

## UNEARTHED!

In looking over a volume of *Punch* of the year 1853, the other day, we ran upon the following:—

"Mr. *Punch* has had much pleasure in receiving a newspaper from some of his friends in West Canada. It is called the *Hamilton Spectator*; and Mr. *Punch* cannot give a higher idea of the excellence of the journal than by mentioning that the first article in the number sent him is from his own pen."

Our contem. of the ambitious city has ever since sustained the same degree of excellence—probably by the same means.

## THE EXIGENCIES OF POESY.

NEVER was poet more infelicitous than the gifted author of a rhyming advertisement in the *Review*, setting forth the many excellencies of Peterborough's leading hotel, when he penned the following lines:—

There are but few, I do declare,  
That can with this hotel compare;  
They charge as moderate as elsewhere,  
And no such thing as shaving there.

It was, of course, highly important that the superior *honesty* of the landlord should be set forth prominently, but it is unfortunate that in doing so the writer has robbed the hotel of one of its best recommendations, viz., the convenience of a fashionable barber-shop.

## A FABLE FOR THE "LONDON HERALD."

(Suggested by the remark in that paper that *Grip*'s last cartoon wasn't a very good picture of JOHN A.)

ONCE on a time a countryman visited a menagerie, and gazing in wonder at an animal with long ears, exclaimed, "Dear me! that don't look much like a Fox!" Whereupon the polite keeper stepped up and said, "No more is it intended for a Fox, sir; it is a Donkey."  
—MORAL—Never judge harshly.

## A NEIGHBOURLY ACT.

"SHORT-HAND REPORTER—First-class—for Parliamentary work. Mr. BROWN, *Globe* Office."

THE insertion of the above advertisement in *The Globe* day in and day out, is evidently a prodigal expenditure of money to no purpose, owing, perhaps, to the limited circulation of that paper. *Grip* is disposed, of his own accord, from pure kindness of heart, to procure Mr. B. a man, and thus bring about the removal of an eyesore by giving the "Want" one (free) insertion.

## WONDERFUL!

THERE is in Whitby a well-authenticated case of a man who has actually never heard of the Pacific Railway Scandal. He is deaf.

## MR. MACKENZIE'S WIT.

THE new Premier has all his life meekly borne the reproach of being a man without wit, whereas he has just shown himself capable of a piece of drollery never beaten by Sir JOHN, or even Mr. RYMAL. We refer to the appointment of Mr. COFFIN to the position of *Receiver-General*. It is to be hoped the presence of that official will keep the Cabinet ever mindful of the way of all flesh.

## WOMAN'S INGENUITY.

ARE we to have a Matrimonial column in the staid old *Globe*—is not what is the meaning of this?

AS COPYIST by a young lady who writes quickly and eligibly.—Good references. Apply, &c.

Any lonely bachelor who, afflicted with shyness, and allows this to slip past don't deserve a wife. How easy and how charming.—Engage this young applicant to do your copying, (the copying is but a means to the end), and two to one she will not only "write," but look,—act,—love,—"quickly and eligibly."

GRIP AMONG THE BI-VALVES.—MR. GEO. WHITE, of the Mansion Restaurant, King Street, has just issued a neat circular apprising the public that he has furnished his house with an oyster parlour, and "will" be happy to supply his customers with "*Grip* Oysters." The announcement will, we have no doubt, make the Mansion the rendezvous of the whole bi-valve-loving community of literary and political men during the season, for the name of the new count is a guarantee that the dishes served will be of the very spiciest and most wholesome sort.

To PORK BUTCHERS.—Sweet Brine. Tears of Joy!

Should Tom Thumb complain if people make very little of him.

## "I THROW MYSELF ON THE COUNTRY!"



THE accompanying sketch is a playful literal rendering of one of the bright utterances in the peroration of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD's very remarkable speech in the recent debate. After speaking the words the gallant knight changed his mind, however, and let himself down in a more gentle manner, and his so doing is justly considered an admirable piece of foresight, for, as the Irishman (a grit) said, "It isn't the throw that 'ud signify, but the *lightin'* 'ud be extremely damagin'." It is absolutely exhilarating to read that the change of affairs at Ottawa is attended by "the best of feeling on all sides," and if Canada's weal may be promoted under the new Cabinet and the new Opposition, we forget the wild night of tempest we have passed, banish its dreams of rivalry and malice, and with rising hope, wish a genuine God-speed to the Ship of State!

## CONCERNING THANKSGIVING.

EDITOR O' "*Grip*."

THURSDAY, 6th.

SIR,—No' lang-syne a brither "Presbyterian" cam oot wif a letter i' *The Mail* saying that oor Local Legislature had postponed the day o' Tauskgiving till the 6th o' November just till shoot the fancy o' GEORGE BROOK, who was goin' till hae a sale o' short-horn stock on the day first set aside as kirk-day. Now, Sir, that has proved till be anither o' their bits o' leuin' clash. Maister BROOK, wha, till his honour, is aye in his place on the Sawbeth, may hae g'iven a word o' advice wif his frien' MOWAT i' the melter, bet it is plain till a' eyes that the postponement was made for a higher an' nobler purpose. Wif a prophetic glance—which I doot not Maister BROOK could gie if he likit—they foresaw the fa' o' JOHN A. on the fifth, an' washed till include that event among the blessin's o' the season, as a' guid folk consider it till be.

Yours, Sir,

SANDY MACGRUP.

"REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER," OR HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

THE most marvellous repetition in all the range of History is represented in the following extract. Comment, under the circumstances, would be not only superfluous but silly:—

(From "*Ye Court Gazette*," London, November 6th, 1605.)

"With feelinges far lesse of exultation than of thankfulness, we announce to-day ye escape of ye Administration last night. We have reason to rejoice that in this supreme moment oore country's representatives were notified to leave ye House, for ye acte of GUY FAWKES, but anticipated a certaine blowe uppe; reason to congratulate oore fellow-countrymen that ye foegatic of ye KING has been superioure to ye merciless plan of ye conspirators. We have reason, indeede, to believe that, from this houre, no scoundrel in ye Nation will dare to commit such a crime as that which would have hurled ye Ministrie and ye Parliemente buildings sky-high. Men will to-day breathe a freer atmosphere; they will enjoy a truer flavour of ye open air than if ye smell of gunpowder was all about. Ye hand of ye conspirer is removed from ye fuse!"

(From "*The Globe*," Toronto, November 6th, 1873.)

"With feelinges far less of exultation than of thankfulness, we announce to-day the resignation of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD's Administration last night. We have reason to rejoice that in this supreme moment our country's representatives have been true to their duty, for the act of the Ministry has but anticipated certain defeat; reason to congratulate our fellow countrymen that the moral mass of the nation has risen superior to the corrupt influence of its ruler. We have reason, indeede, to believe that from this hour, no Minister of the Crown will dare to commit such a crime as that which has hurled the ministry from power. Then will to-day breathe a freer atmosphere, they will enjoy a truer flavour of political freedom and independence. The hand of the defiler is removed from the ark of the Constitution!"

"*Hinc* illa lacrima," exclaimed Sir Francis, as he saw the Pacific "looming in the distance" fade away.

By *Telegraph* FROM OTTAWA, Nov. 5th, 5 p.m.—DEAR GRIP: The horse and his rider are cast into the sea.—E. B. W.—D.

PUP FOR SALE.—The Party of Union and Progress. Apply to J—S B—Y.