

## 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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ADVERTISING AGENT—H. B. Montreville.

## 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 5th, 1873.

## TO NIAGARA AND BACK.

## A REMINISCENCE OF DOMINION DAY.

DEAR GRIP,—I have been to Niagara. Humiliating as the admission may be, I was fool enough to go there (in company with some 750 other fools) on Dominion Day. I was also some more fool enough to take two girls with me. Wasn't one enough? Well, no; I had to take them both. The fact is, you see, one of them was twins, the other one being her sister; and both are so much alike, that I could never tell which was the other one, unless they were both together. By the way, what a nuisance twins are! and very expensive, too.

We had quite a noble army of martyrs on board with us. "Martyrs to circumstances," to the heat of the weather, to lake sickness (we were not on "The sea, the sea, &c." you know), to everything, in fact, that people will be martyrs to when they get on board a vessel; and very glad were most of us when we arrived at that dilapidated specimen of Yankee go-ahead-iveness called Lewiston, where such as could not walk took the bus to the cars. There was a highly coloured individual there (I mean a gentleman of colour), who wanted the bus driver to keep three seats for him; but that personage only laughed heartily as he told us white folks to hurry up, and not keep him all day. That coloured individual, I am sure, must have used some very bad language, if we had only been in the way to hear it.

It's a long time since I was to Niagara. In fact, I don't think I have visited the place since I was there last, and I was totally unprepared for the improvements which are now in progress there. I need not say how disgusted I felt, how shocked my fine sense of propriety was, to find Art, like a bold, brazen-faced, impudent hussey as she is, rushing unblushingly into the arms of Nature, before the very eyes of all beholders. And as I gazed upon the scene I asked myself, Why is this thusly? Are our Yankee friends so entirely dead to the eternal fitness of things that they must, forsooth, bring Nature and Art into such close contact and comparison as to disgust every one who looks upon the scene. Oh, you *1-dollar-trust* Yankees! charge us as much as you like to view the Falls; cheat us in every possible way you can; trick us out of every cent we have, if you will, but why—oh why, will you go building beggarly brick walls and parapets around about the spot where nature revels in all its most stupendous grandeur and sublimity.

I am not going to describe the Falls: nobody ever could describe them. We saw as much as we could in the allotted time, and didn't really have to pay more than 25 per cent, too much for all we saw or had to eat or drink.

The noble army of martyrs was considerably increased on our way home, and several very pathetic scenes took place in consequence. Several young men and maidens changed the natural

order of things, the former nursing the latter with the utmost assiduity. And very tender, affectionate nurses they made, too; at least their companions seemed to appreciate them very muchly.

Just as we moved off from Lewiston, an old man, carrying a basket on his arm, and a preposterously high hat on his head, took off his head-piece and waved it triumphantly in our behalf, exclaiming, in a voice thick with emotion (or old rye) that we had a right to celebrate our holiday, and that we did so nobly—or sentiments to that effect, which were loudly cheered by those who didn't hear what he said. No other incident of note took place on the way home, where we all arrived in due time, as tired to death, as dead beat, and as low-spirited as the clear grits were the night before, as they sneaked home from South Ontario, after proving, very much to their own dismay, that they had no hold-on the free and independents in that quarter. *Au revoir!*

JEMMY JONES.

## THE APPEAL OF AGONY.

Oh, Mary, Mary! if this meets thy view,  
In deepest anguish hear a parent sue:—  
If all affection's frozen on thy part,  
And thou unmoved canst break a lover's heart,  
Canst see thy sisters in thy shame take share,  
Thy brothers plunged in undeserved despair,  
Thy mother sent as maniac to rave,  
A father brought in sorrow to his grave;  
If not quite deaf to every just appeal,  
Not quite regardless of our woe and weal,  
If still one spark of right and wrong remains,  
One drop of childhood trickles in thy veins,  
If, while away, the heartless world to roam,  
Steals on thy soul one lingering thought of home,  
But still, to prayers and fond entreaties stern,  
Naught can persuade thee, Mary, to return,  
One thing, at least, I crave; refuse me not,  
One little boon in this our bitter lot:  
Some consolation it may chance to prove,  
Some to a brother thou wast wont to love,  
Some to thy mother, Mary, some to me,  
Wouldst thou but send us back the cellar key?

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Yonge Street seedsman got a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed some seeds. Nothing, however, came up but a policeman, who ordered him to take the box away.

Our boy remarks that "Grip's" witticisms resemble electricity—they are so *shocking*. It is needless to say he leaves the moment we can get another boy who will do less work in more time.

Our commercial editor says money is so scarce in the city now, that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other, that their respective owners have to introduce them.

The topics of general conversation during the past week have been confined within a very narrow compass. In fact, the elections in South Ontario having pretty well engrossed all attention, we may say that the "compass" to which we have been confined, like all other well regulated compasses, continually *pointed to the poll*.

Our advertising agent says that the kind lady who sent him a strawberry short-cake, marked "please insert," may rest assured that her "contribution" will "not be crowded out by press of other matter."

MACHINE AGENT.—Good morning, Mr. Jones. I called for that little account.

Mr. J.—Oh!—Ah!—Yes! Well, I have been ill for a day or two back, and could not attend to it.

M. A.—Hope you're better, sir?

Mr. J.—Oh, just so-so.

(Machine Agent sends jolk off at once to GRIP as his own. Too thin, Mr. Agent, by half.)