



The Zollvereiners.

It is in no spirit of irony that Mr. GRIP ventures to publish the above rather ridiculous-looking picture. The noble trio whose efforts in favor of a "Zollverein" are testified by the columns of the *London Advertiser*, the *Canadian Emancipator*, and the *Bystander* respectively, deserve the recognition of our pencil, whether or no we endorse their opinions; and this little sketch is intended as such a recognition, as well as a popular explanation of what they are driving at. The word Zollverein is not understood by the people at large, and it will therefore be a satisfaction to the general reader to have the whole matter presented at a glance, as it is in the above illustration. Anybody can see that these three able and industrious citizens are endeavoring to wash away the "Customs line" between Canada and the States—and that's what Zollverein means.

A "Society" Triad.

SUGGESTED BY A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN CHROMO.

"The World"—a sweet fresh face—a girl's—
Bright as the summer air—
Low-browed beneath the crown of glossy curls—
Emotionlessly fair!

Above flower-face and golden tress,
Her lovely arms she throws—
In languor of luxurious idleness,—
"The flesh," a full-blown rose!

But that young widow! She that quite
Outshines the other two!
How like to one "not named in ears polite"
Her late lamented knew.



Grip's Opinion of the Weather.

Mr. GRIP respectfully requests that friends and acquaintances who have any regard for his feelings will endeavor to avoid addressing to him the objectionable phrases "It's warm again to-day," "This is a scorcher, isn't it?" and other superfluous expressions to the same effect, when they meet him. He understands all about the weather.

We are informed that the students of the P. C. Divinity School are nearly all of them able to read *Homer* (Dixon) in the original.

Aquatics.

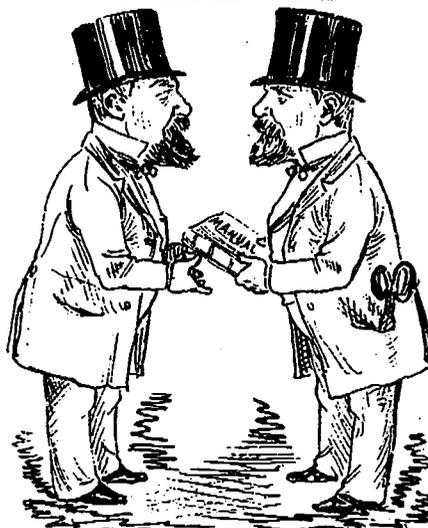
By an old Fogy.

There's something exceedingly funny
About all our matters aquatic,
(Except when we bet and lose money)
On some one who, like an exotic,
Gets quite overcome by strange weather,
Has a pain in his thick *cock-bellum*,
When he sickens, and shows the white feather,
Though his backers he don't like to sell'em.

Or perhaps gets a pain in his side,
(A misfortune that happened poor NEDDY),
I don't say there's anything *snide*
About it, but one must be ready
To take into consideration
How tender and fragile the boys are
The glory and pride of the nation,
And their boats that such delicate toys are.

Such delightfully graceful outriggers!
But then what indeed is the use of them,
Except just to show the fine figgers
Of the scullers who form the swell crew of them.
Tis true they're pulled through very fast,
Like thoroughbred highflying pacers,
But the question *will* come up at last,
What in thunder's the use of these racers?

I've respect for an old fashioned yawl,
A jolly boat's good in a sea way,
A skiff you can sometimes "close haul"
Although she perhaps makes some lee way.
Any boat you can pull through the breakers
To relieve a ship, schooner, or brig or
Anything else, is worth acres
Of your modern fancy outrigger!



Highly Convenient.

DR. MCLELLAN, (*the Book Compiler*)—I have brought out a little *School Manual*, Sir, which I would be pleased to have authorized by the Central Committee.

DR. MCLELLAN (Chief of Central Committee)—Certainly, my dear sir, I shall only be too happy to authorize your excellent work!

Nonsense.

There was a young noble of Norway
Whose ancestors carved on their doorway
A rocking-horse, *gulls*,
Charged with three wooden stools—
In Toronto: sweet suburb of Norway.

Why is the Senate like a watch undergoing repair? Because it is only a question of *time* when it must go.

Our French contributor says that *FOREPAUGH* is a good show, and that any one not going will make a *faux pas*.

Our funny contributor says he doesn't mind being called old, but when his friends speak of him as an "excoriation," a "fossile remain," or a prehistoric youth, he feels inclined to doubt that geology is a practical science.



Emigrants Wanted.

The Government is amply vindicated. The office of High Commissioner for Canada at the Court of St. James is manifesting its usefulness more and more every day, and the people of the Dominion will never grudge the paltry \$10,000 per annum appertaining thereto. Sir ALEXANDER GALT has made several brilliant appearances in public as a post prandial orator, and no doubt JOHN BULL's impression of Canadian dignity and importance has been materially deepened. It is said that this distinguished Knight is at present engaged in a manner which may be typically represented as above. The offer which he makes on behalf of the Government to pay the passage of 3,000 laborers ought to give the British nation some idea of the prodigal liberality of this Colony.



Especially as the Government is—or ought to be—engaged in the very opposite sort of duty. It is a well known and lamented fact that the Dominion has suffered from a marked exodus of this same class of the population. Thousands of workmen who in some unaccountable manner failed to grow rich under the N. P., have left our shores, and it is plainly the duty of the Government, if they are going into the passage paying business very strongly, to bring these prodigal children back again.

It is reported that a Frenchman has discovered a new substitute for gold. He ought to make money with it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Some hygienist declares that ice-water cuts off more lives than the sword. Perhaps death has changed his sickle for an icicle.—*St Louis Spirit*.

Some papers have a department headed "Items of Interest." Is this to distinguish them from other matter in the paper which is uninteresting.—*Wheeling Leader*.