

## 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.

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. Montreville.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PHILANDEER."—You are right: seeing a young lady home twice is not equivalent to a proposal of marriage.

"MAGOFFIN."—We are not aware of the precise title or family of the king who reigned in Ireland at the time of the Deluge. The flood itself was the greatest power raining at that time.

"SHORT-ISLAND REPORTER."—Call at the *Globe* office.

"LONELY FEMALE."—Asks what we consider the most suitable newspaper for her? Might we suggest a *Mail*?

"OUR TAILOR."—Your manuscript is respectfully declined. *N.B.*—It was a bill.

"MISANTHROPIST."—Your expression is correct, but your orthography will bear improvement. Poverty ought to be *chequed*.

## G R I P .

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 14th, 1873.

## CANINES IN COUNCIL.

In obedience to a circular issued in *dog-Latin*, a numerously attended meeting of canines was held on Tuesday evening in St. John's Ward.

Mr. BULL PUP, having a dogged expression of face, was called to the chair.

Mr. KING CHARLES addressed the meeting. He said this was a business—not a social—meeting, therefore they could have no w(h)uling. There was a grievance. *Cur-tly*, he might remark, dogs were to be muzzled. Were they to submit to this? He was *dogoned* if he thought they ought. (Round of ap-paws.)

Mr. MASTIFF: Did not want to be *dogmatic*; but if they were not to sing with Lord Byron, "My bark is on the sea," and emigrate, some stand must be taken.

Mr. N. F. LAND had a resolution to propose: "Be it resolved, that if the iniquitous and oppressive law to *cur-tail* our rights be enforced, it becomes not only the privilege but the duty of every dog to bite away, and tear the calves of his Worship the Mayor' their Honors the Aldermen, and the Police Force of Toronto, wherever and whenever found." Carried.

The meeting then separated, and not to *entail* any expense, each went home on his own *bark*, stopping on the way to refresh themselves with some "dog's nose!"

## TOWSER'S APPEAL TO THE CITY COUNCIL.

*A dogmatic Doggrel against the New By-Law.*

Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog,  
Who wears your bit of brass about his neck,  
And sadly knows, that in its dangling there,  
His days are *numbered*, and his joys in *check*;  
Yet knows full well that if he wears it not,  
The case is still the same in dire effect!

And then this cruel muzzle on my nose,—  
(A very torture while the weather's hot!)  
Crowns all the evils of your heartless law,  
And fills the measure of my wretched lot:  
For here 'tis either wear the *leather* death,  
Or choose the *pistol-muzzle*, and be shot!

## THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE.

Few committeemen interested in a forthcoming public *fete* of any kind would have the shrewd sagacity, while making their announcements, to provide against the contingency obviated in the following paragraph from an advertisement which is being printed week by week in the Collingwood *Enterprise*.

PUBLIC FAIRS.—In pursuance of the Statute, Public Fairs will be held in Ballycroy, on the First Tuesday of July, unless such day fall on Sunday, when it will be held on the following Monday.

Having consulted the almanac which hangs in our sanctum, we find the first Tuesday of July falls very near but not on a Sunday, so there will be no occasion for a postponement, as, of course, a fair in the country is never affected by a foul in the weather.

## CITY LETTERS.

I.

(From a young husband, who engages, when business detains him from a noon-day dinner with his wife, to send an excuse by the messenger.)

Don't expect me to dinner; I am littered with letters,  
And the hours to-day will bind me in fetters;  
My chain of ideas on business must dwell  
Till the shades of the evening, and the six o'clock bell.

I regret the nice soup you said you would make,  
And the red cherry-pie you promised to bake;  
And the turkey you bought with me at the fair;  
But solely for your sake, Louisa *ma chere*.

For I'll dine here in town, at some chop house or other,  
P'raps S—, or Th—'s; one's good as another;  
But alas! with hot haste I must eat and must drink in;  
For business like this one must doggedly sink in,

Or else it will sink him; and buyers will vanish;  
So, setting my face, I must poesy banish:  
Louisa, adieu! I've been making of verses;  
Not poetry, likely,—which better or worse is!

But much I regret my absence from home;  
For there would my arm most lovingly roam  
Round your waist,—not a waste of time, since 'tis thine;  
And then thine eyes! such a feast! 'tis not easy to dine  
On aught else, howe'er tasty! for, rivetted there,  
Like a bird on the wing, fleets the mentor dull care:  
And therefore, Louisa, 'tis painful to write  
That I will not get home till the hours of night!

## BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

FROM THE DOCK.—BILLY ROUGH, LOQUITOR.

"Do I want to ax the witness any questions? Yes, I do:  
If he'll kiss the book, and look this way, I guess I'll ask a few;  
Which the same 'll show yer Worship what his story isn't true.

"You say that you're a Peeler, and was on your beat last night,  
And that you found me stavin drunk, or leastwise beastly tight;  
And also that, moreover, I had likewise had a fight.

"You're on yer oath, remember; that's a Bible thar', you know—  
Yer know it? well, go on then—but go mighty sure and slow,  
For my charakter's in jeopardy, and I ought to git a show.

"Don't never mind the time o' night; that don't consarn the case,  
Nor 'bout them other follers: say, jest turn round yer face;  
I want to know if you don't think you're in a ticklish place?

"Them's the fax, you say; then, witness, "to the very jot  
and whit;"

You're on your oath, and sworn it—that I was drunk and fit:  
I don't know nothin' 'bout it;—don't doubt yer word a bit!"