

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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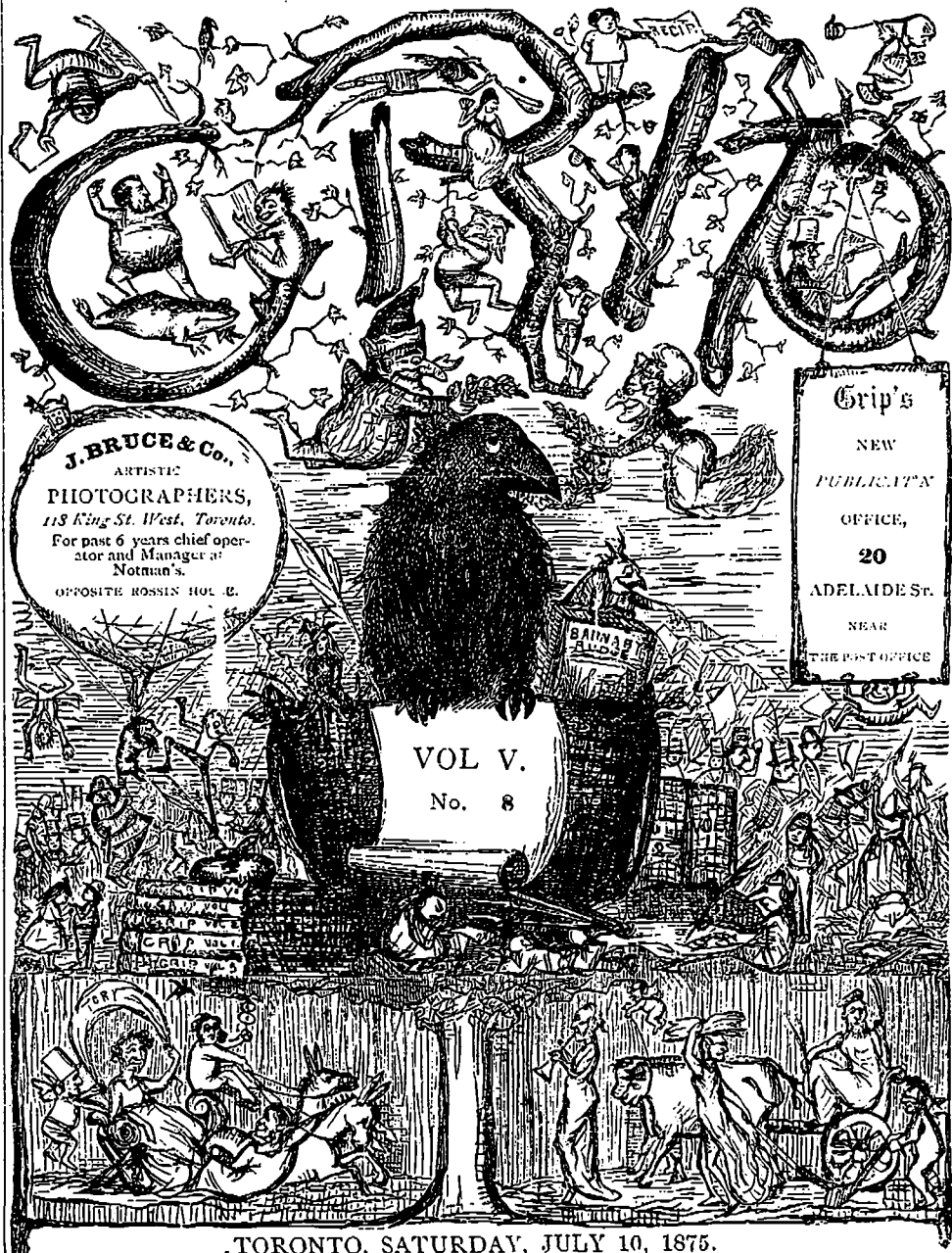
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**VOL. V.  
No. 8**

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.  
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To accommodate the public we have procured Directories of the principal Cities in England, United States and Canada, which can be referred to at any time without charge.

**FISHER & TAYLOR,**

P. O. Box 448. Publishers and Proprietors.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;  
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Wan is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

## From our Box.

A couple of hours of hearty, healthy, spontaneous laughter, must be of incalculable value to a business man during the present financial stringency, and thanks to Mr. DALY's admirable Company at the Grand Opera House, this boon is within the reach of all. The *Big Bonanza* is pre-eminently a business man's play. Without putting it before SHAKSPEARE or SHERIDAN, it is really a first-class drama of modern New York life, eminently realistic, and not choked up with the sentimental element. The dialogue is pointed and natural. We particularly remarked an excellent scene, between Messrs. WHITING and LAMB, as a financier and a learned Professor. The Professor dispauges his brother's business, and tells him if he only had capital he would make money, a remark we have frequently heard. The scene ends in a most ludicrous quarrel between the two old men. Mr. LOUIS JAMES, as a young man who has gone West to make his fortune and failed to do so, was good, but showed a tendency to overdo his part sometimes, notably where he lets the gallery laugh him into dancing about the stage with a tight boot that will neither go on or off. The ladies of the company all played well, particularly Mrs. JAMISON and Miss NUNEZ. For the benefit of ladies and the non-initiated we may remark that a knowledge of stock-market affairs is not absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the plot.

## Economical John.

(SEE CARTOON.)

JOHN BAXTER was an alderman  
Of undisputed weight,  
Who at Toronto's Civic Board  
Conspicuously sat;  
His views, to match his shoulders,  
Were generously broad,  
And every time he uttered them  
His colleagues would applaud.

No man but rides some hobby—  
(No alderman, that is,)—  
And JOHN was no exception—  
"Economy" was his.  
"Retrenchment in the civic funds,"  
"Retrenchment!" were his cries,—  
So the people all pronounced him  
Not only *great*, but wise!

It happened that the city,  
Had grown so much apace  
That its pleasure park was voted  
By far too small a place;  
The Council thought to buy more land  
For the people did demand it.  
But BAXTER said the civic purse  
Could never, never stand it.

Next day the Mayor, a friend of JOHN's  
Received an invitation,  
To go and dine across the sea  
For the glory of the nation.  
Now BAXTER was a loyal man,  
So he voted civic cash  
To the tune of some three thousand  
To buy the Mayor his hash.

A number of Orangemen have invested in copies of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." On discovering that it was the wrong Queen Mary, they wanted their money back.

The freedom of the City of Dundee has been presented to Mr. MACKENZIE. The principal privilege is the right to eat unlimited marmalade, the staple production of that city.

GRIP indignantly denies the scandalous and unfounded report that Mr. P. T. BARNUM has made overtures to purchase the Toronto City Council for purposes of exhibition.

## Unrequited Affection.

TORONTO, (Sings.)

Oh! charming young Miss Yorkville!  
Say won't you now be mine?  
Our fixings put together  
Oh! would'nt that be fine?  
Of all suburban maidens,  
There's none I love like thee;  
The hour that makes us one dear,  
How blissful it will be!

YORKVILLE, (Sings.)

Git out you old deceiver!  
In vain you talk so glib—  
You think I'm some soft silly,  
Just 'scaping from my bib,  
But all your tricks I'm up to,  
And laugh to see you woo:  
Whoever I may wed, sir,  
I'm sure it won't be you!

TORONTO.

Oh! why such harsh denial?  
Why snub me thus?—I wov  
With all I have I thee, sweet,  
Will cheerfully endow.  
I've got four good steam engines,  
With quick alarm wires;  
Police, and gas; and water  
To quench your little fires.

YORKVILLE.

You've also got high taxes,  
'Bout which you nothing say—  
My money's what you want, sir,  
And not myself—away!  
The style you manage business,  
It fills me with affright—  
And oh! your City Fathers,  
They are a caution quite!

TORONTO.

You nasty, cross-grained hussy!  
You pert, affected chit!  
Remain in all your danger  
As long as you see fit!  
You dirty, brazen vixen,  
Since thus my suit you spurn!  
I'll let you go to blazes,  
Next time you have a burn!

YORKVILLE.

Out! sorry shiftless savage!  
Out! avaricious wretch!  
I would not soil my fingers  
By being your Jack Ketch.  
In your own garters hang you,  
Old slowest of the slow!  
You don't fool this young woman—  
Not if she knows it—No!

## Mr. Mackenzie at Buckingham Palace.

SCENE: A ballroom. MR. MACKENZIE has finished a Scotch reel, and some champagne, and is seated on a settee, apart from the rest of the company, with his partner, LADY DASHAWAY SPANKEE, a fast and satirical young lady, not long out.

MAC.—(Who is in a very lively state.) Eh! my dear, but you champagne's boss tippie, an dancin's a braw, bracin, diversion! especially wi' a bewitchin' young cratur. It maun take a power o' bawbees to gie siccan' shines as this. I bet ye lassie, a mon nicht be waur aff than here. A fig for auld hum-drum GEORGE BROWN, and his *Globe*. I mean to have some fun. Lunnin's a fine city, an ye're distractingly beautiful.

LADY D.S.—(Greatly amused and taking in the situation.) My sentiments exactly. Who is GEORGE BROWN?

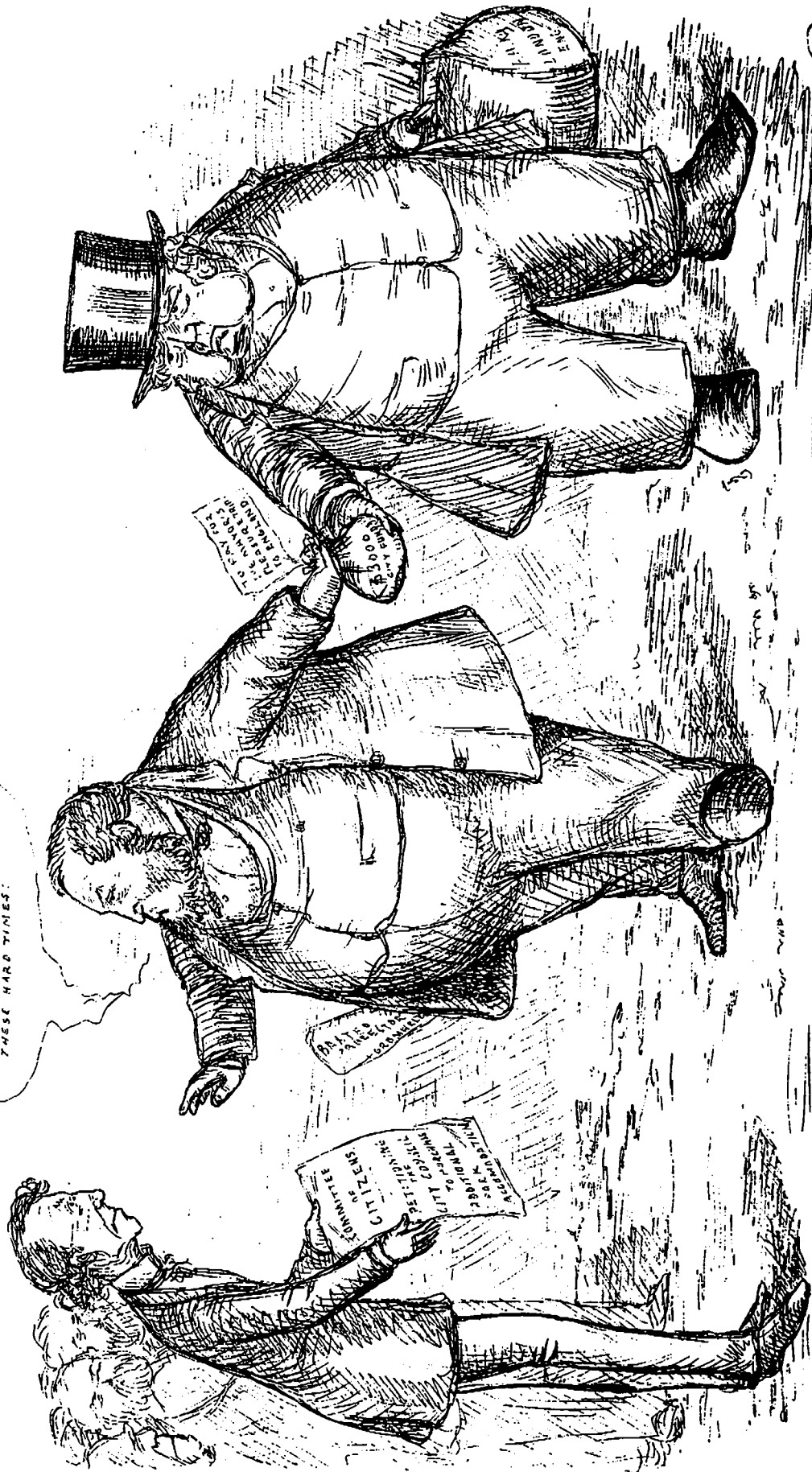
MAC.—An old hunk in my country. Wants to boss everything, and have me, and everybody, in leading strings. [To footman with tray and glasses:—"Thanks, your grace, I think I will."] Your charmin' led-dyship's vera gude health!

LADY D.S.—(Smiling.) I think you told me you come from Canada. What sort of a country is it?

MAC.—Hech! my birdie, its just gran' ayont conception.

LADY D.S.—And you're what they call a chief I suppose when you're at home in the forests. Now, chief, I must explain that the man who brought the tray just now is not a lord—only one of the royal footmen.

THE CITY CAN AFFORD TO SPEND  
MONEY FOR SUCH A PURPOSE.  
THESE HARD TIMES!



*Benjamin*

# ECONOMICAL JOHN.

MAC.—Aweel! you gran' being a footman! I thought he was a Duke! But you really ar a ledlyship ain't ye?

LADY D. S.—Oh! yes, my father is a marquis. But I thought you chiefs never went abroad except in paint and feathers and tomahawk.

MAC.—Hoot, missy, I calculate ye're thinking o' the Injins.

LADY D. S.—I thought you were all Indians in Canada, and scalped one another, and eat one another up!

MAC.—Eh! my little Venus, I'm fearin, ye ken but little o' oor magnificent Dominion. [*Sings*,—"Away with melancholy!"]

LADY D. S.—But I'm sure I've read, or heard of Indians. Hae they been exterminated, or emigrated?

MAC.—Weel, ye ken my pretty one, we dinna ca' it extermination. We put it that they "have faded away before the gran' march o' civilization, an' Christianity." One way the pair boddies are gane maistly—an such o' them as are left, are on what we term reservations. [*To footman with tray*:"—Thank ye kindly sir—wi a' my heart."] Your ledlyships vera gude health, an here's wishin I was single for your sake. *Sings*:"—Then merrily, merrily sing, fal, la!"

LADY D. S.—That would be jolly.

MAC.—But i' faith, my tulip, I shall enjoy myself, an' have a high old spree now I've got away from BROWN. [*Sings*:"—Then what's the use of sighing."] Do you think my dear, your mither wad object to my driving you to Richmond to-morrow?

LADY D. S.—I do not suppose she would if you can give her unimpeachable references.

MAC.—Weel, I dinna ken mony folk here [*Aside*. There's old Brown's man in Cheapside—an then there's JENKINS.] Ye ken a person by the name of Jenkins, may be?

LADY D. S.—A washerwoman?

MAC.—Nae, a man; wrote "Lord BANTAM" my dear, an' "Ginx's Baby."

LADY D. S.—Never heard of them.

MAC.—Weel my birdie—ye don't mind me callin' ye birdie?

LADY D. S.—Not at all. It sounds nice.

MAC.—Or, dearie.

LADY D. S.—That sounds nicer still.

MAC.—Ye're jist the jolliest girl I ever met. If the Cheapside man will nae do, I'll go to Ginx for a reference. Ye wad na need to bring ony sandwiches wi ye, or ony thing o' that sort, if the old woman lets you oot, as I've lots of money. [*Aside*. Charge it all to dusters in the public accounts. Ha! ha!]

LADY D. S.—Oh! delightful! I do dislike carrying sandwiches, or roly-polies in my pocket. I'm always so afraid of sitting on them. You smoke I suppose, ALICK? I do. You won't mind me calling you ALICK, old fellow?

MAC.—Mind it! It's enchatnin! I canna smoke without being puirly, but I'll try again for your sake. If the old woman says "nae," ye can just slip oot, and sa ye're gaun to the National Gallery, or to meetin. [*To footman*. "Yes, ain mair glass."]

LADY D. S.—The Gallery is closed, and we have no meetings on week days. But our cook would let me into the coal cellar, and I could come up outside, through the grid, when nobody was looking. But about Canada. As I understood you, ALICK, after the Indians had dissolved the whites took their places?

MAC.—Just so. "The earth belongeth to the saints," my dear.

LADY D. S.—And the saints in this case were St. GEORGE, St. PATRICK, and St. ANDREW!

MAC.—Ha! Ha! vera gude! [*To footman*—"Certainly—the last was only half full."] I'm thinkin Briggs couldna beat that. You've may-be heard of Briggs—Jinnel Briggs—graduate of Coboconk's great University. I wad like you to read Briggs, my rosebud, an to hear me in the Hloos. I'm vera weel worth hearin' mysel. [*Sings*—"A roysterer gay I'll be."] Wad ye my dearie like a waltz? I niver tried that sort of merry-go-round, but I doubt not I could do it. [*Stands up unsteadily*.]

LADY D. S.—I would like it exceedingly, but for a cramp in my foot. What do you think of London.

MAC. [*Sitting down*].—Hech! my birdie, but its an awsome bit. The streets jist like hedge-raws, an' the kirk-steeple like poplar-trees. An' then the fouk as thrang on the planetanes on a week-day as if a' the kirks were emptyin' at ance. Then the ships a' croodin on ane anither, an' the noise o' men, an' the thunder of carriages—but after a' England's ainly sma' tatties to compare wi' Canada. [*Shouts to footman*. "Hi! hi! time to set 'em up again!"] Eh, my dear, but I feel as spry as a young gobbler. Whilk, I may explain, is the name given bi these pair daft injuns to the Turkey bird. But aboot Canada, my dearie, [*Pulls out paper*,] here are some interestin' stateestics.—Nae, nae, this is Brown's "Instructions how to behave yourself at the Palace." Oh! here they are, wad ye like maist to hear aboot oor shippin' an' forests, oor labour market, rate of wages, climate, agricultural capabilities, municipal institutions, oil wells, mines an minerals, roads, canals,—

LADY D. S.—What a pity, I see my aunt is beckoning—

MAC.—Railways, public works, banks, commerce, currency, cost of clearing wild land, roughing it in the bush, and puttin' in your first crop in Muskoka.—

LADY D. S.—Yes, my aunt is certainly—

MAC.—Our lands are the most fruitfu' in the world, ["Thank ye sir, I'll na refuse."] Our forests are inexhaustible; our area is beyond computation; our coal measures are,—but in short, dearie, you may just bet on it we are destined at no distant date to absorb and support about 450 millions of the human race. Oor Jenkins will tell you a' aboot it, gin ye wad like to emigrate, an' gin ye have a little capital, ye ken, there's Pardee—

LADY D. S.—A thousand thanks! I think I really must come and see you in Canada.

MAC.—An ye won't mention to Mrs. — [*whispers*.]

LADY D. S.—Not a syllable! you'll bring mamma the Testimonial to-morrow.

MAC.—Without fail, my dearie.

LADY D. S.—And keep your eye on the coal-grid, ALICK.

MAC.—Like a weasel. [*Lady D. S. runs off to her aunt, and MAC. is shortly afterwards assisted into a cab by an attendant, singing "Till day-light doth appear."*]

### The Mayor Goes Out to Dinner.

Across the briny ocean, to attend a banquet rare,  
As Toronto's representative, goes her venerable Mayor.  
His little trip will prove of course expensive to the town,  
And as useful as the missions of EDGAR and of BROWN.

The *Globe* objects to send him, because his "toes is square,"  
But some one else's feet not very ornamental were.  
We hope he'll do his duty, and not come back much thinner,  
As the object of his mission is to go and eat his dinner.

Now what did BROWN and EDGAR and McDUGALL do, when they  
Were sent on foreign missions in a most expensive way?  
They nothing did; but MEDCALF may be trusted when he's there,  
To put away the turtle-soup like a real old British Mayor.

He'll hand around the loving cup with the Mayors of other towns,  
Resplendent in their gilded chains and ornamental gowns.  
They are certain to admire him, and it's pretty sure that each  
Will hammer on the table, when His Worship makes a speech.

And while he's off across the sea, for this trip of relaxation,  
He leaves our old friend BAXTER to control the Corporation.  
(A duty he's well formed to do,) but GRIP would jist remark,  
"JOHN BAXTER, if you please or not, we mean to have that Park."

### Croaks and Decks

The Mayor of Toronto's 12th of July speech in the Queen's Park, having been telegraphed to the Vatican, the POPE immediately sent in his resignation. Like Mr. C—— it has not been accepted.

An enterprising artist exhibits a photograph in IRVING'S window, entitled "A volcano from the outside." It is very picturesque, but what we would like to get is a view of one from the inside.

The new Canadian work of humor "JOE RYMAL'S Jest Book" will shortly appear. In addition to many original humorisms, some novel selections are promised by the able wielder of the *Mail* office scissors.

The rumors of Mr. JENKINS'S resignation as Agent General are due to his somewhat pardonable impatience when he heard that Messrs. MACKENZIE & BROWN were coming to London. He doesn't know that Mr. MEDCALF is on the road. Ha! Ha!

It is not given to ordinary mortals to be able to completely satisfy the demands of opposing parties. Yet the Quebec electors have done this—may more. They have given a majority to both sides. That is if our dear *Globe* and *Mail* are to be believed. Could we doubt their words? Impossible.

The *National* recommends the Canada First people, whom it has recommended, to eat grasshoppers. The *Whitby Chronicle* recommends chickens to eat potatoe bugs. But we don't hear that either of our contemporaries is disposed to set the example of insect eating, the nearest approach to it being eating their own words, of which the *National* lately made a square meal.

GRIP conveys his congratulations to the Orangeman who so nobly undertook the suppression of a vast abuse by attempting the destruction of an organ-grinder on the 12th of MACAULAY. At the same time he would point out to this patriotic and well-meaning gentleman that his zeal was somewhat misplaced. Had he entirely annihilated the grinder, the infernal instrument of torture would have remained, ready to give forth its hideous strains at the touch of another hand. What he should have done was to destroy the organ. After that, if he liked to erect a funeral pile with the pieces and roast the grinder thereat, he might have satiated his vengeance fully. As it is, the disloyal and irreligious airs of "Garryowen" and "Patrick's Day" yet remain on the barrel, ready to insult the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of KING WILLIAM a year hence.



ONTARIO ADVISORY BOARD  
ARTS & MANUFACTURES  
DEPARTMENT.  
CANADIAN COMMISSION,  
*International Exhibition,*  
**1876.**  
PHILADELPHIA.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,  
TORONTO, June 19th, 1875.

Notice is hereby given, that this Board are prepared to receive applications from intending exhibitors at the International Exhibition, and to furnish all required information, forms of application, etc., etc.

Immediate application is necessary to secure space.

The transportation, receiving, the unpacking and arranging of the products for exhibition, will be at the expense of the Canadian Commission.

The Canadian Commission will provide, at their own cost, all show cases, shelving, counters, fittings, &c., which they may require; and all countershafts, with their pulleys, belting, &c., for the transmission of power from the main shafts in the machinery hall. All arrangements of articles and decorating must be in conformity with the general plan adopted by the Director-General.

The Canadian Commission will take precautions for the safe preservation of all objects in the Exhibition, and it will be responsible for damage or loss of any kind, or for accidents by fire or otherwise.

The Canadian Commission will employ watchmen of their own choice to guard their goods during the hours the Exhibition is open to the public.

For further information apply to the Secretary of the Ontario Advisory Board.

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**Financial Statement for the Year ending Dec. 31, 1874.**

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest ..... \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid..... \$8,348 95

Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof..... 730 00

Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c..... 6,192 73

Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent..... 10,174 45

W. H. HOWLAND, President. HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y. \$25,486 13

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