

## LIGHT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

A person of respectability and good address wanted to canvass this city for subscribers to *Grip*. Twenty-five per cent. commission allowed. Apply at the office, 35 King Street West.

## TORONTO TRAIN TIME.

UNION STATION, GOING EAST.—(G.T.R.) A.M., 6:37; P.M., 12:07, 5:27, 7:07.  
WEST.—(G.T.R.)—A.M., 7:30, 11:45; P.M., 3:45, 5:30, 12:05. (G.W.R.)—A.M., 7:00; P.M., 12:30, 3:40, 6:35. NORTH.—(T. & N.)—A.M., 8:20; P.M., 4:00, 9:5. (T. G. & B.)  
A.M., 7:00; P.M., 4:00. (NORTHERN RAILWAY, CITY HALL STATION)—A.M., 7:00, 11:00; P.M., 4:00.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

*Jasper, St. Thomas.*—Good. Try again.  
*Hiram Swanks, Jr.*—Terms acceptable if articles suit.  
*Fegan, Orangeville.*—Would be pleased to hear from you professionally.  
*Unhappy Thoughts, Toronto.*—Please call at this office when convenient.  
*H. Gardner, London.*—One will be sufficient at present.  
*C. P., Parry Sound.*—Capital. Will appear in good time.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1873.

## POETRY ON THE HUSTINGS.

At a great meeting in the Conservative interest, held last week at Smithville, Mr. J. C. FRYKERT, M.P., assisted in the composition and enthusiastic adoption of the resolution hereto appended. Purity and honour may, indeed, as the *Globe* affirms, have departed from Canadian Politics, but it is a great consolation to know that poetry—and poetry of the most pretentious sort—has begun to flourish amongst the ruins and corruption. Here is the motion:

"Resolved, thirdly, that although Canada's great statesman, who has swayed the Premier's sceptre in this country for the last twenty years, has for the present furled the banner, and is now awaiting the tide, yet we most unhesitatingly affirm our unabated confidence, both in the ability and integrity of the late Administration."

Notice the variety and exquisite arrangement of the similes. The chaste conception of Royalty swaying the Sceptre dissolves like a snowflake into the equally beautiful figure of Bravery furling the Banner, and this in turn melts into the lovely idea of a desolate Premier shivering on the banks of the political River Styx, and 'waiting for the tide.' This last picture is, we fear, infelicitous, and the Grits will be sure to grow factions over it, because there are several kinds of tides—those, for instance, of popular contempt, political disaster, &c., as well as that which

"Taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

The lesson in all this plainly is that politicians should eschew poetry when they really mean business.

## AS SURE AS EGGS!

Here is an 'item' clipped from the *Orangeville Sun*:

Mr. Wm. Scott, egg merchant, of Galt, the other day shipped for New York, via Grand Trunk Railway, the enormous quantity of 941 barrels of eggs. The eggs have undergone a peculiar process of "pickling," and, it is said, will keep any length of time.

Our mercantile friends, who ship goods by G. T. R., will catch a flash of hope from this seemingly insignificant paragraph. It is not the fact of the 'enormous quantity' that will strike them so much as the 'peculiar process of pickling.' The receipt by which eggs can be made capable of "keeping any length of time" during transportation over the line of railway mentioned above, is undoubtedly the rarest discovery of the age, and the question whether it can be made useful in the case of dry goods, hardware, and other articles of commerce, which, at present suffer so much at the hands of baggagemen, will, of course, be uppermost in business people's minds.

CLANS IN ETYMOLOGY.—*Dominic*—What is the root of Chimney; what does it come from? *Ans. Rustic Garcon*—It comes from *Fire-place*, and ends in *smoke*.

## Our Own Medium.

The Great Problem of the present century has been solved, and to *Grip* belongs the honor of the solution. Spiritualism has at length found its use, and through means of the gentlemen at present in this city, a *Medium* has been established in the Editor's office by which we are able this morning to lay before our readers a very interesting letter from the spirit pen of an esteemed author of the past century. May his shadow never grow less. We think it but right to inform our readers that we have, at great expense, engaged a number of Literary Spirits to contribute to our columns throughout the Winter months, and hope our readers will appreciate our labours on their behalf.

No. 1.

THE SHADOWS, MONDAY.

DEAR GRIP.—It is with much satisfaction that I notice the eager fashion in which your weekly issues are sought after, and in what an apparent manner they are moulding the ideas of the present day. Your publisher informs me that there are already three thousand copies distributed every week, but were I to tell you the number of readers to every paper you would hardly credit the statement. Flitting to and fro it astonishes me to find the number of disciples you have, who seem to take an exquisite pleasure in studying out the timely cartoon, and agreeable and spicy matter issued from time to time. Having, therefore, such an audience, I would counsel you, as I did a former age, to combine morality with wit and to temper wit with morality. And to the end that this may be accomplished, it will afford me and my hotter shades great pleasure to give observations on the "present times" and hope that we may thus recover some people from some follies they seem to have gradually crept into; notwithstanding that you all flatter yourselves on living in the "enlightened nineteenth century."

We cordially recommend your paper to the breakfast table of all well regulated families, to be served up on the most liberal principles, and be looked upon as a necessary and conservative part of the Tea equipage. We would also recommend it to these "Diogenes-in-his-tub" people who, with a cynical air, surver the world around them as if specially created for them to play the part of spectators, and also to all those who, from their business relations or depth of pocket, really do act as spectators without taking an active part in the busy world; and under these last two classes we may comprehend all Government Employees, Collectors of Customs, Ward Politicians, Managers of Insurance Companies, and Statemen out of business.

Another class we would strongly recommend your paper to, may be known as the "Social Vacuities," young gentlemen of immense pedigree, but small means—extensive breadth and depth of outward advancement, but small brains—not so small, however, but that they must be filled with something to exercise the muscles of the throat with in the shape of small talk. These needy people do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning, for, by that time, they know what kind of a day it is to be, whether the post has come in and whether the bands are going out or not. Let them get your paper early and profit by what they read.

But to whom can your paper be more useful than to the Ladies? I find the same great want exists still—that of finding out proper employment and diversion for the fair ones. A trip to King Street in the morning, visiting all the shops to match a ribbon is considered a good forenoon's work—which requires a rest and a novel for the whole afternoon, and a game of cards in the evening. Their most serious occupations are sewing and tatting, lace making and knitting, and their greatest drudgery the making of cakes and jellies. Dear ladies, with so much time on your hands, we crave of you but one quarter of an hour to devote to the perusal of these facts and fancies—and should you think we hit too hard on the follies or fashions of the present day remember we are old fogies now in the world's history, and claim the privilege of giving a great-great-grandfather's advice.

A.

## AU REVOIR!

THE PRESS.—Mr. BUCKINGHAM, for many years editor and proprietor of the *Stratford Beacon*, has retired from that establishment. Mr. A. Matheson succeeds him.—*Exchange Paper.*

He lit the brave old *Beacon*-light  
That through full many a stormy night,  
Kept vigil in the cause of Right,  
And showed up every sham.

So, finishing a course so bright,  
Clear Grits and Tories thus unite,  
To pay a tribute to his might—

"So much for BUCKINGHAM!"