

Ready in a few days, A FINE LITHOGRAPHIC BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the CAMP AT NIAGARA.

PRICE, \$1.00. AGENTS WANTED.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

TERMS—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 958, Toronto.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
35 King St. West, Toronto.

OFFICE and DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY.
Five Cents.

For sale at all the Bookstores.

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

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1874.

No. 10.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. 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.

The ROAD, The RIVER, The RAIL

THOS. GRIFFITH & Co.,

London and Italian Warehouse.
218 YONGE STREET,

Be to call the attention of Families leaving for the Seaside, or inland Watering Places, Tourists, Surveyors, Camping, Fishing, and Shooting Parties, that they are prepared to supply them with every requisite in the shape of Dried Beef, Tongues, Whittaker's Star Sugar, Cured Hams and Boneless Bacon, Potted Beef, Ham and Tongue, Ham and Catekin, Anchovy and Shrimp Paste, Fried Soles, real Yarnouth Blouters, and Blotter Paste, Potted Game, Boiled Meats, Soups and Vegetables, Fresh Pressed Vegetables, Pickles, Sauces, Cayenne Pepper, Sardines, Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, Fresh Cove, Pickled, and Spiced Oysters, Liebig's Extract of Beef, Lamb and Green Peas, Hushed Vanison, Mutton Broth, English Vinogar in Bottle, Jams, Jellies and Marmalades, Essence of Coffee, Condensed Milk, Hard Tack, Luncheon and other Biscuits in Tins and Boxes, Stilton and other Cheese, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds, Strawberry, Lemon, Pine Apple, and other Syrups, Concentrated Lemonade, Seltzer Water and Ginger Ale.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

CHAMPAGNES,

In ½ Pints, ¼ Pints, and Quarts, at very low prices. Also

PORTS, SHERRIES, HOCK, MOSELLE,

AND A LARGE STOCK OF

CLARETS,

From \$3 per case upwards.

Best Cognac Brandy, Rum, Gin, (Holland and English) Whiskies (Scotch and Irish), Best Old Rye, Malt and Tolly, Augustura, John Bull and Orange Tonic Bitters, Ales and Porters, Bass' Younger's, Tonnant's, and Carling's Celebrated XXX Amber Ales, Guinness' Stout—all in Pints and Quarts, also in Small Casks for Family use. A large and varied stock of finest

Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Tobaccos,

&c., &c., &c.

Orders respectfully solicited. Goods packed carefully and promptly delivered to Steamboats or Railways free of charge.

Remember the Place,

THOS. GRIFFITH & CO.,

London and Italian Warehouse.

218 YONGE STREET,

Corner of Albert Street, TORONTO.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.
Corner of Bay and King Streets,
ENTRANCE ON BAY ST., EAST SIDE.

Average cost of Washing 50 cents per doz.
N.B.—Washing sent for and returned to all parts of the city. Orders may be left at J. W. GALES, corner of King and Bay Streets.

EDWIN POTTS,

Picture Framer & Dealer.

GILT, WALNUT & ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS, &c.

401 Yonge Street,

Two doors north of Hayter Street, Toronto.

TORONTO TO MONTREAL

1874. 1874.

The splendid Passenger Screw Steamer

AMERICA,

Leaves Highbotham's Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, every Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, throughout the season, calling at intermediate ports and arriving at Montreal Monday afternoon.

Moats, berths and attendance all that can be desired.

FARE SEVEN DOLLARS,

Including Meals and Stateroom.

For Tickets, etc., apply to

G. E. JAUQUES & CO.,

No. 50 Front Street East.

W. G. GIBSON,

Commercial Printer,

10 KING ST. EAST,

TORONTO.

Over ADAM STEVENSON & CO.'S.

KING & BROWN'S,

Parlor Shoe Store,

61 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

The Largest and Finest Shoe Store in Canada. Three widths to each size and half size, insuring perfect fit. Prices moderate. Remember the address.

KING & BROWN, 61 King St. East.

PORTRAITS.

LIFE SIZE IN OIL,

BY

BRIDGMAN & FORSTER

39 King St. West (over Ewing & Co.)
TORONTO.

TORONTO WIRE WORKS,

(ESTABLISHED 1854)

68 KING STREET WEST.

W. H. RICE,

Manufacturer of

BRASS, COPPER, GALVANIZED & IRON

WIRE CLOTH.

Iron Bedsteads and Cots, Bird Cages, Window Guards, Comatory Railing, Garden Fencing, Flower Stands, Baskets and Trainers, Coal, Sand, Gravel and Malt Screens, Mantle Fenders, Steel Wire Brushes, Riddles, Sieves, Penders, Fire Guards, Wire Rope, Sash Cords, Wire Cloth for Locomotives, Treshing Machines, Fanning and Smit Mills, &c. Meat and Cheese Safes.

G. J. GEBHARDT & Co.,
ENGRAVERS

AND

Lithographic Steam Printers,

13 Adelaide Street East,

TORONTO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DENTIST.

MR. R. S. TROTTER,

53 KING STREET EAST, - TORONTO.

HARPER & SON,

ARCHITECTS, &c.,

Offices—12 King Street East, - TORONTO

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL.

HANDBOOK

TO THE

DESK, OFFICE, AND PLATFORM

PART I.

A Complete Guide to Correct Speaking and Writing.

PART II.

The Dictionary Appendix, &c.

PART III.

A Dictionary of Synonyms, &c.

In one volume, neatly bound in cloth,
PRICE, \$1.25.

AGENTS should send for sample copy. Terms liberal.

CLEVER & ROGERS,

10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Lawn Mowers, Engines, &c.

THE PHILADELPHIA GREENHOUSE ENGINE has no equal at work. Price \$9.
WM. RENNIE, Cor. Adelaide and Jarvis Sts., Toronto.

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE.

Energetic Canvassers Wanted throughout Canada.

“ G R I P . ”

CANADA'S SUCCESSFUL COMIC CARTOON PAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a permanent institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the people are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

Liberal Commission to Agents, who will find Canvassing for Subscribers to GRIP a good paying business. Send for Terms and District desired to

CLEVER & ROGERS,

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKSELLERS,

10 King Street East, TORONTO.

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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, AUGUST 1, 1874.

Letters from Hot Latitudes.

BEIRUT, EGYPT, April 1, 1874.



IT was black as midnight when we got inside, literally "Egyptian darkness," and even after our Arab guides had lit their torches, it was some time before our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom.

We had been "doing" Egypt, had left Cairo, had seen the Sphinx, and the outside of the Pyramids, up which we had been hauled by long, lank and extortionate Bedouins, who had extracted our legs from their sockets, "bucksheesh" from our pockets, and profanity from our lips.

We had "done" everything in short, save the Upper Cataract, when it occurred to GEORDIE, he of chub-catching notoriety, that we should do the *inside* of old CHEOPS' monuments

Dubious as to its practicability, a vote was taken among the party with the following result:

FRITZ went "aye"; "for," said he, "we might find some traces of the Israelites inside; a sample of what they made bricks of after the straw gave out." Reproving him for his levity, for is he not a pillar of the church, and the "Fidus Achates" of the Y. M. C. A., I too voted "aye," but with the misgiving of a man with a new pair of boots, who feels that in truth he has "put his foot in it."

JACK voted "aye," of course; for HATTIE had said she wanted to go, and had it been a trip across the Styx, with old CHARON taking in the dimes, JACK would have gone—had HATTIE led the way.

And GEORDIE, as I said before, had proposed it, so what could his wife do but honour and obey, merely stipulating that GEORDIE should lay in an extra supply of sal volatile, Ready Relief and Compound Syrup, in case any dead and gone Egyptian should be too much for her nerves, while, as for my wife, I verily believe, she, being blessed with more than the share of inquisitiveness usually allotted to woman, was rather anxious to go than otherwise, hoping to gratify and probably resolve certain vague and somewhat unclassical ideas concerning the founders of the Pyramids.

I should premise by stating that she, more than any of us, is ignorant of Arabic, a forcible comment upon the defective system of education pursued in the common schools of to-day, especially when it is remembered that it was taught among the dwellers of the Nile over three thousand years ago.

With an ingenuity worthy of her sex, my wife has endeavoured to compensate for this deficiency by addressing the natives in English, adopting a slow and measured utterance so as to give the Ethiopian mind ample time to embrace and thoroughly grasp the meaning of each word before its successor comes along.

This was the way she let off her history at the unoffending Bedouin who was leading the donkey she was riding:

"Pharaoh! oh, yes! I have—heard—my—husband—tell—of—his—fighting—the—tiger!"

Jud:ce of our amusement at this.

Extraordinary confounding of the lamented Eastern potentate with the innocent Western "game they did play," which they spell it with an "F."

Carried unanimously then that we should explore the interior, and behold us at the commencement of this letter, fairly inside.

After stepping through the narrow opening, so narrow that GEORDIE, the fat man of the party, got so tightly wedged that he had to be pried out with a crowbar, we found ourselves in a small rectangular chamber with a vaulted roof, and about ten feet in diameter. On one side was a small pile of masonry, which the guide informed us was a "Che-bouk" or Altar on which it was customary to sacrifice the mad dog of the period, the unfortunate canine being then, as now, doomed to an untimely end at the hands of his natural protector.

They sacrificed him in these days with many prayers, but now when they see a mad dog they simply spell his name backward and go for him.

Backsheesh being freely rendered to our Ethiopians, we proceeded along a walled passage-way which must have been trodden by the feet

of countless legions of weary Israelites who didn't know enough to go in for strikes and the ten hour movement.

If I had stood where MOSES stood—but, no matter.

And this brought us to a chamber which JACK said was Titanic.

I don't think it was right to reflect in this manner upon Mr. CHEOPS, who had been dead so long, but on JACK's head be it.

The Sheik in charge of our party informed us with Oriental gravity that this was the Chiaro-Scuro or Music Hall, where old PTOLEMY smoked his long pipe, sipped his "Balak-issam" or Egyptian Jewlep, and made the unhappy descendants of ABRAHAM play the latest opera before him on their jews-harps.

Old FRITZ corroborated the statement, and as at home he is such a persistent daller with the truth, we had to believe him when in a foreign land.

Here we agreed to take dinner surrounded by sarcophagi containing all that was mortal, and the stuffing of Egypt's earliest heroes.

It was enough to render contemplative the most unimaginative of beings, kicking your heels on the side of the coffer containing Ethiop's dearest and best, as you put away a pint of Bass with sandwiches in the desert. Now whether it was the heat or whether it was Bass, or the contemplativeness, I don't know.

I do know that I began to feel sleepy, and declined to accompany the party any further in their explorations; all I asked for was a light, one more bottle of Bass and solitude, and then when they were ready they might come for me.

And so they left me, CHEOPS to right of me, CHEOPS to left of me, and I, the undersigned, in that happy frame of mind attendant upon a good dinner and a better digestion.

But why in the name of all that's extraordinary, CHEOPS, PTOLEMY CHEOPS—for so he told me was his name—why, I say, he should have been so forgetful of his royal dignity as to slap me on the back, and, pointing pantomimically to the bottle with one hand as he rubbed his embalmed and somewhat wrinkled stomach with the other, to finish at a gulp the bottle of XX, which, with a profound salaam, I handed him, is more than I can say.

He did it, and this I stick to.

And then, may I be overlastingly sat upon and for ever sarcophagussed if he didn't deliberately light one of my best cigars, and proceeded to unfold his family history to me.

I remonstrated with him; I told him that for a man who had been dead three thousand years it wasn't decent; that life was short, and that thirty centuries of his trouble with his mother-in-law would be too much, but he was deaf to the voice of reason.

Commencing at the time of the PTOLEMY scandal, he went into particulars which threw a new light on the whole affair; explained away the mystery of the Sphinx, which he informed was the head of a comet which had struck the earth on the reverse side and gone clean through; expressed his disgust at the present state of American politics, and vowed if ever he got over there to "put a head" on GRANT; in short, became so boisterous and utterly ungovernable, that I had to call his Majesty to order.

He calmed down after a while, but got mad again about the Suez Canal, and was very bitter against Mr. PICKWICK, who had taken his name in vain, coupling it with "tomato sauce;" finally, settling down into a detailed history of Mrs. P. and all the little PIRARONS who had been hatched, matched, and despatched since the year 2000 B. C., all of which, though desirable from an historic point of view, was soporific in the extreme.

At this juncture, and as he was relating to me with much gloom an incident which occurred to PIRARON LECHE, a relative of his, footsteps were heard along the distant corridor, and thanking me for my courtesy PTOLEMY CHEOPS resumed his hat, and bidding me a most polite adieu, retired within his granite resting-place.

Now, will you believe me; JACK, GEORDIE, FRITZ, and *les autres* wouldn't credit my story; they swore I had been asleep and dreamed it, and when I pointed as proof to the empty bottles, they only winked at one another.

So be it; I am not naturally irascible, but I must say in the greatest and most conciliatory manner in the world, that they deserve to date *their* letters from a much hotter latitude than this.

SMILE.

Our Agent-General.

The following works by the author of *Ginx's Baby*, *Lord Bantam*, etc., are about to be issued from the Dundee press:

1. *Emigration and Marmalade, or the juxtaposition of Classes.* A Lampoon.
2. *Beecher-Tilton-Woodhull.* An Essay on Cremation.
3. *Froth.* A speech delivered in the English House of Commons, (dedicated to his constituents.) Second edition.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

VI.—WHY ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY WAS AT MALBAIE.

If the reader refers to the back numbers of the *Globe*, he will discover, under the head of "Marriages," the following notice:—

"At the residence of the bride's father in Toronto, on the — inst., by the Very Rev'd. DEAN CHASUBLE, assisted by the Rev'd. Mr. SURPLICE, Mr. ALBERT CHARLES MONTAGUE DEPLACHE, second son of E. F. S. GREAVES DEPLACHE, Esq., and nephew of the late Hon. P. Q. R. FASH, to MATILDA ANN, only daughter of DAVID SWEETBREAD, Esq."

I do not state the precise issue in which this interesting announcement was made, for if you are not a person of distinguished position the matter is absolutely no concern of yours, and it will be gross impertinence on your part to search a file of the *Globe*; while if you are in society you will remember the whole affair as well as I do myself. I allude to the marriage only because it was the final incident which moved Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY to visit Malbaie, and as in stating how he was thus influenced by it, I must speak of the affairs of several people of very high social position, I desire that every common or vulgar person will turn to some of the facetious with which this paper abounds, and give up all interest in my narration. Having made this request I may, without fear of violating the sanctity of private life, (for those to whom I address myself know all the facts), say that when ALBERT CHARLES MONTAGUE DEPLACHE married Miss SWEETBREAD everyone knew that he was as poor as a church mouse.

She, however, was and is heiress to the large fortune of her father, accumulated by the paternal SWEETBREAD in the course of many operations in "stock"—in which he was always opposed to the "bulls,"—having in fact been a butcher.

It must not be supposed that Mr. DEPLACHE was influenced at all strikingly by the fact of his wife's prospective wealth. On the contrary he had a spirited dislike to waiting for dead men's shoes. He nobly averred that no consideration of her future fortune influenced him in the slightest degree, an assertion no doubt perfectly true, as it was not till his discovery that she was sure of receiving fifty thousand dollars down that he made his proposals.

Mr. SWEETBREAD, a vulgar man, I am bound to say, did not give way to any violent demonstration of joy when the announcement of his daughter's engagement was made to him by his wife. She, however was overjoyed at her daughter's "aristocratic marriage," a delight participated in by his family, and by a large number of very worthy tailors and other tradespeople, who had a strong indirect interest in the young gentleman's pecuniary welfare.

"The lovely and accomplished bride, after the ceremony had been completed, fell weeping in the most affecting though decorous manner upon her mother's breast, while not an unmarried gentleman in the large and fashionable audience but gazed upon the scene with deep emotion and envied the happy bridegroom."

I quote from the graphic narrative of the reporter, and touch for his truth.

At any rate Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY who, as a relative of the DEPLACHE family, was one of the fashionable audience, underwent the most tumultuous feeling while the marriage was being solemnized, and resolved to follow the example set by his friend at the earliest possible moment. So also did a number of other gentlemen of whom I make no mention. The thing to be noted is, that in the mind of ADOLPHUS the ambition had no sooner found a place than he cast about for a likely heiress with cash as well as expectations. In his search he was somewhat limited by the lamentable scarcity of rich girls, and by the fact that he had already been rejected by all those he knew. These rebuffs may have been owing to some suspicion on the part of the fair ones that his motives were mercenary, or possibly to the peculiar hereditary expression, or want of expression, he wore, heightened in him by a confirmed habit of sucking the knob of his cane and gazing at his own reflection in the shop windows as he passed along King street.

Finding that the ancient extraction of his family and his connection with the nobility—information concerning which I have from his own lips and can therefore trust—were not sufficient recommendations in the eyes of the *nouveaux riches* of Toronto, he determined to carry his pedigree to a watering place and regild his coat of arms.

To this end his mother coaxed the "Governor" out of sufficient money to pay for her son's passage, and he, having sold off his old clothing to procure a supply of pocket-money, and induced SNIP of King Street to replenish his wardrobe, went forth errant, chivalrously resolved to place himself at the disposal of all fair ladies—with money.

There were two stations he was fitted to adorn; one a place under Government, the other the position of a rich woman's husband; and as all the family influence had been insufficient to keep him in the former on the accession to power of the low radicals, he determined to win the latter by his own puissance.

It is not the least proud recollection of my life that the members of the TOMNODDY family have always treated me with the utmost confidence, laying aside with me every vestige of reserve. ADOLPHUS IN

particular regards me with the affection of a brother, and did not hesitate to state plainly to me the cause of his visit and intention.

"I have come down, MURDER, old boy," said he, "to mawwy a faw-tune, Governor's been cuttin' up vovwy wuff about me being at home so long. Any likely gahls heah?"

Now it happened that I had, a few days before, discovered that Miss NICKEL,—daughter of the great New York silversmith of that name—was visiting at the cottage of Mrs. BLUTVORST down the road. It at once struck me that if an engagement could be brought about by me, between my dear young friend and that healthy and amiable girl, it would not only secure their life-long happiness but might be a very good thing for me. I should have a very strong claim on the further gratitude of his family, my social position would be greatly strengthened, and the house of ADOLPHUS would be always open to me.

The first difficulty that presented itself was that I didn't know Miss NICKEL or Mrs. BLUTVORST. However, I reflected, they didn't know me either, and I trusted to that fact and my luck for an introduction.

"There is a lady here, ADOLPHUS," said I, after a few moments of thought, "a lady with money, moderately young, and without the incubrance of a father. You shall know her, my boy—you shall see and conquer—she shall see and be conquered. But time—a little time—is necessary. I shall call to-morrow and ask permission to introduce you. Every proper ceremony must be observed. But you must place yourself in my hands entirely, and give me time,"—and I fell into meditation as to how the whole thing was to be worked. "I'll be very glad to do whatever you say," said ADOLPHUS, "always did hate trouble you know—such a bore, making friends with people, especially gahls—so hard to talk to a gahl you don't know—so awkward to sit and look at her and be quiet. But you'll go with me and talk—now won't you? I've heard mamma say, that you really seem to have been born in our set—can talk so much, you know, about nothing, and no meaning in it. Awfully jolly thing to be able. I'm not able—never was able, except with people I knew very well—PIFFLER is able—PIFFLER now is a clayver man—very—nephew of LORD WIDDLES you know—was in the Ninth—made a joke last time I saw him—about me—awfully funny, about 'why was I like some fellah called BURKE when his son died?' This BURKE you know was some old chap that lived in England a long time ago and made speeches about things—quite a respectable person, PIFFLER said—Well, the joke was—let me see, I wote it down in my tablets—ah, heah it is—PIFFLER made it. 'Why is Adolphus Tomnoddy like Burke in the House of Commons after the death of his son?' Answer, 'One was a worthy sighin' for his son, and the other a worthy scion for his father.' I didn't understand that it was a joke till all the fellahs laughed. 'Sighin', 'scion,' that's the joke, you know. We all laughed tremendously when it was explained to me—very clayver man, PIFFLER."

I do not know with what other confidences he might have honored me, had fate let him prattle on, but when PIFFLER's joke had been narrated, the tea bell rang, and there was a frantic rush for the table. I had determined upon my plan.

A Dream.

I LAID down my DARWIN at two,
Elate at my pedigree lengthened,
And glanced over HUXLEY'S review,
Where the argument's shortened and strengthened;
The reasoning all was so clear,
That I felt old ideas displaced,
And sentiments sacred and dear,
Before modern science were chased.

The gaps in the evidence seemed
More trifles for thought to leap over,
So it leaped, as it did so I dreamed,
And snored, my wife tells me, moreover.
I give the unamiable charge
A silent but strong diabolical,
For my patience has grown to be large
And my wife is—most firm—to be brief.

To a region unpeopled by man,
My fancy took wings and upbore me;
Words fail to describe the strange plan
They were built on—the creatures before me:
But there I saw nature's selection
Remorselessly working its laws;
With changes past wakeful detection
Brought about by continuous cause.

My vision, not merely confined
To one moment of time or one place,
Ranged millions of eras behind,
To the very inception of race—



CALLING OFF THE DOGS;

OR, "FAIR PLAY IS BONNIE PLAY."

* * "We protest against the unscrupulous manner in which he (MR. MACKELLAR) is abused, and the indecent references made to him, which have no foundation upon which to rest."—*Kingston Daily News* (SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S paper.)

When the polliwog thoughtlessly bore
Mammalian, marsupial germs,
And wriggled in mud on the shore,
His lazy, indefinite squirms.

Pigs there were rhinoceros-nosed,
No bristles stiff-growing together,
And by these strange facts I was posed
Till I thought on the absence of leather ;
That potatoes yet hadn't been planted,
When they were the horn changed to a snout ;
When by shoemakers wax-ends were wanted
" Selection " made bristles grow out.

The birds, not yet used to the air,
Were bipeds, with wings undeveloped,
There were some of them covered with hair,
And advanced ones in feathers enveloped ;
But all were most awkward in flying
And had staid on the ground till to-day,
But their pinions " selected " in trying
High leaps for the insects, their prey.

Space fails me to name all the shapes
Developed by nature's progression :
How a treeful of chattering apes
Survived as a parliament session.
But the end of it all was,—my wife
Rudely shattered the fanciful thread
With the words, " Why, what's this ? On my life,
Mr. Muggins, you should be in bed ! "

Newspaper Eccentricities.

THE *Hamilton Times* in a recent issue informed the public that a certain hotel wanted " A Female Vegetable Cook." Now, will any one inform us what female vegetables are ? In these times when the screeching sisterhood are doing their best to bridge the distance between pantaloons and petticoats, has some daring man separated the vegetable kingdom. We don't know what female vegetables are—we know some male ones however. There are *man-gle-worzle*, *art he choke*, *man drake*, *horse radish*, *salad*, &c. Let some one step up and explain.

The same paper has an advertisement wanting a number of girls to work on paper boxes. Is it safe ? Are the limbs, perhaps the lives of our young girls to be imperilled by setting them to work on any thing as flimsy as a paper box ? Never sir, let them work on the floor or on chairs ; but on paper boxes—our manhood rises against it, perish the thought !

Some one in Fergus a few days ago announced through the *Mail* that he

" WANTED—A Baritone in B flat, also a tenor in E. Both with bell over shoulder."

We give it up. They want a baritone in B flat ; well, we didn't think any one could be *flat* enough in Fergus to want such a thing. We understand all about the tenor in E—of course they want a man who can sing at his *ease* all the time. But why must they have bells over their shoulders. Is it a delicate way of saying that in addition to instructing the youth of Fergus in music, they must also aid as town criers—who knows ?

What has the Fourth Estate come to, when we find such a paragraph as the following in the *Brockville Recorder* :—

" A young couple were married by the Rev. Mr. McGillivray last evening on Buell street. We could not learn their names."

Come, Father WYLIE, wake up " yo local," and send him out for news. Such an item as this is too much like the homœopathic soup that was made out of the shadow of a chicken.

We never knew before that flax grew in piles, but here it is on the authority of the *Listowel Banner* :—

" Mr. Thos. Gibson, of Elma, has climbed to the top of the pile for long flax. He showed us some the other day four feet six inches in length "

It is truly sad to think that the *Banner* man lives right in the midst of an agricultural community, and isn't better posted.

It appears that the subscribers of the *Dayton Enterprise* don't pay promptly, and this is the way the proprietor urges them,—entreats them to do their duty :—

" If you haven't got the cash, farm-stock or produce—chickens, young turkeys, geelings, or eggs, if you have plenty. Cordwood we are not particular about just now."

The Needy Swells' Duett.

If we only had plenty of greenbacks,
Our style would be airish and grand ;
We would wear the best clothes on our lean backs,
And live on the fat of the land.

If we only were flush with "equiv'lent,"
If we had an abundance of gold,—
We'd find the "cold world" much more civil, and
We'd hear ourselves hourly extolled.

If we never were short of shinplasters,
We would be a felicitous pair ;
We would have but our wills for our masters,
And would banish all sorrow and care.

If we only had plenty of lucre,
In our wooing we surely would win,
And our rivals we'd certainly euvre,
For there's magic in plenty of tin.

But alas ! we are short of the needful,
And our creditors clamor for pay ;
And alas ! we're obliged to be heedful
How we squander our little away.

We have not been favored by MAMMON,
And bach'lor'ood is our fate,
For love and no cottage is gammon,
So we must resignedly wait.

Let us wait, nor let hard fortune grieve us,
But comfort ourselves with the hope
That some relation somewhere may leave us,
By-and-by an abundance of soap.

Popular Science.

A note found upon the dressing table of Mrs. GRUNDY, and evidently in the handwriting of that rascal TOM :—

MY DEAR MAMMY,—I jes want for to direct your attention to the followen observations which I find goin throw all the papers :
In *Physiology for Practical Use* we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it.

Hope that you will think twice about my membrane befor you clout me after this,

I have the onner to be

YOUR TOM.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

THE SANGSTER controversy has reached its worst stage—it has got into the clutches of the Poets. Our contemporary the *Guelph Herald* was the other day favoured with some stanzas by " A TEACHER." The production bears internal evidence of the unfitness of the author for any position in a Canadian common school, so it is presumable that his profession is that of a teacher of versifying. Here he is a master indeed, as the opening verses of the poem in question will prove :

Two men are locked in deadly strife,
A GOLDWIN SMITH, and SANGSTER.
The *Globe* comes forth with venom rife,
And spits at Doctor SANGSTER.

Oh ! naughty SANGSTER, haste away,
And leave the field to our professor,
Come, Mr. SANGSTER, please obey,
And then we'll have a pot professor.

Mark the consummate ingenuity with which the writer gets over the difficulty of finding a rhyme for the words "SANGSTER" and "professor." SANDY McLACHLAN would never have thought of it.

NEW AND SEASONABLE.

Just received, a choico assortment of
CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,

In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Puds in sets of six. Pompadour Puds and Frisotts.

A New and General Vatiety of Switches.

Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch, to match any color, style or pattern. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made to order

GEORGE ELLIS,
Wholesale and Retail. 170 Yonge St., Toronto.
Four doors from Queen St., East side.

MINISTERIAL GALOP

WITH
LARGE PORTRAIT
OF

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

IN PRESS. WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS.

Wholesale and retail by
THOS. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge St.



MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S
PENS! PENS!

Waverley, Owl, Pickwick, Phaeton, Nile, and Hindoo.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Court Journal says,—“The ‘OWL’ Pen for fine writing is unsurpassed, and is *par excellence* the Ladies’ Pen.”

Standard says,—“The ‘WAVERLEY’ Pen will prove a treasure.”

Engineer says,—“The ‘PICKWICK’ Pen embodies an improvement of great value.”

Sun says,—“The ‘PHAETON’ Pen creates both wonder and delight, and must be termed a marvel.”

See “GRAPHIC” of 16th September, 1871, for the names of ONE THOUSAND British Newspapers that have strongly recommended **MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S** Renowned Pens to the Public. Beware of spurious imitations of these Pens.

ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.,
Wholesale Agents, Toronto

BUSINESS CARDS.

MARRIAGE LICENSES AND CERTIFICATES under the New Marriage Act, July 1, 1874. **GEORGE THOMAS, Issuer.** Office—40 Church Street, Toronto.

ASSURANCE FOR EVERYBODY at a trifling cost. Undoubted Security. Mutual Benefit Association. Capital, \$100,000. Single Membership Fee (insuring \$5,000) \$10; Joint Membership Fee (insuring \$10,000) \$20. Members can insure to their heirs from \$100 to \$5,000, at a yearly payment of \$7 per \$1,000—less than one-third the rates charged by ordinary companies. For Book of Plan, Cost, and full particulars, call on or address **WINGFIELD & BARKER, Managers, Trust and Loan Buildings, cor. Toronto and Adelaide Streets.** **MARRIAGE LICENSES** issued by **J. M. WINGFIELD.**

Woodward & Grant,

Engravers, Die Sinkers, Embossers, &c.

Furnish Five Quires Best Quality of Paper, and 125 square or oblong Envelopes, stamped in any color, with Lady's name, two letter monogram or initial, for \$5, or \$6 per year. Work unequalled. Box 1503, No. 92 King Street East, Toronto.

CHARLES SCHADL, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, &c., No. 56 York Street, near Front Street, Toronto, Ont. A large stock of Domestic and Fine Havana Cigars. Moerschmann Pipes in great variety.

HOME AND FOREIGN PATENT AGENCY. **ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, Solicitor of Patents in Canada, United States, and Great Britain.** Accountant, Commission and House Agent, 32 King Street East, Toronto.

FORBES & DOV, Land, House, and General Agents.—Rents and Accounts collected; house property carefully attended to, and good tenants procured. Loans to build houses advanced without delay. Special attention given to sale of Farm Property. No. 6 Victoria Street. P. O. Box 1984, Toronto, Ont.

USE THE DIAMOND YEAST CAKE!

TO THE TRADE ONLY

FOR LATEST PATTERNS IN ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION **HAIR GOODS,** At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

APPLY TO THE

New Dominion Chignon Factory,
96 YONGE ST, TORONTO,
FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

To Canvass for subscribers

TO
“GRIP,”

TO WHOM A

Liberal Discount will be given.

Special Rates to Clubs

Terms on application to the undersigned.

Send **FIVE CENTS** for Sample Copy of the only Illustrated Comic Paper in Canada, every issue of which hereafter will have a carefully engraved **CARTOON,** and numerous **SOCIAL CARICATURES.**

CLEVER & ROGERS,
AGENTS.

P. O. Box 2642, TORONTO.

THOS. RUSSELL & SON



KEYLESS WATCHES.

- Silver Hunting Keyless \$35
- Silver Hunting Lever, with Albert Chain..... 25
- Silver Hunting Lever, Nickel Movement..... 30
- Silver Hunting Lever..... 50
- Gold Ladies' Hunting-cased Lever 50
- do. do. do. 60
- Gold Keyless Ladies' Cased Lever..... 90
- Gold Gents' Hunting-cased Lever..... 125
- Gold Gents' Keyless do. From \$200 to 300

Retail by all PRACTICAL WATCHMAKERS in the Dominion.



WHOLESALE,
No. 57 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE NATION.

“The Nation,” an independent Weekly Newspaper, devoted to National politics, National culture, and National progress.

Published on Thursday of each week, in time for the English mails, at 5 cents per copy.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Canadian subscribers, per annum \$2 00
American “ “ U.S. cy 3 00
British “ “ Stg .. 10s.

Postage prepaid on British and American subscriptions at the office of publication. Rates for other foreign countries furnished on application.

J. M. TROUT,
Business Manager.

Office of “The Nation,”
66 Church St., Toronto

Printed at the Office of the **MONETARY TIMES,** 64 and 66 Church Street, Toronto.