

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.

G R I P .

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DESSERTS EIGHTIES:—No, it is not usual for ladies to treat gentlemen to ice cream. But as this is simply a matter of *taste*, you might commence with us. We should appreciate the *cream* of the joke. Send a gallon anyway, as an experiment.

POSTMASTER:—Put your hand on some clothing store, who would *suitably* repay you. Perhaps if you send a few sample epitaphs to a stonemason, in some of the *dead* languages, you might be able to make a *living*; but we are dubious thereon. We are not posted as to the exact cost of a poet's *license*. Consult the City Clerk. If you are undecided about the number of *fert*, ask a shoemaker. We pity you; but cannot help you.

THOMAS C.:—Your diction would be lighter if there was more of the *dictionary* (city) about it.

LOSPONER:—If *ka u p h y* does not spell *coffee*, what does it spell? You have lost.

SKIBBERO:—The requisites for a good reporter are numerous. He should be in not less than two places at once; and if a murder occurs five miles off, he is expected to have the full particulars five minutes afterwards. This is necessary, because "murder will out" as soon as it occurs, and very often much sooner.

PEMO:—If you join the Masons you are expected to know the *Grip* by heart. It is worth knowing.

SAM STOCUM:—Your "pome" received. It must surely have been dictated by the spirits. It is so very *madium*! However, we'll give it a show some of these days. We have entered your conundrums for the prize.

CONUNDRUMS:—All conundrums intended for competition for the prize offered last week must be sent in before the 15th of August. You can send in as many as you like.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1873.

THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

A BATCH OF LITTLE JOKES—POIGNANT, PUNGENT, PITRY, AND PITIFUL PUNS—DEEP-RAVING LITERATURE.

Our offer last week of prizes for the best and worst conundrums have created quite a *furor* among the humorists of this city and elsewhere, and every mail comes to us laden with the efforts of these irrepressible pundits. With surprising unanimity the competitors appear to have resolved to limit their endeavors to the obtaining of the prize for the worst conundrum—at least, so we should judge from the style of their contributions. The ingenuity with which they distort the English language is enough to drive a philologist to distraction. We give below a few samples: Sam Stocum asks—

What military posture does a young man undergoing chaffing represent? Standing at ease (*a tease*.)

When is it hard to see men of business? When they get over head and ears in it.

Not bad those, but what words can adequately depict the abnorman iniquity of a Brantford miscreant signing himself "A. J.," who calmly enquires:

What town in Canada is like Big Thunder's speeches? Woodstock (*Wood's-talk*.)

And yet there are people who profess to disbelieve the doctrine of total depravity!

P. E. W. Moyer of St. Catharines gets off the following:

Why is an Irishman who has replaced a lost limb with an artificial one like George Washington McMullen? Because of his *shin-an-agin* (shennanagin.)

Oh, Peter, how could you do it, and the weather so hot too! Its fearful!

Ald. Sheard enquires:

What is Mr. James Beaty's favorite passage of scripture? The *beati-tudes*.

Go to the head of the class. Next!

City-Commissioner Coatsworth wants to know:

Why one of the annual balls at the Lunatic Asylum resembles the Black Crook? Because it's *hop-erratic* (operatic.)

Another joke on this favorite opera has been forwarded by Miss Edith Brownson, of Ottawa, viz.:

What bird is like a celebrated opera now being performed in Toronto? The *black rook* (Black Crook.)

A Western M.P.P., who earnestly entreats us not to give his name—and seeing that Springer is a very good fellow, it would hardly be fair to do it—sends us this:

Why is Tom Ferguson like an ancient Roman augur? Because he's a fearful *bore*.

That's a pretty venerable joke, Moses. You can't put it off onto us as original—not much.

Enough for the present. More anon, for we have a lot more anon-ymous jokes.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B., SEES THE "BLACK CROOK."

We went last night to the Royal Lyceum to see the "Black Crook." It is a strictly immoral performance, and has therefore been drawing good houses for the past two weeks. The hero, Rodolphe by name, is an artist, so he ought to *draw* any way. The scene is laid around the Hartz Mountains—time, the year 1600. The population of that section is principally comic Dutch peasants and ballet girls—the latter habited in the costume of the period—noticeable principally on account of its scantiness. Clothing was very expensive in the 17th century, and was worn very brief. The scene opens by some tender love passages—passages-at-arms as it were—between Rodolphe, and Amina, the village beauty, who has somehow managed to acquire more clothes than the balance of the females. Her foster-mother, Dame Barbara, comes in and separates them, telling Rodolphe that Count Wolfenstein is going to marry Amina. Rodolphe says he is going to make lots of shekels some of these days when he gets his pictures sold, and wants Amina to wait till they can get an Art Union started, so as to give him a chance. Barbara turns a deaf ear to his frantic eloquence, and comic peasants and ballet girls come in and waltz round. These *coryphees* are peculiarly built. They have mostly a *limb-fat-ic* tendency through the luxuriant amplitude of their—well, say "understandings"—don't seem to harmonize with the comparative slimmness of the rest of their anatomical structure. Our readers have often heard of the *leg-ends* of the Hartz Mountains. These are some of them. After a while Count Wolfenstein happens round looking for Amina. Rodolphe and Amina enter. The former proudly defies the Count, when two supes, with tin shields and battle axes, go for him. He is released for the time, but the count instructs his retainers to "follow him, and away with him to the lowest dungeon of the castle!" This is duly accomplished in the next scene.

Then we are introduced to old Crook, whose front name is Kertzog. He is an aldruggist—or is it an alchemist? all the same, anyway. It is thundering and raining, and he rather seems to like it. He goes out for a walk, attended by his man Greppo. They go to the Serpent's Glen. It is not a cheerful place. Red fire breaks out at fitful intervals, and green demons glide about, playing all sorts of practical jokes on travellers. We have always noticed that green demons have a keen sense of humor. Old Crook builds a fire and makes some incantations, which bring up a living skeleton, who says he can't do any thing for him, and that he'd better apply to the boss. Skeleton disappears, and Crook incants some more, till suddenly a tree opens, and Zaniel steps out. He is the boss devil, and is gorgeously apparelled in red. Old Crook apologizes for troubling him, and says he knows "the sands of his life are nearly run out," but he feels like living a while longer. They talk business awhile, and finally Crook signs a contract to provide Zaniel with souls at the rate of one a-year, on condition of obtaining an extension of time. Red fire, snakes, demons, "weird and startling effects." Curtain falls. We go out with *Sun* reporter, and wash our neck. Next Act—Rodolphe in the dungeon—Enter Crook, in pursuit of souls. He sets Rodolphe at liberty, and excites his enthusiasm over a gold mine he says he has discovered, and starts him off on a prospecting expedition. This gold mine happens to be located in the realm of the fairies, who are as jealous of interlopers as California diggers, and don't allow any squatters to jump claims. The next scene is the golden realm of Stalacta, the fairy Queen. It is also