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To ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

To whom it CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

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ADVERTISING AGENT—W. H. Tapson.

G R I P .

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

*The gronnest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gruwest Fish is the Oyster; the gruvost Man is the Fool.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DESSERTO EIGHTIES:—No, it is not usual for ladies to treat gentlemen to ice cream. But as this is simply a matter of *taste*, you might commence with us. We should appreciate the *cream* of the joke. Send a gallon anyway, as an experiment.

POSTMASTER:—Put your hand on some clothing store, who would *suitably* repay you. Perhaps if you send a few sample epitaphs to a stonemason, in some of the *dead* languages, you might be able to make a *living*; but we are dubious thereon. We are not posted as to the exact cost of a poet's *license*. Consult the City Clerk. If you are undecided about the number of *fert*, ask a shoemaker. We pity you; but cannot help you.

THOMAS C.:—Your diction would be lighter if there was more of the *dictionary* (city) about it.

LOSPONER:—If *ka u p h y* does not spell *coffee*, what does it spell? You have lost.

SKIBBERO:—The requisites for a good reporter are numerous. He should be in not less than two places at once; and if a murder occurs five miles off, he is expected to have the full particulars five minutes afterwards. This is necessary, because "murder will out" as soon as it occurs, and very often much sooner.

PEMO:—If you join the Masons you are expected to know the *Grip* by heart. It is worth knowing.

SAM STOCUM:—Your "pome" received. It must surely have been dictated by the spirits. It is so very *madium*! However, we'll give it a show some of these days. We have entered your conundrums for the prize.

CONUNDRUMS:—All conundrums intended for competition for the prize offered last week must be sent in before the 15th of August. You can send in as many as you like.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1873.

THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

A BATCH OF LITTLE JOKES—POIGNANT, PUNGENT, PITRY, AND PITIFUL PUNS—DEEP-RAVING LITERATURE.

Our offer last week of prizes for the best and worst conundrums have created quite a *furor* among the humorists of this city and elsewhere, and every mail comes to us laden with the efforts of these irrepressible pundits. With surprising unanimity the competitors appear to have resolved to limit their endeavors to the obtaining of the prize for the worst conundrum—at least, so we should judge from the style of their contributions. The ingenuity with which they distort the English language is enough to drive a philologist to distraction. We give below a few samples: Sam Stocum asks—

What military posture does a young man undergoing chaffing represent? Standing at ease (*a tease*.)

When is it hard to see men of business? When they get over head and ears in it.

Not bad those, but what words can adequately depict the abnorman iniquity of a Brantford miscreant signing himself "A. J.," who calmly enquires:

What town in Canada is like Big Thunder's speeches? Woodstock (*Wood's-talk*.)

And yet there are people who profess to disbelieve the doctrine of total depravity!

P. E. W. Moyer of St. Catharines gets off the following:

Why is an Irishman who has replaced a lost limb with an artificial one like George Washington McMullen? Because of his *shin-an-agin* (shennanagin.)

Oh, Peter, how could you do it, and the weather so hot too! Its fearful!

Ald. Sheard enquires:

What is Mr. James Beaty's favorite passage of scripture? *The beati-tudes*.

Go to the head of the class. Next!

City-Commissioner Coatsworth wants to know:

Why one of the annual balls at the Lunatic Asylum resembles the Black Crook? Because it's *hop-erratic* (operatic.)

Another joke on this favorite opera has been forwarded by Miss Edith Brownson, of Ottawa, viz.:

What bird is like a celebrated opera now being performed in Toronto? *The black rook* (Black Crook.)

A Western M.P.P., who earnestly entreats us not to give his name—and seeing that Springer is a very good fellow, it would hardly be fair to do it—sends us this:

Why is Tom Ferguson like an ancient Roman augur? Because he's a fearful *bore*.

That's a pretty venerable joke, Moses. You can't put it off onto us as original—not much.

Enough for the present. More anon, for we have a lot more anon-ymous jokes.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B., SEES THE "BLACK CROOK."

We went last night to the Royal Lyceum to see the "Black Crook." It is a strictly immoral performance, and has therefore been drawing good houses for the past two weeks. The hero, Rodolphe by name, is an artist, so he ought to *draw* any way. The scene is laid around the Hartz Mountains—time, the year 1600. The population of that section is principally comic Dutch peasants and ballet girls—the latter habited in the costume of the period—noticeable principally on account of its scantiness. Clothing was very expensive in the 17th century, and was worn very brief. The scene opens by some tender love passages—passages-at-arms as it were—between Rodolphe, and Amina, the village beauty, who has somehow managed to acquire more clothes than the balance of the females. Her foster-mother, Dama Barbara, comes in and separates them, telling Rodolphe that Count Wolfenstein is going to marry Amina. Rodolphe says he is going to make lots of shekels some of these days when he gets his pictures sold, and wants Amina to wait till they can get an Art Union started, so as to give him a chance. Barbara turns a deaf ear to his frantic eloquence, and comic peasants and ballet girls come in and waltz round. These *coryphees* are peculiarly built. They have mostly a *limb-fat-ic* tendency through the luxuriant amplitude of their—well, say "understandings"—don't seem to harmonize with the comparative slimmness of the rest of their anatomical structure. Our readers have often heard of the *leg-ends* of the Hartz Mountains. These are some of them. After a while Count Wolfenstein happens round looking for Amina. Rodolphe and Amina enter. The former proudly defies the Count, when two supes, with tin shields and battle axes, go for him. He is released for the time, but the count instructs his retainers to "follow him, and away with him to the lowest dungeon of the castle!" This is duly accomplished in the next scene.

Then we are introduced to old Crook, whose front name is Kertzog. He is an aldruggist—or is it an alchemist? all the same, anyway. It is thundering and raining, and he rather seems to like it. He goes out for a walk, attended by his man Greppo. They go to the Serpent's Glen. It is not a cheerful place. Red fire breaks out at fitful intervals, and green demons glide about, playing all sorts of practical jokes on travellers. We have always noticed that green demons have a keen sense of humor. Old Crook builds a fire and makes some incantations, which bring up a living skeleton, who says he can't do any thing for him, and that he'd better apply to the boss. Skeleton disappears, and Crook incants some more, till suddenly a tree opens, and Zamiel steps out. He is the boss devil, and is gorgeously apparelled in red. Old Crook apologizes for troubling him, and says he knows "the sands of his life are nearly run out," but he feels like living a while longer. They talk business awhile, and finally Crook signs a contract to provide Zamiel with souls at the rate of one a-year, on condition of obtaining an extension of time. Red fire, snakes, demons, "weird and startling effects." Curtain falls. We go out with *Sun* reporter, and wash our neck. Next Act—Rodolphe in the dungeon—Enter Crook, in pursuit of souls. He sets Rodolphe at liberty, and excites his enthusiasm over a gold mine he says he has discovered, and starts him off on a prospecting expedition. This gold mine happens to be located in the realm of the fairies, who are as jealous of interlopers as California diggers, and don't allow any squatters to jump claims. The next scene is the golden realm of Stalacta, the fairy Queen. It is also



DUFFERIN'S TORMENTORS, or "PER VIAS RECTAS"

J—N A. (ANXIOUSLY) "CARRIAGE, SIR! 'MINISTERIAL' HOTEL—ONLY CONSTITUTIONAL PLACE IN THE CITY—COME ALONG WITH ME, SIR."

M—K—N—Z— (EAGERLY) "THIS WAY MY LORD—'REFORM' HOUSE! TAKE THE RIGHT COURSE—GIVE US YOUR DIRECTION!"

D—D—N— "MUCH OBLIGED, GENTLEMEN. I ASSURE YOU; BUT I HAVE A 'RIG' OF MY OWN AT HAND, YOU KNOW."

inhabited by *coryphees* with amply developed limbs, and frisky green domons. Rodolphe and his companion Greppo come very near being annihilated by a powerful spell. This is quite natural; we have often known similar expeditions interfered with by a bad spell of weather. The fairy queen, however, recognizes Rodolphe as having once saved her by killing a snake, and sends a demon to his rescue. Fairies and demons display their terpsichorean agility. Stalacta sends Rodolphe home, with a pocket full of rocks. Curtain falls, and we tell *Sun* reporter that we don't mind if we do.

3rd Act. Love scene between Dame Barbara and Puffen-Grunt, the Count's Steward, interrupted by a green demon. *Coryphees* in-judge in a grand march. A comic Dutchman brings down the house, and gets three or four encores. Ground and lofty tumbling by acrobats. The Count and his retainers attack Rodolphe on his return from Fairyland, when the Fairy Queen and *coryphees* interpose and protect him. Thrilling Scene—hand to hand combats and red fire.

Fourth act. Alarming demon-strations—Rodolphe and Amina in the valley of Bohemia—Rodolphe being a Bohemian himself, don't scare worth a cent. More combats, but nobody hurt—*coryphees* too well protected by padding to be injured by swords. Demons set the forest on fire, but Fairy Queen again comes to the rescue—Pandemonium—Zanitel says old Crook's time is up, and he is yanked away to torment by Red Demons—These are much more malignant beings than the green breed whose fooleries are comparatively innocent. Transformation Scene. Stalacta and nymphs, revolving round on pedestals, in an enchanted grotto—very nice, but still the piece don't end up satisfactorily. It don't explain what becomes of Rodolphe, Amina and the Count. More whiskey with *Sun* Reporter, and thence to roost. There is much to be learned from the Black Crook. It contains an awful warning never to make contracts you can't carry out, and cannot but suggest to every right thinking female a feeling of deep thankfulness that in this enlightened age and country dry goods are so much more cheap and plentiful than they used to be in the neighbourhood of the Hartz Mountains in the 17th century.

Aesop Outdone.

NO. I. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY FOX was one day passing through a gentleman's garden, when he observed a magnificent cluster of grapes depending from a pole, but, alas! several feet beyond his reach. Deliberately squatting down, he gazed long and eagerly at the coveted fruit, suffering untold pain, and licking his lips continuously. Being persuaded that it was quite useless for him to attempt to reach the prize, he gave a short growl, and sneaked off, remarking, "Them grapes is sour, anyhow. I know they are; and, hang it, that's the kind I like best!" MORAL—There's no accounting for tastes.

NO. II. THE FOX AND THE CROW

ONE DAY a cunning Fox espied a Crow perched upon the limb of a high tree, holding in her beak a very tempting piece of Limburger cheese. At once he made up his mind to get possession of the morsel, and thought to effect his purpose by exciting the crow to make some remark. To this end he began a course of the most extravagant flattery, and kept on until by a specially adroit allusion to his victim's plumage, he touched a salient point. The Crow found the compliment irresistible, and determined to acknowledge it gracefully. Reynard chuckled inwardly, and awaited the descent of the cheese. It didn't descend, however, as the sagacious bird thoughtfully removed it before replying: "Mr. Fox, sir; believe me, I thank you!" MORAL—Always cheese it, when assailed by flattery.

ORIGINAL AND USEFUL RECEIPTS.

FOR BREAKING STONES.—Select the thickest and strongest box you can find, and see that it is free from all defects. Then take the stones, and pack as carefully as possible in hay or straw. Write, "Glass—with care," "Handle cautiously," etc., on each side and end of the box, in large plain letters, and then hand it over to the baggage man at the G. W., G. T. R., T. G. & B., T. & N., W. G. & B., or any other station, and desire him to take particular care of it. Ship your box for a run of fifty miles, with one or two transhipments, and rest assured the stones will be macadamized.

MISCELLANEOUS.—To make a lemon drop: Let it fall off the table.—To make a (n)ice cream: Stick a pin in the baby.—To make pastry neatly: Have everything in apple-pie order.—To make cats-sup: give them milk.—To make a nice pickle: Hunt in the drawer for something in the dark.—To make a bed: Dig into the pillows, rake up the sheets and hoe the blankets, sew up all holes in the quilt, and finish by destroying all insects.

THE DICTATOR, FLEEING FROM THE OATH TO COME, ADDRESSETH HIS VIZIER.

Brither, I maun cross the ocean; try and guide the paper weel; Dinna let the prenting laddies ony copies o' it steal; Saucy scoonrils! Then ye'll keep an e'e to Bow Fairk stock and crap; Dinna let the milkin' lassies eat the cream frae aff the tap. In the "Globe" ye'll prent nae lee that's likely to be faun' oot; still Dinna prent a word o' truth—it does the Pairty muckle ill. Mind the sign by which we've conquer't; stick to oor successfu' rules; Veelify a' but the Pairty; ca' them robbers! drunkards! fules! A' they say ye'll mind to cry doon—a' they do ca' wrang; but then, Dinna say what wad be richt, for folk wad see ye didna ken. Prent nae Allan correspondence; mind, I solemnly desire, Should sic documents be sent in, pit them in oor furnace fire. Lo! I thocht the Lord had gi'en into mine haund mine enemy, For to croosh him; wae betide me! far mair likely to croosh me! Foul befa' Sir John! tho monester! he is gaun to croosh us baith! 'Twas the muckle deevil tauld him to examine me on aith! Hoo can I on aith explain, hoo I did, quite unawares To mysel, hold fifty thousand dollars in Pacific shares? Hoo explain, when Sir Hugh Allau twenty thousand lent to me, Whan his soobsidy was passin', that it wasna bribery? Hoo explain the thousand ither sums that in oor pooches gae? A' correct, but then, the public, they would hardly think it sae. Nae, I daurna face it; brither, ye maun push the bishness on—Stap the prorogation—get the hail job done while I'm gane. If ye canna, then, my brither, but ae chance remains to me, I maun gang and turn a Roman over there in Italy. Dinna tremble, Caledonian; on w' me, and recolleck, Twa sic Presbyterian sinners nae salvation can expeck. While the ither absolution could bestow for every lee, Naebody need ken aboot it; Gladstane's aye, an' we micht be. Michty thochts crood o'er my vision o' a field o' broader scope—Wherefore suld I no rise yonder?—wherefore suld I no be Pope? Nae Sir John is there to stap me! What the deevil wad ye do? Haunds a! Let me gang, sir, or I'll excommunicate ye noo!

Breaks loose from his affrighted relative, who has suddenly discovered the true state of the case, knocks him affectionately down with an awful whack of a bag of superfine oatmeal, which he is carrying as supplementary sea-stores, and travels with prodigious strides towards the steamboat, where we hope he will not seriously injure any of his fellow-passengers.

JEALOUSY AND VENGEANCE.

A ROMANCE IN ONE CHAPTER.

Chapter Oneth.

Taking a seat just behind the happy pair in the church, the rejected lover racked his brain for means of revenge, and looked like seventeen Othellos concentrated in one. Finally a ghastly smile crept over his face, he raised half up in his seat, and nabbed a large black bug that was crawling on a pillar hard by, and gently dropped him down between his unconscious rival's shirt-collar and neck, and then calmly leaned back with a virtuous and Christian air of satisfaction. The bug soon made his presence felt, and that other fellow began to twitch and scratch himself against the back of his seat and look uneasy, and cast unhappy glances at the minister, and affecting ones at the fair being at his side. The bug evidently grew more impatient at his imprisonment, and turned himself loose, grappling around with a recklessness decidedly suggestive of big spiders or scorpions, and that other fellow could stand it no longer, but, bolting upright, cast one wild, startled look at the congregation, and cleared the space between him and the door at two bounds.

The End.

JOKELETS.

A "CONTINENTAL CURS."—*Sacre*.

Do they call Sir Hugh Allan the "Knight of Ravenscraig" because of his ways that are dark.

"News of the week" weak.—Information as to the progress of a friend in ill health.

An American monarch.—Smoking.

A MERRY monarch.—Jo-king

One of our contributors writes, that after racking his brains for a long time for a witticism, he went out to the stable in a fit of desperation, and routed out the cattle—to see if he could find any corn under 'em—(conundrum). He'll do.

Why are Clergymen like brakemen.—Because they do a good deal of Coupling.

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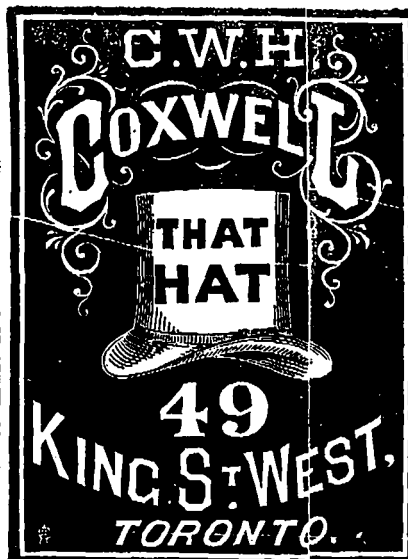
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