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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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GENCOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

THE LEADING  
**UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT,**  
**J. YOUNG'S,**  
**361 YONGE STREET,**  
**TORONTO,**  
 TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.



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An exhibit which Mr. GRIP ventures to say cannot be surpassed in any city on the continent.

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K-A-O-K-A

DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs.

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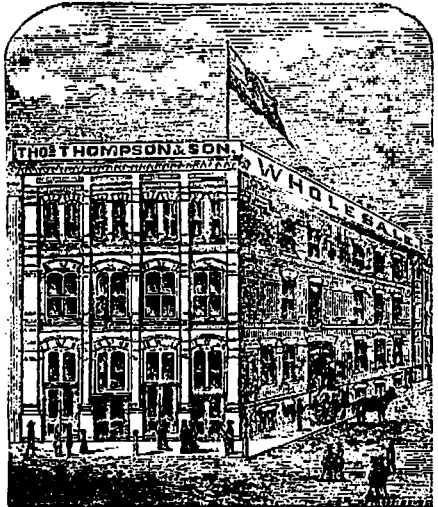
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**INFORMATION**  
For Visitors to the Exhibition.  
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**VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE,**  
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(SIGN OF THE QUEEN)

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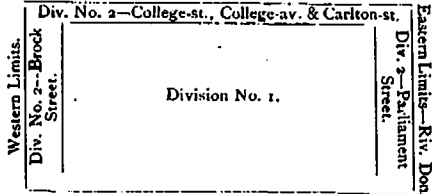
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Two Horse Cab.				
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For every hour completed with one or more persons, \$1.  
For every fractional part of an hour at the same rate.  
By the day of ten hours, \$6.

**Programme of Events**

AT THE

**GREAT EXHIBITION.**

**THURSDAY, Sept. 9th**—Speeding in the Horse Ring, pairs and single horses to waggons and sulks—Promenade Concert, 10th Royal Regiment Band—Test of Portable Engines—Dog show.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 10th**—Official visit by the Corporation, of Detroit—Trials of Speed in the Horse Ring, saddle horses—Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club—Dog Show.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 11th**—Pacing in the Horse Ring, and Donkey Races—Promenade Band Concert.

**MONDAY, Sept. 13th**—Caledonian Games on the Exhibition Grounds, \$500 in prizes.

**TUESDAY, Sept. 14th**—Competition for the Prizes for Lady and Boy Riders in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Bicycle Races—Promenade Concert—Band of the Queen's Own Rifles, by special permission.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15th**—Our American Cousins Day—Official Visit by the Corporations of the Cities of Buffalo and Rochester—Contest for Prizes for Walking Horses in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Promenade Band Concert.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 16th**—Grand Review of all the Prize animals in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Race—Concert by Peterboro' Fire Brigade Band.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 17th**—Oddfellows' Day—Grand Reception of the Grand Sovereign Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Excursion and gathering of Oddfellows from all parts of Canada and the United States.

Grand Organ and Piano Recitals every afternoon.—The Glass Hen hatching Chickens by steam every day.

**INDUSTRIAL 1880. EXHIBITION. 1880.**

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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.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in *The Accident Insurance Company of Canada*. Travelling Tickets at the rate of 25c. a day, and Policies issued for stated terms, granting indemnity for bodily injury and loss of life. Apply, **BURCHAN & CO.** General Agents, 32 KING STREET EAST. "Buy a ticket before you start on your journey"

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**FARMERS**

Read the following Testimonial from Mr. G. F. Frankland, Canadian Cattle Exporter:

LIVERPOOL, May 28th. 1878.

**MR. JOHN LUMBERS,**

DEAR SIR,—You will be pleased to hear of my arrival in England, and that my large cargo of Canadian cattle arrived at this port in splendid condition, thanks to your **GREAT DEVONSHIRE CATTLE FOOD**, making in all shipped from Canada during the last four years about **17,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.**

It at all times revived and gave them an appetite. Several of the young heifers ceased to chew their cud, but a prompt application of your **FOOD** caused them to regain it, confirming my opinion before expressed of your excellent preparation some years ago, which I still retain.

Yours, &c.,

**G. F. FRANKLAND.**

THOSE who wish to place their business before the people of Western Ontario should advertise in the columns of

**THE LONDON FREE PRESS.**

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H. M. ATKINSON.

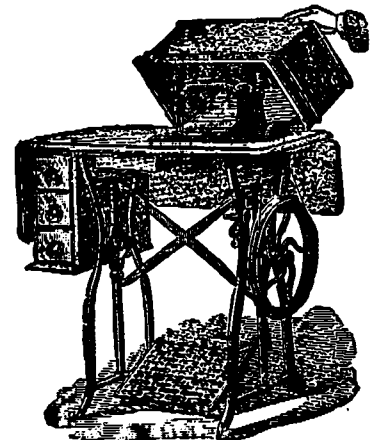
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**DOBYNS SURE CURE**  
NEVER FAILS TO  
**CURE CATARRH, NEURALGIC**  
—&—  
**NERVOUS HEADACHE**  
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Cure Guaranteed.

If our "SURE CURE" be regularly and persistently used as directed by labels on each box, we guarantee relief in every case, and an absolute cure in all cases where the patient is free from constitutional ailments. Price \$1 per Box, or 3 Boxes for \$2.  
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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



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.

**CAUTION.**

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

**Wanted, a Programme.**

This being the season of Fairs it was not strange that Donnybrook should have furnished an idea for the representation of the present political situation in our cartoon of this week. The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition feels in first-rate fighting trim; he never had such a masterly grasp of the shillelagh of invective, or felt a more enthusiastic desire to crack a few Government craniums, but, alas, he can find no adequate outlet for his pugilistic passion—he has nothing to fight for. There is no grand principle at stake; the items of the Reform programme have all been accomplished in the past, or have not sufficiently ripened for present discussion. There is therefore no living issue for aggressive warfare. And, in the meantime, the grounds of mere opposition have vanished away; if we may believe the *Mail* and its friends the National Policy is a grand success, for there really is a hum of prosperity from one end of the Dominion to the other; the Pacific Railway business goes on swimmingly, all arrangements having been made so deftly by the sublime Sir JOHN as to leave no basis for fault finding; the Civil Service of the Dominion is working like oiled machinery, and there isn't room for even a suggestion of greater economy; the deficit is melting away like very light snow before an exceedingly hot sun, with hopeful promises of being supplanted by a surplus! In these happy, yet distressing, circumstances, we seem to hear the voice of the Opposition in the words of our legend, "Arrah be japers, av I only had something to fight for now!"

**A Warning.**

From the sporting column of the *Globe* we learn that HANLAN lost twelve pounds in the course of his passage out, and calculates that it will take him a month to recover his loss. GRIP would advise EDWARD to leave bad enough alone; he may lose a good deal more, if luck goes against him. The moral is that Canadian boys shouldn't indulge in poker when they go away from home.

A guest at the Albion Hotel, Montreal, writes to us that although he is delighted with the accommodation, and charmed with the gentlemanly clerk Mr. STARR, he cannot but feel that it would be more in keeping with the harmony of the house if the proprietors, MURRAY & STERN, would exchange names, as STERN is always merry, and MURRAY is occasionally stern. [We suspect this happy thought occurred to our correspondent on his way from the bar.—Ed.]

**A Modern Novel, in Three Fyttes.**

FYTTE 1.

She was single. He was single. And they met at St. Catharines. They were there for their health and for solitude, which they obtained.

They met. It was in front of the *Journal* office. Curious coincidence—the Editor was looking for an item at the moment.

They both appeared, fully described, in the same evening's paper.

Mutual recognition of descriptive portrait.—That night restlessness, sleeplessness. Will he (she) be there to-morrow?"

FYTTE 2.

He was there.

She was there.

They gazed, and gazed, and gazed at each other. Then they spoke. She found he was the Count of Villafranca and he discovered that she was Miss WELLPKISED. And thus they loved. They met in the moonlight several times by the shore, and exchanged avowals and a-consouants. Yum! Yum!

FYTTE 3.

Miss WELLPKISED remarked casually that her "pa" was a "tearer." The Count trembled, but fingered his derringer and made a *sotto voce* remark about "bluffing the old man if he cut up rough."

Then she whispered.

And this was what she whispered. "Knowest thou about the recondite science of elopement?"

"Yes"—he hissed "but isn't it a stale dodge? Gretna Green is only for the verdant; we want some better place and newer plan. Do you think he'd give way?"

"No! He would die first."

"At his age," murmured the count, "and with his black hair, he must be constantly dyeing!" Then aloud, "Ah! I have it! let us cross the lines." And they did. They reached Buffalo and were married before the old man knew. And of course he came round and blessed the countess.

Equally of course, it made no difference to two loving hearts when, a few months after, it was found that Villafranca's name was Higginbottom and that he was, in short, No 'COUNT.

**The Enterprising Publisher.**

(A STUDY IN PEN AND INK.)

Just list to my tale of a man that I know, He's a newspaper editor in To-ron-to, And he's famous for this—how well he can plan, To start a new paper—this newspaper man.

From Dover to Brampton his papers extend, To their number, I fancy, there's hardly an end, Of all shades and parties those papers he ran, "Tis no matter to me," quoth this newspaper man.

He rigs up the plant and the sheet he brings out, He stirs up the interest of all men about, And, when it's agoing, and sell it he can, Why he sells it at once, does this newspaper man.

He runs here and there, like a goose on the cluck, But it must be confessed he has wonderful luck; You may see for yourself that all that he ran Have prospered (save three) with this newspaper man.

We propose, when the North Pole is found to exist The services sure of this man to enlist, And he'll start *The Pole Star* in that place, if he can, For he's hearty and plucky, this newspaper man.

When a girl talks about the "two strings to her bean," does she mean his suspenders? *Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, BY D. DWAN, ESQ.

Sure an' isn't he the broth of a bloy entoirely, and the darlint of my heart, for a thirne son of the ould sod. Fain' an' he's all that, an' it's meself has pleasure in writing his outygeography anyway, for himself an' Mister MURPHY, sure, is the vans that never will let a poor bloy be bamboozled by the lawyers and the court, whin he's in a bit o' throuble by rayson o' the sup o' drink. Sure it takes an Oirishman to understand an Oirishman's feelin's. By the same token Mither DAVIN was born in Oireland—in St. Patrick's blessed soil—and mish, but it's himself has all the marks of a thirne-born Oirishman, includin' modesty, bashfulness, and the blarney. By this and by that, though, it's meself remembers a fault he's got that's not an Oirish fault anyway. Plaze the pigs, he hates the cratur. Fain' I'm not in sympathy wid him at all, at all, in regard o' that. But sure we all have our little wakenesses. An' it's Mither DAVIN has written the illigant buk entoirely on Oirish Eycetallians in Canada, and, be jabers, yez can see that same buk on the drawin' room table, so yez can; though, truth, when I think av it, I believe it's on the piano. I'm hearin' that he's to be made premeer av the Dominion an' sure it's no more than he deserves. Fain' whin that day comes, we'll have all this foolish nonsense about DUNKIN SCOTT an' his acts sent to smitherens, so we will. Hurroo! bad cess to thim, and sweet luck to you Mither DAVIN, agra!

**The Editor and Lawyer Jones.**



The Editor sat in his rickety chair, His forehead was wrinkled and furrowed with care.

With pen and with scissors—the latter well tried, He made a vile paper, and the Law he defied.

He set himself down, and he struggled and thought

What to write of the case that was recently fought In the odorous Court House, on Adelaide Street, Where D. B., and Q. C., and such fellows meet.

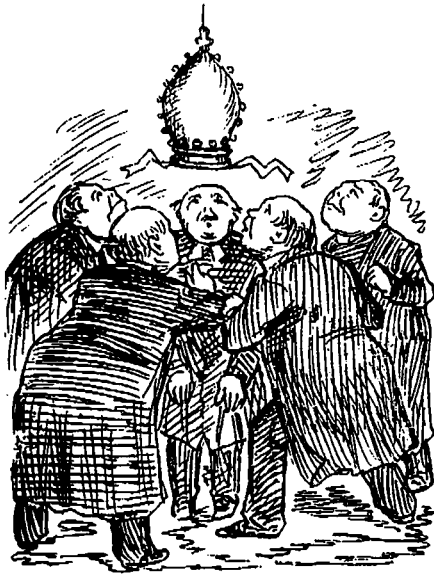
Then he dipped his old pen in a bottle of gall, And the Judge and the Lawyers had names he did call;

And the *Slasher* came out "piping hot" the next day.

But the Editor—well—he kept out of the way.



But oh! Lawyer JONES was a very mad man, When he glanced o'er the *Slasher*; so off he ran And punished the scribe who had played the caper, By suing for libel, and stopping the paper!



**The Kingston Mitre.**

It comes within Mr. Grip's province to take a note of anything of public interest which may transpire in any part of the world, or in any department of life, civil, military or ecclesiastical. He therefore feels at liberty to present his readers with a succinct view of the Kingston mitre question, which is at present agitating the mind of the Roman Catholic clergy in general, and sundry correspondents of the *Globe* in particular. The facts are simply as illustrated above. The mitre of the Kingston Bishopric is going a begging for a head to fill it.—a head that must be the abode of a great intellect, a lofty mind and a devout humility befitting the high station to which the symbol appertains. From the activity displayed by many of the clergy in endeavoring to try the mitre on, it is presumable that there is no lack of such heads in the Diocese the owners thereof being the judges. The archbishop, or whoever it is with whom the appointment rests, might save himself much trouble and at the same time provide a rare bit of sport for the ecclesiastical public, by departing from the usual method on this occasion and disposing of the mitre in question by submitting it for a general scramble.



**Portrait**

Of the good-natured visitor at the Exhibition who feels in duty bound to take and carefully preserve every hand bill, card and circular which is handed to him.

**Pearls.**

The genius who is doing the fine descriptive writing in the *Mail* just now, began his article the other day with:—

"Those whose duties are such as to necessitate their remaining at the Exhibition all night, opened their eyes upon a glorious morning yesterday."

Why, dear me! those were not the only people whose eyes were greeted with glory that morning; the weather reached clear down to the city!

From the same graphic pen comes the following:—

"The horticultural building, with its many plants, glistened in the dew spread from innumerable watering pots."

Grip would very much like to see the interesting operation of "spreading" the horticultural building with dew from watering pots; and he would further like to enquire why this new apparatus, a watering pot that sprinkles dew, was not put on exhibition in the curiosity department.

Again, this all too picturesque writer says:—

"During the afternoon many of our prominent citizens displayed their horseflesh on the long drive."

Now this may mean that some of our distinguished aldermen took a promenade in the ring, or it may refer to the speeding of crack animals. This dashy journalist ought to be more careful or he may get his paper into trouble, especially if he writes many more sentences like the following about McCLEARY'S stoves.

"They have all been produced under the benign influence of the N. P., without regard to trouble or expense."

This would look better in a *Globe* editorial on the Cost of Raw Material.



**In Armour Clad!**

Mr. Grip is glad to find that he is not the only journalist who has enough feeling for the unhappy *Bystander* to endeavour to protect him from the fiery darts of the *Globe* and other evil beings. Our esteemed contemporary, the leading Government organ, has also generously come to his assistance, and now Mr. *Bystander* bids defiance to his enemies, being sustained inwardly by the moral sympathy of GRIP and shielded outwardly, from head to foot, with a coat of *Mail*!

How to realize the disabilities of women: Put a corset round your waist, lace it tight, and try to catch the boat, or run up or down a flight of "L" road station steps, with three yards of skirt flapping about your heels. Women's slavery commences at the dress-maker's.—*New York Graphic*.



**A Nice Distinction.**

**PURCHASER**—You are a fraud, sir! When I bought this horse from you, you assured me that he hadn't a fault; why sir, he's stone blind!

**VENDOR**—I know he is, but I don't consider that a fault; I call that a misfortune!

**Nonsense!**

BY JA KASSE.

Though the *Globe* may continue to howl  
And the Liberal journals to growl,  
That "cussed N. P."  
Keeps it's place still I see,  
While the people grow poor, "be me sowl."

With four people out for the West  
The Liberal chances looked best,  
But the folks went insane  
And elected again  
The man who protection professed.

Still, Selkirk would surely prove true,  
At least so I thought, didn't you?  
But it turned right about  
And it kicked "Donald" out,  
So Scott's got the "bulge" on us too.

Oh when will the party grow wise  
And take the whole world by surprise,  
Let us tell the truth straight  
That the N. P. is great  
And "shake" the *Globe* system of—misrepresentation!

NOTE.—The rhyme here suggests an ugly word, which we decline to print, in our highly respectable paper.



**From Halifax.**

(See the *Globe* of 11th inst.)

Sir SAMUEL TILLEY!  
You surely were silly,  
On your hum-seeking mission to come  
Where everything's dead,  
And the *Herald* isn't read,  
And the Editor's starving "to hum"



John Watson, of Ayr,  
the Great Agricultural  
Implement Dealer.



Jas. L. Morrison,  
the Distinguished Soap Manuf.



Rogers,  
the Oil Man.



Tom McDonald  
The Tinware Prince.



D. A. Jones, of Beeton,  
the King Bee.



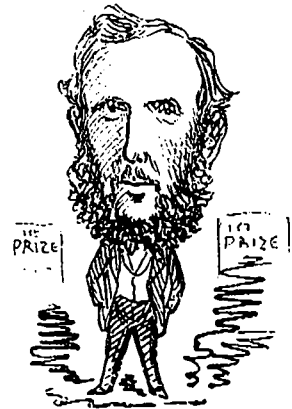
John Abell, of Woodbridge  
the Celebrated Implement  
Manufacturer.



T. McIlroy, Jr.  
Exhibitor of the Walter  
Cross Fire Engine Horse.



S. R. Warren & Son,  
Builders of Church Organs.



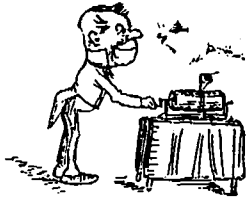
W. Simpson  
The noted Manufacturer  
of Boots and Shoes

REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITORS.

**EDISON LEFT NOWHERE!**

THE GREAT NOVELTY OF THE AGE IS THE PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

Grip's experiments with the instrument.



Professor BARKER in his address to the American association at Boston, last week, having mentioned in eulogistic terms the great merits of this instrument, Grip lost no time in supplying himself with one of the most approved specimens of the new invention. Knowing that it was intended to test and register the amount of brain force expended in the solution of intricate questions, Grip resolved to subject a few of his most intimate friends to its operation. The method of its working is thus described:—

The forearm, for example, being the organ to be experimented on, is placed in a cylinder of water and tightly enclosed. A rubber tube connects the interior with the recording apparatus. The recorded result on the register of the instrument is caused solely by the imagination, blood passing from the body to the brain in the act. The recorded curve shows very distinctly how much blood the brain takes to perform any given operation. Hence the plethysmograph is capable of measuring the relative amount of mental power required by different persons to work out the same problem.

The first to be subjected to the instrument was the Hon. E. BLAKE. Having removed his spectacles, and placed his forearm in the requisite position, he was asked in solemn tones by Mr. GRIP—"Why is ALEXANDER MACKENZIE like the Encyclopædia Britannica?" The register showed only the slightest perceptible curve when the reply came—"Though shelved, yet often consulted." Grip gave ED. a good mark for that answer. The query was then put—"Where is Sir SAMUEL TILLEY's surplus?" There was no appreciable curve registered, as Mr. BLAKE replied, "In his mind." Another good mark.

"Why," again enquired Grip "is that river in last week's Grip, like letter T?"

This was a clincher. The register ran up among the nineties, and Mr. BLAKE fainted. On his recovery he was gradually told that it was because he ought to cross it. "T's ought always to be crossed you know" said Grip soothingly. Then we are sorry to say ED. came very near using profanity, for he said with a frown on his usually open countenance "Dot your eyes, Grip!" A bad mark recorded.

Mr. CROOKS was then invited to submit to the test and he did so cheerfully. His appearance, however, was a dismal failure. The first query propounded floored him. Grip, with a malicious twinkle in his eye asked him whether he really—on his honor now—could explain the long-winded defense of his course of action (in the matter of the classical professorship) that appeared in the *Globe*. The curve shown by the instrument was terrific, but Mr. C. did not reply. He was clearly demoralized, so Grip mercifully released him.

Vice-Chancellor BLAKE next submitted to the test with very satisfactory results, until, with malice aforethought, a clerical friend of Grip's suggested the question "Did the Provincial Synod treat you with the respect due to you as *SAN TORONTO*?" The V. C. indignantly withdrew his forearm from the instrument before any curve was registered, and left the office apparently in high dudgeon.

GORDON BROWN dropped in on a friendly

visit just at this moment and submitted to the test—but the curves registered by the instrument were so fearfully irregular, that the experiment had to be abandoned. It was afterwards discovered that GOLDWIN SMITH, en route to the Grange, was passing at the time, four blocks away, and this caused the excitement. The extreme sensitiveness of the instrument is thus established beyond the possibility of question.

A good many more were present including the editor of the *Evening Telegram*, Mr. Maclean of the *World*, the Mayor, Alderman Ryan and Harry Piper, but none of them could be induced to trust their forearm in the apparatus and they, one by one, slipped out, leaving Grip to meditate on the old saw that it takes all sorts of people to make a world.



A Card From May Frisk.

To the Managers of Moral Blonde Shows, and all others whom it may concern:

LADIES AND GENTS:

I feel as though I'd oughter give you a little buzz about Toronto. I advise you to jump that town; it's a snide place. There ain't no sort of chance for a good moral entertainment; they sit right down on anything in the Blonde line, though shows like *Kerry Gow* and *Galley Slave* do big business. There ain't no bald-headed men to speak of in the hull place, I calculate; leastwise they didn't show up worth a cent. I struck that town lately, but I didn't do no biz., 'cause I wouldn't give a loose exhibition. I'd rather bust up my combination than go back on legitimate performance, so I left. I would also warn you agin the hotels; the landlords is a bad crowd; they want money. I never see such sharks after money. If they can't git the cash they don't mind takin' your trunk and fixins'. My professional brethren and sistern better take my advice and give Toronto the G. B. Yours in distress, MAY FRISK.

LIKE the Liberal party in England, the Grip party of Canada is composed of men of many minds.—*Belleisle Intelligencer*.—How many minds to a member, brother? We have heard of a man who owned up to having "half-a-mind" but—many minds!—oh, come!

**More New Books**

*The Ethics of the Publishing Trade*, by J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Esq.

*Piracy on the High Seas,—its analogy to plagiarism*, by an eminent Toronto publisher.

*Hackmen*, by the author of *Carmen*.

*Rolling stones flock together*, by the author of *Birds of a feather gather no moss*.

*Happy as a Clam*, by the Author of *Infelice*.

*The Hittites, reminiscences of the prize-ring*, by the author of the *Dantes*.

*A blood-curdling conundrum*, by the author of *A Terrible Secret*.

*A Backhander, or a slap in the fare for Gordon Brown*, by the Editor of the *Bystander*.

**A Way out of It.**

(FROM AN OLD LOG.)

In a tight little schooner there went to sea Three Jack-tars!—(there were more than three If you reckon the whole ship's company.)

But the vessel came to grief, d'ye see, On a Friday night, as it might be, And on Saturday morn there were left but three.

In the terrible storm they could hardly float In the small cockleshell that was called a boat; Still manfully with the gale they fought.

But a storm will shatter the staunchest barks, When a stiff Nor'-wester up to its larks, And the crew will be meat for mauling sharks.

So our tars in their boat were well aware That death—that specter, grisly and spare— In each of their faces did grimly stare.

Small blame to them then, if, in a scare, They thought they might just as well prepare, And get, if they could, to "the land over there."

"Can you pray?" says Jack, " 'cause I can't," says he. Says Bill, "That's hexactly the case with me," And Tom groined, "I guess we're a graceless three."

"Mayhap if we sang a hymn or two," Says Jack, "a morsel of good 'twould do;" But, alas! not a line of a hymn they knew.

Their faces grew pale, for affairs looked blue, Since nothing like worship could one of them do, And they looked a most woe-begone, broken-down crew.

At last a light on their gloom did break— It was Bill from the stern-sheets that cheerily spake—"I have it!—by Jove!—A COLLECTION WE'LL MAKE!"

MORAL.

This moral I draw, after careful reflection— If 'tis wrong I am open, of course to correction, But the clergy, I know, will endorse the direction— Though you can't pray or sing, don't forget the collection.

**Typical.**

Amongst the art exhibits at the fair is a "model of Bond street church in cork," by ARTHUR NEEL. We are glad to observe that the judges have awarded a prize of \$5 to the unique article, as we may take this to indicate that its symbolical as well as artistic merits are duly appreciated. The intention of the artist was no doubt to express the idea that Bond street church under its present happier auspices is bound to keep its spire above water.



Going Home From the Fair.

A SEQUEL TO OUR DOUBLE-PAGE CARTOON OF LAST WEEK.

**Editorial Notes.**

There was a big hum in the City Hall on Wednesday evening. The Bee-men met in convention. There was, strange to say, no mention of the N. P.

Grip regrets to hear from Scotland of a series of evictions perpetrated by a man of the name of FINE. Let these tenants come to Canada. We can give them all the land they want in the North West, where no landlord can ever trouble them.

The number of the *Canadian Monthly* (Rose-Belford Co.) for this month, is unusually good. All the articles are well written and very readable. We may mention for the information of literary men that there is no charge made for inserting contributions in this Magazine, as some have wickedly hinted. If accepted the articles are inserted gratis.

We read in an American exchange a rather startling statement to the effect that in the event of HANLAN'S beating TITICOMET he will be henceforth claimed as an American and not as a Canadian. Now this bit of annexation policy Grip denounces in the plainest terms. Ed. is a great pot of Grip's, and a thorough Canadian at heart, and there is no fear of his being bribed or enjoeled or bullied into calling himself anything but a Kanuck. No, you don't, brother JONATHAN. We not only claim "Canada for the Canadians," but also "the Canadians for Canada."

The Minister of Education is said to be again showing signs of "the old Adam" being dominant in him, and the *Mail* is getting ready rods in pickle for him. Shouldn't like to be in your shoes Mr. C. If the Bay street man has to handle you again without gloves.

The Rochester visitors have left in a huff. Mr. Grip regrets this very much, as they assign as the cause of their departure the want of hospitality shown them by our Corporation. There must be a mistake somewhere, for Toronto has never been charged with anything of the sort before, and our Mayor is certainly the last one in the world we would suppose capable of neglecting the comfort of visitors. It is to be hoped a satisfactory explanation will be forthcoming, or the *amende honorable* made at once.

Grip does not intend just now to unbosom his plans to the public, but he would darkly hint that before very long those who have the good fortune and good sense to be upon his subscription list, may be agreeably surprised at sundry improvements in the paper. *Arcades umbo, concituro omnes, muni's the word, keep it dark, nuff sed.*

This success of our double number of last week surpassed our most sanguine expectations. It proved a most palpable hit. Our readers and our advertising patrons were alike delighted with it. Only a few copies of the large edition printed are now on hand. Our branch department at the Exhibition also met with success.

Grip has been honored by a sight of this season's sketches by J. A. FRASER, R.C.A.

Mr. FRASER has again opened up a new field to our Canadian artists by visiting the Restigouche, Cascapedia, &c. We understand that H. E., the Marquis of Lorne, has desired Mr. FRASER to send the sketches to Ottawa for inspection by himself and the Princess.

**"New Jersey Fashions."**

DEAR GRIP:—I write to relieve my over-charged feelings. That latest eccentricity of fashion, the "Jersey," is truly fascinating—to the various industries now blossoming beneath the radiance of the benign N. P. There is no garment yet invented which shows off to such advantage the perfect mechanism of those metallic cork and whalebone mysteries on which the "Jersey" is permitted to repose. Nothing could ever induce us to criticise the personal appearance of the sex we worship: but, if one of our own sex—a jolly jack-tar for instance—were to do himself up with the native N. P. manufactures dimly referred to above, and over-all don his "Jersey," some of us, if we should meet him on King street on parade, might have to call a cab in which to shriek with laughter all the way home; while others of us, who are not troubled with a sense of humor, or who incline to "Pessimism," would seek the sequestered habitation of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH to mingle our tears with his.

Nothing of course which a forlorn bachelor can say will have any weight with the fair sex; and therefore we don't say it. Yours,

CELEBS.

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The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers striving for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

Prospects.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writers who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with a blank form for registration on receipt of a 3c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

Business men—Lawyers, Bankers, Merchants, Millers, Physicians, Public, and all who desire the services of shorthand writers, as amanuenses, correspondents, or reporters, are requested to send us particulars of their needs and we shall be happy to supply them from the large number of Phonographers whose names are already registered with us. Address

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**Grip's Prizes.**

It may not be generally known that Mr. Grip was the recipient of several special prizes at the Exhibition. Being a modest individual, Mr. Grip has made no particular blow about his achievement, and even now it costs him a sore trial to display himself before the public. In this respect he is—though he says it himself—a striking contrast to the general run of prize winners; but, as rival traders are using their best endeavors to damage his business reputation by misrepresentation, (rival traders, if you will notice, are always doing this) he feels it his duty to the public to print a list of the prizes he has received in the various departments.

Not to mention the department of editing, printing and publishing, in which he stood *facile princeps*, he will pass on to the live stock.

**CATTLE.**



Best cow, thoroughbred grade variety, easiest will feeder, best milker, and warranted not to stray away—1st, Mr. Grip;

2nd, nowhere.

**HORSES.**



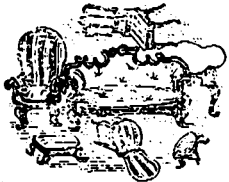
Best general purpose draught carriage horse, thoroughbred, with pedigree, fed on oats and hay, kind and gentle in harness,

a woman can ride behind him (in another rig), trotting record 2.21—1st, Mr. Grip.



Best roadster for prairie ploughing, trained to follow the Toronto bounds, shot on four feet, never goes back on bran and shorts, sired by "National Policy," pedigree four yards long, coming two years next summer—1st, Mr. Grip.

**FURNITURE.**



Best assortment, household furniture, upholstered with Hay, including patent Sunday night-couring sofa, (very soft) easy chairs, suitable for the old folks to use

in back kitchen when not wanted in parlor; footstools, ottomans, etc., manufactured of the best material, well taxed and seasoned—1st, Mr. Grip.

**STOVES.**



Cooking stove, for hall or parlor use, with fire place, pan cake attachment, light wood and shavings, complete; no kindling of fires

on cold mornings; warranted to have the regular stove ring about it—1st, Mr. Grip.

**PATENT MEDICINES.**



Best assortment of patent specifics for the cure of drunkenness, consumption, tooth-ache, biliousness and Bright's disease—

1st, Mr. Grip.

**JEWELRY.**



Best assortment of home-made watches for trading purposes, patent winding lever and back entrance—1st, Mr. Grip.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**



Best assortment manufactured boots and shoes, pure kip-skin uppers, and back action spring shanks—1st, Mr. Grip.

Besides the above, Mr. Grip won many other prizes, which he would have received, had it not been for the prejudice, ignorance, partiality and contrariness of the Judges.

**The Bee Convention.**



Mr. GRIP attended the meeting of the Apianians. After Mr. JONES had given his able and satisfactory answers to the various queries propounded, there was a universal and unanimous call for Grip to take his stand in the witness box. He came forward, after a little urging, and bowed to the audience. He was greeted with a *huzz* of applause. The first query put was "How would you treat a bee on the rampage?"

Answer—"I'd keep away from his business end." Question—"What is the best season for storing honey?" Answer—"E' hizer." Question—"What, in your opinion, is the best kind of bee?" Answer—"B virtuous and you will B happy." Question—"What is the most objectionable variety of bee?" Answer—"A bee in your bonnet." Question—"What is the best stand for a hive to take?" Answer—"A B-attitude." Question—"What is the terminal note of a bumble bee?" Answer—"B sharp." Question—"Should the N.P. spread its benign wings over bees?" Answer—"Not necessary. It already does so, as bees are classified as sugar-refiners, who are at present in clover." Mr. GRIP, after these pointed and stinging replies retired amidst great applause.



**Exeat Omnes.**

All earthly things have an end, and the great Toronto Exhibition is over. The smiling landlord, whose coffers, like not a few of his guests, are full, unbaucely shows his departing visitors out of the front door; the lowing herds of prize stock wind slowly o'er the lea, per G. T. B., and T. G. & B.; the woary gate keepers grin pleasantly as they wend their way to the office of the Treasurer, and the enterprising proprietors of stands and stalls, beer bars and refreshment counters, begin dismantling operations. The whole thing has passed off smoothly, and Grip hopes everybody is contented and happy. Fortunately his sage advice pertaining to wet weather has not been needed. The weather Clerk should get a gold medal, or at least be highly commended for the example he has shown. May equal success attend our Montreal, Hamilton, and London brethren.

We have a letter to say that a party from Welland sold good lager at the Fair. Well, and what about it? This discussion is closed. —ED. GRIP.

**Gaston de Green.**

**VOLUME I.**

GASTON DE GREEN reclined on a sofa in his luxurious boarding house. He wore a Turkish smoking cap, but was otherwise attired in the gorgeous uniform of a private of the Governor-General's Body Guards. An uncut ten cent *Seaside-Library* novel lay on the table, which was littered with *billets doux*, cigarette-holders, ruined photograph albums, and pipes whose "usefulness" was gone. He took out a delicate note on pink paper and read:

DEAR SIR My felices towards you is such that I can not express them. Meet me tonight if possible. Yours MATILDA JANE.

He loved her. She kept an opulent hotel at the front of Toronto. At her bar he had credit.

**VOLUME II.**

But there was a difficulty. She was married. Her husband went on a tearing head once a month, on which occasions he was madly jealous and violently vituperative. His exertions in smashing chairs and tables at these times ought to have endeared him to the furniture manufacturers.

There was another difficulty. GASTON was married already. Once, by the impressive rites of the Catholic Church, to a fair daughter of Quebec; once, by the rabbi of the synagogue at Montreal, to the lovely daughter of a Hebrew pawnbroker; once to the ambitious widow of a Hamilton hatter. This was a grievous impediment. "Je n'ai pas un son," said he, in the fashionable French slang which swells speak in novels, and never in real life. "Pauvre diable!" he continued, as he felt in vain for a possible dime, in his ancient vest-pocket.

**VOLUME III.**

They met. It was in the Horticultural Gardens. She was attired in a lovely polonaise of old gold-coloured silk, shirred and pull-backed. The skirt, of scarlet geranium colour, was swayed by a suspicion of crinoline, which disclosed number three white kid boots, and a faintest revelation of azure stockings with silver clocks. It was a voluptuous moment. He looked in her face. "Je n'ai pas le canif de mon voisin," he murmured, quoting from the well-known French exercise book. "Dost thou dare a deed of crime for my sake?" she said. "Oui, madame," was his piquant, yet tender reply. "Then come into the refreshment-place and get me a strawberry ice—but that is not what I mean." In low murmurs she acquainted him with her terrible secret. It was, to supply her husband with unlimited credit for rye. His death, by spontaneous combustion, would save all funeral expenses, the cremation being complete. Supplied with ample funds, by confining his Quebec wife to a diet of ham sandwiches all through Lent, he compelled that conscientious lady to retire to a convent. A persistent course of pork sausages caused the fair Jewess to seek refuge in the stomach pump, or flight. Against the widow of the Hamilton hatter a charge of insanity was easily got up, and the rich hotel keeper supplied the large sum necessary to get a divorce, from that most useful institution, in all cases of wealthy adultery, the Ottawa Senate. They married; she was tender, he was bar-tender.



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**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 programmes 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.

Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON will appear as "Bob Acres" in New York next winter, after all, supported by his excellent company. This treat will occur soon after Christmas, but it is not yet definitely decided in which one of two theatres he will act.

The HOLMANS are at the Pavilion in the Gardens, with their reorganized company, presenting the ever popular pieces of their repertoire. Our visitors will find no more delightful place in which to pass the warm evenings than the Gardens, of which we are pardonably proud.

The latest reports from London touching the condition of the popular comedian, E. A. SOTHERN, are of a most unfavorable character. He is said to be suffering from a complication of gout and dropsy, and is believed to have recently undergone an operation which, in his present shattered health, must necessarily be attended by great danger.

The editor of the *Whitby Chronicle* wants a local theatrical company. Hear him: What splendid material there is amongst us in Whitby for a histrionic club? And what a splendid hall for amateur theatrical entertainments during the coming winter? Something might be done towards utilizing it in connection with the Mechanics' Institute, and affording our townspeople some enjoyable evenings of really intellectual recreation. Couldn't he dramatize Tim O'Day, and take the title role himself?

ENGLISH mail advices record the death, in his seventy-fourth year, of H. CLARK PIDGSON, President of the Sketching Club and one of the oldest members of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. He was born in March, 1807, and educated at Reading under Dr. VALPY. He early showed artistic and literary inclinations, and, for some time edited the *Berkshire Chronicle*. He executed many of the drawings on wood which the *Illustrated London News* used at the time of the great Exhibition, and was, from that time till very recently an exhibitor at the water colour displays of the Society of which he was a member.

WE HAVE only one word to say about "The Galley Slave" at the Royal. It is simply magnificent. The play is one of the greatest merit, and the cast is of the very best. There is no symptom of dragging in the whole play the interest being sustained without a break throughout the action. The piece is a comedy-drama and the spectator is alternately in paroxysms of laughter and in tears. Nothing better, in this line, we venture to say, has ever been before the Toronto public. All should see it without fail.

Mr. HERRMANN, at the Grand, is delighting large and enthusiastic audiences with his feats of leger-main. There can be no question of Mr. HERRMANN'S undisputable superiority to any conjurer that has ever appeared in Toronto, and he is admirably supported by his company. Val Voss's ventriloquism deserves especial mention. Altogether a great treat is ahead of all who have not yet paid a visit to the Grand. Mr. HERRMANN performs during the balance of this week, but Alderman WALKER is not to be there. The exposure, on Wednesday night, of the contents of his hat was too awfully good for anything.

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**The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,**

A 16-page Monthly Magazine for Phonographers of all Schools; 8 pages in common type and 8 in Shorthand, representing all systems, with Humorous Illustrations. Indispensable to all Students and Reporters. This publication was started last May, and already the sales are very large. Students and Reporters in Canada, United States and Europe are enthusiastic in their commendations of the *Writer*, the success of which has been phenomenal. Subscription \$1 a year; single numbers 10 cts. each. Send for one. The editions for May and June have been exhausted, but we can supply subsequent issues.

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**SECOND-HAND MACHINERY FOR SALE**

Baldwin Lathe, latest improved self-acting. American make; cost \$375. Price, f. o. b. here, \$100.  
Resaw; 24 in. saw, pulley on mandrel 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$25.  
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 Miriam; cost \$600. Price \$325.

Machine taken on consignment. We guarantee every machine leaving our establishment in good working order.

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**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

Mr. S. F. WILSON has given up the idea of publishing *The Evening News*. Sensible young man!

Mr. W. H. WILLS, one of the originators of *Punch*, and subsequently editor of *Household Words*, died last week.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND is earning an honest penny, this summer, by writing letters to the newspapers from the watering places.

Miss KATE FIELD has written an article for *Scribner* on MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the English correspondent who will soon begin his lecturing tour in America.

The *World* is thriving. Its articles are well written, terse, pointed and witty. GRIP is pleased to learn from an intimation on the part of Messrs HORTON & MACLEAN, that they mean to attain to a still better *World* soon.

Instead of a wigwam like those of the daily papers at the Toronto Exhibition, GRIP has a habitation within the main building, and that quaint bird may be seen flitting about the various departments of the show, making pen and pencil notes of oddities for his enlarged editions.—*Monetary Times*.

KEPPLER'S cartoons in *Puck* are uniformly good, occasionally superb. His collaborator, Mr. WALES, also handles a deft pen; the third artist of the staff, Mr. ORPHEUS, displays considerable skill in grotesque drawing. The letter-press of the paper is, however, inferior to the drawing.

Mr. NAST'S declension as a caricaturist is the theme of general remark in literary circles. He seems to have lost his old-time force and humor. For several weeks past his cartoon has represented Gen. HANCOCK in one and the same attitude. People are beginning to think he has had that figure stereotyped.

The good-hearted WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, whom Art lost so soon, sometimes indulged in benevolences. One of the most striking of these actions, in which, on a winter day, HUNT earned for a poor shivering organ-grinder what to him was a small fortune, is the basis of a short story in the September *St. Nicholas*.

Mr. R. HARRIS will contribute a magnificent portrait in oil to the Art Department of the exhibition. Mr. H. is a consummate master of figure-drawing, and the friends of the Ontario School of Art will be pleased to learn that his services as a lecturer on Anatomy have been secured for the ensuing session of that institution.

English critics are beginning to handle *Punch* rather roughly, and the *Spectator* declares "a certain want of acid flavor, a certain flatness in tone and want of cutting effect in its hits, as if everybody was middle-aged, and in a good temper with most things, is its growing defect." We will see what Mr. BURNAND, the new Editor, can do to brighten up the old gentleman.

Our genial friend, Mr. GRIP, is out this week in a double number that surpasses anything he has done before, and this is saying a good deal. The sixteen pages are brimful of telling cartoons, and pleasant letterpress hits. GRIP'S merit is his Canadianism, and he has done much to foster and develop what we might call a national individuality. For force and telling effect, the cartoons of GRIP are equal to those of America and England.—*Toronto World*.

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, Plus 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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NEWS AND NOTES OF THE DAY.

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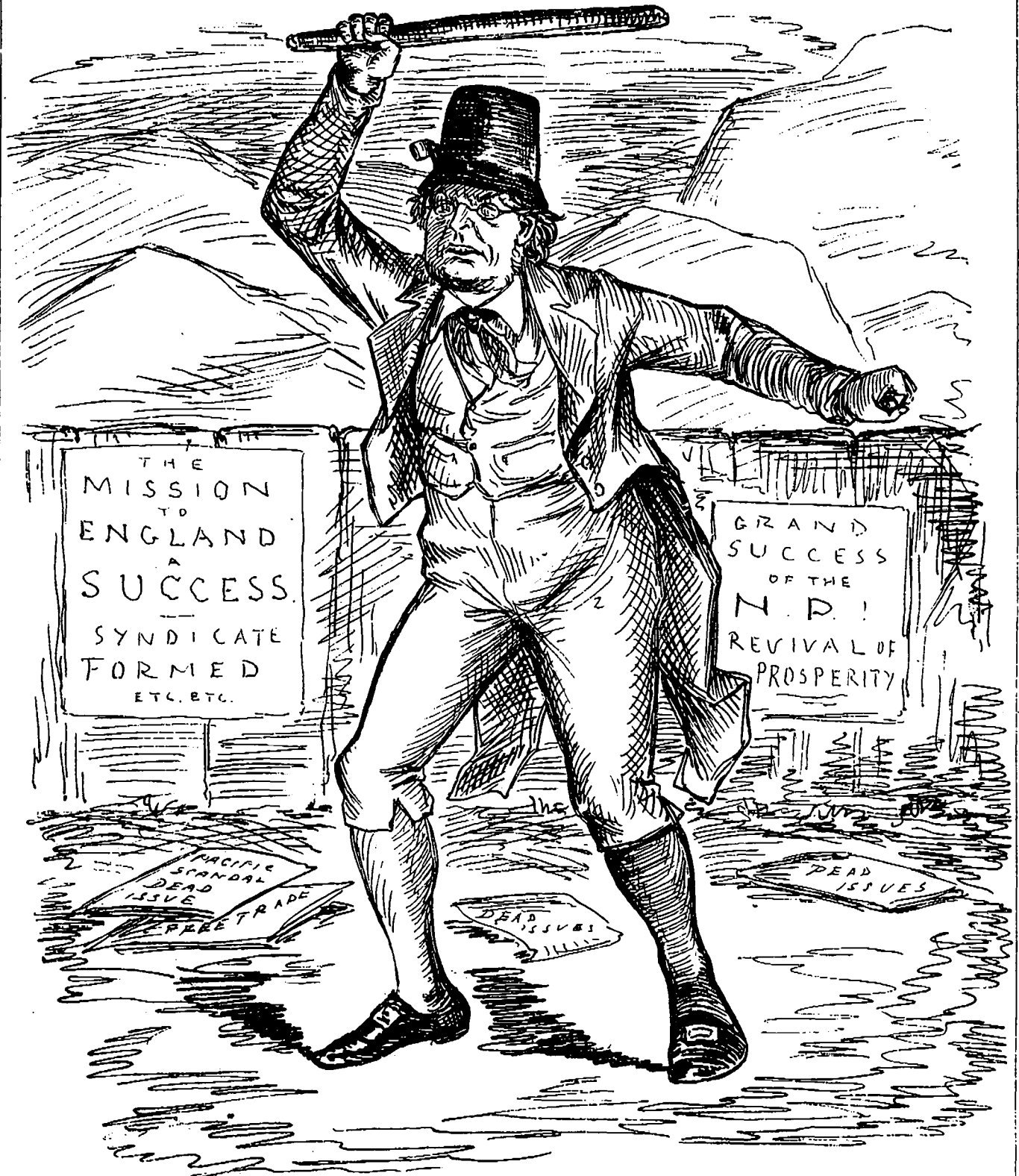
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**I. O. O. F.**  
  
**Oddfellows' Grand Gala Day!**  
**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17,**  
**AT TORONTO,**  
 In Honor of the Meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

A procession consisting of Subordinate Lodges, the Grand Lodge of Ontario, Uniform Encampments of Ontario, and visiting Encampments, the Grand Encampment of Ontario, City Council, Industrial Exhibition Committee, and the Sovereign Grand Lodge, each with their band of music, altogether forming one of the finest processions ever witnessed in Canada.  
 Upon the arrival of the procession at the Exhibition Grounds addresses of welcome will be presented by His Worship the Mayor,  
**JAMES BEATY, ESQ., M.P.,**  
 on behalf of the City, and  
**JNO. J. WITHROW, ESQ.,**  
 President of the Exhibition Association.  
 All bands will be brigaded on their arrival at the Exhibition Grounds and unite in the National Anthem, &c., &c. Excelsior Encampment of Chicago, Ill., and Rochester Encampment, of Rochester, N. Y., two of the best drilled in the Order, will take part in the procession.  
 Special low rates will be given on each railway. All tickets good to return on Saturday or Monday. At all stations so remote that excursionists cannot reach Toronto by early trains on the 17th tickets will be issued on the 16th.  
**W. H. COLE, G. M.,** Chairman  
**J. T. HORNIBROOK, P. G. M.,** Vice-Chairman  
**H. BLAIN,** Treasurer.  
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“WANTED—A PROGRAMME.”

“ARRAH, BE JAPERS! AV I ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO FOIGHT FOR, NOW!!”



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Isn't it about time for the "tight little island" to rober up?—*Ex.*

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chiu.—*Modern Argo.*

As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.—*Ex.*

Never count your cold chicken before it is hushed.—*Whitcomb Times.*

Eve was the first woman who ever carried a Cain.—*Kookuk Constitution.*

The beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is not identical with Pluraoli's Red "C."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The only respect in which Dr. Mary Walker resembles a deer is that she pants.—*Hackensack Republican.*

What does a Cockney mean when he, shouts: "Ip, Ip, 'ooray, for Ann Cock!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Timid people prefer a shoal place for salt water bathing. They like to go down to the brine knee deep.—*N. O. Picayune.*

COURTNEY, wo road, is training for another race. This probably means that he is having his saw filed.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

No matter how much of a woman-hater a man may be, if he happens to take poison accidentally his first cry is for his Auntie Dot.—*Argo.*

Go out, young man—she's not here!" said a preacher, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly at the portal.—*Ex.*

Who ever heard of a newspaper cashier scolding with the funds of the office? Here's honesty for you—or security of funds, we don't somehow remember which.—*Ex.*

A Pennsylvania girl killed a bear last week, dressed him and hung him up in the woods. She says she can't bang her hair, but she can hang the bear.—*Peoria Transcript.*

"Can I give my son a college education at home?" asks a fond parent. Certainly. All you want is a base ball guide, a racing shell and a package of cigarettes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Horsemen believe that MAUD S. will soon attain a speed so terrific that a straight track will be necessary to prevent her running into the rear of her own sulky.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A GENTLEMAN has just been cowhided in Chicago, and no woman figured in the affair. This would seem to indicate that the millennium is only a day or two off.—*Petroleum World.*

HIRAM GREEN, Esq., says: "I don't know so much about thar brin' sermons in stones, but I know a lot of ministers who manage to get a heap of "rocks" out of thar sermons."—*Whitehall Times.*

"Mercy!" exclaimed a old lady upon first seeing an engraving of the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel, "mercy what a family the man had!"—*Ottawa Free Press.*

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to love's young dream is when her "den' papa" draws back his light fantastic foot as a preliminary motion to adjourn a front gate special session.—*Modern Argo.*

He was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady," he mused aloud, "a lady." Upon an accurate description, he suddenly brightened up and added, "Oh, dot vas no lady; dot vas my wife"—*Ex.*

When an elderly maiden lady received a letter from a person she hadn't heard from in a long time, and who commenced her letter with "My Old Friend," she doesn't know whether it is taffy or sarcasm.—*Lockport Union.*

He had a son hanged, another in the penitentiary and his wife had eloped with a chromo paddler. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt reply.—*American Queen.*

When you hear a matronly voice ask in the darkness of a seaside hotel porch, "Did you get him?" don't imagine that it refers to the matrimonial manoeuvre of a daughter. The old man has aimed at another mosquito.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

After saying good night to a pretty girl . . . —*Boston Globe.*—Well, Well! How times have changal since we were young. We never could leave a pretty girl until it was time to say "good morning."—*New Haven Register.*

"I say, do you take ice this year?" inquired a down town man across the fence last evening. "Well, no-o-o, not exactly," was the reply, "but my mother-in-law is with me. There is a coolness between us that beats an ice house."—*New Haven Register.*

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Galveston parent to his eldest offspring, at the same time swinging a good sized sapling; "I'll teach you, you young scamp!" "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already."—*Ex.*

"William, you have again come up unprepared!"

"Yes, sir."

"But from what cause?"

"Laziness, sir."

"Johnson give William a good mark for up-rightness."

"Bates, you proceed."

"I have not prepared, too, sir."

"But why not?"

"From laziness, sir."

"Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism!"—*Ex.*

LET'S see, who was Dr. Tanner and what did he do?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* Why, haven't you heard? He fasted forty days and forty nights in New York, and astonished the doctors and all the other natives, and broke his fast with peaches and watermelons, and astounded the wise men, and now he is going to lecture on "what I know about fasting," and—but you're fooling; you must have heard something about TANNER. Now, "honest Injun Moral," haven't you?—*Rome Sentinel.*—Mavy an cat thing has been said about Dr. TANNER.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A wood stove is not made of wood.—*Boston Post.* Nor is a coal stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it?—*Detroit Free Press.* And a snow plough is not made of snow. Awfully funny, isn't it?—*Bangor Commercial.* Neither is a sponge cake made of sponges. Te-he!—*Boston Journal of Commerce.* Nor a head dross of heads—ah, ha!—*Stam Sanbeam.* Nor a wig-wam of wigs. Now tickle your ribs.—*Oil City Derrick.* Nor saw-logs of saws. Too funny for anything.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.* And the Anchor Line ain't a cable.—What next?

MINGLED JOY AND ANGUISH.—The other morning a Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for?" asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out mine old umrellas, and I feel so glad ash never wash. Dish rainy vedder vas a blessing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooth's ache so pad I wants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot," and as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—*Galveston News.*

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**Yankee Taffy.**

AN INVASION OF CANADA.

(Translated into English from the *Lockport Daily Union*.)

During this summer there have been several incursions or forays made into the adjoining Dominion by the forces of the United States with more or less success. Our imaginations had been for some time excited by the reports brought back by the invading forces, and we, in Lockport, began to be desirous of emulating their deeds and sharing in their glory. As a rule they did not condescend to particulars, but spoke sweepingly of their feats under such general expressions as "astonishing the natives," "bluffing the Kanucks," &c. &c., and the very vagueness of the terms employed made us desirous of going and doing likewise.

Accordingly we organized our forces, attended to all the equipments, and took a strong reserve of ladies with us as an incentive to bravery, so that "bright eyes might look upon our deeds." On the 7th of Sept., we embarked in a Canadian transport, the Captain of which we succeeded in bribing by the simple process of "oiling his palm" with greenbacks and the current coin of this glorious star-spangled Republic, and started for the other side. Our hearts beat high with hope; but pretty soon it became a hard thing for us to decide whether our stomachs or our hearts were higher in our internal arrangements. The *mal du mer* (sic) sided with our enemies, and the rout became general. We threw out signals of distress, but succeeded only in attracting the attention of the fish. They seemed gratified with our attentions, and from their movements we guessed they were holding an aquatic picnic. Our leader tried to rally us but we regarded his efforts as unfeeling chaff, and our reserve especially, felt bad over it. Had the enemy, offered to board us then, he could have done so very cheaply, for we would have scorned the idea of taking the worth of our money out of him. Even gin-slings and cocktails had lost their charms, and we all, as intervals served, cursed the folly of attacking Toronto by the lake route.

Our troubles however, by and by, came to an end. We landed, not in good order, on the wharf, and were astonished to find that our approach was unheeded and our debarkation unopposed. Even the policemen did no more than look suspiciously at us, and not a single individual asked us to throw up our hands, or reached round to his hip pocket. Our spirits rose, and our digestive organs resumed their normal position.

We prepared for the attack. Our gallant Major-Generals (there were about one hundred of them, all told) agreed, after a council of war,

to assault and sack Fort Walkeros, the nearest stronghold of the foe. We raised a cheer (*in our minds*, for we dared not shout aloud for fear of bringing down the enemy's police in force, and being captured as disorderlies). In due time we reached the spot where we fondly hoped glory, including something good to eat and drink, awaited us. Lord-lieutenant-general WALKER, who commands the fort, awaited us with a smile beaming on his mutton-chop whiskers, and not a sign of fear on his visage. We disguised our feelings of hostility and claimed hospitality, which he freely extended at 50 cents per mouth—no discount on taking a quantity. We reconnoitred the neighborhood for a few hours and then returned to feed. This charge resulted similarly to the last. It was 50 cents. Lord-lieutenant-general WALKER smiled a sinister smile as he handed the coin to his Exchequer-man whom one of our party recognised as Sir SAMUEL TILLEY. Then we determined to make the brilliant stroke on which we had resolved, and seize the fort. We proceeded at once to carry out our plans, but, to our surprise, the smile faded from the man WALKER's face and he said "50 cents, a head or—out you go." And he meant it. We began to feel that he would not be impressed, worth a cent, by our numbers or our threats. We felt as if the *mal du mer* (sic) was returning. Our reserves failed us, and we finally were forced to retire in fair to good order, leaving him (the man WALKER) master of the situation and the shanty. We fled to another fort, recently captured by a countryman of our own in the neighborhood, and to him we reported our victory, judiciously modifying the hard facts of the case, and taking in his congratulations together with supper and—some genuine American drinks. We scored a victory in this way, and, in spite of the lake and the man WALKER, returned home in triumph without the loss of a man. The enemy's loss has not yet been ascertained, but it is no doubt immense. We claim the congratulations and the sympathy of an American public. Several bands are now playing, in our immediate neighborhood, a serenade consisting of "Hail Columbia," "the Star spangled &c." and a new air specially composed for the occasion called "Let her rip!"

[NOTE.—From the official despatch of the officer in command of the fort we learn that the loss sustained has been trivial, being only some shocks to the modesty of the garrison from the free and easy behaviour of the invaders and reserve, the injury to the carpets from the shells thrown by the enemy (peanuts were the trouble), and the band making free with the commissariat without making a pecuniary return. In respect of the last item, only, does the gallant commandant admit himself *beaten*. —ED. GRIP.]

**From the Nursery.**

There was a young man of Avoca  
Who drank nothing else but Kaoka,  
So, that he might see  
Neither coffee nor tea,  
He escaped to the wilds of Muskoka.

There was a young man of Toronto  
Who a shot-gun his back buckled on to,  
Then the woods he went through  
To get "beasts" for the Zoo,  
Along with his pointer, called Ponto.

There was a young lady of Yorkville  
Who liked kidney beans with her pork well;  
So she went to the draw,  
And some cutlery saw—  
"Beans *don't* eat, without you've a fork, well."

There was a young man of Dundas  
Who a whiskey saloon could not pass,  
And yet though 'twas rye  
That he had in his eye,  
He'd innocently ask for a glass.

**The Grip Sack.**

*Current gossip—At the Dog-show.*

HARRY PIPER says the odor from the Zoo is not objectionable. It is only O-zoo-ne.

Boarding a wreck—Taking in a broken down tramp, for a week, and feeding him.

We missed the detectives at the trotting matches. They are usually "on the track" of something. Why did they not follow the donkeys?

Has a man born at sea any native land?—*Elmira Advertiser*. Certainly. You could sea it on the ocean.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. Anyhow, he's a sea-ou-able product.

Eighty-seven Buffaloes arrived at the Rossin House on Tuesday. HARRY PIPER interviewed them with a view to the Zoo, but they would not do.

A market gardener's wife was thrown out of her rig, on West Market Street, through the wheels becoming entangled in the switch. Why did she wear her switch so long?

The *Mail* says that a white hat was to blame for the West winning the tug of war on Saturday. Moral—(by a Scotchman) Ye Might wear waur than a white hat.

Telephonist—No; the late Utterchief O'GRAY was no relation that we know of to the well-known "Hello!" Nor is FRECHETTE (or as you spell it—*Frishet*) a cousin of FLOOD DAVIN'S.

There is honor they say among thieves,  
They scout the idea of treason;  
But each fruit-dealer's ready to swear  
They *peach* when that fruit is in season.

If the size of a man's head gear is the proof of intellectual power what an immense brain that fellow must have who stole our hat.—*Hutchinsons Republican*. Not a bit of it. We met him last week (he had crossed the lines after the larceny) and he said it was too small for anything, and he has had the biggest trouble with it since he wore it to keep it from dragging him into every saloon he meets.

MIXED LAW.—What do you think of this case?—"ANDERSON (first name not known), takes and converts to his own use a carriage belonging to (probably has no first name) BAIN; BAIN then brings an action of *trover* against ANDERSON for the property so converted, and obtains a judgment for the value thereof, \$250. After this BAIN, without fraud or force, acquires possession of the carriage and refuses to deliver it to ANDERSON on demand ANDERSON now brings an action of *replevin* to recover the property. Can he recover? We don't honestly think he can, after all that law, and it will be economy of time to notify the undertaker that he may, under a writ of *capias*, seize and possess himself of the *corpus delictum* and take the case (that's the coffin) *in delibere*, or to *arizandum*.

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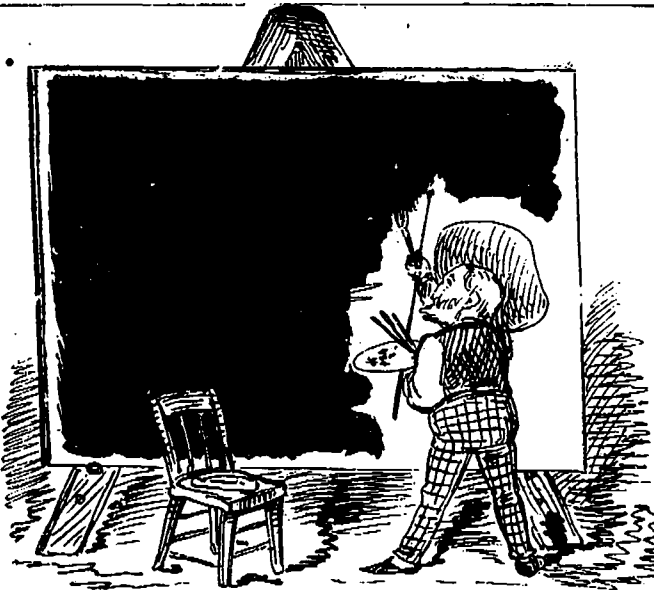
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THE LIBERAL WILLIAM TELLS REFUSING TO BOW ANY MORE TO THE COBDEN HAT.



1ST GENT "What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did carry his blood?"  
2ND GENT "Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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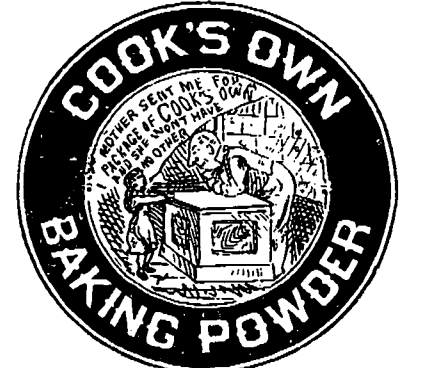
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