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JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.

**Hints for Rural Visitors to the Fair.**

If there is any class of his fellow-countrymen that Grip admires more than another, that he looks upon with feelings akin to brotherhood, it is the agricultural class. He looks up to the Noble Yeoman as the bone and sinew of the country. When he sees the N. Y. seated upon a load of garden sassa in the market square with his two buxom, beauteous, and bucolic daughters taking his *al fresco* lunch of pumpkin pie, denying himself the luxuries of the tavern's *table d'hote*, he venerates him; and when he reflects that the N. Y. makes this self-denial on purely economical grounds, he loves the noble yeoman, and in accordance with these expressed sentiments and with a view to benefitting him it is that this paper is written. The Exhibition is a great and glorious undertaking and well worthy of his patronage, but it has its drawbacks. One of them is the possibility of being taken in by some Specious Scalawag, probably a Yankee or a man from Hamilton. Grip in his kind-heartedness therefore bestows upon them the following hints:—

1. Don't wager your shekels that a certain coin is or is not in a certain innocent looking box produced by the aforesaid S. S.—you will lose whether you bet yen or nay.
2. Don't hazard your moldores that you can open a certain jack-knife produced by the S. S., although a bystander accidentally finds out the trick and shows you how to do it. Don't. You can't do it.
3. Should you meet the S. S. in the form of a man with a small table, two thimbles, and a pill, do not bet a maravedi that it is under either of the thimbles or that it is not under either one or the other. Although you are prepared to make an extra judicial oath that you know just where it is, don't bet, you'll lose.
4. Invest not a stiver in the eradicating soaps offered by the S. S. When he tells you that if you fell off the end of the pier into the lake his soap would wash you ashore, don't you believe him. Figuratively and literally it won't wash.
5. Invest not your doubloons in too much lager. Scientists appear to have some doubts as to its intoxicating powers, but beware. Too many visits to where it is sold and you may find yourself celled.
6. If a well dressed, gentlemanly stranger asks

you if your name is not Colonel Johnston who lives in Oakville, and when you say "no" expresses his surprise thereat, shake him at once, your rupees are in danger.

And lastly, keep sober, buy your girl some nice cheap cakes and lemonade, bring her to the Royal or the Gardens in the evening, and then drive her home. Come into town every day and enjoy yourself, and don't forget above all things to subscribe for Grip.

**A Rhapsody on the Toronto Girls at the Toronto Exhibition.**

BY WILDE HOSCAR.

At Toronto's Fair to be seen, how the fair ones will rush to town!  
(Goddess, and maiden, and queen, you will sure with the rest come down?)  
In sheen and colors of flowers, in lustre of summer air,  
These glories of girls are ours, from the bangs of their gold-bright hair,  
To the flash of the perfect fit of the delicate kid *balltine*.  
—Toronto's daughters, *sans doute*, are best in Toronto seen.

Fair are the girls of Guelph, ambitious Hamilton's fair,  
St Catharines' laid on the shelf, since the Yankees have gone elsewhere,  
At Belleville the village belles, come forth upon "Main street" strong,  
And in Picton's grass-grown dells, neat faces and figures throng,  
And he who has dreamed that he slept, in old Kingston's limestone halls,  
Has seen the sweet girls that slept, to churches, picnics, and balls;  
And in Trenton's still retreat, and rustic scenery there be,  
From bright face to pretty feet, nice nymphs as you'd wish to see.  
But still say whatever you like, and go where you want to go,  
You bet you can never strike such girls as this city can show.

At Toronto's Fair there are seen, such beauties as none can beat,  
While many will make others feel mean, and talk of "Toronto's conceit";  
In the park or at Hanlan's Isle, they are radiant, and rich, and rare,  
One, Venus like, rising the while, rom surges of sea-dark hair!  
And some with their wave wet tresses, as fresh from the bath they rise,  
With figures the bathing dresses, close-clinging but half disguise  
And some whom the park embosoms, 'mid whose green aisles they have strayed,  
Where faces like chestnut blossoms, are seen in the chestnut shade;  
And some to the chase like Diana, are riding, beautiful-browed,

Through roads which Alderman Ryan, for improvement late disallowed,  
And some at the church in Bond street, where the wondrous Writings would choose,  
Not to make his *bondsman* Christians, but to make all Christians, Jews,  
And some with the faces sweetest, and some with the forms most fair,  
Throng the great Grip's halls as is meetest, and linger admiring there—  
Such beauty and such sweet dresses! such figures and eyes of blue!  
Such glory of golden tresses—too utterly too, too, too!  
Oh! away with the hash-house mutton, give the week-old pie a rest!  
But get me a sunflower and button it over my burning breast—  
For love is good or a little, and lager cool for a day,  
But love is as pie-crust brittle, and lager when sour don't pay.

[Our poet has written the above in a condition of no ordinary excitement of mind, and is evidently too much influenced by a very bad form of the tender passion for some one Toronto girl to be a reliable judge of the undoubted claims of other places besides Toronto. Poor fellow! We remind him that sunflowers are better for him than lager.—Ed. Grip.]

There was a poor parson called T-r-n,  
He meant to do right I am certain,  
But he must be a scamp,  
For he lighted a lamp,  
And prayed with a flaming blue shirt on!

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