

## NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

To WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

ISSUE.—Grip will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by A. S. Irvine, King Street West.

ADVERTISING AGENT—W. H. Tapson.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

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

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER** :—No, we cannot entertain your proposition. We have already one of the driest humorists on our staff, at a large salary. He is so very dry, that we have generally to advance him his little squidge before it is due.

**RUBYNASAL** :—A red nose is not always a sign of intemperance; but it is a fair indication of how a man invests his savings.

**ASPIRANT** :—You had better send your jokes to the *Church Herald*, or some serious paper. They are pretty certain to slide 'em in before any one detects the latent humour.

**ALBERT** :—If you would punctuate your article some, we might be able to see some "points" in it. At present they are microscopic.

**SPORT** :—We do not undertake to decide bets, unless the applicant is willing to allow us a fair commission for deciding in his favor.

**IGNORANCE** :—We don't know. Consult a solicitor, a physician, a clergyman, a hook peddler, a dictionary, or an encyclopedia—hang it! consult anybody or any thing you please, but don't bother us with such questions.

**PROF. G. F. DE VINE** has sent us the words and music of "Fair Canada," a patriotic song—"To err is human, to forgive De Vine." We forgive him.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1873.

## THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

FURTHER FUNNY, FAR FETCHED, AND FIENDISH FABRICATIONS—  
ORIGINAL ODDITIES—AND PALPABLE PLAGIARISMS.

And still they come. Were we so disposed, we could easily fill this number of Grip with conundrums alone; but we are afraid that if we did so, we should be inundated next week with an equal number of brief communications from subscribers, to the effect of "stop my paper." We refrain, however, out of consideration to the feelings of our readers. Although "misery loves company," yet we have not the heartlessness to inflict one-tenth of the evidences of total depravity we have received, upon a patient and long-suffering community. The following are some of them, viz. :—

Mr. Butler, of Queen Street West, enquires—

"Why am intoxicashun like a washbole? Gub it up? Why case it am *de-basin*, ob course. Yah, yah!"

Hon. Archibald McKellar writes that he is bound to have that volume of "Bow Bells," as the elegant binding will harmonize with the canoe couch damask, choice photographs, and other adornments of his office, and so he has got off this little *morceau*—

"Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll (cattle) eat it."

Pshaw! we can do better than that; as, for instance—

"What is the difference between a load of straw and a crowd of rougns assaulting a policeman? Because the one will hardly tempt a cow, and the other is a cow-ardly attempt."

We had to diminish the corn-juice in our pocket pistol by about three fingers before we got that fixed to suit us.

Custy diffidently passes in the following—

"Why may a boy be called a man? Because he has arrived at man's *he-state* (estate)."

"When does a drunken man act contrary to the by-law against the destruction of city property? When he is *taking up* the whole sidewalk."

"Why are our cousins across the line a jolly people? Because they are *a merry kin* (American.)"

Mrs. Wimple, who writes a very masculine hand, sends the following, appropriately headed "the worst," supposed to be by an Irishman—

"What kind of wool puts one in mind of a *punch-in* the ribs? *Barl-in* wool."

EXPLANATION.—The Irishman is supposed to pronounce "barrel" "barl,"—A puncheon is a barrel. Consequently, punch-in—puncheon; barrel-in—barl-in—Berlin. Don't you see. Well, we guess that is the worst yet.

The same author asks—

"What is the greatest gormandizer in the world? The *goblet* (gobble-it)."

These things make life a burden, and induce a longing to rest 'neath the maple, where the weak head ceases from troubling, and the weary are addressed—no more by such punsters in human shape.

James Dilworth puts forward the following claim to immortal renown—

"Why did the Grit M.P.'s at Ottawa, on the 13th, resemble a prominent government official?—Because they were *howlin'* (Howland)."

James, we thought better things of you. You are prominent in temperance circles, we know; but we submit to an intelligent public whether it is not better to get on a bender occasionally, than to incur the fearful responsibility of giving to the world such a production as the above.

Next week we shall give the names of the winners of the prizes.

## THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

"The Clear Grit chief, and ninety of his men,  
To Ottawa went, and then went back again."

That is about the sum and substance of this prorogation business, about which the big dailies are raising such a fuss. The whole affair was cut-and-dried in advance; but the Grits were determined to have a debate on the Scandal, and being denied an opportunity for discussing, they curtailed their lofty flights of rhetoric, and took to cussing. The Opposition tried the bluff game, but Sir John enched 'em. They held a trump card, but the little joker was too much for them, and the Commission is to be issued, after all. Some time since, the Tory journals had a good deal to say about Grit "missions" and "missionaries," but our Grit friends can now retort by animadverting on the ministerial "sins of Com-mission." Now, the question which arises is, will the ministry ever allow those impounded documents to see daylight again? Not to any extent, probably.

Our readers, doubtless, do not remember the hymn of childhood's days, as follows:

If I were a cassowary,  
On the plains of Timbuctoo,  
I'd devour the missionary,  
Hat and boots, and hymn-book too.

We can fancy Sir John, on accomplishing the prorogation, paradoxically warbling—

If I were a cuss-so-wary,  
On the plains of Ottawa,  
I'd appoint Commission nary  
Till I'd papers got away.

This is an awful country.