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OFFICE
AND
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

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

VOL. 2.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13th, 1873.

No. 3.

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Table Codfish,

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The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

T. TOTUM.—Thanks. J. L., Woodstock.—Will probably be accepted. C. M., Belleville.—Very clever, but too late for the present issue; try again. J. C.—You are always welcome.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1873.

WHAT IS A WORKING MAN?



Grip can never passively contemplate the perplexities which afflict all earnest searchers after truth, and he has therefore witnessed with pain the conflict that has been going on for many days past around the important question written above. Seeing that neither Liberals nor Conservatives were likely to reach a satisfactory solution so long as they argued the point in their own respective camps, and feeling that the political world in general would be grateful for a decision that might end all further disputation, Grip conceived the notion of a Grand United Debate on the proposition. Cards were accordingly sent to the chief men of the Reformers and Tories, and the party of "Canada First"—being numerically smaller than the others—was invited in its entirety. By this means a large, respectable, and thoroughly representative meeting was convened in the classical precincts of Grip's sanctum; the latter himself, by unanimous request, presiding. It was found somewhat difficult to bring the gentlemen present to order within a few minutes, owing to their proneness to linger over the fyles of our back numbers, and the numerous designs for prospective cartoons which hung upon the wall, but after the third peremptory rap on the editor's desk, the chairs encircling the ample table were all quietly filled, and business-like order reigned.

The CHAIRMAN briefly explained the object of the convention, remarking that it was all important that an answer should be given to the query "What is a Working Man?" because the utterances of the leading newspapers were seriously perverting the public mind. Before sitting down he called for

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE, who said his own mind had long since been made up on the subject. He would, as succinctly as possible, define a "working man;" but before doing so he desired to remark that Mr. BICKFORD, the candidate for West Toronto, was a very questionable person (cries of "Order!" from the vicinity of Mr. KING DODDS). He, the speaker, had documentary evidence at his office to prove that Mr. BICKFORD was a swindler, a knave, and an ignorant scoundrel (cheers and hisses). He could establish that, moreover, he belonged to the Swamp Angels (great excitement and interruption).

The CHAIRMAN called the speaker to order, and reminded him that he had not yet defined a "working man."

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE said he had no further remarks to make.

Mr. JAMES BEATY, M.P., LL.D., (*Leader Lane Demagogue*) arose and said he was the true friend of the working man (laughter). The hon. gentleman explained that he did not intend that for a joke (renewed laughter). The hon. gentleman then got mad and sat down.

Mr. KING DODDS was next called upon, and said: "Gentlemen, I'll bet you five dollars, and leave the stakes in the chairman's hand, that I know what a working man is! (A cheer by Mr. E. O. BICKFORD). Or if you don't like that, you can put it in the shape of a pool, and I'll send for QUIMBY (Applause). Gentlemen, look at JOHN A., that's what's the matter. I call upon you, working men, vote for BICKFORD, or bust!"

The CHAIRMAN here called time.

HON. GEORGE BROWN then arose, and was greeted with cheers. He requested elbow-room before proceeding. This was granted. He then went into the question of Representation by Population, and the Inauguration of Confederation, at great length, proving beyond question that JOHN A. was corrupt. In conclusion he said (facetiously) that he would leave the definition of a working-man to the editor of the *Mail*, who knew all about it (Great and prolonged laughter).

THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL" said the previous speakers were know-nothings, and had failed to reach the point at issue. The speech of the editor of the Grit organ was foolish—but not more so than he expected from that wretched old letter-stealing,

clerk-bribing, Proton outrage 'speak now' mountebank. (Cries of "Order," "Hame.") A working man, then, was not one of the chancery brigade—not a pettifogging, mercenary, hard-fisted, money-grubbing grit-rough-annexationist, republican like—(Here the speaker was brought to a full stop by a large pellet of chewed paper, and resumed his seat much subdued.)

Mr. J. MUEL BRIGGS then arose and said: Mr. Chairman—Conundrum: Why is this meeting unlike the House of Commons? Do you tumble? Why, because there's more than one *Speaker*. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" and groans.) Gentlemen, I don't intend to make a *dry* speech, because I always speak extemporaneously (*pour rain*). (No response.) In fact, I don't think I'll make a speech at all. I would merely ask, Why is the working man like a rolling stone? Answer: Because he gathers no Moss. (Inordinate and prolonged laughter, joined in by Mr. BROWN, Mr. BICKFORD, Mr. BRIGGS, and the CHAIRMAN.)

Mr. THOMAS MOSS, Q.C., said in effect that he was a candidate for West Toronto, and that a working man was a lawyer who had to prove that black was white.

Mr. BICKFORD followed. He enquired of the Chairman if any refreshments could be had, to which it was answered not any. Mr. B. then proved in a very few words that he was a candidate, and that every true working man dealt in scrap-iron. (He then shook hands all round.)

Mr. W. H. HOWLAND said that refreshments were well enough in their place, and so were working men, but what he and his friends wanted was "Canada First." (Hear, hear.) He had brought a learned blacksmith with him, and would give place to that individual.

Mr. ELIUS BURRITT BELLOW, a practical blacksmith, was then introduced, and said: Gentlemen, I am a man of few words. I don't talk no bosh, an' I can tell you perzackly what a working man is. 'E's a fellor wot knows 'is own bizness, and can tell the difference betwixt clap-trap an' common sense. 'Es them kind of fellers wot goes to the polls nex' Mouday, an' votes as if he wasn't a fool—wich 'e aint.

The meeting then broke up.

THE POLITICAL NURSERY.

THE eagerness of the *Globe* to build up a good case against the Tory candidate for West Toronto, has led that paper into a grave mistake:

"Even if he (BICKFORD) peddled trees and dealt in scrap-iron honestly, there is nothing in either business to develop those intellectual faculties which enable a man to handle great political problems."

On the contrary the realm of fruit and shade trees may be a political as well as a natural nursery to one who has the sagacity to learn its lessons. Every *branch* is in its curriculum, and it is not credible that a smart man like BICKFORD should have peddled trees for many years without learning to *twig*. The main intellectual requisites for a politician, we take it, are perseverance, loquacity, and shrewdness, and surely no educational course to attain these could be devised better than was Mr. B.'s old vocation. Any of our readers who has ever undertaken to sell people what they are determined not to buy, will at once appreciate the value of tree-peddling as a school for perseverance and loquacity; and as to shrewdness, the *Globe* witnesses against itself when it hints that persons of this class have been known to get trees from the swamp and palm them off as the product of Rochester nurseries. So much for the development of "those intellectual faculties." Then the *Globe* still less happily refers to "dealing in scrap iron" as a business utterly void of educational advantages to a prospective politician. It would really seem as if the Fates had guided BICKFORD to the confusion of the *Globe*, for it is hard to conceive any preparatory tuition more admirably adapted to enable a man to "handle great political questions" than a long apprenticeship at handling great pieces of scrap iron; what, we would ask, are the political issues of the day but scrap-iron—so to speak? Dear *Globe*, believe us, there is just as much in the educational way in peddling trees and dealing in scraps as there is in cutting freestone.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

DEAR GRIP,—When, at my meeting the other evening, I originated the now popular cry of "Bickford and Beauty," I really had no intention of plagiarising in the smallest degree the old idea of "Beauty and the Beast."—Truly, THOS. MOSS.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATION.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C., desires us to state once for all that he is not the BLAKE whose granary has been at the disposal of Mr. BICKFORD's friends during the week.

WHAT should you treat a doctor to when he cures you of a bad cold? Cough-fee (coffee).

Our Own Medium.

No. IV.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—I remember some years ago, noticing in the house of an English nobleman a beautiful piece of sculpture, which bore upon its pedestal the inscription, "The Roman Matron." The classic features, the neatly braided hair coiled gracefully at the back of the head, the close-fitting and still graceful drapery, the elegant pose, I could not but help admiring, and felt they gave the beholder a just and accurate representation of true female beauty of face and figure. Fleeting along King Street I have often wished the same sculptor could revisit your earth, and hew out of the marble a representation of "The Canadian Matron" of to-day. How the shades would laugh at the caricature of "woman!" The female form now no longer clothed, as old HORACE would have it "simple in neatness," but overwrapped, strangled, and changed in all the vulgar trappings of a nineteenth century fashionable world—void of beauty, taste, and true refinement. Instead of the neatly braided hair we have the borrowed "water-fall," with all its hideous deformities, and from its size and texture carrying us back to the customs and manners of the central tribes of Africa, as depicted by the great Dr. LIVINGSTONE in his first published records of his travels, in which are portrayed the extravagant head dresses of the female black swells, not a bit more absurd or *outré* than the present head-dresses of their white sisters on this continent.

The flowing drapery is replaced by a garment popularly known as a *dress*—though from its cuts and slashes, furbelows and extravagancies, it could never be termed a *robe*—and to make this more absurd, a bird cage or structure of iron is placed at the back of the waist, under this garment, making a ridiculous protuberance never intended to be exhibited in this world by any intelligent creature. And yet forsooth this is styled a "Grecian Bend." Shades of the mighty, what a misnomer! Could the departed glories of Greece but speak with mortal tongues, they would join with one voice in the words of a native poet in exclaiming:

"Wretch that thou art, put off this monstrous shape,"

Yet I rejoice that there are still amongst you those who are not carried away by the follies of Fashion; and I was much amused to hear a conversation carried on between two plainly dressed women, as they were standing at the entrance to the market. A fashionable *belle* passed by in the height of the fashion, with all the superfluities of garniture and equipage; and as she went by the one remarked to the other: "Zounds! but if those humps were only natural, how soon she would apply to a physician to have them cut off." I thought there was much truth in the remark, and dear GRIP, I ask you to take this post; act as the physician for these dear creatures, and by the sharp incisive knife of witticism and rebuke, remove from amongst us these "monstrosities," who degrade the female form divine into a gross caricature.

I often hear the wish expressed when I am near by, that GRIP would notice the peculiar failings of this or that individual, and am sorry to see the number of letters that are received by you dear GRIP, giving accounts of private misdeeds or escapades amongst the younger members of the community. You cannot take part in these; you only notice those greater evils in the community, which are confined to classes—not individuals, and feel sure your lady admirers will not take the arrow as pointed individually at themselves, but at the class of which they unfortunately may be the representatives. I trust, in the above instances, their shadows may grow less.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

Nursery Rhymes for Young Canada.

No. II.

JOHNNY A. Horner sat in a corner,
Eating political pie;
He put in his thumbs and pulled out some plums,
And said What a good boy am I.

He divided the cheer with those who sat near,
And a rare jolly lot were the boys;
But spoilt was their fun, helter-skelter they run,
In the midst of their boisterous noise.

For DAME CANADA hears, and greatly she fears
Her stock of good things is diminished;
She opens the door, and Lo! on the floor,
Sees her nice Christmas pie has been finished.

Then down with a whack on poor little Jack's back,
Comes the birch with a terrible noise;
While DAME CANADA said, gravely shaking her head,
"What a warning to bad little boys."

THE RHYMING CANDIDATES.

A pleasant social meeting of the candidates for the Mayoralty, took place the other evening, at an up-town oyster parlour. The gentlemen treated one another with the utmost courtesy, and parted at the close of the evening with a mutual feeling of affection almost strong enough to lead each to prefer the other before himself, and vote accordingly. Mr. ALDERMAN CLEMENTS, too, was present, by special invitation; and occupied the chair. During the evening it was suggested by the Waiter that the gentlemen should exercise their wits at impromptu rhyming; which practice, he said was both "amusin' and hinstuctive." This was heartily agreed to, and

MAYOR MANNING lead off as follows.—

My subject for to rhyme, it is *The Globe*,
Which the same is a dirty old rag,
It says that I resigned the other day,
But I'll be hanged if I resign a single peg!

The guests all shouted "Bravo!" as his worship dropped into his seat, and re-adjusted his eye glass; but the waiter who was exceedingly calm, pointed out that the measure was faulty.

Mr. MEDCALF was next called for. It was evident from his fixed and vacant stare that a terrible struggle was going on in his mind. Suddenly he burst out with:—

Dear friends and fellow citizens, I send my card—
Which asks your vote, and * * * regard—
In the struggle * * * for the Mayor—
And * * * MEDCALF'S toes is Square.

When the applause had subsided, Mr. MEDCALF explained that owing to the defectiveness of his memory, he couldn't recall *Grip's* verses exactly; but he hoped they'd excuse him.

Mr. A. M. SMITH, whose turn came next, responded without hesitation:

(*Aside.*) *The Globe* is a good paper—
I'm stuck now, gentl'men, I swear!—
The *Globe* is a first-rate paper—and
And I'm a-goin' to be Mayor!

A cynical remark from the Waiter just here was drowned in the tumult of laughter and cheering that followed Mr. SMITH'S effort.

Mr. ALD. CLEMENTS was then petitioned to wind up the proceedings with a verse. The worthy gentleman found it useless to offer excuses, and so, assuming a characteristic attitude and his well-known facetious expression, he moistened his lips several times and proceeded:

"You three are candidates for the Mayoralty of the Queen City of the West—
The WAITER—interrupting—"Reg pardon, sir, but there ain't no such measurement known to poetry as that line."

You hold your tongue, young man,—and you, Gentlemen, pitch in and do your best!
(Cheers, and cries of "Good!")

Yes, better'n some folks chances of getting to be Mayor!—

(A VOICE.)—Dear CLEMENTS, you're a perfect brick!

And poet I declare!

Of course, after this, the meeting was adjourned.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

CANDOUR.—A prominent Yonge street merchant has posted conspicuous bills advertising his wares at "Fabulous Prices." He is perhaps the most candid tradesman on the street.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—We have received an intimation from the Spirit Land that a leading Banking establishment of this city intends instituting a libel suit against us, on the ground that there are usually only *two* Directors in its cashier's office and not *three*, as stated by Our Familiar Spirit last week. We will defend the action.

WE GIVE gratis the following information to the young ladies, not saying where we picked it up, viz:—Theological students do not consider it safe to become engaged to more than six young ladies at once, unless they reside widely apart from each other. University students scarcely go beyond *three*; and "Medicals" can carry the "confidence game" less still—only reaching *two*.

ILL NATURED.—To suggest that Mr. BICKFORD was brought out by a miserable ring, and that it was in accordance with the law of "Natural Selection."

ECCLIASTICAL NOTE.—Although the attack on high churchmen, lately published in the *Mail*, was stigmatized by the Rev. Mr. DARRING as cowardice; yet his reply in that paper on December 9th might be termed *Pusey-laninuous*.

THE *Welsh Herald* heads a paragraph with "CAN IN BE THEM?" We beg to remind our brother that, according to MURRAY, it certainly can't.



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on the Institution in which they received their
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