## FAhey bros. are now showing their new dress goods in all the newest shades.



## 중 圆亚

## Editid dy Mr. Barinaty Rudar,


©he grabest fish is thr ©pget : the gratest tefart is the facol.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, $30 T H$ SEPTEMBER, 1876.

## Amusement Bulletin.

The Grand. - Mrs. Morrison's new company is now fairly at work, and has made a most satisfactory impression. Mr. Fitzgekald, the leading man, is one of the best stock actors the Toronto stage has yet had, and his popularity is a foregone conclusion. Miss Alian is a pleasing and careful actress, and the other new members to 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 RaNionc Royerts, Bart, in The Great Divorce Case next week.
Roval 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 Keev 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 go-ing down the strect.

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 chanpagne?"

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 specch at a pic-nic "My child! My own particular offspring I 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 tat-ier one met him, and scream-ed "Ken ve na me, ma bairn. Ma ain bairn, as I'm a see-ner! Leuk nool Is he na ma lecv-in' picture ? leuk at the a-moont $0^{\prime}$ 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 BeEciren's show, and told folks sly-ly not to go to it !" And he went on.

Then came up a pleasant-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 ? ToHn A., you know? lee-men-ber Kingston ?"
But the boy said, "You can't fool me! You sold your own Char-ter!" And the boy went home.

## Munt bean Alderman.

To the Editor of Grip.
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 dotlars per annum. Do you think they would do this if they did not supply them? Watch how many sewersare wanted, now aldermen supply tile. My dear sir, the glorious principle is cistablished 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 fcar peaching ; those who gain won't tcll; those who lose won't tell, for they hope to win next time. We're all going in. Why, cven the patriotic Hallam has been accused of supplying wool, and the Mayor, who is an excellent judge-of liquor-has deelared 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 chancel
Toronto, Scpt, 27, 1876.

## Down on Beecher.

THE "globe"
We want the whele religious vote, And so in puritanic note
We shout at fullest pitch of throat,
That we are down on Beecher.

## TIIE " 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 greal 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 gocs to favour Beecher.

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

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

## 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 lamenled by all who had not the pieasure of its acquaintance. This interesting youth was ushered at birth with high pronise into a delighted and expectant world. At his coming the l'resident of Canada. First laughed with fatness, and all the Moming Stars (C. F.'s on their way to bed) sang together for joy. It was an infant of promise-of promise of masnitude 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 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 bold frec 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 GI.enelg in the caticatured periods of JOHNSON. It was, at least, expected to speak in the pure robust Eng. lish of a Saxon colony; it jablered French, grumbled Latin, chattercd of Greck 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 chilh, it wasn't. "Fretful 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 agnin, <br> Nature kind a second never <br> Would allow to humbug men. <br> The Weathor.

In July we were swaltered, 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 clone, 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 litle belore.

Jut 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.


THE MUCF FATHERED YOUNGSTER.

## Fashionable Worship.

It was a fashionable church, A fashionable street,
A fashionable preacher there A pompous flock clid mect.
In broadeloth and in silk arrayed,
To show how much they thought
Of him who viarned 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 Jehovair tell
His Rock possessed no righteousness, Which God knew very well.

The preacher preached: "Tiust 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 oft He told to Do!

## (Intrint Ebints.

No. 7.
Mc Darliut Grip.
Meself and Norah has been puttin up an exthry shtove, 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 comtimplat:ons av the Consarvatif Re action that dces be occupyin me mind all the fwhile, more or less-bein that I'm thyin to dissolve that conunthrum av me frind Mickinzy Bowers, 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 Gazctte. I mintioned the fact that he had prented a big letther forninst thim Stale Rails, provin that Mickinzy the Premeir, was a Delibrate Falsehud. 1 hav tuck a few hours out ar 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 lee long afther that suposition that thion base, desarvin Grits will shtay in office, an the Consarvaty Reaction is jist arom the corner, so to shpake.

Fwhat do I larn? Fwhy that Mishter Fwiltte's big balloon is bushted wid the ping av a quill pin in the han av the editer av the Monthreal Horald, 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 shtatemints, and that he grabléd the dorkymints -fwhativer garblin manes-I expict bein an Editer yez 'ill know all about it hoviver. Wuldn't that man av the Hcrald be keiud enough now, to give us thim letthers he snys Mr. Whire garbled!

Spakia av letthers, the min that cloes be workin beside me on the road, haz been plagin the loife oult av me for more nor a wake, sayin fwhy don't the other chafetin, Sur John, come cut wid that lether av Cartwhight's, seein that Cakitivright has challenged him to do so. Av course Sur Jorn wuddn't do the likes av that. Thim Grits hasn't onny idec av a gintleman. Sure, didn't Sur Joinn tell thim all at the pec-nec fwhat was in the lether; an now me shly Cartwrigiri wuic be afther sayin he garbled that too, an axin him to perduce the same an publish it. He wud like to putt Sur Joirn in a box; wuddn't lie 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 towkl 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 yersilf an the Tilligram keeps upin shteady fire at the Aldermin in the City Hall, forminst the givin out av conthracks, an buyin av materials from thimselves. Blaze away, me darlint, fivhat do we dare for yez! I say woc, 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 honses they do be buildin? Schmall blame to thim, sez I, if they fraze on to the oppertunity 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 Aldermin an meself will go on as usual shmappin our finger 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 oula shtone road, so it is, an Norail sez she won't putt up anny longer wid yez havin a monopally av me time. There she's sittin now, the darlint, soblin the heart out av her, to see me sittin here the lasht three hours an twishtin the hair out av ne head, thryin to rake enough matther to fill out'me letther to its usual expansion. Ye'll piaze 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 invardness was made as soon as the doors were opened. The place was so crowded on Sunday night that Mr. Beeciner was forced to preach on the ragged edge of the footlights. Hundreds who came a few minutes late and tried to sec the preacher from the top of the Gallery stairs, fonnd 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 setled 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 jourmals 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. Tyner is down street. Grir is led to these reflcctions by the following passage, which occurs in the Times review of a new History of Canada.
"It is always weil 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 successcss, 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 Retrenchmont.

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 Griphas just one word to say about this sewer and improvement business. If it were the city proper that was bencfiting, it would not be so baul. 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 winere 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 sce 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, induccments are being offered all the while for people to get cut 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 ontskirts and see the number of idle houses and the quantities of vacant lots, annl 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 heallhy, and twice as cheap. Rouse yourselves, O ye gulls! Gkip has spoken,


