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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Ogster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Theatrical.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—MR. F. W. ROBINSON, the distinguished English Actor, is the star at this house the present week. His acting is very graceful and finished, and all who desire to spend an evening of pleasantry should take this opportunity of seeing him.

Good as Ever.

BELFORD'S *Magazine* and the *Fortnightly Review* for the current month have reached GRIP'S table, and insure a delightful feast of reason as usual.

Little Stories.

I.

There was once a funny old person,
Named Senator D. L. MACPHERSON,
Who a pamphlet did write
So learned and bright
That it set the Grit party a-cursin'.

But this great man felt taken down rather,
When 'twas found that he wasn't the author,
But he got the job done
By some humbled one,
Thus taking the praise without bother.

II.

There once was a sheet called the *Mail*,
Which alleged that fraud did prevail
In the "Central Committee,"
(Supposed to be Gritty)—
But when challenged for proof, it turned tail.

New Drama—"The Unfortunate Citizen."

SCENE—*The backwoods. CITIZEN ruralizing for benefit of his health. COUNTRY URCHIN detailed from farm to take CITIZEN out shooting.*

CITIZEN (*who has done about four miles of steep mountain climbing in the bush*).—Do you think, my boy, there is any chance of our seeing partridges?

BOY.—Lots of 'em somewhar. I always skeers up heaps of 'em round here. Queer as none of 'em shows to day. (*Noise heard in distance.*) Thar's one drummin' on a log. Come along, mister. (*Rushes off.*)

CITIZEN, (*greatly excited, tumbles off slippery log into mass of hemlock stubs, emerges from thicket of underbrush with scratched face.*)—Where? where? where?

BOY.—Here, here, (*Citizen runs panting after, catches him, and they presently approach partridge on log pluming its feathers, CITIZEN goes to cock the gun, hits the hammer with back of his hand—Bang!*)—partridge exit with loud whirr.)

CITIZEN.—Bless my soul! Never did such a thing before! What a fine bird! Let's go after him.

BOY (*rather tired of the hill*).—He's flewed to the low lands. They always does go thar about noon, (*they travel two miles down hill and get into big swamp.*)

CITIZEN (*who is now perched on hammock among elder bushes*)—Do they ever come here?

BOY.—Lots and lots? Very skeerce to-day. Thar! I sees one. (*Skips over bog; Citizen dashes furiously after; sinks deep in black swamp muck; splashes through it, trips on root and tumbles; gets up with face and hands covered.*)

BOY (*staring up*).—Look, look!
CITIZEN (*Sees on branch above big bird astonished at fuss; takes aim—Bang!—bird falls.*)—Splendid partridge!

BOY.—Young howl.
CITIZEN (*throwing it away*).—So it is. Beastly place. Let's get back to dinner. I'm all mud (*wipes his face with great bunch of leaves.*)

BOY.—Snakes alive! Whatyer doin'? Them's nettles, Lor you'll hev a face tomorrer!

CITIZEN.—Hang it all! (*Washes his face in black pond.*) Hullo! (*jerks his head up*). What—What's that? Damn 'em! Pull 'em off!

BOY (*pulls two good sized leeches off Citizen's face*).—Horrid creeters them blood-suckers be; they aint pyson, though.

CITIZEN.—Come along! Let's get out of this! (*Splashes off followed by boy.*)

ACT II.

NEXT DAY—FISHING.

CITIZEN (*Holding out big fishing pole under shade of tree; boy scaring off mosquitoes with branch.*)—If you had not to waive that thing, I might catch a fish, if there ever was one in the river!

BOY.—Carn't stop waivin' we'd be bit to all tarnashun. Thar's a bite! Pull!

CITIZEN (*Gives tremendous pull and hauls up awful looking open-mouthed object.*)—A great catfish! Beast! Here, he's swallowed the hook and half the line, (*Spears his finger on sharp fin.*) Darn it! (*Breaks line and throws fish squash against a tree.*) Give me the other hook! (*fishes again.*)

BOY.—Gosh all spiders! (*jumps away*). Look, mister!
CITIZEN (*Hears a peculiar rattling "Zip, zip, zip!" on bank; looks and sees very full-grown rattlesnake—starts back, falls into six feet of remarkably muddy water, gets hold of branch pulls himself out; snake crawls off*).—Guess we'll go home, I don't think there is much fish in this river.

BOY.—We ketches lots. I knows a place a little furdur in the—
CITIZEN.—Yes, "a little further." Don't want to go there. I'm bit to death with mosquitoes; burn't up with nettles; can't see how much clothes I have left for the mud, and am so stiff with walking I can hardy stand. If this is amusement, I want something serious.

(*Exit boy carrying pole.*)

The Water Rate.

It was a worthy citizen
Of credit and renown,
Who long had been well known within
Our big Teronto town.

Who had a lot of houses got
On both sides of the way,
And much did hate big water rate
Upon them all to pay.

And cast around with thought profound,
And exercised his wit,
With labour great to cogitate
How he might lower it.

With heart elate he thought him straight
Upon a certain clause,
A clause unwise, which dead now lies
Among the city laws.

Who never got, and needed not
The city water, he
Would make to pay as well as they
Who used it steadily.

But people say another way
The thing will have to go,
For this would be clear robbery
As honest men do know.

Letter of an Indignant Lady.

TO MR. GRIP:

SIR, Observing that you are the friend of our sex, I write to you in a tone of astonished remonstrance. Why cannot my husband get me all I want?

My desires are moderate. A handsome house, a few horses, two or three carriages, sufficient servants, a seaside residence for summer, and a bank cheque weekly, are all I need—at present.

I am sure you would agree with me that my life would be much more comfortable with these concomitants, and that my husband should see that I could also render him more agreeable, did I possess them.

He will not give me them!!!!
He says he is not able!!!!!!

This is, you will agree with me, utterly unreasonable, when many in no better circumstances do even more for their wives. And he agreed to cherish and protect me!!!!!!

He is in business, and he says the expense would bankrupt him. I agree with him, and tell him that is the very thing necessary. But he will not agree with me!!!!

Now, Sir I am sure you read with pleasure the charming disclosures made in a late bankruptcy case—how the husband didn't know what the entries were, or how much money his wife had had, or what her houses cost, or what the household expenses were, or anything but that she had everything fine, and spent a very charming lot of money indeed. Now I want my husband to do that, and then if necessary begin again, and afterwards do it, and if required do it some more. And he will not!!!!

I am the most injured, the most persecuted the most wretched of women. I sign myself

AN OUTRAGED FEMALE.

Toronto, Oct. 2, 1877.



HON. WM. McPHARAOH'S DREAM
OF THE FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Ho Will not Do.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graceful with polished manners, yet fine sense
Wanting, and sensibility, the man
Who needlessly would some two dollars hoard,
Nor turn aside, and pay it down for GRIP,
Delivered for a year. A list of friends!
He is no friend; he never had a friend;
He never could be friend to aught on earth,
Save his two dollars' chink; he is some knave
Who paltrily doth sneak along the streets,
And spy the noble illustrates of GRIP,
In bookshop window hang, and gaineth thence
Amusement more than filleteth his small soul
Up to the bursting point, yet buyeth not,
But crawleth off, and rubs his dollars two
Within his waistcoat pouch, and chuckleth then
Deep in the place where others have their souls:
"Am I not clever?—I have thus much got
Free gratis out of GRIP." Poor miserling—
Pumpkin of heart, and pipkinized of head,
I waste no thought on him.

But you who would
Were we but once acquainted, soon be placed
On friendship's dearest scroll, who haply know
Nothing of this the chief Canadian sheet,
Oh, stay not longer thus. Bethink you, this
Is now the Nineteenth Century, and that
Men of your most undoubted calibre
Should not remain in ignorance, nor should
Forfeit the only literary joy
That this young country yields. How soothing, when
You have the public movements striv'n to scan,
By aid of dim and particoloured lights,—
Those lanterns dark by which the *Globe* and *Mail*,
Et genus omne hoc discover part,
Part hide in deepest shade—to turn to GRIP,
And view his iridescent picturing
Reveal at once the whole. And there are those
Who have not yet subscribed!!

Canadian Nights Entertainment.

WHEN the night was come, the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI repaired again to the *cauchon* and begged him to relate the rest of the story of Wandering Willie and the Cute Vizier. At which the *cauchon*, making a low bow, resumed as follows:

When the Grand Vizier SIRJONNAY announced to WANDERING WILLIE that he had appointed him Pasha of the North West land, WILLIE was greatly delighted, and, having kissed the hand of the generous Vizier, he retired to make the necessary preparations for his journey. As soon as he had withdrawn, the Grand Vizier fell into a great fit of laughter, and appeared to be highly pleased. So much noise did he make in thus giving vent to his joy, that one of his attendants entered his presence and requested to know if anything had struck him, or if he was often taken in that way. To this the Grand Vizier replied that the occasion of his laughter was the clever trick he was about to play upon WANDERING WILLIE. The attendant replied that a demonstration of joy on that account appeared to him to be somewhat premature, "for," said he, "even as I came in to your chamber, I observed this very person, WANDERING WILLIE, already far advanced on his journey towards the North West country, of which he is to be Pasha. Whatever therefore, may be the merit of the trick thou would'st have played upon him, (and I do not doubt it would have been most amusing) he is now beyond thy power, and thy laughter hath been spent in vain." Thereupon the Grand Vizier burst into still louder mirth, at which the attendant greatly marvelled.

Observing the expression of wonder on the attendant's face, the Vizier said, "I perceive thy stupidity, and I will not bring thee relief by relating plainly the nature of this jest I am about to play; but considering that thou hast always served me faithfully, and that thy dulness of mind is probably not thy own fault, I will give thee some light on the matter by relating a little story."

"I thank thee, great Vizier," replied the attendant. "There is nothing I delight in more than the relation of strange adventures, and mayhap I may be able from thy story to guess what is the trick thou wouldst play on WANDERING WILLIE."

"Listen then" said the Grand Vizier, "to the story of

THE PRINCE AND THE WILD GOOSE CHASE.

The King of a certain country had a son, who was very fond of the chase, and kept a large pack of hounds for that purpose. The Prince was greatly attached to these animals, for, besides being well trained, they were all pure white. As may be supposed, he took great pride in caring for them, and even washed them with his own hands thrice every

year. At length there appeared amongst them a dog which had a small brown spot upon it. The Prince could not tolerate about him any dog that was not pure white, but he found that this particular animal was fully as good and clever a hunter as any of the pack, and he persuaded himself that the brown spot was but a stain accidentally got in the chase. He therefore tried to wash it out, but in doing so he discovered that it was no mere stain but a natural color. Then he began to hate that hound, and determined to separate it from his pack. He had not the heart to kill him outright, and he found it impossible to get rid of him by whipping, slighting or other manifestations of unkindness. At length he hit upon a plan which affected his purpose. He sent the hound off on a wild goose chase. Having first given him a false scent, he started the poor dog off with his nose to the ground in search of an imaginary wild goose, and so disgusted did the dog become when he found at the end of a journey of many tedious miles, that it had all been for nothing, that he conceived a great hatred of his late master the Prince, and never returned. And so the Prince got rid of the hound with the brown spot, and was happy. When the Grand Vizier had finished his story of the Prince and the Wild Goose Chase," continued the *cauchon*, still addressing the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI, "he observed that the expression of stupidity was still upon the face of the attendant, so he dismissed him from his presence, forbidding him again to appear before him until he had guessed from this story the nature of the trick intended to be played on WANDERING WILLIE. Meantime WANDERING WILLIE, with all his camels and retinue, was approaching the gates of the country of which he had been appointed Pasha. The sun was just sinking in the West, and everything looked glorious. Little did he think of the horrible fate that awaited him, when—

"But, Great Sultan," the *cauchon* suddenly said, interrupting himself, "I perceive that it is day: I must leave the Cabinet and start for the North West." "No!" ejaculated SANDIMAKENZI, "I am burning to hear the sequel of thy wonderful story. I go to attend a picnic and transact other state business now, but will hear the end of the story to-night."

So the *cauchon* stayed another day at the Cabinet.

(To be continued.)

Is There no Change?

Must it be ever thus—shalt we aspire
Never to more than this diminished span,
To eat and sleep at ease our chief desire,
As if the selfsame aim had beast and man,
Food, drink, and shade provided—no more they will or can.

It is for these alone—what other end
Employs Canadian hand—Canadian brain?
The house once built,—the gold once saved—they spend
For these alone, and to no more attain,
This—this asylums fill, and fill them yet again.

Man must have more than this—his soul consents
Not to be levelled with the lower kind,
Their satiation never him contents,
Dwarfed, shrivelled, crushed perforce, the human mind
Consumes itself, and sinks in idiocy blind.

For this we build, and yet must build once more
The mighty piles which cage our mindless ones,
For this we see in emigration pour
To other climes, our country's noblest sons,
The first's sad fate is known—that fate the second shuns.

There is no room for aspiration here,
Nor will be while we prostitute the land
To be the feeder base whence others rear
Their fabric—the support on which they stand,
The growers but of grain reared never nation grand.

Think what we are, and think what we might be,
Four millions on a territory's marge
Fit to sustain four hundred, while we see
Where day by day grows larger and more large
Our neighbor, till he shall relieve us of our charge.

Oh, spring from those whose sturdy hand and will
Have won for them on earth the foremost place,
Why occupy this false position still,
Base, grovelling, far unworthy of your race,
The means of strength are known—why not those means embrace?

Assist the farmer's art—it is but one
Ingredient in the compound of success.
Add manufacture, and of countries none
Shall ours exceed in power and nobleness,
Thought scarce can show the change; words scarce can it express.

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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v-6-4f

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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

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

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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

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