

## NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

To whom it CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

ISSUE.—*Grip* will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by A. S. IRVING, King Street West.

ADVERTISING AGENT—W. H. TAPSON.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

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

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPHUS, Belleville:—Contributors must write on one side of the paper only. The reason is obvious to the meanest intellect. It saves us buying paper. Most of the contributions are rejected, and we write on the blank side.

JO-KEAR:—We can't tell the origin of the term "Grit." It may be as you suppose, that it was first suggested by the name of Sand-field Macdonald—but again, it mayn't. Consult a solicitor.

STUDENT:—It was Diogenes who went hunting around with a candle in daylight, to find an honest man, and yet politics, as a science, was comparatively in its infancy in those days. What would he have said had he witnessed the revelations of this scandal?

TEMPER:—The first King of England—and the last, also, we believe—who took the temperance pledge, was Henry II., of whom history records that he was so affected by the death of his son by drowning, that "he never smiled again."

TORY, Stratford:—We are not responsible for the political opinions expressed by our prize conundrumists. Our copyright is not secured. Wish it was—then our printers would perhaps read *copy-right*.

HORATIUS:—Of course our answers to correspondents are genuine. They always will be, if we have to write the letters ourselves.

COSTY:—Your poem will have to remain over for awhile, owing to press of matter.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1873.

## THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

ELABORATE AND EXECRABLE EFFORTS ELICITED FROM ABLE ASPIRANTS AND JUVENILE JOKERS—CRUDE CONUNDRUMISTS COOLLY CULMINATE IN CALLOUS CUBEDNESS.

"The heavens are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us."

Alas! too true are these words of the great dramatist (we are not sure who wrote 'em, but it sounds like Shakespeare). In an unthinking moment, we, who ought to have known better, careless of the interests of society—already suffering grievously from the infliction of execrable jokes by professional and volunteer humorists—took a step tending greatly to augment the evil by the offer of prizes for the best and worst conundrums. Society has been fully avenged. The engineer is hoist with his own petard—whatever that may be. We have met our Nemesis in the deluge of perfectly atrocious attempts to frame something like a conundrum which pour in upon us from every quarter. About a bushel of them have been consigned to the waste basket, and traded off for a bottle of nourishment at a neighbouring grocery store. We append a few of the balance, which appeared to strike us as being better or worse than the general average:

D. White sends a batch—some a trifle ancient. He wants to know—

"When is singing damp? When its a dew-wet (duet)."

Do it strike the reader in that light?

H. B. Montreville interrogates:

"Why does Sir John A. Macdonald resemble a Tuscarora chief? Because there's a b in "both."

A miscreant signing himself "18," puts the query—

"When Big Thunder is on the rampage, what street in Toronto does he resemble? *Cuer Howell* (cur howl)."

"18" has one redeeming quality, however. He is not lost to all sense of shame as his next production shows—

"Why would a dog who is standing the drinks resemble me were I to make any more cons like the above? Because it would be perpetrating (purp-a-treating)."

Enough of this dogmatism.

Jemmy Jones has the floor. He gets off a three-ply double back action, patent extension con., bringing in all the newspapers in town. Life and our columns are too short to permit its insertion. Again he asks—

"When may a man be said to own a celebrated river? When he possesses the *Rhine* (oh!)"

Mr. Rykert, M.P.P., gets the following off on McMullen—

"Suppose two jurymen on leaving court get caught in a shower, why would the one who had the longest distance to go resemble McMullen, of Pacific scandal notoriety? 'Because he would be the *wetter 'un* (veteran),' doubtless, exclaims the reader. Not so, gentle perusist—Because he would be a *dam-per-jurer*."

Very good, Charley, but verging on profanity, and on that account we shall have to rule it out. We understand that this man McMullen has a habit of suing for libel, so we retract and apologise for the above, in advance, to prevent unpleasant complications.

City Commissioner Coatsworth is to the fore again this week. He asks—

"Why are the Don cattle sheds an insufferable nuisance? Because the stench is positively *offal* (awful)."

That is one of the worst of-all. 'Nuf sed.

C. O. D.

A leading medico of this city has lately rendered himself somewhat prominent in the public eye by placing a number of delinquent patients in the Division Court, in order to eliminate the ducats due for professional attentions. Doctors don't sue, as a general thing. They are mostly content to deplete their victims in body, by a course of physicking, blistering, bleeding, etc., rather than to *drain* their purses, as might be done by a *common suer* (sewer). Sudorifics, according to the recognised medical authorities, are sufficiently weakening without a repetition of the process in the close, stifling atmosphere of the Division Court room, where person and pocket are alike reduced. But then, what is a man to do when he has about \$300,000 00, or something like that—we forget the precise figure—of out-standing claims, and the *suaviter in modo* fails to extract the shekels? We understand that in future the medico in question intends adopting, in the case of all *new-comers*, the rule of the express companies, "cash on delivery."

## THE DECLINE OF METHODISM.

We notice that the subject of the "Decline of Methodism" is much discussed in our religious exchanges. It is contended by some that the Wesleyan body is decreasing, while on the other hand this assertion is as strenuously denied. The *Christian Guardian* don't think there is much of a falling off. Now, we'll bet the *Guardian* man a new hat—which we badly want—that there is considerable of a wilt, and we can prove it too, as thusly. Only a few months since the congregation of the Metropolitan Church used to receive spiritual instruction by the *puncheon* (Punshon), but now they only get it from *pols* (Potts). Do you tumble? This question has no reference to the "falling off." But it may be necessary to explain that "tumble" in the language of the *illuminati* signifieth "to understand."

The Canadian team at Wimbledon have acquired a *penchant* for candy—especially bull's eyes.

It does not of necessity follow that because a man has white hair he should be *light headed*.

BOTTLE *Imps*—Imperial pints.

The Grits thought McMullen quite honest, you know,

The Conservatives said that he wasn't quite so;

But in judging his character now we can't fail

When the first thing he's gone at is *robbing the Mail*!