

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1. 25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

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## G R I P .

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

*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, JUNE 28th, 1873.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IGNORAMUS."—You must be one not to know.

"MOLLIE DARLING."—The lines you mention are not contained in Dr. Watts' poetical works, nor do we know what poet composed them. The polite version is as follows:

"If I had a donkey averse to speed,  
Do you think I would castigate him? no, indeed!  
I'd give him some provender and observe, proceed!  
Ambulate, Robert!"

"ENQUIRER." wants to know the slowest living thing? We should say our boy on an errand.

"ASPIRANT."—We should recommend you to adopt the medical profession, as the bad work you are likely to do cannot be returned on your hands.

"AGRICULTURIST" asks who are most interested in the coming of green fruit? Coroners and undertakers, in our opinion.

"EDITOR."—Certainly; you are right to abuse the circus profession, when they will not advertise with you.

## A TERRIFIC TEMPTATION.

(A TERRIBLY TRUE TEMPERANCE TALE.)

A young man of this city, we forbear mentioning his name for obvious reasons, was invited to the house of his employer to assist in celebrating the natal day of the said employer's daughter. Being in a new black dress coat during the whole of the evening, on which the subject to fits of abstraction he remained wrapped in thought and a touching incident about to be narrated occurred. Invited to partake of a glass of wine, when the company were standing to honor the toast of the evening he manfully refused.

"But you will take just one small glass of wine to my health and prosperity," said the fair young lady in whose honor the toast was given. Our friend stood unmoved and erect in conscious rectitude. Note the unparalleled heroism of this young man: heedless alike of the jeers of his companions, the manifest anger of his host, and last, not least, the supplicating gaze of a lovely pair of blue eyes bent beseechingly on him. And did he yield? No! With undaunted courage and flashing eyes, he exclaimed in a voice husky with emotion—"I never do drink wine, but I'll take a little good Scotch Whiskey if you have it."

NEMO.

HIGH LIFE IN TORONTO.—One of our young men on whom we can rely, informs us that on Sunday he saw a King, a Queen, a Duke, and a Duchess going into Church (Street). [Our young man was there himself.—EDITOR.]

A drunken Irishman rather startled a fruit-vendor a few days since by the demand, "Say (hic), boss, show us (hic) an Orange-(hic)-man will you.

## THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

By telegraph from London we learn that the troops have been reviewed in presence of the Persian Shah, for the delectation of that monarch; and that the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice "assisted on the occasion." We presume these royal ladies conducted the *dressing up* movements.

## OUR CALVES.

As an illustration of Journalistic inconsistency, we quote the following touching "local" by the tender hearted Trojan who does the police news for a certain little evening paper:—

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—As our representative was passing through the market to-day he heard one of our leading citizens remark that it was a disgrace to some of our butchers and farmers bringing in cattle and leaving them in the scorching heat. There were 20 calves, some with their feet tied and others tied to the wheels of different waggons, all of which were in the sun. It is well a Humane Society is being formed.

Notwithstanding that gush of feeling, the wretched itemizer shows that he is capable of still greater cruelty himself, for he drags not only the calves, but also the butchers and farmers into the *Sun*, and passes on without compunction.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The South Ontario election is the most stirring thing at present on the *tapis*. Considerable *Gibberish* is spoken throughout the riding, but there is every probability of the reform candidate *Holden* on to a good majority.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—It is actually stated that in this the nineteenth century, and on a crowded thoroughfare, a prominent dry goods merchant in King street, has been lately making a royal Bengal tiger *yell-oh!*

CRUELTY.—A Hamilton paper states that on Sunday last the bells were *peeled* at an unusually early hour. We hope that their natural covering was restored as speedily as possible, as they would be liable to catch cold in this changeable weather.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The imperative mood. Stand and deliver.

Why is an old building like a madhouse? Because it contains lone attics.

What part of Toronto puts you in mind of the moon on a cloudy night? The Crescent; it is so badly lighted.

Why is a smoker like a braggart? Because he puffs.

When is a schoolmaster like a carpenter? When he is forming a new rule.

When does a lady look her *worst*? When she is in a *bustle*.

When does a man like his clothes? When it suits him.

When you see an envelope "On Her Majesty's Service," is it not equivalent to saying "let us go free" (letters go free).

What is the average weight of "lighthouses?"

Some men earn their living by turning *summersaults*. Do they rest in *winter*?

Is trying a garotter to the *triangle* doing the square thing by him?

When can a bull *stand* more than a man? When it treats him to a *horn*, and makes him stagger.

The Wimbledon Contest.—Friendly riflery.

GUIDE TO ANGLERS.—A bad place to fish in.—In vain.

How to get into a scrape.—Shave with a rough razor.

If it is true that "Nature abhors a Vacuum," how she must deprecate a great many City Councils!

FALSE, ENTIRELY SO.—The *Sun* printed the statement a few evenings since, that the population of Constantinople numbers 6,000,000. We feel it our duty, in the interests of truth, &c., to give this an emphatic denial.