

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

To WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

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G R I P

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 19th, 1873.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to learn the difference between a pine-apple and an apple-pie, and says he doesn't know—we do!

A REGULAR READER:—That's right; keep on reading. Don't try writing; it is not your forte.

MYRTLE:—Thanks for your contribution, although we cannot read it.

COMICS:—Your contribution partakes more of the cuss than the comic, in our opinion.

HOW TO SOW ONIONS?—Get a needle and thread, and proceed as with shirt buttons.

ASTRONOMER:—There may be thirty-two points to a compass, but the one we sat on had only two, and they were sharp.

GUARDIAN ANGEL ASKS:—Is a sausage a vegetable? Certainly; or a mineral; we forget which.

GRAMMARIAN:—There is no x in the words cherry tree. As to the other word, it is pronounced as it is spelled, and you may spell it how you please.

NOTICE.

If the party who sent the communication with the signature like a flash of forked lightning surrounded by aurora borealis will please tell us personally what it is about, we should then be enabled to give an opinion as to its merits.

We have much pleasure in intimating to the public that we have secured the services of Mr. T. P. Thompson, better known in literary circles by the *nom de plume* of "Jimuel Briggs, D.B.," who will henceforth take charge of our editorial columns.

His name is a guarantee that our readers will be supplied with the highest order of wit and humor.

"GRIP" SPEAKS.

FAR be it from us to abet larceny, or impugn anything in the shape of a proclamation against it issued by our worthy MAYOR. But at the same time, when one gazes around him, and sees half-a-dozen curs wherever his eyes may fall, and all of them intrinsically worse than worthless, it *does* seem as if here, if ever, there was a case in which positive good might come out of evil—the evil of stealing "dog collars and metallic checks." It would be no matter of regret if at least half the checks were removed on the first of August, and the canines dealt with "as the law directs," for by present appearances this Queen City is, in spite of gigantic building operations, fast going to the dogs!

TROUBLESOME AND SILLY QUESTIONS.

How often has a Canadian artist to take a picture of our gracious sovereign lady from life, before he is entitled to call himself a "Photographer to the Queen?" What is the precise difference between a common tailor and a "tailor to the Prince of Wales," and who has the advantage? Who cares whether the Queen's cook can be persuaded to use any other baking powder than so-and-so's, or not? Is it any recommendation to Dr. What-ye-call-um's Castor Oil that "the children cry for it"—don't they often cry for less punishment, the peevish things.

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.—What utterance of the human voice stands for a bird? A *h-owl*. If not Cockney, Baby would furnish us with the answer in a *crow*.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO FRIENDS IN NEED.

Being, like many others, bored nearly to death by the everlasting ding-dong kept up throughout the press on the subject of the Pacific inquiry, and wishing if at all possible to obviate further suffering, "Grip" begs to offer to his friends of the Dominion Cabinet a few suggestions which he hopes may be found useful in some way when the trouble threatens to receive a fresh impetus in August. What is mainly sought for, he presumes, is a specific reason or two why the investigation should not or cannot go on. Intelligent and ingenious ministers will at once see the force of the following:—

(1.) Is it customary—or rather is it constitutional—for a Committee of the House of Commons to prosecute an enquiry while the Shah of Persia is absent from his domains? We cannot find a precedent for it. Hadn't you better wait till he gets home?

(2.) Is it parliamentary etiquette, or even common kindness, to require a number of respectable and inoffensive gentlemen to be cooped up in a crowded court room this hot weather, listening to lengthy and probably unpleasant details for several mortal weeks?

(3.) If the charges preferred against the Government are capable of proof, the Government must of necessity be utterly humiliated; if the case falls to the ground, Hon. Mr. HUNTINGTON will as certainly be riddled with newspaper bullets and stump speeches for many months to come. In either case, wouldn't it be better for the morals of this young country to forego enquiry? wouldn't the unpleasant consequences outbalance any possible good?

(4.) If Parliament sees fit to order the evidence to be taken on oath, isn't there some way of bringing about another disallowment?

(5.) Can't Parliament be prorogued, dissolved, demolished, or something?

A BROWN STUDY.

'Mornin, Sir, Mr. Editor, hopin I don't intrude, I called for to speak to ye quiet, concernin this newspaper feud; I see you appear to be busy, I'll simmer my bizness brief, And go to the pit at once, sir—(He acts as tho' he was deaf;—Kind of eccentric may be,)—I called for to see you, I say, 'Bout that "personal" matter you printed the other day, You must ha' been misinformed, sir—your statements war'n't quite true—So to save a misundersandin—(what is the matter with you? Is this a brown study?)—see here, sir, I ain't got no time to spare, And I ain't a goin to be slandered and then made a fool of, d'ye hyre! So just look alive at once, sir, and 'tend to this matter of mine, Or maybe you'll find by'm bye, sir, it'll take more stitches nor nine. I repeat it, you published a falsehood, or, as I mostly calls it, a lie! And you never printed that letter I sent you by way of reply. And I want you *shall* contradict it—I mean that thing about me In this afternoon's edition—that's how it sticks out, d'ye see? You take it uncommon regardless—what's the matter at all? (Gone off in a fit of abstraction—gazin a hole in the wall.) All right!—but you've had a *prognostic*—don't say that you haven't—^{good day!} What! come to life?—just the word you've been trying to think of? *Hey?* "Prognostic!" Well, it *must* be a snifter to raise you out of that trance. Obligated to me? Pshaw, not at all, sir. I only said it by chance—'Writin a dash on the "Scandal," and *Pne* kindly helped you through?' Well, I'm always glad to be useful—now 'tend to that libel, will you?'

TO THE DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

Would the gentlemen, who are meeting this week in solemn conclave at the Council Chamber think it too much to reply briefly to a few queries which "Grip," not having had the advantage of a dental education, finds himself unable to answer.

(1.) Can you recommend any specific for the cure of a "sweet tooth?"

(2.) What is the origin of the expression "By Gum?"

(3.) Is the imputation true that the letters "L. D. S.," which many members of the Dental Association affix to their names, are merely a sly misplacement of the ancient and grovelling *L. S. d.*?

(4.) Does the association go in for any other reform than "chloroform?"

(5.) Don't persons of the Dental Profession often "feel down in the mouth?"

(6.) Is it part of the business to draw false teeth that may have been swallowed, as often happens?

When you apply the word *dens* to the tooth when in a state of decay, are you speaking in Latin?

A cowardly fellow having kicked a news-boy on King Street last Saturday, for pestering him to buy "Grip," the lad waited till another boy accosted the "Gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all by-standers, "It's no use to try him, Jim; he can't read."