

## G R I P .

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

T. TOTUM.—Thanks. J. L., Woodstock.—Will probably be accepted. C. M., Belleville.—Very clever, but too late for the present issue; try again. J. C.—You are always welcome.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1873.

## WHAT IS A WORKING MAN?



Grip can never passively contemplate the perplexities which afflict all earnest searchers after truth, and he has therefore witnessed with pain the conflict that has been going on for many days past around the important question written above. Seeing that neither Liberals nor Conservatives were likely to reach a satisfactory solution so long as they argued the point in their own respective camps, and feeling that the political world in general would be grateful for a decision that might end all further disputation, Grip conceived the notion of a Grand United Debate on the proposition. Cards were accordingly sent to the chief men of the Reformers and Tories, and the party of "Canada First"—being numerically smaller than the others—was invited in its entirety. By this means a large, respectable, and thoroughly representative meeting was convened in the classical precincts of Grip's sanctum; the latter himself, by unanimous request, presiding. It was found somewhat difficult to bring the gentlemen present to order within a few minutes, owing to their proneness to linger over the fyles of our back numbers, and the numerous designs for prospective cartoons which hung upon the wall, but after the third peremptory rap on the editor's desk, the chairs encircling the ample table were all quietly filled, and business-like order reigned.

The CHAIRMAN briefly explained the object of the convention, remarking that it was all important that an answer should be given to the query "What is a Working Man?" because the utterances of the leading newspapers were seriously perverting the public mind. Before sitting down he called for

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE, who said his own mind had long since been made up on the subject. He would, as succinctly as possible, define a "working man;" but before doing so he desired to remark that Mr. BICKFORD, the candidate for West Toronto, was a very questionable person (cries of "Order!" from the vicinity of Mr. KING DODDS). He, the speaker, had documentary evidence at his office to prove that Mr. BICKFORD was a swindler, a knave, and an ignorant scoundrel (cheers and hisses). He could establish that, moreover, he belonged to the Swamp Angels (great excitement and interruption).

The CHAIRMAN called the speaker to order, and reminded him that he had not yet defined a "working man."

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE said he had no further remarks to make.

MR. JAMES BEATY, M.P., LL.D., (*Leader Lane Demagogue*) arose and said he was the true friend of the working man (laughter). The hon. gentleman explained that he did not intend that for a joke (renewed laughter). The hon. gentleman then got mad and sat down.

MR. KING DODDS was next called upon, and said: "Gentlemen, I'll bet you five dollars, and leave the stakes in the chairman's hand, that I know what a working man is! (A cheer by Mr. E. O. BICKFORD). Or if you don't like that, you can put it in the shape of a pool, and I'll send for QUIMBY (Applause). Gentlemen, look at JOHN A., that's what's the matter. I call upon you, working men, vote for BICKFORD, or bust!"

The CHAIRMAN here called time.

HON. GEORGE BROWN then arose, and was greeted with cheers. He requested elbow-room before proceeding. This was granted. He then went into the question of Representation by Population, and the Inauguration of Confederation, at great length, proving beyond question that JOHN A. was corrupt. In conclusion he said (facetiously) that he would leave the definition of a working-man to the editor of the *Mail*, who knew all about it (Great and prolonged laughter).

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL" said the previous speakers were know-nothings, and had failed to reach the point at issue. The speech of the editor of the Grit organ was foolish—but not more so than he expected from that wretched old letter-stealing,

clerk-bribing, Proton outrage 'speak now' mountebank. (Cries of "Order," "Hame.") A working man, then, was not one of the chancery brigade—not a pettifogging, mercenary, hard-fisted, money-grubbing grit-rough-annexationist, republican like—(Here the speaker was brought to a full stop by a large pellet of chewed paper, and resumed his seat much subdued.)

MR. J. MUEL BRIGGS then arose and said: Mr. Chairman—Conundrum: Why is this meeting unlike the House of Commons? Do you tumble? Why, because there's more than one *Speaker*. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" and groans.) Gentlemen, I don't intend to make a *dry* speech, because I always speak extemporaneously (*pour rain*). (No response.) In fact, I don't think I'll make a speech at all. I would merely ask, Why is the working man like a rolling stone? Answer: Because he gathers no Moss. (Inordinate and prolonged laughter, joined in by Mr. BROWN, Mr. BICKFORD, Mr. BRIGGS, and the CHAIRMAN.)

MR. THOMAS MOSS, Q.C., said in effect that he was a candidate for West Toronto, and that a working man was a lawyer who had to prove that black was white.

MR. BICKFORD followed. He enquired of the Chairman if any refreshments could be had, to which it was answered not any. Mr. B. then proved in a very few words that he was a candidate, and that every true working man dealt in scrap-iron. (He then shook hands all round.)

MR. W. H. HOWLAND said that refreshments were well enough in their place, and so were working men, but what he and his friends wanted was "Canada First." (Hear, hear.) He had brought a learned blacksmith with him, and would give place to that individual.

MR. ELIUS BURRITT BELLOW, a practical blacksmith, was then introduced, and said: Gentlemen, I am a man of few words. I don't talk no bosh, an' I can tell you perzackly what a working man is. 'E's a feller vot knows 'is own bizness, and can tell the difference betwixt clap-trap an' common sense. 'Es them kind of fullers vot goes to the polls nex' Mouday, an' votes as if he wasn't a fool—wich 'e aint.

The meeting then broke up.

## THE POLITICAL NURSERY.

THE eagerness of the *Globe* to build up a good case against the Tory candidate for West Toronto, has led that paper into a grave mistake:

"Even if he (BICKFORD) peddled trees and dealt in scrap-iron honestly, there is nothing in either business to develop those intellectual faculties which enable a man to handle great political problems."

On the contrary the realm of fruit and shade trees may be a political as well as a natural nursery to one who has the sagacity to learn its lessons. Every *branch* is in its curriculum, and it is not credible that a smart man like BICKFORD should have peddled trees for many years without learning to *twig*. The main intellectual requisites for a politician, we take it, are perseverance, loquacity, and shrewdness, and surely no educational course to attain these could be devised better than was Mr. B.'s old vocation. Any of our readers who has ever undertaken to sell people what they are determined not to buy, will at once appreciate the value of tree-peddling as a school for perseverance and loquacity; and as to shrewdness, the *Globe* witnesses against itself when it hints that persons of this class have been known to get trees from the swamp and palm them off as the product of Rochester nurseries. So much for the development of "those intellectual faculties." Then the *Globe* still less happily refers to "dealing in scrap iron" as a business utterly void of educational advantages to a prospective politician. It would really seem as if the Fates had guided BICKFORD to the confusion of the *Globe*, for it is hard to conceive any preparatory tuition more admirably adapted to enable a man to "handle great political questions" than a long apprenticeship at handling great pieces of scrap iron; what, we would ask, are the political issues of the day but scrap-iron—so to speak? Dear *Globe*, believe us, there is just as much in the educational way in peddling trees and dealing in scraps as there is in cutting freestone.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

DEAR GRIP,—When, at my meeting the other evening, I originated the now popular cry of "Bickford and Beauty," I really had no intention of plagiarising in the smallest degree the old idea of "Beauty and the Beast."—Truly,  
THOS. MOSS.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATION.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C., desires us to state once for all that he is not the BLAKE whose granary has been at the disposal of Mr. BICKFORD's friends during the week.

WHAT should you treat a doctor to when he cures you of a bad cold? Cough-fee (coffee).