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That Husband of Mine?

WHY YES!
I Just Left Him

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
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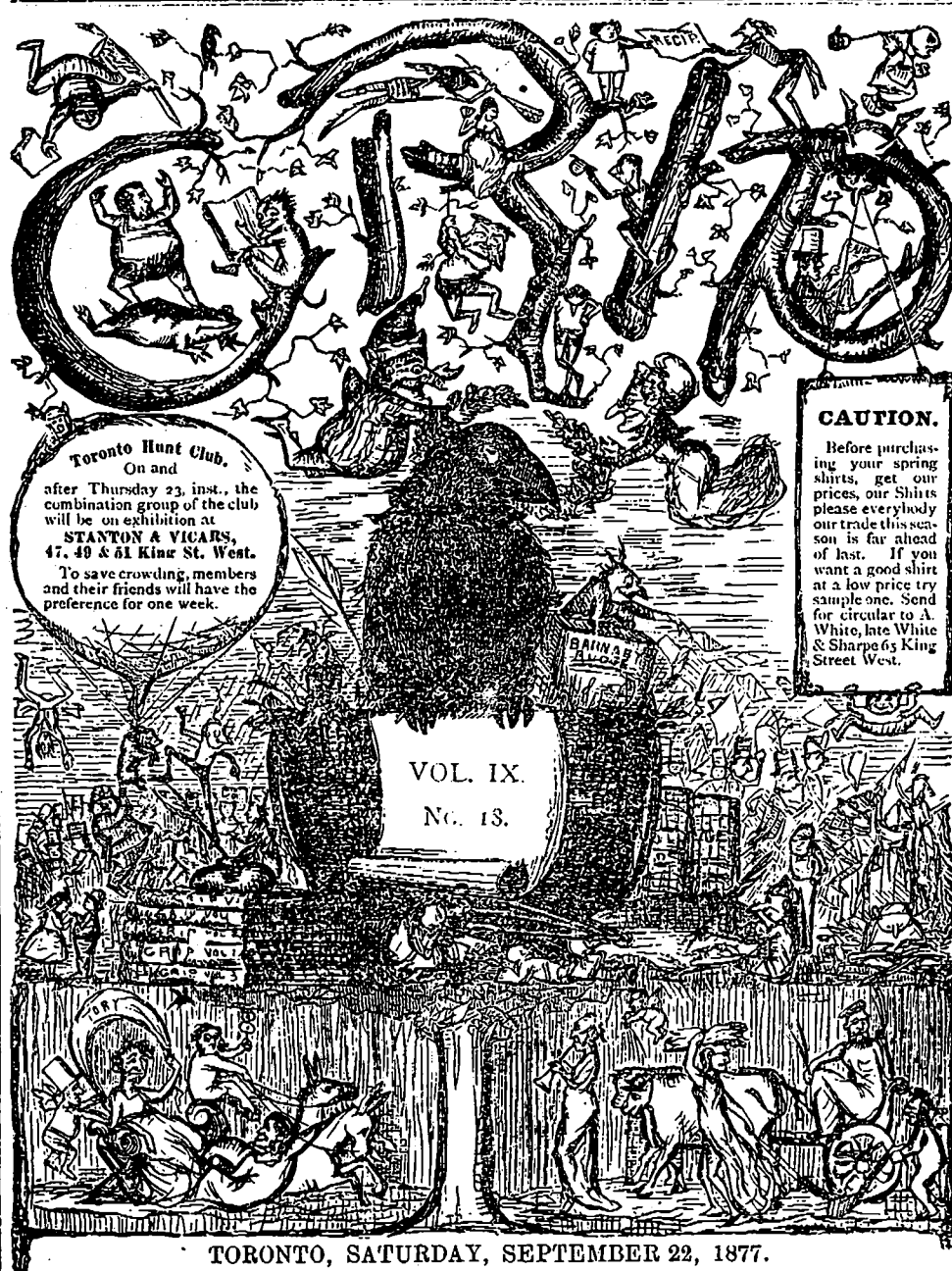
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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.

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This Popular
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The place has been very much improved since last year, and is now an exceedingly attractive country home. Parties who desire a thorough change of air, with a few weeks rest, will find this establishment a most desirable retreat.

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DOCKS, - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

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 Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND SEPTEMBER, 1877.

To Miss Fanny Davenport.

Beauty of form and power of mind,
Linked to a noble, worthy name,
Give us assurance thou shalt find
Thy place upon the peak of fame.

From our Box.

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND.—The season at the Grand Opera House has opened very auspiciously. Every member of the new stock company has made a good impression, while the presence of MISS FANNY DAVENPORT as the central figure, assures a delightful entertainment. GRIP bespeaks a prosperous season for all concerned.

THE ROYAL.—The extravaganza *Evangeline* is exceedingly funny and well acted by RICE'S Company. ELIZA WEATHERSBY does not look quite so well as she used to, but still acts charmingly. Miss VENIE G. CLANCEY is very pretty, and has become a great favourite with the audience. The *Lone Fisherman* is one of the happiest thoughts that ever occurred to a dramatic author, and the part could not be better performed than it is by Mr. HUNTER. The soul of the piece, however, is Mr. NAT C. GOODWIN, as *Le Blanc*. Mr. GOODWIN is a capital burlesque actor, and as an imitator of famous tragedians, &c., has no rival on the stage in America. Go and see him.

"Empress of India" Romance.

THE *Empress of India* having concluded her season at this port, was the other day swept and garnished preparatory to her departure for other scenes. As was to be expected, a large heap of refuse, consisting of dust, pea-nut shells, peach-stones, scraps of paper, lead pencils, diamond rings, etc., etc., was the result of the sweeping process after the last grand excursion to Oakville. A good many of the pieces of paper were rubbish in every sense of the word, being merely sections of old news papers that had enclosed sandwich lunches, and bore the grease spots of fat ham. Other fragments however, proved to be rubbish only in a poetical sense. They would seem to possess some slight literary interest. They were manuscript verses, written for the most part in pencil, and invariably in a feminine hand. The person whose praises they sing, it is surmised, was either the classic deity Apollo, or else the superior officer of the steamer,—it is uncertain which. On that point the reader may decide for himself, as GRIP, without further preface, will hereto append a few of them. The first to hand is daintily written on small-sized, cream laid note paper, originally highly perfumed, and runs as follows:—

TO HIM.

I sigh not for Royalty's birth,
Nor aught in a throne do I see,
But I would give all I am worth
The *Empress of India* to be;
O, that would be bliss here on earth
For he would be always with me!

MARY JANE.

The next gentle ebullition of lunacy takes this form:

TO THE HANDSOME ONE.

Thou art fairer than GEORGE RIGNOLD,
Thou art handsomer than BARNES,
O, I would give my weight in gold
To swoon into thy arms.

LIZZIE.

"LIZZIE" is not much of a poetess, but her production is rather better than the next we come to:

MY OWN CASHIANA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled
But I would cling around thy neck
Until I was stark dead.

JENNIE.

The next to hand is as follows:

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

May I come up beside thee, love,
Upon the hurricane deck;
Yes, I must climb and get above,
O do not push me back!

LOUISA.

This "prayer" seems to have been on the lips of a good many of the maidens, for the next verse we happen to light upon runs as follows:

TO MY FRIEND.

The ship is crowded and its' awful hot
And O behold my wretched lot!
I'm sure that I shall die or break my neck,
If you don't let me come up beside you, dear, on the hurricane deck.
NELLIE.

Again this melancholy burthen crops out:

O PLEASE DO!

O sea est, please permission speak,
I don't care for the rain,
I want to come up beside you on the deck.
And see the hurricane.

CHARLOTTE.

GRIP cannot spare room for more than one other specimen of the poetry and spooneyness of the girls.

MY HOPE.

He passed and as he passed he smiled,
I turned first red then White,
O, how I love that last mentioned color,
I'd be that if I might.

MATILDA.

The Globe on Protection.

Interior of sanctum. Editor composing article, alternately reads and writes.

READS.—(from a prominent exchange.)—"The question of Protection is really, at present, the only living business issue before the country."
WRITES.—"As the question of Protection is now utterly dead."

READS.—(from widely-read review.)—"It is no doubt singularly annoying to the Reform leaders to discover so many of their own prominent supporters flocking to the Protection standard waving over the Conservative camp."

WRITES.—"and no man of any pretensions to ability ever condescends to discuss it further."

READS.—(from *Sir John's Speeches*)—"Reciprocity of tariffs may be fairly demanded—(Cheers.)"

WRITES.—"It is amusing to observe that even the Chiefstain is lowering his notice of the stale subject to a faint whisper for a small increased protection."

READS.—(from city daily) "There is no question but next session this will be the chief issue before the House."

WRITES.—"and every indication of public opinion warrants us in the belief that the weak cry will soon be dropped utterly."—and so on for a fortnight proceeds to kill the dead issue in two columns daily.

To Be or Not to Be.

The winter comes apace. His driving wind,
His dreadful storms of furious snow and sleet,
His avalanche of solid ice y'piled,
Warn me I should prepare. The question is—
The question dread, and great, and vast and large,—
O'ershadowing in my mind all other things—
Wherefore I think not whether this SIR JOHN
Or that MACKENZIE rule, or whether those
Great armies which each others' bowels tear
Below the Balkans grim, continuous strive,
Or pleasant peace appear; nor cogitate
If Eighteen Eighty One shall end the world,
(As SHIPTON'S part-fulfilled word declares),
Or if it still roll on. What I do weigh,
Think, ponder, calculate, contrive, and plan,
Is of a question paramount to all
That sways the common soul. 'Tis this, but this:
Shall I those dollars twenty-eight obtain,
My tailor asketh for a new great coat—
(Dollars which may be coming; but from whence
Is in the future hid) or shall I make
Him furbish up the old? This is the point—
The vital, living question of the day,
To which all others pale. What hangs thereon
Is more than worlds can say.

Grip's Mud Model.

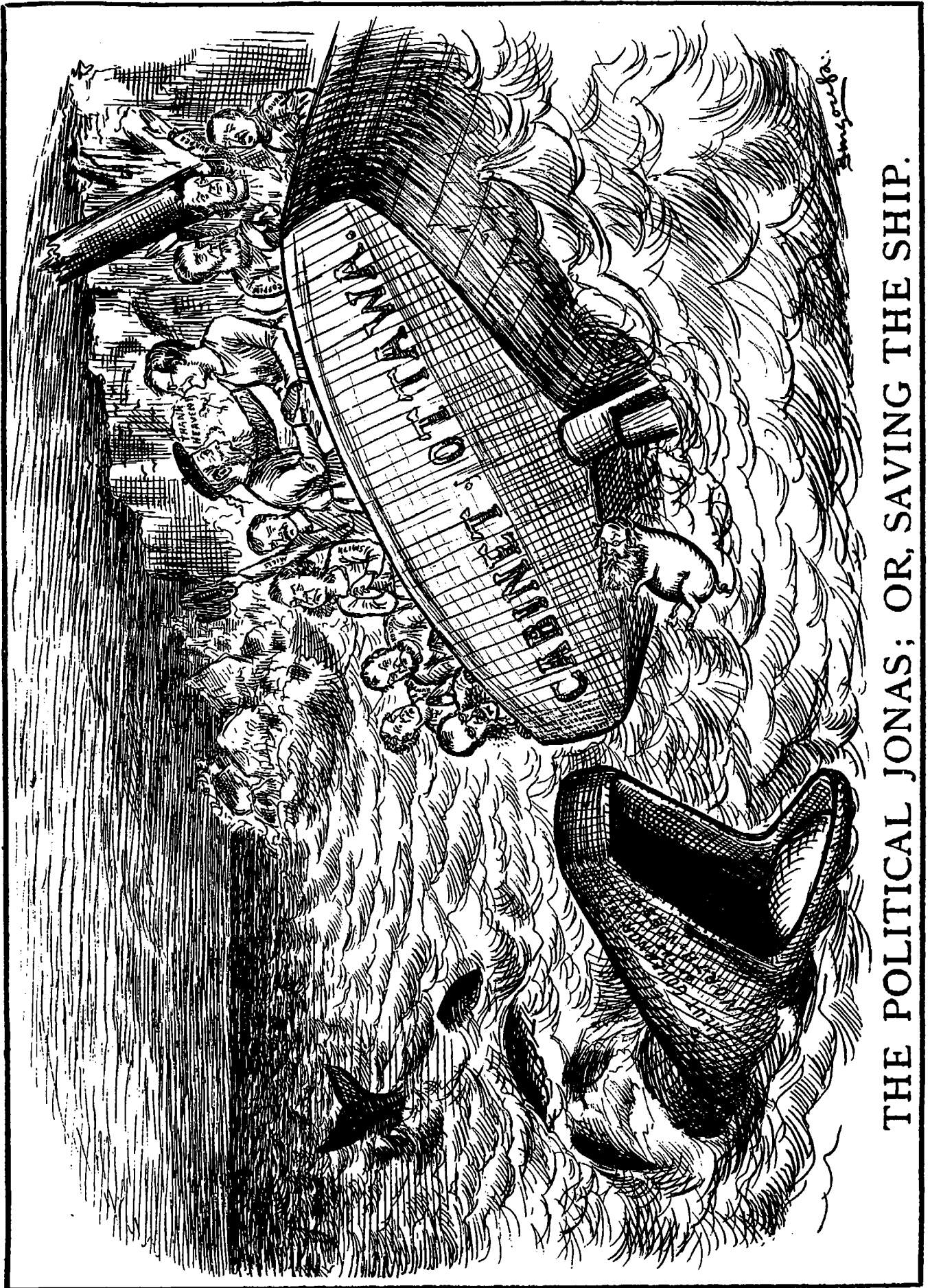
GRIP is engaged upon a small work of art, to be exhibited in the Journalistic department of the Provincial Fair, at London. It is a group of statuary, modeled in mud, representing the editor of the *London Advertiser* standing in triumph over the prostrate form of the devout representative of the *Free Press*, waving aloft a chromo and the official returns which assert the circulation of the *Tizer* to be greater than that of the *F. P.*, and exclaiming in tones of thunder, "You're a Liar!" This mild admonition is addressed to the prostrate individual, who is frantically clutching a copy of his own paper, and replying, "You're another!" A figure representing Public Opinion, with an expression of the utmost indifference on her face, is in the act of fixing a pair of long ears on each of the disputants. The group will be entitled "The Dignity of the Press,"—and will no doubt be instructive as well as interesting to all who gaze upon it in the exhibition.



A HOPELESS TASK.
The F.P. TRYING TO CONVERT
The MAYFLOWER MAN.



THE HALIFAX MAYFLOWER MAN "TROTTERED OUT."



THE POLITICAL JONAS; OR, SAVING THE SHIP.

What He Will Say

The grass was green; the day was fair,
GRIP sat him on a stone.
And he was aware of a traveller there,
Come travelling all alone.

Expression on his face he bore,
And had an eye and nose;
And so had more who had passed before,
But they had not such as those.

GRIP knew the nose which curled so high,
Above Aurora's ground,
And he knew the eye which so flashingly
Sent glances there around.

And GRIP he said, "Dost thou not fear
To come along this way,
Or to bring thyself here, on platforms to appear,
When thou canst have nought to say?"

But the traveller said, "For one so wise,
Methinks thou art rather raw,
Just cast your eyes on my cheek's vast size,
And note my amount of jaw.

"I'd like to know what hinders me
That old plan cut and dried,
Though never a plea for mine own there be,
To abuse the other side."

The traveller travelled and soon was gone,
And GRIP bestowed a lot
Of pity upon the keen SIR JOHN
Who is going to catch it hot.

How They Take It.

GRIP is often asked how the victims of his artist's pencil "take it." To save trouble he would reply to all these questions: Variously. To wit:

When MR. GEO. BROWN sees his counterfeit presentment, he doesn't think a moment of the counter, but he darts a swift glance at the feet. If they have been tenderly and briefly dealt with, and if his political corns have not been tramped on too severely, he smiles, and says, "Vera guid—capital!" If, on the contrary, the artist has been severely literal in his delineations by those pedal appendages, the hon. gentleman goes up into his editorial room, assembles the editors, reporters, proofreaders and printers, and reminds them of the imperative mandate he gave out long ago, to the effect that the name of GRIP should never, under any circumstances, be mentioned in the *Globe*.

When JOHN A. sees himself in a cartoon he is surprised. It is something new. Then he laughs, and calls the attention of the club fellows to the hair and the nose. After a while he reads the legend, and then there is a sudden revulsion in his feelings. He bursts into tears and exclaims, "Too true, too true,—curse that wretched crew, he's always exposing my little game!"

When MR. PATTESON has reason to believe that his figure has been drawn with every attention to detail, he becomes very nervous, and a mist seems to obscure his eyesight. He pulls out his handkerchief and gently presses his optics; then he steadies himself in his office chair and calls for MR. WEBB, the editor. When that gentleman appears, the manager hands him the paper tremblingly, and says, "Look at that!" Mr. W. looks, and a smile steals over his jolly face,—until his eye happens to fall on the manager, who seems to be suffering an agony of suspense. Then Mr. WEBB looks serious. "Is it there?" gasps Mr. PATTESON. "What, sir?" enquires the editor. "The-the-the-Jockey cap! Is it there?" "Yes, sir, it is; large as life, and—" Here Mr. WEBB drops the cartoon just in time to catch the fainting form of the unlucky T. C.

MR. MACKENZIE acts somewhat differently. He takes the cartoon in his right hand and goes deliberately up to one of the mirrors in his office, and compares the copy with the original in a severely critical manner. This invariably relieves his feelings, for he generally walks into BLAKE'S department afterwards and gets that eminent legal mind to endorse his conclusion that the upper lip in GRIP'S picture is at least an inch too long in proportion to the size of the body.

MR. MOWAT, singularly enough, is in the habit of going through a similar exercise whenever he is pictured.

MR. MAYFLOWER BAKER, of Halifax, who is "trotted out" this week, will take it in his own peculiar style. He will go down on the shore among his lobsters, and stay there a fortnight, concocting a terrible revenge, and walking up and down the strand, looking as fierce as a man with an alligator's mouth. After that he will simmer down, and become a highly respectable member of Haligonian Society.

Letters of Enquiry.

GRIP has addressed the following letters of enquiry to the principal Fishery Commissioners on each side of the case.

Toronto, Sept. 1877,

SIR.—The apparently interminable delay in satisfactorily concluding the Canadian Fishery settlement, imperatively demands my addressing you the question: What is your impression of the nature of the duties of your position?

Yours, with great respect,
To Senior British Commissioner.

GRIP.

Halifax, Sept. 1877.

FELLAH.—Have received a lettaw signed "Gwip." Have hawd something of you, aw thould not have ansawd. I considah the pweess thould be tneverthally thumbed, but make an exception in youah case, ath I do not with to thee mythelf cawicachuahed in a widiculous attitude. A Commissionaw ith a pawty of conthiderable influenth in whothe way Govawment want to put a good thing. On a Eawopean Commithion a thmart fellah ith alwayth put. On a Canadian Commithion any fellah will do, becauth it ith no mattaw whatevaw what he doth theaw, tho long ath he givth the Yankeeth all that they athk faw.

FITH BATTLEACKTH,

I heniaw Commissionaw.

To GWIP, Canada, thomweah neaw the Thathes.

Toronto, Sept. 1877.

SIR.—What keeps you so long? What do you consider you are sent there for?
Yours, waiting to know,
To Chief U. S. Commissioner.

GRIP.

Halifax, Sept., 1877.

OLD HOSS.—No use foolin yew with routine fixins, so explain squar. Yes sir, kalkilate we're sent here to make a right smart pile for ourselves, and get a considerable of a good thing for Uncle Sam out of the Canucks. Our country don't mind our doing the first, and expects us to do the second; the British Coms. don't keer a continental if we does both.

Yours,

SAM. SHARPEVE,

To GRIP, Toronto, Ont.

Chief U. S. Commissioner

At the Tory Picnic.

SIR JOHN upon the people looked
And saw them doubled up and glum,
Then *verbum sap*, this mem. he booked:
"Disordered stomach—*too much Plumb!*"

Forewarned, Forewarned.

STANLEY, the explorer, has been heard from again, and promises to send on a detailed account of his adventure soon. Let newspaper readers seize the precious moments of the interval and get their jaw-bones under training.

Why Don't He Come?

Tired of knave and sick of fool
Canada waits one to rule,
Shall our lives conclude their span
E'er we see that COMING MAN?

He who shall determinedly
Aid Canadian industry;
He who shall repair each flaw
In our ever-mended law.

Who shall tariffs regulate
For the people and the state,
Not the balance sheet to fill,
Of some foreign mine or mill.

Make the laws for justice' need,
Not to soothe the lawyers' greed,
Lay the street where traffic waits,
Not to pass the rich man's gates.

Who shall make each party hack
Cease his never-ending clack,
Of the wickedness which he
In the other side can see.

Teach us, when young nations need,
Means to aid them to succeed,
If exertion honest don't,
Reciprocal slander won't.

Caring more his nation's name,
To advance than private fame,
Canada is waiting here,
Until such a one appear.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800,

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100.
Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

ST. THOMAS WARD, a detached or semi-detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1,800.

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Ottawa, 24th August, 1877.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water. St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

1828. SEND FOR 1878.
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NEW YORK OBSERVER

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M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.
N.B. — Omnibus free.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

One Door West of the Post Office.

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SAMPLES OF TYPE

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1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas James.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BRGS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.