

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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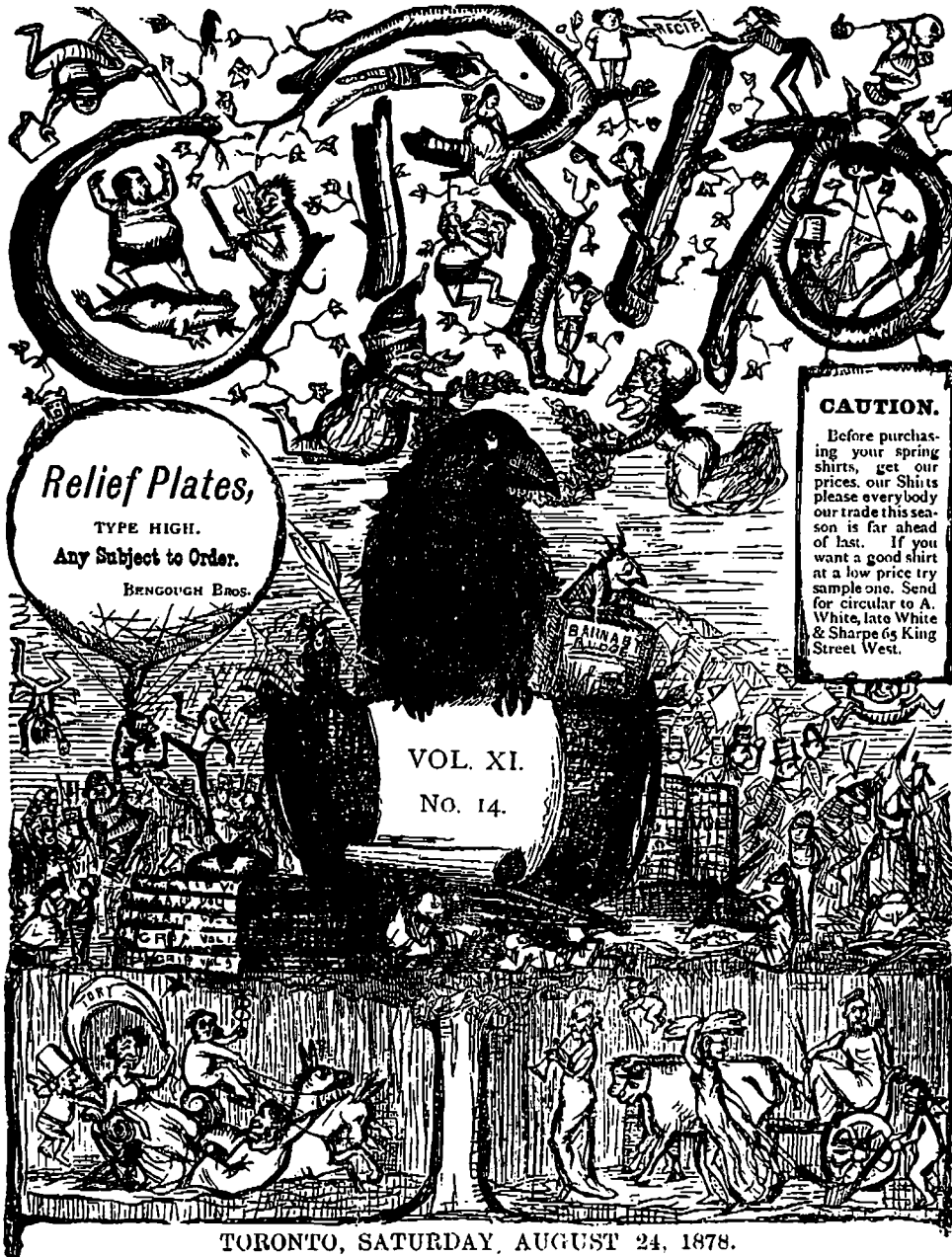
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VOL. XI.
NO. 14.

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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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xi-ii-3m.

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This popular Summer Resort, situated on the high banks of Lake Huron, is now open for the season.

Encouraged by its past success and the increasing demand for room, the subscriber has added an extensive westerly wing, making the establishment one of the largest in the country and now having accommodation for

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Amongst other improvements in the completion of the spacious DINING ROOM 100 x 40, capable of seating 300 persons.

As the house will be conducted this year entirely without the sale of *Spirituous Liquors*, it will be found more suitable than ever for families as a quiet country home.

Circulars giving full information can be obtained at "GRIP" office, Toronto, or further particulars by addressing

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TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.—During the Season of 1878, commencing on the first day of June, the Steamer

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In order to place this opportunity within the reach of all, Family ticket Books are issued at \$10.00 and \$6.00, the former contains 10 tickets and the latter 50 tickets each, and each ticket is available for one passage to any of the points named above.

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C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 24TH AUGUST, 1878.

The Campbells are Coming.

GRIP begs permission to announce as a Court Circular the following, which will take place on and after the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne:—

1. All court and full dress will be plaid of the Argyle pattern, in the case of gentlemen to be invariably accompanied by the kilt. N.B.—No alteration on account of the weather.
2. Bonnets, feathers, and broadswords must on no account be omitted.
3. It will be necessary that all parties desiring presentations provide themselves with a large snuff-mull.
4. Instead of the ordinary patriotic songs, "Scots Wha Hae," and "JOHNNIE COPE" will be sung on state occasions.
5. It is expected that all loyal persons will conform to the article of porridge.
6. No person will be admitted to court who dislikes haggis, or cannot tell how a sheep's head should be sung.
7. In order that the Marquis may more easily communicate with his court, it is recommended that classes be formed in the chief cities for the acquirement of pure English pronunciation as used in Inverness and Aberdeen.
8. It is necessary before presentation that gentlemen should be able to toss the caber, and ladies be proficient in the Highland Fling.
9. It will not be considered *en regle* to serve wine with cake. Usquebaugh, mountain dew, or the Loch Katrine substitute, to be used.
10. Further instructions will be issued when necessary.

The Obstacle to Improvement.

Enter Citizen URBANUS. To him Countryman RUSTICUS.

RUSTICUS.—URBANUS, why
Thy front so unadorned? Thy boulevard
No chains, no posts, no sods has ever known.
Untouched it lies, a mass of weediness,
As fat, as dull, as greasy as the ones
On Lethe's bank which rot. Thy dwelling, too,
All innocent of paint, all innocent
Of even housewife broom to sweep away
The spider webs from door and window frame,
Cries shame on thee and thine. Good URBANUS,
Why is it thus with thee?

URBANUS.—My ancient friend,
When I with thee on Humber's grassy slope
Lived peacefully in pleasant country air,
Were my surroundings so?

RUSTICUS.—Nay, that is what
I cannot understand. Thy dwelling then,
House, barn, and fences, were the very pink
Of neat and good repair. Say, what has made
Thee such a sloven now?

URBANUS.—The reason is
Not very far to seek. A coat of paint
Which some five dollars costs, escapeth not
The keen assessor's eye, and straight he adds
A hundred to thy house. A step, a door,
A window new, a roof of shingles fresh,
And other hundreds, thousands, nay indeed,
Appear against thee there. The simple fact
Is, who would have his house front neat and gay,
Must straight prepare a double tax to pay.

SO MANY exaggerated stories about the heat have been put in circulation during the past few weeks, that some of our readers may be dilatory in crediting a statement made by a correspondent writing from St. Louis. He says that during the recent hot wave in that city "three human skeletons in a medical college prespired profusely and called for soda cocktails, while an Egyptian mummy, 4000 years old, in the professors' room, begged to have its wrappings removed and a cabbage leaf placed on its head." Our correspondent fails to give his name, and he sticks too close to facts to lead us to infer that it is Eli Perkins.—*Norristown Herald*.

The Row.

THE evening was balmy. All was repose. The glassy bay of Toronto lay in smooth expanse, unconscious of a ripple. Soft zephyrs played over its surface. The birds sung, the insects chirped, and HORATIO talked to JULIA, and proposed going on the water. He had a boat—a new one. He had never tried it—or any other. JULIA did not know this.

HORATIO did. But if he had not as much skill as HANLAN, he had as much conceit as anybody. The boat house man shoved out the boat; JULIA entered; HORATIO followed, a vigorous push from the attendant launched the craft, and they were on the world of waters.

It was not difficult, HORATIO found. He had only to dip the blades in the water, pull on them nearly about the same time, lift them out, do it again, and the boat would go on. Presently he could do it better, and they went on swimmingly.

"Thus, my JULIA," said the enraptured HORATIO, "thus through life let us float, I labouring, you enjoying. Thus let our peaceful bark glide calmly over the deep and unknown waters of existence, our mutual love ever growing more tender, of a more glowing, a more impassioned warmth, till—"

Bump! An awful crash collapsed the skiff, the lovers sunk into an element of warmth not impassioned, and if the hands above had not been pretty smart with a couple of boat hooks, there is no knowing what might have happened. As it was, the boat was lost. HORATIO had run into a schooner at anchor. JULIA will not go out with him again. To do him justice, she says it was not so bad going out with him, but it was very disagreeable going in with him.

The Dentist's Parlor.

Did you ever proceed by the longest way
To the dentist's room, on the fatal day,
While your very hair felt turning grey
At the thought of what before you lay,
While you inwardly fretted, and firmly said, "Nay,
"One mustn't be scared," but whatever you say,
You go round an odd block

That you needn't have gone, but it just seems to be
Such a fine day for walking; and you want to see
If it's only two churches, or if there are three
Newly built over there; and somehow you agree
With yourself that yourself—no, the dentist,—yes, he
Would like afternoon better—yes, infallibly.
At his door then you knock,

—But alas, his mild answer does you terrify.
He is ready just then all your wants to supply,
"Except courage," you say to yourself with a sigh,
And you enter at once, feeling ready to cry,
And a pain through your heart and your liver does fly,
As the instruments horrid in row you espy
And the big velvet chair.

Yes, the big velvet chair, and I can't, though I will,
If I can, describe what a peculiar chill,
Pervades when its horrid recesses you fill,
And you lean back, your life blood all seeming to still
Its pulsations, while o'er you the artist of skill
Leans, and says he can make you all right, so he will,
But it won't go—that scare.

Then he works at your teeth with small hammers and saws,
And he hauls out the bad ones with horrid steel claws,
And drills holes through your nerves without tremor or pause,
Till you think him of torment the great and first cause,
And arraign in your heart the great natural laws
That compel you to let such a fiend at your jaws,
And you groan and you squall

But just then, when you know that your life's going fast,
The tormentor announces the danger is past,
That he's made a good job which he's certain will last,
And will give you new pleasure at each new repast,
And your money he takes with a carelessness vast,
And you think him—now fear is away from you cast—
Not so bad after all.

AMERICAN OPINIONS.—The *Syracuse Courier* remarks as follows: "At Ottawa, Canada, they are still fighting the battle of the Boyne. We trust they are enjoying it;" whereupon the *Oswego Palladium* observes: "Not at all. They are merely shooting each other in commemoration of the shutting of the gates of Derry, which event antedates the battle of the Boyne by several years."



BESIDE THE SOUNDING SEA!

The Song of the Island.

I am an island as I is, but once I joined the main land,
But where that gap has busted me I wish I were again land,
For year by year the waves wash in, still washing me the wider,
Till by and by Toronto 'll find that I'm no more beside her.
Who laughed?

There was a time when schooners safe inside me rode at anchor,
And jolly sailors went ashore without a care or canker.
But now I'm blest if many comes within my bay a ridin',
And when they do they take good care to keep some folks inside in
Their craft.

For any time may come a breeze from Scarboro' down a tearin',
And sweep from east to westward gap, and set the waves a rarin',
And though the barkies ride it out, it takes a deal o' strainin',
And when there's quiet harbours lots, why what on earth's the gainin'.
O' comin here.

Well year by year I'm washin off, and vanishin' to lake, folks,
And you as wants a harbour here may well begin to quake, folks,
For just let this a little more go on and never mind it
I'm blest when you come lookin for your harbour if you find it
Round here appear.

Then what becomes of all your plans, and all your wise caballing,
Of deepening St. Lawrence big, and all your long canalling,
Of bringing up the ocean ships to anchor in your bay, sir,
If by the time you've brought 'em up your bay is gone away, sir,
And isn't there?

But I'm an island very old, and nobody is carin'
What comes o' me, so it's no use me rippin round an' tearin',
But when I'm gone you folks will be yourselves all round upbraidin',
When Hamilton and Kingston is a doin' of your tradin',
And then won't you stare?

Bridget O'Flannagan on Regattas.

"BIDDY, did yiz iver see a rig-at-her?" says PATRICK MORIARTY to me the other day in Mishtriss BROWN'S kitchen.

Well, what he mint, I couldn't tell for the loife o' me, for of all the quare, new fangled words, I've heerd since first I set foot in this country, six months agone, that was the quarest; but I wouldn't let on that I didn't know the manin for there was MARIA SIMMONS, the parlour maid, lookin at me with her hysterical expression and the broad grin that she has wore continual iver since she bought her new teeth.

"PATRICK MORIARTY," sez I, "I wonder at yer axin me sich a question, for sure yiz must know they're as common as potatoes in ould Ireland."

"But yiz niver saw a Canadian rig-at-her," sez he.

"Indade! didn't I?" sez I, tossin me head, "Shure Masther GEORGE HAMILTON brought one home to his father (afther he was travellin in this country) to put on the drawin room table, and sez his father whin he sets eyes on it, shure thim colonists puts stuff o' such poor quality into everything they make it's only fit for the kitchen; so BIDDY," sez he, "yiz may kape it for yerself and I'll urther a handsome one from Dublin for Mishtriss GEORGE."

Well wid that they all scramed wid laughin in me face. "The graneness o' thim Irish," sez MARIA SIMMONS, in her hysterical way.

"Grancness," sez I, "and they were not very grane whin they conquered the Engllsh in the toimes o' King DEKMOT, since whicht the two counthries have been under one governmint," and wid that I turned round and lift.

"And don't yez know, BIDDY," sez PAT to me in the avenin, "that a rig-at-her takes place on the wather." "Shure I always knowed it," sez I, "but I wouldn't give that MARIA SIMMONS the satisfaction o' thinkin it."

Well, that avenin at tay, they all begins talkin about a man they call HANLAN and sez PAT, "HANLAN is going out for a spin this avenin."

Now, I've heerd o' *spinnin* whales and *spinnin* tops but I niver heerd av a *spinnin* man afore.

"What does he spin on?" sez I.

"On the wather," sez PAT.

"Och, it's fuolin' me yiz are," sez I, "for how could he do that?"

"He revolves on his own axes," sez TIM LARKINS, winkin' at the others wid his usual impudence, for he had a great dale o' schoolin' and is fond o' showin' off.

"Well," sez I, "it's a mercy he doesn't ax anybody else to revolve on his axes, for though you think yirsilf so sharp TIM," sez I, "yiz would find that too much for yiz."

Wid that, they all scramed wid laughin' agin and thim they wint on wid their conversation.

"Shure, it's fine to see HANLAN han'lin the skulls," sez PAT.

"Whose skulls?" sez I.

"His own, o' coorse," sez PAT.

"And what does he do wid thim," sez I, "is he a medical student that's bought them for distraction?"

"Why, he's the celebrated sculler," sez TIM LARKINS, winkin' at the others, "and he has lots o' skulls, piles av thim over at the island."

"Och, the murthern' villain," sez I, "I don't think anythin' o' thim English and Canadians countenancin' sich practices, but PATRICK MORIARTY, I'm surprised at yiz, who ought to be a good Catholic, bein' so soon corrupted by yer residence among these haythenish people."

Thim, of course they laughed again, and thim they goes on to talk o' HANLAN atein', I'd be afeard to say how much raw mate ivery day--and thim they talks o' his gettin' a new shell which fits him beautiful.

"What kind o' a crayture can he be at all," thinks I, "I've heerd o' snails and sich like things gettin' new shells to live in, but I niver heerd on a man wearin' a shell afore, but whin they talks o' *steak* me blood riz, and sez I, "and does he ate thim *steak boys*? and is he a cannon ball, sich as ates the good missionaries, or a baste, or a fish, or what is he?"

"Come over to the island to-night and yiz can see him for yirsilf," sez PAT.

"No PAT," sez I, "The haythin crayture, I'd be afeard o' me loife to go within tin miles of him."

However the next day, PAT axed me if I'd loike to go to the Barrie rig-at-her, so me curiosity got the better o' me, and thinks I there'll be a big crowd so I'll be in no danger o' losin' me skull; so I wint and a nate little town it is, and a foime boat is the "Lady o' the Lakes," which we got on; an' whin we were waitin' out in the Bay, they all shouts out, "There's HANLAN!" Well, I looks and I sees a swate, innocent looking boy, wid a countenance that *plisint* he didn't look as if he'd harm a fly. "Shure, it's all lies they've towld me about him," thinks I. "That's his new shell," sez some one. "And where's his shell?" sez I. "Why he's sittin in it," sez they.

And what do you think they called his shell? It was jist a long streak o' wood, wid a hole in the middle av it for him to sit in. Thim a lot o' them starts off together and I finds out that shells manes boats, and oars is skulls.

But prisintly, out comes another quare word. "HANLAN will be puttin' on a spurt directly," sez one. Well, I looks, and I sees that he was dressed very becomin', wid a blue shirt and a red cap; and thinks I, "It would be more nadeful for some of his comrades to put on *spurts* whatever they may be," but, sez I, turnin to me nixt neighbor, "Where has he got his *spurt*?" "What do you mane?" sez he, starin' at me. "Has he got it in the boat wid him?" sez I, and thim they all roared wid laughin' and said I was chaffin', and a great crowd collected round me, but I held me tongue, and prisintly I found out that a spurt meant fast rowin'. And thim come the greatest shock of all, for sez some one, "We'll be at the turnin' boys directly." "And where are they?" sez I. "Over there in the wather," sez the man next me. "Are they in boats?" sez I. "No," said he, "they're fixed in the wather." Wid that, me blood was just boilin' wid rage, but I only sez, "and how long have they been there?" "Several days," sez he, "iver since the coorse was laid out." "Och the poor childher," sez I, "and they'll be dead wid cramps by this time, or even if they could stand the cold their poor brains would be dizzy wid turnin' and turnin' all thim days," and I felt fit to cry and sez I, "I'll vote for Sir JOHN MACDONALD at the nixt election."

"Yiz haven't got a vote, BIDDY," sez PAT, "and what's Sir JOHN got to do wid the race?" "He's got a great dale to do wid it," sez I, "for didn't I hear yez say that there was no Protection under the prisint government, if he and his Protection were in parlymint there'd be no sich guin's on as fastenin' down poor innocent children in the wather, it's nothin' short o' murder, and I don't see how respectable people can stand by in cold blood and see it done." And wid that, they all scramed wid laughin'. "Look BIDDY," sez PAT, "there's the *turnin' boys*." And what do yiz think they were, but jist long sticks wid flags on thim.

Well it's a quare counthry intirely, and I'm just goin' over to the Island to see Mishtriss HANLAN, and make bold to ax his pardon for all the things I've said against him, the dear innocent boy; but it's all the fault o' the barbarious language that people uses.

Whenever they sallied to church, her papa

Would permit her dear Fritz to escort her,

But when from the service she started for home

It was always her parent that brought her;

And thus it transpired that Fritz became

A forsook that was muchly forsoken,

And how could the youngster feel other than sad

When he found his back-beauin' was broken?

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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construction required to be executed on the following sec-
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2. From Raleigh to Eagle River, a distance of about 68
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By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 13th August, 1878.

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