

G R I P .

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, DECEMBER 20TH, 1873.

MOSS'S SWEEPING VICTORY.

THERE was an uncouth but withal modest rap at Grip's sanctum door on Tuesday last, and without rising from his desk (where he was busy upon one of the poems you will find in this number) the genial Talker said "Come in." The door was timidly opened and a very humble woman walked in. She belonged to the Ancient Order of The Poor, a representative the sight of whose well cherished rags was meant to set one a-dreaming of Christmas angels and Christian charity. But she had not come to beg. Her simple story was, that being a gatherer of paper scraps, she was in the habit of rummaging amongst the sweepings of the newspaper offices, and in her search that morning she had picked up in the *Mail* and the *Globe* heaps, respectively, a cast-out manuscript. She was not able to read, but from the appearance of these documents she fancied they must have been accidentally placed amongst the rubbish, and to make the matter certain she had brought them to Grip for examination. We commended the thoughtfulness of the poor creature, and at once turned our attention to the writings, and scarcely had we read the first sentence of each when the whole was comprehended. "These," said we to the rag-gatherer, "are legitimately within your province,—strictly waste paper. They are editorial articles that had been written in anticipation of the result of the recent great contest in West Toronto, that of the *Globe* in view of defeat, and that of the *Mail* anticipating victory." So saying we returned the sheets of paper to our visitor, having taken correct copies of the articles which are here appended.

(From the 'Globe' Dust Heap.)

"When the sun went down on West Toronto last night, he hid his face from a sad scene—a spectacle which Canada will remember with increasing pain so long as she has a name to live amongst the nations of the earth. Corruption and iniquity had triumphed over virtue, and were riotously holding their brawling carnival over the bleeding victim. Bickford has been returned by—of a majority! Bickford, the . . . (Grip has no desire to publish these descriptive phrases.) We cannot dwell upon the subject of yesterday's result, with any degree of patience. Neither the victor nor his success can command a particle of respect from anybody. By dint of appeal to every known means of corruption and compulsion, the Tory candidate has been returned for West Toronto. Never has such a day of political debauchery been passed through in Canadian history; never was bribery more rampant and brazen, never was constituency more deceived and venial; never was dishonour more certain for all time. We drop the dark veil over the sight; and our fair Dominion will have to say with the weird poet, that

Her soul from out that shadow
Shall be lifted never more."

From the 'Mail' Dust Heap.

"The great battle of West Toronto is over, and a glorious victory for the party of Union and Progress is the result. Mr. Bickford has been returned by the magnificent majority of—, and thus a proper snub is administered to GEORGE LYON and the Chambery Brigade. The Grits have been fond of reiterating in their own shameless fashion the most scandalous of falsehoods about Mr. Bickford ever since his candidature was announced, and this is how the free and independent electors of West Toronto answer the calumniators. This is how they deal with the gross and malignant lies that have been spoken by the *Globe* and its satellites about the Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; this is the way in which they speak their minds on the subject of slandering and letter-stealing. And in this splendid triumph we have another element of gratification in the fact that the contest that raged yesterday was distinguished in a remarkable degree by the absence of corruption. We doubt if a single authentic case of bribery or compulsion can be pointed to. Of course we fully expect the *Globe* to assert that the constituency was carried by money; but all who were present in the battle and are therefore competent to judge, will be able to give the lie direct to such allegation. Again we say that the Liberal Conservative party has achieved a signal victory, let the Grits howl as they may."

"GLOBE" SAPHICS TO "SQUARE-TOES."

HONEST old MEDCALF, we have naught against you—
Which, Sir, is saying volumes in your favour—
In years gone by you've done the City service
We do believe.

Now you are out for Mayor 'gainst SMITH and MANNING,
Working away as usual, like a beaver,
And there's no telling but you'll be elected
If you keep on.

As to said MANNING, he'll be whipped for certain:
People don't like his Water Works connections,
SMITH and yourself will have the fight between you
On polling day.

Now of you two SMITH's the man we vote for;
Hearty, and young, and business-like and honest,
Just the right man to fill the chair at present,
As we all fancy.

While you, dear friend, have lost your old time wigour,
You've done your duty as our Mayor already.
Now you've a right to demand that we should therefore
Let you resign.

P.S.—Please make the demand.

ESSAYS AT THE DINNER TABLE.

I suppose myself to be talking to one who is able to sympathise. Now in order to be able to do so, such an one must be in the habit of dining out. You are! you say? Well, now, I'll talk to you. Listen! Did you ever (I know the answer that's coming), when dining out, discover a hair in your dinner—in some portion of it? You have? So have I, and so invariably as to constitute it a rule now. Yes! what sensations one experiences on such occasions! First of all, you naturally begin to conjecture whose it was. Perhaps you have been staying overnight in the house, and the similarity it bears to those you extracted from your brush and comb when dressing for dinner, inclines you to the belief that it must have belonged to that pretty little chambermaid, and you are becoming reconciled to it on that account, when in she comes, and you see at once it is much too dark, and the sickening suspicion that it about matches that scullery maid's (of whom you caught a passing glimpse, *en dishabille*), sends you into a regular perspiration, and you begin to devise some means whereby you can, unnoticed, smuggle it from the middle of your caper sauce, and deposit it on the uttermost edge of your plate. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to carry this out, you cannot help wondering whether every person is favoured with a hair, if they only knew where to lay their hands on it, or whether there is only one, which invariably falls to you, however unsolicited. Now comes the much-desired moment, when everybody seems absorbed in the good things before them, and you at once make an effort to capture your hair. After vainly endeavouring to wind it, first round your fork, and then round your knife, and several times suffering the most concentrated agony by seeing it disappear altogether beneath the sauce, you at last, goaded by hunger and the prospect of a cold dinner, determine to use your fingers. You look stealthily round (this time you somehow feel guilty of something, as though you were taking an unfair advantage of the other guests), and seeing everyone absorbed as before, you swiftly accomplish its removal. Again you look round, not that you fear any one has noticed you, but simply as a make-sure, and you are rather chagrined to find that your hostess is regarding you with a half-mournful, half-injured expression, as though you'd put aside the choicest part of the dinner. There is one peculiarity about shorter hairs, and that is, that after carefully putting them on one side, accompanied by a fragment of turnip (from which it was impossible to separate it), you straightway forget all about them. By and bye, you are cleaning your plate up, and it comes quite natural to reach after that fragment, and —

THE FUTURE.—Ten-years-old—"Pa, do you want me to be a minister?" Pa—"Yes, my son, why?" Hopeful—"Do you think I will ever be as bad a man as MACKENZIE, Pa?" Pa—"I hope not, my son! Why do you ask such a question?" Hopeful—"Isn't MACKENZIE a minister?"

THE ONLY DESIRABLE FACTION.—Satisfaction.

ADVICE to persons about to raise a whisker.—Whisk a razor.

A GREEN GROCER.—One who gives credit.