

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Zaa; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Opster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S., Woodstock.—Received your letter too late. See editor's note of this week.

INQUIRER.—Doctor TUPPER is said to have assisted Mr. BAGSHOT in the preparation of his book "Physics and Politics." The Doctor knows as much of one as of the other.

To Contributors.

Contributions are to be addressed to "Grip," Box 958, Toronto.

So Very True.

The art-critic of *The Mail*, in his remarks upon the recent exhibition, displayed the masterly hand, fine, fearless judgment and knowledge of painting which might be expected from—a local reporter well acquainted with signboards.

Not satisfied with giving to the public a critique, to which nothing by RUSKIN can be compared, he enlightens the world by the following historical information which shows very deep research indeed, but is a little—just a leetle—beyond GRIP.

"We must take some exception to the assertion of the catalogue, that 'Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales, was built about the eighth century,' as there are no ante-Roman buildings existing in England or Wales until late in the Saxon times."

It's as clear as mud.

Fashionable Personal.

Mrs. TIBBETS says her duties in connection with a peanut stand prevent her going to the sea side. Determined, however, to be fashionable, she has closed the blinds of her private residence on Dummer street, and locked the front door for the season. Every evening she stands in a large pork barrel with a foot of brine at the bottom, and gets her old man to blow on her, through the bung-hole, with a pair of bellows. She says "the salt air agrees with her wonderful."

Decidedly!

A CORRESPONDENT enquires:

If DOCTOR JOHNSON'S assertion that a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket, be true—does it necessarily follow that the man who laughs at one would be guilty of receiving stolen goods?

He verily would if he laughed at the puns of certain plaguey and plagiarising punsters.

"Smoke on the Land."

"Say, Stranger," said a tall American to the purser on board the "City of Toronto," as they were steaming up the bay on a sultry day, with the wind in the east; "What is the origin of the name of your city?" "Toronto, sir," replied the courteous purser, "is an Indian word signifying 'Trees in the water.'" "You ought to name it over again," replied the Yank. "Find out the Indian word for 'Smoke on the land,' for I'm blowed if it ain't the most smoky place I've seen this side of Pittsburg."

Some Consolation.

"BARAINE leads a very uniform life," says an account of the captivity of the exiled Marshal, which is at present going the rounds of the papers. GARR rejoices to know that they haven't stripped the old man of his military clothing as well as his honor and peace.

Letters on Men and Things.

CONCERNING A SCRUPULOUS TEMPLAR.

My dear O'Foolze,—

If a man, in former ages, had a natural repugnance to applying himself steadily to hard work, the fighting market stood conveniently open, and he could hire out as a soldier, with a good conscience, and a better prospect of what heathen writers called plunder, and current Christianity recognises as loot. Or he might set up as a robber on his own hook; or go begging among the Monks, who had good kitchens and larders, and received with open arms such vagrant unfortunates as were necessitated to appeal to them for largess owing to a constitutional antipathy to bodily exertion. These, my dear boy, were the good old times—to the view of which distance lends hazy enchantment, and which well-conditioned persons are bound much to reverence because they know next to nothing about them. All human things however, as DRAXDEN tells us, are subject to decay—good old times included. Except among dear relatives fighting is not so prevalent as it was. Beggars now are apt to get more kicks than half-pence; while as regards plunder—loot—if people take to it they discover (unless behind a church bazaar stall, that both the glamour and gleanings of Norman days are gone—and that they are summarily laid hold of by some base valet in the form of a hired constable, and anon shut up in prison, or sent out of the country, instead of founding a family and felonising their way to broad lands and an abbey. Society now-a-days discounts rogues and vagabonds, unless they have a good character, wear broadcloth, attend public worship, and have a nice house, and plenty of money. Look which way I will, my O'FOOZLE, I find nothing, in these hard prosaic times for the mass of ordinary folk—who do not know a Cabinet Minister, or are unable to strike out a new "Mission"—but to choose some honest occupation, and stick to it. 'Tis a nuisance,—but one wholly unavoidable—that we must eat and drink, and wear Nosey and Son's latest evolutions in coat and pants. In the good old times men donned a garment of blue paint, lived in caves and woods, and lunched on a raw root. But man is a progressive animal. He has a mind. He has reason. Innumerable inventions have now increased his happiness and necessities. The paint point is broken; caverns are left to the lizards; and we rejoice in stucco, shoddy, chicory, chignons, bonedust, and other great and useful evidences and issues of civilised and ennobling enterprise.

And yet, my boy, even civilisation and honest exertion for one's bread and butter, are not all plain sailing, as has lately been discovered by one GEORGE BENJAMIN, of Bath, England—by business a coal-dealer—by conviction a "Temperance" man—the latter being the new term in vogue to represent not, as most people would conclude, a moderate partaker of, but an entire abstainer from the beverages which cheer, and also inebriate. These alcoholic forerunners used to be known as Tec-(or tea) totallers, signifying probably, that they went totally for Tea—as their ordinary potation—blended at times with chicory, gingerette, pop, Temperance-Champagne, and other exhilarating and ingenious tipples, from which, while giving due heed of praise to their discoverer, I have found myself obliged to abstain owing to some unfortunate stomachic eccentricity, inherited from my ancestors. The name 'Totallers, however, has now gone out, and Temperance reigns in its stead. For myself, I preferred the original appellation, as being in accord with what CARLYLE would call the eternal realities; while "Temperance," as an *alias* for abstinence, seems to me an entire misnomer. However, the total (or temperance) BENJAMIN—call him what you will—navigating his commercial bark over the waters of industry, found himself suddenly entangled among the rocks and shoals of Casuistry. This, my dear O'FOOZLE, was doubtless not an unexampled experience. One can easily conceive how nice points of scrupulosity must often prick tender souls, as, piloting their vessels over the glorious ocean of trade, they scan the dubious question what amount of sand in the last hog'shead of sugar will be in harmony with current Christian ethics; or whether that barrel of chicory in the back office is in accord with holding the church plate on Sundays, and "leading" the dear brethren at Wednesday's prayer-meeting. Mr. BENJAMIN'S trouble was this. He did not drink any beer. But he supplied the coal, which warmed the boiler, which heated the water, which made the unclean potation. Pondering this distressing circumstance he resolved to avoid the appearance of evil. When the brewery-man sent an order for more heat—promoter the man of black-diamonds informed him that "as an abstainer and Templar, he could not consistently supply him with any more coals for the manufacture of, etc., etc."

The ancient King COLE was a jolly old soul, but the modern King COAL—for Coal, my boy, is King, and no mistake in these days—has not inherited his mantle. Our friend BENJAMIN is, one fears, only at the commencement of his "testifying." The victim of casuistry, like the victim of jealousy, "doth make the meat he feeds on." The demands of "Conscience"—a conscience of the coal kind—momentarily appeased, are soon lively again. Every concession only makes them more exigent and insatiate. Mr. BENJAMIN will soon find him-