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

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11TH, 1873.

No. 20.

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LONDON JOURNAL

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OUT THIS DAY.

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SUNSHINE.”

No. 8,

Irving's Five Cent Music.

JOSH BILLINGS'

FARMER'S ALLMINAX

1874.

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PUBLISHER.



EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

Toronto, Saturday, October 11th, 1873.

THE WATER COMMISSIONERS' PLEAS.

(Written by Mayor M—N—G and Sung with great eclat by J—S—X—R—L.)



THREE cheers for Union and Progress,
And a tiger for the QUEEN!
A gloriouster party triumph
I believe I never seen—
JOHN GREENLEES is elected
And every thing's serene.
'Ip! 'Ip! 'Urray!

'Urray for good pure water;
And good order at the Board,
For the confidence of the country
In the Miistry is restored—
The whole Pacific Scandal
Is now completely flooded!
'Ip! 'Ip! 'Urray!

The Works will now be builded
Without no more delay,
For th' electors of the city
Has voted for JOHN A.
'Urray for "Union and Progress!"
That's all I got to say—
'Ip! 'Ip! 'Urray!

CANADA—AN ESSAY.

(By the Colonial Editor of the *London Times*.)

PERHAPS the most notable of our possessions, in point of territorial extent, is the Dominion lying west of Labrador, and occupying the northern part of the American continent. Until within a few years ago, this tract of land was known as the Canadas, and embraced the Provinces of Upper, Eastern, Western, and Lower Canada, together with the adjacent islands of New Brunswick, Prince Edward, and Newfoundland. A consolidation of these Provinces was effected in 1865, under the premiership of the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, who at that time was and still is Managing Director of *The Leader*, the chief organ of a party derisively yecept the *Grits*. Prominent amongst the compeers of the Hon. Mr. BROWN, during those Parliamentary transactions, were the Hon. JAMES BEARY, (widely famed as the "O'Connell of America,") the late lamented Hon. P. D'ARCY MCGEE, and Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER; Sir FRANCIS HICKS, and the present Prime Minister Sir A. J. MACDONALD, who for some weeks past has been undergoing examination at the bar of the House of Commons, with reference to certain charges popularly styled the "Pacific Scandal," preferred by him against the Directors of the Canada Southern Railway. The government under which the Confederation Act was passed was a coalition, and in the opinion of the simple hearted colonists worked admirably. The Canadian people are, as a rule, slight of stature and sharp featured; nevertheless they are hardy and honest, and in the plainer walks of life are quite competent to conduct their own affairs. Their principal pursuit is trading in furs with the aborigines, who still form the great bulk of the population. Owing to the extreme coldness of the climate, and the almost incessant falls of snow, winter is considered the most cheerful season of the year. For a fortnight or so, during the month of August, something approaching summer weather is experienced, and the inhabitants usually put it to good account, by laying in their stores against the return of the frost king. Travel is, as yet, one of the most serious matters. The native dog-sled is gradually disappearing before more advanced methods

of locomotion, several rudimentary railway lines having been built, through the agency of a few Englishmen who went out to live in the Dominion for the sake of the fishing. The most noted of these railways is that known as the Canada Pacific, which was successfully completed about a year ago by Sir HUGH ALLAN, a well known civil engineer, under the direction of the government of Sir A. J. MACDONALD. This line, which is one hundred and three miles long, connects the Red River Settlement and Manitoba, and has its western terminus at the now flourishing village of Port Hope. The maritime traffic is considerable, owing to the great facilities afforded by the large lakes of fresh water in which the country abounds. Lake Ontario, the most westerly, is navigable its entire length. Vessels trading in furs and Indian trinkets pass daily between Port Garry and Quebec, by way of the Niagara River and Lachine Rapids, which are both easily navigable under the care of an experienced pilot. Canada boasts several cities, or more properly sizish towns. Hamilton, the largest and most ambitious of these, is situated on Lake Ontario, opposite Montreal, and within a short distance of the well known Falls of Niagara. The Canadians, as a people, have inherited to some extent the thirst for knowledge which distinguishes England, and they support quite a number of schools, where the rudiments of education are taught by native masters, at a reasonable fee *per capita*. Of course, the chief men in this, as in other colonies, are old countrymen. London, particularly, has been drawn upon for brain by the Dominion. It is simply wonderful what a profound deference is paid by all classes of Canadian society to persons who, on arriving in the land, are able to announce themselves as citizens of this metropolis; and it is said it becomes tolerably easy in time to make one's residence amongst the Canadians, if one makes up one's mind to "put up" with a good deal of crudeness in all the details of higher civilization. The matter of beer is pre-eminent amongst the defects of the British American possessions, so much so, indeed, that there are several authentic instances of most respectable people having felt constrained to return home to enjoy the national beverage. The Canadians drink a decoction known as Forterod, which is praised by them as possessing many virtues, but one has to reside some time in the country before one comes to appreciate it. Then there are infinite defects in their musical and dramatic affairs, even when the parties concerned are, in point of fact, all natives of England, and even of London. It must be said, in justice to the colonists, that their general information with regard to things about them is fair. There are few, if any, to be found amongst the more intelligent classes who have never heard of England or the Queen. Recently they have even shown an inclination and ability to go the length of supporting a weekly satirical journal, which taste has been excellently encouraged in a publication entitled "Grip," published at the town of Toronto, situated near the mouth of the Humber River.

HOW 'TIS DONE.

If the Rev. Dr. WILKES, of Montreal, has been correctly reported in the *New York Tribune*, we begin to understand how possible it is that persons and newspapers in England and elsewhere should manifest such wondrous want of information about things pertaining to Canada. At one of the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, the Rev. Doctor delivered an address as a representative Canadian, and in the course of his remarks, according to the *Tribune*, said:

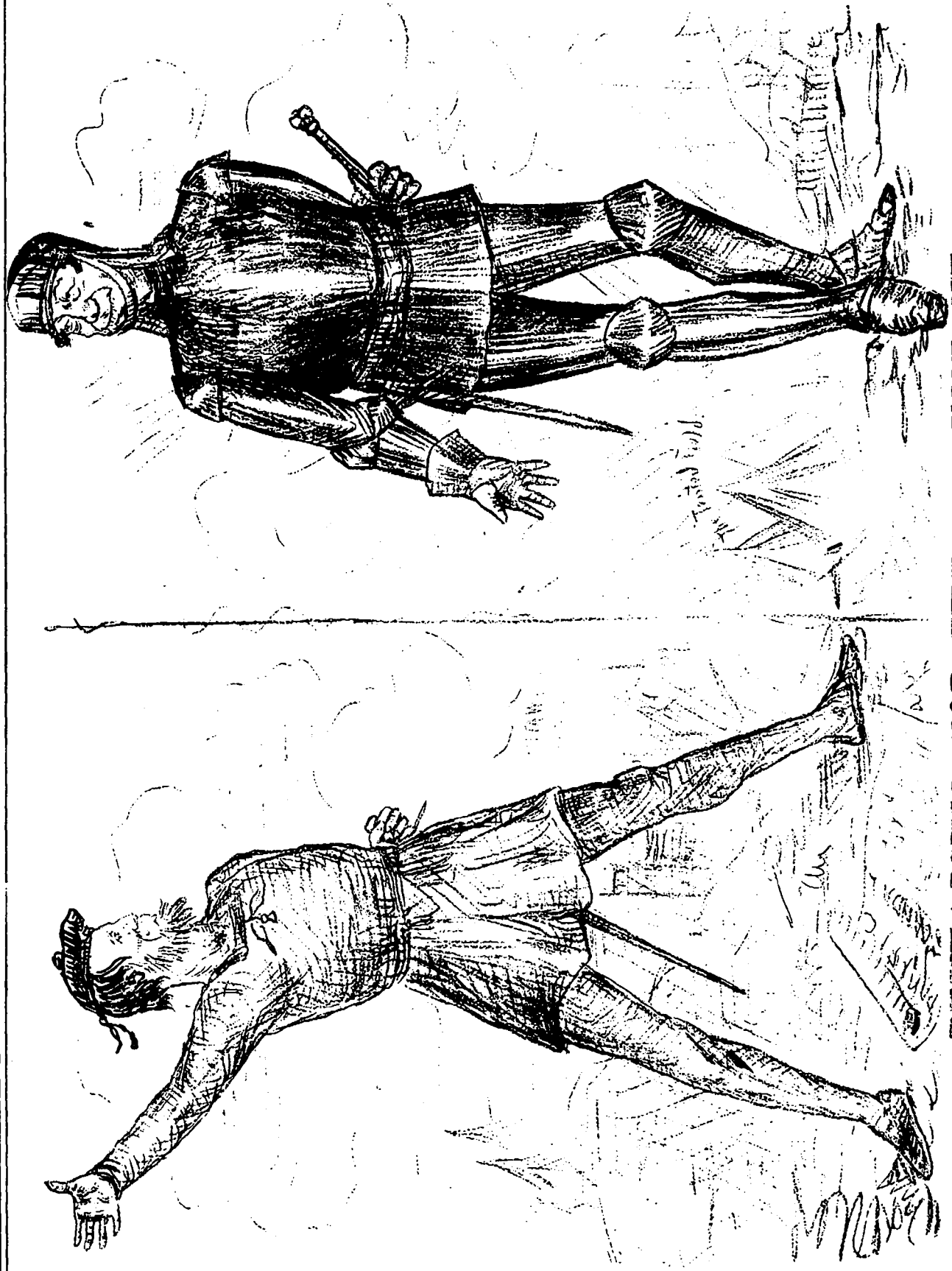
"In Lower Canada (now Ontario) the population is largely made up of the Protestant religion; while in Upper Canada (now Quebec) the majority of the population is Roman Catholic."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS—(AND CRITICS).

A rising young journalist, who attended a private concert the other evening, has sent us a critique, which, for obvious reasons, we reject;

The music of the Orchestra was palpatingly sublime. The soft wallings of the Jew's harp blent dulcely with the modulated whisperrings of the tin whistle, while crepitating clappers woke images of unimagined grandeur on the attuned soul. The orchestra ran up the whole gamut of human passion, and swept the diapason of emotional mentality. Now like the low sobbings of a spanked child, then it rose to the thunderous carplings of uxorial reproach, while the stately quadrille swept by on a rosy coloured mist, and the graceful waltz tripped on the vermeil bosoms of innumerable flowers.

The touching melody of Mollie Darling (published by Irving, price 5 cents), brought tears to the eyes, and the solemn strains of Yankee Doodle, with accompaniment on a policeman's whistle, was reverential and grand. In the second part the enthusiasm rose to a climax, and we made *excursions dans l'infini*, and when the full orchestra, with rare precision, played "A Frog He Would," to the tune of the Old Hundredth, none could keep their seats, and a wild shout of triumph reverberated again and again from the skyey-roof, testifying to the pleasure received by the thousands present, from one of the most enjoyable concerts ever listened to.



REHEARSING FOR THE 23RD INSTANT.

M---K---ZIE—"I WILL FIGHT HIM UPON THIS THEME UNTIL MY EYELIDS WILL NO LONGER WAG."—HAMLET. Act v. Scene 1.

M---K---ZIE—"WHAT DO I FEAR?"—RICHARD III., Act v., Scene 3.

"Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY JOHN (HULWER) SMITH.

THE YOUNG AND THE BEAUTIFUL ever since the days of primeval innocence blend into a graceful Ideal. Not alone on the burning sands of Egypt, beneath the shadow of the dumb eternal Sphinx, not alone in the caves of the mystic Rosicrucians, not in the study of the Alchemist, but also in the throbbing streets of the modern Babylon, is the mysterious to be discovered.

In one of the fashionable streets in the neighbourhood of Belgravia, the Countess of Plumbeury gave a fashionable *re-union*. In addition to Peers of the realm, Bishops, Judges of the bench, and men of literature, whose names are famous where language is spoken, the Lion of the season, Walter Spoilgrave, was expected.

I was seated in an alcove with Mrs. Captown Ruthven, discussing the Pacific Scandal, when I suddenly felt a strange presence, and looking up saw Walter Spoilgrave before me. The bloom of health was on his rounded cheeks, and the laughter of infancy broke from his dimpling lips; but his eyes were old, as though Sphinx-like, they had gazed unblinkingly through thousands of years, at strange mysterious rites. We were introduced, and after a casual exchange of remarks on the Weather, he glided away. Presently I heard the Countess saying, "We have heard of your musical abilities, will you favour us?"

"Certainly," he replied, and with rare grace, he unfolded a Jew's harp from a piece of brown paper. "This air," he said, "is the famous Tarantula, those who hear must dance."

He commenced; silvery tinkling notes, then louder, crepitating, clanging, and at last a thunderous volume of sound. During this wonderful performance the ladies gracefully kept time, tapping tunefully with their slippered feet, the men drumming with their fat fingers. Then the time changed into a marvellous rhythm. Miss Barbara Chillybe, the ancient spinster, seized a Bishop round his portly waist and spun in the Giddy Waltz, the rest followed, all were in motion. The wig fell from one, the false teeth clattered from the mouth of another, a many folded pannier lay upon the floor, beside dainty slippers—all was confusion. The Graceful and the Beautiful were swallowed up in reticulated Motion!

In the midst of the confusion, young Spoilgrave stopped his music, re-folded his melodious Jew's harp in the brown paper, bowed to the confused company, and seizing my hand passed out.

"Volition is Motion," he whispered. "I will to be in my apartments, and we are there." It was strange. The room was like a second-hand store in Wardour Street. Ancient armour hung upon the walls, swords of Damask, Canoe couches of the same, curious Louis le Grand furniture, Venetian glass and belts, with zodiac signs from the far east, above all, the mystic pentacle and the Abracadabra of a remote age.

As I looked at him he seemed to be growing visibly older. He appeared to be turning bad, and a greenish light like the emanations from putrescent fish, played upon his face. He rose and went to a cupboard and took out a small phial. It too was green, and labelled Absinthic. "Drink!" he said, and against my own will, compelled by a stronger will than my own, I drank the fiery draught. "For my part," he said, "I prefer drinking thus." As he spoke he rose in the air, floated recumbent, touched the ceiling with his feet, and hanging head downwards, drank out of the phial with a strange gurgling sound. "I am young again," he said returning to my side.

"Yet you look old."

"Bah!" he remarked, and his wicked eyes twinkled. "What is Youth; what is Age? The Will is eternal. I defy Time. I have seen the Pyramids when they were young. The statute of Mamon has murmured music to me in the dim Long Ago. I change my name; but I live on. Now a Satrap in the Court of Sardinia-palus, later a Rosicrucian, afterwards an Alchemist. I stormed the Bastille—bah, what signifies it? To Will is to Live. But we have business."

With phosphorous he drew the circle and the pentacle. We stood inside, seven lamps burned incense, and the air grew dark. A form grew out of the darkness, balls of fire danced in the air. I grew dizzy and fell.

How long I lay I have no means of telling; but motion at last came to my limbs, and I kicked out like a sturdy swimmer at sea. A voice hissed in my ears—"Keep your feet to yourself you drunken brute!" A sounding blow rang on my ear. I awoke. It was my dear wife. The Ideal blended with the Real. The blow from my Julia's hand was a palpable Fact!

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

GLAD to hear it. The musical young lady who tossed about her head before pitching her voice in the right key is expected to recover.

QUERY.—When is a horse not a horse? When it is turned to grass.

Why were the majority of the voters for the Water Works' Commissioner not like the god of marriage. Because they were not Hime-men.

SEASONABLE NOTE.—The United States' Minister to Spain is a good man to keep cool, seeing he is always an I. Sickie.

Is the new political platform of the Monarchists in France likely to prove untenable because the leader is a CHAMBERD (sham board)?

FALSE.—There is no truth whatever in the report that Mr. EDWARD BLAKE is practising the sword dance and Highland fling in order to regain his popularity with the Scotch portion of the Reform party.

TIPS TO OUR BETTERS.

We don't approve of betting, but it is one of the inevitable evils, and we must content ourselves with doing a little towards its mitigation, seeing that it cannot be eradicated. *Appropos* of the forthcoming meeting of the House of Commons, we are pained to observe many rushing into the broad road of this ruinous habit, in some cases recklessly staking large amounts on the wrong side of questions that are no questions at all. This course will result only in chagrin to all such. Now if any of our friends insist on "putting up," by all means let them risk their money or silk hats, as the case may be, on a *sure thing*, as this will rob the practice of some of its more repulsive features, as well as obviate much after pain.

We can recommend the following propositions as comparatively safe on the part of the affirmative:

(1). Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE will, directly or indirectly, privately or publicly, make some reference to the Pacific Scandal on the 23rd of October inst.

(2). *The Globe* will, on the 22nd instant, say something touching the duty of the hour.

(3). Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD will refrain from repeating his statement about his hands.

(4). Hon. Mr. BLAKE will (if he speaks at any length), make allusion to "statutes in such cases made and provided"—(though probably not in a set phrase).

(5). Mr. JAMES BEATY, M.P., will maintain a dignified and contemptuous silence during the debate.

(6). Hon. Mr. HUNTINGTON will be in his place in Parliament if nothing prevents.

(7). If Black Rod interferes there will be cries of "Order!" and "Privilege!"

(8). The Speech from the Throne will *not* be carried by acclamation.

(9). If a test vote is taken, the Party that can count the most noses will be in the majority.

We would particularly advise that *no* wager be offered on the question as to what the Right Hon. the Premier will do. It is absolutely unsafe.

"THE CURSE OF CANADA."

A CORONER'S JURY the other day returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes," in the case of a person whose demise had been occasioned directly by whiskey. This is the first formal recognition of king alcohol by any of the Great Powers.

How to grow corns. Wear boots two sizes too small.

WHAT vegetable is given to strong drink? The Sea Kale (seek ale) of course.

BARNUM now proposes to send the pioneer balloon across the Atlantic. If he can make it convenient to go personally on the trip, there need be no fear of the gas giving out.

Mrs. GRUMPTON says she makes her daughters all lace tightly, because then they will be always staid (stayed). Pardon, Mrs. G., but for the same reason they will always move in a coarse set (corset).

VETERINARY BOOKS.

THE OX, His Diseases, by Dobson. Price \$2.25.

MORTON'S VETERINARY PHARMACY. Price \$3.50.

STRANGWAY'S VETERINARY ANATOMY, 181 Illustrations. Price \$6.50.

PERCIVAL'S ANATOMY OF THE HORSE. Price \$6.00.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF VETERINARY SURGERY, by
Williams. Price \$10.00.

CLATTER'S CATTLE DOCTOR, 200 Illustrations. Price \$4.50.

THE HORSE, IN THE STABLE AND THE FIELD, by Stonehenge, 170
Illustrations. Price \$3.75.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG, Illustrated. Price \$2.75.

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