

A BUSINESS-LIKE and Respectable Young Man
 Wanted to act as ADVERTISING AGENT for GRIP. Liberal
 Commission and light work. Apply to A. S. IRVING, Publisher.



Edited by Mr. Barnaby Rudge.

The greatest Beast is the Oss; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
 The greatest Fish is the Opster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1873.

GRIP'S NEW BASKET-BEARER.

THE renowned basket, whence the sprightly and loquacious GRIP, is wont to deliver his utterances has been transferred to the back of MR BARNABY RUDGE, who, considering it a proud burden, will endeavour to carry it with becoming circumspection. The warrantable pleasure with which he adjusted the trust in its new position was greatly heightened on finding it half full of *bon-mots*, and pretty favours of various kinds, which had been tossed to the pert talker by his many kindly patrons; and over which he perched with head aslant and eyes sparkling in triumph. Of course this added weight to the basket; but so far from grumbling at that, its new bearer sincerely hopes that it may become steadily heavier, under the accumulating evidences of popular approval. And now, as a prelude to this "new departure," GRIP himself begs to thank the public heartily for the flattering support they have heretofore accorded him; and in bespeaking its continuance, desires to submit his platform, as follows:

GRIP is politically independent and unfettered; and intends so to remain. He will never be neutral where his voice may serve the right. But to be independent it is not required or understood that a tortuous path is to be followed with the object of favouring each party alternately. He will never give quarter to what he cannot honestly approve. His cartoons he will strive to have essentially true, whatever else may be lacking. GRIP hopes to be always brave and just without forgetting the beautiful law of charity. Then will he be read and respected—bought, and paid for. So mote it be.

"EX FUMO."

LATELY a deputation, consisting of cooks and housemaids, waited on His Worship the Mayor, and presented a petition praying that he would take steps towards stopping the volumes of smoke from certain factory flues, that caused them so much trouble and extra work. The deputation was introduced in a most becoming manner by the Mayor's own cook, who took the liberty of whispering a few words in His Worship's ear respecting the nature of the deputation, and the threats that some of the less well-behaved of the party were uttering about "striking like the cabmen, and stopping the supply of clean shirts." His Worship received them in his usual urbane manner, and assured them he would lay their petition before the Council at its next meeting, when it would receive due consideration. Here one of the deputation, whose straightforwardness exceeded her refinement, remarked that she hoped the Council would treat their petition with more consideration than it had done the one complaining of the same nuisance sent in by the leading merchants of the city last Fall; whereat His Worship looked rather confused, and endeavoured to explain that the reason the request of the merchants was not attended to, was owing to several of the members of the Council being among the greatest offenders—especially mentioning Aldermen Turner and Clements; but as they had votes, they had to be treated with consideration—that is, with more consideration than the merchants. Here one of the deputation showed signs of dissatisfaction, and presently gave vent to her feelings by showering maledictions upon the heads of those two worthy (or unworthy) Aldermen, expressing a wish that they

might be reduced to the necessity of washing their own linen; but her wrath was kept within bounds by the kindly manner in which the Mayor explained to them, that although it was impossible for him as an individual member of the Council, though Mayor, to control such unfeeling wretches, still he fully sympathised with them (the maids), particularly as he had his full share of the smoke to swallow; and therefore, just as much for his own sake as theirs, he would do his utmost to remedy the evil. After shaking hands with the different members of the deputation, and escorting them to the hall door, he was heard by his cook to say: "Poor girls, it's very hard upon them. I would soon put an end to it if it were not for that inconvenient brace of fumigating Aldermen!"

CANADA TO "PUNCH."

(Apropos of the Pacific Charter Corruption.)

"Canadian brethren, stamp it out,
 Or, with still broadening pinion,
 Of your wide realm, without a doubt,
 'Twill make its dark dominion!"—Punch.

PUNCH, Sir, as a Prophet, you're a perfect stunner,—
 (Witness the way you hit the 'Derby' runner)—
 And Sir, abroad, you're not without the honour
 Justly your due.

So, when you speak, we'd never think of sneering,
 Whether your words were ominous or cheering,
 But, as entitled to a decorous hearing,
 We'd hear you through.

On our "Pacific" it appears your posted,
 And you're afraid that everything we boasted
 In our hot shame will hopelessly be roasted
 And ruined quite;

Scandal and slander stirred in stenchful fusion—
 Knighthood and thieves in unabashed collusion
 'Privilege;' 'Black Rod!' 'Hisses!'—'Cheers!'—'intrusion!'—
 Heaven help us—*trite*.

Yes, Sir, 'tis so; our case is past 'prevention'—
 Upon that point there can be no contention—
 And that there's room for gloomy apprehension
 No one will doubt.

But, noble Mentor, we've determination
 Not to succumb just yet to strangulation—
 This present trouble's but the measles of the Nation—
 We'll 'stamp it out!'

"ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS."

(NODERNIZMU)

HON. GEORGE B. (Rolla)—My brave associates—partners of my toils, my feelings and my fame. I have come back from England. Can ought of words add to the longings for office which inspire your hearts? No, we long together; you for some petty berth, I fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. We follow an adventurer; he that from Chicago came. But he is eclipsed. He dared not boldly steal. He is outdone by him of Montreal! The culprits call upon us to barter our "privilege" for a Royal Commission. Be our plain answer this: Never. I have put down my foot, a large one too; we'll fight, aye fight till bufferin himself must yield to 'scape the fiery storm we'll pour upon him.

CITY SCIENCE.

A CAREFUL inspection with an instrument of more competency than the spectroscope plainly reveals the fact that the spots on the Sun, long so doubtful, are paragraphs of misrepresentation and excrescences caused by Government pap, which, like the measles, must come to the surface.

SOMEBODY TO THE RESCUE!

Look at this advertisement, from the "Domestics Wanted" column of the *Globe* a few days ago, and then—if you are a salesman—state calmly your opinion of the age we live in.

WANTED, a first-class clerk for the Dry Goods, must have unexceptionable references. Apply —, &c.

The amount of malice which prompted the employer to have that inserted in the above mentioned connection is rarely equalled. 'Tis a base insinuation.

INTENDED FOR ALDERMEN.

The lightest city in the world!—Cork! (selected). The darkest city in the world (when the moon disappoints the Council in their gas-lamp arrangements)—Toronto! (our own.)