



EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1873.

"GRIP" TO THE POST OFFICE PEOPLE.

GENTS: Whereas some of our patrons complain that their parcels, containing ordered copies of GRIP, have been torn open during their passage by post, and papers abstracted therefrom, we desire all concerned to take notice that if the offence is repeated the guilty party will certainly be brought to book. GRIP has spoken.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF "CURRENT EVENTS"?



OUR friend the editor of the *Orillia Times*, and a great many other intelligent readers of the *Canadian Monthly*, are in a painful quandary since the announcement was authoritatively made that the brilliant articles on "Current Events" in that magazine are "from the pen of a Canadian long and intimately conversant with the political and commercial affairs of the country." The *Times* confesses itself "completely and provokingly mistaken," in common, no doubt, with everybody else, having believed Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH to be the writer. That name is thus cancelled, and the vexed question is still further aggravated by the following notes, which GRIP is desired to publish, for the guidance of guessers:—

(I.) L—r Office, Tuesday.

DEAR GRIP:—Please state to the publick that I officially and in my capacity as a member of the House of Commons, and also as sole proprietor of the leading Liberal-Conservative-Reform Journal, teetotally deny that I did or do, directly or indirectly, write the "Current Event" editorials for the *Canadian Monthly*.

Yours truly, J—s B—Y.

(II.) Spec—r Office, Hamilton, Friday.

DEAR GRIP:—Perhaps it is hardly necessary that I should put the statement upon paper, that whoever says I am the author of "Current Events" is a liar. To prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding, however, I do so, and remain, Yours fraternally,

D—VE M—LL—H.

(III.) Magistrates' Court Room, Wednesday.

GRIP, Sir:—'Tis quite thrue, sir, dhat I am intimately conversant widd the political, and, sir, commercial affairs of dthis country—as well as widd its criminal law, sir; but by the Horn Spoon, sir, I disclaim the authorship of the articles aforesaid.

Yours, sir, R. M., ALL—N, Barrister.

(IV.) Grand Trunk Station, Whitty.

FRIEND GRIP:—The thought comes to me that not a few may see in the "Current Event" articles, the hand, tho' certes not the opinions of O. P. "Perish the thought," as Will bath it. I write them not—'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true! Perdition catch my soul if I do write them! Hey? What?

Ever yours, O. P.

(V.) Council Chambers, Thursday.

DEAR FRIEND GRIP:—It isnt often I write anything for the press, and I can say truly that the articles on "Current Events" are written without my knowledge.

Respectfully, ALD. SH—R—D.

(VI.)

Government House, Ottawa.

DEAR GRIP:—I am instructed by the Right Hon. the Premier to say in advance that in the matter of the "Current Events" articles, his hands are clean. The rumour that he is the writer the Government deny *in toto*.

Yours, &c.,

J. A. M—D—LD.

per \_\_\_\_\_, Private Secretary.

SUITABLE.

"McMULLEN suits" are the latest things in the Dry Goods line. They are for sale in several parts of the country.—*Exchange Paper*.

MINISTERIALISTS who go the whole figure and are not ashamed of their colours will, we presume, in company with the Editorial Corps of *The Mail*, hasten to furnish themselves with this new outfit, which, supplementing the "Pacific Scandal Hat," recently introduced into the market, they will consider political full-dress. Those who have never seen one of these suits will no doubt be interested in a brief description of them furnished by our own tailor, who, although slightly afflicted with anti-ministerial leanings in matters political, is a gentleman, and a most competent person in the clothing line. According to his account the suit is of tweed—of a piece with the American material known to the trade as *boss tweed*, and is marked with the curb-stone pattern, a rather neat design. In colour the stuff is dark, and when made up, resembles at a distance a coat of *mail*, while with its profusion of brass buttons, and the uniform swagger of its wearers, nobody can fail to be impressed with its loudness. As to the several garments, the coat is made very roomy, in order to provide for the free action of the wearer—adapted in other words to accommodate O'BRIEN's, or anybody else's motions. There are especial pockets for carrying letters which the owners desire to keep intact from the Grits. The pants are of very peculiar cut. Those who wear them unanimously complain that they find them uncomfortably tight, and indeed the same may be said of the whole suit. Further particulars may now be had at Osgoode Hall, we presume, as Lawyer O'BRIEN asked time to secure them.

BRAVO, BRYDGES!

WHOEVER says that Corporations have no souls libels the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada! Right on the heels of a great mechanical achievement, they have with equal bravery and dispatch accomplished a still greater moral work—the shifting of the iron rail being followed by the radical changing of their liquorguage. One day this week the mandate went forth from the head office, and just as in the former case, at a given signal the hammers fell from Montreal to Sarnia—so in the latter there was a uniform crashing of decanters all along the line, and to an encouraging extent, so far as G. T. R. bar-rooms are concerned—

"Satan's empire fell."

We hail this as a hopeful sign of the times, and as Canadians we never stood in greater need of hopeful signs. Whether or not this sudden and welcome reformation sprang from a desire on the part of the Grand Trunk to greet the now MACKENZIE-BLAKE cabinet with the clean face that should inaugurate a necessary friendship, we hail it all the same, and if Mr BRYDGES deserves the credit for it we slap him heartily on the back, and repeat "BRAVO, BRYDGES!"

PROBLEMATICAL.

THE imperial din of the Pacific Scandal has drowned down the noise of a warfare that has been raging between the *Cobourg World* and *Sentinel* newspapers. Albeit the campaign has evidently been of the hottest and bitterest. The latter paper concluded its article of last week with this—

"Whilst at all times willing to meet an opponent on fair ground, to discuss with him any public question in a courteous spirit, with the scribe of the *World* we must hereafter decline to have any relations as a respectable contemporary."

The suffering people of Cobourg are at a loss to know what to expect next. Is this paragraph, they ask, the sound of the *Sentinel's* last gun, fired with indignation, whose smoke and echoes are to die away in an eternal and contemptuous silence; or does the editor mean that he has resolved henceforth to dispense with the spirit of "a respectable contemporary," and go in for *Worldly Billingsgate* himself?

UNPARALLELED.

THE *Globe*, with a malignity all its own, refrained from making any remarks on "the duty of the hour" on Thursday morning, and thereby brought about financial inconvenience to many respectable people who staked their wagers on GRIP's *sure bets*, published in a late number. For the moment the *Globe* has triumphed; but will it pay in the long run to be so mean?