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NOTE.**

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OFFICE
AND
DEPOT.



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Five Cents.

For Sale at all the Bookstores.

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

**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 308. 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. I.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 4TH, 1873.

No. 19.

WHITE HART,

CORNER OF

Yonge and Elm Streets,

TORONTO,

CONDUCTED IN THE

Good Old English Style,

BY BELL BELMONT,

Late of London, England.

HANDSOMEST BAR in the DOMINION!

Pronounced by the Press to be

THE PRINCE OF BARS!

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SPACIOUS BILLIARD ROOM.

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SANDS."**

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ALFRED BUTLER,

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STATIONER,

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BOW BELLS.

FAMILY HERALD.

LONDON JOURNAL.

A. S. IRVING,

Wholesale Newsdealer, King Street West.

OUT THIS DAY.

**"LITTLE
SUNSHINE."**

No. 8,

Irving's Five Cent Music.

"LIFE IN DANBURY,"

BY THE

"DANBURY NEWS MAN."

COMPLETE ENGLISH EDITION.

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A. S. IRVING,

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The gravest Seal is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Toronto, Saturday, October 4th, 1873.

(Aria)
THE BELLS.

(By a Bond Street Poet, whose sleep has been frequently disturbed at unseasonable hours.)



EAR St. Michael's two big bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of vicious thought their
monody compels;
In the early morning light,
How we cuss with all our might
At the sleep disturbing thunder of their
tongues!
For every sound that floats from the rust
within their throats,
There is a groan!

And the people—ah, the people that hung them in the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that rousing monotone,
Seem to take delight in rolling on the sleepy man a stone.
They are neither kind nor gracious,
They don't think our time is precious,
They are cruel!

And their sexton 'tis who tolls,
And he, (the neighboring sleeper) rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
And curses at the bells,
And his angry bosom swells at each thunder of the bells,—
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time, in profane sort of rhyme
To the banging of the bells keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of wicked rhyme, to the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, to the sobbing of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
With the knells, knells, knells, in an impious Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the most untimely moaning, and the groaning of the bells.

BRAVELY SPOKEN!

UNDOUBTEDLY the most sublimely fearless and heroic newspaper in the Dominion is the *Goderich Star*. It is absolutely defiant of fate—grand, gloomy, and peculiar! Last week its editor enquired, in black letters—"Is it Wrong to be Loyal?" a question which has possibly racked his mind for a long time. In a wild charge at 'rebels' in general, he has decided that it is *not*. Having spoken plainly, he becomes conscious that an apology is looked for, in the present degenerate state of Canadian journalism, and so rising to the true dignity of his manhood, he declares:

"A spade is a spade, and we ask no pardon for saying so. No Government paper is ours, and we conduct our Paper upon the principle of triumph, Britain, and right, or an honorable death in defence of these."

While we would hardly go the length of saying positively that a spade is a spade, we admire the *Star's* grandeur in speaking out; but we do not hesitate to say that there is not another Paper (with a capital P) in this or any other country that is "conducted" on a platform so truly noble, or so wonderfully *mized*.

Letters from Low Latitudes.

NO. II.

Colenzo's Terrace, Sept. 30.

DEAR GRIP.—Bedad, tSur, I'm glad to see the Pashific Skandal has intirely been knocked into the middle av next wake (as wan might say) be raysin of shuperior attractshuns. The misforshinate raders av the papers git aff wid a bit the lighth av me pipe now, forby the half-a-dozen smutherin columns herebefore piled onto thim. I'm tould the Ryle Commingshiuers all av thim wint aff to slape in the middle av the procadins the other day; and begorra, sur, (betwene you an' me), I dunna but that proves the overcomin' karakter av the evidence. . . . I obsarve wid pain that MAYOR MANNIN' stud up in the Council last maytin night, an' tould me frind, ALDERMAN HIME, that he cuddn't putt his moshun to devide St. Patrick's Ward. F'what was the raysin? Nothin', tSur, but Saxin injustice in a milder forum! . . . The Finanzhal Krisis is the chafe thing that has bate out the Skandal this wake. I b'have, tSur, we shud be thankful for its prisince, inslted av howlin as I obsarve some av our richest min doin. Lusht Mundy night they had a vilent attack av the complaint in the City Council, an' I see by the *Globe* it had a powerful effect on some av our mosht merrytorious offshal's salarys. More power to its elbow. May it com d'this way.

Yours wid respect,
TEDDY TIERNEY.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

WHEN you invite Mr. JONES to dinner in a quiet way, and there happens to be a good deal of cold meat at table, refrain from talking to your wife about how pleasantly the dinner party went off yesterday, otherwise JONES might be induced to think he does not stand at the very head of your list of friends.

And you, my lady, as carefully refrain from saying that the pie or the home-made bread is not what it ought to be, or Mr. JONES—who wouldnt like to think you disingenuous—may be induced to believe you.

CANADA'S SHAME.

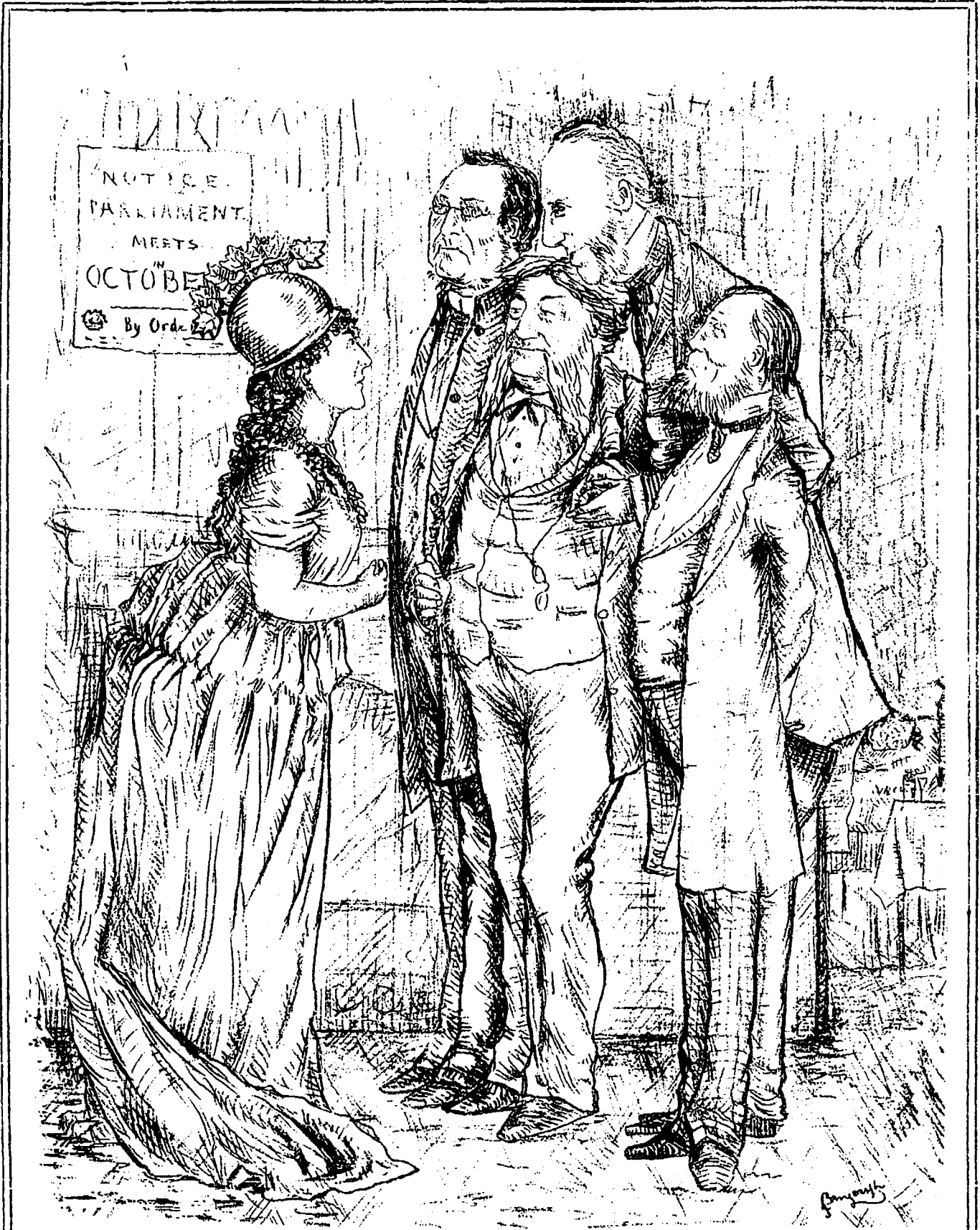
WE read that the ancient Jews were wont to express profound contrition and humiliation by putting ashes upon their heads, and the custom strikes us as being beautifully appropriate. We are not aware whether it was the intention of the namer or inventor of a new style of hat now offered for sale in the stores, that a similar mode of expressing what Canadians ought to feel just now should be adopted amongst us. This piece of raiment is called the "Pacific Scandal" Hat, and is advertised by the merchants of Lindsay, and probably elsewhere. It is not likely that this notion will at all assist the virtuous self-abasement of our people, however; on the contrary, we fear many will buy and wear the headpiece in a spirit of the voriest levity. Indeed, recent experience has so insured us to startling things, that we would not be very much surprised to hear that Sir JOHN, Sir HUGH, SIR FRANCIS, MR. LANGEVIN, MR. ABBOTT, and the rest had actually adopted the new hat. In such a case—if it didn't just happen to be a hat—that would be verily 'capping the climax' of Canada's shame!

A NASTY EPIGRAM.

"Mr. Thomas Nast, the artist, has already made one hundred and twenty engagements to lecture during the coming season."—*Daily Paper*.

A chance for thrifless Lyceums to 'phoenix' with *ec lat*;
No slender houses need be feared for NAST is bound to *draw*.

FOUND.—A maltese soprano kat, about 12 months old, singing old hundred on a picket fence, late last thursda nite, whichever person owns sed kat will find him (or her according to circumstansis) in a vacant lot, just bak av our hous, still butiful in death.—*Josh Billings*.



"PROGRESSING FAVOURABLY."

MISS CANADA (*anxiously*)—"DOCTORS, HOW DO YOU FIND THE POOR DEAR PREMIER?"

DR. B—N (*for the M.D.'s*)—"MADAM, WE'VE JUST HAD A CONSULTATION; THE SYMPTOMS ARE HOPEFUL—WE BELIEVE HE CAN'T SURVIVE OCTOBER!"

"Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE: A NOVEL.

BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

BOOK I.

GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE was the lineal descendant of poor but honest parents. His father earned a livelihood by removing the accumulated secretions of metropolitan chimneys, while his mother strove to endow the shirts and collars of the neighbourhood with a portion of the rigid inflexibility which marked her own conduct in life.

Often in the intervals of his laborious but remarkably wholesome profession, she would endeavour to impress upon her idolized GUSTAVUS a few of those axiomatic postulates which seemed calculated to make him a good man as well as a great one.

"Gus," she observed in one of these affecting interviews, "remember that the crust which refreshes honest poverty is, morally speaking, more palatable than the sponge-cake and sherry of iniquitous opulence." Then, with a touching allusion to her own profession, she continued, "and to the well constituted mind, my GUSTAVUS, conscious rectitude revolving its mangle is a nobler object than vice reposing in marble halls, with vassels and serfs by its side!"

To all such observations, GUSTAVUS would respond with a glance of intense truthfulness, "Co-rect!"

BOOK II.

"Two souls with not a single thought,
Two hearts that cheat as one.—DRYDEN.

No sooner had the Rivulet of Youth become absorbed in the Ocean of Manhood than the fervid soul of GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE pined for sympathy. He loved!

LADY FLORENCE MELVILLE was, in sooth, a glorious creature; her beauty hung upon the cheek of night like an expensive bijou suspended from the ear of an Ethiopian serenader.

The effeminate scion of a corrupt aristocracy sought the smiles of LADY FLORENCE without success.

Such was the being GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE madly, blindly loved. But sometimes a hideous doubt would intrude, like a noxious caterpillar sullyng the petals of the rose, and whisper "Is thy love returned?"

This fearful thought nearly goaded him to madness, and he resolved either to ascertain the true state of LADY FLORENCE'S feelings, or perish in the attempt.

He sought the mansion of the Melvilles, and obtained a temporary engagement in a menial capacity.

BOOK III.

"You could tell by the smoke that so gracefully curled."—COWPER.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

'Tis a fearful cry to startle the silence of night, especially when there is no ASHFIELD in the neighbourhood.

All was mirth and revelry in the mansion of the MELVILLES! The most illustrious members of the nobility glided through the sumptuous apartments, or threaded the mazes of the waltz. Title after title was announced by the pampered menial at the door. That pampered menial is of noble bearing, indeed! He hath the curls and grace of a young Apollo! Dost recognise him, reader? Hush!

The festal scene is o'er, and the last coroneted chariot has rolled away from the mansion and the Melvilles. GUSTAVUS (known alas! as Jeebs) seeks his lowly couch at last. His heart beats high beneath his scarlet waistcoat, for something tells him that the lovely LADY FLORENCE'S hand is still free. Softly murmuring, "She is mine!" the pretended footman prepared for slumber.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

GUSTAVUS leaped from his couch, and into his hated livery. FLORENCE in danger! The thought was madness! He approached the window and looked out. In a mass of terrified faces, all looking upward, he read the terrible story. The mansion was in flames!

The smoke blinded him somewhat as he fled wildly along the corridors. Ha! what scream was that? To burst open the door—to seize his lovely burden—to bear her swiftly adown the blazing staircase—to batter down the street door with a blow of his fist—was the work of a second! The hero and his precious charge swooned and fell together. Duly there was a revival. Blessings showered from all sides of the dense crowd upon the noble AUGUSTUS; but there was a joy at his own heart superior to glory; and on recovering his faculties, he first sought a look at the pallid features of the rescued—upper housemaid!

THE END.

EXTRAORDINARY IMMUNITY OF THE PRESS!

In a circular recently issued to the members of the Canadian Press Association, calling the Annual Meeting at London in the Fair week, we find the following:

"As to passes on the Railways, members may travel at the same reduction as is granted to all parties visiting the exhibition."

Considering that the persons thus to be privileged were Editors, no one will ever think of impugning the magnanimity of Railway Companies, however they may calumniate them on the score of bad management or political partizanship.

"BACK" NUMBERS SUPPLIED.

Our Ministerial confreres who are ever on the *qui vive* for facts and scraps derogatory to the "chief organ of the Grips," will be delighted with the evidence of its demoralization afforded by the following advertisement, addressed we presume to the ladies, which is regularly printed in that faithful Opposition sheet, the *Lindsay Post*:

"The 'Globe' Bustle—the latest and best—just received at S. & O. Bigelow's Cash Store."

We are fully prepared to find the *Mail* coming out with a leader on this text, for there is quite as much capital in it as in the much paraded intelligence that the *Globe* had decreased in size a few weeks ago; we only hope (for the credit of the profession) that, as Mr. Cool Burgess would be sure to say: the editor won't make 'too much bustle about it.'

AN EPIGRAM FOR THE LABOR CONGRESS.

THROUGH this fair land great JOSEPH marches,
Let honest welcomes greet him then,
Let working men praise the arches,
For ARCH has raised the working men!

FLATTERING OPINIONS.

"The successful teacher must be a man with a hearty *Grip* in his hand. A *Grip* is a good thing.—Baptist Teacher, Philadelphia.

I never knew a man of true sincerity who didn't prize an honest *Grip*.—Dr. Johnston.

Grip, my friend.—Chas. Dickens.

THE DIGNITY OF THE "BENCH."

ADDRESSED TO THE MASTER CLOTHIERS.

WE Tailors have "struck while the iron is hot,"
And tis needle-ss to coax us you know,
You ask us like geese to go back to our lot,
Come to terms or we'll never do sew

"CURRENT events"—Stomachaches.

SHAKESPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES OF MAN"—Mess-age, Lugg-age, Saus-age, Ramp-age, Marri-age, Parent-age, and Dot-age.

MYSTERIOUS—Will somebody relieve the Editor's mind by explaining this threatening letter:

Editor "*Grip*"—O r e u & \$ c o £ , ; : - ' ? ! ! —

KANADA KU KLUX.

VETERINARY BOOKS.

THE OX, His Diseases, by Dobson. Price \$2.25.

MORTON'S VETERINARY PHARMACY. Price \$3.50.

STRANGWAY'S VETERINARY ANATOMY, 181 Illustrations. Price \$6.50.

PERCIVAL'S ANATOMY OF THE HORSE. Price \$6.00.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF VETERINARY SURGERY, by
Williams. Price \$10.00.

CLATTER'S CATTLE DOCTOR, 200 Illustrations. Price \$4.50.

THE HORSE, IN THE STABLE AND THE FIELD, by Stonehenge, 170
Illustrations. Price \$3.75.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG, Illustrated. Price \$2.75.

STONEHENGE'S BRITISH RURAL SPORTS, Illustrated. Price \$4.50.

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