

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23RD, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

THEODORE TILTON.—By all means.

BALD HEAD.—Your best head-gear would be a bear skin.

JOSH BILLINGS.—We can't accept your contribution as your orthography is not good.

SOUTH SIMCOE.—Dr. SNELLING is still alive. He has been out for your Constituency for a long time.

ROSE HANNAH.—We would advise you not to take to heart the denial by the *Whitby Gazette* man the authorship of those beautiful verses on "Shuniah Mine." It is a way newspaper men have. He will doubtless write to you shortly and explain matters. He has spent many sleepless nights since you parted.

From Our Box.

BLIND TOM, the wonderful negro boy, said to be the greatest natural pianist of the present day appears to-night in the Music Hall.

MR. JOSEPH WHEELOCK is the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. He takes his benefit to-night, when *Romeo and Juliet* will be placed on the boards.

CALLENDER'S Georgia Minstrels played to crowded houses at the Royal Opera House, last Friday and Saturday nights. Their performances are artistic, unique and free from the vulgarity too often mistaken for wit.

Song of a Board (A Great Deal Bored.)

We're a board, we're a board, of Toronto the pride,
We lay down the roadways and walks at the side,
We see to the workings with skill and with care,
And keep this fair city in thorough repair.

Engineers never fail us, and what if they do?
We care not one jot, for between me and you,
We do as we like, and we claim all the praise,
So what should we mind what an engineer says!

And should he turn rumbustical we know how we can have him,
His helps are private friends of ours, so there's nothing there to save
him,

His orders are neglected, or we alter what he's planned,
Then sack him as incompetent, so keep the game in hand.

Job, job, job,
We make a scapegoat of him, while we job, job, job.

What matters it if things go wrong, as some folks say they do, sirs!
And artists about us write that surely can't be true, sirs;
We treat such scoffers with disdain, their letters with derision,
And say that they are suffering from "obliquity of vision."

Job, job, job,
We spend the public's money, while we job, job, job.

And if we sometimes disagree,^o

And have a verbal fight,
It's all between ourselves you see,
And safe to come all right.

With resolutions, laws (a few),
And motions grand and riders,
The only thing we've got to do,
Is keep clear of outsiders.

So we job, job, job,
We keep the ball a'rolling, while we job, job, job.

And should the public still complain,
And try their utmost to restrain
Our spending of their dollars.

We let such noodles have their bent,
Their muddy, maudlin sentiment,
For upon works we are intent
And we are all apt scholars.

We know where we can have them too,
We will pick out some avenue
Where there is nothing much to do,
And lay a side-walk all way through,
With oaken planks and gravel.
Then send forth gangs with pick and spade,
Right down to where the sidewalk's laid;
And there we'll have a sewer made,
So none can up there travel.

And when it's finished all complete
We will again pick up the street
For water pipe must surely meet
And join into it's main, sirs.

Then when that small affair is done,
The houses emptied one by one,
We will in glee inspect the fun,
Then lay it down again sirs.

And so, hurrah! for Boards of Works, for they are awful jolly,
They never do a thing that's wrong, nor e'er commit a folly;
They only ease the public mind by taking all the care sirs,
Some say they ease the public purse, but that is their affair sirs.

So they Job, job, job,
To Erebus will go sirs, while they job, job, job,

Horatian Fragment.

ON THE CANDIDATURE OF REMIGIUS ELMSLEY, ESQ.

Ad Rem Publicam.
To Remy a public man.

O navis referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?

Weak vessel, you essay a dangerous tide.
Stick to your porter. Why desert it thus?
Do you not see how few are on your side
Remigius?

E(s)t malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemunt, ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

Æquor.

The lively African has "sass" in store,
The polls shall groan. Unless you know the ropes,
Of bearing up against the surge and roar
Forego all hopes.

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile,
Nil pictis-timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

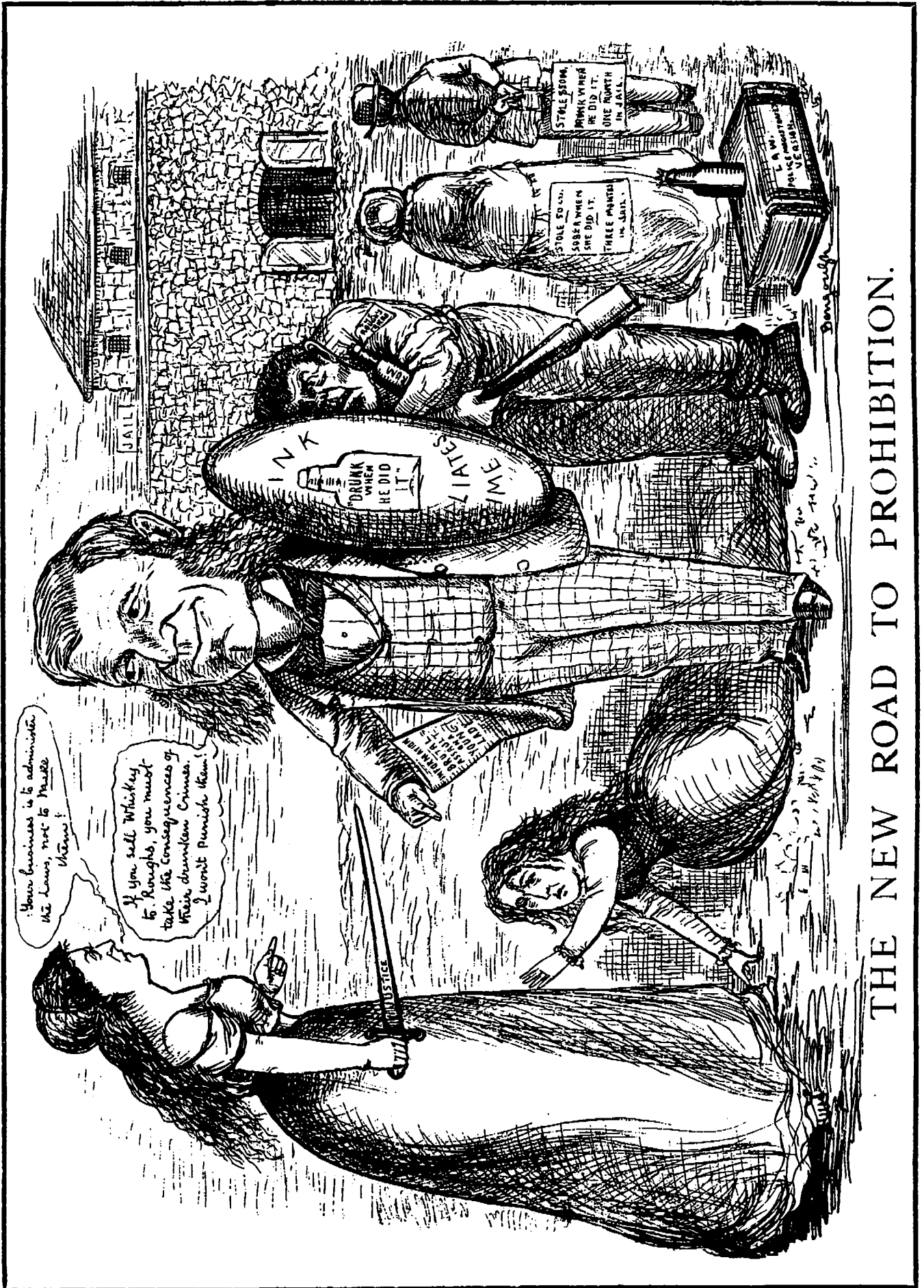
You'll boast your family, and empty name,
As if such getwags timid votes could save!
The windy orators shall slight your fame:
Be warned in time and—cave.

Election Notes.

HALTON.—CLAY is in the field recently soiled by Mr. BARBER'S exploits.—He is believed to be the strongest man in those diggings. His dearest friends call him a brick. A brighter future looms in the distance.

MONTREAL.—The WORKMAN candidate dodge is being tried here with success.

WEST-TORONTO.—MR. REMIGIUS ELMSLEY an enthusiastic yachtsman, will soon spread his canvass in the West. His crime will be obstructed by the HAYES which just now prevails in that quarter.



To a Coquette.

Pretty maiden "ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart;"
You will give me no such thing!
Give me then some heartening.

Sweetest maiden, say not nay,
Thou hast stol'n my heart away:
If thou wilt the theft atone,
In its place give me thine own.

Cruel maiden, I again
Ask the heart you still retain;
If thou wilt not give it me,
Both of us will heartless be.

Who's to be Mayor?—A Challenge to Fat Men.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I want to have a few words with you in confidence. I'm what is usually called a fat man. I kick the beam at 230 younds avoirdupois. My wife and I had been thinking the thing over in our own minds, and my wife says, "TOMPKINS, why haven't you ever been Mayor?" I was struck all of a heap. Most women, when they find their husbands wishing they were a Town Councillor, or an Alderman, or anything of that kind, take them quietly out into the kitchen and show them the fire-shovel and the bath-brick, and drop suggestive remarks about the heft of their muscle. But my wife ain't that kind of a woman. She has a large share of poetry in her soul. She would see the partner of her joys and sorrows, to say nothing of seven small TOMPKINSES, occupying a prominent position in the land. I know she would. She has often said to me, in that affectionate way of hers, "Why, you old fool, if you were anybody at all you could soon be somebody. Look at MEDCALF," says she, "look at BAXTER; not near as fat men as you are, and see what they have aspired to—one of 'em is Mayor and the other's an Alderman, while you're wasting your time weighing out groceries and drawing molasses. "If I was a man," continued my wife, "I'd show you how to be somebody," and with that she chucked JOHN HENRY over the ear for sticking chewing gum on the lamp chimney. This set me a-thinking, and I concluded that a pretty strong requisition would bring me out next January. "Do you mean to tell me," continued my wife, "that you couldn't fill the Mayor's chair just as good as Old Squaretoes," and I immediately felt myself and admitted that I could. "Look me in the face, TOMPKINS," said she, "and say if there's anything about me to be ashamed of. Ain't I fitted to adorn the first circles of society?" And I had to admit that she was. So I guess I'll run. "I've been figuring this thing up," says she, "and I find you're about fifteen pounds heavier than either of the other candidates, and 15 pounds on the 230 ain't to be sneezed at. I had run away with the idea," she said, "that what a man wanted to be Mayor of this city was brains, but I find I've been wallowing in the mire of ignorance, as it were. It's beef, TOMPKINS, that tells here. The man who owns the most hams stands the best chance. Mark my words," said my wife, and she shifted the youngster over on to the other knee, "there was a time when some lean and hungry-looking remnant of humanity might have been elected here, but that time has gone by. It's weight that the people hunger after now-a-days." And I believe my wife's right. If I can't outweigh Mayor MEDCALF and Alderman BAXTER and give them 14½ pounds into the bargain, then my name ain't TOMPKINS. "Now, I'll tell you what you'll do," says my wife, "You'll go to work this very night and fatten up. You'll take about five quarts of milk and a potful of porridge every morning, and if you can't outweigh any other man in the city by the first of January, no man by the name of TOMPKINS shall father my children," and she gazed lovingly around on the seven scions of a noble race who were gorging themselves at the tea table. Now, Mr. EDITOR, I want you to give the other fellows fair notice. I don't want to take an unfair advantage of any man. Tell 'em for me that I'm in the field, and the fattest man is bound to be elected. That's what my wife says, and my wife ain't no fraud. And if there are any other fat men in the city whose wives have poetry in their souls, trot 'em out, Mr. EDITOR, trot 'em out! What this city is suffering for the want of is not brains, but good healthy men—fat men—and if you don't see lots of 'em by next January you may put me on a—diet for all time to come.

Yours, to a large extent,

TOMPKINS, (with a P.)

TORONTO, 22nd October, 1875.

Turneresque.

TURNER, my friend, accept a friendly hint:
That famous artist who once bore your name
Chose other colors, than a neutral tint,
When on a canvas he achieved his fame.

Croaks and Pecks.

IF you wish to rise before eleven, drink yeast.

TRYING TO MAKE WHITE BLACK.—MCKENZIE'S card in the *Globe*.

WHEN is a storm like a fish after a hook? When it's going to a-ba'e.

THE recent meetings held at the Hague were not held at the Bank of Toronto.

BLUNDER MCLUNDBERBUS, Q. C., attributes his baldness to Crown business.

THE Street Railway Track is affected just now with the very thing that has ruined hundreds—upishness.

WHAT the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto wishes to have done with the Anti-Processionists.—"LYNCH" them.

HINT FOR CONSERVATIVES.—ROBINSON'S "coming back" to West Toronto is a very different thing from his being returned!

A BAKER'S APPRENTICE.—"Tell me where is fancy bred?" May be procured at Messrs. NORDHEIMERS' or Mrs. COLEMAN'S.

MR. PREMIER MACKENZIE when embarrassed in his British Columbian business transfers it to his officious Assignee, Mr. EDGAR.

THAT was a smart youth, who, when charged with picking pockets, said in defence, he did not "pick" 'em, he took 'em as they came.

A maxim for the consideration of the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto—It is better to be a "Lynch" pin in the car of progress to help it along than a drag on it.

THE Sandwich dinner to Mr. Justice MOSS could not have been more than a bar-lunch. We suppose the viands came in lawyers' bags wrapped in brown paper.

"*In Medio Tutissimus.*"—MACKENZIE says to WHITE, "You lie." WHITE says "Your lies you screen"; GRIP knows when party blinds the eye, hot truth must lie between.

WE are authorized to say that Hon. GEO. BROWN is not the contractor for the "Grand Stand" to be made on Saturday next, at the race course. Who said he was?

THE Postmaster General has instructed the word "push" to be taken off the doors of all public buildings during the tenure of this Government. This is out of regard for Mr. BROWN'S feelings.

THE University Games, on Tuesday, were well attended and the races squarely contested. This is very satisfactory, considering the fact that there was only one person on the ground, claiming to be "Square toed."

DEFINITIONS.—*Lie-ability.*—MACKENZIE'S ability to give the lie to WHITE.

Dis-ability.—MACKENZIE'S inability to prove the lie.

Prob-ability.—That both are wrong.

THE Ontario Premier should have taken the leading members of the Opposition with him to visit the Institution for the deaf and dumb. They might have learned some lessons in silence that would have been useful to him.

A young gentleman presented himself at our office the other day with a sprained wrist, an injured knee-cap, a black eye, and several vacancies in his upper row of teeth, and begged us to write an article, recommending foot-ball.

THE action, or rather inaction of the corporation has proved too much for the Yonge Street merchants. The continuous drain on their patience, all summer, has been very exhaustive. The corporation is now fully satisfied they are bound to sewer.

A SPECTATOR at the Foot-ball game, Saturday last, remarked in astonishment, that the Quebecers displayed much agility in regaining their feet so quickly after a knock down. A baker standing near, said it was a matter of little surprise to him as being so much *east* and *needed* the wire bound to *rise*. This was a *cracker* and the baker took the *sponge*.

WE could hardly venture the assertion that the Ontario Football team had a hand in the body stealing, to which reference was made, in the recent issue of the *Montreal Witness*. It cannot be denied, however, that their display of body-snatching, last Saturday, proved conclusively, that it is an old practice of theirs. The bodies snatched were citizens of Quebec.

KNOW YOUR DESTINY.

PAUL WARING,

Just arrived, the world-renowned Clairvoyant and real Astrologer, endowed from birth with the natural gift of revealing every hidden mystery in life—past, present, and future—and excels in giving luck in business or love affairs, in uniting the separated, and removing troubles and evil influences. Satisfaction given or no pay.

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WEST TORONTO.
TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
WESTERN DIVISION
OF
TORONTO!

Fellow Electors.—In compliance with the request of a large and influential number of electors of your electoral Division, irrespective of party, I place myself and my humble services in your hands as a candidate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the elevation to the Bench of your worthy representative, Thos. Moss, Esq., Q.C.

You are familiar with my antecedents, and most of you know me. I am the nominee of no political party. If elected, my course shall be thorough independence. No factious opposition shall be given by me to the Government. I will support good measures irrespective of the person or party from whom they emanate. On these principles I stand or fall.

Your obedient servant,

D. HAYES.



To Contractors.

New Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tenders for Iron Work," for the Wrought and Cast Iron Work requisite in the addition to the West Block Departmental Buildings, Ottawa, will be received at this office until Thursday, the 4th day of November next, at noon.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this office, where also, all other necessary information can be obtained.

Tenders to be in accordance with printed forms. Satisfactory security will be required on real estate or by deposit of money, public or municipal securities, or bank stocks to an amount of five per cent on the bulk sum of the Contract.

The Tenders to have the actual signatures of two solvent persons, residents in the Dominion, and willing to become sureties for the due performance of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 27th July, 1875. **F. BRAUN,** Secretary

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HAND-IN-HAND

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COMPANY.

Financial Statement for the Year
ending Dec. 31, 1874.

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$3,343 65
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted
and waiting proof 750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc-
tors Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Cana-
dian Bank, being forty per cent. 10,194 45
\$25,486 13

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