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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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 No. 2 Toronto St, Toronto.

G R I P.

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MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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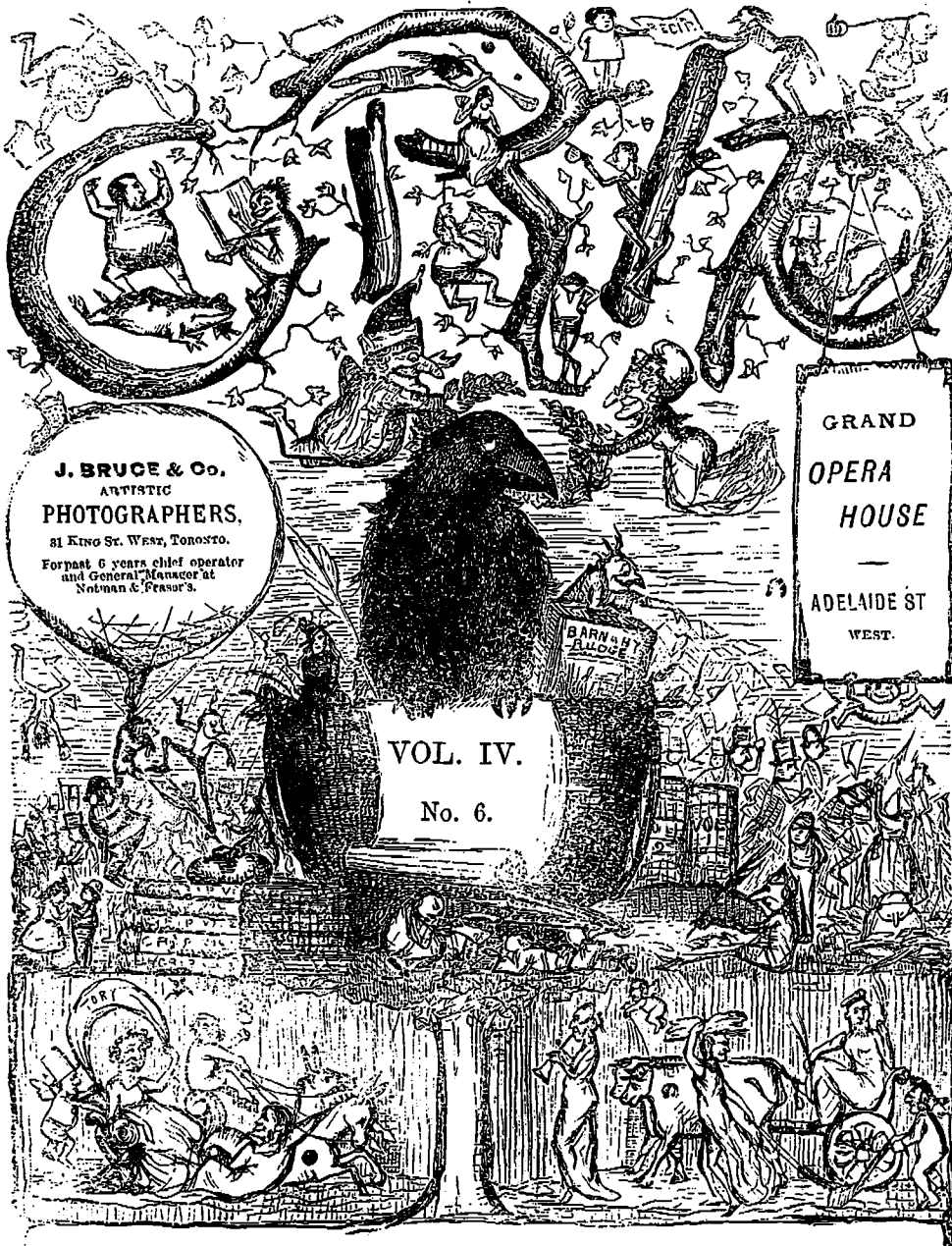
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, JANUARY 2, 1875.

1875.

GRIP has the felicity of wishing his innumerable patrons a Happy New Year for the second time, and on this occasion is proud to be able to do so from his own elegant headquarters—No. 2, Toronto Street. It would be fitting here to say something about the year just past, but as his licensed poetaster has treated that theme in another column, it will not be necessary. But a few words about the incoming year will be *apropos*. Let it be of a business character, and let the humorous literati throughout the Dominion make a note of it. We are anxious to organize a staff of regular contributors, whom we are now in a position to remunerate adequately for their services. One editor may always be found at the above address, where he will be pleased to receive literary favours. Poets who have trash to dispose of had better take it round to the *Globe* office; prose writers who deal in a similar commodity needn't call at No. 2; but genius will receive every encouragement from GRIP. All correspondence of a business nature may be addressed as above. But our foreman says there isn't room in the form for any further remarks, so we desist.

The Question of the Hour.—Plain Words from the Candidates.

MEDCALF, HIS VIEWS.

My ideas on this question is, I want to be elected,—
Another twelve months' salary I've all along expected;—
I can't abear the notion of bein' left at home,
And be obliged from day to day around the streets to roam,
A doin' simply nothin', which, if I was only Mayor
I might be doin' jest the same—but then the civic chair
Would give me sort of dignity—which Nature has denied—
And wot is still more better—fifteen hundred dolls. beside.
There's lots of parties gettin' up in this Toronto city
Which says (the impudent galoots!) they think it is a pity
If 'mongst the 60,000 that makes up our population
There can't be found a citizen of worth and reputation
Who can act as our chief magistrate—a man with brains and heart,
Who, if he don't wear square-toed boots will net the square-toed part.
Now 'course by that they mean to hint I'm not a fit and proper
Person for to take the chair, but I don't care a copper,
In answer to them slanders I have to say this here:
Go and vote for MEDCALF to be Mayor another year.
Oh, about them tavern licenses—well, I won't make any pledges—
They're apt to put a candidate on wot's called the "ragged edges;"
I want to get the groggery votes, and so I simply mention
That if elected, I will give the subjeck some attention—
Don't get alarmed, dear Boniface, them words don't smell of treason,
You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours for still another season.

MORRISON, HIS VIEWS.

I am a jolly old candidate,
And here my opinion will candidly state
On the Licensing Question, so rife;
The subject is one which attention demands,
And if I'm put in, 'twill receive at my hands,
No politics, none! 'pon my life!

I don't think it well to increase the saloons,
Consider that one of my temperance tunes,
Leastwise, till the polling is o'er;
But I wouldn't, dear friends, by too SHARPE on my notes,
As I don't just object to the groggery votes—
But—no politics—never—no more!

I think, my dear friends, that the best way to do
(At least it's the best from my own point of view)
Is to give the whole subject the hoist—
Let MACKENZIE & Co. take the matter in hand—
'Tis their work, not ours, as I understand,
But—no politics—give me a rest!

M'CORD, HIS VIEWS.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language in plain,
McNABB's ways are dark,
And they go 'gainst my grain;
But I think I've a plan to reform him,
Which the same I would rise and explain.

One's a temperance man
Of the three on the Board;
There'll be two in the van
If you'll just say the word,
On Monday to oust DADDY SQUARETOES,
Just walk up and vote for McCORD!

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

It is common with the rest of Toronto, GRIP has received considerable delight from the representation of one of SHAKESPEARE'S most delightful plays at Mrs. MORRISON'S Grand Opera House. He thinks it as well to give some of the opinions he heard in addition to his own views of the subject. On enquiring of a somewhat *blase* youth of some thirteen summers his opinion he was told, "Well, the transformation scene was awful pretty and the acting wan't bad, but the play was a poor thing." A lady informed us it "was a sort of fairy extravaganza for children, very pretty, but not for grown up people." And an enthusiastic young Canadian told us he "didn't think much of SHAKESPEARE, that sort of thing was played out." Such is their veneration for the Swan of Avon. They would abuse the Raven of Chigwell if they were not afraid of him. Yet when GRIP went there he saw a large audience, who mostly looked pleased and laughed at the right things—as a rule, and seemed somehow to appreciate the played-out bard. GRIP compliments Mr. HARRY RICH on his rendering of *Bottom the Weaver* and Mr. COULDOCK on his *Peter Quince*. To the gentleman who played *Thisbe*, he would say he does not think he could have assumed more comic helplessness himself if arrayed in a long dress, but not having tried he doesn't know. "Hard-handed men of Athens," well-done! Fairies, especially little tiny one, GRIP is pleased with you. *Oberon* and *Second Fairy*, you sang very prettily. *Titania* you took a few liberties with SHAKESPEARE'S words, GRIP forgives you this once, but don't do it again, or your good looks will not save you from the punishment due to those who play such tricks. Still you ruled your pretty little fairy court very nicely and we would be almost content to wear an ass's head with *Bottom* to be waited on by you and your tiny sprites. Fairies and Amazons, you marched and counter-marched excellently. *Theseus*, continue to be dignified. *Hippolyta*, remember *Touchstone's* advice to *Andrey* and don't be always holding your dress no. *Helena* you played excellently. *Hermia*, you might improve matters without much difficulty. Musicians, you gave MENDELSSOHN'S lovely music satisfactorily. The transformation scene was quite worthy our young friend's commendation. Lastly GRIP congratulates Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE on having only inserted one political allusion in this drama, and as that related to Queen ELIZABETH, he thinks it may pass. GRIP hopes that mediums will convey this gratifying intelligence to the spirit land. In the name of the Toronto public, at least, the intelligent portion thereof, he expresses his thanks to Mr. MORRISON for having produced the "Dream" in a manner only equalled by himself in the accompanying sketch.

The Record of a Year.

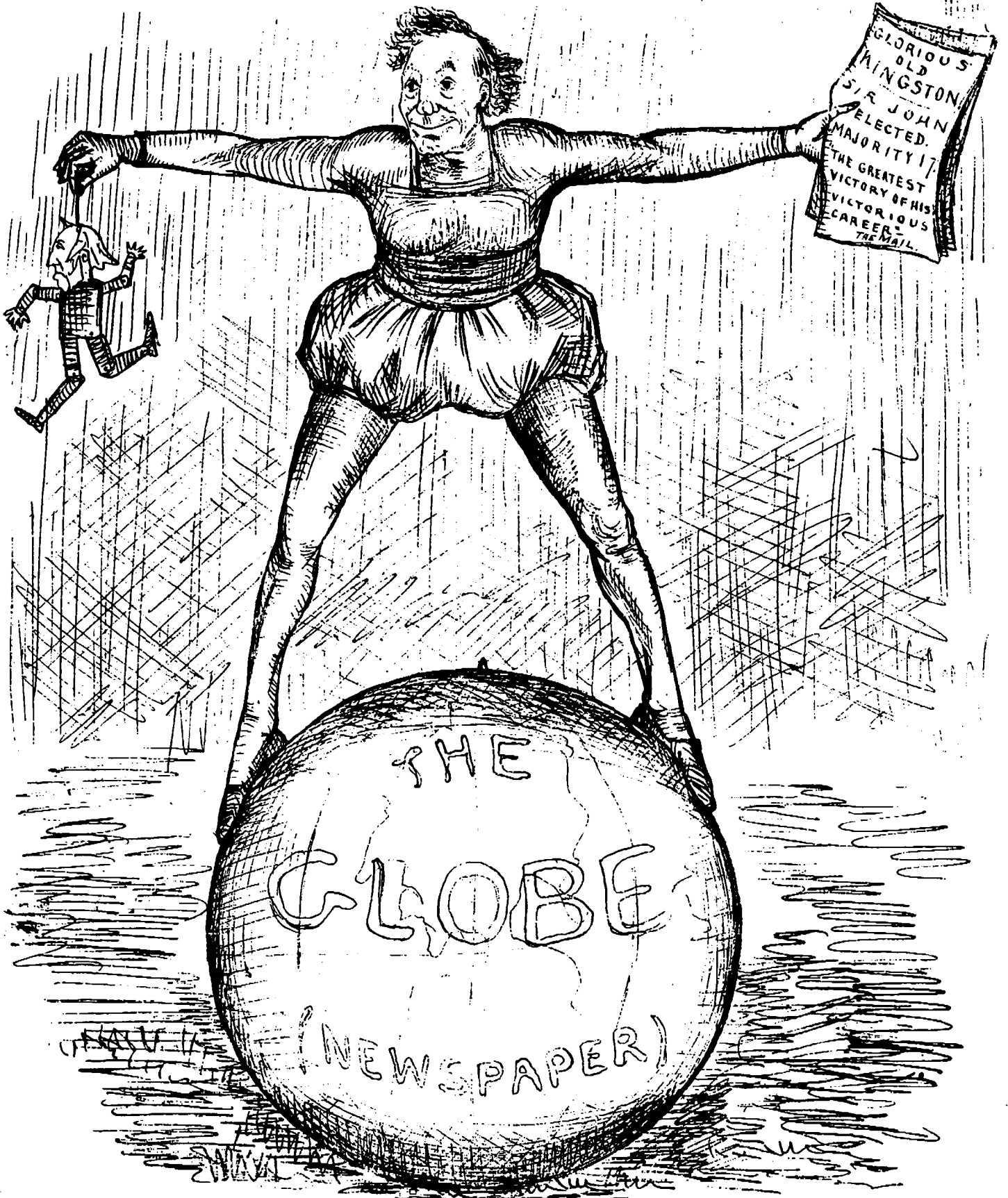
The "tricks of trade" which honest men
Condemn in innovators,
Are not confined to "trades" alone;
But shared by legislators.

The pride of country, as of birth,
Is a record pure, unvarnished;
For that which makes the man of worth
Is honor, bright, untarnished.

But in these days of hollow show,
Of buncombe, self-laudation,
The men who talk the loudest are
Most fond of admiration.

Alas! that Canada should be
Food for politicians hoary!
When will she ever be quite free
From gormand Grit or Tory?

'Tis when these model patriots meet,
Like gamblers at *ecarte*,



“GLORIOUS OLD KINGSTON;”

OR, THE FAMOUS POLITICAL ATHLETE IN HIS ACT OF GETTING OVER THE “GLOBE.”

A POLITICAL



MIDSUMMER



NIGHT'S DREAM



"BOTTOM" AMONG THE (POLITICAL) FAIRIES.
 PRODUCED UNDER THE IMMEDIATE DIRECTION OF
GRIP,
 BUT NOT WITHOUT SOME ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO
MRS. MORRISON, OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Bing

Fair Canada is sacrificed
To that hydra-monster "Party."

Our Parliamentary Chamber 's but
A scene of rude contention—
Where members wish each other at
A place too hot to mention.

Day after day some story 's told
How honesty 's defeated;
How votes are bought and sold for gold ;
How members are unseated.

Of "Model" Farms we've had enough,
Till almost sick are, really ;
And managed on a system which
Would be disowned by GREELEY.

A half a million dollars spent
Upon contracts (s)peculative
Is only just a little lent
To benefit some native !

So on such stories go and grow
(Alas ! they're but too truthful ;)
And splendid precedents to guide
Our politicians youthful.

* * * * *

Oh "Purity," how strange thy name
From lips which but betoken
A virtue never practised, but
In self-deception spoken.

And "Tory" too, how misapplied
In the sense our fathers used it,
They may have fought ; but never stole ;
Or public trust abused it.

Cast such knaves out ; they but disgrace
All that's manly, true and hearty
Let better fellows take their place
Uninfluenced by "Party."

"Ring out the old year," "Seventy-four,
With its "jobs," deceit and mystery ;
And 'Seventy-five a record show
On the credit page of history.

Then hail the New Year, joyful theme,
Of bright anticipation ;
God bless us all, God save the QUEEN,
And prosper this fair nation.

PAUL FORD.

January 1st, 1875.

Grip Among His Exchanges.

"LIES—WHITE AND BLACK"—is the title of a discourse preached by the Rev. C. S. WILLIS, of Stratford, on Sunday last. We presume the subject was painted in very dark colors.

"MR. D. D. HAY IN THE FIELD."—Thus is headed a piece of correspondence to the Stratford Beacon. It seems too bad that the intelligent yeomen of Perth should leave their Hay standing in the field right in the dead of winter. We do not glean from the title whether or not it is Timothy Hay. At any rate, the Hay should be taken care of.

Those who are interested in the reformation of our ambiguous English orthography will be delighted on hearing that right here in Canada—although at some distance from the "hub"—we have some true phonetic reformers. They live—a small but noble band—away up in Thornbury ; their leader, we presume, being the responsible editor of the Thornbury Standard, and the village printer. Here is a specimen of the new language, which we commend to the notice of our learned linguists :—

"Shooting match & Raffle at ———— christmas frida Dec 25 1874 a large quantity of turkies and geese to be shot & raffeled off also those wishing to diance will find the best of accomidations & first class music also the dancing master from feversham will be here to call off come one come all Tickets 75 cts Single ticets 50 cs."

We have been wondering what has swerved the St. Thomas Home Journal from its usual very staid, unobtrusive style into that of the "enterprising" newspapers now so common. After much cogitation

we have solved the mystery. The proprietor has gone into the chromo business. After describing a picture of Her Majesty which subscribers for 1875 are to receive as a premium, Brother McLACHLIN, the undermentioned "proprietor," warms with enthusiasm, and shouts :

"It is decidedly the finest premium issued with any newspaper in Canada. The enterprise of the proprietor of this journal is by this time so well recognized that anything like a penny picture would only create disappointment. When he does a thing he does it."

We cannot help thinking that the proprietor of the Journal has done it this time.

Rykert.

Sing, O Goddess, the deeds, the horrible cheek of this RYKERT—
RYKERT, who went to and fro on the earth, and walked up and down it,
Bearing the largest sized scrap-book, recording wrong-doings of mem-
bers ;

Watching and noting, and pointing out all every Grit did or did not :
Holding them fiercely in order, calling the Speaker to check them ;
Sharply declaring that "usance of Parliament would not permit it ;"
Pompously moving "this House cannot with propriety see it."
RYKERT, the front and the head of the much-shattered column of
Tories ;

Conservative—Aristocratic—Dignified—all things of that sort.
See how the RYKERT has fallen—also he has been and done it.
He hath accepted the tin, tipped by retaining solicitor.

He, too, hath gobbled the swag, forked over by corporate bodies ;
He, too, hath nobbled the needful, shelled out by innocent clients ;
Taken the shekels of silver likewise, and the Amalekifish garment.
Tell ye it never in Lincoln—publish it not in St. Catharines.
Shall we then let him down easy, using the "term least offensive,"
As lately the Nation remarked to the Globe's most confirmed klep-
tomaniac ?

Say it was but a small error—a trifling confusion of meanings ;
Wishing to act quite appropriate, appropriation he acted.
No, we shall loosen upon him our full editorial vengeance ;
Seeing he now hath no friends, it becometh our duty to kick him.
Never again must he read in our Commons his elegant extracts ;
Never more there be delighted by Cnoors' clear articulation ;
Never more there swear belief in the desperate statements of CAMERON ;
Never more there rage in fury at MOWAT, the calmly-controlling.
Let him return whence he came, and deep in some cave of Niagara,
Fenced in by columns of scrap-books, list to the roar of the torrent.
Once every thousand years shall Gurr croak remembrance to him.

How Friendships are Broken.

Here is an incident, a counterpart of which may be found in any locality. A pathmaster near Granton, and a certain ratepayer working on his beat had for years been on very amicable terms, and always helped each other, each holding his friend up before the world as an upright, honest, and model man. But this year DAMON wanted all the roadwork in the beat applied towards draining his own farm, while PETHIAS thought only of the pressing need of a proper approach to the front of his shop. The consequence is that these men no longer sound each other's praises, but on the contrary PETHIAS exposes the crafty character of DAMON, while the latter does not hesitate to speak of the selfishness of PETHIAS, each divulging the knowledge gained of the other's character through their former confidences. Reader, ere you condemn them, see that you have no similar experience.

Ring Out the Old Year, Ring In the New.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
Peal forth wild bells in the frosty night,
Mourn the old with a sorrow that's true,
And hail the new with a pure delight.

Out with the old plans, in with the new,
Bury all feud as we bury the year ;
Out with the false deeds, in with the true,
And let new life with the morn appear.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
And let petty party strife be past,
Out with dishonest men, in with true,
Bring honest Government at last.

Out with the old members, in with new,
Give us of honor the surety,
Ring out the men who have unclean hands,
Ring in the party of purity.

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Mr. COULDOCK, - *Stage Manager.*

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