

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. IRVING, Publisher and Proprietor.

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.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

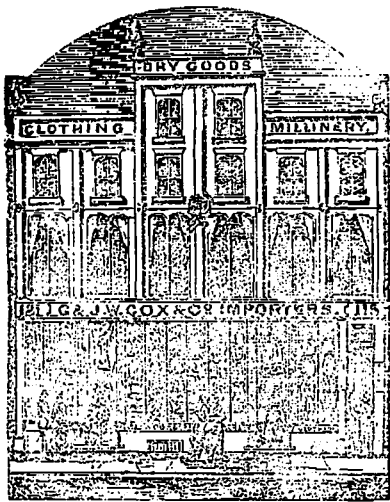
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome; all such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

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.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25TH, 1873.

No. 22.



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MADE TO ORDER,
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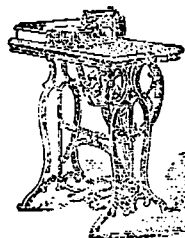
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Just received a choice assortment of
**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS,
CHIGNONS, COILS, &c.,**
in Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen.
Pads in sets of six.
Pompadour Pads and Frisett's.
A new and general variety of
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Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch,
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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1873.

"GRIP" TO THE POST OFFICE PEOPLE.

GENTS: Whereas some of our patrons complain that their parcels, containing ordered copies of GRIP, have been torn open during their passage by post, and papers abstracted therefrom, we desire all concerned to take notice that if the offence is repeated the guilty party will certainly be brought to book. GRIP has spoken.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF "CURRENT EVENTS"?



OUR friend the editor of the *Orillia Times*, and a great many other intelligent readers of the *Canadian Monthly*, are in a painful quandary since the announcement was authoritatively made that the brilliant articles on "Current Events" in that magazine are "from the pen of a Canadian long and intimately conversant with the political and commercial affairs of the country." The *Times* confesses itself "completely and provokingly mistaken," in common, no doubt, with everybody else, having believed Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH to be the writer. That name is thus cancelled, and the vexed question is still further aggravated by the following notes, which GRIP is desired to publish, for the guidance of guessers:—

(I.) L—r Office, Tuesday.

DEAR GRIP:—Please state to the publick that I officially and in my capacity as a member of the House of Commons, and also as sole proprietor of the leading Liberal-Conservative-Reform Journal, testotally deny that I did or do, directly or indirectly, write the "Current Event" editorials for the *Canadian Monthly*.

Yours truly, J—s B—Y.

(II.) Spec—r Office, Hamilton, Friday.

DEAR GRIP:—Perhaps it is hardly necessary that I should put the statement upon paper, that whoever says I am the author of "Current Events" is a liar. To prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding, however, I do so, and remain, Yours fraternally,

D—VE M—LL—H.

(III.) Magistrates' Court Room, Wednesday.

GRIP, Sir:—Tis quite thrus, sir, dthat I am intimately conversant with the political, and, sir, commercial affairs of dthis country—as well as with its criminal law, sir; but by the Horn Spoon, sir, I disclaim the authorship of the articles aforesaid.

Yours, sir, R. M., ALL—N, Barrister.

(IV.) Grand Trunk Station, Whitty.

FRIEND GRIP:—The thought comes to me that not a few may see in the "Current Event" articles, the hand, tho' certes not the opinions of O. P. "Perish the thought," as Will bath it. I write them not—tis true, tis pity, pity tis tis true! Perdition catch my soul if I do write them! Hey? What?

Ever yours, O. P.

(V.) Council Chambr, Thursday.

DEAR FRIEND GRIP:—It isnt often I write anything for the press, and I can say truly that the articles on "Current Events" are written without my knowledge.

Respectfully, ALD. SH—R—D.

(VI.)
Government House, Ottawa.
DEAR GRIP:—I am instructed by the Right Hon. the Premier to say in advance that in the matter of the "Current Events" articles, his hands are clean. The rumour that he is the writer the Government deny in toto.
Yours, &c., J. A. M—D—LD.
per _____, Private Secretary.

SUITABLE.

"McMULLEN suits" are the latest things in the Dry Goods line. They are for sale in several parts of the country.—*Exchange Paper*.

MINISTERIALISTS who go the whole figure and are not ashamed of their colours will, we presume, in company with the Editorial Corps of *The Mail*, hasten to furnish themselves with this new outfit, which, supplementing the "Pacific Scandal Hat," recently introduced into the market, they will consider political full-dress. Those who have never seen one of these suits will no doubt be interested in a brief description of them furnished by our own tailor, who, although slightly afflicted with anti-ministerial leanings in matters political, is a gentleman, and a most competent person in the clothing line. According to his account the suit is of tweed—of a piece with the American material known to the trade as *boss tweed*, and is marked with the curb-stone pattern, a rather neat design. In colour the stuff is dark, and when made up, resembles at a distance a coat of *mail*, while with its profusion of brass buttons, and the uniform swagger of its wearers, nobody can fail to be impressed with its loudness. As to the several garments, the coat is made very roomy, in order to provide for the free action of the wearer—adapted in other words to accommodate O'BRIEN's, or anybody else's motions. There are especial pockets for carrying letters which the owners desire to keep intact from the Grits. The pants are of very peculiar cut. Those who wear them unanimously complain that they find them uncomfortably tight, and indeed the same may be said of the whole suit. Further particulars may now be had at Osgoode Hall, we presume, as Lawyer O'BRIEN asked time to secure them.

BRAVO, BRYDGES!

WHOEVER says that Corporations have no souls libels the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada! Right on the heels of a great mechanical achievement, they have with equal bravery and dispatch accomplished a still greater moral work—the shifting of the iron rail being followed by the radical changing of their liquorguage. One day this week the mandate went forth from the head office, and just as in the former case, at a given signal the hammers fell from Montreal to Sarnia—so in the latter there was a uniform crashing of decanters all along the line, and to an encouraging extent, so far as G. T. R. bar-rooms are concerned—

"Satan's empire fell."

We hail this as a hopeful sign of the times, and as Canadians we never stood in greater need of hopeful signs. Whether or not this sudden and welcome reformation sprang from a desire on the part of the Grand Trunk to greet the now MACKENZIE-BLAKE cabinet with the clean face that should inaugurate a necessary friendship, we hail it all the same, and if Mr BRYDGES deserves the credit for it we slap him heartily on the back, and repeat "BRAVO, BRYDGES!"

PROBLEMATICAL.

THE imperial din of the Pacific Scandal has drowned down the noise of a warfare that has been raging between the *Cobourg World* and *Sentinel* newspapers. Albeit the campaign has evidently been of the hottest and bitterest. The latter paper concluded its article of last week with this—

"Whilst at all times willing to meet an opponent on fair ground, to discuss with him any public question in a courteous spirit, with the scribe of the *World* we must hereafter decline to have any relations as a respectable contemporary."

The suffering people of Cobourg are at a loss to know what to expect next. Is this paragraph, they ask, the sound of the *Sentinel's* last gun, fired with indignation, whose smoke and echoes are to die away in an eternal and contemptuous silence; or does the editor mean that he has resolved henceforth to dispense with the spirit of "a respectable contemporary," and go in for *Worldly Billingsgate* himself?

UNPARALLELED.

THE *Globe*, with a malignity all its own, refrained from making any remarks on "the duty of the hour" on Thursday morning, and thereby brought about financial inconvenience to many respectable people who staked their wagers on GRIP's *sure bets*, published in a late number. For the moment the *Globe* has triumphed; but will it pay in the long run to be so mean?

I wish I could catch
the Scoundrel - I do - So
help me G - rit: s!!

Mealey! bet I'd like
fine to Arrest them both!



A CASE OF RIEL DISTRESS!

Essays by Eminent Persons.

No. 1.—HONESTY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE PREMIER.

DURING our school days the quotation "Honesty is the best policy" was made painfully familiar to our youthful minds under the most severe physical inconvenience, until we believed at last that "Honesty" was the greatest fraud in the copy book. Even the legend itself lost a large portion of its integrity by first being faintly inscribed in lead pencil by the writing master (during examination time) and carefully covered with the blackest of black ink by the boys, and palmed off as their original efforts to the wondering gaze of admiring parents and delighted visitors.

Perhaps the connection between the above and the promoters of the Pacific Slander Company may not at once be detected by eyes blinded by prejudice or minds gulled by partiality; but it does seem to us that now-a-days poor old Honesty's "occupation's gone," and that diplomatic shrewdness, tact, bonuses, considerations, party policy, smartness, *alias* Dishonesty, have taken its place. It can't be expected that Honesty can stand any such pressure as this. The man who runs off with \$40,000 of other peoples' money is merely a *defaulter*. No one would think of insulting him by calling him a *thief*. Lottery speculations frowned down by Act of Parliament, stigmatized as gambling by our spiritual pastors and masters, and very properly fined when carried on by the proprietors of faro banks, are yet allowed under the name of Bazaars for the benefit of some particular denomination or sect, the members of which go their whole "pile" with the utmost religious self complacency imaginable. The Bank Stock Swindler, through his clever knavery, causes the downfall of many a poorer and honest man (fascinated by high interest), suddenly "disappears," and is usually lionized in the following way: "SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.—The friends of Mr. A. B., the respected capitalist, widely known for his many acts of philanthropy, will be pained to hear that gentleman has suddenly disappeared, in consequence of which the shares of the Quick Silver Sand Bank are merely worthless paper. His clever manipulations (stealings) are said to amount to \$500,000. Mr. A. B. has for many years resided in our midst and was largely respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His assets are, at present, unknown." The italics are intended to show the general carelessness to avoid any direct responsibility of newspaper proprietors. The plain English of all this is, Mr. A. B. is a very clever thief who has made his money by stealing other peoples, only it doesn't sound well, you see, to put it in plain English. Alas for poor old Honesty! Can we wonder at Pacific Slanders, or any other kind of scandals, when we are daily hiding his manly face with the vilest of black ink, misplaced phraseology?

A FOWL SUGGESTION!

This clever paragraph is from the *Sarnia Canadian*:

"A CHICKEN COMING HOME TO ROOST.—Curses like chickens come home to roost; and so does Louis Riel come from Manitoba, as a member of Parliament from Provencher, to roost upon the shoulders of BLAKE and MACKENZIE, who offered the bogus reward for his apprehension."

Nothing could be more improbable than that LOUIS RIEL, the man who has eluded arrest for a long time with such consummate dexterity, should do any such thing. Did the member for Provencher deem his cause lost, hanging or shooting would be far preferable to roosting on the shoulders of the worthy gentlemen above named. The disparity in their sizes is such as to render the position indicated supremely uncomfortable!

A LAUGHABLE CASE.

THE *Hamilton Spectator* said a very unfeeling thing the other day, when, in accepting the unhappy turn of affairs in South Huron, it so frankly exclaimed:

"It is their turn to laugh; but there has seldom been a case in which we could bear being laughed at with greater equanimity."

It will be remembered by all who ever see the *Spectator* that this same CASE was immeasurably lauded through its columns as everything that was excellent and important during the campaign; and then it had the heart to add this grain of wormwood to the brimming cup of mortification which that hapless gentleman was obliged to drink. MR. MARK TWAIN will have to trot out another and more exquisitely mean man if he wishes to keep the belt!

CUPID'S FIRE.

When PADDY winks, and tells you of his "flame,"
It is the "tinder sentiment" he'd name.

THE BALLAD OF MONSIEUR RIEL.

There once was a Frenchman called RIEL,
Who troubled the land a good deal,
For he rallied his boys,
And kicked up a great noise,
And trampled the law under heel.

In the midst of the riot so hot,
Rose a patriot by name THOMAS SCOTT;
Who, refusing to kneel
To Le President RIEL,
Was tied to a pillar, and shot.

Then the heavens seemed blackly to scowl,
And the country sent up a great howl,
The press cried aloud,
And the people for "Blood,"
And JOHN A. said 'twas "murder most foul!"

Then Le President RIEL, he cleared out,
And taking the overland route,
He got to St. Paul,
Where he sat on a wall,
Saying, "Things will blow over, no doubt."

So after stopping away,
Full many a wearisome day,
He esteemed the coast clear,
So he said *au revoir*!
And went back in a confident way.

But the land thirsted still for his gore,
As madly as ever, or more;
And the Cabinet with zest,
Was doing its best
To "capture the scamp," as before.

So of course, sirs, the moment they saw
This bold and red-handed outlaw,
They demanded that he—
Should their own member be,
In the Commons at brave Ottawa!

THE COMING DANBURY NEWSMAN.

HAVING seen it frequently and confidently asserted in print that there never was and never would be a writer of humorous "pieces" anything like Mr. J. MONTGOMERY BAILLY, famed "all over creation" as the *Danbury News Man*; and having been at the same time of opinion that this assertion was rash and incorrect, GRIP submits a demonstration of the truth of his opinion in the following original and inimitable (except, perchance by BAILLY,) narrative of

HOW MRS. BROWN DROWNED THE KITTENS.

She had been talking about it a good while, and Sunday she did it. While church was in she got the slop-pail, and wiped it out with her checkered apron. Then she set that slop-pail in the wood-shed, and filled that slop-pail with rain-water. Then she went to the barn, and brought the kittens out by the nape of their necks, and put them into that slop-pail. Then she went to the pantry, back of the fireplace, and took down a large tin dish, and returned with that tin dish, and placed it over the mouth of that slop-pail. Then she put a brick and a rusty axe-head on top of that tin dish. Then she rolled her arms in that checkered apron, and rested upon her left limb, all the while humming a serious air, and beating time to it with the toe of her right foot. Then those kittens sang small. Then 'bout an hour after this time, Mrs. Brown stopped humming and tapping. Then she unrolled her arms out of that checkered apron. Then she bent down and removed that brick and that axe-head from that tin dish. Then she took that tin dish off that slop-pail. Then she looked at those kittens, and pretty soon went into the house to see if the potatoes were done.

ON THE BON TONS' PART.

DEAR GWIR,—I observed the following vulgaw and —aw— silly wemawk, which I pvesume the Editaw thought awfully clevaw, in —aw— the lawst numbaw ov the *Cobourg Sentinel*:—

"~~Aw~~ Wood-sawyers are scarce in Toronto, and nice young mon who part their hair in the middle are sorely distressed."

Now, sir, would you mind —aw— saying fwom me to the stoopid outhaw ov the above, that fellows who pwefer to divide their hair in the centaw, do so uniformly with a comb, and are quite independent ov —aw— the fluctuations in the fuel market.

Yors, dear Sir,

G. DUNDEARY FITZSTAOR.

Jarvis Street, Wednesday.



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FIRST CLASS MATERIALS.

STYLISHLY CUT.

WELL MADE.

AT REASONABLE RATES.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

UNDERSHIRTS

AND

DRAWERS

IN COTTON, MERINO, AND

LAMB'S-WOOL.

COLLARS, TIES, SCARFS,

ETC., ETC.

ALL NEW, CHEAP, AND

ATTRACTIVE.

LATHAM,

TREBILCOCK,

AND LIDDELL.

Cor. King and West Market Sts.

FISHER & TAYLOR

Beq 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.

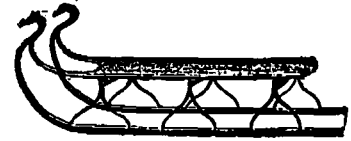
Liberal discount will be made with parties making contracts.

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CELEBRATED BOYS' SLEIGHS



Now is the time to order. E. W. makes 19 kinds, more patterns than any other manufacturer in America, and has succeeded in driving American manufacturers out of the Canadian market. These goods are sent to all parts from Halifax to Manitoba—so widespread their reputation.

McHAIL & DAIVSON,

Sole Wholesale Agents, Toronto.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Trains will leave Toronto at
7 a.m., 12-30, 3-10, 5-50, 7-20 p.m.

Returning will leave Hamilton at
9-10, 11-30 a.m., and 3-45, 6-10, 8-10 p.m.

June 10th, 1873.

W. K. MUIR,
General Supt.

ELOCUTION.

MR. RICHARD LEWIS, author of the "Dominion Elocutionist," is now forming his CLASSES for instruction in PUBLIC SPEAKING, READING, and DRAMATIC RECITATION, with the scientific cultivation of the Speaking Voice. For Terms and Syllabus apply at 14 Bond Street.

Hotel Register.

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TORONTO, ONT.

CAPT. THOS. DICK,
Proprietor.

THOS. McGAW,
Manager.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

TORONTO, ONT.

Closed for alterations. Will be re-opened about Nov. 1st, under new management.

REVERE HOUSE,

TORONTO, ONT.

J. B. RILEY.

SAML. MAY.

MANSION HOUSE,

COR. KING AND YORK STS.,

TORONTO, ONT.

WM. KELLY, Proprietor.

YORKSHIRE HOTEL,

ADELAIDE ST. EAST,

(Near St. Lawrence Market),

TORONTO, ONT.

JOHN HIRST, Proprietor.

TERMS, \$1 per Day.