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VOL. I. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1873. No. 15.

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NOTICES.

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 303, P. O.

ISSUE.—*Grip* will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by A. S. Irvine, King Street West.

G R I P .

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 6th, 1873.

"THE CAUSE."

Our temperance friends had a convention and demonstration this week, which were characterised by as much enthusiasm as was possible, considering the presumed absence of the potent source whence so much "enthusiasm" is usually derived on similar occasions. We refer, of course to the "Demon Alcohol," which, taken straight, enables members of other organizations to *demonstrate* with much greater *verve* than otherwise. We grieve to state, however, that some of the participants in the procession on Wednesday evidently had a horn, and were very noisy in consequence. The horns were brass ones, and the noise they made was not discordant, so probably they didn't violate the pledge after all.

The various speakers had a good deal to say about "the cause," and anathematized the moderate drinker in a manner which made us feel unhappy. We are a moderate drinker—generally speaking—for it ain't very often we exceed our regular ten or a dozen nips a day, and we didn't like to be told we were ever so many times a more contemptible and degraded object than Charley Lawson, or his compeers, who spend half their time in jail. If the advocates of the cause would be as careful about such strong statements as they are with respect to strong liquors, they would elicit more sympathy from the general public. They mean well, no doubt, but they have not much knowledge of human nature and innate cussedness, or they would be aware that prohibiting the use of any article is the surest way to create a demand for it. How do they expect that a first-class comic paper, such as *Grip*, could be run with a prohibitory law in force? It couldn't be done—at least not without a raise of salary, to compensate for the increased price of smuggled nourishment.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, bids fair to be the best abused man in Canada. He denounced the narrow mindedness of the Grits, and got the *Globe* down on him; and now he pitches into the Royal Commission double shuffle, and the prorogation fraud, and has run foul of the Tory papers in consequence, without having made his peace with the Grits, for Brown can never forgive any one who is guilty of daring to think for himself. Goldwin may not *win gold* by his manly independent course, but he will certainly gain the respect of the small minority of people, who have the brains and the backbone to form their own opinions, and refuse to bow down to the party idols. Bravo Goldwin! say we—hit 'em again. You can't possibly go wrong, whether you abuse Grits, or Tories, for the great majority of politicians on both sides are rascals anyway. We notice that the decrepid old *Leader* comes to the rescue, and charges Goldwin with "endeavouring to bring into prominence those *Socialistic* doctrines about Government, which rightly earned for him, in his native land, the appropriate title '*social parasite*.'" "The italics are ours," and so is all the balance of the type, for the matter of that. Is it another specimen of the blundering, pompous ignorance which characterizes the *Leader's* editorials, or is it an attempt to be funny? We give it up—everybody gives up the *Leader*; but if we were Beaty—horrible thought!—we don't think we would have much to say about parasites—not until we had spent the York Roads money anyhow.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A NOVEL BOILED DOWN.

Ready-Money Mortiboy was a man of means. He was also a mean man.

He was as wealthy as Cawthra, and as mean as George W. McMullen.

We retract this last observation, and apologise for it, in order to avoid a libel suit.

He (Mortiboy, not McMullen,) was mean enough to join a coloured church, in order to economise in pew rent. He was one of those kind of men who stand at the counter of a news' store to read *Grip gratis*, and then put it down all over dirty finger marks, saying, they never saw such a miserable attempt at a comic paper.

Market Basing was the name of the place where he lived.

His sister Susan passed in her checks, and the funeral would have been a complete success but for the stinginess of old Ready-Money who wouldn't allow the sherry to circulate freely.

Mortiboy's brother-in-law, Melliship, interfered with the harmony of the occasion by coming there in a biled-owley condition.

The old rooster's head was as smooth as a greased pumpkin, and Melliship handed him Prof. Damfrod's receipt for the cure of balditude.

Mortiboy hadn't a keen sense of delicate irony, and didn't appreciate the joke. There was going to be a scene, when some friends asked Melliship to walk round the corner and irrigate.

He did so, and they got Susan comfortably hoed in.

She had made a will before her death, leaving all her mortgages, debentures and shares in the Grand Trunk, and 3 A Mining Co., &c., to old Mort.

"To him that hath shall be given." 'Twas ever thus.

She directed however that he should erect a memorial window to her memory in the Parish Church.

He squirmed over this condition considerable, and said he didn't know where Susan expected to go to if she wasted money on such foolishness.

However it had to be done, so he started out the night after the funeral to pick out the smallest window in the church.

The will didn't say anything about the size of the window you notice.

A mysterious figure glided slowly after him, as he stumbled around among the graves in the churchyard.

He made his selection and turned to go home when—

(To be continued in our next if the MAIL comes to hand regularly.)

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

We do contempt a man who trades on his religion, and uses his church connection as a means of social, political or commercial advancement in the world. Such a man is fit for treason, Proton outrages, and Pacific scandals. Let no such man be trusted—for a cent. It is but seldom however that any one of this stamp has the audacity to make a public announcement of his faith with the view of attracting trade; nevertheless there are such cases. Walking along Yonge Street the other day we noticed a tradesman's sign which actually stated that the proprietor of the store was a "B. Lever." Can such things be? We unhesitatingly reply "they can."

A COLORED JOKE.—We heard a genuine colored joke on York Street the other day. An old lame darkey, whose north-west limb was about three-and-a-half inches—we like to be precise—shorter than the other, was painfully meandering up-street when a juvenile young swell of the same persuasion approached, and giving the venerable cove a hearty slap on the back, observed, "Golly, John-sing! guess you's seen more *up's an' downs* in life nor any udder mau wat I nose ob! Yah, yah!" We made a mental note, and passed on.

"THIS BLARSTED COUNTRY."—*Wearry Cockney, considerably under the weather—(Soliloquistically)*—"Never see (hic) sich a blarsted country. Why, if h'd 'a bin in the hold country (hic), h'd 'a got locked up long ago!"

A good thing is told of James Beaty, M.P., who edits a paper known as the *Leader*. It happened in this way: As the forms of the paper were being put on the press, by some accident, not explained, one of them was knocked into pi. Beaty looked at the prodigious mass of type, then at his workmen, and said: "Boys, it is evident there ought to be some swearing done here, but you know I am not the one to do it."



“WANTED, A GOOD STOUT BOY.”

CANADA TO BRITANNIA.—“IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO SEND HIM OVER, MOTHER; HE'S A GOOD BOY ENOUGH, BUT HE'S TOO LIGHT FOR THE 'PLACE'!”

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

"The curfew tolled the knell of parting day,"
See "Country Churchyard Elegy," by Gray;
Perhaps you may'n't know what a curfew is?
Well, we don't either, and it ain't our biz
To explain allusions of a classic kind,
Such as in first-class poetry you find.
"The curfew told"—each alderman 'twas time
For Council meeting, by its clamorous chime,
So 'neath the dome which crowns the City Hall,
Around the board behold them gathered all.

The Mayor—Good evening gents, I'm glad to see you here—
Say, Radcliff, send a messenger for beer;
The wheels of business, I have seen it stated,
Can glide much easier when well lubricated.
Let's wash our necks without removing collars,
The city well can spare the needful dollars.

Ald. Sheard—I must protest—

Ald. Carr— Sit down, you stingy Grit!
You needn't drink it if you don't see fit;
But if to take your glass you don't incline,
We can't allow you to indulge in *whine*.

Ald. Close—Hear! hear! a drink all round, a mild cigar,
That is the way for business to prepare.

The Clerk—Barber has sent in quite a lengthy letter
In which he says he thinks you hadn't better
Dismiss him yet. There can be little doubt
It would be barbar-ous to turn him out.

The Mayor—Well, read the letter—

Ald. Turner— No, dispense—dispense!
Of taking up our time where is the sense?
To put him out will make the city richer.
I move you pass—

The Mayor— A motion?

Ald. Turner— No, the pitcher.

The Mayor—Counsel's opinion has been duly axed
Whether bank stock can legally be taxed.
They say it can—

Ald. Thomson— Who tells you such a story?

The Mayor—Blake.

Ald. Carr— A base Grit!

The Mayor— And Cameron.

Ald. Henderson— A vile Tory!

Ald. Bell—About them school debentures which we saw
Rejected at the polls—

Ald. Turner— An absurd law
Requiring their submission to such fools.
We're bound to get that money for the schools.
Whether they like or not it's got to come!

Ald. Sheard—I'm down on voting such a heavy sum.

Ald. Bell—Chronic obstructionist! Inveterate growler!
Paltry, persistent, pettifogging howler!

Ald. Sheard—Hornswoogler, shennanager, and fraud!
Jobber, corruptionist, dead beat!

The Mayor— O, Lord!
Be quiet both—it's shameful, I declare.

Several Aldermen—Shame! Silence! Order! Order! Question!
Chair!

Our Poet—Enough of this—the room like them is hot—
I'm tired too—I think I'll get—

(HE GOT.)

BENJAMIN EMERSON DAVENPORT BUGG lives in Montreal. He is not naturally an irritable cuss, but he does throw things around and recite the Athanasian creed once in a while when his correspondents persistently use the initials of his front names in addressing their letters.

THADDY MALONE AND SYLVIA PRATT.

BY REV. J. ADAMS, BROCKVILLE.

Of late a fond couple alone
In the bar of a coffee-room sat,
Where the swain Mr. Thaddy Malone,
Sigh'd hard at the plump Mrs. Pratt.

His praises so pointedly gay
The widow received with a smile;
She heard the soft things he could say,
But she counted her silver the while.

"Mrs. Pratt," the fond shepherd began,
"How can you be cruel to me?
I'm a love-sick and thirsty young man,
Oh, give me some gunpowder tea.

For rolls, never trouble your mind;
I feast when I look upon you;
To my love let your answer be kind,
And half a potato will do."

"No trouble at all, sir, indeed,"
Said the lady, and gave him a leer,
"Do you wish to-day's paper to read?
Will you please, sir, to take your tea here?"

"Will I take my tea? that I will,
But I never read papers or books;
Be pleased, ma'am, the tenpot to fill,
You sweeten the tea with your looks.

"Saint Patrick! I emptied the pot,"
Exclaimed the stout Monaghan youth;
"But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
It has scalded the top of my tooth.

"How well your good time you employ!
May I beg for a jug of your cream?
The water's so warm my dear joy,
My whiskers are singed by the steam.

"Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
How I dote on your fingers so fair!
Oh, I long like a dragon to place
Another gold wedding-ring there.

"Do you think now my lies are untrue?
You may shut those sweet eyes of your own,
And never see one that loves you
Like myself, Mr. Thaddy Malone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then, what a change we shall see!
When you are the flesh of my bone,
What a beautiful charmer I'll be.

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin
To answer her lover so gay,
When, alas! a bum-bailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

DANGERS OF DRINKING.

—Our readers have doubtless heard of the bibulistic old rooster, who expressed the opinion, "It aint (hic) drinking that hurts a man; it's this way of (hic) drinking *between drinks*." This theory is corroborated by the following paragraph which recently appeared in the papers.

"OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A sad accident occurred at the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad Depot in this city, this afternoon. A young man named George Taverner was caught between the bumpers, while slacking cars, and was almost instantaneously killed."

Not the first "Tavern"-er who has been "caught between the bumpers," and killed, though the operation in the generality of cases is gradual instead of instantaneous.

"IRRITATED BAND-ITTI."—The bands which played at the Forester's demonstration, and didn't get a prize.

THERE is a sardine living in York Township who calls his farm "Rose Bank." He is a cattle-raiser, and consequently much exercised over the proposed taxation of bank stock.

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1873.

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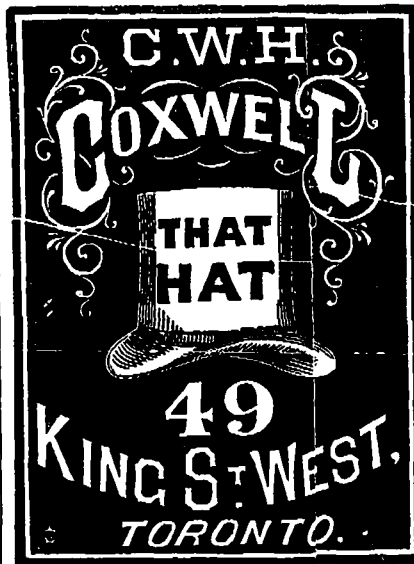
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FAMILY HERALD. Aug. A. S.
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