

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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A. S. IRVING, *Publisher,*
35 King Street West, Toronto.

OFFICE
AND
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:
Five Cents.

For Sale at all the Bookstores.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl; The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

EDITED BY
Mr. Barnaby Rudge.
London, E.: L. M. Rogers,
31 Bouverie Street.
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Nassau Street.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome; all are intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 305. 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, DECEMBER 6TH, 1873.

No. 2.

SMOKED SALMON,

Portland Bloaters.

Finnan Haddies,

Table Codfish,

Pickled Salmon,

Pickled Mackerel,

Pickled Labrador Herring,

Sugar Cured Hams,

AND BREAKFAST BACON.

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AND SPIRITS,

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Champagnes.

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GREAT BARGAINS.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1873.

SPECIFIC!

In Monday's issue of the *Globe* we noticed the urgent appeal of a philanthropic individual signing himself "G." for a "Canada Adulteration Act," to protect him and others from "the deadly poisons that are sold for brandy, whisky, gin, porter, and ale." From the decided tone of the letter it would seem as if G.'s experience in the various beverages had been pretty extensive, but, while agreeing with him as to the probability of liquors being generally adulterated, and conceding the sadness of such a state of things, we can point out to him a very simple remedy, which we have invariably found efficacious—viz., Total Abstinence!

LOOSE JOURNALISM.

The *Whitby Gazette* graphically details the particulars of a fire which occurred in the attic of a certain book store of that town the other day, and concludes by the laconic remark, "Damag's light." We have no desire to charge the *Gazette* with wilful misrepresentation, but *Grip* has a letter from the bookseller himself, who avers that the damages were not only light, but chiefly smoke and flame, six feet of rubbish—probably Town Council minute books—having been destroyed.

PROOF WANTED.

The appended communication was evidently not intended for us, although included in our bundle from the post office. However, we print it:

(To the Editor of the *Globe*.)

SIR—I hope you will not think me impertinent in asking a question; I am a searcher after truth—be that my apology. I find the following sentence, Sir, in one of your editorials—the one on "Bibliomania."

"When a man," says the great hand that drew 'my Uncle Toby,' "gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion," etc.

Now, Sir, with all due deference I would like to see your evidence that the hand that drew your Uncle Toby had the power of speech. I know it was STERNE'S hand that did the drawing—but I don't believe it is on record that it ever spoke those words.

Yours truly, A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAN.

SEWING MACHINE EXTRAORDINARY!

SCRAGGLES, Junior, has just patented a sewing machine, which, of course, is a good deal better than all its predecessors. His card, the receipt whereof we hereby acknowledge, sets forth the following distinctive advantages of the new patent:

1. It has less machinery about it than all others
2. It is not at all objectionable on the score of mechanical complication.
3. It is comparatively free from mechanism.
4. It is simpler than all others.
5. It is peculiarly easy to understand.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

It is not without feelings of modest gratification that we give place to the following *Card of Thanks*:

26 and 28 King St. East, Friday.

GENEROUS *Grip*.—In your issue of the 8th inst. you kindly gave a free insertion to the advertisement for a "Short-Hand Reporter, first-class, &c.," which for so many months we published without avail in the *Globe*. It speaks volumes for your power as an advertising medium that we at once found it necessary to order its withdrawal from our own journal, as you may have noticed. You have our thanks.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR,
Globe Printing Company.

REFLECTION BY THE CITY BUILDERS AFTER THURSDAY'S GALE.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Grip's Poetical Parodies.

ELEGY IN THE OTTAWA SENATE YARD.

(AFTER GRAY.)

The city clock proclaims the close of day,
The hard-worked clerks wend gladly to their tea,
The carter homeward drives his lumbering dray,
And twinkling gas-lights aid the eye to see.

Now fade policemen on the aching sight,
And all the streets a muffled murmur hold,
Save some sharp yell from loafer on the tight,
Or early bell by high-church sexton tolled.

Save that from yonder grog-shop, named "The Bower,"
Some brawling rough does to his pal complain
Of such as hold the reins of public power,
Late held by those who shall not hold again.

For them no more shall office-seekers burn,
With them no busy builders contracts share;
No understrappers hail their chief's return,
Or watch them sneeze to imitate their air.

Oft did the people to their buncombe yield,
Their cunning oft the stubborn *Globe* has spoke;
How jocund did they drive those from the field
Who would have rid their country of the yoke.

Not to ambition we impute their toil,
These last, who rose from destiny obscure,
Though hirelings hear with a disdainful smile
The long and stormy combat of the Pore.

The applause of list'ning Senates to command,
They strove not for, nor did they office prize;
But to deliver from corruption's hand,
And read approval in the nation's eyes.

While those who strove the light of truth to hide,
And battered shameless on the country's shame,
Shall to descendants leave a name whose wide
Significance shall cause their cheeks to flame.

Yet e'en their bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
Shall warn wayfarers never to neglect
The passing, pitying tribute of a sigh.

Haply, some future moralist shall say—
"I draw their frailties from their dread al ode,
To point the consequences of their way—
Yet they had talents for a better road."

THEIR EPITAPH.

Here lie, who shamed their country's worth,
A clique, to widest fame and power known;
Though grandeur smil'd not on their humble birth,
A fav'ring Fortune marked them for her own.

Plain was their duty, but they, insincere,
Were bribed by ALLAN, who could thousands spend;
They gave to ALLAN all they could—and then
They fell so low that ruin was their end.

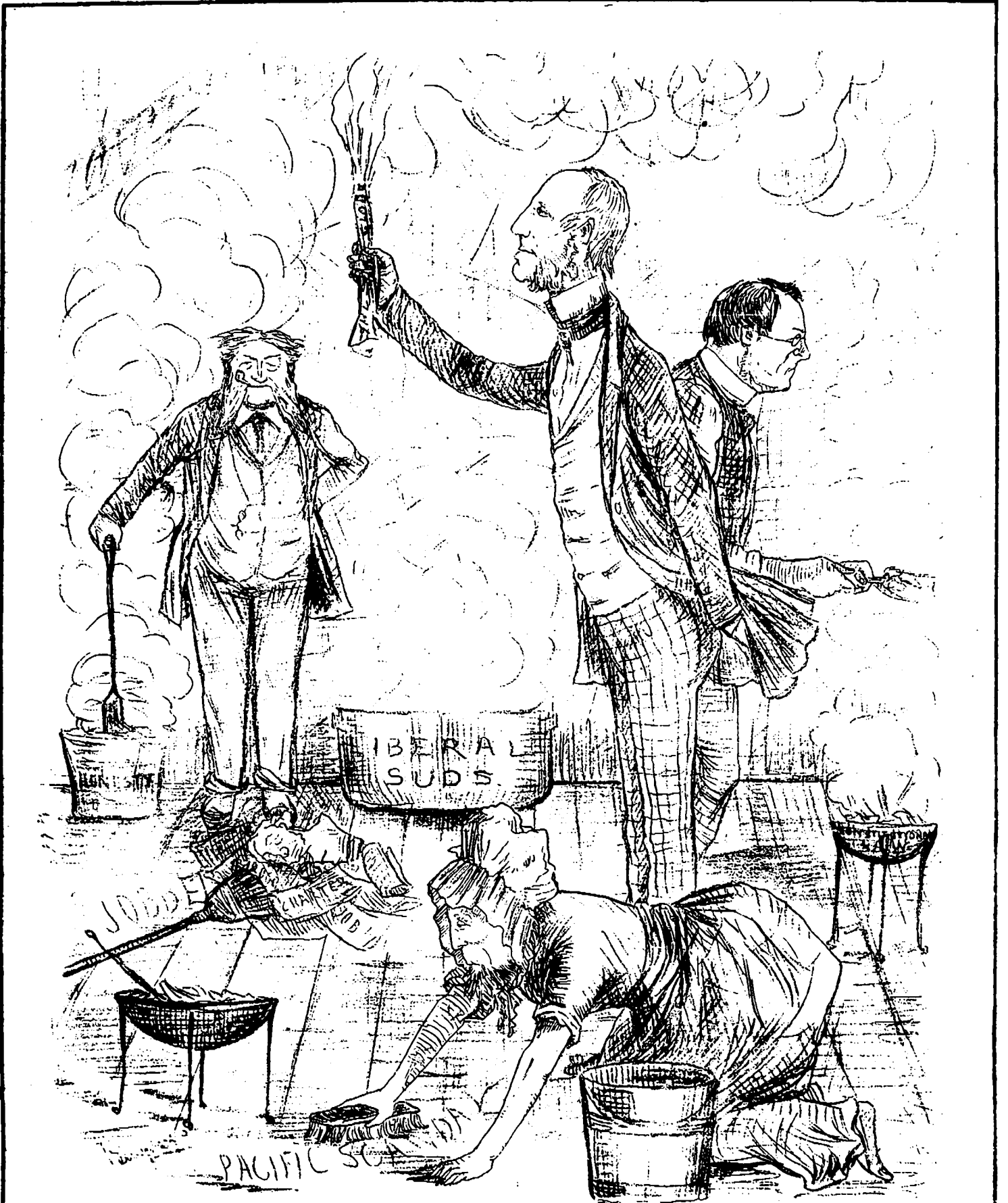
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN TO "GRIP."

THE BASTILE, NOV. 25, '73.

DEAR GRIP,—Shrick in your shrillest note. I am coming among you. The Bastile of the new world cannot hold me. Corruption is overthrown; John A is trampled in the dust. Reformers are in power. I am a reformer. I and Mackenzie will rule the Dominion. We will annex the States. I will tear Grant from the White-house. A dungeon shall receive him. I was born to be great. *Nunc sum!* America has rejected me. I come to Canada. You shall kiss my hand. Ireland shall be free. Fenians are patriots. Germany shall be trodden down. Spain shall be free, so shall France. England will be wiped off. You say this scheme is immense, so am I! I shall be President of the world; you, GRIP, shall be my organ. I have spoken. *E. Pluribus Unum. Nix Comoros! Civis Americannus Sum.*

(Signed.) GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

NOTE FOR NEWSPAPER MANAGERS.—Libel over-Whellams its author.



THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME;
OR, THE ERA OF PURIFICATION.

Our Own Medium.

No. III.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—In the course of my rambles during the past week I visited the various banking institutions in your city, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, cashiers, and clerks, with all the other members of these wealthy corporations ranged in their several stations, and busily intent upon their several duties. Looking, however, beyond the more outward appearance of things as presented to the ordinary every-day observer, I could not but notice that the presiding officer over all was a lady, and her name, as I was told, was *The Public*. In front of her was placed a large golden bowl, filled with a clear crystalline liquid called *Capital*, which was filled and emptied by two pipes, placed one on each side, the supply pipe being called *The Deposit*, the other *The Discount*, and both of which were controlled and guided by the lady in question. I was astonished also to find that the other officials, the directors, cashiers, and clerks were but servants of this great lady, and obeyed her behests implicitly.

The lady seemed sometimes to be very ill and feverish, and short in temper, and then the crystalline liquid seemed to be a mirror of her mood, and danced fretfully within the golden bowl as it sank rapidly through the *Discount* pipe; at other times she seemed in good spirits, and surveyed with much pleasure the rapidly filling bowl, as the liquid flowed freely in through the *Deposit* pipe. Tired of watching the various whimsical moods into which this lady flung herself, I spent some time in looking into the working of the details, and to the manner in which *The Public* was served.

I was glad to find how faithfully her commands were carried out, and how in most instances the clerks were all that could be desired. I noticed, however, that there were some of the clerks (imported, I was told, from across the water) who seemed to think they were not servants of my lady, but her masters, and was surprised to find that this arose from their fancying they were persons of great importance, coming from an old country to a new one like Canada, and that society was waiting with outstretched arms to receive them. In fact, they had but to choose their own society. Hence their supercilious manner to those frequenting the banks, and the irritating coolness shown towards those who with little time to spare are compelled patiently to await their pleasure. I trust this will soon be remedied, and that all will remember that they hold their places for the good of and as servants of *The Public*, and give will for the future that quick and ready, polite and gentlemanly service that is required at their hands.

Leaving one of the banks, and passing into the counting house of a prominent merchant, I was astonished to find a letter lying on his desk, written with the intention of sending the same to one of your daily papers, but his courage failed him. Recognising, however, the correctness of the ideas contained in the same, I venture to give a copy of it to the public, through *Grip*:

"Spool Lane, Monday.

"MR. EDITOR,—I have a grievance to redress. Why should I be subjected to the torture I now endure—why should a plurality of persons sit in judgment on my business—as coroners over a supposed murder? I am unfortunately a merchant requiring discounts. I go to my bank expecting to have a private interview with the cashier. I enter the room and find the president, vice-president, and three directors seated with the cashier. A series of good mornings and winning smiles greet my entrance, and then all but the cashier suddenly become interested in the morning papers. I explain my business—the cashier is afraid to reply—president strikes in—vice-president does ditto—directors ditto. I am pulled to pieces. My business is canvassed by men in the same line, and I leave the room feeling my self-respect lowered. Dear Sir, if a cashier is a cashier, let him be one in earnest.—Yours,

"B. O. COMMERCE,
"Dealer in Tapes, Ribbons, &c."

But, for the present, adieu,

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

REGARDLESS OF COST!

A very important meeting of the recently formed Liberal-Conservative Association of London was held at the Court House in that city the other day, when a Constitution was adopted, and in the words of the *Free Press*:

The subscription list was very largely signed, without any regard to the membership fee, and in a few minutes several hundred dollars were subscribed towards the funds of the Association.

The enthusiasm of these gentlemen can only be measured when, in connection with the above, we quote Sec. XII of the Constitution:

"The subscription fee to be fifty cents per member."

JOHN A. AND THE ELEMENTS.

Mr. Moss, in his speech the other evening at the Soho Street meeting, did not put it so strongly as he intended when he said:

"If we may believe some people, the sun could not shine if Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD was not Premier."

We may believe "some people" very readily to that extent if it is the *Toronto Sun* they mean. The statement is a fact as absolute as it is painful to the proprietor of our little evening contemporary.

"PUNCH" PRIGGETTI!

If those who have the first volume of *Grip* on fyle—and who has not?—will take the trouble to look over some recent numbers, they will find the following characteristic *bon mot*:

"THE ONLY FUSION OF LAW AND EQUITY—Confusion."

This was justly considered very clever by all who were keeping themselves read on the Fusion Question in England; and *Grip* is ready to swear to its originality. In the face of that, is there not something very suspicious in our London contemporary, *Punch*, on the 8th of November—by which time, you observe, he would be in receipt of his copy of *Grip*—publishing this line:

"NEW NAME FOR THE FUSION PARTY—Confusion."

Now, we don't want any palliating letters from *Metropolitans*, please!

TO THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

Great Duke, all hail! your Grace's note we read,
And all our doubts and all our scruples fled;
We see the wrongs our wanton haste has wrought,
Sir JOHN and ALLAN may have stuned in naught.
'Tis true, the first was perhaps a little rash
In his manipulation of the cash;
But who's to blame? Impartial-minded *Grip*,
Taught by your Highness, mourns there was no whip,
Else had the dirty work been done, 'tis plain,
And yet the knight remained without a stain.
We stand instructed—full our grateful hearts
Of admiration for your Grace's parts;
Your English rank no higher may attain,
But yet there's one step for your Grace to gain—
The public voice declares, where'er it rules:
"Be Duke, and Prince, and Autocrat of Fools."

AN ANSWER WANTED.

This Duke of Manchester, who's been so busy,
Dear *Grip*, inform us, who the dickens is he?

THAT POLICEMAN!

By an Idiot, who, through being naturally harmless, and of inferior muscular development, justly merits (and gets) the concentrated attention of the Force.

A policeman stood (as a policeman should),
Leaning against a lamp;
He buttoned his coat well up on his throat,
For the air was chilly and damp.
And I heard him sigh, as I passed him by,
O'er joys now strangely marred;
And he shook his head, in a way that said—
"O! a policeman's lot is hard."
Then down the street, to the end of his beat,
With a dignity naught could excel,
He strode ahead with that measured tread
That suits a policeman well;
And turning a lane (I not without pain
Observed this indifference to duty),
He walked a few yards, to pay his regards
To a cook (famed for more than her beauty).
I thought it no sin to just peep through the window,
And oh! what a sight met my gaze—
Of beer and cold mutton, enough eat this glutton,
To last him a week or ten days.
But sounds, as of blows, on the instant arose,
And a crowd gathered quick in the street;
And the policeman turned white, and says he, "Blow me tight,
If I venture out yet on my beat."

AMPUTATION.—Dr. De La Hooke yesterday successfully amputated one of the fingers of Alfred Bishop, a brakesman on the Grand Trunk, who recently had his hand badly crushed while coupling cars. — *Globe*.

Next week we may expect to learn that Dr. CROMBIE, L.D.S., has safely extracted Mrs. SMITH's first molar, or that Dr. McCLAVENS has operated successfully upon Mrs. THOMPSON'S CORNS.



PORTRAITS!

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Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
Member of the Board of Examiners of the
Royal College of Dental Surgeons
of Ontario.

Fourteen Years experience in the practice
of Dentistry.

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CHIGNONS, COLLS, &c.,
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Pods in sets of six.
Poupadour Pads and Frisett's.
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OYSTERS!

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his customers, begs to inform the public generally
that he has, by the advice of his friends, added
to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

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Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.
Hot Meat Pie at all hours.

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MACHINES

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quiring no personal instruc-
tion. No one, however un-
skilled, inexperienced, ner-
vous or feeble, can fail to
work them with pleasure
and entire success.*

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CANADIAN

SEWING MACHINE

COMPANY,

HAMILTON, ONT.

MAYORALTY ELECTION
FOR THE
CITY OF TORONTO.

ELECTORS:

*I respectfully solicit your
votes and support for re-election
as MAYOR for the year 1874.*

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

ALEX. MANNING.

Election—Monday, January 5, 1874.

**BRITISH AMERICAN
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**

FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNA-
MENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to us at
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OUR EVENING SESSIONS

Continue through the winter. An excellent oppor-
tunity is here offered to attend special classes in our
Business and Geographic Courses. Young men who
are engaged during the day should embrace this
opportunity as it will yield ere long a thousand per
cent. upon the outlay.

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Business Education. This Institution is UN-
EQUALLED for the THOROUGHNESS of its
COURSE and the EFFICIENCY of its GRA-
DUATES. Many young men instructed by
Mr. DAY are occupying responsible positions,
and their satisfactory manner in which they
perform their office duties reflect great credit
on the Institution in which they received their
training.

Forms and circular, containing details of
contribution from leading business men of
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DAY, Accountant, Toronto.