

proceeding with vigor, and axes are always on the grind. I had not time to examine the soil, but was informed by Mr. MCKELLAR it is chiefly a rich, deep muck, of unascertained depth, and exhaustless fertility. The WHELLAMS and CROOKS beetles not long ago put in their appearance, but was treated to killing doses of CAMERON and HARRIS or GREEN, and they have not shown themselves since. A very ingenious and powerful slaughter-machine, (nicknamed by the country people, *the stabber*.) has been patented by the proprietor of the Bay Tree farm in this district, for putting to death boars, and other animals, with as little prolongation of their sufferings as possible. The operations are directed specially to a vital point under the fifth rib. Some of the animals squeak a good deal when they are subjected to it, nevertheless it is generally looked upon by practical philanthropists as a useful and humane instrument. The "boss" of this Bay-street farm, is an energetic party, sometimes known as *sit-upon-the-valve*, on account of his proclivity for keeping the boilers always at bursting point, to the terror of the establishment. The crops in this district are good, especially the general news crop which is under careful and experienced culture. Telegrams are well weeded, with corresponding augmentation of weight.

SUN.—This is an agricultural district, of moderate area with a good head and smart body of settlers, whose crops promise an abundant yield. An active little beetle called the *sunskit* is found here—but does no damage, merely browsing lightly, on the surface of the produce. Indeed several old farmers assured me there "was no mischief in the critter—not a bit," and that they liked to watch it sporting about, and taking a nibble here and there, while they smoked their pipes under their verandahs. The *editorials* here, are very full in the grain. While I was on my visit a drummer from the *Globe* district called with a sample of his cucumber-editorial-cultivator, "for sale, or hire," and seemed surprised when the *Sun* farmers told him they grew their own *editorials* in the open fields, without artificial aid. They assured him his machine would not pay his expenses there, but drew his attention to a new scheme they had just noticed in the papers for compressing chicory powder into coffee beans.

LEADER.—This is a long-settled locality, inhabited chiefly by U.S. Loyalists, Greenwich pensioners, Dry as dusts, Ancient Protestant prentice boys, and bucolic sexagenarians from all countries. The old fellows, though they have to stand a little chaff at times from the younger and more enterprising agriculturists in other localities, take it all in good part, and seem still active and strong, "Slow" as they are called, their crops, *entre nous* seemed to me very little behind those of their *confreres*. "Rotation" is perhaps not so well understood or appreciated in the district as is desirable, there seems to be a singular fancy too for emulating the neighbouring *Globe* agriculturists in *paste* and *scissors* of a leafy and unprofitable sort. But amanuenses are not cultivated, and the crops of editorials have a good appearance. Altogether the old boys if they might make a better show, might make a worse one.

NATION.—This far district comprises only a single farm, laid out, and cultivated by the proprietor on a plan of his own, which is continually subjecting him to gratuitous advice and molestation from outsiders. The two foremen bosses from the *Globe* parts particular are always peeping through his palings, and when they see him sowing grain, or hoeing corn they shout:—"You're not putting enough pounds to the acre," or "your hoe-handle ought to point N.N.W. by East!"—which is rather amusing to the acquaintances of the supposed eccentric chap who knows that he forgets more every day of his life about everything than all the fellows in the *Globe* district ever learned about anything since they were knee-high to a grasshopper. In this district a speciality is made of one or two crops, and little is attempted in other walks. Choiceness of production in a limited area is the object aimed at. Telegrams, reports, amusements, mythologies and cardinal principles, are not sown. Editorials are the main crop, and present a good shew. A small hand garden-engine is kept on the premises for regaling the two *Globe* foremen with a little "cold pig," when they are peeping through the palings, and the "boss" wants a little recreation.

The Toronto Press Galaxy.

(By the editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.)

A visitor to Toronto, after plunging his eye into an abyss of concentric semicircles and promenading his binocle over the upper tiers of the Gallery at the Grand Opera House, will naturally wonder what he has been doing, when in the morning he settles his observation on the little table below the judgement seat of Mr. MCNAB where the reporters do congregate. These are the men who supply the otherwise barren minds of Torontonians with ideas. A "drunk" is committed to durance vile and the fact is inscribed on snowflakes of "copy" by the flying pencils, 'ere the culprit leaves the dock. Not a hole in a sidewalk can escape their vision. All are men of education and culture, and considering their rare advantages of appreciation, we wonder that our leading papers in addition to their reporters' staff do not employ photographic artists to register Mondaily the thousand incidents of the City Council. On this subject we have heard the following anecdote.

(GRIP omits this. He declines to pay for reprint from JOE MILLER.)

THE SUN SKIT URCHIN



was originally employed on the staff of the *Christian Guardian* where his talents for polemic theology attracted the attention of JIMUEL BRIGGS who was at that time engaged in endeavouring to substitute a more serious style of articles for the light and frivolous ones for which that paper was then noted. He afterwards became dramatic critic of the *Montreal Witness* and left this for his present position on the *Sun* in 1840.

JIMUEL BRIGGS

was born in Muskoka and educated at the University of Cobocok. He filled the editorial chair of the *Church Herald* for some years, but left that paper in consequence of its opposition to the temperance cause which he has always powerfully advocated in his writings. His letters to the *Mail* and *National* will afford the most reliable records of the secret political history of Ontario to future ages.

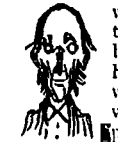


JAMES BEATY

a frequent contributor to the columns of GRIP, is of an ancient U. E. Loyalist family, and his powerful communications to the *Globe* have done much to stamp out the growing republicanism of the "Canada First" party. As a writer of humorous verses he has but few equals, and the satirical novel of "Bluebell" is attributed to his pen.



EDWARD FARRER



was born at Bundoran near Tullehan and educated at Coula-toura. Is not only distinguished in the paths of journalism, but invented goldline, designed several new features in upholstery, including a canoe couch damask which received the warm admiration of no less a connoisseur than the late Provincial Secretary. In addition to these qualifications he painted a picture for the same gentleman which, under the name of "Little Mrs. —" has been extensively admired and copied. Is understood to be preparing a biography of the Hon. E. B. WOOD, for the *Canadian Monthly*.

We have received the biographies of a number of other gentlemen including those of Messrs. GEORGE BROWN, T. C. PATTESON, C. W. A. DEDRICKSON and other less distinguished characters, but we must remind them that, although we are willing to allow all gentlemen to write their own lives as they would wish them represented, we require payment at the usual advertising rates for the biography and require a dozen copies of this number to be taken (also on the prepayment system) as remuneration for the portraits, which have given much trouble to the artist specially engaged for the purpose.

Croaks and Pecks

A very retired person—The Hon. A. MCKELLAR.

MCKELLAR has resigned, and the people feel resigned.—So it's as broad as it's long.

MR. PRICE has been elected for Chicoutimi. If there has been bribery—he will be "without money" and they will be "without PRICE."

MR. GLEN of Oshawa says he makes the best reaping machine in America. MR. SAWYER of Hamilton says his own machine is the best. The judges at the shows say each of them is the best. GRIP has come to the conclusion that one of them is as good as the other, and, as Paddy would say, a great deal better.

THE Mowing Machine Companies are going for each other like ancient *Scythians* in the papers and the face of the *Globe* is covered with their *machin*-ations and *cutting* remarks. If they hope to reach the *hey-day* of prosperity by such a course they are mistaken. We advise them to go to grass and let us have no *mower* of this foolishness. *Mow*-it should attend to it.

THE *Mail* hints that the Hon. S. C. WOOD can be bought by the Conservatives. If such a transaction takes place GRIP would like to know how much a *cord* is paid for that WOOD. It would touch a tender *cord* in the Reform ranks which would not produce a *cord*-ial feeling towards WOOD. If the Conservatives got so much WOOD on hand could they not make it hot for the Liberals.

Elegant extract from Mr. DAVIN's oration on O'CONNEL at Ottawa.—"This great man is dead. Yes, my co-mates and brothers in exile, he is dead! and even amid the Killarney beauty of the surroundings; even while I gaze on the stupendous pile which blesses and adorns your city, and on the magnificence which rushes in splendid glory over the Chaudiere and gambols in the eddys" of the Ottawa, my soul sinks in sackcloth when I revert to the gloomy and peculiar fact that had O'CONNEL retained his usual health he would have been one hundred years old to-day!"

*This is not a joke on the great match manufacturer.