

GRIP.

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, OCTOBER 16TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. B., Montreal, and HEARTSEASE, Toronto.—Have sent the correct solution to last week's enigma—"Gloves."

J. S., Yorkville.—"Because it can't climb a tree" is incorrect.

P. Q., Hamilton.—Your mistake. There was no offer of a fifteen dollar chromo for a correct answer.

J. S. G., Stratford.—We must respectfully decline your proposition, viz. that if we will pay your expenses to Toronto you will solve the enigma.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—The *Globe* believes in Homeopathy; Homeopaths believe in globules.

ARTIST.—The rumour that the Ontario Society of Artists have appointed Mr. Sheriff MCKELLAR a member of their hanging committee lacks confirmation.

REPORTER.—We believe there is a machine invented whereby a man can report his own speech. Mr. J. D. EDGAR is the patentee. County rights for sale: special terms to members of Parliament.

ARCHBISHOP.—You can procure the most effective torpedoes by addressing the Navy Department of Washington. We believe there is a back entrance to the *Leader* office.

QUERIST.—Bishops BOURGET's curse may possibly convert the sandstone within which GUIBORD's remains are to be enclosed, into brimstone.

HALTON.—BARBER's itch for Parliament has been cured.

PEEL.—CHISHOLM's afflictions in connection with his candidature have been great. We fear that a new trial awaits him.

"Considering the Challenge."

Wac's me the dey when S-M-P-S-N in his cups,
Betrayed my "big push" letter to thae tory tups;
West Durham News man has me one on the hip,
And weel I ken will ne'er let go his grip,
Till like JOHN A., I'm lured on to my fate,
And EDWARD BLAKE controls the ship of state:
The question is—shall I the contest bide,
Or back out while there's time, in other words—subside.

Grip's Patent Financier.

The financial question being at present an all absorbing topic with the world in general, GRIP has deputed one of his ablest young men to thoroughly investigate matters with a view to the settlement of the currency, the rate of interest, and other important points affecting our national and private credit. In the course of his labors the commissioner has studied the pages of ADAM SMITH and sought counsel from ADAM CROOKS, has interviewed Mr. CARTWRIGHT, BOSS TWEED, SIR F. HINCKS, HON. R. LOWE, the commercial editor of the *Mail*, and Governor ALLAN, of Ohio, and has frequented the sittings of the Insolvent Court, the sheriff's sales, various pawnbroking establishments, and the Ontario Treasury. In the multitude of counsellors there was an immensity of wisdom, but that wisdom was slightly contradictory on important points. The principal fragments which could be saved of his notes at the time of his removal to the Lunatic Asylum are given here, but GRIP sadly regrets the absence of his valued friend Mr. MICAWBER who might have been able to give them the appearance of solidity for which the financial editorials of the *Mail* and *National* are distinguished.

"It is evident," wrote our unhappy contributor, "that what the country and the people in it want is money. That the present dearth is not of sudden growth is evinced by a recently published letter of Hon. G. BROWN to Hon. J. SIMPSON, bearing date so far back as 1872, although a temporary prosperity seems to have prevailed about that time in the part of the province of Quebec where Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN resided, and a little later we read that there was lots of money in London, under the administration of Major WALKER and Mr. J. MADDIVER. Be this as it may there is a fearful pressure. To take an instance within my own observation I want money. My boarding-house keeper wants money. Her baker wants money. I can't get money. Consequently

the baker can't. Now, if there were more money in the country, I might have more of it, CRUMBS would come in for his share and all would be well."

"The schemes for increasing the amount of money at command are various. The great immigration plan has proved a failure, as the emigrants brought none with them as a rule. Those who did were stripped clean, but the results proved a mere drop in the ocean. Railway stock answered pretty well for a time, but undue haste and greediness ruined one of the most promising traps for capital in the case of the oil-trade, and mining shares do not fetch one half of what they might be expected to attract. The solution of the difficulty is a simple and obvious one. Make a lot more money. It may be objected that it will then require to be distributed. I will readily engage to take this difficulty off the hands of the Government and charge nothing for my services in the distribution, from motives of pure *amos patria*."

"It is said that we must have cheap money. If so all we have to do is to declare American greenbacks and nickels a legal tender. They are very cheap. You can usually buy about \$1.15 of them for a dollar, and in some of the rural districts of Canada they are even cheaper."

"As regards the rate of interest, the wildest notions appear to obtain. Some one in the States proposes to borrow money at \$3.65 per cent., and the *Mail* thinks it would be a good plan in Canada. This seems to be an admirable proposal and if persons can be found, prepared to advance money on these terms, I will gladly patronize them to the extent of a few hundred dollars. But when the *Mail* man goes further and says 8 or 12 per cent is too much interest, he goes beyond the mark. I would gladly raise money at the higher of these rates, though I would prefer the lower as a matter of course. But in fact the majority of borrowers resemble my friend O'MULLIGAN, at present of Castle ALLEN. It will be remembered that this gentleman so frequently pawned buck-saws and such tools without redeeming them that attention was attracted to his case. One of these instruments was proved to have been abstracted from a neighbor's wood-shed, and O'MULLIGAN was sentenced to a period of seclusion in consequence. I recently interviewed him in his prison and enquired whether he considered the rate of interest charged by pawn-brokers equitable. 'Fwhat do I care for the sanguinary intherest,' said my friend, 'it's fwhat I gits for the buck-saws I look afther.'"

"The credit question is perhaps the most difficult of all. I have heard it wildly denounced and as strenuously supported by numerous persons in the various law-courts. At the sheriff's sales it is generally universally condemned as usually one party loses his goods and the other fails to realize the amount of his claim. But such accidents are common even under the best of financial systems, and were credit done away with, it would be impossible for many of us to obtain the necessities of life at the expense of others. In the event of inability to obtain them at our own expense I fail to see how we are to exist. Taking a more extended view of the case. A. is a wholesale dry-goodist here. He gets goods from B. in Europe and sells them to C. C. sells them to Mrs. D. and her daughters, and when D. brings up his produce to C, C. deducts the value. Then C. pays A., A. pays B., and all is lovely again. Now if B refuses to give A credit, how the mischief would Mrs. and the Misses D make such a splurge in meeting Sundays?"

"It appears to me that the whole world is bound by one chain, the inexorable laws of supply and demand. If there is a demand for money there must be a supply somehow, and I'll have it, if I have to turn debture peddler, open an oil well, or go through the Insolvent court. I hear a new settlement has just been discovered on the dark side of the moon. Fancy being the first to introduce mining enterprise up there. Row-de-dow-dow—as the *Globe* says—Glory—Hallelujah—three cheers for the Northern Railway. [The last paragraph concluded somewhat abruptly. Our friend had risen from his desk and was declaiming it on the doorsteps when removed by his present keepers].

"Innocents Abroad, a New Pilgrims' Progress."

One little Archbishop, spoiling for a row,
Two little acolytes at his knee to bow,
Three rosy bishops with 'Thurifers' galore,
Four and forty jolly priests, and deacons many more,
Five hundred little children singing little hymns,
Six hundred women praying for their sins,
Seven hundred little girls who didn't pray at all,
Eight hundred babies who in their arms did squall,
Nine hundred pilgrims walking in a row,
Eight hundred O. Y. B.'s who at them stones did throw;
Seven hundred lookers-on who yearned to see a fight,
Six hundred little boys whose bowels moved with fright,
Five hundred volunteers who walked on other sheets,
Four and eighty peelers who each did mighty feats,
Three penny-a-liners, who in search of news did roam,
Two police commissioners who wisely stayed at home,
One fat old mayor keeping very quiet,
Fearing if he stirred himself there would be no riot.