

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 35 King St. West, Toronto.

TERMS: \$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application.

All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. IRVING, Publisher and Proprietor.

A. S. IRVING, *Publisher,*  
35 King Street West, Toronto.

OFFICE  
AND  
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:  
Five Cents.

For Sale at all the Bookstores.

*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.

When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

VOL. 2.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 20TH, 1873.

No. 4.

**THOMAS GRIFFITH & CO.**

HAVE JUST RECEIVED AT THE

**LONDON AND  
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE**

FOR THE

**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR  
FESTIVE SEASON:**

- 3,000 LBS. FRESH PRUNES, in Kegs and Jars.
- 25,000 LBS. CURRANTS and RAISINS (all kinds)."
- KEGS MALAGA GRAPES.
- CASE FIGS—1½lb., 2lb., and 4lb. boxes.
- BOXES CITRON, LEMON, and ORANGE PEEL.
- BOXES ORANGES, and LEMONS.
- CASES PRUNES, in Glass Jars.
- CASES and BOXES FINE ITALIAN OIL.
- ITALIAN MACARONI and VERMICELLI
- BOXES FRESH PREPARED VEGETABLES.
- BAGS SOFT SHELL ALMONDS.
- BAGS FILBERTS, BRAZIL NUTS AND WALNUTS.

**OUR WINE CELLAR,**

Well stocked with the finest WINES and SPIRITS.

A CALL SOLICITED.

**THOMAS GRIFFITH & Co.**

*Importing Merchants,*  
London & Italian Warehouse,  
218 YONGE STREET,  
Corner Albert Street.

**Patronize Home Manufacture!**

"None Better.  
Better than most."

FOR

PIANOFORTES, ORGANS, &C.

GO TO

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY,

SHOW ROOMS--

115 and 117 KING STREET WEST,  
TORONTO, ONT.

Remember that cheap labor and material will beat foreign competition. The best musical authority in the Dominion, say our instruments cannot be surpassed for richness of tone, durability and elegance. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and compare with those of other makers.

**J. EDWARDS.**

IMPORTER OF

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

**PAPER-HANGINGS,**

PAPER AND LINEN

WINDOW SHADES,

STATIONERY, ETC.

136 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

**LASH & CO.**

NEW AND ELEGANT  
CLOCKS, STATUARY  
AND JEWELLERY  
JUST RECEIVED FROM  
LONDON!  
PARIS!  
SUITABLE FOR  
WEDDING PRESENTS,  
PRESENTATIONS,  
BIRTHDAY  
GIFTS,  
&c.

NO. 5 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

DANIEL SPRY,  
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,  
GENERAL GROCERIES,  
WINES, LIQUORS  
AND PROVISIONS.

135 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

FANCY GOODS,  
JEWELLERY AND BERLIN WOOL.  
BESWETHERICK & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

R. C. BOTHWELL,  
112 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

GREAT BARGAINS.

## G R I P .

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1873.

## MOSS'S SWEEPING VICTORY.

THERE was an uncouth but withal modest rap at Grip's sanctum door on Tuesday last, and without rising from his desk (where he was busy upon one of the poems you will find in this number) the genial Talker said "Come in." The door was timidly opened and a very humble woman walked in. She belonged to the Ancient Order of The Poor, a representative the sight of whose well cherished rags was meant to set one a-dreaming of Christmas angels and Christian charity. But she had not come to beg. Her simple story was, that being a gatherer of paper scraps, she was in the habit of rummaging amongst the sweepings of the newspaper offices, and in her search that morning she had picked up in the *Mail* and the *Globe* heaps, respectively, a cast-out manuscript. She was not able to read, but from the appearance of these documents she fancied they must have been accidentally placed amongst the rubbish, and to make the matter certain she had brought them to Grip for examination. We commended the thoughtfulness of the poor creature, and at once turned our attention to the writings, and scarcely had we read the first sentence of each when the whole was comprehended. "These," said we to the rag-gatherer, "are legitimately within your province,—strictly waste paper. They are editorial articles that had been written in anticipation of the result of the recent great contest in West Toronto, that of the *Globe* in view of defeat, and that of the *Mail* anticipating victory." So saying we returned the sheets of paper to our visitor, having taken correct copies of the articles which are here appended.

(From the 'Globe' Dust Heap.)

"When the sun went down on West Toronto last night, he hid his face from a sad scene—a spectacle which Canada will remember with increasing pain so long as she has a name to live amongst the nations of the earth. Corruption and iniquity had triumphed over virtue, and were riotously holding their brawling carnival over the bleeding victim. Bickford has been returned by—of a majority! Bickford, the . . . (Grip has no desire to publish these descriptive phrases.) We cannot dwell upon the subject of yesterday's result, with any degree of patience. Neither the victor nor his success can command a particle of respect from anybody. By dint of appeal to every known means of corruption and compulsion, the Tory candidate has been returned for West Toronto. Never has such a day of political debauchery been passed through in Canadian history; never was bribery more rampant and brazen, never was constituency more deceived and venial; never was dishonour more certain for all time. We drop the dark veil over the sight; and our fair Dominion will have to say with the weird poet, that

Her soul from out that shadow  
Shall be lifted never more."

From the 'Mail' Dust Heap.

"The great battle of West Toronto is over, and a glorious victory for the party of Union and Progress is the result. Mr. Bickford has been returned by the magnificent majority of—, and thus a proper snub is administered to GEORGE LYON and the Chambery Brigade. The Grits have been fond of reiterating in their own shameless fashion the most scandalous of falsehoods about Mr. Bickford ever since his candidature was announced, and this is how the free and independent electors of West Toronto answer the calumniators. This is how they deal with the gross and malignant lies that have been spoken by the *Globe* and its satellites about the Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; this is the way in which they speak their minds on the subject of slandering and letter-stealing. And in this splendid triumph we have another element of gratification in the fact that the contest that raged yesterday was distinguished in a remarkable degree by the absence of corruption. We doubt if a single authentic case of bribery or compulsion can be pointed to. Of course we fully expect the *Globe* to assert that the constituency was carried by money; but all who were present in the battle and are therefore competent to judge, will be able to give the lie direct to such allegation. Again we say that the Liberal Conservative party has achieved a signal victory, let the Grits howl as they may."

## "GLOBE" SAPHICS TO "SQUARE-TOES."

HONEST old MEDCALF, we have naught against you—  
Which, Sir, is saying volumes in your favour—  
In years gone by you've done the City service  
We do believe.

Now you are out for Mayor 'gainst SMITH and MANNING,  
Working away as usual, like a beaver,  
And there's no telling but you'll be elected  
If you keep on.

As to said MANNING, he'll be whipped for certain:  
People don't like his Water Works connections,  
SMITH and yourself will have the fight between you  
On polling day.

Now of you two SMITH's the man we vote for;  
Hearty, and young, and business-like and honest,  
Just the right man to fill the chair at present,  
As we all fancy.

While you, dear friend, have lost your old time wigour,  
You've done your duty as our Mayor already.  
Now you've a right to demand that we should therefore  
Let you resign.

P.S.—Please make the demand.

## ESSAYS AT THE DINNER TABLE.

I suppose myself to be talking to one who is able to sympathise. Now in order to be able to do so, such an one must be in the habit of dining out. You are! you say? Well, now, I'll talk to you. Listen! Did you ever (I know the answer that's coming), when dining out, discover a hair in your dinner—in some portion of it? You have? So have I, and so invariably as to constitute it a rule now. Yes! what sensations one experiences on such occasions! First of all, you naturally begin to conjecture whose it was. Perhaps you have been staying overnight in the house, and the similarity it bears to those you extracted from your brush and comb when dressing for dinner, inclines you to the belief that it must have belonged to that pretty little chambermaid, and you are becoming reconciled to it on that account, when in she comes, and you see at once it is much too dark, and the sickening suspicion that it about matches that scullery maid's (of whom you caught a passing glimpse, *en dishabille*), sends you into a regular perspiration, and you begin to devise some means whereby you can, unnoticed, smuggle it from the middle of your caper sauce, and deposit it on the uttermost edge of your plate. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to carry this out, you cannot help wondering whether every person is favoured with a hair, if they only knew where to lay their hands on it, or whether there is only one, which invariably falls to you, however unsolicited. Now comes the much-desired moment, when everybody seems absorbed in the good things before them, and you at once make an effort to capture your hair. After vainly endeavouring to wind it, first round your fork, and then round your knife, and several times suffering the most concentrated agony by seeing it disappear altogether beneath the sauce, you at last, goaded by hunger and the prospect of a cold dinner, determine to use your fingers. You look stealthily round (this time you somehow feel guilty of something, as though you were taking an unfair advantage of the other guests), and seeing everyone absorbed as before, you swiftly accomplish its removal. Again you look round, not that you fear any one has noticed you, but simply as a make-sure, and you are rather chagrined to find that your hostess is regarding you with a half-mournful, half-injured expression, as though you'd put aside the choicest part of the dinner. There is one peculiarity about shorter hairs, and that is, that after carefully putting them on one side, accompanied by a fragment of turnip (from which it was impossible to separate it), you straightway forget all about them. By and bye, you are cleaning your plate up, and it comes quite natural to reach after that fragment, and —

THE FUTURE.—Ten-years-old—"Pa, do you want me to be a minister?" Pa—"Yes, my son, why?" Hopeful—"Do you think I will ever be as bad a man as MACKENZIE, Pa?" Pa—"I hope not, my son! Why do you ask such a question?" Hopeful—"Isn't MACKENZIE a minister?"

THE ONLY DESIRABLE FACTION.—Satisfaction.

ADVICE to persons about to raise a whisker.—Whisk a razor.

A GREEN GROCER.—One who gives credit.



# THE WEST TORONTO RUN.

B. SAWYER—RD (*Jockey of the Nag "John A."*)— SAY, GUV'NOR, LOOK HERE, THIS HOSS AINT WORTHY CHUCKS ON HIS OWN MERITS!

## TO THE CANADIAN PARTY.

Well done! for the time is close by you  
 When your motto shall sound through the land,—  
 Though asses and flunkeys belie you,  
 Young Canada gives you the hand.  
 Keep it up! there are hearts that beat higher,  
 Voices ready in cheering to burst,  
 Eyes now fixed on nothing, that fire  
 For your motto of "CANADA FIRST."  
 There are sneers on the veteran faces  
 Grown gray in political war,  
 Their parties and leaders and places  
 Their watchwords and principles are,—  
 Blame them not, they gave freedom to numbers  
 In their youth, when the "Compact" they cursed,  
 But they sleep,—we will startle their slumbers  
 With our motto of "CANADA FIRST."  
 As the volume and tide of a river,  
 With the thousands that join it, flows free,  
 Growing strong and resistless forever,  
 Till it rolls to the measureless sea,—  
 So the cry shall be taken and shout'd,  
 By men whom the country has nursed,  
 Till ROGIES and DOLLARDS are routed,  
 And the motto is "CANADA FIRST."  
 How can we be contented with stories  
 Of loyalty, mumbled by age,  
 Not ours but theirs are the glories,  
 Written bright upon history's page.  
 We are proud of the race that we spring from,  
 And shall we of its sons be the worst?  
 No, we hear louder victories ring from  
 The motto of "CANADA FIRST."  
 Do they think, who decry and pooh-pooh us,  
 Of the future, when nations shall pour  
 Their starving and naked ones to us,  
 To be trampled and trodden no more,  
 Will they turn to a country as distant  
 As the lands of their hunger and thirst,  
 With loyalty staunch and persistent,  
 Or love our fair "CANADA FIRST."  
 Hear the wind! it has gathered its motion  
 Far away over mountain and plain,  
 It blows from the westerly ocean  
 To the rocks on the easterly main.  
 It has passed over prairies unbounded,  
 Over forests and lakes—where we durst  
 Over that a Nation will sound it  
 Their motto of "CANADA FIRST."

E. D. THOMSON.

## "VIOLATING THE LAWS."

A horrible occurrence of which neither newspapers nor police seem to have heard, is reported to *Grip* by Mr. MUNCHAUSEN JENKINS, as happening on a public street of this city the other evening. Mr. JENKINS is probably a truthful man, but he has two palpable weaknesses—the first is an ambition to contribute something to these columns—(this, however, he shares with many respectable politicians and scholars)—and the second is an abnormal "pick" at lawyers of all grades, accounted for by the fact that he was 'plucked' before the Benchers at Osgoode Hall in his youth. We state these things only because we desire to deal fairly toward the public in the matter of news. But to the "particulars." It appears that shortly after five o'clock p.m., on the day in question, several promising young barristers, attorneys, solicitors, conveyancers and head clerks were passing along the leading thoroughfare on the way to their several and respective dinners, all and sundry carrying learned looking black bags over their shoulders. The business of the day was finished, and they were wending homeward to refresh their jaded energies, and do a hard night's reading over the books that deformed the sides of the aforesaid bags. So the public, passing them, thought. But all at once the inoffensive gentlemen were set upon by a crowd of roughs, and a desparate fight commenced. Our informant couldn't learn what it was about, but in his own words—he claims them as his own, and avers that he never so much as heard of BUST HARTS or the "Heathen Chinese"—he says:

In the eceno that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the side-walk was strewd  
 Like the eaves on the strand

with the parcels of grocery sundries that these legal persons are in the habit of carrying home in their bags, instead of law books, as they would have the public believe, you understand.

## FIRST OF ALL.

BY AN EX-PREMIER.

Some people praise the Fatherland,  
 Its polity and laws,  
 Vow to preserve unbroke the band  
 Which bears us onward hand-in-hand,  
 Make "EMPIRE FIRST" their cause,  
 Let such prate on; I, now as e'er  
 Keep "OFFICE FIRST" my humble prayer.  
 "FIRST CANADA," some others cry,  
 Our native land so dear;  
 Hands joined across the sea we'll try  
 To keep—but while their feet are dry  
 And Britain's sky is clear;  
 Corruption seize them—new-born fools!  
 All will go well if JOHN A. rules.  
 Now ye who for the Empire vote  
 I nose-led flunkeys call;  
 And ye who howl with lusty throat  
 That we should launch a sep'rate boat,  
 I brand disloyal,  
 Strengthen the band or let it burst,  
 My motto will be "OFFICE FIRST."

## WHAT EVERYBODY ASKS.

I'm told a new party is started,  
 With "Canada first!" for its text;  
 Dear *Grip* will you kindly inform me  
 (For of course you are able) what next?

## PLANS FOR THE WINTER.

Being an intercepted letter from BILL SYKES, one of the criminal class, to his pal, JERRY PIRE at Hamilton.)

MICK'S ALLEY, 7 decemr.

DEAR FRIEND,—i want to rite to inform you i hev jes made up my mind concernn what i wil do this hear winter months wich times is a goin to be Aful hard hear. i jes herd yesterday from MICK about the New Central Prisin of Ontario. That's what they calls it, and they givs 1st rait boord & the men wot boords thare they work to the car shop an goes home to the prisin for thare meals, and jes like men does wot aint prisners: ise goen to put a hed onto sum rooster & see ef i cant g-t in thare cause i dont care for wages ef i can git good boord and logins free, wich Mike is goin away from hear & we got to dig out. ef you like cum over hear and git in to.

Yours truly pal,

B. SYKES.

## Croaks from Grip's Basket.

NOT THE MAN.—We are requested to say that the Mr. NORT, who did *not* speak, as was incorrectly stated in the daily papers, at the "Canada First" meeting on the 29th. inst., and the "Empire First" meeting last Friday evening, is not the Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT whose "Duluth" speech should be obtained by everybody who hasn't got it already.

"ONLY AN ATTORNEY."—FACTS IN PAIRS, etc.—The responsible editor of the *Mail* seems from the tone of his remarks on Mr. MOSS, to have a proper contempt for lawyers. The following cases will be tried at the Toronto Winter Assizes; *McMullen v. The Mail*, (libel); *Davis v. The Mail*, (libel); *The Queen v. The Mail*, (libel.)

OUR OWN MRS. PARTINGTON says she rejoices at the establishment of an Hospital for Incurables; as there is now a good hope that many of the poor sufferers may be restored to the blessings of health.

ASK a fashionably dressed belle, one of those beauties with a hat like a warped soup plate, an eye-glass, kiss-me-quick's that look like the work of a prolific ring-worm, a collar as high as a politician's honour, a Grecian bend that would incommode a Dromedary, and a "knowing-blade" expression in her eye that would disconcert a city councillor. Ask such an one, what is her beau-ideal of a man, and ten to one she'll say: "Sir! My idea of a man is summed up in these words, by the poet Lorryat."

Shallow he may be,  
 Heartless, conceited and falec,  
 He's an angel for all that,  
 Merely because he can waltz.  
 Intel ectual he may be,  
 With a hatred of all that is false,  
 He's an ass though for all that,  
 Simply because he can't waltz.



**PORTRAITS!**

LIFE SIZE IN OIL,

BY

**BRIDGMAN & FORSTER,**

39 KING ST. West (over Ewing & Co.)

TORONTO.

J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT, D.D.S., I.D.S.



Dentist,



Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,  
Member of the Board of Examiners of the  
Royal College of Dental Surgeons  
of Ontario.

Fourteen Years experience in the practice  
of Dentistry.

OFFICE—KING STREET, CORNER OF  
CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

**New and Seasonable.**



Just received a choice assortment of  
CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS,  
CHIGNONS, COILS, &c.,  
in Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen.  
Pads in sets of six.  
Pompadour Pads and Frisette's.  
A new and general variety of  
Switches.

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

GEORGE ELLIS,

Wholesale and Retail. 179 Yonge Street, Toronto,  
Four doors from Queen Street, East side.

**THOS. CLAXTON,**

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Band Instruments, Violins, Accordions,  
GERMAN & ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINAS,

And all kinds of

**MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.**

Sole Agent for W. BELL & Co's. Organette  
and Cabinet Organs.

197 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

N.B.—All kinds of Musical Instruments  
Tuned and Repaired.

**BURNING FLUID.**

**NO SMOKE! NO CHIMNEY!**

A Splendid Night-Light, suitable for Hotels,  
Stores, and Private Dwellings.

The Cheapest and best Burning Fluid.

LAMPS, suitable for burning the Fluid, only  
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

All the Principal Hotels in Toronto use it.

HUGH MILLER & CO., CHEMISTS,  
167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

**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 generally  
that he has, by the advice of his friends, added  
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 Pica at all hours.

**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

**New Dominion Chignon Factory,**

96 YONGE ST, TORONTO,

FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

**FISHER & TAYLOR**

**CUSTOM BROKERS,**

COLLECTORS,

HOUSE, ESTATE, AND  
GENERAL AGENTS,

35 YONGE ST.

TORONTO.

SOLE ADVERTISING AGENTS FOR

**"GRIP."**

**FIRST-CLASS BRICK HOUSE FOR**  
Sale on Carlton Street, North Side, between  
Yonge and Church.

**FOUR FRAME HOUSES FOR SALE**  
on Victoria Street, East Side, between Queen  
and Shuter Streets.

**COTTAGE FOR SALE ON RIVER**  
Street. Large Lot.

**THE ABOVE PROPERTY FOR SALE**  
on easy terms. Apply to FISHER & TAYLOR,  
Custom Brokers, House, Estate, and General Agents,  
35 Yonge St., Toronto.

**MAYORALTY ELECTION**  
FOR THE  
**CITY OF TORONTO.**

**ELECTORS:**

I respectfully solicit your  
votes and support for re-election  
as **MAYOR** for the year 1874.

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

**ALEX. MANNING.**

Election—Monday, January 5, 1874.

**BRITISH AMERICAN**  
**COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**

FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNA-  
MENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to us at  
the late Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. This is  
the TENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION that we have  
obtained first prizes in Penmanship.

**OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE**

Of instruction is in keeping with our Penmanship  
Department—the very best to be obtained in the  
Dominion. It embraces Book-keeping in all its  
branches, Exercises and Lectures in Commercial  
Law, Business Arithmetic, Spencerian Penmanship,  
Actual Business, Adjusting Partnership, Business  
Correspondence, Banking, Commission, Foreign  
Exchange, Steamboating, and the General Details  
of Business.

**OUR EVENING SESSIONS**

Continue through the winter. An excellent oppor-  
tunity is here offered to attend special classes in our  
Business and Telegraphic Courses. Young men who  
are engaged during the day should embrace this  
opportunity, as it will yield ere long a thousand per  
cent. upon the outlay.

For terms and Specimens of Penmanship, address  
**ODELL & TROUT, Toronto.**

**J. F. COLEMAN & CO.**

65 YONGE STREET,

Have a Large Stock of

**COAL!**

CALL AND SEE IT.

**YOUNG MEN**

Prepared for Business at

**DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**

No. 82 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION comprises the  
Science of Accounts and Business Practice,  
Commercial Law, Commercial computations,  
English Grammar, and Commercial corres-  
pondence, and other branches incident to a  
Business Education. This Institution is UN-  
EQUALED for the THOROUGHNESS of its  
COURSE and the EFFICIENCY of its GRA-  
DUATES. Many young men instructed by  
Mr. DAY are occupying responsible positions,  
and by the satisfactory manner 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, Accountant, Toronto.