

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabst Best is the Boss; the grabst Bird is the Owl;
The grabst Fish is the Oyster; the grabst Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD SEPTEMBER, 1876.

"The Ministry of Wealth."

If BEECHER talks, on Monday night,
About the Sovereign Power of Cash,
GRIP's picture herewith given might
Suggest a subject for his lash.

Two "holy" maids, who never dare
Hold converse with a man of sin,
Are piously presenting there
Their little bills for well-earned tin.

This prudish pair their lungs did stretch,
And warned good people not to see
Or listen to that wicked wretch,
In whom no righteousness could be;

While, all the time they advertised
In glaring capitals, his show,—
Were paid by him they so "despised"
To tell the public all to go!

GRIP marks his scorn of such low game,
And trusts his picture will not fail
To bring some hopeful sense of shame
To those two frauds, the *Globe* and *Mail*.

The Limbs of the Law.

GRIP notices with pleasure that the limbs of the law (who was it that called them "Sons of Satan!") are going to compete for the chaplet of bay leaves, we mean of course silver mugs and imitation meerscham tobacco pipes, at the Cricket Ground, this Saturday afternoon. GRIP hereby announces that out of his respect for the Judiciary and fear of the majesty of the law, he will attend. Rumour hath it there is to be all sorts of fun. The Judges are going to have a race in full costume attended by the Clerks and assistant clerks of the Courts as bottle holders. GRIP has heard that the betting on this race is 2 to 1 on the Chief Justice of Ontario, who has been in active training for the past two months. The court of Appeal being but lately constituted say they have not had time to get up their muscle, besides they have allowed their constitutions to run down on a County Court Appeal diet, which as every one does or should know, is very meagre. The prizes for vaulting with the pole will probably be carried off by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—doubtless owing to his polished and urbane manner. Mr. K. MACKENZIE, Q. C., says he is convicted he is sure of the wheel barrow race, as he is so long winded. N. F. D. and some other junior lights of the bar are to compete in a "break-down," which we understand they have been assiduously getting up in division courts and before the worthy dispenser of justice irreverently, by the "*profanum vulgus*," called "The Beak." They say the Chancery Department are going in heavy as they have nothing else to do, you know. They might be seen any day during last two weeks, sliding down balusters at Osgoode Hall, and doing all sorts of impossible acrobatic feats just to keep their hands in. Pools were for sale at the Accountants office. The Court have granted an injunction to prevent the Clerk in Chambers from disporting, as he must on no account over exert himself. On the whole we can assure our readers that rare sport may be anticipated.

Grip on the Material Grab.

GRIP would ask the citizens in confidence and secrecy if they really believe aldermen know nothing of what is being done at their places of business? He will inquire of them *sub rosa*, whether they do not think furnishing material to contractors by an alderman direct profit by office, and violation of oath. He would beg to know of them quietly, if they are not certain that much more of this has been done than has come to the surface. He would ask them if they are aware that the employee dodge is thoroughly understood—that a tavern keeper was heavily fined yesterday for his barkeeper's Sunday selling, though that barkeeper had been ordered by his master not to do it. The mutual understanding was suspected. And he would suggest that a jury would consider this material business criminal, and a judge find it punishable. He would also remind the citizens of the course pursued by certain of them in the Bowes case, and ask, in all doubtfulness and sincerity, if we have any public spirited citizens left.

Scene in the City Council.

ALDERMAN FLUFFY—Had observed with consternation that Alderman GRUFFY, STUFFY, and MUFFY were accused by an inquisitive newspaper of supplying materials to contractors. He was horrified. He was glad he had never been accused of such a thing, though he believed it was said he furnished wool to be pulled over the eyes of the citizens, which was untrue. But that Alderman should furnish stuff to contractors! Awful. He had had no idea.

ALDERMAN STUFFY.—Had heard with consternation that contractors had been buying lumber from him. He never heard anything about his own business, and had no idea.

ALDERMAN MUFFY.—Had heard with consternation that contractors had been buying bricks from him. His manager never allowed him to know anything. Had had no idea.

ALDERMAN GRUFFY was absent. But it was remarked that he had certainly heard it with consternation, never did know anything, and had no idea.

It appearing that the rest of the Council had heard it with consternation, and had no idea, the matter was dropped like a remarkably hot potato, and the scene closed.

The New Toronto Coal Combination.

It was the clever coal-dealers who all together got
And swore they'd make by this coal fall; the citizens should not.
They'd rise the price to what it was, and make the fellows pay
The same for coal this winter as they did in former day.

So straightway they put fifty cents on price of every ton,
And mean to slap on plenty more before the job is done:
As their advertisements remark, they've bought extremely cheap,
But, (as they don't remark) they mean the good of that to keep.

And now the jolly citizens who coal were laying in,
In glee, find that they're not to have the promised save in tin.
The coal-dealers will grab all that; they mean to swell their store,
At prices low, and sell it out as high as 'twas before.

Now GRIP would just remark to these coal-dealing gentlemen,
This sort of trick is played out here; it can't be done again.
Now let some independent one sell on at prices low,
And citizens shall still to deal with that good fellow go.

But if they won't, the citizens should charter schooners straight
To buy up coal and bring it here; good profits on it wait.
Come forward with your useless cash that in the banks does lie,
And buy up coal, and fetch it here; of you we'll quickly buy.

The Rival Religion.

To the Editor of Grip:—

Sir—I have written to the two great morning dailies of Toronto, the respective bulwarks of political purity and private character. They have heartily responded. I write to you, hoping that, though I have grievous doubts of your spiritual condition,—your out-spokenness being decidedly unorthodox, and your evident lack of the wisdom of the serpent enjoined by Holy Writ rendering you a suspicious professor—yet, I say, hoping that, even at the invocation of a humble vessel like myself, you may find the right path, and allow this a place in your columns.

When I heard Mr. BEECHER was to lecture in Toronto, I indignantly remonstrated. He has been the occasion of the most terrific accumulation of scandal ever imagined. It is all printed, and unfit to read. In my careful perusal thereof, I find he and Mrs. TILTON use words which I cannot understand; therefore they must refer to adultery.

I will further remark that the sect to which H. W. B. belonged is a rival sect, and has the reputation of holding doctrines more sensible, more logical, and more self-evidently truthful than our sect, and therefore it should be put down, if possible.

Secondly, when the envious surroundings of genius weave a net to entrap it, blackmail it, give it to understand that it shall live and preach for their benefit, or suffer the exposure of that which, though it can in no jot or tittle be proved, yet shall by the prurient imaginations of the man be believed without evidence, it is the part of the chosen to believe it and to declare it proved. For with genius they have no sympathy; but with false friends, with such as carry the bag, and live for the filling thereof, much.

Finally, it is good to oppose BEECHER, for if he be put down there is no man safe against such plots, and truly the chosen are cunning in the laying thereof.

Lastly, our religion enjoins us to treat him as if he had been proved guilty, as it tells us to be quick to believe evil, and also that with charity we are nothing worth, and our national maxim is to believe all the accused guilty till they are proved innocent.

PETER PURITANICAL.

Toronto, Sept, 20, 1876.