

# 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, OCTOBER 9TH, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

R.C.—You are mistaken. Mayor MEDCALF was not making a pilgrimage in a cab. The city paid for it.

HISTORICUS.—The reason he is called the Sombre Hero is because he always persisted in wearing a sombrero in the House during debates.

ASPIRER.—There are two ways. One is to write poetry and the other is to take a situation in a gas factory. By no other means can you rise so quickly.

CHARLEY.—Four evenings a week is a good average, but of course it largely depends on the agility of the girl's father and the size of boot he wears.

STUDENT.—JOHN BUNYAN is dead. You are a little astray. He was not a corn doctor, although he looked after a number of troublesome little bunyans.

CATHOLIC.—The rumor that His Worship winked one eye all the time the procession was in progress, and kept time to the tune of the "Protestant Boys" with his square-toes is a malicious slander.

JOHN A. MCD.—The expressions "Will you be one" and "Come down handsomely" are not from Shakespeare as you suppose, but were first used by an individual who was compelled to make a "big push," in order to "elevate the standard of public morality" as it was called. He is out on bail.

A MISERABLE YOUNG MAN.—You should get some Montreal friend to break the news to your idol quietly. The fact of your not being able to sit down in her company is good cause for her coolness. Yes, as you say, boils are an awful nuisance.

SARAH.—As far as we are able to judge a pompadour waist cut on the bias, scolloped round the edge, with two rows of plaitings and a basque overskirt makes a much more presentable costume for a full dress party than a pull-back skirt, although it must be admitted that there is a grace and beauty about the pull-brek that cannot be ignored.

## NOTICE!



Candidates for public offices or positions where ability is required, are hereby notified that no native Canadians need apply.

BY ORDER

N.B.—Persons of that nationality are hereby informed that they are much more appreciated in the United States than in the Dominion.

## Commercial Review.

There is a deal of money in the banks or other places where no one can get at it save those handling it. Its confinement has produced ill effects on the minds of many merchants besides lowering the moral tone of bank clerks. As might have been expected, some clerks are in good demand in consequence of making themselves scarce. So much for the bank-rupts. The crop of insolvents is plentiful, a good many being caught in the Act. Insurance agents are as usual, active, and some round lots have been sold lately. Hides and pelts are not quotable since last Sunday. Wool is dull, the Catholic League having attained their ends. Raisins are up, as Mr. BROWN exhausted the market in his explanation respecting the SIMPSON letter. Old maids are dull and old bachelors unchanged. The matrimonial market is in a comparatively healthy condition but much controlled by rings. Owing to the facilities for escape afforded to criminals hemp, just now, is slack. The fashions are as usual changing. Pullback skirts are tight.

## Thoroughly Theatrical.

Why are we told a little star should e'er be styled an asterisk?—Because we know a "Minor star", upon the stage both near and far, is always thought a nasty risk.

## Another Foot Unearthed--He Tells a Tale of Love.

GENIUS is born, not made. So are poets. The great difficulty is to lay hold of the soul charged with poetic fire and set him off where he will do no damage. He may be full of it, loaded to the muzzle; every feeling may be charged with that poetic electricity that lurked in the veins of a MILTON or a MOORE and only need to have the torch of fancy applied to startle the world with the explosion. The natural born poet may be stood up in a corner and left undisturbed for years until somebody accidentally takes hold of him and he goes off, and the only verdict consistent with the facts is the modern one of "didn't know it was loaded." This is what has happened in Whitby. A woeful of the muses has burst upon the vision of the Whitbyites like a comet, and increasing in brilliancy has lighted up the whole province with his soul-lifting compositions. He does not wrap his garland and singing robes about him and go diving into Whitby harbor, but soaring in the high regions of his fancy, takes a visit he paid to "Shuniah Mine" as the burden of his song. We give a few choice chunks. Here is the first:—

"Now as we journey through this life  
Of pleasure we all have some,  
And though I'll live for fifty years  
I'll admit that I've had one."

He sets out well. And it must be cheering to think that amid all the temptations of this wicked world, there lives one man who assures us, over his own signature, that he intends to tell the truth when the frost of fifty winters has gathered upon his brow. People who do not revel in the luxuries of home-made bread and laundry-ironed shirts will find at least some consolation in the fact that in this cold and unsympathetic world there is one fellow-creature who intends to stand by the truth "though he lives for fifty years."

"Perhaps now you would like to know  
The place, how, and time!  
Then allow me to inform you,  
It was going to 'Shuniah Mine.'"

What sweet simplicity! Instead of waiting to be interviewed by an inquisitive public panting for information, he unbosoms himself of his own free will. This generous act of his has doubtless brought sweet sleep to the eyes of untold thousands who would otherwise have been ignorant of the "place, how and time" where our poet's fancy first drank at the Pierian spring. "It was going to Shuniah Mine." Thanks, oh bard!

"Her name it was Rose Hannah,  
That name I can't forget,  
Nor yet the happiness I felt,  
As by my side she sat."

There was a girl in the question. And she revelled in the euphonious title of Rose Hannah. "Forget" and "sat" don't rhyme, but if the poet had said "set" it would have been highly improper. Only hens set. This shows great presence of mind on the part of the poet.

"We wou'd and talked as on we went,  
And so fast went the time  
That I wished the road were longer  
Going to 'Shuniah Mine.'"

"Oh joy, oh ecstasy! And yet, perhaps, as the years roll by, this same poet may stay out late at night, and go to lodge meetings, and refuse to cut kindling wood or pay a bill for a pull back skirt—but heaven forbid! Why should we conjure up visions of domestic trouble or peer into the future of wedded life? There is no chromo offered for the solution of this conundrum.

"Boys, never mind how people chaff,  
Or how they you abuse,  
Remember the fable of the Fox & grapes,  
And it as a lesson use."

Sensible advice. Every young man should be a tower of strength in defence of love, and affection, and marriage licenses, and cradles, and spring bonnets, and all the other fruits of matrimony. Let the scoffer scoff and the jester jest, the "chaff" of the "people" will never turn this Adonis from engraving the name of his Venus indelibly upon his heart.

"There is a saying going round:  
Out of sight, out of mind,  
But I think I never shall forget  
Our trip to the 'Shuniah Mine.'"

Thus endeth the poet. He is an exemplar of constancy, a bright particular star in the firmament of love. Others may turn from their idols and seek after false gods, but this son of song has put his hand to the plough and will not turn back. Let all unwedded damsels take fresh heart. Life is not the hollow mockery it is painted. There are gems of faithfulness hidden in mines of darkness and Whitby rejoices in the possession of one of them—and he is a poet into the bargain!

## True to His Name.

FRASER at the fray-sir,  
Proved that war had charms;  
While other parties slung their stones,  
CHRISTIE slung his arms.