in London!

The unexampled outrage which is so forcibly illustrated in our leading cartoon this week is by no means a mere fancy, though the picture is a work of imagination. The young woman is actually at this moment being put up for sale, if she is not already disposed of to some land-grabbing monopoly. The Ministry's "object in selling" is simply to get her off their hands, as they do not care for the trouble of bringing her up. Her fate, if sold, will be truly dismal, as she is certain to be locked up and kept idle for scores of years. GRIP has done all in his power to prevent the consummation of this rash sale and barter; he must now resign the North-West to her fate.

Canadian Statesmen in London, Eng.

VISIT OF SIR JOHN, TUPPER, AND POPE TO THE QUEEN—SIR JOHN AT A GARDEN PARTY—THEY VISIT THE WAX-WORKS, THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND THE OPERA.

The auspicious visit of three Canadian statesmen to London, is an event of which Canadians may well be proud. It was a thrilling and a gorgeous sight to see them walking down Pall Mall, preceded by Sir A. GALT and followed by the military *attache* in full uniform, with his sword by his side! The procession attracted much popular attention. The younger and more enthusiastic boys made many comments on the bearing of the military *attache*, most of them being apparently under the impression that he was a beadle or parochial officer, entrusted by the municipal authorities with the charge of these impecunious travellers whom he was conveying to the workhouse. This impression was dissipated when the illustrious group entered St. James Parlor, when the private soldier and guard presented arms, an honor which was duly replied to by the *attache*. The interview with the Queen lasted several minutes. Her Majesty asked affectionately about Canada, and said the reception given to her daughter LOUISE had much endeared that country to the QUEEN. But she shook her royal head when Sir JOHN presented TUPPER, and looking at the Hon. Mr. POPE, asked if that person was really a Cabinet Minister in Canada? When answered by Sir JOHN that such was the case, she replied cheerfully, "You don't mean to say so! Dear me! I should never have thought it." The interview was a little unsatisfactory in one respect. Sir JOHN had expected to be made a Lord by Royalty, but no mention of such a creation transpired. His spirits, however, were cheered by an abundant champagne lunch, and by a garden party, at which he had the pleasure of dancing with the beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY, to whom, and to several other professional beauties, these representative statesmen of Canada were most conscientious in paying every attention.

In company with several of these ladies the

party of Statesmen then visited the "Zoo": the military *attache* being in readiness with his sword in case the animals should break loose. A visit was next paid to Madame TUSSEAU'S Wax-works, that lady having expressed a wish to have the group modelled for her "Chamber of Horrors." She has also determined on setting up a wax fac-simile of Sir A. T. GALT in his official dress, with the *attache* in red coat and sword. In the evening the entire party went to the opera to witness the performance of GOETTER'S *Faust*. Sir JOHN was observed to take great interest in the character of *Mephistopheles*, a character which, as he playfully remarked to TUPPER, in many points resembles his own. Both TUPPER and Sir JOHN frequently shed tears during the performance. A convivial evening was then spent at GALT'S office, the *attache* rendering useful service by cutting the tobacco with his sword. Too much praise cannot be given to Sir A. T. GALT for the liberal spirit in which he supplied the drinks.

Braying against Toronto.

Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY has gone to England for a holiday. He will, however, combine business with pleasure, as he has been commissioned by the Quebec Government to use his influence while at home to induce a number of agricultural laborers to come out and settle on lands set apart in the Eastern Townships. We hope Mr. BRAY may be very successful—so much so, that he will determine never again to enter the pulpit, where he appears to be decidedly out of place. He would also consult the best interests of journalism if he would, at the same time, vacate the editorial chair of the *Spectator*, a journal which his pen has made both ridiculous and offensive. In the last number which he edited, he inserted an article on the churches of Toronto, which might fitly bring his Ishmaelitic career as an editor to a close. The article in question is made up of a number of sentences, almost every one of which is specifically false, and all of which are mean. For example he says: "There is not a church in Toronto but has its scandal, Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, or any other denomination."

This piece of wilful mendacity requires no answer. Again he says, "There is not one church in Toronto but is struggling and foundering in hot water through great financial difficulties." This is, in its essence and intention, as miserable a misstatement as the first. He next goes on to insinuate that few if any of the Toronto ministers receive their stipends. Upon this point we cannot speak with absolute certainty, but will venture to affirm that the insinuation is utterly false. Not to waste too much powder on this poor game, we will make but one other quotation:

"Out of curiosity I asked a hard-looking citizen last week if he ever went to church, and his answer was, 'Why, doesn't you ever what do you take me for? You bet! I go to Knox's every lick, regular as the clock; how could a poor devil like me live without going to church? Where would I get credit from do you think?'"

The reader, be he "intelligent" or otherwise, may be safely left to estimate this passage for himself. He will probably reason that a "citizen" who appreciated the commercial value of church-going would also be likely to have enough respect for "the cloth" to use decent language to a parson. But perhaps this citizen thought a minister who was in the habit of bearing false witness against his neighbor wasn't very squeamish about profanity. Our only apology for giving these libellous utterances of the *Spectator* any attention is, that some of our most respected contemporaries are copying them, with a prefatory note which does great injustice to the churches of Toronto and its citizens generally.

The capital of Ireland is not always Dublin—in population.

Canadian Learning.

DUMFRIES, July 27.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—As a native Canadian, and a representative of a large class of native Canadians, I cannot forbear writing a few indignant words anent a recent expression which occurred in a *Globe* editorial on the present classical-professorship controversy. In the course of a warm defence of Mr. CROOKS, the journal in question intimated that there was no Canadian whose classical scholarship was equal to that of Mr. WARREN, the young man from Oxford; at least, if there *was*, the editor would very much like to know where that native phenomenon lived. Well, sir, I wish to inform the *Globe* man, through your columns, that he lives *here*, in this village, in this house, in this very room where I am now penning these words of protest—nay, he stands in these very boots of mine—I, myself, am he! I hope I do not appear egotistical when I affirm that, although I am considerable younger than Mr. WARREN, my attainments in classics—and I may add, in general scholarship—are far greater than his.

Sir, I know many of HORACE'S Odes by heart, and as for Greek, I am able to speak, or even sing it, fluently. Writing classical poems is my chief amusement, and scanning, declaiming, parsing and translating the most difficult passages of the most profound ancient writers is the veriest child's play for me. It would occupy far too much of your space were I to enter upon the briefest statement of my accomplishments in other directions, besides, it might appear vain-glorious to superficial observers. Suffice it to say that my knowledge of the exact sciences, mathematics, history, metaphysics and *belles lettres* is most thorough.

Now, sir, I do not make these statements in a boastful spirit, for I may truly say my modesty is equal to my scholarship. I speak only as a representative man, for there are hundreds of others just like me, even in this little village, and I doubt not, thousands, if not millions more throughout the Dominion. Mr. CROOKS and the *Globe* editor must have been searching for Canadian competency with their eyes shut, if they searched at all. I do not want the position, nor is it likely that any of my equally-learned fellow-Canadians could be induced to take it. I merely write this to protest on my own and their behalf, against the ignorant and unpatriotic insinuation of the *Globe*, that there are no Canadians equal to young Mr. WARREN, of Oxford.

Yours, sir, A GRADUATE.

Vers de Societe.

Yes dear, the lockets, rings, and letters keep—
And keep the tress I gave you of my hair,
It will have worth, though now you hold it cheap,
When neither you nor I have locks to spare.

Yes! prudent maid! each trifling trinket save,
Nor throw your grandma's crinoline away,
New modes may give it worth—keep all I gave,
Except the unvalued love you spurned to-day.

C. F. M.

Reconciled.

A telegram from Ottawa states that some time ago a couple of kegs of glycerine were buried in a vacant lot in that city, but the exact locality was not marked, and now nobody knows where to find them. Great consternation prevails in consequence. This will probably have the effect of reconciling Mr. PITTS to the cruel fate which has crushed his ambition. He won't want to go to Ottawa now, though if he can manage to ignite the combustible by red-hot writing at this distance, he will be only too glad to see the N. P. "blowed higher'n GILDEROY'S kite."

PROPHETIC.—Turkey will be cut up in the fall "by the Powers!"



"Second Fiddle."

It is reported that another humiliation is in store for Mr. LANGEVIN. His heart has already been lacerated by Her Majesty's unaccountable oversight in omitting him from the last batch of Canadian knights, and now it is to be wounded afresh, according to report, by the elevation of Mr. CHAPLEAU, the Quebec Premier, to a seat in the Cabinet and the leadership of the French contingent in the Commons. This is likely to mar the harmony of the Cabinet, if carried out. Mr. LANGEVIN has for a long time played first violin among his countrymen, and has proved himself a performer of considerable ability. If he is thrust out of that position now, his usefulness will be gone to a large extent, for he declares that he cannot play second fiddle worth a cent. It is difficult to see why such humiliations should be heaped upon the head of this estimable Cabinet Minister. Can it be that that \$32,000 he carries in his pocket is a sort of "unlucky sixpence?"

Court Circular.



Grip is authorized by Mr. SMITH, who writes the leading articles of the *Bobaygeon Independent*, to announce that Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE is about to depart for home on a prolonged visit, having been advised by her physician, who understands pretty well what sort of advice is wanted, to spend a season at some German watering place, and afterwards to mingle in the refined society of London, for the good of her health. It is hoped, however, that His Excellency the Governor-General, with the assistance of his responsible advisers, aided by the Senate and Commons, and loyally backed up by the citizens of the Dominion, will be able to perform the onerous constitutional duties of the Princess during her enforced absence.



On Board the "Rothsay."

Melo-dramatic Husband.—False jade! thou hast deceived me; thou hast played me false in persuading me to go by this boat. There is no bar on board!

Grip's Examination Questions.

COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY.

Show the difference between scholarship in Canada and Oxford. Other things being equal, which should have the preference for promotion in this country?

Give the location, chief products and most flourishing industries of *Centreville*, *Slab City* and *Smith Town*?

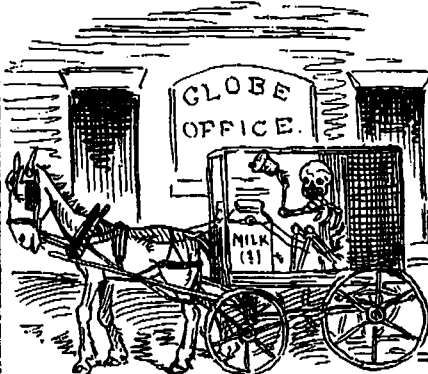
Account for the relative effects of the Twelfth of July and of the Seventeenth of March at Toronto and at Montreal.

MATHEMATICS.

Express as an asymptote the results of the N. P.?

The *Globe* does not act on the square, show the impossibility of squaring that circle?

Draw a tangent to the circumference of the crinoline now coming into fashion? Calculate the relative velocity of the clocks on two young ladies' stockings at a ball?



Swill Milk.

The cry against swill milk has been renewed, and the enterprising vendors of that commodity, together with their disinterested friends, the distillery proprietors, are very much excited in consequence. The *Globe* is the chief attacking party, and ponderous columns are written to shew that swill-milk is a death-dealing poison. Mr. Grip feels called upon to defend the poor swill-feeding milkmen, and in their behalf he would say that swill-milk is not a useless article; in fact it is decidedly better than any other variety of the lacteal fluid—for microscopic purposes.

The N. P.

A DISEASE THAT IS DESOLATING THE GLOBE.

While the world of the farmer is sore bested
With the bug and the worm of the *gens d'armes*.
The plague of the *Globe*, I have heard it said,
Is the bug bear protection, yecept N. P.

O, the sleepless nights and the joyless days
The embitter the life of poor GORDON B!
In "the moon's pale beam" or the sunlight's rays
It haunts him still does the dread N. P.

Even his dreams are disturbed, for he mutters in sleep
Of tariffs, protection and trade not free,
And a wild white elephant on him doth leap,
Sir JOHN is its rider, its name the N. P.

The consequence is that the *Globe* doth shrink.
'Tis not so rotund as 'twas wont to be,
Too soon it will be on destruction's brink
And we'll epitaph it "killed by the N. P."

Grip rejoices to learn that the British Admiralty has abolished flogging in the Queen's navy. The "cat" should never be let out of the bag, except for wifebeaters, and those who neglect the golden text, "He who lays his hand on a woman, except in the way of-kindness, &c., &c."



Transformation Extraordinary.

Prof. GLADSTONE.—There, ladies and gentlemen, is the rat. A few moments ago, as you are aware, it was an Irish Whig landowning member, and this wonderful transformation I have accomplished by merely touching him with this piece of paper!

Miraculous.

A FACT.

In the paper on English Grammar recently given at the examination of third-class teachers, the second among the sentences to be grammatically corrected was—"He that was dead, sat up, and began to speak." The following discussion was overheard between a group of lady-candidates at Bowmansville:

First Candidate.—"What did you do with sentence number two?" (Given above.)

Second Candidate.—"Nothing at all, for I saw nothing the matter with it."

Third Candidate.—"Nor did I, and I guess we're right, for the words occur in the Bible."

First Candidate.—"With a superior air and tone." "Tell me: How could a dead man sit up and begin to speak?"

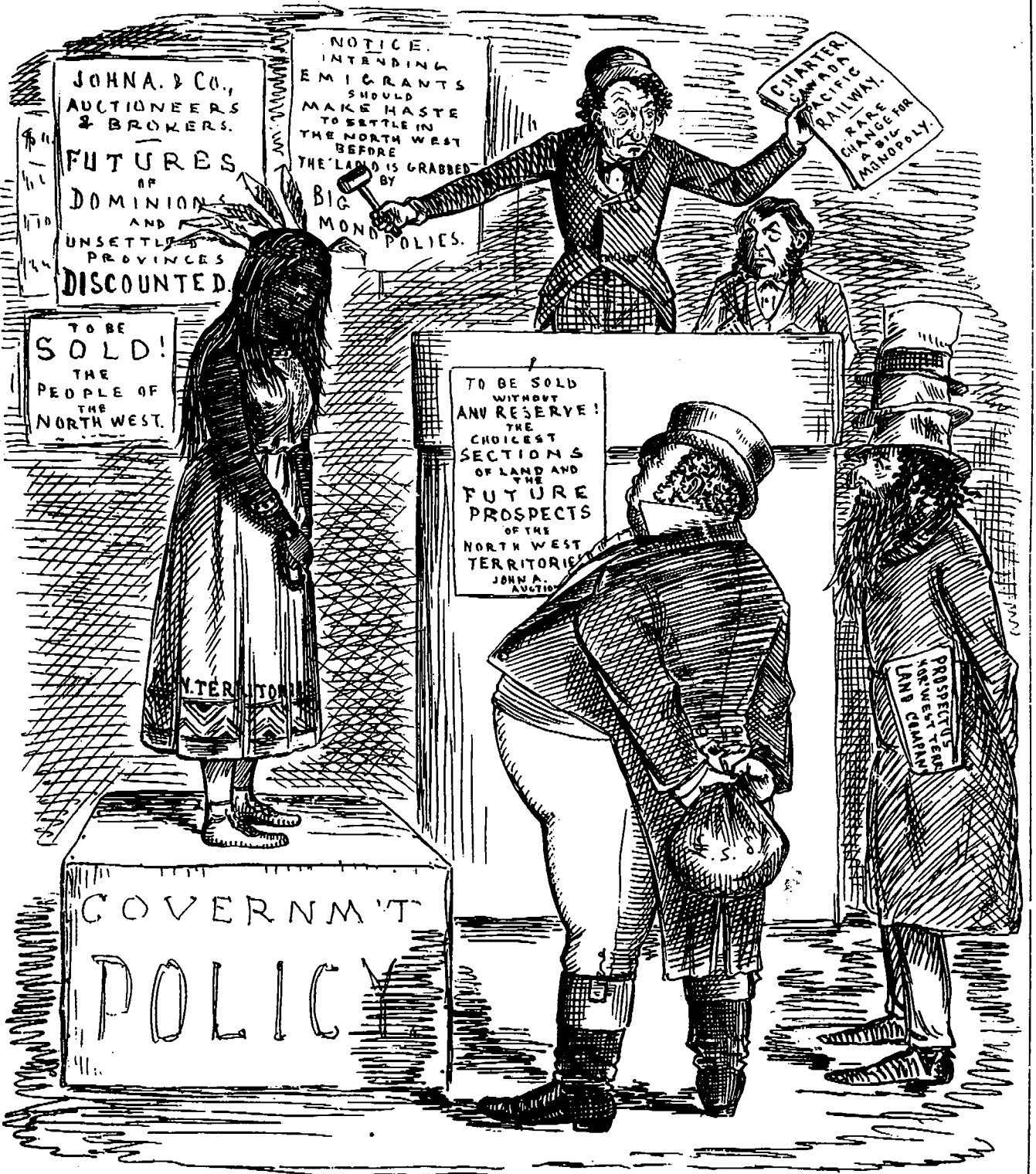
Third Candidate.—"Triumphantly and innocently." "I guess you don't know that the sentence occurs in the account of a miracle."



"Crushed."

Sympathetic gentleman named CROOKS.—Why, sonny, what are you crying for? Has anybody hurt you, or don't you want to go to school, or—what?

Small boy.—Ah, sir, the cause of my grief is deeper than that! I had cherished aspirations to become a classical professor in the University of Toronto, but I find that avenue of ambition irretrievably barred against me. Alas! sir, I am a native Canadian!



STARTLING AFFAIR IN LONDON!

A PROMISING YOUNG WOMAN OFFERED FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!!



THE JOKER CLUE.

"The Sun is mightier than the sword."

Bar-room theologians are inn-sects.

A water spout—a temperance lecturer.

A shell race—oysters.—*Somerville Journal*.

The dissipated heir is known by his dizzy-rotated air.

Out of doors—all the letters of the alphabet but five.

A four-in-hand is worth two in the bush.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The cucumber, when very young, is an important article of diet.

The sparrows are little thieves, but they don't do the robbing.—*Proof Sheet*.

The cold heartless maiden, whose glances are cutting, possesses eye sickles.

A sailors knot—a group of tars.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce*.

You can't build a caterwaul of brick.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The mimic is sure to make his mock in the world.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AMINADAD says that these new fountain pens are very ink-constant.

"Come up here" is what the striking laborer says.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The man who sits on an embroidered cushion is overworked, as it were.

In making wills some are left out and others are left in.—*Whithall Times*.

We try to be right, and it was only yesterday we declined one of our own articles.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks.

Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge. But don't forgive and smile if your heart is not in it.

A fifty dollar painted fan raises no more wind than a five cent palm leaf.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Both GRANT and GARFIELD were tanners. At least the latter once taught school.—*Morristown Herald*.

An apple threw the first man. Since then it has sorter let the business out to the banana.—*Danbury News*.

The pretty women in New Zealand are described as great talkers, and as rubbing noses instead of kissing.

We must beware of treating Bible statements as a kind of jelly, to be run into any moulds we think fit.

The prevailing style in spring bills is to wear them much longer than usual before being paid.—*Bloomington Eye*.

A woman cannot become a successful lawyer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.—*Proof Sheet*.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no gain in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

The *N. Y. Sun* asks: "What is mud?" The *Sun* would not ask such a ridiculous question if it were to read its own columns. *Et cetera*.

As soon as it becomes too warm for a young lady to wear a cloth hat, she begins to think of wearing flannel dresses.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When ADONIS gave his girl an onyx ring the other day, she could only remark that the gift was entirely unoxpected.—*Lowell Courier*.

No woman was ever known to marry a man whose first remark on being introduced to her was about the weather.—*Andrews' Bazaar*.

All errors spring up in the neighbourhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.

An exchange speaks of a man who "is one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.

Rev. Dr. SWING expects the coming ideal woman to be a being infinitely sweet and sweetly infinite. Come along sweetness.—*New York Commercial*.

Dr. Tanner may succeed in his present feat and doubtless will, but did he ever undertake to live forty days in a boarding house?—*Petroleum World*.

A young lady will smile sweetly while the hairdresser is banging her over the head, while a similar treatment would make a young man ferocious.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

When a young man's pride stiffens his spinal column so that he can't conveniently bend, induce him to eat a green cucumber and that will double him up.—*Keokuk Tribune*.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "you are small potatoes." "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."—*American Punch*.

The young lady who habitually receives her man on the back porch, where the vines are the thickest and the straggling moonlight has a hard time to straggle in their direction, "stoops" to conquer.—*Akron Breeze*.

It is true, that a drowning man will catch at a straw, but the puzzle is, what does he want with the straw? It isn't big enough for a life preserver, and the man is in no position to enjoy a cobbler, even if he had one handy.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined" may have been very well in your time Mr. COOPER, but it doesn't follow that because a boy is switched with a twig in his youth, the tree will fall upon him in his maturity.—*Marathon Independent*.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, has been accused of taking nutriment out of a sponge. Well if this is so, the experiment has demonstrated a wonder, as it is the first time we ever heard of anybody getting anything out of a sponge. It has always been the other way.

They met, 'twas at a festival, he gazed with wondrous feeling; she smiled and then looked down, he felt his heart a "keeling." They gradually drew near, and then just like two callow loons, they tried to quench the fire of love with ice cream and two spoons.—*Corry Press*.

The reason why some men love their dogs better than their wives is probably because their dogs have not yet lost all respect for them.—*Free Press*. Another reason is, some women cause their husbands to lead dogs' lives.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton*.

A German living in New York has just been driven to suicide by the malicious and persistent whistling of a neighbor. It is supposed he was insane. If he had not been he would killed the whistler before taking his own life, and thus won the praise of all his neighbors.

"Are animals color-blind?" asks a scientific journal. Well, our opinion is, if that querist were to put on a red shirt and undertake to cross a lot containing a bull, he could most satisfactorily answer that question without submitting it to the press.—*Waterloo Observer*.

It was left for IVES of the *Lockport Union* to discover that there is a bore more persistent than the lightning rod man, and more social than the life insurance misfortune, it is the dear boy who acts as advance agent for button hole bouquets at a church festival.—*Erie Herald*.

At a recent Sunday school session the superintendent was talking about idols, when, to ascertain whether the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked, "Children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the infant class.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" was asked of a colored prisoner. "Well, boss," he replied, "I was in de na'bo'hood when dem hams was taken, but it doesn't look jis' right to beat dis respectab' crowd outen de pleasurableness ob seein' a trial do it? Da'fo I pleads n. g!"—*Modern Argo*.

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw anyone so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think BARNUM, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply. Strange that some men can never be serious.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why is it," writes "LILIAN MAUD" poutingly to an exchange, "why is it that all the nice men are engaged?" They're not, LILIAN, they're not. Several of us are still in maiden meditation fancy free. Was there anything in particular that you wanted to know for?—*Rockland Courier*.

"MINERVA!" Your beautiful lines "I can never let thee go" are received. You must, Minerv, you must. Just reflect a moment, dar—we mean Minerva, how our work would suffer if you held on all the time. This column must be kept up though the heavens fall, and the exchanges must be looked over, and proof read, and visitors entertained—well, send in your address.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

It is said that Miss EMMA ABBOTT's kiss is just too sweet and long drawn and clinging for anything, and that the nectar, stirred with the fingers of a Venus and resting on the lips of Juno, is nothing to it. How we'd like to—He-r-e, quit! Ma'm? No, ma'am! No, indeed, we didn't write it. We clipped it out of another paper, and was going to say we'd like to thump any married man who'd write such stuff.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Odiurn Theologicum.

(Christian controversy in a note in the columns of the *Bowmanville Statesman*.)

MR. PRO.

MR. EDITOR.—When I began the present discussion upon the question of Immersion, I stated that it was my firm resolve to avoid all manner of personalities, and I am not going to be diverted from this purpose by the vulgar and ignorant abuse of my opponent. His letters thus far have been utterly devoid of argument, though they have swarmed with falsehoods, calumnies and misrepresentations. He is a fair specimen of the tribe he represents, whose chief characteristic is a tendency to distort the truth. Were it not that I am above his level, I could easily call him—what I firmly believe him to be—a vile ignoramus, and a miserable potroon, but I scorn to do so. Invective is not argument, and when my opponent resorts to mud-throwing, and to barefaced falsification of facts, he does not hurt me, but only exposes himself in his true colors as a knave and a slanderer. I repeat that it is not my intention to follow the example of the contemptible and bigoted wretch in this respect, but without noticing his unworthy personalities, I will now proceed to shew that he and the whole gang of Dippers are astray when they claim—etc., etc., etc.

MR. CON.

MR. EDITOR.—It would be a comparatively pleasant task for me to conduct the present discussion, if I had for my opponent one who had a regard—however slight—for truth. But the readers of our controversy up to the present time will bear witness that we have had absolutely nothing from his pen but a stream of the most inconsequential babble, enlivened by frequent examples of mendacity that must have shocked all who have had the misfortune to peruse them. I think I may claim to have argued this important question on its merits, and I intend to do so to the end. If my opponent prefers to indulge in fishwifery and Billingsgate, instead of logic; if he feels more at home in an atmosphere of sophistry and falsehood—as I believe he does—he may continue on in his present course. His so-called "arguments" must have convinced your readers that in talking to the pulpit, my reverend opponent deprived the world of a good third-rate police court syster. It is not my intention, however, to waste time over his insignificant personal attacks. He cannot manage to escape by throwing dust. Nor will I follow his contemptible example. Were I like minded with him, it were an easy matter to show him up in his true character as a coward, a deliberate distorter of facts, a senseless garbler of passages, and a man utterly devoid of Christian sentiment or feeling, but as in these respects he is but a fair sample of the class of anti-immersers he represents, I pass by the *individual* in contempt, and will, with your permission, proceed to prove that the word *baptizo*—etc., etc., etc.

Words From Our Yorkshireman.

MR. GRIP, ZUR.—Ah sees thou gits poems an' sic like frae Scotch chaps, but ah niver sees nowt i' Grip frae Yorkshire foaks. That's a loss fur thee, lad, fur Yorkshire foaks has lots o' sense. Thou has summat o' sense thyself, if thou be nobbut a burd. Thou showed thy sense a bit ago when thou put i' thy little peaper that about poor GEORGE BROWN'S statoo. Who'd see it i' t' Park fur six munths o' t' yeer, an' who'd tak keer o' t' theeer? T'saame foak, ah suppose, as taks keer o' t' volunteers' moniment. Theer's mud i' t' Park frae November ta Crimas, an' then theeer's deape snaw, an' then theeer's mud agean ta Maoy, an' who's agoan ta tak' walks i' t' Park through mud and snaw? Thou's hit it when thou sais the mettle statoo doant hev no hart. An' GEORGE did hev a hart, an' a warm one too. Wot's t' use o' sinkin' thoosans an'

thoosans o' dollars in a bit o' mettle or stoan as weant do nobuddy na good?

Theer's two things badly wanted i' t' city just noo, an' if ayther yan o' them wos set about, an' GEORGE'S *neame tack't ta it*, lots o' money wad flow in. I' t' first place, theeer's free baths wanted, sic like as they hev in New York, whear a workin' man or a workin' woman can go an' get a nice ish wash quiet an' private like fur noot. Heer a pore woman hez niver a chance at all, an' a man, if he's ivver sae mucky, an' grimy, an' hot, hez ta stay up late o' t' neet to get a dip, an' then runs the risk o' gettin' drooned. After that he canna git ta bed ta twelve, and then must jump up by five i' t' mornin'. Then theeer's what ah heers my boys talkin' aboot, (theer's yan on 'em a grit scolar,) that is, a free libery for t' public. He sais they hev 'em in Boston, an' Montreal, an' Detroit, and ivvery daentish place iv Americay, 'ceptin' Toronto. Ay, an' ah mind mysen when ah wor goan' ta saeie tiv Canady, ah wor iv Liverpool, an' ah wanted ta see sum neams iv a book they called a directory, an' ah went tiv a fine place foaks sayed was BROWN'S Free Libery, and ah axed fur t' book an' it were handit reet down ta me. Dang it, ah wor pleased! An' t' name o' t' bildin' too soundit noan sas bad. BROWN wor a rich merchant.

GRIP, aud fren, thou's reet. If GEORGE wor livin' he'd want ta do summat good fur t' people. He wor noan fur all show. An' mind thou, if owt youseful wor got up iv his neame, t' cash wud cum in faster, and mebbe t' Government or t' Council would help a bit.

BLACK BAIRNSLA'.

Ye Legende of Ye Governore.

Oh listen while I sing the praise
Of one whom politics did raise

To be a "Governore";
His name I scarcely need to tell,
For long he served his party well,
And now he's "Governore."

He never milked the "Northern" cow,
Nor bowed him down to Mammon low,
That's why he's "Governore";
He is not pompous, proud, or vain,
And I will just repeat again,
That now he's "Governore."

He'd never take the city's pay,
Then from his office stay away,
And coolly ask for more;
He'd never hire a clerk to do,
That which the city paid him to,
So now he's "Governore."

His father was a doughy knight,
(At least in this I think I'm right)
He's honest to the core;
When for the West he used to stand,
He'd take the workman by the hand,
(Though now he's "Governore.")

Whilst from his eyes the tears ran down,
He swore he loved his native town,
But loved the workmen more;
And so elected soon was he,
Pledged to support the great N. P.
And now he's "Governore."

An editor he'd never hurt,
Or knock him trembling in the dirt,
And threaten hundreds more,
He never for this little shine,
Was made to pay five dollars fine,
That's why he's "Governore."

And now triumphantly he sings,
He wears cocked hats and other things,
And jewelry galore;
What if his sword between his legs,
Threatens to knock him off his pegs?
Ain't he a "Governore"?

Now reader if you want to shine,
And try the legislative line
These verses ponder o'er;
If like this man you try to do,
Stick to your party through and through,
You may be a "Governore."

A Sunday School scholar suggests that King HEROD need not have given himself dead away by sending his soldiers to kill the Bethlehem children. He might have sent along a cart-load of green apples. The "Innocents" would not have troubled him after that.

Jokes from the Bay.

What sort of people are all forlorn? Why, the passengers on the *Maxwell* of course.

"I suppose," said Miss MORLEENA MCGUFFIN to the dashing young ALFRED HAWTAUTE, of the Toronto Yacht Club, as they were standing side by side gazing at the placid waters of the bay, "I suppose you have got to be such a sailor now that you call the hum of the N. P. the main boom?" "Not so, dearest," was the somewhat cold reply of AUGUSTUS, who is a malignant Grit, "I call it the mizzen boom." "He he!" laughed MORLEENA, (who feared she had offended the swain.) "He he! Now, I declare, mizzen boom! *missin'* boom, of course," and AUGUSTUS again looked pleasant, as he escorted her up town to the ice cream parlor.

Further Strictures on Toronto Churches

BY THE PASTOR OF BRAY-ON CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Besides the four great churches in Toronto, there are several smaller ones. Of these, the Society of Friends is the most sensational. The Free Thought Society is given to gorgeous ritual, and is running a race with the Congregationalists as to which shall have the finest church and the most fashionable congregation. None of them are sincere, they have all got scandals, lay and clerical; they are all in debt; and I, in my bluff, bragging, blustering, dictatorial manner, tell you that I know all about it. Toronto is the wickedest city in Canada.

N.B.—I hope the above will please the clique of plutocrats which keep up me and my paper. May Mammon help me!

The close observer will, on looking over the Park and vertisements, see the subtle delicacy of this witticism.

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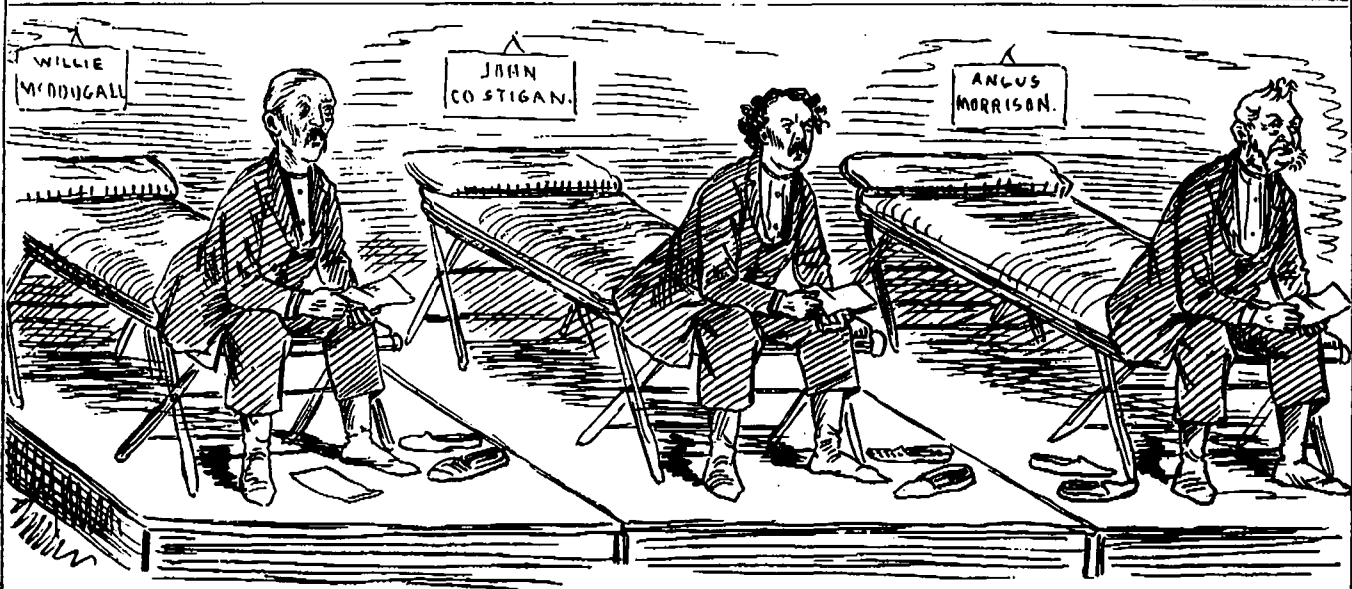
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The Political Dr. Tanners.

Now that public attention is turned to the subject of fasting, we are sure our readers will be interested in a brief account of an experience in this line which is not only remarkable but authentic. In fact, the performance is going on at the present time in this very country, and the participants are three distinguished public men. To enhance the reality of this fact, Grip has gone to the expense of securing the portraits of this trio of fasters, and presents them *a la Tanner* in this number. It is only right to remark that the test that these gentlemen are undergoing differs from that of the New York doctor in one insignificant particular, namely, that their fast is *compulsory* whilst his is *voluntary*. The first individual of the group is Hon. WILLIE M'DUGALL, who has displayed the most marvellous staying powers, having gone entirely without pap of any kind for several years. He has subsisted entirely on wind, and expresses himself confident of holding out. Next in order comes Mr. JOHN COSTIGAN, whose experience has been almost as wonderful as that of his colleague M'DUGALL. This gentleman's plan for nullifying the pangs of hunger is to keep his mind constantly occupied with the records of Ministerial generosity to Roman Catholics. The ever recurring rumours of vacancies on the Bench and changes in the Cabinet have a most stimulating effect upon his empty stomach, and he finds but little difficulty in going on from hope to hope. In fact it may be literally said Mr. COSTIGAN is living on hope. The third member of our group will at once be recognized as Mr. ANGLUS MORRISON, who has not been so long a starving as the others. Being constitutionally a *bon vivant*, and particularly fond of Government pap, Mr. MORRISON took to the fasting experiment very reluctantly, and for the first few weeks caused his managers a great deal of trouble. His paroxysms were distressing to behold when, with tantalizing cruelty, they dangled a delicious Customs Collectorship before his eyes, but just beyond his reach. He appears now to have reached a stage of morose and dogged silence, but it is currently reported that he is secretly sustaining his life with great expectations. Another point of difference between Dr. TANNER and these gentlemen might be mentioned in closing—that the doctor's starving term is limited to forty days; in the case of these distinguished statesmen the time is indefinitely specified as "when Sir JOHN gets ready."

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93 KING ST. EAST.