

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

C. CLARK.—We admire your command over slang. We cannot understand your story. Write again in strict confidence and tell us the point of it. Then you see we may be induced to publish them both at once.

R. E. S.—Your verses on Mr. BROWN are too severe to be published during his absence from the country. He mightn't like it. Besides, though you mean well, you express yourself most woefully.

## The Unpatronized Nostrum Vendor.

(SEE CARTOON.)

An able Professor in History, in Politics simply a quack,  
(Tho' he follows the latter vocation—having given the former the sack.)  
He travels about with his Nostrums, and tells of their marvellous powers,  
But the people won't "buy 'em and try 'em"—not a soul in this country  
of ours.

He has various patent specifics to cure all Colonial ills:  
There's powerful *National Blisters*, and sweet *Disaffection Pills*;  
They're both the same in their purpose and action—that is to say:  
The *Pills* make you sick of the Empire, and the *Blisters* draw you away.

Then he has *Constitution Bitters* (of his own sarcastical make)  
Which after the *Pills* and *Blisters*, the patient's directed to take;  
The Doctor says they're infallible—he says that a good stomach full  
Would smash up the best constitution—especially that of JOHN BULL.

He has *Independence Powders*, in weekly doses they're "took,"  
Done neatly up in the *Nation* and swallowed down—"like a book,"  
And *Salve*, and *Lecches*, et cetera, a varied and wonderful lot,  
But this is a panicky season, and he can't sell a thing he has got!

The boys, too, keep teasing his life out—the lads of the *Globe* and the  
*Mail*,  
Squirting cold water upon him, and throwing dead cats at his stall;  
GRIP would say to the jaded Professor—quit Nostrums and go back to  
Greek,  
"The whole need not a physician, but only they that are sick!"

## From our Box.

Taking them as a whole, GRIP pronounces the MOHALBI Opera Troupe the best we have had in Toronto. M'lle MOHALBI'S voice, though not very strong, is singularly sweet and clear. Miss ADELAIDE RANDALL, the contralto of the company has a very pleasant voice and acts well. Mr. TOM KARL is a very good tenor, capable of making plenty of noise in the world, and the rest of the company are all good in their way. The first opera they played was our old friend "Martha." We did not see Mr. MCKELLAR in the house, but comment the uniform assumed by the *Sheriff of Richmond* to the notice of his brother of Wentworth. A curly white wig adds an air of dignity to a sheriff. But of this more anon. "Martha"—the perverse Italians leave the "h" out in the middle—is the story of two young ladies of the period who, having perused "Bluebell" get sick of conventionalities and long for a life of freedom. They make up as peasantesses and go to the central fair at the crystal palace. To complete the joke they hire out as servants and are somewhat surprised when the inexorable man in the wig tells them they have to go through with it. They are set to work at spinning, but don't make much of hands at it, M'lle MOHALBI pacifies her boss and the spectators by warbling "The Last Rose of Summer" in a tongue not understood of the people. The other young woman gives her taskmaster a slap in the face and runs out. The ladies make their escape and are next seen gorgeously attired in company with a number of other resplendent beings. They are armed with little spears for the purpose of destroying woodchucks and the like, but none turn up. *Lionel* and *Phunkett* wander through the same forest, singing doleful ditties, and bemoaning the loss of their hired girls and their consequent inability to get their dinner. Their only consolation appears to be drinking beer, for which they display great aptitude. The balance of the plot is wholly unintelligible, but all comes right in the end, more choruses are sung, and the good old Sheriff or somebody pronounces his benediction on the happy lovers. We must not omit to praise the orchestra and chorus, who left little to be

desired. The latter astonished the Toronto audience by appearing to take some stock in the proceedings when they were not singing. We would hint to a young gentleman, who remarked in going out that "he had been in Italy for the last two hours," that the scene of the play is laid in England.

The HOLMAN'S are delighting large audiences at the Horticultural Gardens, though of late the evenings have been somewhat excessive and unfavourable both for audiences and players, more than one of whom appear to be suffering from slight colds—and no wonder, since "GRIP, with all his feathers, was a-cold." Yet, though the people were chilly, the performers received warm receptions. It is not fair to criticise performances on a little confined stage, and almost in the open air, in the same way as we should speak of the same troupe when playing in a regular theatre. We have seen most of their pieces before and have described them then. The plays are the same, and the actors nearly all the same, but we miss the familiar face of Mr. BOWLER. To compensate for this loss however, we have gained an excellent low comedian in the person of Mr. HARRY LINDLEY. Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. RYSE and Mr. BRANDISI are still there. What more need we say except that GRIP means to see "Giroffe-Giroffa" on Friday, weather permitting.

## Ontario "Fourth Estate."

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—TORONTO SECTION.

(From our peculiar Commissioner.)

At great labor and expense, (as nearly all the newspaper parties I interviewed took 10 cent drinks,) I have obtained reliable particulars of the agricultural condition and harvest prospects of the Fourth Estate in this section. Trusting that you will appreciate my zeal and activity, I have drawn upon you for \$100, which please accept. It is very improbable there will be any balance coming to you, but if the contemplation of the possibility of such a result gives you any gratification, do not debar yourself of it on any account. Yours truly, THADDEUS O'CALLAGHAN.

## REPORT.

GLOBE DISTRICT.—This agricultural district is large, and has an air of life and business about it, especially on the BROWN farm, but the pasture is poor, the grain produce has a stunted, mildewed look, and half, or quarter crops are all which can be expected, save in mythologies of which there is always a great yield, the soil being favorable to that product; and also to cardinal principles, of which last I inspected a quantity, but was not much impressed by any of them. Paste-and-scissors is grown in abundance, about 23 tons of it having been gathered last Saturday from a single eight acre field. This crop, for some reason or other, is largely affected on the BROWN farm, though it is a poor plant, nearly all leaf, and apparently intended by nature more for show, or for shade, than for consumption. Some animals will eat it, (if very hungry,) but they are noticed, in most cases, soon to show symptoms of drowsiness. The crops of telegrams sadly need thinning and weeding. Local and provincial reports are exceedingly light, and badly disfigured by a grub called prejudice. Some slips imported from abroad, known as amanuenses, in a patch by themselves, looked scaly, and did not seem to thrive, one or two had gone a good deal to seed. A machine called the assimilator for the production of editorials from cucumbers, invented by an employe on the BROWN farm, was mentioned to me. But on inspecting it I saw at once its leading idea was borrowed from previous inventors. Here are two foremen "bosses" of the old style, who told me "nobody knew a bit about farming but themselves."

NATIONAL.—This district is run by a tribe of agricultural Ishmaelites who, getting tired of the robbery and fighting and wandering life of their ancestors, and allured by the lectures of Mr. JENKINS, emigrated to Canada, and received locations from MCKELLAR in the fertile Adelaide prairie region, under their great Sheikh JIMUEL BRIGGS. Tobacco, hops, barley, rye and Indian corn are the leading crops raised, and they all look flourishing. The editorials too, were not behind any I have seen. JEUU MATTHEWS, in his "Bigger and Littler Empires" estimates the consumption of tobacco in the Adelaide region, at 26 pounds per head, per annum of the population! I saw BRIGGS. He was in a field lying on his back, hoeing editorials. He said "wa'al stranger! How's things?" I replied they were "so-so." He then produced some tobacco and a bottle, and invited me to try the products of the district.

ADVERTISER.—This is a back-woods district, difficult to find, and explore. Being unable to get a guide, I took a compass, and provisions and went out on a mission of discovery, *solus*. After losing myself several times I finally emerged, in Colonel WELLS' bush, north of Davenport Road, when I met a rakish-looking farmer from the *Sun* district, who, in reply to my query, said I must go along Hathurst street, and take the ferry boat for the island, and the district I wanted was in the middle of the north-east corner. I took the boat, and went over, when a rough but good-natured looking chap to whom I mentioned what the *Sun* entity had told me said he was "a li—" well—not correct in his assertions.

MAIL.—This farming section was settled some years back by a British colony who got a grant *de mal-ant de ben*. ("For better or worse" from Sir JOHN MACDONALD. It is still partly under bush, but clearing is