

**PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.**

Griff 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. FISHER & TAYLOR, Agents, 35 YONGE Street.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, care of Mr. A. S. IRVING, Exclusive Wholesale Agent, No. 35 King Street West.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
35 King St. West, Toronto.

OFFICE
and
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY.

Five Cents.

For sale at all the Bookstores.

London, E.: I. M. Rogers,
31 Bonverie Street.

N. York: American News
No., Nassau St.

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.**

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 308. 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. 2.

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1874.

No. 21.

FRESH ARRIVALS.

PURE

MAPLE SYRUP

From the Sap, and choice

MAPLE SUGAR

IN BLOCKS.

FRESH ASPARAGUS

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Fresh Mushrooms & Green Peas

FROM FRANCE.

ALSO

FRESH GREEN CORN

AND STRING BEANS.

CARLING'S ALE

Down to \$1.25 per dozen quarts.

Also in hhds., half-barrels, and quarter-barrels, for family use.

A Liberal Price paid for Ale and Porter Bottles. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly executed.

THOS. GRIFFITH & CO.,

London and Italian Warehouse,

218 YONGE STREET,

CORNER ALBERT AND YONGE.

JAS. H. SAMO & CO.

(Late WELLS & STEWART)

Furniture Manufacturers,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Toronto and surrounding towns to their well-selected stock of

FURNITURE,

consisting of

PARLOR,
DRAWING ROOM,
DINING ROOM,
LIBRARY, and
BED ROOM SUITES.

We would call particular notice to our fine assortment of

REPS, TERRYS & COTELINES,

Suitable for covering Drawing Room Suites.

Our Stock of

WOOD AND CANE SEAT CHAIRS

is now complete for both
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

The only house in the city where the
Self-Adjusting Spring Bed

is to be purchased.

Hair, Wool, Mixed and Straw Mattresses

Constantly on hand and made to order.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Paid to laying Carpets and Hanging Curtains.

UPHOLSTERING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

JAS. H. SAMO & CO.,

187 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

**UNION MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.,**

Established 1849.

OFFICE - - TEMPLE CHAMBERS,

Toronto St., Toronto.

Assets, \$8,000,000. Reserve, \$1,000,000.

Receipts for 873, \$2,171,996.64.

This Company is purely mutual, and unites with low rates the most ample security; persons desiring insurance would do well to examine the unusually liberal features offered by this Company before insuring elsewhere.

J. H. McNAIRN,
General Agent.

**DANIEL SPRY,
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,**

GENERAL GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS,

AND PROVISIONS.

135 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

PORTRAITS.

LIFE SIZE IN OIL,

BY

BRIDGMAN & FORSTER

39 King St. West (over Ewing & Co.)

TORONTO.

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A. B., Brockville—Will write you privately.
We are overſtocked with rhymetrical diuſions; will our contributors oblige by writing proſe occaſionally.

HIGH, LOW, JACK AND THE GAME.

There be many—unregenerate and innocent, perhaps—to whom the bickerings and quarrellings of the high tweedledums and the low tweedledees of the Church Militant furniſh food for inextinguishable laughter, and GRIP does not feel at all certain for himſelf whether he ought to laugh or to weep over the unedifying ſpectacle. On the whole, ſeeing there is no real religion in the matter and that to tears he is all unuſed, he inclines to the mirthful view of the queſtion. Imagine grave and reverend ſeigneurs, with much heat and exhibition of spleen, bad temper, and all uncharitableneſs, arguing the important queſtion of the colour of the dreſs which ſhall be worn in the pulpit and out of it; of the veſtments; of the modulations of the voice in reading the ſervices; of whether this ſhall be ſung, chanted or ſpoken, or whether it ſhall be intoned after a faſhion that certainly would meet no favour in any ſchool in which elocution is a leading ſubject of education; and of many other ſimilarly important and corner-ſtone topics. Faith, Hope and Charity are of little conſequence and rightly meet with no attention from the reverend debaters and their lay aſſociates. And the fun of it is, that there are ſome who ſcarceſy know whether they are High or whether they may count themſelves among the Low; and, in fact, if they were to be catechized, they would be unable to define their poſition. GRIP is not ſurpriſed at their uncertainty, and he would ſuggeſt to all intereſted that before they waſh ſo much dirty linen in public, there ſhould be a perfect underſtanding come to as to where Low Church ends and High Church begins, and further, where High Church ends and ſomething elſe begins. Darling ſchemes of propogandiſm, to be fought out to the bitter end, GRIP thinks, had better be poſtpoſed for all time, and the war waged ament forms and ceremonies be put an end to; unleſs, indeed, thoſe who aſſure to themſelves the title of "Church Militant" wiſh people to underſtand the word "militant" to indicate a ſtate of perpetual pugiliſm among themſelves and not a condition of warfare as againſt the world, the fleſh, and his Satanic Majeſty.

Grip in Council.

PRESENT.—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q. C., WILLIAM SPAKEQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Taxes! Taxes!! Taxes!!!

SLOWCUM.—It would ſeem that three million dollars of our hard earned money has to go to make up this blamed deficit that comes in with our new Miniſtry.

TONGUEGRASS.—Yes, my boy; your tea and your coffee and your ſugar will be dearer to you than ever; and whiskey, thank CARRWRIGHT, will be almoſt out of your reach. Sobriety will hereafter be one of your leading characteristics.

SLOWCUM.—Now, you know very well, TIMOTHY, that I never drink.

SMALLWIT.—Well, he could go on the *oh I owe* plan in any event.

SPAKEQUEER.—Would to heaven it had croſſed the Finance Miniſter's mind to impoſe an exciſe tax on puns by way of increaſing the revenue!

TONGUEGRASS.—If the duty were an *ad valorem* one, I am thinking Maſter PAT here would not be called upon to contribute very much.

SLOWCUM.—Ha, ha, ha!

RUDGE.—What ails the man?

SLOWCUM.—Why, I am laughing at what SMALLWIT ſaid juſt now. Did none of you ſee the joke?

GRIP.—No more of that. Time is too precious for ſuch foolery.

TONGUEGRASS.—Have you heard of the ſevere leſſon which has been taught the great "Globe" ament its freedom of ſpeech, *re BICKFORD*?

RUDGE.—A ſhilling damages, is it not?

TONGUEGRASS.—Yes. It muſt have been hard for the Senatorial Managing Director to remain quietly in Washington when he received the news.

SPAKEQUEER.—Yes, he with difficulty refrained from throwing Reciprocity to the four winds, and ruſhing back to make financial arrangements to meet this ſo heavy draft upon the reſources of his Company!

SMALLWIT.—Perhaps he drew on the banks of the Potomac for the amount.

SLOWCUM.—In what way would that be of any ſervice to him?

TONGUEGRASS.—The verdict in the "Witness" libel ſuit was an intelligent one, was it not? How devoutly we muſt all believe in trial by jury when we find jurors ſo ignorant of their duties as not to know whether to find the defendants guilty or the plaintiffs not guilty, and actually to render a verdict in this latter ſenſe!

SPAKEQUEER.—'Tis every Briton's right to be tried by a jury of his peers. Take that away, and what becomes of the Conſtitution? Inevitably would its main prop be knocked from under it.

SLOWCUM.—I cannot ſee for my part why twelve men, picked at random from houſe to houſe, or alphabetically, as the caſe may be, ſhould be ſuppoſed to be endowed with much intelligence, and be competent to give a deciſion frequently in very intricate caſes.

RUDGE.—How would a permanent jury answer?

TONGUEGRASS.—There might be an arrangement made for keeping a dozen or more men out of reach of all news, the daily papers to be carefully prevented from reaching them; and theſe men might be compelled to ſtudy, when not in court, all ſorts of legal and brain-befogging queſtions, including the queſtions of free-will and predeſtination, and thus qualify themſelves for their professional work.

SPAKEQUEER.—It would be well that they ſhould always feed on the fatneſs of the land, ſo that in caſe of poſſible diſagreement judicious deprivation of food would ſoon bring them—all unuſed to faſting—to combine on a verdict one way or the other.

GRIP.—I will have it ſo. The idea pleaſes me well. A professional jury muſt take the place of the historic twelve. And now I would be alone, ſo get out.

THE ACADIAN FISHERMAN.

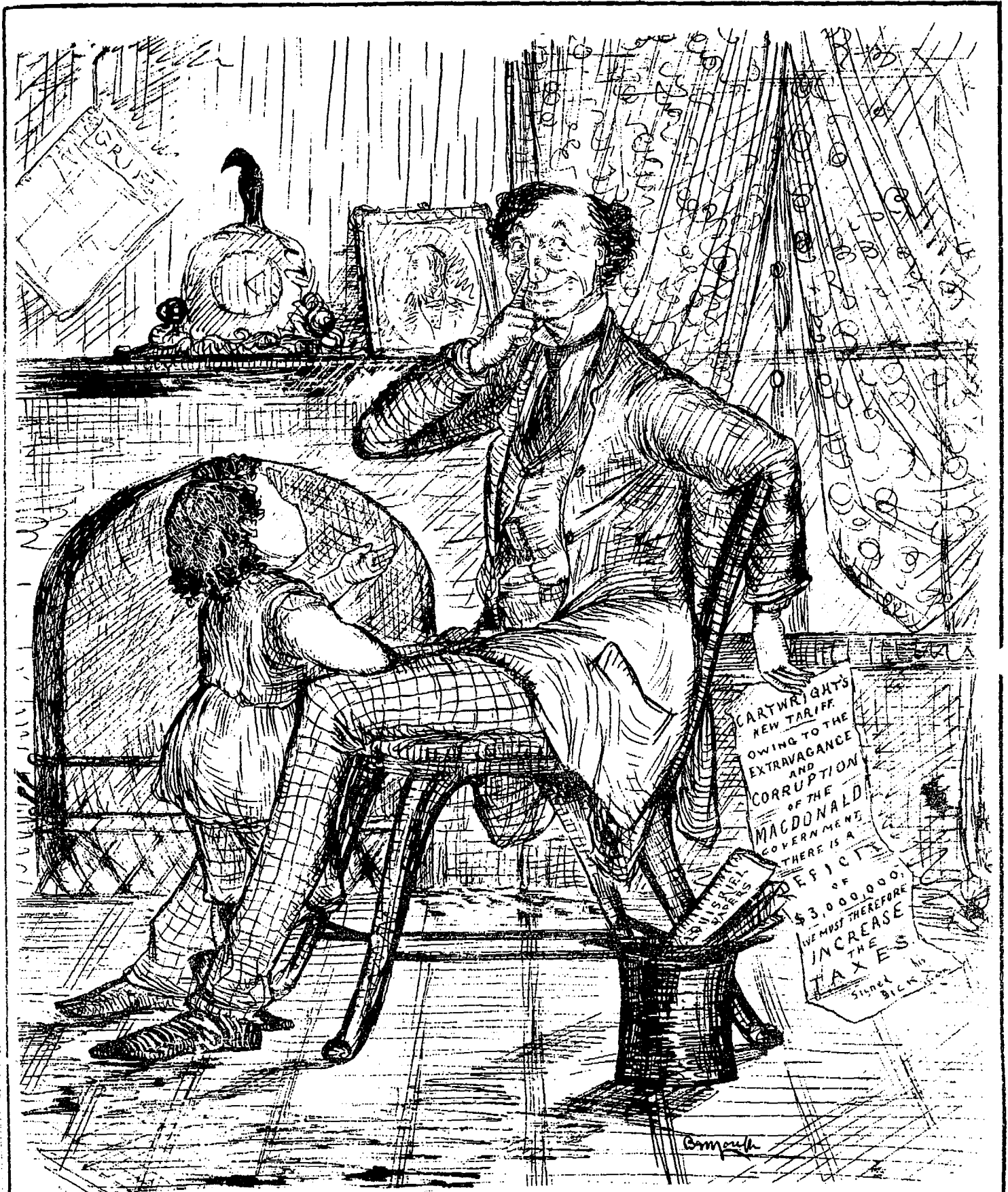
Sublime ſeems the fiſherman's calling to me,
The child of the cottage that looks on the ſea;
By the hillſide that ſlopes to the beach was he bred,
Where breezes from ocean rooked cradle and bed.
Where father and mother had breaſted the ſtorm,
Still coſy the home that has ſheltered his form;
Brave fathers, brave ſons, as they ever muſt be,
Who live, love and labour beſide the great ſea!

The reſort of the bright finny tribes he explores
Tho' Atlantic be ſtormy and deep waters ſeeth;
No labour too great for his arms and his oars,
For the breeze born of freedom, alone does he breathe.
The ſtorm it may gather, the breakers may roar,
But the eyes of a loved one ſhine bright on the ſhore;
Brave fathers, brave brothers, they ever muſt be
Who live, love and labour, afloat by the ſea!

The wind rocks his cottage ſo coſy and warm,
The deep has its perils—ſtill dreams he of bliſs;
More ſoundly he ſleeps, louder whiſtles the ſtorm,
His cares are but bliſſings, what cares he for this?
Up! up! with the morning—he ſtems the ſwift tide
Where ſea-birds can hover, his boatie can ride;
The bright finny treaſures his guerdon will be
Who lives as a toiler afloat on the ſea!

As brave as the warrior ſkilled to command,
With arms ſhowing muſcle inured to the race;
More ſwift than the trooper who ſpeeds over land
He moves on the wave, full of vigor and grace.
Such qualities rare in the fiſherman meet,
The nation may truſt him for manning the fleet;
The pride of his country ſo fearless and free,
Who lives as he labours true ſon of the ſea!

He pilots the "derlict" over the main,
To harbour, where foes are forbidden to ride;
His ſong is of peace with warlike refrain,
As he welcomes the "walf" of the in-ruſhing tide.
Perchance 'tis ſome ſtorm-shattered prize he may get,
Come by luck—'tis all fiſh to the fiſherman's net;
Whatever the ſalvage—deſerved it will be,
By his ſkiff and his daring redeem'd from the ſea.



A TOUCHING APPEAL.

("TOUCHING" THE SECRET OF INCREASED TAXATION.)

YOUNG CANADA—"SAY, UNCLE JOHN, WON'T YOU GIVE ME A 'DEFICIT?' MA SAYS YOU GAVE THE GRITS ONE!"

The Fisher in progress is making his mark,
As oarsman, his champion flag is unfurled ;
His smile is not child-like—his ways are not dark !
Tho' known be the name that has challenged the world.
Tho' years have flown by since his work had begun,
When he hooked the sea-trout by the rivulet's run ;
The veteran oarsman still fearless and free
Draws wealth from the ocean—and lives by the sea !
HUGH MOUR.

Grip's Political Parodies.

HAMLET—Act I, scenes IV and V. Slightly altered.

ARGUMENT—The Hon. E. BLAKE having attended a political meeting in West Durham at the late Dominion election, retires to rest at a country tavern, having inadvertently joined a supper party where there were bad wine and bad oysters ; sleep deserts his eyelids and suddenly, as the clock strikes 12, the ghost of THOMAS SCOTT appears in the middle of the room. BLAKE starts from the bed with terror-stricken countenance and—

BLAKE—(Loq :) Angels and Ministers of State defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bethy intents wicked or political?
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak : I'll call thee THOMAS SCOTT,
Friend, countrymen, volunteer : O answer !
Keep me not lingering in suspense but tell
Why thy bleached bones which I have rattled
From every stump in fair Ontario
Have burst their cerements ; why the coffin
Wherein (O infamy !) we know thou wast
Incased alive hath oped its wooden jaws
To cast thee up again ? what may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again in earthly garb
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night horrible ; and me a politician
So horribly to shake my disposition
With thought beyond the reaches of my soul ?
Say, why is this ? Wherefore ? What should I do ?

GHOST— I am SCOTT's spirit,
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night—
That SCOTT whom thou hast used from time to time
For purposes of thine own, political.
Thou know'st the secrets of my prison-house ;
That tale should harrow up thy soul, and freeze
Thy blood ! my murderer RIEL thou has denounced
And for his head five thousand dollars offered.
But this eternal blazon must not be—
If thou would'st ever THOMAS SCOTT revenge.

BLAKE—Oh Ghost be not too hard ! with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
I'll sweep to thy revenge.

GHOST— I find thee apt.
But thou wast apt before and it is hard
To trust these politicians, tricksters they're called
In realms of fire from whence I upwards come.
If thou hast nature in thee bear it not ;
But hasto and let not CAUCHON's taunts and jibes
Detor thee from thine own true proper course.
Adieu ! adieu ! O BLAKE, remember me.

Exit.

BLAKE falls back on the bed exhausted, just then the landlord enters to see what the row is about and is in time to hear the following :—

BLAKE—(Loq :) He's gone, alas poor Ghost! remember thee ?
Ay, thou poor ghost, if it should suit my plans—
For 'tis my creed that party should be first
And ghosts and country come in afterwards.
At all events I'll go. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right !

TONGUE IN CREEK.—An imbibing clerk, in the employ of the literary concern of Dun Brown & Wyman, whose duty consists in affixing the stamps to theirdunning letters, has recently applied for an increase of salary on thegrounds that his tongue is dry, and he has to providehis own lick-er!

Evenings with the Poets.

II.

MODERN MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. W-H-T-R.

MAUD MULLER, one fine summer's day,
Owed five dollars she couldn't pay ;
So she bent her way to the far-off town,
And blew her nose on her cotton gown ;
(For MAUD was no fool, though in her station
She'd had ne'er the ghost of an education—

Dropping her "E's" and putting them in
Where "H's" never ought to have been).

She paused awhile, and a vague unrest
As of kleptomania filled her breast ;

A wish that each minute had stronger grown
To appropriate something not her own.

* * * *

'Twas Fate that made the Judge draw rein
In his gaudy glitter of watch and chain ;

That made him stay as he shouldn't have stayed,
To flirt awhile with that peasant maid.

He swore he loved her, and chucked her chin,
As she blushed and tittered, "ain't that *too thin*."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers and trees,
Till she thought that he was as green as these.

Then chatted awhile, and at last rode on,
Nor recked of how his *time had gone* !

Next day in radiant sunshine broke,
Next day Miss M. from sleep awoke,

And a manly form at her side she saw—
Policeman X in the name of Law.

By close of day that false and frail,
Though pretty, Miss MULLER was lodged in gaol ;

But never more did the Judge regain
That good old watch and that heavy chain.

And never again in a shady glade
Does he stop to flirt with a rustic maid ;

For he thinks of the day he once drew rein,
And what happened then, and what might again !

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

When politicians stoop to folly
And find too late that "pals" betray,
What charms can soothe the melancholy,
What art can wash their guilt away ?

The fav'rite art with such 'old sinners,
To hide their shame from rivals eye
Is, to rise and speak at public dinners,
And pay some editor to—lie !

OH, BANQUET NOT !

THE SENATOR'S INVITATION.

Oh ! banquet not in restricted bowers
Where templars resort, but come with me,
For there's a saug place near this Senate of ours
Where one can get something better than tea.
And there we may have our wines or beers
And many a cup with impunity pour—
Our guests, old comrades of former years,
Our toast "the time when parties are o'er."

Thus while the Senate's sanction screens
The cocktail in its den,
We'll trim the bowl to "Ways and Means,"
To measures and to men.
Or, as some thirsty members are
Just visiting this favour'd spot,
We'll drink, "the House of Commons' bar,"
Where liquors are unmix'd, forgot !

NEW AND SEASONABLE.

Just received, a choice assortment of
**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,**

In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Pads in sets of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisettes.

A New and General Variety of Switches.

Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch, to match any color, style or pattern. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made to order

GEORGE ELLIS,
Wholesale and Retail, 179 Yonge St., Toronto.
Four doors from Queen St., East side.

MINISTERIAL GALOP

WITH
LARGE PORTRAIT
OF

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

IN PRESS. WILL BE READY IN A FEW
DAYS.
Wholesale and retail by
THOS. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge St.

BURNING FLUID.

NO SMOKE! NO CHIMNEY!

A Splendid Night-Light, suitable for Hotels, Stores and Private Dwellings.

The Cheapest and Best Burning Fluid.

LAMPS, suitable for Burning the Fluid, only
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

All the Principal Hotels in Toronto use it.

HUGH MILLER & CO., CHEMISTS,
167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

TO THE TRADE ONLY

FOR LATEST PATTERNS IN
ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION
HAIR GOODS,

At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

APPLY TO THE

New Dominion Chignon Factory,

96 YONGE ST., TORONTO,

FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

PACIFIC RAILWAY SCANDAL

More light thrown on it by

Anderson's Family Safety Oil

IN THE

CANADIAN SAFETY LAMP

Than by the Royal Commission.

**ANDERSON'S
LIGHTNING LUBRICATOR,**

Admitted to be the best in use.

Extra quality of *Canadian Rock Oil* 20 Cents per gallon.
Dayton's Gas Carburettor on Exhibition every Saturday evening.

ISAAC ANDERSON & CO.,
No. 11 Adelaide St. East.

YOUNG MEN

Prepared for Business at

DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

No. 82 King Street East, Toronto.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION comprises the Science of Accounts and Business Practice, Commercial Law, Commercial computations, English Grammar, and Commercial correspondence, and other branches incident to a Business Education. This Institution is UNEQUALLED for the THOROUGHNESS of its COURSE and the EFFICIENCY of its GRADUATES. Many young men instructed by MR. DAY are occupying responsible positions, and by the satisfactory manner in which they discharge their office duties reflect great credit on the Institution in which they received their business training.

For terms and circular, containing letters of commendation from leading business men of the country, address, post paid, JAMES E. DAY, Accountant, Toronto.

J. EDWARDS.

IMPORTER OF

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

PAPER-HANGINGS,

PAPER AND LINEN

WINDOW SHADES,

STATIONERY, ETC.

136 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

TORONTO TEA COMPANY

ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS

161 King Street East,

(East Market Square.)

The number of customers that daily crowd our store is a proof that we give great satisfaction. Give us a trial and judge for yourselves.

FISHER & TAYLOR,

CUSTOM BROKERS,

COLLECTIONS, HOUSE, ESTATE, AND
GENERAL AGENTS,

35 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

CITY BANK,

MONTREAL.

SAVINGS BANK

DEPARTMENT,

262 YONGE STREET,

West Side, two doors north of Trinity Square.

SUMS OF FIVE DOLLARS & UPWARDS

RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

and interest allowed thereon at the rate of 5 per cent, subject to withdrawal without notice or rebate of interest.

Sterling Bills from £5 upwards, and Gold and Currency Drafts on New York, sold at current rates.

The office being open every evening from 7 to 8, and on Saturdays from 7 to 9, it offers great facilities to Mechanics and others who are unable to leave their occupations during the day.

GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!

OYSTERS!

AT

WHYTE'S MANSION,

60 KING STREET EAST.

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to his customers, begs to inform the public generally that he has, by the advice of his friends, added to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties favoring him with a call can be served with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.

Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

TO PRINTERS.

FOR SALE.—About 100 lbs. (Roman and Italic) BREVIER, second-hand, part copperfaced, in case. Price 20 cents per lb. Specimens and particulars on application to

TYPE.

Care "Grip," Toronto.

J. DAMER & CO.,

Have now opened and are selling

BOOTS AND SHOES

Cheaper than any other House
in the City,

AT

77 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. F. COLEMAN & CO.

65 YONGE STREET,

Have a Large Stock of

COAL!

CALL AND SEE IT.