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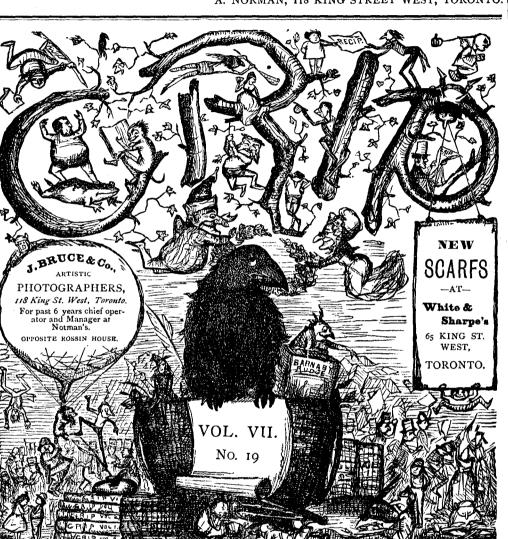
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

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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

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Are Now Ready.

Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough.

Price, Cloth Gilt centre, " full Gilt,

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20 Adelaide Street East, 7

CHEESEWORTH & FRASER

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Beg to inform their Patrons and Friends, and the Public Generally that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now Complete: which Comprises a well Selected Assort-

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GRTP.

EDITED DY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beust in the Inn; the grabest Bird in the Obl; The grabest Sish is the Oyster : the grabest Man is the Sool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Amusement Bulletin.

THE GRAND. - Mrs. Morrison's new company is now fairly at work, and has made a most satisfactory impression. Mr. FITZGERALD, the leading man, is one of the best stock actors the Toronto stage has yet had, and his popularity is a foregone conclusion. Miss Allan is a pleasing and careful actress, and the other new members do their work well. Mr. DOMINICK MURRAY, one of the cleverest comedians of the day, is starring at this House this week, and we are to see Sir RANDAL ROBERTS, Bart, in The Great Divorce Case next week.

ROYAL OPERA.—Manager GOBAY goes on prosperously, as he deserves. A good evening's entertainiment for all who delight in German character acting and clever musical performances is provided this week by the KEEN and ADAMS combination, in the play of The Cut Glove.

The Boy with Too Many Fathers.

Lit-tle Can-a-dian Con-fed-er-a-tion was such a very fine lit-tle boy that every body want-ed to be his fa-ther. And one day he was going down the street.

And an old gen-tle-man from Mon-tre-al, who had been at the Windward Is-lands, came up and wanted to em-brace little Con-fe-der-a-tion, and said, "My dear lit-tle son, do you not re-mem-ber your pa-rent who gave you all the pret-ty sil-ver twen-ty and ten cent pie-ces, which used to wear out so soon? And the store we kept, where I sold champagne?

But the little boy said, "Get out! I'm Prohibition!" And he

went on.

And there met him a tall gentleman, who threw himself into an at-titude and said very loud like a speech at a pic-nic "My child! My own particular offspring! Come to my arms! Don't you know me! Your name's McDougal. I taught you to tell fibs!"

But the boy said "You just be off; My name's Con-fe-de-ra-ti-on.
Tell fibs! I'll bust your nose!" And he went on.

And an-oth-er tal-ler one met him, and scream-ed "Ken ye na me, ma bairn. Ma ain bairn, as I'm a see-ner! Leuk noo! Is he na ma leev-in'

Dairn. Ma ain Dairn, as I'm a see-her? Leuk noo? Is he ha ma leev-in' picture? Leuk at the a-moont o' jaw, and the world o' dee-cee-sion an' Push in his coon-te-nance?"

But the boy said "You clear! You're the chap that ad-ver-tised BRECITER'S show, and told folks sly-ly not to go to it!" And he went on. Then came up a plcasant-looking gentleman, and said, beam-ing on Con-fe-de-ra-tion with a kind eye, "Never mind those fellows! Of course you re-mem-ber your pa-pa? John A., you know? Re-mem-ber Vingstee?"

But the boy said, "You can't fool me! You sold your own Char-ter!"

And the boy went home.

Must be an Alderman.

To the Editor of Crip.

My DEAR SIR.—The golden opportunity has arrived,—the very flood on which men sail into greatness when they have the wit to seize opportunity. I shall be rich; you also shall be rich: I know you despise riches; so do I; but consider how delightful to be able to relieve the suffering poor. I must be an alderman. It is now understood to be correct that they should supply materials. Only think, they buy materials now to the amount of I don't know how many hundred thousand cellers the supply materials. materials now to the amount of I don't know how many hundred thousand dollars per annum. Do you think they would do this if they did not supply them? Watch how many sewers are wanted, now aldermen supply tile. My dear sir, the glorious principle is established that when we elect alderman we simply elect city purveyors, who are to have a monopoly of purveying. Think of it! Next-year, not a load of stone or gravel, not a stick, not a carpet, not a keg of paint, but shall be furnished by an alderman, or one who pays bonus to aldermen. Don't fear peaching; those who gain won't tell; those who lose won't tell, for they hope to win next time. We're all going in. Why, even the patriotic HALLAM has been accused of supplying wool, and the Mayor, who is an excellent judge—of liquor—has declared there was nothing improper in the transaction. Granted, but only consider, how many improper actions may swing by this link. It is the principle that we want—the haul of '76 shall be as nothing to that of '77—next year shall be even as this, and much more abundant. My pockets shall swell with cash; your column enlarge with city advertisements. Give us a chance!

FRANK FLEECEM. FRANK FLEECEM.

Toronto, Sept, 27, 1876.

Down on Beecher.

THE "GLOBE"

We want the whole religious vote, And so in paritanic note We shout at fullest pitch of throat, That we are down on BEECHER.

THE "MAIL."

Religion, tush, send that to pot, We've no more than the Globe has got, But catch the churches it shall not; So we are down on BEECHER.

THE ENVIOUS.

We hate him, that he good has done,-That he has power, and we have none; That he great praise, we none have won, So we are down on BEECHER.

THE HONEST MAN.

I see false ancient friends now try, To fix some unproved slanders sly On one whose life gives them the lie, Which goes to favour BEECHER.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Each fellow of the baser kinds His choicest joy and pleasure finds In slandering superior minds,
They may 't have done with BRECHER.

Obituary.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI MALUM,

Died this week, at the residence of its parents, Church Street in this city, TORONTO NATION, at an early period of life, deeply lamented by all who had not the pleasure of its acquaintance. This interesting youth was ushered at birth with high promise into a delighted and expectant world. At his coming the President of Canada First laughed with fatness, and all the Morning Stars (C. F.'s on their way to bed) sang together for joy. It was an infant of promise—of promise of magnitude unequalled—save by lack of performance. It was to proclaim colonial independence of thought and speech—alas, no sooner could it speak than it squeaked unmistakable London snobbery. It was to prospeak than it squeaked uninistakable London shoboery. It was to promulgate reliance on Canadian honesty of manner and the plainness and vigour of Canadian life; but it from earliest infancy chattered subservience to British clubbism, and the desirability of similar vulgar-removing associations in Canada. It was to point out a hold free course to the Young Canadian party; it groaned plaintively of what had been done in England. Its friends hoped the ringing sentences of Hampden; it lisped for them the platitudes of GLENELG in the cavicatured periods of lisped for them the platitudes of GLENELG in the caricatured periods of JOHNSON. It was, at least, expected to speak in the pure robust English of a Saxon colony; it jabbered French, grumbled Latin, chattered of Greek meanings, and hinted that it knew Sanscrit, which it didn't, nor very much else. It was given out to nurse to the Telegram man, and he baby-farmed it, and it died. Expected to be a lively, bold, good-tempered and entertaining child, it wasn't. "Fretul and wayward was its infancy," morose its manner, gloomy its life, nothing in which became it like the leaving of it, and nothing in the leaving of it being so much regretted as that it hadn't left it before.

It is gone nor shall we ever Look upon its like again, Nature kind a second never Would allow to humbug men.

The Weather.

In July we were sweltered, in August were baked, And could get not a shower at all;
It destroyed all our hopes that on harvest we'd staked,
But that done, it does nothing but fall.

And just now, when we'd get out of doors if we could, But are staid by the down-falling pour, Still one more bitter drop is the thought of the good Twould have done but a little before.

But it's always the way, what we're wishing to-day, Does not come, though it's coming: but fate Has decreed that whenever we get what we want On this earth, we shall get it too late.



CONFEDERATION,

THE MUCH FATHERED YOUNGSTER.

Fashionable Worship.

It was a fashionable church,
A fashionable street,
A fashionable preacher there
A pompous flock did meet.

In broadcloth and in silk arrayed,
Yo show how much they thought
Of him who warned his followers
"For clothing take no thought."

They sung not; but their engine did, For them an organ blow, While loud the well paid choir performed An Oratorio.

The preacher prayed. In accents bland He did JEHOVAII tell His flock possessed no righteousness, Which God knew very well.

The preacher preached: "Trust faith alone As oft I've said before." The well-pleased congregation meant To do so—and no more.

But GRIP would say, "Our Saviour's words, Again with care read through, How seldom he of faith conversed, How of the told to Do!

Currint Ebints.

No. 7.

Me Darlint Grip.

Meself and NORAH has been puttin up an exthry shrove, bad luck to the cowld weather which is the mother av necessity, as the poet DAVIN sez, an sorra a minit have I had to think av anuything av a lithry or pollytical keind, barrin me usual comtimplations av the Consarvatif Re action that does be occupyin me mind all the fwhile, more or less—bein that I'm thyin to dissolve that conunthrum av me frind MICKINZY BOWELL, to whit—Is it a Fiction or a Fackt?

BOWELL, to whit—Is it a Fiction or a Fackt?

In me lasht lether, I put in a good worrd for the risin januis av our Party in Montreal beyant—the layder av our hosts in the shwate bye an bye, mainin Mishter Tom TWHITE, av the Gazette. I mintioned the fact that he had prented a big letther forninst thim Stale Rails, provin that MICKINZY the Premeir, was a Delibrate Falsehud. I hav tuck a few hours out av the Corporations time to rade that epishtle, thinkin this no robbery but only sarvin me counthry in a suparior manner nor diggin on the road. Whell sur, I kem to the conclusion, that me former idees av MICKINZY's corruptions av bowld wickedniss, waz badly confarmed, an I waz waitin to see the Globe comin out an sayin that he waz rank an shunelt to heavin. Thinks I to meself, it'll not be long afther that suposition that thim base, desarvin Grits will shtay in office, an the Consarvaty Reaction is jist aroun the corner, so to shpake.

afther that suposition that thim base, desarvin Grits will shtay in office, an the Consarvaty Reaction is jist aroun the corner, so to shpake.

Fwhat do I larn? Fwhy that Mishter Fwhite's big balloon is bushted wid the pini av a quill pin in the han av the editer av the Monthreal Herald, bad cesr to him! I larn that the young chafetin med out his case in a crucked sort av a way, kapin back some letthers that wuddn't agree wid his shtatenints, and that he grabled the dorkymints—fwhativer garblin manes—I expict bein an Editer yez'ill know all about it howiver. Wuddn't that man av the Herald be keind enough now, to give us thim letthers he says Mr. White garbled!

Spakin av letthers, the min that does be workin beside me on the road, haz been plagin the loife out av me for more nor a wake, sayin fwhy don't the other chafetin, Sur John, come out wid that letther av Cartwright's, seein that Cartwright has challenged him to do so. Av course Sur John wuddn't do the likes av that. Thim Grits hasn't onny idee av a gintleman. Sure, didn't Sur John tell thim all at the

Spakin av letthers, the min that does be workin beside me on the road, haz been plagin the loife out av me for more nor a wake, sayin swhy don't the other chasetin, Sur John, come out wid that letther av Carwright's, seein that Carwright has challenged him to do so. Av course Sur John wuddn't do the likes av that. Thim Grits hasn't onny idee av a gintleman. Sure, didn't Sur John tell thin all at the pec-nec swhat was in the letther; an now me shly Cartwright wuc be afther sayin he garbled that too, an axin him to perduce the same an publish it. He wud like to put Sur John in a box; wuddn't he now? He want to make the chafetin tumble over the rules av gud sciety, but Sur John is too much av a gintleman to take the hint. He knows that the hand writin is putty bad sur a Feenance Minishter, an he wud scorn to expose his pollytical soe by prentin his letther in the papers. This is swhat he towld me swhin I wint the other day an axed him subst I wed say in reply to the min on the road.

now? He want to make the chafetin tumble over the rules av gud sciety, but Sur John is too much av a gintleman to take the hint. He knows that the hand writin is purty bad fur a Feenance Minishter, an he wud scorn to expose his pollytical foe by prentin his letther in the papers. This is fwhat he towld me fwhin I wint the other day an axed him fwhat I wud say in reply to the min on the road.

Now thin, fwhat next? Sure there's nothin goin on at all, these times, in the pillytical circles. Fwhy do they call thim circles? Is it jist another name for rings, I dunno? Shpakin av rings, I see yersiff an the Tilligram keeps up a shteady fire at the Aldermin in the City Hall, forninst the givin out av conthracks, an buyin av materials from thimselves. Blaze away, me darlint, fwhat do we dare for yez! I say we, becase it's not to the inthrests av the likes av me to find fault wid me

best frinds. Sure, don't they kape us min busy, makin beautiful avenues, out on the commons beyant, an haulin gravel to shprinkle on the cow thracks av the city limits miles around the hoves they do be buildin? Schmall blame to thim, sez I, if they fraze on to the uppertunity av turnin an honest pinny in sarvice av the City, as long as they find plinty av worrk for the likes av us, and gives us gud pay. So yez may blaze away, an the Alderinin an meself will go on as usual shnappin our finger at yez.

ger at yez.

Me gentle GRIP, I am thinkin av makin a shtrike. Yez'll have to pay me betther as I can't write anny more Currint Evints fwhile the prisint shtate av affairs lashts. I find it intirely too hard on me conshtitution fwhin there no Currint Evints goin on. Its harder now workin on a shtone road, so it is, an Norali sez she won't putt up anny longer wid yez havin a monopally av me time. There she's sittin now, the darlint, sobbin the heart out av her, to see me sittin here the lasht three hours an twishtin the hair out av me head, thryin to rake enough mather to fill out me letther to its usual expansion. Ye'll plaze excuse this outburst av me pint up falins, an blave me your thru frind

TERRY TIERNEY.

Beecher's Lecture.

On Sunday and Monday nights thousands hung around the door of the Grand Opera House to hear the Plymouth pastor.

A remarkable exhibition of true inwardness was made as soon as the doors were opened. The place was so crowded on Sunday night that Mr. BEECHER was forced to preach on the ragged edge of the footlights. Hundreds who came a few minutes late and tried to see the preacher from the top of the Gallery stairs, found it impossible and had to step out. One gentleman got in early in the afternoon, and went around looking for a soft spot, and finally settled down in one of the private boxes where he sat some six hours, with his chair in a tiltin' position and copies of the Globe and Mail in his hand. The proprietors of these journals are considering the advisability of printing their BEECHER editorial in the advertising columns after this.

Good Advice.

OUR clever contemporary, the Hamilton Times, should stick to its political paint pots, and eschew poetical quotations. Or else, it should make it a strict rule in the office that the printer's boy should not be allowed to write book reviews while the erudite Mr. TYMER is down street. GRIP is led to these reflections by the following passage, which occurs in the Times review of a new History of Canada.

owed to write book reviews while the erudite Mr. TYNER is down street. GRIP is led to these reflections by the following passage, which occurs in the Times review of a new History of Canada.

"It is always well that the young people or a young nation should become thoroughly acquainted from their earliest childhood with the history of that nation; should learn its struggles for existence, its hopes and fears, its reverses and successess, and how it gradually came to the high position it did. This is a circumstance too often neglected and the neglecting of it too often makes the great Shakespeare speak falsely when he says:

"Show me a man with heart so dead, That never to himself has said, This is my own, my native land."

Aldermanic Retrenchment.

The City Council having found that by no possible means could the city pay for the works already contracted, and being begged on all hands to retrench, introduced bills, read bills, and proposed bills for sewers, enough to make in number twelve new sewers, on Monday night. Now GRIP has just one word to say about this sewer and improvement business. If it were the city proper that was benefiting, it would not be so bad. But we might as well go to work to street and sewer the county of York at once, as try to make streets of all the waste land within the city outskirts. No doubt, when a field is sewered and laid out, and graded, it affords a very nice chance for speculation, for the alderman can tell his friends where to buy. Moreover, the more the city is spread the more cheap houses are run up outside the fire limits, which greatly help the business of aldermen in the lumber and planing mill line. Now, GRIP asks the citizens of Toronto proper do they not see what is being done? Do they not see that they are being coolly tricked into paying for a city twice as big as they need? Do they not see that while the centre is not half occupied, and many houses are unlet, inducements are being offered all the while for people to get out on back streets, which the aldermanic speculators are making as good as the front ones? Do they not see that this is the reason of high taxes? Are they not trying to pay for the sewering, road making, gas-lighting, police-watching, of an expanse of country four times as large as they need! Let them go into these outskirts and see the number of idle houses and the quantities of vacant lots, and understand that they are being made to pay the piper for the whole. A compact city, well drained and well managed, would be twice as healthy, and twice as cheap. Rouse yourselves, O ye guils! GRIP has spoken,

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Offers stating the price per ton (of 2,240 lbs.) and the place of delivery will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th SEPTEMBER.

JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager

Montreal, August 24th, 1876.

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- " REPORTER'S COMPANION, 75 cents.

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J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

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