

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, 23RD DECEMBER, 1876.

Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is come again, with full force of griping frost, heaping snow, and driving wind. GRIP is jovial; he is happy; he wishes happy returns to that portion of the world's population gifted with reason (his subscribers) and as for the rest, who are probably only endowed with instinct, he charitably wishes them happy returns too—and better sense. GRIP does not preach sermons; but he has a little homily to read which folks will remember, and thank him for, if they use. Most people here are, in one way or another, at this time, better prepared with food, fuel, and comforts and amusements of various sorts, to enjoy themselves for a few days than at any other season of the year. Now what GRIP would say is, for once—enjoy them. Look at the bright side of all as it passes; keep the dark determinedly out of vision. Try it for a week, and it may be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent. And by the way, there really is nothing more likely to lengthen life and thereby give a succession of Christmases than a regular perusal of GRIP'S invaluable paper. All who have forgotten will be good enough to forward subscriptions and names at once. Think how short life is, and what you are losing.

The Bankers of the Day.

Scene in parlour of the Bank of Credulity.

1ST OFFICIAL.—I suppose those city debentures are all on hand and correct? Billiards to-night, eh? JONES'S?

2ND OFFICIAL.—No; shan't go; good thing at the theatres. Debentures?—oh, no doubt.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Give up play myself soon—shut off—cool down—all that. By the by, which clerk has 'em in charge?

2ND OFFICIAL.—Which?—oh,—ah—let me think—let me see—oh, young FLYAWAY. He says they're all right. Asked him, now I remember, two or three times. See that young mare of his?

1ST OFFICIAL.—No, what's it like? Oh! those securities, though; should be all right, you know; easily disposed of, very.

2ND OFFICIAL.—Like? z. to anyway. No need to check those papers all the while, though, eh?

1ST OFFICIAL.—No, no. We are gentlemen, I hope. (Enter Mr. FLYAWAY) Oh, I say, those city debentures—We ought to check them sometimes—all right, I suppose?

Mr. FLYAWAY.—All right; counted up total yesterday. Couldn't you both come over to dinner to-day? I've a fresh hamper of champagne—the real article this time—saw importer's invoice myself.

1ST OFFICIAL.—I am sure we will both be most happy. By the by, as you check the wine merchant's papers let's just check yours. Fetch along that debenture box.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Oh, bother! what's the use of unnecessary trouble?

2ND OFFICIAL.—No trouble; ought to do it sometimes, you know; let's do it for once.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Oh, but then, they're not all there you see.

1ST AND 2ND OFFICIALS.—Not there? good heavens!—you said you counted them yesterday!

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Why, surely, gentlemen, your banking experience must have rendered you aware that in financial statements mental reservations are unavoidable. I remarked that I counted the total; as I did—present and absent.

BOTH OFFICIALS.—But—what?—surely—you have them somewhere!

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Well, not exactly; used them as collateral in exchange business—happened to be short, and of course they went. Probably be long next time, make all square. Must go. You'll be on hand at seven?

1ST OFFICIAL.—Bless my soul! Never could have thought—Stay, FLYAWAY (opens window and beckons). Is it possible you are not aware of the nature of your admissions? (Enter policeman). Take that gentleman in charge; case of embezzlement.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—You are really acting in a most ridiculous manner. What can you charge me with? Using funds placed in my charge for purposes of speculation not contemplated by those who entrusted them to me? Why, does not our institution do the same thing every time it operates in the New York market? If right for them, how can it be wrong for me?

1ST OFFICIAL.—Ah, can't say. Most painful thing; can't help it; know this, have to give you in charge, regular thing; very sorry.

(Officer advances with handcuffs; scene closes).

A Toronto Man's Lament.

Oh, for a tune, ye music murling bells,
Grating the nerves with your discordant swe'lls,
I'm sure, indeed, war whoops and Indian yells
As tuneful are!

We had been blest if when the moukkers tried
To cast those be'ls, they had been cast aside;
Or that some freak had made them all tongue tied,
'Twere better far!

Oh, for the strains of PATTI, REEVES, or VERDI,
Or in some grove to list to some sweet birdie;
We'd rather a French fiddle or "Hurdy Gurdy,"

Squeaking their notes;
Compared with them are not among life's ills—
Nay we could hear with less of horrid thrills—
The long eared cattle on a thousand hills—
Clearing their throats.

Music hath charms the savage to appease,
E'en some town bell(e)s possess the charm to please,
Alas! it is not in such bells as these

We pleasure take;
Had they been sweet of tone, I will be bound
Some crack or flaw had in them soon been found,
But now too well we know they are "all sound,"
And no mistake!

Equestrians pay their toll-gate tax, poor souls,
Where'er horse trots or lumbering waggon rolls;
If they'd but tax the bellman for his bells
(Save those for dinners)

It might some useful moral teach,
To those who equal rights profess to preach,
And bring sweet peace at last within the reach
Of us poor sinners!

We have made arrangements with a first-class poet to render GEO. BROWN'S affidavit. It will sound better in-verse-ly than any other way. It may be suggested that it will be very blank verse indeed, as it contains neither "rhyme nor reason." We don't know about that, but WILKINSON'S remarks on hearing it read would be represented by blanks in all good newspapers.

Grip on the Municipal Election.

The people of Toronto owe a debt to their present Council—a heavy debt—something near a million in fact. Mr. SOUTHEY said the national debt was part of the national property; and looking at it in that light, our city fathers have increased our property amazingly. They have done more. Night after night—day after day—have they toiled with unremitting ardour. They have done twice the work for us they needed to. Determined to work, they have built markets nobody asked for, made roads nobody travels on, dug sewers everywhere they could have been done without, put lamps wherever nobody walks of evenings, made macadamized roads with sand of the purest description, laid concrete pavements which will come out all right in the spring (for the next contractor) and laid a wooden mixture on York street which is the wonder of the world. They have been most liberal in salaries and contracts, remembering who loveth a cheerful giver. There never was such a body for work. Far from shirking it, they loved it, and when no works remained to execute, they grieved like so many A examiners, and invented some at once. Now GRIP does not for a moment credit the slanderous statements that these worthy gentlemen were all the while rindin; their own axes, and all playing into one another's hands—and pockets—that one had commissions on materials, another property to benefit, another stuff to sell—another work to do at his factory which he knew came in consequence of his council proceedings. GRIP has the best reason for disbelieving these reports—namely, that had such things been going on, (many of which are contrary to law, and all contrary to honesty) and even one honest alderman there, he could not have failed to hear of it, and would instantly have moved for a rigid investigation. No investigation was moved for. Therefore, one of two things: 1. The jobbery has not occurred, or 2. We have not one honest alderman. The latter is of course absurd; so GRIP accepts the former and announces to all and sundry that the reports of jobbery are unfounded. This is most satisfactory.

Next, as to re-election. GRIP protests against it. It is imposing on good nature. After the amount of work these aldermen have done, and the debt we owe them, as noticed above, GRIP declares solemnly that they have done enough for the city. To allow them to do any more would show a want of appreciation which does not exist. No, vote for any others; but as for the present, Toronto unlearn's too well what they have done for her. They have worked hard; give them a rest—the longer the better.