

**PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.**

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 35 King St. West, Toronto.

TERMS: \$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application.

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

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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 303. 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. 2.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24TH 1874.

No. 9.

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The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

JOSEPHUS BONES, Esq.—Go West, young man.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1874.

A GRIEVANCE TRULY!

Mr. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON—a man whom our immortal predecessor *The Grumbler* used to delight in honouring, has distinguished himself by being the first of all the astute lawyers in JOHN A's ranks to discover and point out another glaring wrong under which the Conservative Party is suffering. At a meeting of the Electors of West Toronto, held on Saturday night, this gentleman, according to the morning papers, mentioned amongst other "grounds of complaint"—

"That the Grits had got the Conservatives down and wanted to trample on them, but they couldn't do it."

Now this is shocking! The cherishing of such a desire in the hearts of the Grits argues amazing depravity—none the less vile because they "cant do it."

RABID.

The Collingwood *Enterprise* made the following violent statement about the Reform Candidate, Mr. Cook, in its last issue:—

"ALBHANAICH NOTTAWASAGA! THA COOK A CRA GUM BHEIL E DOL AIR CEANACH LE USGUE: BEADH. DHE AIR BARAIL?"

We feel sure the more temperate of our patrons will read the above with a feeling akin to disgust.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Moss will meet most formidable opposition in West Toronto. His course in the House since his election has rendered him odious to a great many of his former friends.

The first number of *The National*, a Canada First paper, has come to hand. Its character may be gathered from the announcement in the prospectus, that "Correspondents are permitted the widest latitude, so long as their communications are otherwise objectionable."

The Tomnoddy Papers.

BEING THE LETTERS OF DEMOS MUDGE, TO ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, ESQ., LATE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, OTTAWA.

NO II.

Toronto, January 21st, 1874.

MY DEAR ADOLPHUS,—When I gave my last letter to you the extensive publicity of an insertion in *Grip*, I had little idea that you would be offended. It was published, partly that the world might know the hitherto pent-up gratitude of my heart, and partly with the hope of gilding my humble name by an avowal of the confidence with which you honor me. That you should consider my conduct base, that you should put me on a level with the Hon. JOHN YOUNG is indeed a sorrow to me.

I have no bribed condjutor in the Post Office who inspects the letters of the public in my behalf. I have never been guilty of the ineffable meanness of reading a confidential note not intended for my eyes. I have never published information thus vilely obtained. I have no acquaintances shameless enough to abet such an act and barzen enough to add to their infamy by the hypocritical pretence of a wish to benefit the public. Had I, in a moment of madness, reached such a depth of degradation, a bullet—on my recovery—would have stilled the beating of this heart, or the blue waters of Ontario have engulfed a conscience stricken Mudge.

It surprises me very much that I should have been so completely mistaken with regard to the wealth of your family and your allow-

ance from your father. The family carriage with its heraldic devices, the fat coachman in the Tomnoddy livery, the otter, ermine and seal garments of your lovely sisters, led me into the error. But, as you say, what matters the possession of filthy lucre when credit is so easily obtained—"birth makes the man, the want of it the fellow," while money, in Canada, is generally possessed by those whose

"ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

As you finely remark, your soul is above the petty desire for a larger allowance, you have never been vulgar enough to confine your expenditure by your income, but have—as become a gentleman and a member of the Civil Service—carelessly patronized the tradesmen of the capital. I have often admired the genteel air and clothes wearing capacity of your companions and self—and reflect with sorrow upon the downfall of a Government, the great glory of which was to keep as many of you as possible at headquarters, to improve the national taste and Tomnoddyize the national manners.

What must have been the despair of the *flash* members from British Columbia, when they first contemplated these ornaments of Ottawa society—how must the exquisite from Cariboo have sighed over graces which even he could not hope to rival?

Let me warn you—for tradesmen are becoming more insolent—should you be pressed for payment of your trifling bills, do not contemplate relief through a vulgar and wealthy marriage. Money cannot compensate the degradation of your Norman blood.

In this connection, let me commend to your approval the praiseworthy conduct of young AUGUSTUS DEBRAY, my friend, if he will allow me so to term him, to whose ancient family even the Mudees of Mudgeville are people of yesterday. His father, in early youth, contracted an affection for a young woman whose parents were in trade, and foolishly, instead of making her his mistress, made her his wife and mother of my dear young friend. The worthy woman had received an education which enabled her to do the honours of DEBRAY'S house without betrayal of her origin.

But AUGUSTUS, after arriving at years of discretion—though wisely willing to accept pecuniary favours from his mother's relations, who are now worth much money—would never lower himself by entering their house. He had even—as he confided to me—serious thoughts of cutting his father because of his *mesalliance*. I pointed out to him the difficulty under which he would labour in attempting—without his father's help—to provide himself with the elegancies of life, and at last dissuaded him from the step. But I can never forget the admiration which thrilled me when informed of his intention, and I must ever regard him as a youth of noble aspirations reduced to a prosaic compliance with a state of things abhorrent to his soul, by the stern necessity of his position. Do not for a moment imagine that I counsel you to quarrel with your excellent father, who has never distinguished himself as did DE BRAY—nor, indeed in any way whatever. You confide to me several of your "affairs de toor," as you call them, and truly say that the society of "nice gayrls" is of the most improving nature. Let me hope that you may continue to be successful and intimate with all who will allow you to cultivate them. When last here I met you near the Bossin House with a young lady of position so exalted that I am compelled to admire her at a distance. She was befrilled and panned, high-heeled, padded and well furred. And you—though I had, with a rush of triumphant feeling, seized my cap with the intention of removing it to arm's length—thinking that a recognition of me might operate to your disadvantage, cut me wholly dead. I am humble enough to bear you no malice for the slight, but think you erred on the side of safety. Your bow could not have detracted from your recognized position, and would have conferred distinction on me. In this particular your amiable mother is more wise, being confident that condescension, like mercy, blesses twice and sheds as much glory upon the bestower as upon the recipient. Till I prepare the list of political men, which I promised you in my last, model your public demeanour upon that Chesterfield, Sir JOHN. What could be more courteous than his conduct to DONALD A. SMITH after the speech of the latter on the scandal? Treat HUNTINGTON, should you meet him—which, the elections being at hand, is unlikely—with lofty scorn. What more humiliating than acquaintance with a man who was very relevantly taunted during debate with not having the *entree* into good society?

It is true that Mr. HUNTINGTON is a good speaker, a writer of much vigour and polish; a person of education, talent and refinement. But I have heard you and the young gentlemen your friends pleasantly and elegantly designate him as a "cad," and he is, therefore, totally unfit for association with so distinguished a circle.

Do not think it strange that I, DEMOS, sprung from the people, should counsel you to this Chinese policy of exclusion. I know my plea, thank heaven! I know the difference between blood and brains; and nothing would grieve me more than that any word of



THE NEW "HEATHEN CHINEE;"

OR, THE WINNING HAND AND SLEEVE.

mine should induce a scion of the first to think himself upon a level with an upstart who possesses the second.

Adieu, ADOLPHUS, for the present.

King Street demands its admiring MUDGE.

I am, as ever, your faithful

DEMOS.

Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY,
Russell House, Ottawa.

Our own Medium.

NO. VIII.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—Though there are many poets, both past and present, who have written poems of no ordinary merit, and whose names are revered generation after generation, I must say I am rather disappointed to find that you cannot point as yet to the works of a Canadian *Poet Laureate*, and that you still have to make use of the works of the great poets of the world to help to train the enthusiastic imaginations of the weaker vessels of the community. There is no doubt, however, that you have in your midst many who are striving with a noble ambition to hand down their names to posterity as the Canadian LONGFELLOW, or TENNYSON, and specimens of whose art may from time to time be seen cropping out in the poetical corner of your rural contemporaries, and reprinted to fill up space in a similar corner in your city Dailies. One of these efforts came in my way this week, one which had been rejected by the "*Barnhill Expositor*," and by the rule of that celebrated paper in regard to communications not accepted, consigned to the waste basket. Recognizing its merit, I venture to give it what its author earnestly desired, *publicity*,—and whilst your readers appreciate its marked ability, trust they will not attribute to its author any personality. The *poem*, like the subject of it, has *no title*, but runneth as follows:

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,
You are a mistake and bother,
With your Proton Tale
So threadbare and stale—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,
Why do you make such a bother,
With words out of place,
And speech without grace,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,
Why don't you try some soft sawder?
Elected a Grit,
The coat did not fit,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,
You are a very great plodder,
You met with a sell
'Midst the opposition you dwell,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,
Remember a well-known author,
Who wrote a small book,
And regrets that it took,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

MORAL.

Had poor ABRAHAM LAWDER
Not been a mistake and a bother,
He would have stood high,
And we would not now cry,
Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

I am not aware that the author ever read the celebrated tale of "Robinson Crusoe," but it would appear that he has.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

REASSURING.—Old lady in the train (very nervous) to gent—"Do accidents often occur on this line?" Gent—"One every day. Liable to be smashed up at any moment."

RELATIONSHIP.—JACKSON, of Dansville, is distantly related to a Senator, whom he addresses "Cousin." JACKSON has another relative, a washerwoman, and is quite offended because she speaks of him as her "Cousin" JACKSON.

WHY is a Jewish physician like a good brewer? Because he knows how Hebrews ail.

IMPARTIAL GRIP, ACCUSED OF PARTY ZEAL, ASKS FIGHTY GRITS TO READ THESE LINES—AND SQUEAL.

There once was a bumpkin who witnessed a fight
'Twixt a couple of skunks on a moon-lighted street,
He, thinking them canines, approached too near sight,
Then retired, remarking "he cared not which beat."

Like that countryman, GRIP can no sympathy hold,
For political pole-cats, whatever their stripe,
But fearing no venom, on such seizures hold,
And squelches the foulest with merciless gripe.

And the foulest, awhile in the past, have been those
Who clung with MACDONALD to power and shame,
They the strongest offence were to BARNABY'S nose,
And he—true to his duty—has widened their fame.

But there's many a sinner who hides his disgrace
Behind the broad Aegis whose Gorgon is BROWN,
GRIP dreads not to petrify under that face,
And is ready to hunt all the scalliwags down.

The heroes of "Proton," the scrubs of the "Farm,"
The knaves of "The Islet," escape yet the taws,
Let them shudder and shrink in uneasy alarm,—
We will bring down the cat if they give us fresh cause.

There's a sneak insignificant who has gone free,
JUDAS WOOD, whose effluvia foulth the air,
He has, stamped on his traitorous forehead, the T
That he earned from poor SANDFIELD—*speak now*—if he dare.

There are Grit "Jacks in office," so many and small,
That compassion compels us to let the crew pass,
'Twould be cruel to single a few from them all,
But some day, perhaps soon, we'll roast them, *en masse*.

A SOFTY.

They stood at the gate
Very late;
And the moon seemed to smile as she gazed from aloft,
For the anxious swain looked decidedly soft,—
So did his mate.

He stood there—half froze,
I suppose;
For the climax had come in his wooing of ANN,
And intent in his mind he was brewing a plan
To propose.

They spoke of the stars—
And the wars;
Of the beautiful hue in the Northern Lights,
Of gentlemen's collars, and woman's rights—
Till all hours.

But time slipping by
Very sly—
Put the lover in mind that he'd better make haste,
Lest this golden chance of his life he might waste,
Through being shy.

So he summoned a look
Of great pluck;
He changed his feet in a resolute style,
And clearing his throat, he put on a smile,
And—never spoke!

A remark by ANN
Just then,
Put his forthcoming question quite out of joint,
And led him to talk away from the point
Again.

Half an hour
Or more,
He struggled to muster up courage to "vow"—
But his heart caved in at the thought—somehow
O'er and o'er.

The word from his tongue
Wouldn't come,—
He gazed on her face with ineffable love,
And wildly again with his bashfulness strove,
Then—went home.

WHICH IS HE?—There is a gentleman in this city who washes the dishes and peels the potatoes, to save his wife's hands. Query—Is he a fool or an angel?

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Mr. DAY are occupying responsible positions,
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discharge their office duties reflect great credit
on the Institution in which they received their
business training.

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