

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1873.

SPECIFIC!

In Monday's issue of the *Globe* we noticed the urgent appeal of a philanthropic individual signing himself "G." for a "Canada Adulteration Act," to protect him and others from "the deadly poisons that are sold for brandy, whisky, gin, porter, and ale." From the decided tone of the letter it would seem as if G.'s experience in the various beverages had been pretty extensive, but, while agreeing with him as to the probability of liquors being generally adulterated, and conceding the sadness of such a state of things, we can point out to him a very simple remedy, which we have invariably found efficacious—viz., Total Abstinence!

LOOSE JOURNALISM.

The *Whitby Gazette* graphically details the particulars of a fire which occurred in the attic of a certain book store of that town the other day, and concludes by the laconic remark, "Damag's light." We have no desire to charge the *Gazette* with wilful misrepresentation, but *Grip* has a letter from the bookseller himself, who avers that the damages were not only light, but chiefly smoke and flame, six feet of rubbish—probably Town Council minute books—having been destroyed.

PROOF WANTED.

The appended communication was evidently not intended for us, although included in our bundle from the post office. However, we print it:

(To the Editor of the *Globe*.)

SIR—I hope you will not think me impertinent in asking a question; I am a searcher after truth—be that my apology. I find the following sentence, Sir, in one of your editorials—the one on "Bibliomania."

"When a man," says the great hand that drew 'my Uncle Toby,' "gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion," etc.

Now, Sir, with all due deference I would like to see your evidence that the hand that drew your Uncle Toby had the power of speech. I know it was STERNE'S hand that did the drawing—but I don't believe it is on record that it ever spoke those words.

Yours truly, A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAN.

SEWING MACHINE EXTRAORDINARY!

SCRAGGLES, Junior, has just patented a sewing machine, which, of course, is a good deal better than all its predecessors. His card, the receipt whereof we hereby acknowledge, sets forth the following distinctive advantages of the new patent:

1. It has less machinery about it than all others
2. It is not at all objectionable on the score of mechanical complication.
3. It is comparatively free from mechanism.
4. It is simpler than all others.
5. It is peculiarly easy to understand.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

It is not without feelings of modest gratification that we give place to the following *Card of Thanks*:

26 and 28 King St. East, Friday.

GENEROUS *Grip*.—In your issue of the 8th inst. you kindly gave a free insertion to the advertisement for a "Short-Hand Reporter, first-class, &c.," which for so many months we published without avail in the *Globe*. It speaks volumes for your power as an advertising medium that we at once found it necessary to order its withdrawal from our own journal, as you may have noticed. You have our thanks.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR,
Globe Printing Company.

REFLECTION BY THE CITY BUILDERS AFTER THURSDAY'S GALE.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Grip's Poetical Parodies.

ELEGY IN THE OTTAWA SENATE YARD.

(AFTER GRAY.)

The city clock proclaims the close of day,
The hard-worked clerks wend gladly to their tea,
The carter homeward drives his lumbering dray,
And twinkling gas-lights aid the eye to see.

Now fade policemen on the aching sight,
And all the streets a muffled murmur hold,
Save some sharp yell from loafer on the tight,
Or early bell by high-church sexton tolled.

Save that from yonder grog-shop, named "The Bower,"
Some brawling rough does to his pal complain
Of such as hold the reins of public power,
Late held by those who shall not hold again.

For them no more shall office-seekers burn,
With them no busy builders contracts share;
No understrappers hail their chief's return,
Or watch them sneeze to imitate their air.

Oft did the people to their buncombe yield,
Their cunning oft the stubborn *Globe* has spoke;
How jocund did they drive those from the field
Who would have rid their country of the yoke.

Not to ambition we impute their toil,
These last, who rose from destiny obscure,
Though hirelings hear with a disdainful smile
The long and stormy combat of the Pore.

The applause of list'ning Senates to command,
They strove not for, nor did they office prize;
But to deliver from corruption's hand,
And read approval in the nation's eyes.

While those who strove the light of truth to hide,
And battered shameless on the country's shame,
Shall to descendants leave a name whose wide
Significance shall cause their cheeks to flame.

Yet e'en their bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
Shall warn wayfarers never to neglect
The passing, pitying tribute of a sigh.

Haply, some future moralist shall say—
"I draw their frailties from their dread al ode,
To point the consequences of their way—
Yet they had talents for a better road."

THEIR EPITAPH.

Here lie, who shamed their country's worth,
A clique, to widest fame and power known;
Though grandeur smil'd not on their humble birth,
A fav'ring Fortune marked them for her own.

Plain was their duty, but they, insincere,
Were bribed by ALLAN, who could thousands spend;
They gave to ALLAN all they could—and then
They fell so low that ruin was their end.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN TO "GRIP."

THE BASTILE, NOV. 25, '73.

DEAR GRIP,—Shrick in your shrillest note. I am coming among you. The Bastile of the new world cannot hold me. Corruption is overthrown; John A is trampled in the dust. Reformers are in power. I am a reformer. I and Mackenzie will rule the Dominion. We will annex the States. I will tear Grant from the White-house. A dungeon shall receive him. I was born to be great. *Nunc sum!* America has rejected me. I come to Canada. You shall kiss my hand. Ireland shall be free. Fenians are patriots. Germany shall be trodden down. Spain shall be free, so shall France. England will be wiped off. You say this scheme is immense, so am I! I shall be President of the world; you, GRIP, shall be my organ. I have spoken. *E. Pluribus Unum. Nix Comoros! Civis Americannus Sum.*

(Signed.) GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

NOTE FOR NEWSPAPER MANAGERS.—Libel over-Whellams its author.