

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyater; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DIBBY HERRINGS."—Many thanks for sketch, it is capital. Have forwarded to our artist, who is at present in Nova Scotia.

"Reporters do a credit business—they take notes."—GRIP, 5th January.
Some newspapers discourage the credit system, i.e., they steal GRIP'S jokes and give no credit.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON, M. P. for North Norfolk, has made a mark in the House of Commons by his able treatment of the question of free trade and protection.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

Yes, in turn.—GRIP.

The Chieftain's Blunder.

JOHNNY A. at Ottaway has a blunder made.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway will on shelf be laid.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway hurried on the vote.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway cut his party's throat.

The Globe on the Cumulative Bill.

What? No! no! no! What? Give to the people who own city property the right of managing it? Never! Give the folks who pay the taxes any word in spending them? Never! The present system is correct. It shall stand. It is in accordance with our known principles, and if it isn't honest and right we're dishonest and wrong. What is the present system? You may own twenty houses, and have brought into the city a hundred thousand dollars and invested it in houses. Your property needs streets paved, gas, water, police, fire protection, lots of things. You are taxed four thousand dollars a year. Your porter, who has rented a small house, and is going to the States next year, pays six dollars taxes. You pay four thousand. It is right that he should have as much say in the disposal of the four thousand and six dollars as you have. You have but one vote; he should have one. This is right—at least we declare it is, and it is as right as we are on most things. We do not forget that municipal business is now altogether a money matter—that it has nothing to do with the making of laws for protection of property or life—with matters legal or constitutional—that the government manage the licenses, and the police, and have left us nothing but the roads and streets—the mere money matters. We do not forget this, and yet we say—we swear—we scream—that those who pay the most have no right to say how their money is to be spent,—that right belongs to those who don't pay it. Division of labour—what can be fairer? Hard working fellows who have saved money must pay the taxes—lazy fellows who have none will spend it. That's right; at least that's what we think right. Hooray!

But there is the real point concealed all this time. If we take power from the irresponsible how shall we get bonuses passed? Who will care for our help? Will any one come along with an offer for our assistance? No. The matter will be in the hands of those who own the property, and there'll be an end to newspaper dictation. Never! Down with the right of the taxed to spend the taxes!—no wire-pulling possible then. At least all this is what the *Globe* might as well have said as what it did say.

The Lay of the Osmani.

Allah! Allah! Oh, Bismillah! English people, what did we
Since we knew you, do unto you, that we humbugged thus shouldbe?
See the Giaour fierce devour all the faithful here around.
Deep in Tophet by our Prophet, may his spirit yet be drowned.

Sons of ocean, with what notion did you lead us to believe,
We your backing in our whacking round of Christians should receive?
Lo, the Czar now swears we are now quite humanely them to treat—
Must not take their cash, or break their heads, as was our custom meet.

Christian dogs and such like hogs and people of that sort must be,
From believers now receivers of each meek civility.
Ho, there, HASSAN!—catch my ass and fasten on him now my pack.
Joy awaits across the straits, and we never shall come back.

The Over-confident.

There was a wizard very great,
A many years ago,
Of whom to you I will relate
A story full of woe.

Now though such folks are very strong
In magic, yet they can
No more than others, get along
Without a servant man.

And so this conjuror had one
To whom he did impart,
A lot of things which might be done
By necromantic art.

But didn't tell him all he knew,
And didn't teach him quite,
A thing he often used to do—
To raise the devil right.

The servant was a cheeky one,
And meant the trick to do,
Whenever mischief to be done,
Away his master drew.

It happened soon—the master goes,
The servant locks the door,
The cauldron steamed—the devil rose
Thereout with horrid roar.

It wouldn't do—the devil knew,
He didn't like the smell,
And at the servant straight he flew,
With double extra yell.

He hauled that servant's liver out,
As if it wasn't his,
And scattered all his ribs about,
And went about his biz.

There is a chap at Ottaway,
A clever servant too,
By nomination JOHNNY A.,
About this thing to do.

He means to raise a spirit there,
Protection is its name,
Which all his enemies shall scare,
And overthrow the same.

Oh, JOHNNY A. ! Oh, JOHNNY A. !
The drugs you never knew,
Take warning by this little lay,
And send for folks who do.

Not His Fault.

It was JONES' fault that he was not minding where he was going on Saturday night, and popped right through the coal hole, incautiously left open in the sidewalk in front of the magnificent residence of JOSHUA BIGGS, Esq., thus finding himself reposing on a pile of the best chestnut, in a dark cellar, only lighted by his entering place high over head, and in a perfect whirlwind of dust raised by his fall. But it was not his fault that, under the choking circumstances of the case, he coughed, nor that MARY in the kitchen heard him, and at once screamed loudly, which brought down Mr. BIGGS from above, who at once opened the door, which JONES at the point of suffocation at that moment perceived and dived for; but his eyes being quite full of particles, did not perceive the portly BIGGS in the passage, against whose stomach JONES' head "cautioned" with peculiar impinging force, rolling him bang against MARY behind, and both falling with double momentum squash on PONTON in the rear. It was not JONES' fault; he had to go somewhere, and slap up the stairs he rushed. But here he encountered a formidable opponent in the shape of Master BIGGS, 16, roused by the cry of burglars, and coming down with a loaded double-barrel, at full cock, and crammed with buckshot. But JONES' momentum saved him. His head knocked up the gun, bang, bang, went both barrels, and bang went the butt against young B.'s nose, flooring him on the landing, while the double contents raked the hall, riddled six coats, smashed PITT, FOX, and BURKE into plaster chips, and knocked the painted hall window into shivers. JONES (it was not his fault) walked out of the back door into the lane and went home, while the police rushed in great force in at BIGGS' front door. The BIGGS' are in vinegar and brown paper, and JONES is in seclusion, scanning carefully the various newspaper accounts of the "Desperate attack by burglars on the house of J. BIGGS, Esq., one of our most respected citizens, and gallant defence of the premises by young Master BIGGS."