

## 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—H. B. Montroville.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1873.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

At the meeting of the City Council, on last Monday evening, the Mayor being in the chair and a full board present, we see that

"Ald. DAVIES asked if there was no means of putting a stop to the traction engine on the Kingston road;"

And

"The Mayor said nothing could be done in the matter unless a complaint were made that it was a nuisance."

Marvellous absence of scientific knowledge! Undoubtedly the everlasting rotation of "Orders of the day," and the other multi-form odds and ends of municipal business which occupy the Mayor's time, have affected his luminous mind. Every subject occurs to him in a shroud of legal technicalities; and thus his decisions are often made remarkable, as instance the above. Now, the humblest navvy on any railroad could tell Ald. DAVIES that there is a simple and effectual mode of stopping any description of engine, without reference to formal documents of any kind. When will Magistrates learn wisdom?

At the same meeting,

"Ald. SHEARD asked the Chairman of the Board of Works if there was no means of redressing a nuisance upon Yonge street, arising out of the filling of the watering carts."

In reply to which,

"Ald. CLEMENTS said, where there was water there must be some of its effects; and if some of it were spilt in filling the carts, it could not be helped."

Considered merely as an aphorism, this answer should immortalize Ald. CLEMENTS; but, as a matter of practical moment, it is not too reassuring. "Some of the effects" of water—in this particular case—were said to have been a considerable amount of damage done to the stock exhibited in front of a shoeshop," and general inconvenience to passers-by, which ought not to be considered legitimate effects. The latter clause of the Alderman's reply is better still; it suggests all the sublime resignation that distinguished the person who advised concerning "spilled milk;" but still evidently gave the greatest satisfaction as a reply, for we find that no less a person than

"Ald. HENDERSON said he had no doubt it would be attended to."

Gentlemen of the Board, don't betray this confidence!

## OUR OWN DUNDREARY.

"The subject who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."—*Junius*.

Now, th—th—that proverb e—contains far mor' weal sense than most of them. I—I—agree with you JUNIUS, old boy—you y—you show your good bweeding and ed—education in saying so. No man —no man, or subject, or—loyal person whatever should submit to ar—arbitrary measures. I don't, and what's mor', I shan't; When I go to my tailor's, he—he don't presume to dictate the meas—ures, I assure you! I wouldn't stand it fo' a moment. Es—especially ar—arbitrary measures. I don't like them anyway, so howbly tight in the legs cawn't move, and as for ap—apeawance, well—to my mind simply wediculous! Yes, that maxim's right, though I don't ex—exactly see what the magistrate's go—got to do with measurements. But that JUNIUS was wather a stwange person; by the way—Wonda who he was, tho'?

Poor emolument attached to our City Commissionership; only a Coatsworth!

No WONDER the appetites for gain, of PAXTON and other Reformers during the last session were sharpened, when they had to gaze on a delightful Currie every day!

## UNHAPPY GUELPH!

The clever town of Guelph, with its flourishing factories, newspapers and schools, would hardly be suspected of suffering from a lack of the boon advertised for in the *Mercury* thus:

WANTED.—A number of boys and young men are wanted to stand upon the street corners to-night and to-morrow, to smoke cigars, &c., and make remarks about the ladies who pass. The applicants are not required to furnish any evidence of good moral character. They will be allowed to drink a little whiskey, (if they are of the right stamp they will know how to get it), smoke and swear a little as this service is not designed to interfere with any habits of long standing. Any one acting as above will be understood to have applied and obtained the situation. If future vacancies occur notice will be given.

Always ready to oblige deserving neighbors, the Queen City can supply Guelph with a first-class article of loafer, of any sex or age, and in any quantity. Our Yonge street promenade is at present almost glutted with the commodity. Give us a call.

## THE CHARGE OF THE SCAVENGER BRIGADE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON GOGGLES.

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,  
To the Commissioner  
Rushed near six hundred.

"Forward official aid—  
Scavenger carts!"—they said,  
Then from the office back  
Strode the six hundred.

"Forward the carts!" they said,  
Was there a man obeyed?  
Not though the Council knew  
Calls were unnumbered.

Their's not to raise a cry;  
Their's not to question why;  
Their's but to let cats die  
Round loose, when out of breath,  
By the six hundred.

Carcass to right of them,  
Carcass to left of them,  
Carcass in front of them—  
Scavengers wondered!  
Stormed at with hoot and yell,  
Slowly they rode, unwell;  
Into the pesty air,  
Into the nasty smell,  
Rode the half hundred.

Flashed all their shovels bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Lifting the bodies there,  
Razing a mountain, while  
All the folks wondered.  
Plunged in tobacco smoke,  
Right through the stench they broke,  
Dead pup and Thomas cat,  
Flung in the carts *ker-chuck*,  
Some of them sundered!  
Then they rode back—with more,  
More than six hundred.

Voter to right of them,  
Voter to left of them,  
Voter behind them,  
Bellowed and thundered;  
Each striving first to tell,  
Those who had fought so well,  
Where yet the strongest smell  
Came from the jaws of death—  
Where some new carcass fell:  
Shewing the scavengers  
How they had blundered.

When will those carts, arrayed,  
Hear the wild charge we've made,  
And, hearing, pity?  
Honour the charge we've made,  
Honour the funds we've paid—  
Clean up the City!

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A man went on a loans borrowing expedition on Wednesday and nearly killed a King street Banker in the operation.

The Anglican Synod met this week. It is to be hoped that their efforts to make *sin odious* will be appreciated.

[NOTE.—The reporter who sent in the above items is discharged. We publish them simply to show the depths which human depravity unchecked will reach.]—Ed.