

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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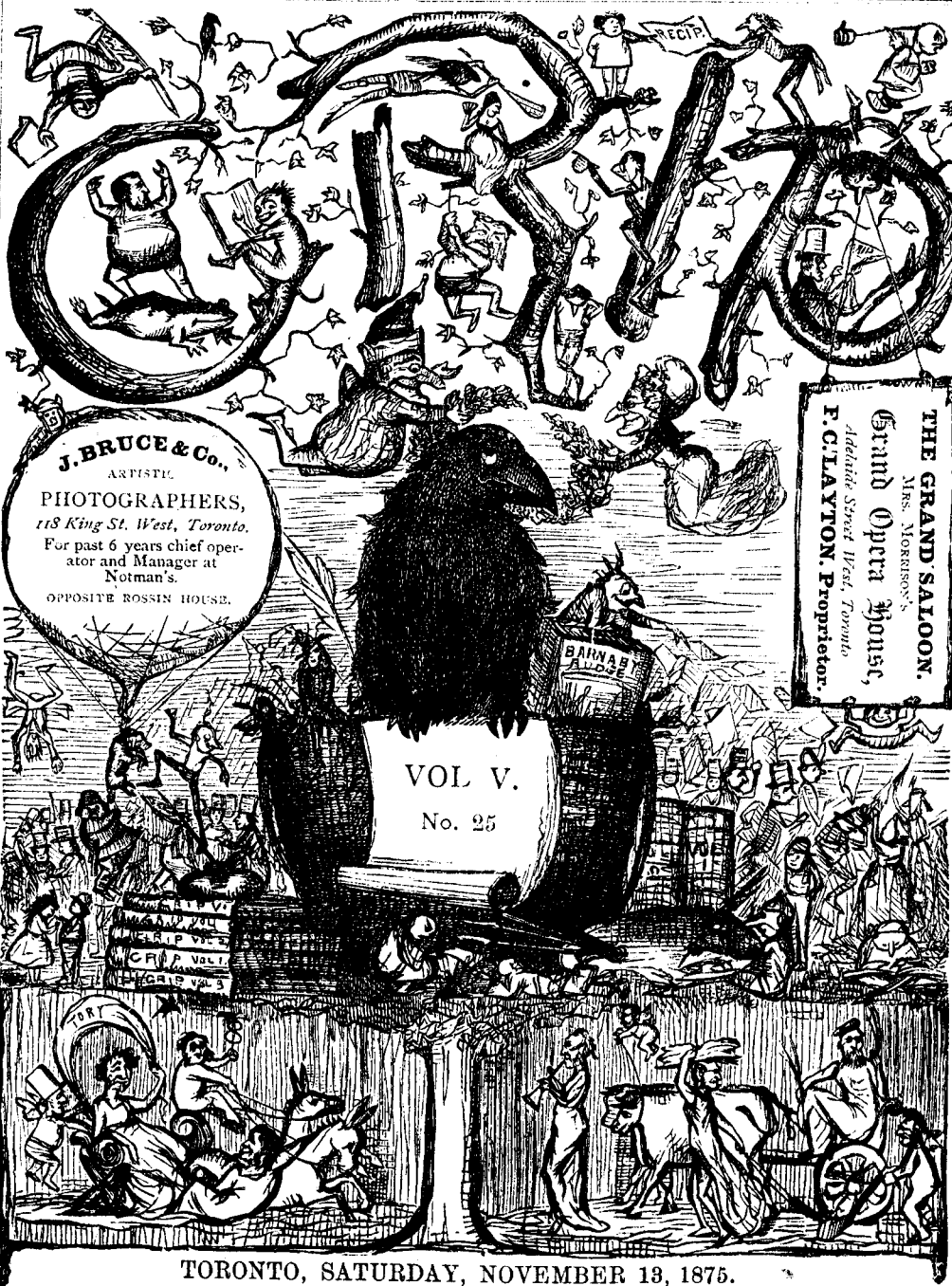
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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 greatest Beast is the *Jas*; the greatest Bird is the *Stal*;
The greatest Fish is the *Ogater*; the greatest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

VARIOUS.—As **TURNER** is not elected, notwithstanding your anticipations, we cannot publish your communications. The worthy alderman would not like his name to be made the subject of jest, nor would it be fitting in us to allow it. The only thing that we can suggest in re-**TURNER** is that it is a long road that has no turning, and if like **WHITTINGTON** he will turn again, he may be re-turned, and what is now a loss will turn a gain.

VARIOUS OTHERS.—**ROBINSON** is elected, but why you should wish to state it in doggerel we cannot conceive. To remark

All hail, great **ROBINSON**!

Thou standard bearer of the U. E. Club.

may be poetic, but is not practical or truthful. To be a **ROBINSON** may be to be a bird of fine feather with whom the family may compact together, but the excellence of the rhyme between 'feather' and 'together' does not justify the publication of a fact so unimportant.

From Our Box.

They say that things are not looking well at the Royal Opera House: that in fact they've got down to **ZERA**. But the quick-*silver* has been below zero for some time: so much so that it has been hardly visible. Having reached the point at which it now is we may hope for a steady rise through the winter season, even though that may be contrary to a law of nature.

MR. MCWADE has been entertaining the public with *Rip Van Winkle* at the Grand, and a sad *Rip* he is, when he wakes up after his twenty years slumber. For a sketch of the play with the author's name, age and place of residence see the *Mail's* dramatic corner. By the way we notice an improvement in the *Mail* critiques since our last issue. Perhaps the young gentleman who applied to us for a situation has found a berth on that staff. *Apropos* of **WASHINGTON IRVING'S** story, **Mrs. MARROWFAT** says that if **GEORGE WASHINGTON** wrote that mellow grammer called *Grip Van Winkle* she will never cease to wonder, and young as he was too. She prefers dromedaries to any other sort of play, she says though a really fine operator is her weakness, she having a soul for armories beyond any lady she knows.

What I Know About the Election.

I never did take much interest in politics. Last Saturday night a brass band was making a row in the street, and stepping to the door I asked the first man I saw passing what the matter was. He seemed a little excited, slapped me on the back and said,

"351, By Thunder!"

"How many?" said I.

"Yes, sir-ree," he said, "we've scooped 'em—knocked 'em higher nor a kite."

"Scooped who?"

"Are you a **TURNER** man?" said he.

"I'm a journeyman joiner," said I.

"You're a fool," said one of the crowd who had gathered around.

Going back to my wife, I told her I thought something political was going on. She asked me why I thought so. I said, because there was a great deal of strong language being used outside. She said, what a pity that wasn't confined to the newspapers. Later in the evening I had to go to the grocer's. An intoxicated person ran against me.

"Rah for Robinson, said he.

"Don't mention it," said I—my name being **ROBINSON**.

"Gimme yer hand, old man," he said, "let's holler for **ROBINSON**."

"Don't, I beg of you: **ROBINSON** is here."

"Yer a liar," he said, "**ROBINSON'S** at the top o' the poll."

So I knew that somebody of that name had been elected Mayor, or School trustee, or something.

"Fighting the Beasts of Ephesus."

BOTTOM, the Weaver (J. B. R-B-N-S-N.)

"Let me play the Lion too, I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the people say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again,—I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an t'were any nightingale."

—A *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Nonsense Verses.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

There are some divines in Toronto,
Who to keep us in blazes all want to.
MACDONELL says "No!"
They cry "Here's a go!"
"Why where would our business be gone to!"

There lives a young man in Toronto,
Who gets himself up all ataunto,
To the yacht club he goes
'Till he's painted his nose
And his tailors can't get what they want to.

There was a young maid of Toronto,
Who used much of **ROWLAND'S** Odonto,
Till her teeth grew so white
That she died in a fright
And no one knows now where she's gone to.

There lived once in Nottawasaga
A youth who was fond of his lager.
He drank all he durst,
And, for fear he should burst,
He tapped his inside with an auger.

Humours of the Stamp.

The reason that **JOHN A.'S** speech on Saturday night pleases us is, because it shows how much life and spirit there is in the old man yet. **JOHN A.'S** wit is evidently an unknown quantity: we might add that it is not constant in quality. "Beasts of Ephesus," applied to his opponents, evoked "cheers and laughter," possibly on account of the implied comparison between the Right Honorable gentleman himself and the Apostle to the Gentiles. The joke about **TURNER** and Cabinets dates from a period anterior to the aforesaid beasts, and has been offered to this Journal in 37 different shapes, and unhesitatingly rejected. The fact is **SIR JOHN**, having established his character as a humourist, has only to assert that it looks like rain to send any Liberal-Conservative worthy of the name into convulsions. If poor **MR. ROBINSON** had ventured on half of his humorisms the other night, people would have said with **SHYLOCK**,

"Repair thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To careless ruin."

West Toronto.

Grip's oracular prediction.

I **GRIP** foretold

In language bold,

That man would be

The next M. P.

Who gained a big majoritee.

The public voice

Has proved it true;

The ballot threw

Three-fifty-one

For **ROBINSON**,

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

"Spittoonerie."

To **OLIVER** :—

I have waited patiently for overtures of placation; see to it that you dally no longer. From you *per se* I have nothing to expect, nor from Ontario's trumpety Municipal Council anything worth insidious effort. But why so dull man? write to him who leads "the beasts at Ephesus"; to **ALICK**,—tell him to settle my little bill on which a balance still is due;—and say also that I fain would again perambulate the European continent in visits few and short, and burrow deep in London archives for a consideration: say I'm sick of "**MAT**," whose chill companionship I hate, and the whole batch who look askance upon me as one among them but not of them; in short tell **ALICK** anything you please so that "Backshesh" may result.

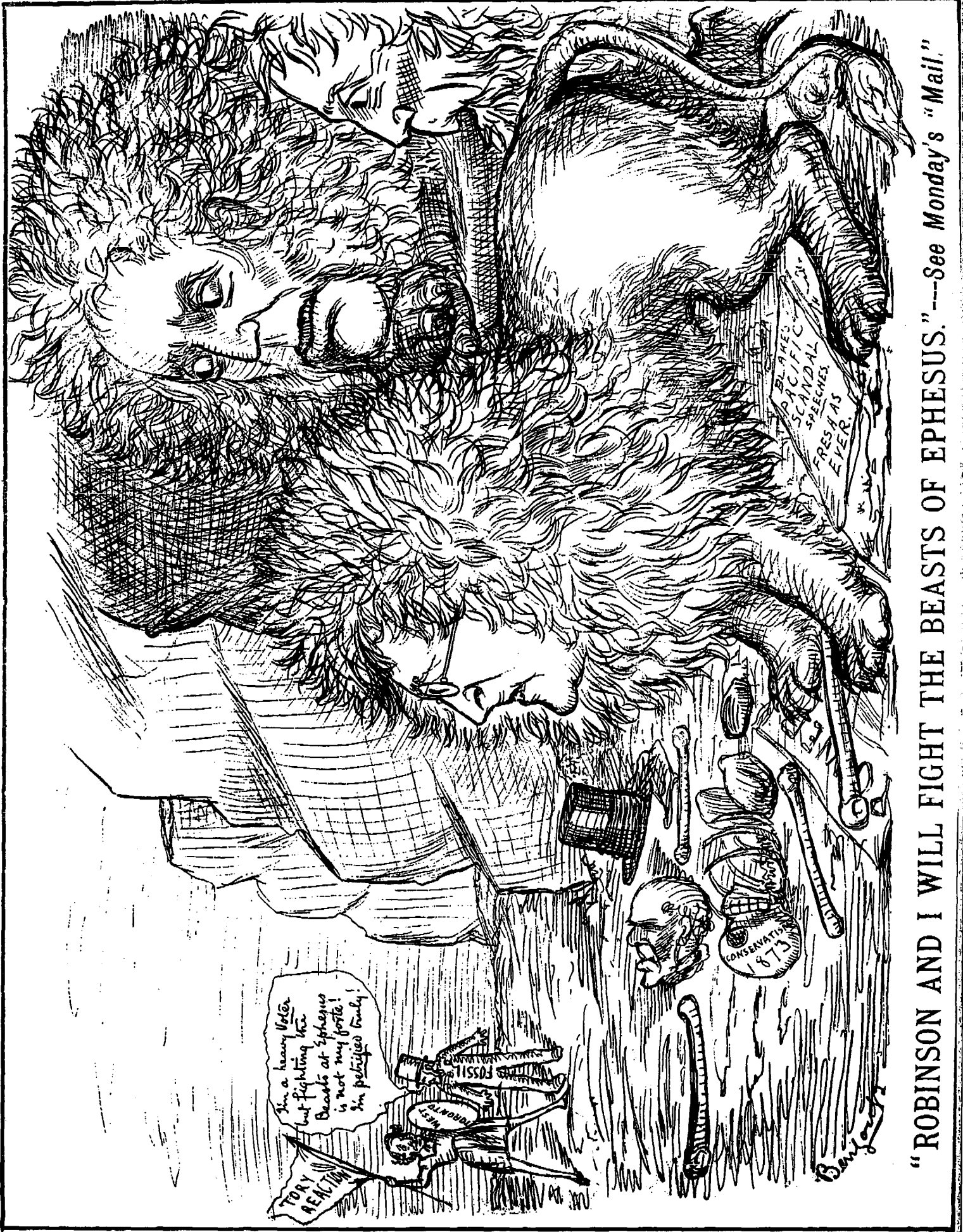
You know me, **ALICK** knows me, I am as ever open—very open; secure me and you secure tranquility during the coming session; "**MAT**" will hold to his briefs and all will be peace.

Deposit your reply in the spittoon at the desk nearest the speaker's chair on the left, a trusty henchman has instructions to look out for it.

"Hear it not, **DUNCAN**, &c."

W. WANDERER,

14 days before your fate.



"ROBINSON AND I WILL FIGHT THE BEASTS OF EPHEBUS." ---See Monday's "Mail."

The "Great" Marriage Question.

Who dips his pen with bitter gall,
And uses it with wit so small,
To write about us women all?
"ARTIZAN."

Who follows with a smirking sneer,
Because some pretty little dear
By no means cared to have him near?
"ELIGIBLE."

Who blubbers forth quack sentiments,
And passes on us, Innocents,
Most equi-vocal compliments?
"SOMEBODY."

Who tells us, with conceited pride,
How many might have been his bride,
But there, you know, he never tried?
"BACHELOR."

Who writes a little common sense,
And makes us ample recompense,
For insolence?
"OLD BARNEY."

Who sadly mourns for "days of yore,"
When girls unheard of virtues bore,
Some fifty years ago, or more?
"ARTIZAN No. 2."

Who boldly lends a helping hand,
And manfully defends the hand
Of spinsters in this happy land?
"A MARRIED MAN."

Who, after all that he has read,
A "happy thought" takes in his head,
And vows he'll go at once, and wed?
"WISDOM."

Toronto, October 30th.

HANNAH.

Court of Error and Appeal.

GRIP C. J. Presiding.

TURNER VS. ROBINSON.—Action as to certain rights to titles in West Toronto. Suit dismissed with costs. The learned judge stated that the plaintiff need not be plaintive, as he could go to the Supreme Court, and he had it on the highest legal authority that the defendant couldn't. He understood the defendant to say, however, that he didn't want to, until the American system of election was introduced into our judicial appointments. If so he hoped the court would wait a long time for the defendant to take his seat. He would not commit him for contempt, but he contemned him for committing himself in such a manner.

ROBINSON VS. BLAKE.—This was an action arising out of the former one. The chief justice thought of non-suiting, but had changed his mind. The plaintiff was certainly in "error," but would probably be convinced of it when there would be no "appeal." He would need all his resources to meet the defendant should he enter an action against him, for his words rendered him exceedingly lie-able. He would remind him of the proverb, "children and fools, shouldn't handle edge tools." Case dismissed. U. E. Club to pay costs, as plaintiff was "non compos" when he instituted the action.

"JUST ENOUGH OF LEARNING TO MISQUOTE."

The 'good' that men do lives after them.
The 'evil' is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with CÆSAR (WILKES.)—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Does a blue hitching post look better than a red one, is the question that agitates Detroit."—*Free Press*. If one party is well red on the subject, they will make the others look blue unless they find a hitch'n the proceedings somewhere and post-pone the discussion.

"A Meddling Priest."

Stick to thy altar, and thy cassock, priest!
Shrive souls, and sell indulgences,
Nor lead thy hireling band to quell the state.
Save thine own soul,
Shave thine own poll.
And let the simple voter be."

*"Twist axe and Crown."***Short Essays on Social Subjects.**

A JUVENILE CYNIC.

I met a young man the other day who, when I asked him how the world was using him, surprised me by replying that a Mocking Destiny had made him a Cynic.

I expressed polite concern, and begged him to disclose some of the signs which led him to think he was thus afflicted. He did so with much melancholy affability. He said:

"I know I am a cynic, for I wear my hair long like the poet TENNYSON, and read the works of BYRON and EDGAR A. POE. I go to evening parties, dressed with studied negligence, and instead of mixing with the glittering throng, I lean against the door-post with my arms folded and my brows contracted, as you have seen Mr. FECHTER do on the stage. When asked to dance, I say gloomily that life is too short for such frivolities. If the offer of an introduction to a nice girl is made me, I decline it on the ground that she would not understand me. If I am sure of my girl I do sometimes engage in conversation, and I explain to her that life is a barren desert, that friendship and love are delusive names, and that a man of intellect is seldom appreciated here."

"Well," I admitted, "this looks bad. But I pray you, analyze unto me your soul. What are your feelings? What do you think of things?"

"I am satisfied that this world is singularly hollow."—(It is, I interrupted, if we are to believe the men of science,) "that society is artificial, treacherous, and selfish. If you cannot stoop to the empty, idle conversation which is fashionable in society, you are neglected. It is well-nigh impossible to find in a ball-room any one who has a longing for the impalpable. The man of filthy lucre is preferred to the man of mind. I have found it to be so. A red-faced loud-laughing ignoramus is made much of, while I, who have just taken an unusually good degree, am left to my own dark thoughts. Why?—"

"Why?" I said, "because you are a highly gifted young ass. This disease you profess to be suffering from is not cynicism—it is self-consciousness run mad; it is the very quotidian of egotism; it is conceit at the crisis. You'll get over it, after you have been knocked around a little. Like measles and hooping-cough, it is a disease to which childhood is peculiarly liable. You think you are a genius, as many of us do at your age, and you are not, as you will soon be forced to admit. This admission will mark the first stage of your recovery." The last I saw of this young man he was inquiring for a ledge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, and expressing the hope that he could get there by rail.

Croaks and Pecks.

HUM-DRUM.—Kettle-drums.

DOMINION NOTES.—Postal cards.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—The orations of the demagogues last week.

RUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—What hope for an Alderman, when ROBINSON ran races with the Mayor in the Park and beat him.

"FIVE husbands and a-dying to re-marry."—*Free Press*. If she gets the same number again—then instead of dying she will re-live; and if one of them is a widower he will re-wive.

OUT HERODING HEROD.—The Protection policy of the Conservative Government stopped at 15 per cent duty. The Free Trade policy of the present Government advanced the tariff to 17½ per cent.

LT. COL. G. T. D. was not present at Balaklava, and will not therefore appear at the commemoration dinner. He understands charging, however, as the Emigration accounts will show.

JOHN A. talks about his friend, Mr. ROBINSON'S "Old, manly, unaffected tone." Curious people are asking if the tirade of Saturday night is a fair specimen.

THERE is no use pitching into the young ladies (bless them) for sporting the pull-back dress. They are just at the age when people conduct their habits.

"SOME Canadian papers want a law to force men to vote."—*Free Press*. Yes some editors de-vote law-its of time and very forcible arguments and bring a "Big Push" to bear on reluctant voters. "Will you be one?"

"THE wife of Omaha's Mayor locks the doors on him after 10 p. m."—*Free Press*. And when he does arrive after that hour, we suppose his wife ex-tends a hearty welcome to him and he shouts "Let go-O-maha."

"MISS CAVENDISH the English actress is coming. She's fine cut."—*Free Press*. "Snuff to make a person wish she were here, as we suppose she will have a good company to-back'er. Hope it won't end in smoke—for we shall certainly give her a puff when she comes along. All who choose to go to see her will please wear a "plug" hat and we hope to cigar-mentsto match for she is no mere-sham.

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Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof	750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c.	6,192 73
Scrap Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent.	10,194 45
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