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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest least is the Lin; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Volume Sixteen!

Mr. GRIP, with the rare generosity and self-abnegation which is characteristic of him, devotes his present number to the glorification of HANLAN; whereas, a less modest bird would devote it to the celebration of a greater event than the championship race, to wit, the anniversary of a new volume. This is number One of Volume sixteen, and GAR goes on just as if nothing unusual had happened. If our public men behave themselves, they will find this a Sweet Sixteen; otherwise—but let us wait and see!

The Boat Race.

And behold, in the time that the good Queen reigned over all that country known as "Britannicus," and while it was yet late in the season, it was known abroad throughout all the world from the mountains of the Great West called Rocky, even unto the towns of the followers of CONROGON that the great boat race was to take place, and the one of them was him known of men as the Antipodean Cornstalk, whose title was the "Greatest on Earth," seeing he had overthrown him whose name was like unto a part of the accountments of the war-horse, and the other was a resident of a far-off Island lying over against the town of Muddy York, the same is known as Toronto in our day, and who likewise possessed great renown among men, inasmuch as his enemies were fain to throw themselves into the troubled waters before that the strife was over, and to saw in pieces their boats before that the strife had commenced, and both were men of great valour, and their boastings were like unto the thunder of thunders for the loudness thereof, but the boasting of him called Cornstalk, was the loudest because of his greater sizeableness, and the tumult was great throughout the land, and the multitudes assembled were as the sands of the desert for numerosity. For with him called Cornstalk came many of his brethren, their pouches filled with money of gold and of silver, and script of various kinds, and there also were of the nation of the Franks and Blue Noses, and they of the tribe of Canucks and Hoosters, and Suckers, and of the nation of Yankoes many, and also of the land of Maine, the same drink not of the intoxicating bowl, and chief among all the multitude was he known as the "Saratoga Blower," and his blowing was like unto the blowing of the whale, so great was the noise thereof, and it continued even until he was set upon by the shield bearer of the Antipodean, who smote him and laid him on the shelf and his noise was heard no more in the Land, whereat there was great rejoicing. And it came to pass while these things were going on, that two of the tribe of Canucks, dwellers in the town of Muddy York, took counsel with each other, and the one said, I will put up my pile on HANLAN for great have been his victories; and he is sure to win for the earth possesses not his like, and the other said

not so; for he hath stitches in his side and the others ways are the paths of righteousnes. Truly, therefore, my dust shall be on his head. Then gathered they together all their wealth shokels of gold and talents of silver, and money of paper; and they gave their property into the hands of the resurer, and their summer raiment, unto him of the three golden Balls, and with the wealth thus obtained they hid them to a caravansery, known unto nations as "The Headquarters," and when they got there they found a vast multitude crying "Put up or shut up," and they quickly put up, and they slept not that night, and Lo! in the morning while it was still early, the news came that he who had been least was greatest, yea, verily, that "Hanlan had won." Then he who had taken no account of side stitches, but had stacked his pile on the "Canuck," rejoiced muchly and was filled with vanity, because of his great foresight, and "set 'em up" for the multitude, but he who had bet on the Cornstalk lifted up his voice and wept, and turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted, because he had not that whorewith to buy sackcloth wherein to mourn, and he cursed himself for his excessive greenness, and called himself the father of all asses for being so utterly soon and beforehand in his calculations, and he avoided all his creditors; for them of small size he crossed the street, but for they of large size he went way around the block, and this he did according to the weight of their heftiness and the degree of their dangorousness, and the voice of his mourning was long heard throughout the land.

Selah.

TIMOTHY.

Grip and Grit.

The able and esteemed pastor of the Western Congregational Church has been delivering a lecture with the euphonious but perhaps somewhat suspicious title of "Grip and Grit." We seize this early opportunity of stating distinctly that the reverend gentleman's remarks had no reference to this paper, nor to a certain moribund political party; nor did he attempt to establish any moral or other connection between the two by the use of this conjunction. Mr. SILCOX is too intelligent a man to imagine that Grip and Grit are convertible terms poetically, any more than they are etymologically. In his lecture he defined "Grip" to mean that which lays hold, and "Grit," that which keeps hold. Now, it is true that this journal *does* lay hold, as many of the corruptious and humbugs know full well. But "Grit," as a political party, cannot be said to keep hold, so far at least as office is concerned. The lecturer was simply dealing with two colloquial terms of northern origin, and a very instructive discourse he is said to have been given. One point which he made is worthy of emphatic repetition, namely, that many fail in life for want of "Grip." This is true—and it teaches that everybody ought to subscribe without delay.

Notes from Our Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP—One of the greatest of the great attractions of this Canada of ours, is Deer Hunting. Now I am partial to sport, so last week I took to the woods with my friend ADOLPHE. Arriving at our destination away back in the north, we joined our native friends, loaded up our canoes, and paddled up to our camp ground on the shore of a beautiful lake. The next morning the sun rose most gloriously; the lake was like a sheet of glass; the woods along the margin were mirrored on the surface of the water in all their primeval grandeur; and the frail canoe appeared to gently veer its way through the virgin forest. Nature was in her loveliest mood, and our demijohn of Appolinaris water was just splendid. Our native guide, philosopher, and friend, put out the dogs, and ADOLPHE and I went to our allotted station at

the mouth of a "narrows" to watch. Now you are probably aware that whilst watching, you must not discharge your gun, as it is a signa either that the deer is in the water at that point, or that the watchers can return to camp. This fact seems to be perfectly well known to the small game, for ducks floated around us and quacked defiantly just out of reach of the paddles, and once while we were tossing off a drop of Appolinaris an impertinent old rabbit came to the edge of the water, quietly and set down on his abbreviated narrative, placed a paw on the side of his nose and positively winked. After patiently watching for about an hour, the thing began to grow monotonous and ADOLPHE settled himself for a comfortable snooze in the bow. In a short time companionship overcame duty, and after seating myself in the bottom of the canoe, and throwing my feet up on the thwart, and resting my head on the stern with my hat over my eyes, I had just dropped off into a happy dreamland, a sort of Maumet Paradise and demi-johns, when there was a rush, and a roar, and a terrific splash right beside us. ADOLPHE awoke, and with admirable presence of mind made a jump to get out of the way. He did get out of the way, and so did our canoe, and before I had time to get out of paradise, and realise what was up, I got out of the canoe and discovered myself down on my hands and knees, covered with confusion and three feet of particularly cold and insinuating fluid. As we crawled out on the shore, a magnificent buck did the same on the opposite shore. Thoroughly disgusted with what some people call sport we hastened to the camp, dried ourselves; bid adieu to the woods, and lakes, and bounding deer; and took a farewell look at the rockbound shore, against whose hard, majestic, and perpendicular side, the ruffled waters chant the everlasting requiem of the past. Exactly. Thank you, don't care if I do. Just a leetle gin.

GADDY.

Telephones Tapped.

WHAT OUR EAVESDROPPER HEARD OF TOWN.

Globe Office: J. GORDON BROWN loquiter:—Hello, central office! Hello! Connect me with SANDY MACKENZIE!

Hello MACKENZIE! How do you feel just now! Is that so? Well I feel a little quor myself.

Yes, I believe he's going to call the House together to talk over this Syndicate business.

I think so too; in fact I don't think we can till we get a better follow than BLAKE.

Oh no, you're mistaken. He hasn't been here since I took charge.

Well, I don't know, do you think we could manage that without exciting the suspicion of the party? What's that you say?

Now, now, now, MACKENZIE, are you giving me this in solemn, sober earnest?

If it wasn't yourself at the other end of the telephone, I wouldn't believe it.

MACKENZIE I can't hear you smile, are you laughing at me?

Then you think the PRINCESS will be back here, herself, by that time?

And you are certain the MAJOR isn't coming back?

Heaven be thanked for that anyway.

Yes, I made \$34.00 on it. How did you stand?

Just you fancy 9 lengths.

At this period the conversation became general and the interest ceased.

MR. R. GRAHAM, General Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society for the Diocese of Manchester, is coming to Canada about the middle of December, for the purpose of enquiring into the working of our liquor laws, and delivering lectures on the cause. MR. GRAHAM is said to be an excellent speaker, and no doubt he will meet a hearty reception from the friends of total abstinence in this country.

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