

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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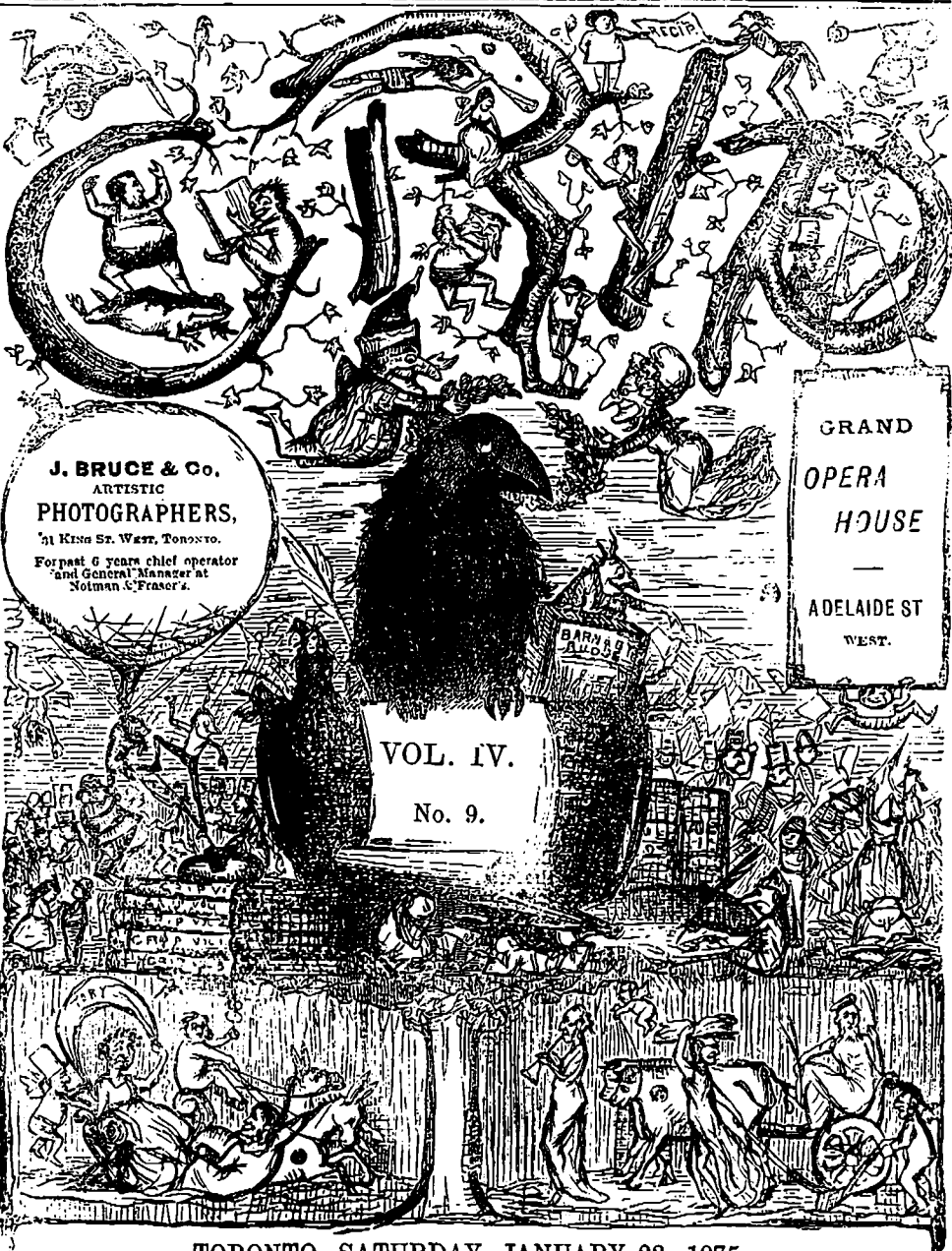
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

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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.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

## To Correspondents and Contributors.

V.—Many thanks.

THADDEUS, London.—The expressions "good-bye" and "adieu" are synonymous. When your true love is going to Fort Stanley for the summer, Adieu would probably sound better; but in addressing your friend "the Major" you might say, "Adieu, Walker," or "Good-bye, Walker"—there is really little difference.

EAST ELGIN, St. Thomas.—We have no misgivings as to the political integrity of your present member. He will no doubt support, as he has pledged himself to do, the present Government. It has been told of the late Mr. CARTMIL, that on a division being called he used to cry: "Call in zo Members." Mr. MACKENZIE will very likely exclaim in such an event: "COLIN McDUGALL."

## Midsummer Night's Dream.—Act IV.—Scene I.

IMPROVED BY "GRIP."

(The Hon. GEORGE BROWN has been induced, at a considerable loss, to undertake the part of Bottom on this occasion. M. C. CAMERON, Q. C., at considerable gain, undertakes that of Puck.)

Bottom asleep on a bank. Enter Puck.

Puck—(Takes ass's head off Bottom).—When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Bottom—(Awaking).—When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer; my next is "Rise, Sir GEORGE!" Hoy, ho!—THOMSON, the railway mender! CROOKS, the loan-tinker! O'DONOHUE! God's my life!—stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision of place and power. I have had a dream of ruling this land—past the wit of man to say what harm I did; man is but an ass, if he go about to expound how much. Methought I was, what was't?—amb-ass-ador?—whatever I was, there was an ass in't. Methought I was, and methought I had a treaty to make; but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what good it was. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was—how I did arrogant—how I did play 'Ercles; how I did tear MACDONALD;—how I did make all split. I will get my NICOLAS to write an editorial of this dream, and it shall be called BROWN'S Dream, because it hath no reality; and I shall sing it in the latter end of the *Globe*, before the Canadians; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it when I am leaving them.

Puck—Thou sing!—thou shalt soon sing small. I will sing. (Sings.)

Tell me, where is falsehood bred,  
In the heart or in the head?  
See him wake; and some of you—  
Are you not just waking too?  
Know you now what dupes you be?  
Now each subterfuge you see!  
Read the sheets of purity—  
Read the lies they told of me—  
Read them but for six weeks past—  
How each moment was my last;  
How "quite safe the East End looks;"  
"Most "unanimous for CROOKS."  
How my meetings were but small;  
"Boys!"—"Electors!—none at all;"  
"Needn't mention MATTHEW C.!"  
"Quite as good as beaten, he!"  
Read them still, they will you tell  
MOWAT's sure of place as well.  
Mind not. To the House with me,  
Jolly changes you shall see.—(Exit.)

## An Admonition.

"Go West, young man, go West!" said HORACE GREELEY;  
"Get married and grow with the growing country!"  
Advice most excellent, which GRIP endorses freely—  
The man disputing this has great effrontery.  
In movements retrograde GRIP takes no interest,  
For one's success is seldom by them increased,  
And late events have the worn adage impressed:  
Look what poor ADAM got by going East!

## What's in a Name?

GRIP, who cares not for party politics, has nevertheless a sincere desire for good government; so he has anxiously scanned the list of members elected to the Legislature of Ontario, that he may judge from its personnel what the Province has to expect. In the first place he is delighted to observe that there is a religious element in the House, for he finds that a *Bishop*, a *Monk*, a *Deacon*, and two *Clarkes* have been duly elected, though unfortunately there is no *Church* nearer than the Quebec Legislative Assembly. It is satisfactory to know, however, that when a proper edifice is provided there is a *Seaton* to ring the *Bell* already on hand, as well as to do the honours to all members who are assigned political funerals. We have not yet learned that any cushions have been provided to *Neelon*, and though no one has yet been appointed to praise the arrangements there will be at all events one *Lauder* available. The industrial element is not altogether unrepresented. There is a *Miller*, a *Baker*, a *Flesher*, a *Smith*, and a *Barber*; also a *Hunter*, who we may add has in his belt a *Kean* knife. The House will not suffer for want of necessities, as it has, so far as we have learned, a capital *Stock*. There is a full supply of *Hay* (for such as need it), *Cole*, and *Wood*. There are also *Wells* to satisfy the Temperance men who think *Watter-worth* more than whiskey, which encourages the hope that there will be no "Tooley-rural" sort of nonsense. We have only just had a peep into the larder, but we know there is at least one *Apple-by* the pot which holds the *Currie*; and that, though spring chickens are not just now in season, there are some old *Cox*, which will get *Springer* if kept long enough. The supply of fish may not be very large, but the variety which a Frenchman would call *De-roche* will not be wanting. All things considered, there is no danger of having any "Oliver asking for more." The House is to some degree cosmopolitan, for we shall have the canny *Scott* sitting alongside his "colored *Broder*." The Legislature will never be out of cash while it has a *Coutts* for its banker, even though its present capital is represented by a solitary *Brown*, out of which it is hard to believe that more than one railway *Grant* can come. Should there be any irregularities in the sale of debentures in future, *Gurr* hopes the offender will be brought to the *Barr* of the House. He also expects that the *Code* will assign a sufficient penalty to those who make *Loug* speeches on the *Grange* question if it ever comes up with a view to regulate the "Will you meet me in the *Lane* when the clock strikes nine?" practices of young Patrons of Husbandry. We regret that the gallant age has not yet arrived when ladies shall be represented in the Legislature, as at present we have to put up with *Williams* and *Wills* from all parts of the Province. When the fair daughters of the land take their seats, we may hope to get rid of two *Patter-sons*, *Wil-son*, *Gib-son*, and *Richard-son*.

## The Battle of Toronto.

Sung by the Editor of the Mail.

AFTER MACAULAY—SOME DISTANCE.

Now glory to the Ballot-box we ever may ascribe,  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord,—MACDONALD of the Bribo;  
For they have set our BELL on high, and elevated PRATT,  
And CAMERON hath knock-ed CROOKS slap into a cocked-hat.

Oh, how our nerves were shaking, when on the polling day  
We saw those Grit rascallions all to voting on the way;  
And THOMSON's railroad canvassers, and CROOKS' *Globe*-rid row,  
And all the Irish myrmidons of Red O'DONOHUE.

Sir JOHN he telegraphed to us, all in his jovial way—  
"Oh, promise like the devil, for we've nothing now to pay!"  
Then he thought upon the Scandal, and a tear was in his eye,  
Then thought upon the taverns closed, and felt extremely dry.

A thousand cabs are pressing fast, a thousand cabmen swear,  
A thousand wild Conservatives to voters' houses tear;  
And out they burst, and in they rushed, and from each slamming door  
Away with speed of lightning-blaze each free elector bore.

Hurrah, the foes are breaking fast!—the *Globe* hath turned its tail,  
And BROWN reads from the polling list with face exceeding pale;  
Among his delf has THOMSON rushed; CROOKS stutters out "No go!"  
And fast to Cabbagetownian tents flies great O'DONOHUE.

Ho! MOWAT of the Local House, right troubled may ye be,  
Ho! Chief MACKENZIE of the Pure, watch thy majority;  
Ho! GEORDIE, send, for charity, thy *Globes* free gratis round,  
That thy poor Grits may cheer themselves with fictions most profound.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL ITEM.—It gives us pleasure to announce that the newsboys who ran for GRIP last week are in by an overwhelming majority of half-dimes.



Brumby

# SHAKESPEARE IN THE CITY ELECTIONS.

THE TORY PUCK DISPELLING THE DREAM OF THE GRIT BOTTOM.

(Vide *Midsummer Night's Dream.*)

## Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

NO. 2.

My Dear ROBBY,—

It was not without a feeling of pride that I saw you peel off your jacket and face that blustering boy PATRICK when he squared up before all the fellows in the play-ground the other day, and, as it were, knocked the chip off your shoulder. I rejoiced in your pluck, and I was pleased to observe that you had some real science to back it up with. I witnessed the fight from an adjoining maple bough, and decide without hesitation that you whipped him badly—in fact he was plainly done for after the first round, although he did come to time in a sorry way once or twice afterwards. But after all I hardly think it was necessary for you to do more than cuff the little fellow's ears, especially as your chum ARCHIE DEACON and one or two other boys piled on to him at the same time. Besides, it is well known not only by the whole school, but throughout the entire town, that PATRICK can't fight, and to regularly enter a ring with him and begin what the New York *Clipper* calls "a battle" in sober earnest, is enough to fairly expose any boy of muscle to ridicule, if not to a charge of cowardice. I am afraid you have got your foot in it, for I observe fellows laughing behind their sleeves in all directions. Some of them look at it in the other light, and come to me expressing the greatest disapprobation with your proceedings. They say that you were not content with the victory to which I have referred, but have whalloped the poor little boy several times since. This is all the worse if it is the fact that PATRICK avoids fighting all he can, and peacefully amuses his spare hours building little mud men and calling them by the names of your forefathers. If it is a reproach to a noble boy to fight a fellow who hasn't any notion of boxing, what shall be said of one who would pummel such a fellow behind his back or after he had thrown up the sponge? I am informed—I hope not correctly—that you have made arrangements to thrash PATRICK again. I believe you first took off your jacket at the request of a number of your school-fellows. Very good. You accomplished all they requested in the first round; you fought you ought to should now the contract at an end. I am afraid some of those boys are only too fond of fisticuffs, and I have noticed that they especially delight in seeing PATRICK and all the other boys of his class, whipped on every possible occasion. My dear ROBBY, I don't think you are doing a wise, a useful, or a kindly thing in carrying out the wishes of those pugilistically-disposed boys. Your fights may pay those boys in some way that I know not of, but as a Bird of Sense I think myself safe in saying that it will not add to your reputation for prowess to conquer the boy PATRICK any more than it would if you succeeded in thrashing your great, great grandfather.

Believe me, my dear ROBBY,

Yours affectionately,

Grip.

## The Defunct.

(With adaptations and variations from a well known Nursery Song.)

Ten little Politics sitting o'er their wine,  
BOULTBEE thought he wanted rest and then there were nine.

Nine little Politics sat up very late,  
HODGINS overslept himself and then there were eight.

Eight little Politics filled with Gritty leaven,  
CROORS soon got raised up and then there were seven.

Seven little Politics with Heathen Chinees tricks,  
RYKERT soon got found out and then there were six.

Six little Politics playing in the Hive  
A ballot-box stung little SMITH and then there were five.

Five little Politics standing round the door,  
PRINCE, the martyr, caved in, and then there were four.

Four little Politics, in speculations free,  
FAREWELL, my boy, the voters said, and then there were three.

Three little Politics; well! what could they do?  
One stayed home to Cook his goose, and then there were two.

Two little Politics praised up in the Sun,  
MACDOUGALL he got fizzled up and then there was one.

One little Politic playing all alone,  
He'll soon get done BROWN and then there will be none.

GRIP, ever anxious to please his many patrons, has great pleasure in announcing that with an early number he will issue a cartoon the subject of which will apply all over the country. That subject is of course the Hon. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

## Croaks from Grip's Basket.

THE London *Advertiser* concludes a short article in which, without giving any proof, it thinks it has smashed some Toronto writer, by saying that "general charges are much easier to make than to sustain." Well, what if GRIP adds—"much easier to deny than to refute?" *Advertiser*, if you don't do better than that in your *Liberal*, you'll be chewed up in Toronto.

THE Theatre Royal, Court street, Toronto, is to be re-opened for the coming season by Manager McNABB. We understand that the interesting drama of "Ten Lights in a Bar-room" will be given by the members of the Toronto Licensed Victuallers' Association. Mr. Alderman BAXTER will be a prominent member of the company, and that favorite Irish comedian, Mr. R. M. ALLEN, is also retained. The prices fixed by the management are somewhat high, ranging from one dollar (or thirty days) upwards, but the large company required for the increased accommodation necessitates this arrangement. A limited number of free admissions to drunken persons will be given by Mr. BAXTER. The new building will be well ventilated and good fires kept up. Sitting on the coal-box will no longer be allowed, and spittoons will be placed in the parquette.

AT IT AGAIN.—The *Globe* critic said, last Monday, of Mr. LEONARD, at the Royal, before that artist had appeared: "This gentleman is quite unknown in Toronto," but innocently added, "he is one of the finest actors ever seen on the stage in this city!"

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.—We don't know in what University the editor of the *Mail* learned the "art of speaking and writing correctly," as LINDLEY MURRAY calls it. Though he may be a Bachelor of Arts generally, and certainly is entitled to rank as Senior Wrangler in particular, it is more than questionable whether he ever took the Degrees of Comparison, or he would never have written in a leading article, last Tuesday, in allusion to the defeat of the Government in Toronto, that "its chiefest man has been ignominiously hustled out of a constituency of his own choosing." If that is the *bestest* way he has of expressing his ideas, GRIP would like to have an example of his *worstest*. The *leastest* he can now do for his readers is to give them the *mostest* number of examples of the same sort from current literature which by his *utmostest* efforts he can find; and GRIP promises to read them from *firstest* to *lastest*.

P. E. W. MOYER, alias PETER X., of the St. Catharines *Times*, occupied a Berlin pulpit on a recent Sabbath. But wouldn't it have been more appropriate if Peter had occupied a P. E. W.?

MERCHANTS who advertise goods at "fearful sacrifices" will please take a back seat. Mr. JOHNSON, of Belleville, deserves the thanks of the community for announcing that "From now until the 1st of February, no reasonable offer will be refused for any part of JOHNSON'S winter stock."

## Great Natural Curiosity.

You've heard—and no doubt thought it strange—

Chameleons can their colors change;

And scarce believed what travellers said,

By turns 'twas grey—'twas pink—'twas red.

'Tis true—GRIP tells to all the town—

He's got one, and its name is BROWN.

Not that he's brown by night or day,

For neutral colours him dismay!

Just six months since, in GOLDWIN'S sight,

BROWN beamed on him like angel bright.

But late, if GOLDWIN happened there

Did black as thunder on him glare;

And now, opposed to GOLDWIN seen

BROWN does look most extremely green.

## A Color-blind.

THE following puzzling conundrum is found in the Hamilton *Times*:

To the Mayor of the City of Hamilton.

Wo, the ratepayers largely of the city of Hamilton, do ask why there has not been, for a great many years, any of us chosen on the jury. Is it on account of our color? HARRISON HOX.

It is a shame that His Worship of the Ambitious City should have such posers relentlessly thrown at his devoted head, which has quite enough to occupy the brains within already. Now, GRIP has himself some conundrums to ask HARRISON. Who are the "ratepayers largely of the city of Hamilton?" And further, of what color are they? Is HARRISON a Milesian, and is it his *Hoy* color that stands in his way? Perhaps it comes from ardent liquors, which would account for his exclusion from a jury. Or are he and the "ratepayers largely" green, that they desire a duty which their unverdant fellow-citizens are only too glad to shirk? Answer us that, H. H., and quit *harassin'* His Worship with your enigmas.

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In consequence of Mr. FREDERIC ROBINSON'S great success, he has been re-engaged for five nights of next week, commencing January 25th; and Mrs. Morrison's Ball will not take place till Monday, February 8th.

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PUBLISHERS'  
**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

THE PUBLISHERS OF

**G  
R  
I  
P**

In thanking their numerous friends in all parts of the Dominion for the liberal patronage which has been accorded their publication since the issue of its first number, take pleasure in stating that under the new management the paper is progressing more favorably than ever before. Since the new office has been opened on Toronto Street, the circulation has increased by the hundred each week; and to-day we publish a larger edition than has ever yet been issued. Considering that no great social or political question at present agitates the public mind, this increase is rather remarkable; while it is perhaps the most substantial evidence that could be given of GRIP'S increasing popularity with all classes.

The independent view which GRIP has taken on all matters of public interest, and the continued originality and truthfulness of the cartoons, have won the highest encomiums from persons of every possible shade of political opinion. It is needless to say that this independent course will be continued, and that no inducement will swerve the publishers from their intention to make GRIP "the fearless corrector of public morals, and the wise director of public opinion, regardless of party," as one of our ablest exchanges pithily puts it.

**CONTRIBUTIONS,**

no matter how short, provided they are "sharp and shiny," will always be welcome, and the writers will be liberally dealt with.

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