

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genus is the Gess; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

## To Correspondents and Contributors.

A. MCK., Toronto.—Crowded out.  
MAX NOBLE.—Thanks. Will be happy to hear from you again.  
SNIKE.—Hope to hear from you soon.  
ANONYMOUS.—Many thanks.  
W. E. C., Scarborough.—Rather too lengthy. Please try again on some of the living issues.  
SWINE COOP, St. Thomas.—The late firm of ROE BROTHERS of your town did not suggest to the poet MOORE the idea of writing "The Canadian Boat Song," the refrain of which is "Row, Brother's Row." You are wrong in imagining that the above named poet ever lived in Venice. He was born in Cork, Ireland; so your informant is wrong as to the DESDEMONA affair.  
HISTORXUS, Oakville.—MATT. CAMERON, the Conservative candidate for East Toronto, did not derive his "front" name from his acting as a Matador in the Bull Fight at Madrid. Neither is he addicted to tipping. It is the Hon. GEORGE BROWN who goes in for short horns.  
THUNDERER, London, Eng.—Business is not as a rule conducted in the upper stories of the shops in "King Street, Toronto, Canada, in winter on account of the snow blocking up the lower doors." A great portion of that season admits of the usual ingress and egress, to wit: by the street or lower doors. Wolves and fiery gizzards have for the last few years been very scarce in the streets. They seldom now are found south of Yorkville, the inhabitants of that outlying clearing shooting them for their furs. We learn from people who have visited that region that the natives consider the flesh of these animals when properly prepared to be quite gamey.

## New Year "Calling."

BY OUR GOOD NATURED CONTRIBUTOR.

Next to having a "surprise" party when your wife is sick, I do not know of anything more tedious and unsatisfactory than New Year "calling." I think, and I hope I may not be deemed uncharitable, that the practice could be managed much better by postal card. From an economical standpoint the saving in strong coffee and weak wine would be something startling. There is an evident need of reform in this direction, and it has been a matter of much surprise to me that the opportunity has not been seized upon for the collection of doubtful debts of twelve months standing. Then there would be a mutual interest in the matter, and the called upon could not very well plead the usual excuse of not being at home. The caller as well as the hostess would not be obliged to fall back upon the weather as the soul-absorbing topic of interest, neither would the visit be devoid of a certain amount of pleasure, and they could go into the particulars "of that little account" and rake up old memories of dry goods and petty sundries long since laid aside and forgotten—by the purchaser. The lady's recollection of how, in that lovely blue silk, she threw Miss CLEMENTINA PLANAGANET into the shade at the Yacht Club Ball would be worth the reminiscence; even the collector, that much abused individual, would experience a keen pleasure—principally in anticipation of how good he'd feel if he could only get the money for it. But then these suggestions are only thrown out in a commercial sense.

The object of the custom of "calling" on New Year's day is for a social exchange of good wishes—and seeing how much a man can carry without staggering. Very often the experiment is so clumsily performed that the experimentalist sinks beneath the weight of his responsibility. The sentiment may be a pretty one; but by the time the last "call" is made it has completely vanished from the mind of the tourist. Occasionally an unpleasant *contre temps* arises as the following circumstances will illustrate. My friend TOMKINS adopted a method in his system of "calling." He would say the same thing at every house he visited, and it was amusing to see the serious manner in which his remarks were made. "I wish you a happy new year Miss So-AND-So. "Delightful weather." "Yes, coffee, please." He was rather taken aback at one of the houses where the people were of homeopathic tendencies, and who hated coffee as if it were poison. Mater-familias frowned, TOMKINS looked embarrassed, and swallowed a morsel of soda cracker to hide his confusion. A particle caught his breath and if I hadn't punched him in the small of his back his name would have been among the paid policy list of a prominent life insurance company. To crown his misfortune Mater-familias thought TOMKINS was drunk and she administered a solemn injunction to her eight year old son, "not to touch a drop of spirits, not even if it was to save ma's life." Young hopeful said "No Ma, I won't," with so much earnestness that I fancied I depicted a shade of disappointment in ma's expression of features. There is nothing like instilling moral principles in children at an early age.

Another acquaintance of mine, philanthropically inclined, SIMSON by name, conceived an original idea of taking advantage of the generosity of those who invite others "to look upon the wine when it is red." SIMSON placed half-a-dozen empty wine bottles in his buggy and at every house he called at, where asked to take wine, he produced a bottle and glass funnel and much to the astonishment of the lookers-on would transfer the beverage from the wine glass to the bottle. In this fashion he succeeded in filling three of sherry and three of port. After placing new labels upon the bottles he sent them to the General Hospital "for the benefit of the sick poor." The result is that two of the patients are in such a critical condition from partaking of this compound mixture that SIMSON's good intentions may be the means of his compulsory attendance before a Coroner's inquest. His gratification at seeing the acknowledgement in print has been sadly worried.

For the information of the curious I may add that out of a list of thirty "calls" on the 1st January ten people "thought we'd have snow soon," twelve persons "wouldn't be surprised if we had rain," five "thought it exceedingly mild for the time of year," and three hadn't any opinion on the matter, inasmuch as they "didn't know." I am of the opinion that New Year "calling" is a sort of social pilgrimage and a very useful institution for grocers and bootmakers—and who are principally interested in its observance.

## The Sad Record of the Mowat Administration.

A CONVENIENT CAMPAIGN SHEET.

For the use of the friends and supporters of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in Ontario. For sale in job lots at the office of Grip. Being at elaboration of a *goldline* idea which occurred to Mr. ROBT. WILKES, M.P.

A—is for ANCHER, a cunning old sport,  
B—is for Blundering, his principal forte;  
C—is for College, which he built up at Guclph,  
D—is for Damask, which he bought for himself;  
E—is Economy, the Gov'ment's pet game,  
F—is the Fence which illustrates that same;  
G—is the Globe which dictates to the Grits,  
H—is for Honnocks—the *Mail* gave him fits;  
I—Independence, which FRASER promotes,  
J—Jack-in-Box members who score the Grit votes;  
K—stands for Knowledge of Treasury fraud,  
L—is for LAUDER who'll spread it abroad;  
M—is McCANDLESS who squealed so on MOWAT,  
N—is NATHANIL who on contracts doth "go it;"  
O—is for OLIVER, the Child-like and Bland,  
P—is for Proton, which he "don't understand;"  
Q—is the Queer goings-on at the "Farm,"  
R—is Redistribution, a scheme fraught with harm;  
S—is for "Speak-now"—the facts you know well—  
T—"Timber Limits"—another big sell!  
U—stands for EWING, Mrs. BLANK's tardy ally,  
V—is for Victory! Conservatives, rally!!  
W—for WELLS who decides always *Right*,  
X—the expense—CROOKS' Budget's a fright!  
Y—is for You—vote for BELL, MATT and PRATT,  
Z—is for Zero—vote the Grits below that!

## Extract from Police Magistrate's Catechism.

ADAPTED TO TORONTO REQUIREMENTS.

Q.—What are the duties of a Police Magistrate?  
A.—First, to adopt that course best calculated to benefit the Government employing him. Then he may expect his salary raised.  
Q.—How is he to do this?  
A.—License as many taverns as possible, so that the income to Government may be the greater.  
Q.—Do not statistics prove that this increases drinking?  
A.—Don't care. It don't, I know better. And if it did, more whiskey makes—greater income to Government.  
Q.—What is his next greatest duty?  
A.—To adopt that course best calculated to keep himself in office.  
Q.—How is he to do this?  
A.—Be impertinent to any one who supports morality, and assist those whose influence is most exerted in elections, *i. e.*, publicans, roughs, tavern-frequenters, and the like.  
Q.—How long will they keep him in?  
A.—Till the respectable citizens take interest enough in their own affairs to manage them.  
Q.—And that will be?  
A.—In the millenium.