The Grip-Sack.

VOL. II. NO. 78. TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

—John's Evidence—The Scandal Played Out—Prevarication against Bribery—Park—Dignified Retirement—A Girl Robbed—The Lorne Minuet—The Situation.

Editor Grip-Sack and Punch:

I am gradually afraid we are but again, Sir, John is too many for us. Everybody says the statement before the Royal Commissioners is very able.

I wouldn't find it in myself. It is too long and life is too short, but it is generally admitted to be a masterly refutation of Huntington's charges:

He said Sir John sold
For American gold,
The charter, to favour the Yankee,
But when Smith and McMullen
Came round wire-pulling,
Sir John blandly murmured "No thankee."

He said that Sir Hugh
Was in league with them too,
And shrewd out the cash for the charter,
Sir John s—ears that we
Refused to agree,
For greenbacks, the country to barter.

Now the Grits change their base,
And swear that the case
Is proved, because Allan subscribed,
For elections, his gold
In large sums—so we're told,
And it awful that Sir John should be bribed.

George Brown never spent
Too first nickel cent,
That the cause of reform might prevail.
And the gulleless R. Wilkes
Levished scores on the bilks
Who offered their franchise for sale.

'Tis true that some money
Was spent—with Tilley
In Toronto, by whom no one knew,
When we asked, folks look'd
Shook their heads, winked their eye,
And then answered "Oh dunno—oh—
(O'Donohoe.)

Just to think that Sir John
Should have been and have gone
And have spent money buying up votes?
It's unheard of! Surprising!
It's past reasoning.
And fearful corruption denotes.

Shall the people be fooled
And the country be ruled
By a party thus shameless and venal?
Turn them out—easy done.
If we spend two to one
In order to make bribing penal.

There's some poetry for you by way of variation. Nobody can say that my letter is too prosy this time.

It ain't often I court the muse. My jokes are mostly in plain prose though I know some with a reputation for humour whose efforts are *rhyme-all*. (Rymal.)

George Brown is back. I haven't seen him. He didn't stay in Toronto, but went through to Bow Park.

He didn't seem to care much about interviewing the leading men of the Party here, or advising with them on the turn matters have taken.

I guess I know his reasons for temporary retirement. He wants to give Mackenzie and Blake their head a while—to let them fairly run this Pacific Scandal business into the ground—and then emerge triumphant, saying, "Oh, ye see ye didna hae Me to guide ye. I let ye gang yer ain gait wi'out any interference. An' noo ye see what ye hae brought the Party too, wi' sae vaenin mocean charges that ye couldna prove.

"Gin I had been Opposition leader in the House I wad hae managed wi' muckle mair discretion.

George is getting a little bit jealous of his lieutenants. He thinks the Party are beginning to regard them as the actual, instead of the nominal leaders, and wants just to show them that things go wrong unless he is at the helm.

So he retires to his farm, like Achilles to his ships during the Trojan war, as recorded by Homer in the daily papers of that age, and pretends to be vastly interested in subsoil ploughing and cattle breeding, while all the time his thoughts are centred on politics.

He drives his reaping machine among the bruided turnips, or drains the pelloed lacteal fluid from timothy heifer, or passes from his labours to wet his scythe in the meandering brook, what harvesting recollection must force themselves upon him!

He is waiting in dignified and moody retirement for the Party to call upon him to rescue them from the consequences which they have gotten into through Blake's unskillful leadership.

I wish he'd come to town, I want to see him. He didn't import any editors this time, so he might give me a chance after all.

That letter-stealing exploit of mine ought to be a sufficient credential—for though his *Globe* is forced to condemn such practices, in accordance with the pressure of public opinion, they retain a large share of admiration for the cleverness of the perpetrators.

I have claims on the Party too strong for ignorance to withstand. They don't recognize them pretty suddenly I shall have to go over to the Tribune.

This talk about Sir John's bribing proclivities is awfully tantalizing.

The shekels which the Ministry are in the habit of lavishing in every direction are like the mirage of the heaven-vanishing bubble to the eyes of the thirsty traveller. You try to find 'em and they ain't there.

If Sir John is so given to bribing people why in thunder don't he try it on with me? I am highly anxious to be corrupted.

I would sell my country for American or any other gold. What's the good of having a country if you can't make a pile?

But I have never yet been approached. I never received any notes marked "private," or had that a vague fiver slipped into my office—or in my disposal as the writing consideration, instead of betraying the country's cause, and transferring my influence to the side of the Ministry.

It's mean of the *Globe* to raise these false expectations in the minds of so many of its adherents and keep them disappointed on the *qui vive* for bribes, which don't come.

Mowat, McKellar and the rest are healthy, and rejoicing in the completeness of the Party criticism they have long enjoyed, owing to this Pacific Scandal investigation.

"If this affair could be put off until we get through with the session," said Mowat to me, "we should be hilarious. As it now has unforeseen circumstances eventuated in embarrassing our position—which, unless our opponents should prove to be relatively more numerous and better qualified to cope with the questions arising for consideration, appears well assured."

Such reasoning is unanswerable. What a statesmanlike intellect that man has!

The session will likely commence early on this account. The local Ministry know how to take advantage of the preoccupation of the public mind which—absorbed in the consideration of the hundreds of thousands of dollars which in figure Huntington's indictment—will overlook the insignificant stealings of Scott and McKenzie.

I shall be promptly on hand to press my claims for an emigration agency.

I guess I'll step up now and see how about it—so *au revoir*.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.
Graduate of Coboconk University.
Toronto, Sept. 18.

THE DANIEL DREW SPELLS DOOR.—The Chicago *Post* vouches for the following story; A good story is told by a friend of Daniel Drew, which the news of his illness calls up. Remaining, one evening, late in the office and having occasion to use the safe, he permitted the cashier to go home, remarking that he would close the safe and fix the combination on the word "door." But when the cashier undertook to open the safe in the morning he found the lock refused to yield to the magic "door." He tried and tried again, but without success. Finally, despairing to remember that Daniel's early education had been neglected, he attributed his ill luck to poor orthography. He, therefore, tried the lock upon "dore." Still no success; and then upon "doar," with no better fortune. Finally, becoming disgusted, he proceeded to the St. Nicholas, routed "Dan" out of his chamber morningsy, and as he stuck his nightcap out of the door the collogquy ensued: "Mr. Drew, I can't open the safe on 'door.' You must have concluded to change the word." "Change the word! Nothin' o the kind. I shut it on 'door.'" "Are you sure, sir?" "Sure, sir, you tarnal ape; of course I'm sure. Go back to your work, and don't come foolin' from here this time o' the mornin'." "Well, perhaps, Mr. Drew, I don't spell the word right. How do you spell it?" "Spell it! Any fool can spell door. D-o-a-r-e, doare, of course, sir. If you can't spell door, sir, you're no cashier for me. Pack up your duds and go out of the 'door.'" And shutting the "door" in the cashier's face Daniel returned to his bed in a passion, and the clerk to his safe. Armed with the open sesame of "doare," however, the safe flew open without further trouble, and when Daniel arrived, mollified by a good breakfast and his morning prayer, he advised his cashier that he might keep his place provided he would improve his time and "go to spellin' skool in the evenin'."

The claimant's twitch has been described as a stuttering in the left eye.—*Judy.*

Victor Emmanuel has given 1,000 francs towards the erection of a monument to M. Rattazzi.

Miss Margaret Bennett, a sister of the late James Gordon Bennett, the New York *Herald*, died the other day at Huntley, in Scotland, in the 57th year of her age.

Dr. Nelaton, of Paris, who died a short time ago, according to the French papers, is fast recovering, and can soon begin the pleasing task of reading his obituaries.

Gustave Gelinier, a boy of fifteen, who has commanded a band of brigands in Southern France since he was thirteen, has been sent to prison for twenty years.

Certain French writers are striving for a revision of their language, and particularly for the introduction of a neuter gender and a pronoun corresponding to our "it."

The Rev. Mrs. Clara Hutchins is preaching at St. Catharine, Mo. She has written her husband's sermons for the last thirty years, and now has begun delivering them.

Carlyle, says an exchange, is in Scotland with a sunburnt face, dressed in an old brown frock-coat that has once been black, a broad-brimmed straw-hat, and a pair of gray "breeks."

Joaquin Miller has taken to riding in Hyde Park, London, with his Mexican equestrian trappings, and sports a white sombrero with cords and tassels, in the gayest cavalier fashion. A prominent circus manager has made him a tempting offer to ride in his show in his vaquero costume.

A letter from Teheran in the *Morning Post* says —Baron Reuter's engineers are making rapid progress with their survey of the proposed railway from Teheran to Resht, or rather to Enzeli, the port of the latter, on the Caspian. Much local surprise, however, is felt that this should be the first line undertaken, seeing that its strategical effect will be to lay the capital and the central provinces absolutely at the mercy of the Russians.

AGENTS—TO SELL NEW MAP of the Dominion of Canada. Profits $10 to $20 per day. TROY & CO., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL Catholic Books. Business new; no risk; from $50 to $100 per day. Send for circular. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Toronto.

$5 TO $20 PER DAY—AGENTS wanted. All classes of work by mail. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS—LOOK—500 MORE—Everyone Patronizes Dominion Sewing Machine. Agents make from $100 to $200 per month. Office: Subscription Business in Canada. BALLARD & CO., Toronto.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO canvass for a popular work. Good pay. Address DOMINION MANAGER, Box 1292, Toronto.

SCREW STUMP MACHINES for Farmers, the cheapest and best in use. Also Agents wanted. S. C. PETERSON, Saltfleet, Ontario.

PERISHINGUENT, A NEVER failing remedy for fleering mosquitoes or whose Bite Free on receipt of Envelope. Box 2207.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE A Canadian Patent Medicine, or would manufacture on royalty. Address, Box 1, Grip Office.

FARM FOR SALE—80 ACRES, 40 cleared, 40 timber, 2 miles from Kinmount, Victoria Road station on the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railway, twenty miles from Lindsay, adjoining Kinmount village, adjoining orchard of 1,000 trees, and a good frame house, barn, stable, and other buildings, with a never failing supply of water. Apply to W. D. MITCHELL, Kinmount.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE farm containing 100 acres, all cleared except twenty acres, with good frame house, barn, outbuildings, stable, and never failing supply of water, and within half a mile of Hamilton. For further particulars apply to R. R. WADDELL, Hamilton.

FARMS FOR SALE—LOT 18, Concession 4, Whitby Township, 200 acres, frame house 34 x 36, frame barn 40 x 60, stable and hog pen, plank floor, Farmersville Station, on W. G. & B. R. Lot 27, Concession 6, Whitby, 200 acres, Frame House 1½ story, frame barn, stone stable and hog pen, Brooklin Station, on W. G. & B. R. Lot 27, Concession 7, Whitby, 200 acres, Frame House 1½ story, frame barn, stone stable and hog pen, Whitby Station, on G. W. R. For further particulars apply to R. MARTIN, Goodwood P.O.

COTTON YARN.

White, Blue, Red and Orange.

CARPET WARP.

Seam Warps for Woollen Mills.

Warranted finest yarn manufactured.

WM. PARKS & SON,
COTTON MILLS,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

CITATION

In Bankruptcy (Insolvency) of Hiram Jones, of the city of Toronto, Merchant, Trading under the firm name of Hiram Jones, Merchant, Toronto.

THE CANADIA
Land & Emigration Company
FOR SALE IN
CALEDONIA, ONTARIO.
SECTION

The undersigned has received instructions from Mr. Hiram Jones to sell by Public Auction, on THURSDAY, October 9th, 1873, that well known and well known property, the

UNION HOTEL,

Caledonia, Ontario, Dominion of Canada, Adjoining the Station of the Great Western Railway, Hamilton, Brantford, and Port Dover Branch, Caledonia, Ontario, Dominion of Canada. Also, the Stock in Trade, Furniture, Fixtures, Implements, Horses, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Harness, Robes, Blankets, Stoves, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Bar Fixtures, Bar Stock, Liquors, Cigars, Ale, Porter, Cordials, Wines, Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Rums, Cordials