

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Five Cents.

For sale at all the Bookstores.

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 MS. All articles will be considered gratuitous unless so marked.

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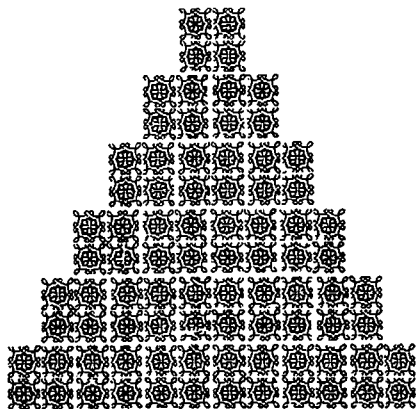
TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

No. 14.

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IN BLOCKS**

Just the Proper Size for a Cup
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CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

I beg respectfully to inform you that I have sold out my interest in the BOOK, STATIONERY and NEWS BUSINESS, lately owned by me, and for so many years carried on by Mr. C. A. Backus, at No. 6 Toronto Street, to Mr. W. J. McCrea and Mr. B. W. Douglas, who will in future carry on the same in the old stand, under the style of MCCREA & DOUGLAS. Respectfully soliciting for the new firm the patronage so liberally bestowed upon me

I am, respectfully yours,
THOS. CUTTELL.

In connection with the above, we beg respectfully to inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the above long-established business, and rely upon retaining some part of the favor which our predecessors were so fortunate in obtaining. With our intimate acquaintance, in all its branches, of the business, and a strict determination to attend to your requirements, we trust you will not forsake us in our undertaking.

We remain, respectfully yours,
MCCREA & DOUGLAS.

ORATORIO OF ESTHER.

The People demand its Repetition.

TO-NIGHT AND TO-MORROW NIGHT.

The following is the cast of characters for this evening:—

Queen Miss Maloney
King Mr. E. Schuch
Haman Mons. E. Pernet
Zeresh Mrs. Clever
Mordecai Mr. Stewart
Priestess Mrs. Anderson
Maids of Honour Mrs. Smeaton and Miss Katie McCallum.

For Saturday Evening.

Queen Mrs. Henderson
King Mr. E. W. Schuch
Haman Mr. Mumford
Zeresh Miss Addison
Mordecai Mr. Stewart
Maids of Honour Mrs. Henderson and Miss Brokovski.

Diagram of Hall may be seen at Nordheimer's, and seats secured at 10 o'clock to-day. Curtain rises at 8:15. Carriages may be ordered at 10 p. m.

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

RICHARD DE DICKE.—Lecture to hand; corn acknowledged; apology tendered.

SCRIBO.—Our regular rate for the present is at the rate of \$2 per column for contributions when accepted.

THE NEW BANNOCKBURN.

Sors, wha hae wi' Bacchus bled,
Sots wham Drink has often led,
Rouse up, every whiskey head,
To real Bravery!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the grog-shop bosses lour!
Burst ye from the Rum King's power—
Chains and Slavery!

Wha would aye for liquor crave—
Wha would fill a drunkard's grave—
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him be a beat.

Wha for decency and law,
Temperance sword would stontly draw,
Sober stand or 'sober fa',
Let him to his feet!

By Society's high claims,
By the tippler's servile chains,
Fight ye on till naught remains
Of DRINK'S dynasty!

"God" and "RIGHT," your battle cries—
Trusty hearts and steadfast eyes—
Men of Canada, arise!
Forward! do or die!

RUM SORT OF LOGIC.

Tavern-keepers, according to Inspector of Licenses GOWAN, are not to be held responsible for the manufacture of drunkards any more than the maker of gunpowder is to be blamed for the murderous use of fire-arms. Perhaps not, and the Inspector might find numerous other comparisons ready to his hand; to wit, razors, jack-knives, lucifer matches, which he is at liberty to employ for future anti-temperance arguments. Why, as everybody knows, if there was not a licensed grog shop in the land, and people only drank tea, coffee, and cold water, there would still be the same amount of intemperance there is now, and husbands would still stay out of nights to come home reeling drunk in the morning; and young men would be just as likely to get into habits of alcoholic imbibition when they had no place to go to for their liquor, as everybody knows. Tavern-keepers are not responsible when they knowingly sell to a man that with which he, in their presence, makes a brute of himself. So would they not be responsible if they knew a man was prepared to cut his throat, and they sold him a knife to do it, making no effort to stop the suicidal act. Oh, no, the tavern-keepers are not responsible, nor would the apothecary be who should make his living by selling poison to men—the better pleased the more he sold. And there is no power in the land to arrest intemperance, and no one is to blame if health and wealth and manhood wilt before its withering influence.

PROTECTION DEFINED.—TOMMY'S idea that his brothers and sisters should be compelled to buy the marbles, pop-corn and bull's eyes that he makes, and pay him a good price for them, instead of their being allowed to go to JONATHAN'S corner store, or to MOTHER BULL'S candy shop, where they could buy them ever so much cheaper.

CURIOSITIES OF GOVERNMENT LITERATURE.

Our kind friend, the Provincial Secretary, in view of the arduous nature of our editorial labors, has voluntarily supplied us with some pabulum for popular entertainment from a rival periodical, styled *The Registrar General's Annual Report*. From the latter amusing serial we learn that the number of interments which took place in Toronto was 1,840, and of deaths in the whole township of York 982! We must, therefore, insist on the immediate exhumation of the 858 burial cases which constitute the discrepancy; the more so since there is *prima facie* evidence that they are tenanted by barometers, telescopes, impossible books, and other stowaways, which have been so long familiar with an atmosphere of corruption in another sphere that they may yet come forth uninjured, and be convertible into dollars. With regard to births, the Registrar represents that they are *decreasing* at the rate of upwards of 1,400 a year; he kills a lady at the mature age of one hundred and twenty-three, and unsophistically indicates the utility of his labors by informing us that "this table would be of incalculable benefit to the public were the registrations at all approximate to the estimated number."

Our friend meets with a worthy competitor in the Chief Superintendent of the Education Department, for in his report the latter functionary declares the instructive fact that in the "Central West" (of the United States) "the proportion of illiterate criminals is thirteenfold the proportion of illiterate people." So that, according to this gentleman—"learned in the law," as we gather from the "L.L.D." attached to his name—there are thirteen times as many illiterate criminals as there are illiterate people in this ill-starred State. In the South, we are informed, they are more highly favoured. The proportion of their illiterate criminals is only "threefold the proportion of illiterate people," "but this is caused by the great mass of colored people, who make up a large proportion of the whole people." No sooner has our supreme educator spoken of the "whole people" than he proceeds to dilate on the result "when the white population is counted in." We presume these mysteries are traceable to the exalted position maintained by this distinguished Divine, described by himself as his "standpoint of view." He bids us "look at how" this state of things will operate in an intelligent American community. We shrink with dismay at the contemplation of such a spectacle, but humbly suggest that the learned gentleman himself should "look at how," &c. The moral effect of all this upon ourselves has been of the most felicitous description, since it has led us to devote a tenth of the profit of this enterprise to the founding of a hospital for Government Incurables.

LATEST TRADE QUOTATION.

THE unhappy potency of political ambition, and of the struggle for commercial preferment to demoralise the human intellect, has just been painfully illustrated in the case of Mr. CANADA-FIRST HOWLAND. That distinguished gentleman was the other day elected Chairman of the Dominion Board of Trade at its annual meeting, and pursuant to custom he made a long speech. The effort was remarkable, not so much for the abundance of its telling figures—though it was highly mathematical—as for a very original quotation from Holy Writ, when the orator said:—

" * * * Our Government were, as compared with our neighbours, like the man in the Scriptures who was given three talents, but went and buried them, while the man who received only one made the best he could of it."

The Herculean tasks of leading and inspiring a great political party, and at the same time managing the mercantile concerns of half a continent, have evidently left WILLIE H. little leisure to keep up his reading.

MORAL.—Men who can't abear to be quoted shouldn't quote.

UNNECESSARY DRILL.

BURGULARS are, of course, an inscrutable race of beings—it would not be safe for them to be otherwise; but they very rarely do so incomprehensible a thing as we lately read of in the *Mail*. In an account of a deprecation committed on the office of J. B. Armstrong & Co., the *Guelph* correspondent of our morning contemporary describes the *modus operandi* of the thieves as follows:—

"They drilled a hole in the centre of the key-hole, then filed out a deep slit on each side, into which a quantity of gunpowder was introduced and fired with a fuse."

To our unsophisticated mind, the drilling part of that operation was quite superfluous; but perhaps some gentlemanly member of that fraternity—we observe many of them on King Street every day—will find time to drop in and enlighten us. If so, will he kindly bring one of the instruments used for drilling holes in key-holes!



THE CURSE OF CANADA.

IS THERE NO ARM TO SAVE?

THE RUMSELLERS' APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

Oh, let up on us, now, ladies, we ain't doin' no great harm—
We've got a legal license for to keep the public warm ;
And we do our biz respectable as any other shop,
Then why this female raidin' for to try and bust us up?

We ain't the only evil, social canker, and all that—
There's life insurance agents all around you gettin' fat ;
And there's depots for new sewin' machines up springin' everywhere,
A sort of posky nuisances the public has to bear.

While we—of course we're publicans, but that don't make us sinners,
And bein' only mortal we can't go without our dinners—
But we've been marked for vengeance, and come in for all the scorn,
Because we do a business in—liquidated corn.

If we were whiskey merchants in the wholesale line of trade,
Or owners of the 'stablishment where the cursed stuff is made,
You'd never band together our evil work to stay,
By praying on our custom till you prayed it all away.

We ain't the only sort of chaps that nurses guilt and grief ;
That makes the ragged wanton, the murderer and the thief—
You ought to rip the whole thing up—maker, seller, buyer—
And the man that tipples moderate, he's the cove as stirs the fire !

Then draw it mild on our saloons—it's nothing more than fair
That bosses of distilleries should git a decent share ;
And in your kind petitions, that knock us out of time,
Remember gonteel people, our helpers in the crime !

THE FIRST BONAPARTE MENTIONED IN HISTORY.—OUR mother Eve.

THE OLD STUMBLING BLOCK.

GRIP, with his own eyes, has seen lawyers sitting on stairs, and people who had business up and down found them very inconvenient ; but he does not recollect having seen any of them actually come to grief in this manner. In a town not many miles away, however, as a correspondent writes to a newspaper, "A sad accident occurred at the public school, whereby the daughter of Mr. B. of D. R. was severely injured by falling over the barristers of the stairs, and striking upon her head. She is gradually recovering, but it should be a serious warning, not only to the scholars, but to all connected with the school." And, the correspondent—was it the schoolmaster?—might have added, to the barristers who make a practice of sitting on stairs—stumbling blocks, as they always have been, to the heedless ones.

QUIET HUMOUR.

The following from a rival, though not professodly, comic journal was intended to be apologetic :

"Owing to the telegraph lines being down on both sides with the heavy weight of ice this morning, we are without our latest despatches."

AN INDIGENOUS DISEASE.

DR. ED. S. FRANKS, a native of Great Britain, now visiting the town of Peterboro', has issued this "Proclamation to the inhabitants," in answer to numerous letters of invitation to make a professional tour of their villages :

"In consequence of a severe attack of Rheumatism and Winter weather, I cannot at present, but will most certainly do so in the Spring, when the weather is more favorable. I shall bring with me a large stock for sale, when I may be consulted on all diseases of the Eye and Ear."

GRIP can well understand that a severe attack of Winter weather—an indigenous complaint for which, by the way, caloric, in liberal doses, is said to be a specific—should interfere, to omit any mention of rheumatism, with the M. D.'s professional arrangements; and he can only express his sympathies with such of the inhabitants as desired to eye his countenance and 'ear what he had to say.

PREMATURE SYMPTOMS OF SPRING.—So many robbin's around.

TAURUS HIBERNICUS.—The Chicago woman, who, according to the verdict of the "crown's quest," died of "premature birth," was not unlike many of the "pomes" upon which GRIP holds his inquisition often.

VERY TIMELY INDEED.

GRIP, determined to have something in this number apropos of the Medical Bill excitement, and having failed to secure a contribution from any of *The Globe's* learned correspondents, was obliged, although with reluctance, to summons One of the Humorists to his aid, with this result :—

A PEECE BI FILANDER WARD (2ND CUSIN TO THE LATE A. WARD).

The followin iz a maxum : "A man kan git uth'er fokes tew bleve what he kant bleve hisself," for insense :—

I had ben to the Toronter Skule ov Medicin in mi yuth, whar I spent mi respekted parients mony in fine-kut tobakker and mild drinks, and wild awa the tedyons ours in sniffin round the disektin rume with a nife intu I hand and a mershum pipe in the uth'er, lernin jest whar tu kat and whar not tu. I pade more munny than attenshun wile I was thare. I studied ocasionally ; all the rest ov the time I was down bi the Grand Trunk lookin for boddies. I thot I could git *trained* better thar than at the Colledge. Havin matriculated after 4 yeres ov labor, I succeeded in gottin first-clas honers in the seventh (7th) seckshun, which konsistid ov a bran nu pot-meteled jack-nife and a walkin kane, with a skull and kros-bones along with a pill-box painted ontu the hed ov it. Ever sence those dase ov brylaney & sukkes I hav ingued the nabers tu bleve I kno sumthin about fizick. The wa I kured a yung-but onest farmer ov dandrif in the hed waz pronounsod bi sworn Jay Pees tu be miraklus, besides sum wonderful restorashuns tu helth from carbunkels, korns, and wartz, that I hed efekded on the on the passon ov about half a duzen yung ladys attendin Female Colledge, had made mi name az familir in most housez haz jouny kake or lickins. I waz also considered tu be extremely skilful in the surgery liue ov biz (that waz what the jack-nife waz emlynatik ov when I waz levin kolledge). The nabers fur miles all round had adwase entrusted me with the dellerkate surgikal task ov amputatin their pups' tales at the tender age ov fere munths. I waz so gentil and sistematiek in this operashun that I dont foreoleck a single dorg that suffered any pane after his mouth was tide. I waz a Homeopath bi profeshun. I cood give an instence of a yung girl which was kured bi me with a drop ov water mixed into a tumbeler with a nickel spunc, but I desist. Mi fame had spred, like butter when thar's a nife pressed onto it (this a clasick simely which must be thort about be 4 it is seen). I waz herd ov in the sitty. Thare waz a epidemick of collara ragin at the time, and I waz surprizid in the nite bi havin my bed rum window busted throv with a defunkt kow's horn. I rose up with mingeld feelins ov augur and the lickor I had drunk in the evenin. I groped mi way tu the window, and puttin ont my hed saluted the midnite air with the war kry ov "Who's thar?"

"Tis me!" came a ripplin up to my listenin ere frum a bundle ov shawls and a old sun bunnet.

"Wat name shal I say?" says I, in a loud voice.

"Cwn down quick, Mr. Ward; mi poor boy, George Agustus Freddy has been taken sick I'm afrade frum the way acts," sez she. (I knew she was Misses Jenkins bi the ade of a match.)

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He's cutting all his har off short by the rute, and cussin about his trousers, Mr. Ward," says she. "Do be quick and fetch yer pills."

With my usal promp'de I put on mi things, and went for the house whar mi medikal shil was requested to be present. I found the yung man sufferin' under a attack of a peculer disease. I examined his hed and tung, and also a yung mustash which he was training at that time, but I succeeded in findin no symptoms ov sickness. A hapy thort struck me. With a loud screem I gave his murther instruksions to cut off the neck band ov his shirt, and cut the buttins of frum behind it. I then produced a box ov paper kollers ov the turn over spees. I drew the sobbin Misses Joneks aside, and explained as follers: You must be kareful and not let yure boy go into King Strete with that short kane; also don't let him make his trousers any titer than they air. He's got his har cut off, wich is a bad job, and kan't be helped. Don't let him part in the middle. Take this box and give him the mild dose ov I collar per woke before brekfast. These kollers dont stand up—beware of the bon-ton variety. "What du yu kall the dose?" sez she, wipin her eyes. "Kollara," sez I, "in its fast stage."

WHAT is the difference between an Irishman and a pun? The one may be witty without being Pat, the other may not.

THIEVES' PHILOSOPHY.—Taking things as they find them.

A REFLECTION.

He said, as at Miss Maloney, the swell
Through his eye-glass did steadily quiz,
I'll be hangod if ESTHER ain't a success,
And HAMAN will swing if she is.

J. Branston Willmott, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
Member of the Board of Examiners of
the Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons of Ontario.

*Fourteen Years experience in the Practice
of Dentistry.*

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of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisettes.

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Band Instruments, Violins, Accordeons

GERMAN & ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINAS,
And all kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

Sole Agent for W. BELL & Co.'s Organette
and Cabinet Organs.

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and Repaired.

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Stores and Private Dwellings.

The Cheapest and Best Burning Fluid.

LAMPS, suitable for Burning the Fluid, only
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167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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OYSTERS!

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rally that he has, by the advice of his friends, ad-
ded to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties favoring him with a call can be served
with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.
Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

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FOR NEW PATTERNS,
AND SALEABLE CHIGNONS, BRAIDS,
SWITCHES, &c., &c.,
ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION
HAIR GOODS,

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FICIENCY of its GRADUATES. Many young
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