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VOL. I.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9TH, 1873.

No. 11.

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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 308, P. O.

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

ADVERTISING AGENT—W. H. TAPSON.

GRIP.

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.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPHUS, Belleville:—Contributors must write on one side of the paper only. The reason is obvious to the meanest intellect. It saves us buying paper. Most of the contributions are rejected, and we write on the blank side.

JO-KEAR:—We can't tell the origin of the term "Grit." It may be as you suppose, that it was first suggested by the name of Sand-field Macdonald—but again, it mayn't. Consult a solicitor.

STUDENT:—It was Diogenes who went hunting around with a candle in daylight, to find an honest man, and yet politics, as a science, was comparatively in its infancy in those days. What would he have said had he witnessed the revelations of this scandal?

TEMPER:—The first King of England—and the last, also, we believe—who took the temperance pledge, was Henry II., of whom history records that he was so affected by the death of his son by drowning, that "he never smiled again."

TORY, Stratford:—We are not responsible for the political opinions expressed by our prize conundrumists. Our copyright is not secured. Wish it was—then our printers would perhaps read *copy-right*.

HORATIUS:—Of course our answers to correspondents are genuine. They always will be, if we have to write the letters ourselves.

COSY:—Your poem will have to remain over for awhile, owing to press of matter.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1873.

THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

ELABORATE AND EXECRABLE EFFORTS ELICITED FROM ABLE ASPIRANTS AND JUVENILE JOKERS—CRUDE CONUNDRUMISTS COOLLY CULMINATE IN CALLOUS CUBEDNESS.

"The heavens are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

Alas! too true are these words of the great dramatist (we are not sure who wrote 'em, but it sounds like Shakespeare). In an unthinking moment, we, who ought to have known better, careless of the interests of society—already suffering grievously from the infliction of execrable jokes by professional and volunteer humorists—took a step tending greatly to augment the evil by the offer of prizes for the best and worst conundrums. Society has been fully avenged. The engineer is hoist with his own petard—whatever that may be. We have met our Nemesis in the deluge of perfectly atrocious attempts to frame something like a conundrum which pour in upon us from every quarter. About a bushel of them have been consigned to the waste basket, and traded off for a bottle of nourishment at a neighbouring grocery store. We append a few of the balance, which appeared to strike us as being better or worse than the general average:

D. White sends a batch—some a trifle ancient. He wants to know—

"When is singing damp? When its a dew-wet (duet)."

Do it strike the reader in that light?

H. B. Montreville interrogates:

"Why does Sir John A. Macdonald resemble a Tuscarora chief? Because there's a b in "both."

A miscreant signing himself "18," puts the query—

"When Big Thunder is on the rampage, what street in Toronto does he resemble? *Cuer Howell* (cur howl)."

"18" has one redeeming quality, however. He is not lost to all sense of shame as his next production shows—

"Why would a dog who is standing the drinks resemble me were I to make any more cons like the above? Because it would be perpetrating (purp-a-treating)."

Enough of this dogmatism.

Jemmy Jones has the floor. He gets off a three-ply double back action, patent extension con., bringing in all the newspapers in town. Life and our columns are too short to permit its insertion. Again he asks—

"When may a man be said to own a celebrated river? When he possesses the *Rhine* (oh!)"

Mr. Rykert, M.P.P., gets the following off on McMullen—

"Suppose two jurymen on leaving court get caught in a shower, why would the one who had the longest distance to go resemble McMullen, of Pacific scandal notoriety? 'Because he would be the *wetter 'un* (veteran),' doubtless, exclaims the reader. Not so, gentle perusist—Because he would be a *dam-per-jurer*."

Very good, Charley, but verging on profanity, and on that account we shall have to rule it out. We understand that this man McMullen has a habit of suing for libel, so we retract and apologise for the above, in advance, to prevent unpleasant complications.

City Commissioner Coatsworth is to the fore again this week. He asks—

"Why are the Don cattle sheds an insufferable nuisance? Because the stench is positively *offal* (awful)."

That is one of the worst of-all. 'Nuf sed.

C. O. D.

A leading medico of this city has lately rendered himself somewhat prominent in the public eye by placing a number of delinquent patients in the Division Court, in order to eliminate the ducats due for professional attentions. Doctors don't sue, as a general thing. They are mostly content to deplete their victims in body, by a course of physicking, blistering, bleeding, etc., rather than to *drain* their purses, as might be done by a *common suer* (sewer). Sudorifics, according to the recognised medical authorities, are sufficiently weakening without a repetition of the process in the close, stifling atmosphere of the Division Court room, where person and pocket are alike reduced. But then, what is a man to do when he has about \$300,000 00, or something like that—we forget the precise figure—of out-standing claims, and the *suaviter in modo* fails to extract the shekels? We understand that in future the medico in question intends adopting, in the case of all *new-comers*, the rule of the express companies, "cash on delivery."

THE DECLINE OF METHODISM.

We notice that the subject of the "Decline of Methodism" is much discussed in our religious exchanges. It is contended by some that the Wesleyan body is decreasing, while on the other hand this assertion is as strenuously denied. The *Christian Guardian* don't think there is much of a falling off. Now, we'll bet the *Guardian* man a new hat—which we badly want—that there is considerable of a wilt, and we can prove it too, as thusly. Only a few months since the congregation of the Metropolitan Church used to receive spiritual instruction by the *puncheon* (Punshon), but now they only get it from *pols* (Potts). Do you tumble? This question has no reference to the "falling off." But it may be necessary to explain that "tumble" in the language of the *illuminati* signifieth "to understand."

The Canadian team at Wimbledon have acquired a *penchant* for candy—especially bull's eyes.

It does not of necessity follow that because a man has white hair he should be *light headed*.

BOTTLE *Inps*—Imperial pints.

The Grits thought McMullen quite honest, you know,

The Conservatives said that he wasn't quite so;

But in judging his character now we can't fail

When the first thing he's gone at is *robbing the Mail*!



"ISN'T THAT A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A KING."—*Nursery Rhyme.*

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Night spreads her sable mantle o'er the scene,
And round the board the aldermen convene;
The portly Manning takes the civic chair,
And looks around with self-complacent air;
The routine business needs but small attention,
So pass it by with incidental mention—
Though these officials, there is no disputing,
Are much like hogs—addicted so to *routin'* (routine).
Reports, petitions, and communications,
Having been read, commence deliberations:

Ald. Turner—I rise to speak upon a subject which—

Ald. Thomas—Please raise your voice, Sir, to a higher pitch,
The points are lost in your remarks appearin',
In short, Sir, we are exiles out of *Erin* (hearin').

Ald. Turner—Exiled from *here-in* you should be, no doubt,
But still I hope that you will *hear me out*.
Our dignity, I was about to say,
Has been infring'd on, Sir, from day to day.
The *Globe* has taken up this Cocker fuss,
And dared the subject freely to discuss,
Whether the Chamberlain's consent was gained,
Before a place for Cocker was obtained
Within his office—Monstrous! Goodness gracious!
Whoever heard of conduct so audacious?
Can such things be? by all that's good and great!
And overcome us like—

Ald. Hamilton— A whiskey straight?

Ald. Turner—A summer cloud, without our special wonder—

Globe Reporter—Bring on your red fire and sheet-iron thunder!

Ald. Sheard—Strip from my back this Aldermanic robe,
If I stand interference from the *Globe*!
The cause of all the trouble is quite plain,
Things aint looked after by the Chamberlain.

Ald. Thomson— f a loose system now we see the fruits,
That's what's the matter, you may bet your boots.

Ald. Hime—Thomson, of walks and gardens you've the bossing,
Permit me to enquire about that crossing
O'er Queen Street Avenue? The folks round there,
Would muchly like t' *'ave-a-new* thoroughfare.

Ald. Thomson—I guess, upon the whole, 'twould be as well,
If they made up their minds to wait a spell.

Ald. Turner—The Constable upon the Esplanade
A tavern keeps, your Worship, so 'tis said.

The Mayor—Will let him keep it. Why am I perplexed
With such like questions? Pass we on to next.

Ald. Turner—To-morrow, which means two weeks from to-night,
I'll introduce a bill you'll own is right—
To grant six hundred thousand dollars more,
For bringing water from the Island's shore.

Ald. Hamilton—I'm sure there's no one in the room but feels
Th' importance, sir, of having tires on wheels.
Here is my little bill—

Ald. Hime— 'Twould be a pity
To pass it now—send it to a committee.

Ald. Withrow—Sorry to see you this amendment pushin',
'Twill lead us to a tiresome discussion.

The Mayor—Amendment lost—bill carried—

Ald. Hime— Why this fooling?
I take exception to your Worship's ruling.

The Mayor—Well, take it if you like, but why prolong
This slow debate—suppose we have a song?
Alderman Henderson, I think you warble?

Ald. Henderson—As easy as the Tory papers garble.
If something gay and festive you require
List while I strike the Anacreontic lyre—

SONG.

I knew by the bloke who was rapidly hurled
From out of the door, that a bar-room was near,
And I said "if there's drinks to be found in the world
The throat that is thirsty may hope for its beer."
It was night, and the loafers who languished around,
In silence slept off the effects of a spree;
Every beat was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the bar-tender pouring out whiskey for me.

"And here in this lone little bar," I exclaimed,
"With a friend who with money or credit was free,
Who would treat when I asked, not the least bit ashamed,
How blest could I linger, till one—no, till three.

"By the side of yon bottles, whose rays might eclipse
The glare of the gas-light, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the straw which I put to my lips,
Had never been sucked through by any but mine."

Ald. Adamson—This council-room is very close and dusty,
That jocund strain has made me feel quite thirsty.
Suppose the cares of State aside we fling,
And cool our throats at this Pierian spring.

Ald. Mallon—But my constituents are much concerned—

The Mayor—Too late, too late! The Council stands adjourned!

THE UNCONSOLABLE MINISTER.

Lately, while taking a walk about ten years into the future—any person doubting the possibility of this can be at once convinced, on application at our office, by being knocked into the middle of next week—on arriving at a stony place, where had, we were told, formerly been a town called Kingston, we were aware of a melancholy individual, clothed in sackcloth, seated on a fragment of granite. We were told that his name was Macdonald, and that he had been a minister of something. He was singing a mournful ditty, the words of which we had the curiosity to preserve:

"Hearken to me, Christian people; while my sorrows I disclose,
While I sing in doleful numbers, all the story of my woes;
I, who once so gaily rolled up every large majority—
I, alas! am now no longer, leader Parliamentary.

Ah! how pleasant all remembrance of the jolly times of yore,
When I used each Grit opponent so triumphantly to floor;
When his hairs so logically, spiteful Blake would split in vain,
While Brown his so physically tore in sympathetic pain.

Carelessly, ah! Sir Hugh Allan! didst thou both of us betray;
Why concealed'st thou not those letters from the fatal eye of day?
Happy were those dark-age statesmen, who did never use to write,
Thou had'st roads built—I still governed—had we kept from black
and white.

"Thankless public, wherefore grumble, that I bought your members
good?
I but outbid other bidders, when they in the market stood;
Other bidders now have bought them, and have taught you since
my fall,
If I ruled by dint of money, that they cannot rule at all.

Though I gave the bribes demanded, I to take them still disdained,
You beneath my sway grew richer—I a poor man still remained;
Lo, the converse of the medal, now your opened eyes behold—
Cash is scarce, and times grow harder, but your leaders roll in gold.

All the country to the canines, now in rapid progress goes,
Brown has grabbed his final dollar, and in Scotland socks repose;
I in grief all unavailing, sing my sorrows far and near,
Give one obolus of pity to old Belisarius here."

JOKELETS.

THE man who was recently immersed in thought, has since been
drowned in reflection.

THE coolest thing we have heard of this warm weather is the
story of a young man having been invited to dine with a Methodist
minister, who upon being asked to accompany him to church,
replied, "with pleasure; but you couldn't lend me a dollar to put
in the collection plate, could you?"

SUMMARY VENGEANCE—The mosquitoes.

A YOUNG LADY, whose lover was not remarkable for speaking the
truth, requested a friend to "come where my love lies dreaming."

STOCK ITEMS—Bank reports.

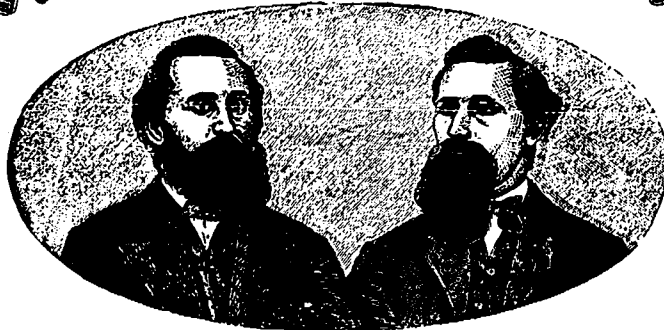
INTENSE lovers of whiskey *straight* are noticeable for their *crooked*
ways.

A CLERGYMAN in Yorkville, wrote to the agent of the St John's
Gift Concert as follows: "I do not approve of *lottries*, or gift enter-
prises; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My
son bought Ticket No. — in your drawing; but, if it drew any-
thing, dont send the money to him, send it to me."

One of the *Mail* editors has a fine *barit-tone* voice.

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 lor Organs. T. CLAXTON, Agent, 197 Yonge
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