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Crip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

TERMS—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. JON. ROGERS & Co., Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 958, Toronto.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

Original contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. 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.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

No. 15.

**The ROAD, The RIVER, The RAIL**

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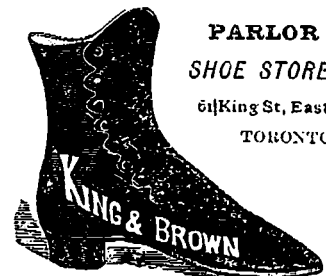
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## G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

## To Correspondents and Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully reminded that "brevity is the soul of wit," and GRIP desires to be a whole-souled Raven.

MR. BROWN.—It was kind of you to go to the trouble of copying one of TOM HOOD'S poems for us, but it was naughty to try to deceive a confiding bird like GRIP as to the authorship.

## More "Accommodation" Demanded.

THE comfort and convenience—may the crying necessities of our citizens are being utterly neglected. GRIP has received reliable information of several aggravated grievances which ought to receive immediate attention and redress at the hands of the authorities. For instance it is alleged that at a certain point on Queen street west, a new row of buildings has been erected and exclusively devoted to stores! There is not a single saloon under the roof, and the nearest establishment of that character is at least ten yards away. A respectable gentleman residing upon one of our private streets writes to say that there are only six saloons within a radius of fifty yards of his house, and that a place near by, suitable for a bar-room, is at present actually standing unoccupied. GRIP has reason to believe that there are several other cases of destitution equally discreditable to the Inspector of Licences and the Police Commissioners. MR. OGLE R. GOWAN, the Inspector, seems to be a thorough going prohibitionist in his way, making it an invariable rule not to permit the opening of more drinking dens than an average of one to every three houses on a street. By this course he is sadly restricting the number of those places of accommodation which are essential to the prosperity of the city and beneficial to the public morals. It is also charged that MR. GOWAN actually waits in his office until his services as Inspector of Licences are formally invoked in each particular case. This, if so, is too much for the people to bear. Toronto must have the requisite "accommodation," and the interests of all demand that MR. GOWAN should make it his business to see that plenty of licences are granted. True, the number of applications, always large, is constantly increasing, and an application is rarely if ever rejected by the authorities; but the desirable consummation would be brought about sooner if MR. GOWAN and the Police Commissioners would go personally in search of loose characters and little rookeries to licence. Let them not feel themselves debarred from this plain duty by any rash promise made to a Temperance deputation. The Temperance people know nothing of the amount of public accommodation required by a city of 60,000 inhabitants. We cheerfully and confidently anticipate the issuing of several hundred additional "licences to sell" before the end of the year.

## The Canadian Walton.

A "MIGHTY PISCATORIAL" ECGLOGUE.

SCENE—Near the west end of Front Street.

PISCATOR—VIATOR.

P.—Good morning, sir. I see by the fishing-pole in your hand you are bent on the same errand as myself.

V.—I am, sir. But being a stranger in these parts, and unacquainted with Canadian fishing, I would, if you will allow me to do so, place myself under your guidance, as I am unacquainted with the places where fish may be taken.

P.—I will gladly undertake the task, and would recommend the Queen's Wharf as the scene of your first essay. It is not far from where we are, and indeed I was journeying thither myself. But see! here is an honest ale-house. Have you ten cents about you?

V.—I have. *(They enter a tavern.)*

P.—Rye. Here's fun. *(They drink.)*

V.—I did not think your Canadian whiskey had been so good.

P.—Why, sir, it is what we claim to be famous for—next to our lumber trade. Let me tell you a man may drink worse whiskey in Ireland than he gets at this house. But let us proceed on our way.

V.—These lakes be very beautiful. But were it not better they were drained so that the land might be used. In England we are draining all pieces of water, inasmuch as they occupy land, and as persons may be drowned in them.

P.—I do not know whether the engineers could drain these lakes. Nor would I willingly see it done, as without the element of water where would the earth be? If the water were removed, how could you cross to yonder pleasant Island, much less to the State of New York? And then, think of the creatures which inhabit these waters.

V.—There are whitefish and salmon-trout sold daily in the streets. Shall we catch any where we are going?

P.—No, those are brought from a distance. But there are perch, which are a bold-biting fish, and afford excellent sport to young anglers; and I purpose to show you how to catch some. But look, here we are at the wharf, and we are betimes and can select a good place. There are not more than twenty anglers here yet.

V.—What kind of tackling shall I use?

P.—The hooks you have there are too small. I will give you one of mine in exchange for them, and if you fail to catch fish with it, it will be by your own fault.

V.—This is a very large hook.

P.—That should show you it is for very large fish, and you should rule your baiting accordingly.

V.—Is this water deep where we are sitting? For I cannot swim, and if I am pulled in I may be drowned.

P.—I have never seen an accident of that sort. Yet I have taken some marvellous huge perch here, as much as six inches long. And a brother angler of mine did the other day take a catfish. But these things are of rare occurrence.

V.—Oh master, a fish, a fish! Oh master, he is gone.

P.—'Twas through your precipitancy. You jerked him out so hurriedly he flew over your head and into the water behind you. But like enough he will return and bite again. What, another!

V.—And you have one, I see by the movement of your float. Why, sir, this is sport indeed.

*(They continue to catch small perch for about two hours.)*

V.—This has been glorious sport. I have caught nearly two dozen perch, beside this little white fish, of which I know not the name.

P.—It is called a shiner, and I have known pike caught with them in the river Humber and Ashbridge's Bay.

V.—Oh, master, will you take me with you? I should like to catch a pike.

P.—You may go often and catch none. Yet I would have you perfect your education in fishing ere you go there. Come with me to the Island next Saturday and I will show you how to catch sunfish. But you must have a care, for they be large and exceedingly ferocious, and there you may peradventure take a catfish or so among them. There is also a scarce fish in these parts called a bass, which I have seen grow to the bigness of a man's hands. But let us return to the hostelrie, if so be that you have any money upon you, and we will drink to the prosperity of anglers.

*(They retire accordingly.)*

## A Diamond from Collingwood.

THE banqueters at the Toronto Club, and other appreciative people who toast LORD DUFFERIN with so much truth and gracefulness as a nobleman of amiable parts, might make a good point by specifying His Excellency's exemplary patience under trial, and, by way of illustration, submitting the following poem, which was produced after a special invocation of the Muses by the bard of Collingwood, and published in the *Enterprise* of that town:

"The loyal men of Collingwood  
No more they shall be sad  
Since LORD DUFFERIN, and his Lady  
Visited them in an Iron Clad."

It seems the loyal men of Collingwood—and let us rejoice to think it was only the men who were afflicted—have by some means had their bosoms rent with the pangs of sadness. Reason not stated. It may have been caused by eating unripe fruit, or indigestion, or it may have been the rooted sorrow of unrequited love; but whatever induced it, henceforward sadness shall be suffered no settling-place in their souls since "LORD DUFFERIN and his Lady visited them in an iron-clad." Had they gone in a vessel of any other description the effect is left to conjecture. It might have been truly awful. But—

"Soon as their Feet touched the dock  
A beautiful sight they seen,  
The town was decorated  
With yellow, blue, and green."

The Bard tells us "their Feet touched the dock" and were at once ushered into a bower of exquisite loveliness, and "seen" a beautiful sight. Why he spells Feet with such a big F is not stated, and how the said Feet managed to see is also a mystery. These are probably mere eccentricities of genius and do not invite close scrutiny. We do not know where the "yellow and blue" came in, but it is easy to imagine what constituted the "green." There was doubtless a crowd at the dock.

"The first arch that they went under  
Was the Shamrock, Rose and Thistle,  
When the proud engine came along,  
It had to stop and whistle."



THE FELLOW YOU CAN'T "LIBEL."

Where the residents of Collingwood obtained those shamrocks may never be known, as there are none in Canada, but it was a graceful compliment to the Dominion Government to raise the native thistle aloft in all its pristine loveliness. Thistles look pretty on an arch; so much so that even the "proud engines" have to pause in their wild career and exhibit their delight by an expressive whistle. One could hardly imagine a word more fitted to rhyme with "whistle" than "thistle." This is good.

"The next arch came in their view  
Was built without a nail,  
He said it was more brilliant  
Than the Northern Comet's tail."

What a beautiful sentiment! We are dubious, though, if His Excellency ever said anything of the kind. The poet will please produce documentary evidence or a photograph of the occurrence, "not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith." One cannot be too careful in these days of exaggeration and libel suits.

"He did not proceed much further,  
Till another arch they soon  
He said they must be loyal  
To their beloved Queen."

Shades of LINDLEY MURRAY! And yet how could he help it? "Scen" is used as a pleasing rhyme with "Queen." Had the epigrammatist said "saw" he would also have had to say "Quaw." This would have been inpolite; indeed it would have been treasonable, and were not the Collingwoodheads warned that "they must be loyal?" But many poets would have never thought of that.

"Then, to view this Loyal Town,  
They drove around a square,  
Conducted by his Aidecamp  
In company with the Mayor."

The Aidecamp and the Mayor thus almost solved the mystery which has hovered about geometry for ages. If they did not actually "square the circle" they certainly "circled the square." Let us all rejoice. Life is brief. The hidden veil is removed and EUCLID stands unmasked!

"When they entered the westward  
The horses pulled hard upon the bits  
I'll wager my life the Governor Cries  
They feel the smell of Grits."

"Then he drove towards the dock,  
Along on the first street  
His eyes did sparkle in his head,  
When he saw the Collingwood fleet."

How modest, and yet how grand. The "Collingwood fleet"—several fishing smacks and a scow! No wonder HIS EXCELLENCY'S eyes "did sparkle," although how they could conveniently sparkle anywhere else than "in his head," as the man of verse beautifully expresses it, is not quite clear. On this point the poet is provokingly dumb.

"The proud Chicora flew her bunting,  
Being master of the bay;  
A token she was ready  
To carry those guests away."

The Chicora, it seems, was also "proud," and flew her bunting. "Mistress" of the bay might have been safely used, but great minds run in strange grooves. There is no accounting for tastes. To this day some people prefer apples to onions.

"The Collingwood fleet escorted them,  
Their hearts being loyal and true,  
They reminded me of Lord NELSON,  
Who was admiral of the blue."

The reference made to Lord NELSON as "Admiral of the Blue" is very touching, not to say flattering. How his noble soul would thrill with conscientious pride at being alluded to as full commander of a Collingwood fleet, could he but peruse this poem. But GRIP understands he is dead:

"They cruised around the Georgian Bay  
A few moments over an hour,  
They said they would never come back to Collingwood  
As long as the Grits would be in power."

What a glorious close. What a fitting finale to a charming epic poem! How the pure and adulterated sentimentality gushes forth free and unrestrained in all its wonted chasteness. Dear, dear! No pent up Utica confines his powers, so our poet generously measures one line with a fishing pole and the next with a six inch rule.

That one possessing the poetic genius of this author should have so long wasted his sweetness outside of the *Canadian Monthly* is a pity. But now that GRIP has brought him out, let the *literati* of this country do something for him, for, with the humility inseparable from real greatness, he hesitates to ask any favours of the present Government. Our soul is troubled for the future welfare of this true son of song. Let him be encouraged. In the meantime let him be put in gaol.

#### A New Disease.

THE staid and respectable workman who made up the forms of *The Globe* for its issue of Saturday last, has puzzled the doctors with this announcement:

DIED.—At No.— Lally's Terrace, George-street, on the 18th inst., the wife of Mr. — of a son.

## Croaks.

A WICKED youth, reading "The wife of ALEX. BRIMSFIN of a son," suggested for the child the name HELEN.

The predictions of the Tory press are likely to be fulfilled, as Hon. GEORGE BROWN promises at last to become a *National* calamity.

GRIP proposes that the monotony be broken by making it "A dress to Lady DUFFERIN."

In comparing the numerous presentations to the Governor-General, Lambton county gains a mighty advantage, as each of the others is considered "not the cheese."

It is a matter of inquiry as to whether the Cons. of South Perth will again invite a Guest to try the occupation of the legislative seat. We Trow not.

HIS EXCELLENCY Lord DUFFERIN is said to have been much pleased by his hospitable reception at Goderich, where a flag bearing the word "welcome" was hung over the main entrance to the gaol. He was forced to smile.

A GENTLEMAN who undergoes the barbarous operation of clipping according to the latest style may well be proud of his hirsute up-endage.

ADVICE TO DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—Be Wylie.

THE PENALTY OF FAME.—To have one's name pass from a proper to a common noun.

Now that the Public Worship Bill has passed, and young ladies can no longer employ their time in embroidering vestments, popular young English curates will have a large supply of slippers and jam.

PALERFAMILIAS says it is as much as twenty-four hours peace of mind is worth, to forget to bring the paper home since this BEECHER-TILTON affair commenced.

FARMER CLOSEFIST, of Essex, is partial to woman suffrage. He says he sold his vote for \$10, and if the old woman could have done the same, they might have built a new hen-house with the proceeds.

A FRIEND, who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoken his wedding garments, as he prefers a suit for the fulfilment of his promise to a suit for breach of it.

#### A Happy Event.

MARRIED.—In Edna, by the Rev. ROBERT RENWICK, Mr. ROBERT JOLLY, merchant, West Moncton, to Miss ANNIE GOLIGHTLY, of the same place.—*Stratford Herald.*

(Epigram on the above by an eligible young woman.)

SOME spinsters of the "sour grapes" style  
Say matrimony's folly:—  
But where's the girl of sense who'd not  
Go LIGHTLY to be JOLLY?

#### Our Cousins German.

WHILE English, Scotch and Irish immigrants publicly cherish the memories of their native lands, especially as regards the animosities, how beautiful it is to behold our German fellow-citizens keeping up the institutions of theirs in so peaceful a fashion, and to see the distinguished Teutonic cognomen of MALONEY at the head of the great Singersfest at Waterloo. And yet we have heard GAMBALDI, GEORGE WASHINGTON, GEORGE BROWN, R. M. ALLEN, and other distinguished individuals, claimed as compatriots by Irish enthusiasts solely on the ground of their names.

#### The Right Way and the Wrong.

LORD DUFFERIN'S family legend, *Per Vias Rectas*, is a noble one, and his Lordship strives manfully to live up to it in all the relations of life. It is a great pity some of our well-meaning and truly loyal address-makers would not, in their patriotic affection, adopt the line, and give it some consideration, for they could not but see that over-reading and over-hand-shaking a gentleman—however kindly done—are not "right ways" of increasing the pleasures of his summer trip.

#### Classics for the City Council.

HORATIAN motto for Alderman BAXTER: "*Mox recit rates.*" Froely translated to save trouble: "He soon puts the rates to rights." (See report of last council meeting.)

#### Truthful Transformation.

Our facetious contemporary *Quip*, of St. John, N.B., is about to change his title, and will for the future be known as "*Clip.*"

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Printed at the Office of the **MONETARY TIMES,** 64 and 66 Church Street, Toronto.