

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

"37 Vic., Chap. 38, Sec. 11."

(SEE CARTOON).

PATTERSON, PATTERSON, ill-used man,
Print that clause as oft as you can;
Quote it, repeat it, a troublesome flea
It will prove in the ear of Grip leaders to be.

Reflections on Collections.

Time was when the church demanded one-tenth of the substance in the whole land; and we can even fancy that in the form of a legal tax the tithe was generally given cheerfully, though there were undoubtedly then, as now, many old cunning-guons who growled at the amount their "religion" cost them. It is sweet to think of the simple faith of our ancient progenitors, to look far back in the past and see in our mind's eye the good old patriarchs acknowledging by their actions that they were indebted to Providence for all the good things of earth, and with calm resignation counting out the tenth part of their worldly possessions. We cannot in making the retrospect help wondering if the old Jews ever dreamed of the immense present advantages of assessing upon a low valuation, as it would certainly be the first thought to enter the mind of the Christian now-a-days.

How many to-morrow with thankful hearts will bless kind Heaven for all the favours bestowed on them throughout the week, sing loudly the hymns of praise, listen attentively to the Word, and devoutly drop the smallest piece of silver into the collection plate!

Those whose consciences are apt to be roused and hearts warmed by a good sermon will probably have provided themselves with the little coins and take no other money to church with them. Such people to-night may be seen changing their quarters, half-dollars, or bills, so as to be provided with the required five-cent piece for the morrow. If there is one thing more than another which displays the democratic sentiment of the community, it is the perfect equality with which high and low, rich and poor, drop small silver into the church offertory.

Should one happen by some oversight, or fit of absent-mindedness to attend church with a gradation of coins in pocket, there may occur a mental and moral struggle. It generally ends in a deposit of the smallest, because the giver can't afford a larger sum. Yet many, yes most, if not all, of those who prevail upon themselves that they cannot afford to give ten cents to the Gospel cause, do not hesitate to spend many times the amount next day in the gratification of some whim, or the purchase of some article utterly superfluous. There are even cases occurring weekly in which church-goers squander the greater part of a dollar in treating their friends in some bar-room, on Saturday evening, after seven o'clock too, and on attending church next day persuading themselves without difficulty that they cannot afford to increase the collection to more than five cents. Men have even been known to conscientiously deposit their smallest coin in the collector's plate at Church, and on their way home expend several times the amount in the purchase of liquid refreshments in some law-breaking whiskey dispensary.

Frugal house-wives are known to keep a store of small silver for "church money," and if by any accident this is expended on Saturday afternoon the family can't go to church on Sunday. When the desire to attend to the outward ordinances is very strong, and a note must be broken to procure the necessary small change, few are sufficiently careless of probable observation to boldly ask for the required "bits;" but they get over the difficulty by purchasing some small article, not that they want it, but that they want the change, and don't like to ask for it on Saturday night. They could never go to church and give nothing, you know.

It is simply surprising what an effect the scarcity of small change has upon the attendance at our churches; and at such times traders who require a quantity of broken money eagerly search for church collectors and church treasurers. For the same reason we often see the office of treasurer in the church occupied by some person who in his worldly occupation requires a large amount of small money. When they can't get it there's none in circulation; and you may wager the churches are far from being well filled.

The above "reflections" on church-goers naturally leads to the remark that the generality of them are at collection time like an unmerciful enemy in battle; they give no quarter.

Where's Barnum?

"CANADA FIRST" is as great a curiosity as Barnum's *what is it?* There are few who have not tried to place it according to their views of rationally constituted things; but all have failed. No two can agree upon a character for it, or place it in any genus. It defies classification and seems utterly devoid of any character. "The eternal fitness of things" seems to give place to the eternal unfitness of this thing, and, consider it as you may, it remains a "What-is-it." It can't even define itself, and though the power of utterance is by no means denied it, out-Tiltoning THEOPHILE it "talks and talks, and says nothing." Like GEORGE FRANCIS TRAX it is everything mighty, still nothing. Calling itself the "National Party" it ignores party; it denies being a know-nothing, and we are inclined then to believe it, for evidently it don't know itself; with a great show of independence it shrinks from professing independence; accused of a desire for annexation it disacknowledges the soft impeachment. It breathes, it gives, it sleeps, it wakes, it tells its dreams, and delights in their narration, fancying there's something in them; but if so it's "one of those things no fellow can find out." It attaches much significance to these visions but loses itself in any attempt to express its interpretation of them. It is simply a curious, amusing, perplexing, "What-is-it." We want imagination; that's what we want. Old JOHN WILLET tried to instil it into us many and many's the time; but we ain't made for it; that's the fact. If we only had Mr. WILLET'S imagination we might, by deep cogitation, and a kettle to look at, figure it out so as to finally express an opinion in relation to the sentiment. Not having any imagination, and being silly, we can't fathom the mystery of the "What-is-it." We guess, however, it's a howl-and—nothing more.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CANADA CHARITY COMPANY—ESTABLISHED 1874.

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FEELING the growing want of an establishment which will afford untold advantages to many of the most prominent politicians and people of the country, the Canada Charity Company launches its bucket upon the tide of Time, and solicits the patronage of all in want of a first-class coat of whitewash. Look at the array of talent comprised in our list of Directors—every man an artist of the first water. In these degenerate days, when the characters of the best and most honored of the land are open to abuse, and even the fear of libel suits and State Trials does not protect the virtuous and upright from being attacked and misrepresented, it behooves this fair Dominion to fold to its bosom and encircle in its brawny arms a Company which has for its object the regilding and rehabilitating of threadbare reputations. The Canada Charity Company undertakes to fill the bill, and empty the bucket. Arrangements have been effected by which the lowly and down-trodden may once more raise their heads to smiling heaven, and waltz about in an entire new suit of lily-white line and bubbling water. Special contracts will be made for large undertakings. Mediocre reputations whitewashed upon the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Country orders will receive prompt attention. Samples may be seen at the office of any of the Directors. Parliamentary work made a specialty, and private families supplied at their residences. A new era is dawning upon the country. Every man may yet become his own whitewasher. Weep no more ye blighted and blasted of the earth; bid defiance to the world and use our compound. Stock books are now open; children, half-price.

While the brush holds out to whiten
Man may err, but hope will brighten;
While the bucket holds the wash,
"Orders must contain the cash."

We are permitted to refer to the following patrons who have used our whitewash, and a perusal of a few recommendations may interest intending applicants. We possess thousands more of a similar tenor, but these will suffice. Full directions on the inside wrapper; none genuine without the signature:

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Since using your wash I can truly say "These hands are clean." Send me another ten thousand pounds.

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