

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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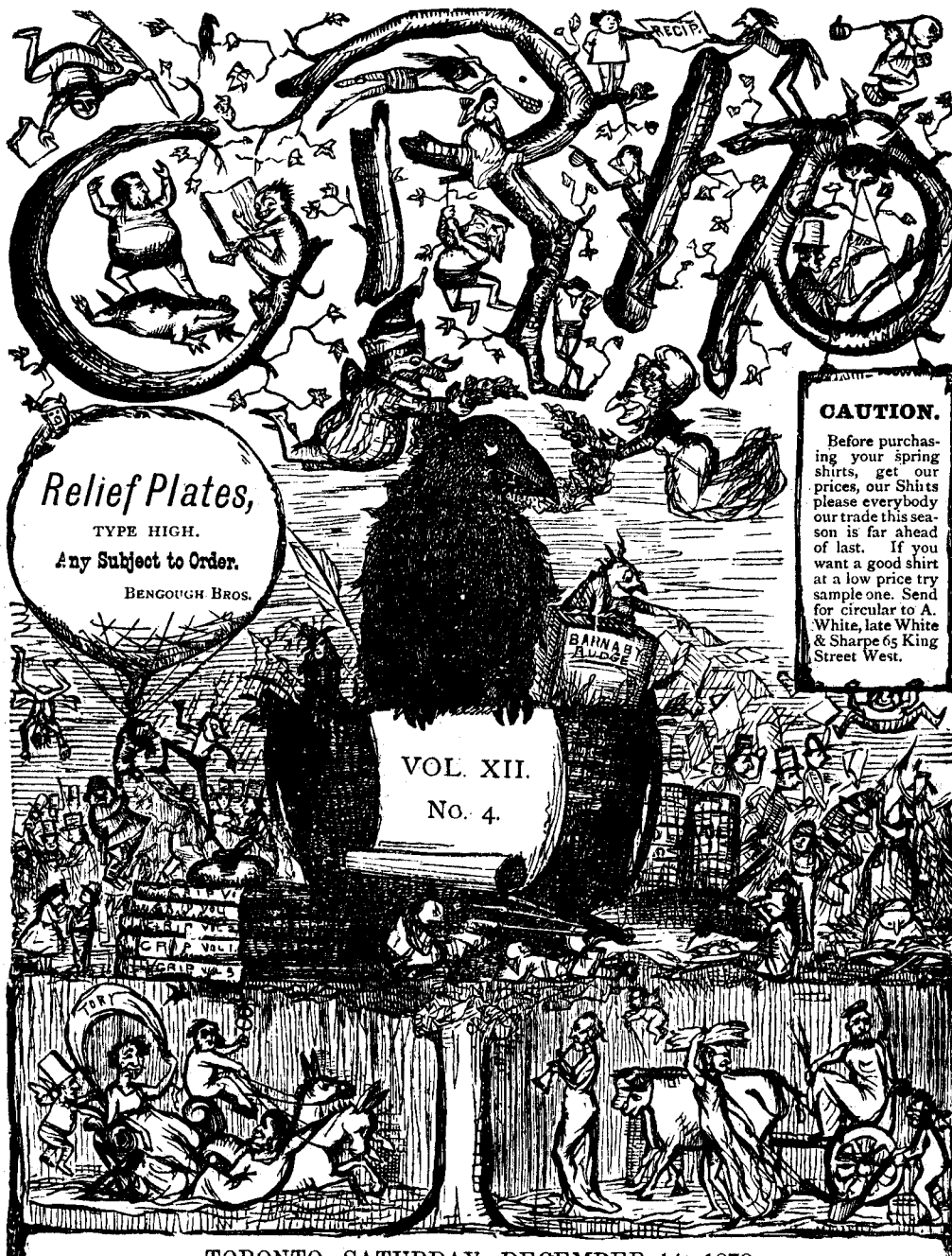
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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

VOL. XII.

No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

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IMPERIAL BUILDING.

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

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MR. J. W. BENGOUCH

Is prepared to accept engagements during the coming lecture season, to deliver his new humorous lecture

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Fun is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH DECEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

Lament of the Press Correspondent.

The English press representatives were invited to luncheon at Rideau Hall, but their American and Canadian brethren were passed over.—*Ottawa despatch.*

Comrades, come with me a little,
While as yet we feel so sore;
Come with me, I think that it'll
Cheer us up to talk it o'er.
Such a 'stand off,' friends Bohemian,
Did we not get one and all;
Canadians are not at a premium
Just now up at Rideau Hall!

When I think of favoured fellows,
Who have come across the seas,
Asked up there so they can tell us
(While their hunger they appease)
Of the sayings and the doings
Of the 'high joints' great and small,
I mourn alas! at our tabooing
By the swells at Rideau Hall!

The *Globe* man, who a gentle wag is,
Says they've run short of "burgoo,"
Which, with the time honoured haggis,
Chiefly forms their *grande menu*;
That the *Chef* is now compounding
For "natives" to the manor born,
A dish to suit us—it abandoning
With sassafras and "Injun" corn.

But happy thought! we'll very soon have,
A seat in the reporters' pen,
When those from Thames or Bonny Doon have
O'er the seas gone back again;
Some member then may take compassion
And ask us down into the *Salle*
A *Manger*, sometimes it's the fashion
With those who dine at Rideau Hall.

Oh, how is this? why are we slighted,
Neglected, left out in the cold?
Is it because we're so benighted,
And of the New World not the Old?
Oh, my country, fickle hearted,
"Wooden country," mine no more,
I think it's high time we departed
To find some more congenial shore.

An Illustrated Story.

The following interesting narrative we copy from the catalogue of water colour sketches put into our hand by the Ontario Society of Artists in connection with their annual auction, which took place last Saturday:

On "A misty morning" certain "Indian Horse Thieves," from "Ogibbeway Wigwams on Rainy River," went "A duck shooting," "On the Ottawa," "Near the Parliament Buildings." Having "Shot" "A Herd of Buffalo" near "A Canadian Home," they came to "A Hunter's Shanty" "Near Pigeon River," "On the Antrim Coast," where they witnessed "Hanlan's three great races." "After the race on Toronto Bay" they proceeded to "A Watering Place" "In Fairmont Park," "Under the Cliffs, Port Stanley," where they saw plenty of "Wild Swan" "On the Lake Shore." It turned out to be "A Squally Autumn Day" so they didn't get any "Mallard Ducks," but as it happened to be "A Warm Evening," they joined a party of "Buffalo going to Drink," and the following "Evening" were entertained with "Hockey on the Ice" and "Tobogganing near Montreal."

The Spirit of the Times.

SCENE.—The sanctum of the editor of the "Spectacles." Enter an ambitious Contributor.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Good morning, my dear editor.

EDITOR.—(Taking out of his mouth a fifty-cent cigar for a moment).

—Good morning. I am very busy. (Resumes work).

CONTRIBUTOR.—Just give me one moment. I have a new idea—perfectly new, 'twill take you may depend.

EDITOR.—(Tears himself from his cigar again).—Well, be short.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Listen. The paper doesn't go ahead as well as it ought to do. Now, I have wit. I propose to get up a series of articles—descriptive—of parsons, first; then parsons' wives; next deacons; then deacons' wives; prominent ones, chiefly; then the children, all round—down to the babes. I sha'n't be sparing. I shall pitch into everybody before I've done. Now, will you take them? That is the question.

EDITOR.—Would they take? Wouldn't that be treading on peoples' toes a bit too heavy—and! spoil everything? People would be apt to begin and cant about "the sacredness of private character and home," and that sort of thing. They're getting rid of the idea of the sacredness of the church and the pulpit pretty well, I know, but this would hurt their own skin. I don't know about it. I know your style.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Well, you know it's our mission, generally, to mix up things—godliness and devilry—to do good, you know. Things have been too flat by half, you must be racy at any cost, that is your motto, I understand. Isn't that so?

EDITOR.—Well; I am not responsible for the sentiments of contributors. Fire away.

Exit CONTRIBUTOR soliloquising: "Parsons are not perfect, no more are their wives nor their children. People say, 'just human, that's all.' Very well, we take broad views of things. From the one class we may expatiate and generalise in after numbers of the series. It will do, people like to be shocked. Get up a church social for instance. Have goody, goody things, of course, but let somebody take part who will sing a low song: "Simon the Cellarer," or some thing of that sort, or some foolish girl who will read or recite a cynical piece on woman-kind; why, people are shocked; but it pays! That's the main thing these times. We will go on till people will think nothing of theatricals in a church."

The Malignant Spirit who had (unseen and unsuspected) been the companion of the enterprising contributor here soliloquises—"My work is done for this time.—alas! I must away. I like errands to this side the Atlantic. It would have been almost impossible to set that agoing on the other. This is a land of liberty! Now, this sect used to be noted for its backbone, but here its arms are open; any bold, dashing fellow with a glib tongue or a brazen face can get a pretty good place,—as good as they have got to give,—a fine city church—a position in the front, somewhere—the command of the press—well, our work will flourish! *Au revoir*—thou free country!

The Coming Session.

When Parliament meets (as it will, perhaps, some day—
And let it be soon, the depressed people pray)—
We suppose there'll be more than the usual display,
On account of the Marquis and Princess so gay;
Then beauty and fashion in tartan array
All the galleries shall throng to look at the play,
And the members in broadcloth and tiles black and gray,
Shall the glories of free institutions pourtray
By showing how great representatives may
Meet to waste public time and draw public pay;
Then the Elephant white, the N. P. (so they say)
Shall be trotted out sure and performed by JOHN A.,
Then DECOSMOS his inwardness true shall betray
By making a law all the Chinese to slay;
But the best scene of all will be the affray
When CARTWRIGHT on finance brings TILLEY to bay,
And the fight grows so hot, and so loud they both bray,
And the figures are handled in such a queer way,
And so muddled and mixed and twisted astray,
That the people, half frenzied, shall all run away.

Skeleton of an Article for the "Mail."

OUR recent articles on the Dictatorship of GEORGE BROWN over the Grit Party have caused a great stir. The Grit papers declare there is no truth in the statement that the great *Globe* man is in the habit of browbeating the Party, but we know better. They also affirm that there is just as much dictatorship in the Liberal Conservative Camp. No such thing. Electors of East Toronto, vote for MORRIS, and show these benighted Grits that you can have a candidate of your own, without the interference of the U. E. Club or anybody else.



THE LOW-NECKED DRESS QUESTION.

Explanation.

As there may be some misunderstanding amongst our Grit friends about the entertainment given in the Mechanics' Hall, London, under the auspices of the Conservative Association of that city last Wednesday evening, we beg to state that Messrs WM. MACDOUGALL and RUFUS STEPHENSON did not sing the leading parts in OFFENBACH'S operatta of the *Blind Beggar*, given on the occasion, nor did the face of *Dandy Lion's Dodge* have any reference to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD'S dancing around the new Governor General.

The Pie.

(By our Contributor in the Woods.)

"Bring forth the pie!" we said, and soon the odour spread around,
From earth to sky the vapour rose, while buzzing loud the sound
Of expectation and delight along the board did fly,
The board that presently did groan beneath that monstrous pie.

How high, how broad, how vast along that table it did lie!
Y'baken in a vessel huge, undestined for a pie,
For, far too small each earthen dish—too small each dish of tin,
The goodwife seized a milkpan huge, and built it up therein.

Above the dish's massive wall how high the fabric rose,
Of paste a huge Sebastopol, it frowned upon its foes;
So reared its Russian prototype its battlements on high,
So fell the great Sebastopol as fell our famous pie.

A monster great it looked which had from monster oven got.
Like dragon sprung from fiery cave, in wrath all hissing hot,
But shortly was it met withal—along from left to right
Flashed bright the blades of those who had stout stomachs for the fight.

They made a deadly breach with glee: they sacked the guarded town,
They formed a phalanx jollily and hewed the dragon down;
Upon the spoils they feasted high, and each did other tell,
"Well, now, I like this style of thing particularly well."

For in that pie were denizens of forests vast around,
Which squirrels hight, and had the day before come to the ground;
With whack supreme from lofty wood where beech and maple grow,
Slap in the midst of eager crowd of huntsmen down below.

Then might you hear the cry, "Hooray! I see another one,
Shoot at him!" "There he is!" "He's not!" "Now!" Bang goes
some one's gun,
And different was the game they got, and chickens fat they slew,
And seized each herb of savory taste that in the garden grew.

That was a pie! What matters then which way the country goes,
If Clear Grit or if Tory grab, or if our Yankee foes
Come swooping down with pike and gun, while havoc fills the air,
While to the woods we may retreat, and feast on woodland fare.

There happily shall Appetite upon Profusion wait,
And Indigestion never stand a traitor in the gate;
Call not my theme undignified, nor grumble then that I,
In strains poetic raise the fame of that tremendous pie.

Crocodile Tears and Alligator Joy.

GLOBE EDITOR, with joy beaming from his countenance, sits down at his desk and writes:

"It is our melancholy duty to inform the public that Mr. TILLEY has wretchedly failed in his mission to England. Not more than half the amount of the loan has been placed, and even that at poor rates. We exceedingly regret—"

(Aside.—O! it's too good to be true! Glorious, Glorious!!! Now we have the Tories on the hip! this is the happiest day I have known since the 17th of September! *Dances an impromptu reel, and falls into his chair overcome with rapture.*)

Enter telegraph boy with cable message, which he hands to Editor.

Editor reads message, and begins a fresh article:

"It affords us unlimited pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. TILLEY has been successful after all. The other half of the loan has been disposed of, and thus the Government will be able to proceed with the important public works now in progress. We heartily congratulate—"

(Aside.—O, TILLEY be hanged!!! London Stock Market be blown! Maledictions fall on all connected with it, and the corrupt crew that now clutch the sweets of office!!! (*Prances around the room in a frenzy, kicks the telegraph boy down stairs, and retires singing:* "There's a sigh in heart though the lips may be gay.")

Irish Eloquence in the East.

MR. GRIP has steadfastly abstained from partizanship in our political struggles. His Websterian mind is far too philosophical not to give credit to or condemn either side according to their merits or demerits impartially. In consideration of such, he refrains from giving the name of the learned and literary gentleman, a fragment of whose speech, delivered on Friday evening last, he now gives to his readers, not by way of endorsement of the political views therein contained, but rather as a literary study for young aspirants for public fame, whether Grit and Tory.

The eloquent gentleman commenced as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I stand upon the Rosthrum this evening with the full consciousness that the innate modesty which occasionally mars my oratorical efforts will be taken into consideration by you, and which modesty I now offer as an excuse if my eloquence does not beyond all peradventure convince you who will be by far the fittest man to represent you in this glorious, pious, and immortal constituency in the Local Legislature, and fill the place of its late distinguished occupant, who as leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition was second to but one—need I name the Right Honourable JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Q.C., K.C.B., whom I left not five minutes ago on his way to Ottawa on the thrain, when he dictated to me to come here and inform you that his ideas regarding the fitness of individual candidates intoirly agree with my own. Misher Chairman, you doubtless recollect when DYONISIUS, the toyrant of Sicily, (*Chairman, "Faith, I don't."*) used, in the cruelty of his diabolical nature, to chain a live prisoner to the corpse of his late comrade, and finally bury both of them in the same grave. Gintlemen will see the delicate application of this classic recollection, in the position of Mr. MACKENZIE politically dead, and the still living Mr. MOWAT, whom we must proceed to—well we must proceed to—of course not in imitation of the Toyrant—but Gintlemen—"

(Here our reporter, being overcome by the contemplation of the villainous DYONISIUS and the startling applicability of his actions to our own political situation, swooned. The remainder of the gentleman's harangue may be seen in last Saturday's *Mail*.)



BRECHER'S lecture on the "Reign of the Common People," didn't turn out to be about the Conservative Government, after all.

OUR fair Princess carries a cane when she goes out walking. The married men of Ottawa are getting dreadfully afraid that this custom will become general.

LADY GOOCH was charged with palming off a spurious child on her husband, but the Grand Jury threw the Bill out of Court. BILL is the husband's name, isn't it?

THOSE Reform editors who have put their foot in it by proclaiming the Finance Minister's failure will have time to cogitate DAVY CROCKETT'S maxim: A man should wait TILLEY'S sure, then go ahead.

It is reported that the female members of the Civil Service are all to be dismissed. We hope the gal-last Conservative Government will at least show the ladies old politely. The reason of the dismissal is that the girls are too dear.

MR. LEYS says he is in favour of abolishing exemptions from taxation excepting on Churches. Now, let Mr. MORRIS declare that he will go the whole figure, Churches and all, and he is sure of defeat, though GRIP would vote for him early and often.

The *Telegram* complains that the *Globe* has not yet said anything definitely in favour of any of the candidates for Mayor. It is none of your business Mr. *Telegram*, of course; but would you be surprised to hear that each of the candidates had arranged with the organ not to advocate his cause, whatever it does?

THE Mayoralty contest is going to be triangular, though it is to be hoped this will not prevent it from being square. That the civic ship needs better MANNING next year, everybody is convinced; though who is to be Mayor is as yet hard to determine. The candidate first in the field stands a good chance of BEATYNG his opponents, though he will no doubt have a CLOSE tussle for it.

A TELEGRAM to the *Globe* from Woodstock describes the opening of a pigeon-shooting tournament in that town last Wednesday, and concludes with: "Only two squads have so far shot. The balance will be shot to-morrow." We presume this last sentence refers to the squads—not to the pigeons, and we congratulate the moral people of Woodstock that they are going to promptly punish these professors of the manly art of bird murder in the way they deserve.

1879. **MAYORALTY.** 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential Ratepayers of the City, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for 1879, I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured, by the signatures to the Requisition (which I shall publish at an early day through the press) that I shall receive your hearty support. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

xii-3-4t.

1879. **MAYOR.** 1879.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to a numerously signed requisition, and the general demand of citizens interested in economy and improved administration of civic affairs, I place myself before the public as a candidate for the Mayoralty. As I hope to meet my fellow-citizens in public meetings and otherwise, I will hereafter more fully explain my views on the financial and general interests of the city.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY, Jr.

ELECTORS OF EAST TORONTO

VOTE FOR

JOHN LEYS,

THE RESIDENT CANDIDATE!

Whose interests are the same as your own, and

NOT FOR AN OUTSIDER

Who has no Stake whatever in the City.

EAST TORONTO ELECTION

ELECTORS,

VOTE FOR

Hon. Alexander Morris,

A tried and able administrator, and turn out an incapable and extravagant Government.

Vote for **HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS**, and speed the National Policy and the revival of manufactures in our midst.

Keep out the nominee of George Brown and the Starvationists.

The workmen of East Toronto must have fair play. **MR. MORRIS** will get it for them. **Mr. Leys** will not be allowed to help them.

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WM. RENNIE, Toronto.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

ALEX. MANNING,

AS

MAYOR FOR 1879.



SUPPLIES FOR

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS!

FOR 1879.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario will receive tenders up to noon of

Thursday, the 19th of December,

From such persons as may be willing to supply:—Butcher's meat, butter, flour, oatmeal, cornmeal, prime mess pork, corned beef, hams, bacon, and cordwood to the following institutions for the year 1879, viz.:—The Asylums for the Insane at Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Orillia; the Central Prison, Toronto; The Provincial Reformatory, Penetanguishene; the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and for the Blind, Brantford.

Specifications and conditions of contracts may be had on application to the Bursars of the respective institutions, or to the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Two sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of the contracts.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto,
December 6th, 1878.

1879. **MAYOR.** 1879.

MASS MEETINGS

In support of the candidature of

JAMES BEATY, JR., Q.C.,

for Mayor for the year 1879 will be held at Hinchliff's Hall, corner of Brunswick Avenue and Bloor-street, on Monday evening, Dec. 16, at 7.30 o'clock.

Occident Hall, corner of Queen and Rathurst streets, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18th at 7.30 o'clock.

Rally for Economy and Reduced Taxation.

EAST TORONTO ELECTION

VOTE FOR

JOHN LEYS,

THE RESIDENT CANDIDATE

Who was one of the first citizens to advocate and help to construct our

NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS,

Which have been the means of reducing the price of your Fuel nearly **ONE HALF**, and which have done so much to build up East Toronto, and

NOT FOR AN OUTSIDER

Who has no stake in the City, and who has never lost a day or expended a dollar in promoting your interests.

BOND-STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

A GRAND BAZAAR

In aid of the

FUNDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

Will be held in

SHAPTESBURY HALL.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Dec. 10th, 17th, and 18th.



Central Prison of Ontario

Tenders for Prison Labour.

Offers addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon of

Friday, 20th December,

for leasing, for a term of five years, the labour of 50 or more of the prisoners committed to the Central Prison at Toronto, together with shops and the machinery and fixtures therein contained.

Specifications and terms under which the contract will be carried on, together with description of the shops, plant, and machinery proposed to be leased with the labour, can be seen at the office of the Manager of the Prison Industries on the Prison premises, or upon application to the undersigned, at his office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Bonds for the proper fulfilment of the contract will be required.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Dec. 10, 1878.

xii-4-2t

TO PRINTERS.—3-Horse Power Boiler and Engine,

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