

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

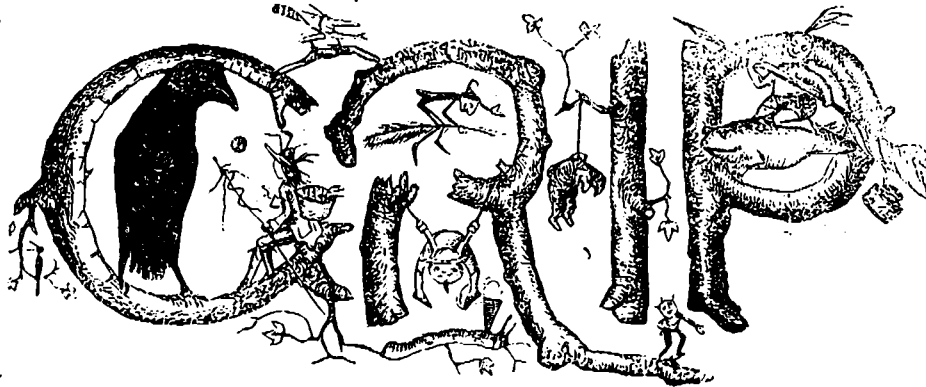
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIFF office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENGOUGH BROS.



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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or concert positions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

Sara Bernhardt fainted on the stage in Chicago. It is supposed that she saw a mouse.

There was some talk at Mantua, this year, of celebrating with pomp and circumstance the nineteen-hundredth birthday of Virgil. But the affair fell through, the day passing unnoted.

Mr. Will Landon, the phenomenal young graduate of Toronto University—who won his degree before passing his teens, has received a good appointment in connection with the Normal School, Ottawa.

The appointment of Mr. Baker to the Registrarship of the University is gratifying to the friends of the institution, as a recognition of the scholarly attainments and personal popularity of that gentleman.

It is said that a certain firm which bought up the negatives of all the photographs of the late Senator Brown in the interest of a chromo they intended publishing, will apply for an injunction to restrain the Globe Printing Company from issuing their steel engraved portrait of the deceased gentleman.

On the 18th of January, 1858, Dickens sent a note of thanks to the then unknown writer of "Scenes of Clerical Life," writing to the intermediary through whom he forwarded it, "If those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then I should begin to believe that I am a woman myself."

Mr. V. Hugo Dusebury, the professional poet, whose struggles against the hard hearted publishers of *Pack* have deeply moved all readers of that philo-sophic publication, announces that he has in preparation an exhaustive treatise on "Poetry; its Theory and its Practice." The whole world will await it with impatience.

Another of the omniscient London critics has come to signal grief—the reviewer of the *Daily News*, who, after insinuating that no poem by Tennyson was included in the new volume, "English Sonnets by Living Writers," because the poet-laureat and his publishers were to mean to part with the copyright, discovered that Tennyson's fine sonnet "Montenegro," was one of the first in the book.

Mr. Chas. Davis is playing at the Grand in his famous character of *Alvin Joslin*. This is a companion part to that of *Joshua Whitcombe*, and the multitude who enjoyed the irresistible, genial and altogether wholesome fun of Den. Thompson's piece, cannot fail to be delighted with the equally refreshing humor of this other representative New England farmer. Matinee on Saturday.

Says the London *Free Press*: "One good effect of the thaw has been a thorough purging of the sewers. The streams passing through the gratings from every gutter during the past couple of days were a wholesome antidote to their pestiferous emanations." True, true; but what is the Ambassador of the *Free Press* going to do now for "sensations" for the columns of that enterprising journal?

"Endymion" still furnishes the gossip with a theme for discourse. The hero says his peculiar name was a family name borne by Endymion Cary in the time of Charles I. Faithful to his system of mystifications, Lord Beaconsfield blends in Lucius Cary (Lord Falkland), and Endymion Porter, Charles I's faithful friend. Endymion Porter was the ancestor of Lord Beaconsfield's old friend, George Smythe afterwards Seventh Viscount Strangford—he figures in the novel, also—and the name of the third Viscount was Endymion.



Lighthouse Service.

**TENDERS** will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 5th MARCH next, for the supply of 100,000 Gallons, Imperial Measure, per annum, more or less, for one or three years, at the option of the Department, of the best quality of Double-Distilled Standard White Extra-Refined PETROLEUM OIL, deliverable at Goderich, Montreal, Hamilton, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., in such quantities and at such times as the Department may desire.

The Oil must be free from acid or other impurity: must weigh, at 62° Fahr., not less than 7.85 lbs., nor more than 8.02 lbs. per gallon; must withstand a flash-test of 130° Fahr., and in all other respects must comply with the provisions of "The Petroleum Inspection Act, 1880," 43 Vict., Chap. 21. Its burning for 12 hours it must produce a brilliant and nearly uniform flame, neither causing the wick nor discoloring the chimney. If from any cause the light diminishes more than 15 per cent. during the trial, the oil will be rejected.

A sample of five gallons, of which the cost and freight will be paid by the Department, is to accompany each tender.

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The oil is to be delivered by the Contractor subject to inspection of the Department, and regauged at place of delivery, and delivered free from all charges, including duty, if any. Inland Revenue Inspection charges, and gauging charges.

**TENDERS** will also be received, up to the same date, for the Charter of a STEAM VESSEL to deliver Supplies and Lighthouse Materials to Lighthouses above Montreal, including those on Lake Superior. Charter to commence at Montreal on the 5th July next. Steamer to be ready at the Lachine Canal Basin to take in cargo on the morning of the 2nd July. Full particulars as to description of vessel required and nature of services will be supplied on application.

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WM. SMITH,  
Deputy Minister of Marine, &c.  
Department of Marine, &c.,  
Ottawa, 31st January, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

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

Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., of this city, have offered valuable prizes for original designs for Christmas cards. The competition is confined to Canadian artists, and the drawings are to be distinctively characteristic of our own country. We want a few more such public spirited firms to make Canada what she ought to be.

It was recently rumored that the private letters of Alfred de Musset to George Sand were about to be published. This is a mistake. The letters have not been burned, however, as was supposed, but they are in the hands of a friend of George Sand, who has had copies made in duplicate, and confided them to two faithful friends. These precautions have been taken, not out of any ill-feeling toward the brother and too zealous friends of Musset, but only for the purpose of protecting the memory of George Sand from the accusation which might be directed against it. For in this case her friends would have proofs in hand to oppose the malevolence and calumny of enemies. So runs the story.

It is a curious, and one might say disgraceful, literary fact, and one worthy of being chronicled, that no public library of Boston or Philadelphia or Cambridge contains a complete set of Walt Whitman's works. In the Boston and Cambridge libraries the odd copies they have are kept under lock and key! It is doubtful if there is a single great library in the country that contains the complete edition of Whitman's books. Everybody can put his own interpretation on this fact. It is something which is hard to reconcile with the statement of Mr. Stedman (in his recent article on Whitman in *Scraper's Monthly*) that nobody is more talked about and read. One is inclined to suspect that there is more talk about him than there is reading of his books.

A contributor to the February number of the *Canadian Monthly* has dared, with sacerdotal hand, to attack the time-honored privilege of parents to "spank" their offspring. Filled, no doubt, with a keen sense of the danger he would incur were his act openly avowed, the essay which contains this social dynamite has been labelled "The Criminal of Creation," in hope to escape detection. But he will not escape. And yet probably he will not present a more saddening spectacle, or a more miserable picture of guilt and shame, than does the parent who has just completed the aforesaid "spanking" function and is caught *red-handed* in the act. It is more than doubtful if many parents will defend this during winter. It is equally certain all children will. He will have a grip on their affection which Grip would be slow to loosen. It is probably all the reward he will obtain.

If the professional authors do not look out they will be crowded from the field by writers who are merely amateurs in literature, though in some other art professionals. When the painters took to writing about art no outcry was raised, but now they rush into the editorial offices of the chief magazines with their MS., as well as the sketches of an important article. Messrs. Howard Pyle, W. H. Gibson, Blum, and Langren are now authors as well as illustrators. And the professional writer has to suffer the competition of actors as well as artists. Twice has an English Christmas annual been put forth filled with "copy" contributed by frequenters of the greenroom. Now, too, not content with making books, they must needs turn critic too—and review them. In a recent issue of the *New York Times* was a three column article by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, eulogizing the little book on the Historion art recently published by the great French comedian, Coquelin.

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**Too Fresh.**



UR esteemed friend Bray of the Montreal Spectator is, we fear, a trifle too fresh. As some of our readers may not grasp the exact meaning of this familiar term, we will explain that it is an epithet usually applied to a clergyman who is in the habit of giving his own profession a back-handed slap occasionally in order that he may secure the applause of the church-despising world, and win the reputation of being "liberal" In the last number of the Spec. for example we find this, in an article on Carlyle :

"From thoughts of the ministry to the teaching of mathematics was a turn, to be expected of the man who had been gifted with a hate of hypocrisy."

We wouldn't like to say that Bro. Bray is not gifted with this "hate of hypocrisy" himself, but if he is, why don't he step down and out of the pulpit? The term "too fresh" is also applicable to an editor who writes like this :

"I am glad to hear that there is a movement on foot in Toronto for the early closing of public houses on Saturday evenings."

Everybody else knows that this "movement" resulted in law long, long ago; and that the present agitation amongst the Licensed Vics. has exactly the opposite object.

**A Good Word for Halifax.**



EAR GRIP.—You, no doubt, will think with me that it is reasonable, nay, the imperative duty of Ontario to support the claim of Halifax to become the winter port of the Dominion.

When the excessive liberality of the people of Halifax is considered, I don't see how any one can think differently.

Possibly it is not generally known that when a commercial traveler offers goods for sale in Halifax, by sample, he is at once and very properly arrested by the strong arm of the law and put into gaol, there to remain until his principals pay \$100 fine for each and every offence.

Is it likely that such business liberality can be overlooked by the Government?

Yours truly,  
AN UPTER PROVINCE DRUMMER.



**The Lost Game.**

SIR JOHN.—You might as well give it up, my hon. friend. I've got my men crossed, and they'll soon take possession of the alternate blocks!

**Prof. Henry Toole Whind, the Canadian Patriot.**

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Excellency:—I am a patriot. My heart burns with love of my country.

I am a man of honor, and am above doing a mean thing, or seeing my beloved country do a mean thing.

Please keep the above in mind, as you may be tempted to doubt my patriotism and virtue.

I was employed by the Minister of Marine to compile an index of the papers used before the Halifax Commission, and took occasion to make myself acquainted with their contents. I discovered that there were discrepancies between the statistics from the Canadian records and the Provincial records, and that these differences made the Canadian case look better than it should. Of course I assumed that the Provincial records were right and the Canadian wrong, and, to show my patriotism, I went to the British and Canadian agents and informed them of the facts. They never paid me a cent for the information.

And then, still determined to make my patriotism count, I went to the United States representative and intimated that I could a tale unfold that would startle him. He said he had no money to pay for prying into the Canadian papers. At the mention of the word money, preceded by the negative "no" though it was, I turned my back upon him.

Then I went to Delfosse, the Belgian member of the Commission, and he never offered me a chair nor a cent, but stared at me in a curious and peculiar way, and said he didn't see that my statistics were anything to him.

Then I went to Sir Alex. Galt, and told him not to take that \$5,500,000, or I would expose the rivers of iniquity through which the Canadian officials had waded. He smiled, but never offered me a cent.

Firmly resolved, as a patriot, to prevent my country from getting these millions, as the price of fish that had never been exported (two quintals and a half), I packed my carpet-bag and went to London. I wrote to the Secretary for the Colonies for an interview, explaining to him the grave and momentous nature of the information I had to disclose, and he sent me word he hadn't time to see me!

I tried to get an interview with Lord Salisbury, and other members of the Government, by writing to them and trying to intercept them at their doors and in Downing-street, but got nothing but rebuffs, and kicks and cuffs from their servants, for my pains. "And this is the fate of a patriot!" I said to myself bitterly as I started for home, "I have tried to save my country, and she will not be saved."

I returned and laid the whole case before Sir John Macdonald. He winked once or twice, put his skinny finger alongside his corpulent nose, and said, "Blackmail, you scoundrel!

Get out of this office or I'll have you indicted!" I was overwhelmed with indignation. I would, of course, have relieved my country of the ignominy of keeping the \$50,000 or so which she got over and above what she was entitled to by accepting it myself and restoring it in some secret manner to the treasury at Washington, if Sir John had entrusted me with it—but blackmail, my lord, I'm above it.

Then I wrote to you, and was honored with a very curt acknowledgment of my letters from your Capt. Kidd.

I beg your Excellency to overlook the trifling irregularity I commit in addressing you through the medium of Guttr, and shall not be offended, I assure you, if your Capt. Kidd replies through the same distinguished medium.

I have the honor to assure your Excellency of the most distinguished consideration of your ever obedient and humble servant,

HENRY TOOLE WHIND.

**Old Favorites with New Faces.**

No. 1.—"WHEN FIRST WE MET."

She wore a Tam o' Shanter that morn when first we met. As we each went into Coleman's for a lunch a la faucelette; but her love for me had daily become lessened, not enlarged. It was this as Coleman's lunch beef, for which fifteen cents they charged, I saw her at that table, her hair dressed I know not how, All in frizzles, curls, and ringlets, with bangs upon her brow.

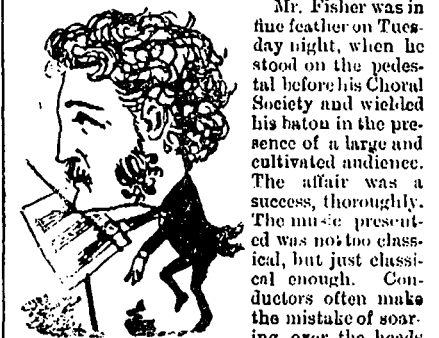
I met her at the Royal at a Wednesday matinee, On fair neck and arms and shoulders fell her loose hair *à la mode*. Half-reclining in the stage-box in soft languor of repose, With the plumpness of the partridge and the red blush of the rose.

Was that figure a delusion, was it carmine that she wore? Were her "toot si cum" the dentist's, are her tresses from the store?

This I know not, nor my feelings much concerns it if they were. How, I care not—to the gaze in the distance she is fair, He who loves to see her nearer—to be to him the process known, Powdered arms and padded figure, eyes of glass and teeth of bone! And since beauty is but skin-deep you and I are not above Meeting manufactured Woman with an artificial Love.

JIMP KRO.

**The Choral Society's Concert.**



Mr. Fisher was in fine feather on Tuesday night, when he stood on the pedestal before his Choral Society and wielded his baton in the presence of a large and cultivated audience. The affair was a success, thoroughly. The music presented was not too classical, but just classical enough. Conductors often make the mistake of soaring over the heads of their auditors; but Mr. Fisher's programme was made out after a careful diagnosis of Toronto's musical tympanum, and it suited the case exactly. Perhaps the most marked thing about the performance was the admirable time in which the chorus sang; the orchestra also deserves warm praise for their strict obedience to the baton. The soloists were Miss Hillary, Miss Lay (a decided acquisition to our city soprano), Miss Maddison, Mr. Beddoe, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Sherriif. In the words of His Worship, the young Mayor, Toronto has just cause to be proud of possessing two such musical organizations as the Choral and Philharmonic Societies, and it is to be hoped that our citizens will give them a generous and substantial support in their elevating work.



"One More River to Cross."

Ned Hanlan has nothing to do now but to cross the herring pond, take off his hat and bow and smile to the assembled thousands of his fellow-citizens, and retire for the rest of his days to enjoy *olium cum dig.*, in the palatial mansion which the generosity of his admirers has erected for him on—what street is this it's on? But, no matter. The cabman will be able to find it. He has finished a round of great exploits, and comes home laden with honours, sovereigns, and the *Sportsman* challenge cup. Mr. Grip congratulates him, and hopes he may long live to wear the laurels he has so nobly and so easily won.

"Shylock" at Ottawa.

When some member of the Commons in the recent debate expressed the fear that the Syndicate might be inclined to act in a hoggish manner if left free to do so, Sir Chas. Tupper calmed that member's mind and excused the loose wording of the contract by reminding the House that the Syndicate was composed of gentlemen who wouldn't think of doing anything mean or unworthy. Well, time is already beginning to show how much the childlike and confiding Minister knows about human nature. The Syndicate Shylock no sooner got the bond in his clutches—in fact he hadn't actually got it, only that he counted upon the Senate as a mere registering machine and took their consent for granted—than he began to show his teeth, and reveal a little of the avarice and greed which will before many years bring about one of the most glorious revolutions ever inaugurated by a tyrannized people. We refer to the treatment which the Toronto Board of Trade received at the hands of this party-made monster. On behalf of Ontario—a Province from whose pockets the wealth upon which this Monopoly will gorge itself is chiefly to come—the Board of Trade asked, not a great favor, but simply justice, in the matter of freight rates. It asked that the rates might be so fixed that the merchants of Toronto and Western Ontario might not be discriminated against. This request was so reasonable that Sir Charles Tupper instantly replied that it was agreed to. The good Minister thought he had the right to make this pledge; he thought the Syndicate would act like a decent gentleman. He didn't know that the Syndicate was a monster of his own creation, and that he was a powerless victim to its grasp. But so it proved. The President of the Board was requested to go to Ottawa, and on his arrival there the Minister of Railways ate humble pie in the presence of his Master, and the Shylock of the Pacific repudiated all he had promised on their behalf, and cast out the reasonable request of the people of Ontario in disdain Ontario's only business is to furnish the money—so the gentlemanly Monster says.

Parnell or Patrick

The Patron Saint of Ireland  
In blustering March soon claims his day;  
Devout and blushing still the band  
Who honors at his shrine shall pay.

Yet fourteen centuries can't but teach  
A few sad lessons in saint lore;  
And better late 'tis them to reach  
Than miss them till we are no more.

The holy man he cleansed the soil  
Of snakes and toads and vermin's all;  
'Twas with a twist—there was no toil—  
On heavenly powers he'd but to call.

But if he really had the power  
To work such miracles of grace,  
He, short of sight, saw not the hour  
When vermin worse should take their place.

He saw no landlords, saw no rents,  
The age-long pests of Ireland's saints,  
Else he had both with curse besprent,  
And saved the land which 'neath them faints.

Or,— Oh, that we should thus asperse!  
'Too chill was his benevolence!  
For though he saw and could disperse  
The nascent brood, he'd not the sense!

So, wanting sight, or love, or strength,  
The Saint blessed not the holy Isle,  
As might have been, and now at length  
The mischief works amain the while.

Parnell more blame than Patrick bears:  
Ye boys; your dear old Saint still trust:  
A noble nation for you cares—  
Rebellion would but grind to dust.

Our Opera Company.



The Toronto Opera Company gave three very successful performances of the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Grand Opera House last week. They were successful artistically as well as financially, and the general feeling of those who witnessed them was one of pride that our city can boast of ladies and gentlemen so well qualified to entertain us in the dramatic art. The smoothness which characterized the presentation of the piece was the result of long and conscientious practice, and much praise is due to Mr. Taskor, the indefatigable young conductor, under whose baton the *Chimes* went so melodiously. The company was fortunate in having thoroughly competent soloists. Miss Peppworth, who took the leading soprano part, possesses a very sweet voice, and her performance done credit to the opera house. Mrs. Cooper, as her part with all demanded, and hers allotted to her Mr. Drummond, exhibited a voice of and pleasing quality. The miser, is one that taxes the ability of a first-class character actor, and considering this it was done most creditably by the gentleman to whom it was entrusted on this occasion. The chorus and orchestra furnished a satisfactory support to the leading players, the orchestra being augmented by the regular musicians of the Grand. We trust the company will make another appearance before long. Rumor is already whispering that they have an operetta in rehearsal. We trust the old dame is no further astray than usual.



Toronto is full of thieves from the States at present. When they get into a mess over there they find this a good place to run to.



Boulbee and the Curse.

The illustrious statesman whose classic countenance is presented in this little sketch is usually referred to by the papers in terms of disparagement. This penalty he pays for his prominence in common with nearly all the noble and progressive minds of the race, but he goes on his way unmindful of the cruelty or contempt with which he is treated. Nature has gifted him with a face, and especially a moustache, that is peculiarly adapted to the expression of scorn, and he wears them both in that shape systematically. At present Mr. Boulbee is being attacked because he has introduced a Bill to choke off the Scott Act, or, as some of his journalistic foes put it, "A Bill for the Encouragement of Drunkenness." This Bill provides that the Scott Act cannot be submitted in any municipality without the consent of a clear majority of voters on the list. It is meant for the public good. The fact that Mr. Boulbee is its author ought to settle that point. Mr. Grip has therefore carefully looked into the matter to discover wherein the Bill would benefit the public, and of course he has made the discovery, and jots down the following items for the benefit of Mr. Boulbee's bloodthirsty enemies:—1. It will prevent Scott Act agitations and thus save the valuable wind of Mr. King Dodds; 2. It will stimulate the building of factories for the manufacture of voters' lists; 3. It will lead to the employment of thousands of clerks, &c., who will invariably be friends of the party in power; 4. and chiefly, it will prove to the electors of East York that their member is not a useless voting-machine, as some of them may think, but an enlightened statesman, devoting his splendid intellect to the service of his country.

The concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art," in Scribner for March, will be devoted to American, Spanish, and French painters in Paris, and illustrated, as before, with rapid studio sketches, giving some idea of the artists' way of working. Frere's "Sketching-sledge," Ducz's "Sea-shore Studio," and Knight's "Glass Studio" suggest some odd expedients. The sketches this month are by Jourdain, Alfred Stevens, Rico, Knight, Egusquiza, Olivie, Madrazo, Renie, Gonzalez, and Henry Bacon (who also will write the text).

We have carefully scanned the cartoons of GRIP during the progress of the C. P. Syndicate to see if we could possibly detect on what side of the political fence he leaned, and we are compelled to confess that thus far we have not been able to determine. We have been delighted with his bold, manly pencil strokes, though at times he struck our party as we think very hard. Grip's cartoon of last week is a capital pencil sketch of the present bearing of the Syndicate question on the general elections of 1883. We wish Grip success in the fearless assertion of his own individuality and convictions.—*Newburgh Reporter.*



## THE CONTRACT SWALLOWED.

(A SEQUEL TO CARTOON JAN. 1ST, 1881.)

SIR JOHN.—“YES, IT'S DOWN SURE ENOUGH, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WON'T DIGEST!”

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

There is a cockroach that makes his home on our desk that has got more sense than a delinquent subscriber. He—if it is a he one; we are not clear as to that—comes out and sits on the side of the paste dish, and draws in a long breath. If the paste is fresh he eats it and wiggles his polonaise as much as to thank us, and goes away refreshed. If the paste is sour, and smelly bad, he looks at us with a mournful expression, and goes away looking as though it was a mighty mean trick to play on a cockroach, and he runs about as though he was offended. When a package of wedding cake is placed on the desk he is the first one to find it out, and he sits and waits till we cut the string, when he goes into it and walks all over the cake till he strikes the bridal cake, when he gets onto it, stands on his head and seems to say, "Yum, yum," and he is as tickled as a girl with a fresh beau. There is a human nature in a cockroach. When a man comes in and sits around with no business, or any busy day, and asks questions, and stays and keeps us from working, the cockroach will come out and sit on the inkstand and look cross at the visitor as much as to say, "Why don't you go away about your business and leave the poor man alone so he can get out some copy, and not keep us all around here doing nothing?" But when the paper is out, and there is a look of cheerfulness about the place, and we are anxious to have friends call, the cockroach flies around over the papers and welcomes each caller as pleasantly as he can and seems to enjoy it. One day the paste smelled pretty bad and we poured about a spoonful of whiskey in it and stirred it up. The cockroach came out to breakfast and we never saw a person seem to enjoy the meal any more than the cockroach did. It seemed as though he couldn't get enough paste. Pretty soon he put one hand to his head and looked cross-eyed. He tried to climb down off the paste dish and fell over himself and turned a flip-flap to the bottom paper. Then he looked at us in a sort of mysterious way, winked one eye as much as to say, "You think you are smart don't you, old baldy?" Then he put one hand to his forehead as if in meditation and staggered off into a drawer, coming out presently with his arm around another cockroach, and he took him to the paste pot and he filled up too, and then they locked arms and paraded up and down on the green cloth of the desk as though singing, "We won't go home till morning," and they kicked over the steel pens and acted a good deal like politicians after a caucus. Finally some remark was made by one of them that didn't suit, and they pitched in and had the worst fight that ever was, after which one rushed off as if after a policeman and the other staggered into his hole, and we saw no more of our cockroach till the next morning, when he came out with one hand on his head and the other on his stomach, and after smelling of the paste and looking sick he walked off to a bottle of seltzer water and crawled up to the cork and looked around with an expression so human that we uncorked the bottle and let him in, and he drank as though he had been eating codfish. Since that day he looks at us a little suspicious, and when the paste smells peculiar he goes and gets another cockroach to eat some of it first, and he watches the effect.

Now, you wouldn't believe it, but that cockroach can tell, the minute he sees a man, whether the man has come in with a bill, or has come in to pay money. We don't know how he does it, but when a man has a bill the cockroach begins to look solemn and mournful, and puts his hands to his eyes as though weeping. If a man comes in to pay money the cockroach looks glad, a smile plays around his

mouth, and he acts kitterny. He acts the most human when ladies come into the office. If a book agent comes in he makes no attempt to show his disgust. One day an old person came in with a life of Garfield and laid it on the table, opened to the picture of the candidate, and left it. The cockroach walked through the violet ink and got his feet all covered, and then he walked all over the book, and left his mark. The woman saw the tracks, and thought we had signed our name, and she said she was sorry we had written our signature there, because she had another book for subscribers' names. When a handsome lady comes in the cockroach is in his element, and there is a good deal of proud flesh about him. He puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and walks around. One day we put our face up to a deaf young lady to speak to her, and the cockroach looked right the other way, and seemed to be busy looking over an old copy of the *Christian Statesman*, but when he found that we only yelled at the lady, he winked as much as to say, "Well, how did I know?" O, that cockroach is a thoroughbred—*Peck's Sun*.

A Parliamentary Symposium.

A NIGHT WITH THE JOVIAL JOKERS OF THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

The evening sitting was over—the Chamber was cleared and silence brooded over the arena of intellectual gladiatorship where but lately the sonorous voice of a Lauder woke the echoes but conspicuously failed to perform the same operation for the somnolent occupants of the back seats. The reporters had folded their manuscript, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away—also pencils, foolscap, inkstands, &c., duly charged to the Contingent Fund. But in the refreshment room were gathered a few of the choicer spirits who sought recuperation after the toils of the day, and whiled away an hour with jest and song. A light repast was spread upon the board, and the fragrance of steaming glasses circled upwards to the ceiling.

"Pass the ham to Deroche, he is looking hamously at it," said Grip-on.

"No don't—don't on any account," observed Meredith, "That is, not unless you want to make him mad."

"And why should it make him mad?" queried Merrick.

"Why," returned the eminent counsel for the Biddulphers, "his name might tell you that—Hammel Madden Deroche."

There was a pause of solemn silence during which you might have heard a rolling pin drop, then a faintly appreciative smile dawned on the features of Badgerow and Tooley, then a tentative snicker from Moses Springer, and finally a wild explosive roar intermingled with deprecatory groans that shook the rafters in a way which would have scared Kivas Tully into sending for a contractor right away to put in some more supports and iron braces and things. The joke was a success.

"The usual fine!" said Wood, who officiated as symposiarch, and the waiters stepped forward and re-filled the glasses.

"By the way, Cook," said Waterworth, "I meant to have spoken ahead of you this evening. I rose three times but the Speaker didn't seem to see me."

"I caught the Speaker's eye first, you understand," replied the member addressed.

"Caught his eye? But I yelled out 'Mr. Speaker' as loud as I could holler before you opened your mouth. It's not right."

"No!—well, perhaps it isn't, for this thing of who shall have the floor is all a matter of, not of right, but of caught-'is-eye."

Cries of "Explain!"

Mr. Cook said he had nothing to explain or retract, but he noticed that some gentlemen had smoked out their cigars, and if the matter could be satisfactorily settled by the distribution of a fresh supply, all right.

His apology was accepted.

"Now this," said Tooley, sipping the beverage as he drew a match along the under side of the table, "is really a very good article of old rye. It has a bouquet which titillates the susceptibilities of the connoisseur by its aromatic pungency."

"Yes, I notice it has a *je ne sais quoi* which is entirely *comme il faut*," remarked Watterworth, sneeringly.

"Whiskey," continued Tooley in a meditative strain, seemingly unmindful of the jeer, "while excessive indulgence is always to be avoided—"

General chorus, "Oh, of course!"

"Nevertheless taken in moderation—in strict moderation you understand—cheers the drooping and downcast spirit, brightens the intellect, warms the heart, and sheds athwart our hours of social converse that genial glow which nothing else can excite. In comparison therewith, what, oh what is Watterworth?"

General exclamation and applause.

"Ask us an easy one," said the Treasurer. "Meanwhile you are fined the customary penalty. Here waiter!"

A lull in the conversation here ensued for minutes, when the Symposiarch rose and reminded the company that a few days since a passage-at-arms had taken place between Messrs. Creighton and Fraser over the alleged delay of the Government and their very natural reluctance to proceed with business on the night of the Speaker's dinner. As both gentlemen were present they would favor the company with a duet recalling the affair. (Enthusiastic plaudits.)

Mr. Creighton motioned an attendant to bring him his trusty lute, and after thumping its strings for some seconds, seated himself on a back of a chair and warbled as follows in a mellow contralto voice:—

Oh dear what can the matter be?  
Oh dear what can the matter be?  
Oh dear what can the matter be?

Parliament don't set to-night

They promised to bring up their measures so rapid,  
But so far we've merely had twaddle that's rapid,  
And now I declare that the climax is capped,  
The people will rise in their night.

Oh dear what can the matter be?  
Oh dear what can the matter be?  
Oh dear what can the matter be?

Parliament don't set to-night.

They told us this time we should have a short session,  
Delay such as this is a serious transgression,  
To my wrath it behooves me to give full expression,  
Alas 'tis no cause for delight!

Mr. Fraser then took the weapon and after the usual preliminary flourishes, executed the following in the Lig' est style of operatic art:—

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
And Creighton has got no invite.

So that is the cause of our friend's consternation,  
He think that he ought to have had invitation,  
And ripping and tearing he calls on the nation,  
The thing has disgruntled him quite.

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,  
And Creighton has got no invite.

The critics and carpers may howl as they please to,  
A good solid gorge is a fine thing to freeze to,  
So let Creighton rave if it gives him some ease to,  
And we will just laugh at the sight.

Loud applause rewarded the performers and shortly afterwards the gathering broke up.

Dr. Bergin is one of our sapient M. P.'s, only he is rather more sapient than his colleagues. He has published a speech, full of "cheers" and "laughter," in his local paper, without taking the trouble of first delivering it in the House. Plumb and the other orators are laughing at him, but the worthy doctor feels that he has the country at his back. He has taken this course out of regard for the public's feelings, and if a score of other M. P.'s would follow his examples, and spare Hansard the trouble of reporting their vapouring, they would deserve the thanks of all concerned.



**For the Personal Column.**

*Scene.—Office of the Evening Terrible.*

Lady of uncertain age.—“Say that True and Faithful would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.”

**Light Wanted!**

BACKBOREYONT, HERCANA, Feb. 1st, 1881.

DEAR MAISTER EDITOR,

Gie me a grip o' yer han', a gude honest grip, just to convince me that I'm no dreamin'. Ye see I've been etlin' this while back to gang to the Nor'-West, in the notion o' gettin' a bit grund tae mak a tail yairdie. But last week, just as I was layin' my plans, in staps Sandie McWhustle wi' the paper in's hand. “I'll be hanged,” says he, “if that auld Myfistofeeles hasna' gane an sell't the kintra.” “Sit doon, Sandie, sit doon, sauld the kintra?” “Sauld her to the deevil, body an' soul,” he roared, bringin' doon his fist on the table wi a thud that made a' the dishes dirl. “The beautiful young kintra we were a' sue prood o' gein up completely to the tender mercies o' a curst monopoly that'll sook her like a vampire. It's no the siller I grudge, although, dear knows, they're gettin' twa'ree million ower muckle o' that; but it's the poorer, the awfu' poorer, it pits into the hands o' thae gusp'in' speekilators to do just what they like an' to let alane what they dinna like. Mair an, waur, to mak the tariff, and rule the roost ower a' the ether railways in the Dominion forsooth dictatin' tae a free people what they'll due an pay; an' veto everything generally. Lord sake, Tam! fancy anybody proposin' to sell Auld Scotland like that! Be thankit we can aye say “that is my ain, my native land.” I tell ye, Tam, thae feckless Canadians are the very Esnaus o' the nineteenth century, to sell their birthright for a mess o' parricht in the shape o' a railway that their ain folks offered to build for less siller an *uae monopoly*. Afore I wud gang tae the Nor'-West to be syndicated tae by a wheen irresponsible speekilators I'd bide whaur I am. But, its—

“Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!”  
 “Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!”  
 “The deil he'll fiddle, the T'ses'll dance!”  
 “Oot o' that, in three-an-aichty Tam!”

An' wi' that Sandie danced oot o' the house, snappin' his fingers an' hoochin' like an incarnate reel o' Tullochgorm. Noo, my dear Gurr, Sandie's no a drinker ava, in fact he's a Scott Act man, an I canna account for the terrible misunderstanding he's under wi' regard tae this matter. Of course, you an me ken vere weel, the kintra would never submit to be shackled hand an' fit in this manner; but naething I could say would convince him like twa'ree lines frae you, assuring him that the whole thing was a lee, gotten up by an ill-natured Grit paper, to hurt poorer Sir John in his auld age. Noo, ye'll no' forget to seart a line or twa, to tell Sandie he's a' wrang, and that our adapted kintra is as frae as geiver she was frae syndicates. I am, yours sincerely,

TAMMAS CAGANNY.

**Our Grip Sack.**

Hard cash—silver.  
 A blocked game—checkers.  
 The weathercock is a vano bird.  
 Wanted—a key for a canal lock.  
 Our floating population—sailors.  
 Laycock doesn't c-row so much as he did.  
 Pen-sive slang—Well, I should ream mark.

A man of letters—J. B. T. Jr. Q. C. D. C. L. M. F.

Photographers take the world just as it comes.

Bakers are the most persistent loafers in the world.

Good name for a member of Parliament—Frank.

A paragrapher never died from sheer exhaustion.

The facetious individual is not necessarily a man of check.

A party we know in this town is “Thuratin” for newspaper fame.

Some of our M. P.'s are not over honest, but they are all extremely frank.

A New York candy manufacturer advertises that his goods are in everybody's mouth.

“What do you think anyway about the Canadian Syndi— Biff! Bang! Help! Police!”

St. Valentine day is followed closely by April 1st, and then the fools will have a good rest until next year.

Mrs. Garfield says her husband is obstinate. We suppose Jim learned this trait from the canal mules.

The *Mail* says Mr. Wallace is a man of “retiring disposition.” True, just before the vote on a main motion.

The jury has acquitted Carroll, but public opinion refuses to acquit the *Globe* for its share in the Biddulph atrocities, as exemplified by its ferocious “cuts.”

A New York physician has announced that sealskin saepines are the best lung protectors known. Since the announcement consumption has become epidemic among the females of that city.

The editor of the *Hamilton Times* clamours for “Honest milk!” This is very unflial on his part, and besides, we always thought the *Times* man had been weaned.

Mrs. Scott Siddons was recently thrown from her sleigh at Youngstown, O. Had it been Youngstown, N. Y., we should have thought that she was doing the “Falls” in winter. She is said to be recovering, but if she sees this she never will!

Theodore Thomas, in an excellently written paper in the *March Scribner*, after discussing some of the bad methods of musical culture in this country, says: I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough, to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice “sounded like common sense.”



**Mr. Mowat's Tactics.**

Mr. Mowat, the Premier of Ontario, has never been compared with the Premier of the Dominion as a tactician, though if recent performances may be taken to settle the question, any unbiased judge would assuredly declare Oliver the winner. Premiers have resorted to many queer expedients in order to carry measures, but our local Prime Minister has hit upon one which so far as we know is unique and unprecedented, in connection with the Judicature Bill. The old plans for carrying such a measure were divers, such as buying up the opponents, talking against time, or “calling in the members.” Mr. Mowat's plan is much simpler and equally effective. It is merely to make the Bill so voluminous that the members on both sides will be only too glad to let it pass without a division. The task of reading such a Bill, much less mastering its details, is considered worth far more than the sessional allowance, and hence all the members vote for it. But of course this trick can only be played by a Premier whose character for honesty and ability is such that everybody can trust him.

**The Canadian Navy.**

QUEBEC, February, 1881.

MOX CHER MONSIEUR LE GRIP.—Une grande chance for les artists Canadiens is dis old sheep “Chrybdees,” dat is coming ver soon, ven de veuther is so fine dat she can sail on ze water. Un gentilhomme, he say—la belle Canadienne she say, “Vy don't you paint un grande picture? un grande tableau dat means somet'ing?” Je comprend. “Pardonnez moi leste mees, eberyting is moueh nouveau. Dere is no l'histoire, no muratit, no meaning in anyting in Canada. Vous paint and paint bons tableaux—ver good—but no tail, no anecdote, no noting dat is old.”

Den les bons Anglais, dey say, “Vat peety, de pauvres artists Canadiens haf no models de l'histoire, no old sheep to paint.” Den dey send dis “Chrybdees,” vat vous call “old hulky.” Ver ancienne—ver sad—toute rodens, going all to petits morceaux. So old they not sail her in de venter, ver mooch afraid she sink. She be goot modele a la old Temeraire for les pauvres artists Canadiens. Now dere will be less grande tableaux ven les artists come to paint “la Chrybdees” getting towed (vat you call) into port. Une grande idee! Vive l'art Canadienne! Les Anglais haf dere “fighting Temeraire.” Now de Canooks vill haf “la fighting Chrybdees” from le peeg-tale contree. Ah! Monsieur le Grip, l'histoire! le meaning! (vat you call) “intense,” dat vill be in les tableaux den. Les Anglais goot,—bons—ver goot to send “rotton hulky” glorieux, to les pauvres Canadiens who haf not anyting vat is ancienne. Twigez-vous? Bon voyage “Chrybdees!” Monsieur le Grip, au revoir!

JACQUES LE COQ.

A sea-sick pugilist was never known to throw up the sponge.

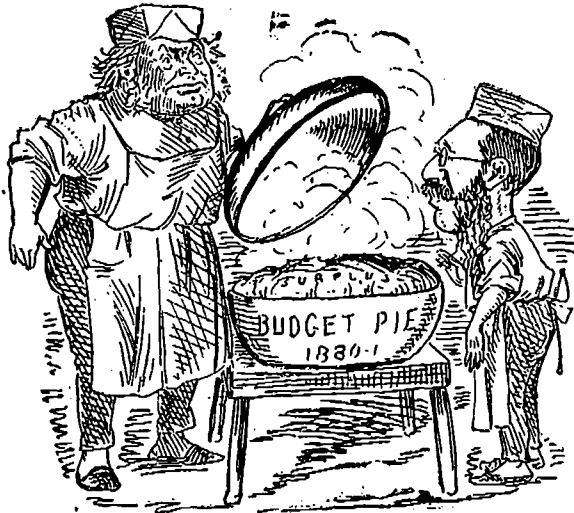
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A COOKING LESSON.

DICK, THE APPRENTICE.—"I'll never be able to cook like that!"



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