

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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A. S. IRVING, *Publisher,*
35 King Street West, Toronto.
OFFICE
AND
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:
Five Cents.
For Sale at all the Bookstores.

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

EDITED BY
Mr. Barnaby Rudge.
*London, E.: L. M. Rogers,
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

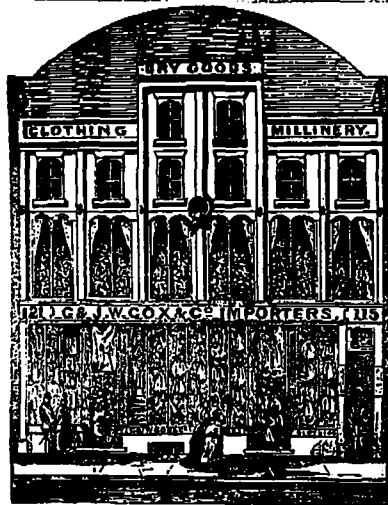
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome: all such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1873.

No. 25.



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BILL FOR PAYMENT.

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collect a little cash."

JOHN A.—"Ah! sorry I can't fix it—I
was just a little rash."

"But, say, gentlemen, you might see
MACKENZIE about it—he's got the money."

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LUNCHEON ROOMS,**

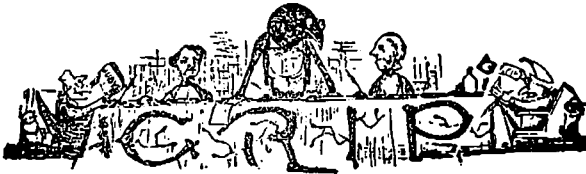
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their own hair can have it made to order.
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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1873.

WHICH WE WISH TO REMARK.

Grip's Agents in Gorrie, Ont., and Ottawa, together with the Education Department, and several others, have repeatedly complained that their papers fail to reach them, although the same are regularly posted at the Office in this City. Will the Post Office people rise and explain?

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

When the Danbury Newsman, JOSH BILLINGS and JIMMIE BRIGGS are under the sod, there is still hope—the Star shineth in Hamilton. Witness this glimmer:

HANGING DOGS.

When Jerry & me wuz boiz, we went 2 the woodz 1 dai 2 hang a dog. The dog wuz no good, & b sides he had inherited a bad habit phrom hiz grandphather, which wuz stealing eggz. I never had hung a dog b-4; but Jerry sade he new how 2 do it. I borrowed about 10 phoot of the close line (phor which i phorgot 2 ask permishun), & we started phor the wouldz 2 phind the plaize of exikushun. We went where the hired man wuz kutting wood, & asked hymn 2 help us bend down a sapling, telling hymn we wuz going to hang old "Tag" (that wuz the dogz name). John said it wuz krenal 2 hang dogz that wai. He said it would b better 2 shoot hymn; but Jerry & me were bound to hang hymn, & we said iph he woodnt help us bend down a tee we wood hang him 2 the phence. Jerry said it wuz a easie wai 2 hang dogz, & that the dog wood never no what hurt hymn he wood di so quick. Phinele John did konsent to help us bend down a sapling, about as big as a manz leg, & we tied it down so that John kood go back 2 hiz work while we perphormed the fraggodie. We tied 1 end of the kord 2 Tagz nece, & wuz both setting on the the top oph the tree, & Jerry wuz kutting awai sum limz phrom the tree, when awl at 1-st the nife slipped, & kut the rope that held the tre down, b-4 we had got the dog tied phast. But we wuz both phast 2 it, & we went about 20 phoot neerer 2 heven in the phrisk of a lamz tale. We both hung 2 the tre, or we might halve kum down several rods neerer to home; but, az it wuz, we phound ourselves up a tree about az quich az we had kalkulated that the dog wood go up. It took us an our 2 get down, & then we went home & phound the dog laing under the stove warming hizself, with the rope on hiz neck. & the wai my mutrnal parint kombod mi hare with the broom stick, when she phound 1 had kut her close line, wuz a koshun 2 sinners.—PETER PRINGLE.

[We publish this "contribution" for a double purpose: (1), To illustrate the pains and penalties of Humorous Editorship; and, (2), To discover to the Canadian public one of the comic cankers that destroy our national literature, and bring it into contempt. No abstract essayist could, we feel, argue the question so powerfully as the above (very laughable) effusion of the Hamilton humorist does.—Ed.]

REFLECTIONS BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.

The power of lifting a chair depends upon the way in which you take hold of it; and so it is, alas, with a seat in Parliament—quite hopeless to think of picking one up unless you can command a good purchase.

Appropriate name for a President of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals—ANGELL.

Loxg words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

It is not true that the Gaelic initiatory service in one of the city churches on Sunday, was held on the assumption of that language being the vernacular of Hades.

Nursery Rhymes Renovated.

THE NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

There once was a Knight
Whose sole earthly delight
Was playing sharp tricks on his neighbors,
Disturbing their dreams,
Upsetting their schemes,
And bringing to nothing their labors.

He practiced his fun,
Amongst others, on one,
DAME HUBBARD (not her of the story);
And her honest dismay—
The result of his play—
He witnessed with feelings of glory.

For many a year
He kept up a career
Of trickery, intrigue and blunder—
They filled all the papers
With tales of his capers—
But finally he was knocked under,

"Now," says he, "sure as eggs,
I am on my last legs,
But I'll play one more prank ere I fall!"
So without one word
He relieved the DAME's board
Of an hundred "appointments" in all.

Then when NEW MOTHER HUBBARD went to the cupboard
To get her old friend a bone—
Lo! to her despair, the cupboard was bare—
And she knew 'twas that scalliwag JON.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

H. O. A. MACKENZIE,
OTTAWA.

LEADER OF MY FAITH,—Long I have waited in the hopeless gully of expectation, and never a crumb has been handed to me by the party I have so long supported, and who have just ended their more than miserable existence by making one hundred and four appointments, and leaving me to pine alone.

"Out in the cold world, out in the street,
Lonely I tramped around on the beat;
Never a crumb they've given to me,
And now I'm a Grit, love, and true unto thee."

Your bland expression of countenance, and the winning grace of your kindly form has led me to hope better things from you. Your object will be, of course, to secure a working majority in the House. Now, if you will only believe it, I can, with about four thousand dollars judiciously lavished, hump in about nine weak-kneed Tory members; this will fix your little business, and give you a good two years' "Office Waltz," without any danger of your being cut out as others have been.

I don't approach you with any corrupt motives; but, if you see any stray sinecure lying around loose, I know you won't forget how anxious I am to have my Schedules rectified.

Your everlasting Slave,

TORY CAMP, Monday.

A. T. RAYTON.

REGULATING THE STREET CARS.

THE Bill for the Regulation of the Street Cars, introduced at a special meeting of the City Council on Wednesday night by Mr. Ald. HINE, was lost in committee of the whole. The framer of the measure has hitherto shown himself a sagacious and successful municipal legislator, and his failure on this occasion may somewhat surprise him and the electors of his ward. The defeat of the Bill was due mainly to the opposition offered by Ald. CARR, and the support accorded by Ald. TENNER. There is little doubt, judging from the style of objection raised by these gentlemen, that the Bill would have passed triumphantly if it had contained provisions like the following:

- 1.—Aldermen of the city shall have the first lien on sitting space.
- 2.—Any handsome (young) lady entering a car, and finding it fully occupied, shall sit on the lap of the nearest Alderman.
- 3.—No ex-Alderman or Street Railway Solicitor of undue weight entering a car already filled shall allow himself, by any sudden jolt of the car or otherwise, to be thrown violently into the lap of any lady passenger.



THE POLITICAL MOTHER HUBBARD
AND JOHN A.'S "DYING INIQUITY."

BROAD HINTS.

TO MAYOR MANNING.—There is a neat volume on "The Liberties of the Press and the Danger of Shutting Our Reporters" to be found at some of the city bookstores. It can be had either with paper or calf binding, and the price is very low. The name of the publisher has just now slipped our memory.

TO THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE.—Dr. WATTS' little brochure on "Kindness" will well repay a reading.

TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.—The electoral division of West Toronto is at present believed to be the most bleak and cold section of this city. Several of the streams are frozen over, and the people talk of nothing but "Pacific Scandal."

TO MR. MACKENZIE.—"Cabinet Making Without a Master," a valuable little work, may be had at Irving's bookstore.

FUELSH COMPLAINTS.—The complaints we hear just now about the Fuel Association of this city, are generally unwarranted. Mr. McMURCH is, we are sure, honestly doing his best to make everybody happy.

TO THE GREAT READER.

(Picked up at the Music Hall Door.)

MR. BELLEVUE! please pardon my passion;
You have captured my heart, I declare!
But I really don't know which I love most—
Your reading, your face or your hair!

A YOUNG LADY.

HIGH COURT OF ASSIZE.

THE CROWN vs. BINGLES.

Before the Hon. Justice Croaker.

[BY OURS SPECIAL REPORTER.]

ONE of the most flagrant cases of cold-blooded cruelty which, for atrocity, far exceeds those exquisite tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, was tried before the Hon. JUSTICE CROAKER last week.

The counsel for the prosecution, ALGERNON SLASHER, Q.C., rested his case upon the following facts:—It appears the prisoner, HENRY BINGLES, a Life Insurance Agent, had been an intimate friend of the deceased, THOMAS JONSON, who was a man of good habits, and quiet, inoffensive disposition; delicate in health, and of an extremely nervous temperament. It was proved, beyond question, that prisoner had laid a wager, that he could "talk him out of a Life Policy," and on the evening prior to Jonson's death, had called upon him with that view. He obtained admission to deceased's room, and carefully locked the door.

SARAH MASTERS, housemaid, stated that she went up to deceased's apartment on the evening in question, and heard the prisoner talking to deceased "in a hard, harsh, penetrating tone of voice." Also heard deceased say, piteously:—"Do, for pity's sake, give me a rest;" but prisoner went on remorselessly.

The deceased appeared to be suffering great agony. This occurred about 8 o'clock. About 2 o'clock a.m., the prisoner called the servant up to let him out of the house, observing, as he took his departure, "He had done for BINGLES at last; but it was precious hard work." Thinking something serious had happened, witness went to deceased's room, and saw the blood oozing freely from his left ear. He was quite dead. (Here the witness was so affected that she had to be carried out of court.)

SANDY McFAVISH, M.D., was next called. I am a medical practitioner. I have a diploma—I bought it. This case is the only one of the kind I ever saw. To explain its diagnosis I must ask the indulgence of the gentlemen of the jury, so that they will clearly comprehend the medical testimony—I will not take up the time of the court longer than is strictly necessary. The ear, gentlemen, is, properly speaking, a triple member, a *trio juncta* in—you know; the external; the middle, or *tympanum* and the internal, or *labyrinth* ("Ear, Ear," by a jurymen.) The outer portion of the ear, or flap, is called the *Pinna*, the outer rim of which is named the *Helix*, which was supposed by the ancients to have been the Elixir of Life, and doubtless gave rise to the expression "to travel on one's ear," by which means the deceased travelled to an untimely end. The small promontories over the drum of the ear, or as it is called the *concha*, collects the sounds, which are transmitted through the auditory canal, and conducted to the middle ear or *Tympanum*. The drum is protected by tuffed eminences (*Incisura-Intertragica*) which are situated between the two *tragæ*.

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—Will you please make a note of that; it is important, my Lord.

Evidence continued.—To show you the effect of sound, gentlemen, I may say that inside the ear are the *lamina spirales*, upon which

the filaments of the auditory nerve are stretched. The sounds strike upon these *laminae*, and cause an impression to be made upon the auditory nerve, and are carried to the brain. In the internal ear, among the membranous labyrinth, is a fluid, the *vitric auditive*, which you can get at any drug store. This fluid answers the same purpose to the ear as whiskey does to the stomach—it gives it *tone*. In the thick *sub-cutaneous* tissue of the cartilagenous part of the *meatus auditoris externis*.—You see, gentlemen, the case is quite simple—the sound travels until it strikes the drum membrane, and when sound is excessive it naturally affects the tympanic branch of the *glossopharyngeal* nerve, or more commonly termed "Jacobson's" nerve; so-called because Jacobson was the first man who ever had one. Well, gentlemen of the jury, the effect of all this is that the continued excessive sound striking upon the *tympanum* of the deceased was so great that it caused the arteries to rupture, and produced apoplexy. Thus, you see, gentlemen, the deceased was literally and actually *talked to death*. My examination of deceased demonstrated this fact very plainly, for the drum membrane was completely torn away, so much so, indeed, that I may say that it was completely blown away!

Question by a jurymen—Would the rays of sound passing through the *aquea ductus Fallopi* connected with the *carotid flexus* of the sympathetic, produce the same effect?

Witness, (thoughtfully)—Most undoubtedly, and I am pleased to observe the intelligence of the jury, who will, doubtless, understand the indescribable agonies deceased must have suffered.

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION—My Lord, that is the case for the Crown.

Symond Shockhead, Q. C.—My Lord, after the elaborate testimony of Dr. McFavish, I cannot conscientiously undertake the defence. The horrible barbarity of the crime with which the prisoner stands charged, and which has been so clearly proved by the evidence aforesaid, fully warrant me in my course of action—for, never, My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, never shall it be said that for a mere *pecuniary* consideration I ever took charge of any case so strongly opposed to law and justice as this undoubtedly is; and permit me to add, My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, that any one who *would* do so is a disgrace to the legal profession.

The learned counsel sat down amid a tumultuous burst of applause, which was promptly checked. The prisoner appeared to feel his position most acutely.

His Lordship in summing up the evidence said:—Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence, it is for you to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty of wilful murder. It is my duty to point out to you that the prisoner did, for the sake of a wager, call upon the deceased and deliberately put him to much personal inconvenience, by carrying on his occupation as a life insurance agent after the usual office hours. You have heard, gentlemen, that the deceased was a quiet, inoffensive man, and was a fitting victim for the rapacity of the prisoner. Not content with merely gaining admission to his room, he locked the door, and, as the witness, Sarah Masters, says, "talked to him in a hard, harsh, penetrating voice." He paid no attention to these abject entreaties to stop; but pitilessly, unrelentingly, cruelly and wickedly persisted in his diabolical efforts to accomplish his base purposes. Gentlemen, there are no extenuating circumstances in prisoner's behalf. He has no wife or large family to support. Possessed of qualities which would eminently fit him for an Auctioneer or Member of Parliament, if rightly used, he has prostituted his talents to gratify his spleen. He has nothing to say in his defence, but stands there, gentlemen, with a hang-dog expression of countenance in the felon's dock. Not satisfied with causing the death of deceased, he leaves the house with a wicked leer of satisfaction, saying "he had done for BINGLES at last;" evincing no sorrow, and manifesting no remorse for his atrocity. Can you, gentlemen of the jury, imagine the human mind to be guilty of such baseness. It is almost incredible. It has been stated that the deceased was deaf—but I should say, gentlemen, it is the prisoner who is deaf—yes, gentlemen, deaf to all entreaties to spare his victim's sufferings—sufferings of which you or I have but a faint conception. Time, in this case, has not been taken by the fore-lock, but by the ear, gentlemen, and has led to oblivion. If there is any doubt at all, the benefit of which the prisoner is entitled to, it is this:—He might not have known of what he was talking about, and become mixed up in his own net-work of "minor profits" and large dividends. If you think so, gentlemen, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt.

The jury, after fifteen minutes consideration, brought in a verdict of "guilty of wilful murder," against HENRY BINGLES.

The Court having performed its official duties, the unhappy prisoner was conveyed to his cell amidst the execrations of an excited mob.



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85 KING ST. WEST.

FISHER & TAYLOR

Be to notify their friends in Toronto that they have procured the advertising space in GRIP; and from their long experience with the Daily Press of this City, they hope by strict attention to make the paper one of the best advertising mediums in the City.

The circulation of the paper is rapidly increasing.

From the class of advertisements they intend inserting, Merchants and Business Men in general cannot fail to see the necessity of advertising in it.

All advertisements should be handed in not later than Thursday evening, to ensure insertion in that week's paper.

TERMS:

Transient advertisements, 5c. per line Nonpareil, each insertion.
Liberal discount will be made with parties making contracts.

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GENERAL AGENTS,
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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS.

On and after MONDAY, 3rd November, Trains on the Toronto Branch will run as follows:

LEAVE TORONTO,					
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7.00	9.30	12.30	3.40	6.35	7.30. (Mixed.)

LEAVE HAMILTON,					
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
6.30 (Mixed)	9.10	11.30	3.45	6.10	9.00

Special attention is directed to the changes in times of Express Trains on Main Line, and the Morning and Evening Trains on the Toronto Branch.

JOSEPH PRICE,
General Manager.

W. K. MUIR,
Gen'l Superintendent.
Hamilton, Oct. 28, 1873.

**GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!
OYSTERS!**

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60 KING STREET EAST.

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OYSTER BAR.

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

YOUNG MEN

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

**BRITISH AMERICAN
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FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to me at the late Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. This is the TENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION that we have obtained first prizes in Penmanship.

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Of instruction is in keeping with our Penmanship Department—the very best to be obtained in the Dominion. It embraces Book-keeping in all its branches, Exercises and Lectures in Commercial Law, Business Arithmetic, Spencerian Penmanship, Actual Business, Adjusting Partnership, Business Correspondence, Banking, Commission, Foreign Exchange, Steamboating, and the General Details of Business.

OUR EVENING SESSIONS

Continue through the winter. An excellent opportunity is here offered to attend special classes in our Business and Geographic Courses. Young men who are engaged during the day should embrace this opportunity, as it will yield ere long a thousand per cent. upon the outlay.

For terms and Specimens of Penmanship, address
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J. F. COLEMAN & CO.

65 YONGE STREET,

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