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and
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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.

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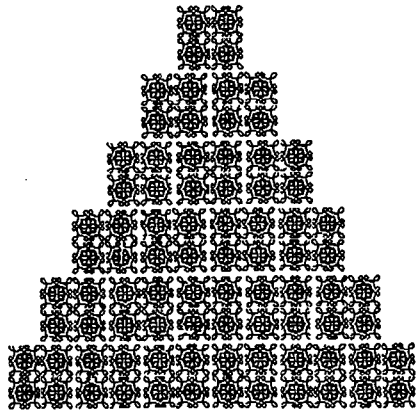
TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1874.

No. 16.

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GO AND SEE
MAD'LE DE
MONTFORD
THE GREAT
MESMERIST
AT THE
MUSIC HALL
EVERY EVENING.

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beuſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

POLITICAL MESMERISM.



It has ſtruck GRIP that the viſit of Miſs DE MONTFORD to Canada might be turned to ſome great national advantage. The marvels of meſmeriſm and electro-biology, as illuſtrated in her well patroniſed entertainments, appear to be ſuſceptible of practical application in numberleſs ways, and the opportunity of effecting ſome important and laſting benefit by means of them ought not to be let ſlip. That this lady poſſeſſes a power beneath whoſe ſpell her ſubject is abſolutely unſelfed, and entirely ſubmiſſive to her will, is atteſted on all hands. Sometimes in ſuch bright epigrams as this:—

There is a charm about her eyes
That no one can reſiſt—
A curious power I can't make out;
Not love, that Poets talk about—
No! She's a meſmeriſt!

Why could not this rare gift be employed in reconciling and reorganizing the body politic of the Dominion? After the evidence GRIP has had of the reality of this ſcience, he ſees nothing unreaſonable or impracticable in the ſuggeſtion he is about to make, viz., that Authority ſhould be given under the Great Seal for the immediate performance of the appended experiments by Miſs DE MONTFORD. Beſides the immediate benefits which would reſult from the ſucceſſful execution of this contract, we would find our literature enriched with innumerable epiſ in celebration of deeds not leſs claſſic than the Labours of Hercules:—

Experiment I.—Put Mr. ARCHIBALD McKELLAR under the deluſion that it would be to his intereſts to divulge all he knew about certain letters, and let the phonographers of *The Mail* be accommodated with ſeats near by.

Experiment II.—Impreſs the manager of *The Mail* newspaper with the belief that he was badly ſtabbed under the fifth rib, and had no power even to place his hand upon the injured part.

Experiment III.—Throw Mr. MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON into an extraordinary humour for picking flaws, and let him have the floor; then ſuddenly remove from Attorney-General MOWAT his awful ſenſe of Parliamentary decorum and touch his bump of combativeneſs.

Experiment IV.—Impart to Mr. CHARLES RYKERT and Mr. A. W. LAUNDER the conviction that they had been deprived of the power of ſpeech, and at the ſame time ſuggeſt a few amendments to them.

Experiment V.—Persuade Mr. HARDY, M.P., that ſomebody had ſtolen from him the mantle of Mr. E. B. WOOD; or, having firmly tied his right hand behind his back, inſpire him to an oratorical effort.

Experiment VI.—Remove the ſtatesmanlike reſerve which conceals the inner feelings of Hon. PREMIER MACKENZIE and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD from public gaze, and incline them to expreſs the overflowing love they bear to one another, as depicted above.

Essays by Eminent Persons.

No. 1. THE FIFTH RIB.

(By the Manager of "The Mail.")

THE anatomy of the human body is a beautiful and inſtructive ſtudy; in this reſpect mankind is, perhaps, ſuperior to horſe-kind. From the crown of the head to the ſole of the feet, it is a ſucceſſion of wonders that challenge our profoundeſt admiration. And of all the 'fearful and wonderful' parts of this marvellous piece of mechanism, there is not one more insignificant, and at the ſame time more ſerviceable, than that upon which I propoſe to offer a few thoughts—*The Fifth Rib*. This rib is quite indiſpenſable. When broken or diſlocated, it cauſes its unfortunate poſſeſſor infinite pain. "Redhot," the winner of the Derby in 1202, had the miſfortune to break his fifth rib, and it is on record that the conſequent ſuffering extended even to his owner. In the caſe of a man, the pain is not leſs intense. The object of the fifth rib is evidently the protection of an unuſually vital ſpot in the body. Juſt beneath it is ſituated that myſterious and tender thing, called the Finer Feelings. In the equine race this ſpace is filled with a vital fluid which bears the general name of "mettle." Injure this and your horſe is ruined. It is pre- ciſely like knocking the bottom out of a tub or a pail. Mr. Brandinoſe's filly, "Flyaway"—an animal well known in Engliſh ſporting circles in the third century, was injured in this manner, and died in a few days. In the 'human form divine' the Finer Feelings are equally ſenſitive. And herein is contained a ſecret which only a man of genius would think of poſſeſſing himſelf of. Politicians are, of courſe, provided with five ribs, and under the fifth there is a moderate quantity of this ſubtle ſubſtance. I repeat, that it would only have occurred to a man of genius—or ſomething approaching to genius—to put this knowledge to practical uſe. In the management of an important daily newspaper, whoſe cauſe, for the moment, may be loſt, it is invaluable. I ſpeak with ſome authority on this ſubject, for I ſpeak from experience. My method has been grounded on this principle, and reſults juſtify me in thinking the method incomparable. I have laid it down as a principle of journaliſm—a fundamental principle—that if a newspaper is to rightly fulfil its miſſion it muſt ſtab ſomebody under the fifth rib every morning. This may appear at firſt ſight, ſomewhat bloody, but that, of courſe is merely an idea begotten of the phraſeology. The truth contained in it is that your political opponent may be viſited at your pleaſure with mortal ſuffering, and the probability is he will retire from his poſition, and cede you all he has heaped up. If, however, he does not do ſo, you have ſtill the ſatisfaction of knowing that he feels cut, and, as a concomitant advantage, your paper ſells well. But enough; here is my footman, and I promiſed to go to-day and ſee Paddleton's blood oolt.

DIZZY.

The annexed advertisement appeared in Tuesday's *Mail*:

LOST.—On Sunday evening, in St. James's Cathedral, on Church or Queen Streets, a purſe containing \$7.20. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at *The Mail* office.

GRIP has ſeen pictures in the comic papers, in which a very ridiculous looking perſon was repreſented as vainly endeavoring to inſert a latch key into his front door, while all the other houſes in the ſtreet and thouſands of dancing key-holes appeared to be circling around him in the moſt provoking manner; and on firſt reading this advertisement it ſtruck him that ſuch a wild diſplacement of St. James's Cathedral—which, as everybody knows, is firmly planted on King Street—could only be poſſible to a perſon ſuffering from the peculiar dizzineſs of the man referred to. The ſecond clause of the ad.—that the leaving of the money at the office of our contemporary would be in itſelf a reward—GRIP endorſes. The finder would go away with the conſciouſneſs that he had contributed \$7.20 to the ſuſtenance of a righteous cauſe.

Grip in Council.

Preſent—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q.C., WILLIAM SPAKQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—*Croakingly*—Bad, worſe, worſt! What will become of me? SMALLWIT.—Hush, bird of good omen; hush, you muſt not ſo dwell on the gloomy ſide of the picture, you are becoming a hypo- chondriac, you will die a ravin' lunatic.

TONGUEGRASS.—Fine him; he is impaled on the horns of a dilemma, having either made a pun without knowing it, or, knowing what he was doing, has wilfully appropriated a ſo-called witiſm invented at the time Noah was cruſing over the mountain tops.



THE POLITICAL HANDY ANDY.

SQUIRE MOWAT.—(Per *The St. Catharines Times*, Ministerial)—“FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER YOU ARE CONSTANTLY MAKING SMALL AND FOOLISH MISTAKES!”

SLOWCUM.—What is all this about? You are so sharp, **TONGUEGRASS**, one has not time to think. Oh, yes, to be sure—"raven lunatic"—oh yes, very good, very good. Now, really, didn't **SMALLWIT** mean it?

SPAKEQUEER.—Mean it! Yea, he did. But this is much ado about nothing. Let us to our muttons. Don't for pity sake look so sheepish, **SMALLWIT**, if you can help it. **GRIP**, our patron saint, gives forth no uncertain sound. Bad, worse, worst! When things are at the worst, however, they are sure to mend. To croak, 'tis easy, but 'tis useless, and being useless, had best be—

RUDGE.—Beware, be not insolent, else—

SPAKEQUEER.—Insolent! I had no intention to it, but you spoiled my sentence. A pest upon you.

GRIP.—Have done, have done! **TONGUEGRASS**, speak, what is going on in what those who read us call the world?

TONGUEGRASS.—Very little, truly. Parliamentary matters scarcely furnish the scantiest food for reflection, except, indeed, for reflection on the constituencies that elected as their veritable representatives so dull-pated a lot of honourable gentlemen.

GRIP.—Were I only the bird I once was, I could pull them to pieces, and gorge myself full on their remains!

TONGUEGRASS.—Remains! Take nothing from nothing and nothing remains. A full-fed bird you would be then, a second **BACKSTIN**.

SPAKEQUEER.—Certes, so he would. Have at them again, **TONGUEGRASS**, give it them rarely.

SMALLWIT.—Aye, on the raw, though that could scarcely be called well-done.

OMNES (barring **Slowcum**)—Ha, ha, not so bad for **SMALLWIT**.

TONGUEGRASS.—If Homer sometimes nods, as Solomon used to say, I see no reason theoretically—practically there may be—why even our facetious friend may sometimes not nod.

SLOWCUM.—Dear me, I can never keep up. Let me see—yes, that must be it. "Rarely"—"on the raw"—"could scarcely be called well done!" That's it. Ha, ha, not so bad for **SMALLWIT**, eh!

SPAKEQUEER.—Macgregor, you are much too ridiculous. Gird up the loins of your mighty intellect, put on steam, and be not always a lumbering old coach. Methinks you were cut out for better things.

RUDGE.—Nay, bear not heavily on the little man. Some think thy wit is but a halting wit, a sort of dot-and-carry-one, making a point, doubtless, now and again; but how would you compare with friend Timothy here?

GRIP.—Bad, worse, worst! Bad, worse, worst! Everybody wanders from the point. Begin over again.

TONGUEGRASS.—We began at Legislative Halls. Have some mercy on us, and do not send us back to that place of slow torture. Did you ever—you are a classical bird—

SMALLWIT.—The Dickens, he is!

TONGUEGRASS.—I say, did you ever listen, with wearying ear, to the ceaseless drip, drip, from rain-deluged roofs? It may be, and what a jolly thing it was! But was it ever your ghastly fate to behold the slender form of **LAUDER** rise, and to hearken to his doleful harping on one string, endless, till quenched remorselessly by Mr. **SPAKEER'S** mandate.

SMALLWIT.—There's one comfort, he has never an app-Lauder! Even you, **Slowcum**, must see where the point comes in there.

SLOWCUM.—I do, I do!

SPAKEQUEER.—He does not even harp on one string. Methinks he does but fiddle.

SMALLWIT.—And 'tis all fiddle-de-dee.

TONGUEGRASS.—In the courtly **BOULZEE** doth the other find a friend after his own heart, and much I wonder that in a small assembly two such **CÆSARS** should contend for fame.

SPAKEQUEER.—To them in **RYKERT** a rival dangerous I see.

TONGUEGRASS.—More dangerous, far, to friends than foes.

GRIP.—I'm getting hoarse. You'll have to come again this day week. Get out, all of you.

DUNDREARY ON THE SENATE.

"A PENNY"—some f-fellow thayth—"a PENNY thaved ith a P-PENNY gained." Now, thath all nonthence! I-I don't believe a w-word of it! Look, for inthstance, at the Thenate at Ottawa. There's a PENNY thaved from w-writing editorials for the Montreal Herald, but ith it a penny gained? Who gainth? Doth the c-country gain? Abthurd! Doth the potht office gain? Abthurd again. Gain—again! Why, t-thath several times! Now, if a fellow g-gainth a bad PENNY a great m-many times, and if t-that f-f-fellow saves all those bad p-pennies, doth he gain anything? N-No! A bad penny thaved ith a good p-penny's worth of time lotht—that's w-what I think. N-Now, they thay this PENNY pwinted a pwivate letter belonging to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Ith t-that square? By Jove, can—can any PENNY be square when the coin is wound? Is that a PENNY thaved and a PENNY gained? That ith a 3-cent s-stamp lost for Sir JOHN, though—because don't you ob-observe, when the letter was distracted—no sub—no abs—yes, that's it, abstrawcted—the stamp was no more good. B-but, as for the proverb, it ith like all those other b-beathly proverbs and things—wotten to the core.

GRIP'S ESSENCE OF LOCAL LEGISLATION.

(Contributed by Hon. Mr. Fraser.)

"Public Accounts" for break of fast—
Public Accounts for luncheon,—
Ditto dinner bill of fare
Keeps the House a munchin'.

"Public Accounts" at supper time,
Popperod and warmed again—
"Public Accounts" when bed time comes
By way of a (c) counterpane!

"PROTECTION" FOR GRIP!

GRIP only asks fair play. He claims protection for everything. Casting a business glance around he finds he is suffering from competition with foreign vandals. Your button-maker wants an unknown per cent. to enable him to sell home-made buttons at a profit. Your flannel-maker also wants a high tariff. **GRIP** strikes hands with the cotton-manufacturer, and claims protection against foreign prints! Why, by all that is reasonable, should *Punch* be permitted to show his detestable phiz in Canada? And those nasty cartoons in the American pictorials, why should they be suffered to come in? **GRIP** says they should all be excluded by a moderate protective duty of about 100 per cent.; and he, on his part, in consideration of such duty, will solemnly promise not to exact more than 25 cents per copy from the public. Can any patriotic Canadian have any objection to that? True, the farmers may complain, and may urge that they desire to get their fancies tickled and to buy their guffaws as cheaply as possible. But who cares a copper for the farmers or for anybody else? **GRIP** must be protected. He is one of the great industries of the country. He gives employment more or less permanently to at least two full grown men and one boy, and puts into circulation an immense number of five cent pieces. If he is not protected, how can Canada ever expect to become great or practically independent of foreign influences. If the Reform Government dare refuse **GRIP** protection, he knows how to put on the pressurs. Caw! Caw!! Caw!!!

AN APOLOGY A LA "THE MAIL."

GRIP said some time ago that Mr. JOHN SMITH was a liar and a knave, whereupon an action for criminal libel was entered against us. The position of the suit is at this moment such, that we must do one of two things, viz.: (1) die dog, or (2) eat a hatchet. In other words, we must let ourselves down easy before the jury by a sort of apology, or we must go to court on the merits of our assertion, and lose the case. Of these alternatives, we choose the former. As a piece of strategy, as well as of candor, we deem it preferable. Therefore, be it known, **GRIP** regrets that, during an electoral contest, he should have deliberately departed from the rules of Christian decency and good breeding, by publishing and circulating a libel calculated and intended to injure the character of Mr. SMITH, and grievously wound the feelings of his family and friends. It was done, we assure the public, only for the purpose of destroying his political prospects. We have written to a man who knows Mr. SMITH intimately, and, until we receive a reply from that gentleman, we feel in duty and, what is more important, in policy, bound to say we don't think Mr. SMITH is a liar and a knave. But perhaps this opinion will be changed when we get that letter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE respectable old lady of *Leader Lane* has just finished scouring out her Editorial pots, and a new order of things has been inaugurated in her kitchen. Having the pleasure of some personal knowledge of the new housekeeper, **GRIP** congratulates the patrons of the venerable journal on the prospect of palatable fare well served in the future.

COMPENSATION.

GRIP thinks that this effusion of the poet of *The Boston Advertiser* is too good to be lost:

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"
The hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat,—
And thus did the Hen-re-ward Beecher!

AN EPIGRAM ON THE NEW APPOINTMENT.

He who "sends coals to Newcastle"
The proverb deems at least un-sober;—
But here's MACKENZIE—always "straight"—
A-sending Wood to Manitoba!

FISHER & TAYLOR,
CUSTOM BROKERS,
 COLLECTIONS, HOUSE, ESTATE, AND
 GENERAL AGENTS,
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NEW AND SEASONABLE.

Just received, a choice assortment of
CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,

In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Pads in sets
 of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisettes.

A New and General Variety of Switches.

Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch,
 to match any color, style or pattern. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made to order

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LAMPS, suitable for Burning the Fluid, only
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All the Principal Hotels in Toronto use it.

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More light thrown on it by

Anderson's Family Safety Oil

IN THE

CANADIAN SAFETY LAMP

Than by the Royal Commission.

ANDERSON'S LIGHTNING LUBRICATOR,

Admitted to be the best in use.

Extra quality of Canadian Rock Oil 20 Cents
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 Science of Accounts and Business Practice, Com-
 mercial Law, Commercial computations, English
 Grammar, and Commercial correspondence, and
 other branches incident to a Business Education.
 This Institution is UNEQUALED for the
 THOROUGHNESS of its COURSE and the EF-
 FICIENCY of its GRADUATES. Many young
 men instructed by Mr. DAY are occupying re-
 sponsible positions, and by the satisfactory man-
 ner in which they discharge their office duties
 reflect great credit on the Institution in which
 they received their business training.

For terms and circular, containing letters of
 commendation from leading business men of the
 country, address, post paid, JAMES E. DAY, Ac-
 countant, Toronto.

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WINDOW SHADES,

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TO THE TRADE ONLY

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

APPLY TO THE

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FIRST-CLASS BRICK HOUSE FOR SALE
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COTTAGE FOR SALE ON RIVER STREET.
 Large Lot.

THE ABOVE PROPERTY FOR SALE on easy
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SUMS OF FIVE DOLLARS & UPWARDS

RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

and interest allowed thereon at the rate of 5 per
 cent, subject to withdrawal without notice or
 rebate of interest.

£ Sterling Bills from £5 upwards, and Gold and
 Currency Drafts on New York, sold at current
 rates.

The office being open every evening from 7 to
 8, and on Saturdays from 7 to 9, it offers great
 facilities to Mechanics and others who are un-
 able to leave their occupations during the day.

GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!

OYSTERS!

AT

WHYTE'S MANSION,

69 KING STREET EAST.

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to his
 customers, begs to inform the public gene-
 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.

TO PRINTERS.

FOR SALE.—About 100 lbs. (Roman and Italic)
BREVIER, second-hand, part copperfaced,
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J. DAMER & CO.,

Have now opened and are selling

BOOTS AND SHOES

Cheaper than any other House
 in the City,

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J. F. COLEMAN & CO.

65 YONGE STREET,

Have a Large Stock of

COAL!

CALL AND SEE IT.