

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 1ST DECEMBER, 1877.

## Answers to Correspondents.

M. A. NATIVE, London.—Rather too severe on a certain party, though well written. Try again.

### Who Shall be the Next Mayor?

I, said one with ruffles mounting,  
For I gave 'em a most magnificent founting,  
I shall be Mayor.

No, said another; make me Mayor they oughter,  
For I'll teach 'em how to dodge the rate for water,  
And I shall be Mayor.

No, said the electors of Toronto,  
There are some things which we that party want to  
Do,—that next Mayor.

When he's made one a Water Commission of,  
He's not to shut his eyes to the condition of  
Things,—our next Mayor.

He shall endeavour to make the taxes lower,  
A thing for which the citizens continually do ro-ar  
When he is Mayor.

He shall not go in as CLEAR GRIP or as TORY,  
If he don't think of party any more, he  
Will be the better Mayor.

He who comes the nearest to these hints on his selection,  
GRIP will pass his name round, which will settle his election,  
And he shall be Mayor.

### How I Went Ahead.

Mr. GRIP, Sir:

Six years ago I was living in England, wallowing in affluence. I had my valet, and never did any work: and was so ignorant that I had never heard of Canada, Clear Critism, Standard-elevation, or the art of putting down bribery with lots of money.

I did not even know there was such a paper as the *Toronto Globe!* Melancholy condition!

Fortunately I lost all my money, and having taken an independant passage as a stowaway I arrived at Quebec hungry and without a cent.

Starvation staring me in the face I tramped to Toronto, and called on Mr. GEO. BROWN, who, when he learned I was a greenhorn without money, received me with enthusiasm, and gave me a bundle of old *Canada Farmers*, and *Weekly Globes*.

Patting me paternally on the back, he said: "Just the sort of man we want here! Money is a hindrance and incumbrance in Canada! This is a land of Democratic equality and simplicity! Go north, my son, and vote straight!"

With some hesitation I asked him if, being in extremes, he could let me have a dollar to go north with?

I never saw so extraordinary a change come over anybody. He sprang at me like a tiger, took me by the collar, and thundered in my ear:—

/ lend thee dollars! I will see thee hanged first!  
O'ot o' my sight, O miserable Caitiff!  
Horriblemest Tory! mendicant-est lozel!  
Whiskey swillin' base hound! Smoker and chewer!  
Spiritless, sout-less! Villainous vagrant!  
Lick-spittle loafer!

With that he opened the door and kicked me down to the stair landing. This may seem a rough reception, but I now know it was truly philanthropic and enlightened. It was, in fact, the making of me!

Had Mr. B. given me any help I dare say I might have subsided into a mere dry-goods man, a politician, a newspaper party, or some similar city minstrel. But this plain, faithful dealing aroused within me all my latent manhood.

I worked my way northward, getting jobs among the farmers, who prefer as a "help"—as is well known—the individual who is a complete stranger to wood chopping and field operations.

Arrived in Muskoka I squatted with invincible squat, on 200 acres of

rich land. I borrowed an axe and roughed it during the winter in a large hollow tree, which, however, I made quite cozy in appearance with some of the pictures out of the *Globe*, and a roll of carpet I had found outside a shop door in Toronto.

I went to work like a one-er. In chopping, experience or skill isn't worth much. It is *will, vim*, the stern pioneer spirit, going in a bee line for a noble independence, which brings down the trees. And they *did* come down too! That winter I gashed, and logged up, unassisted, fifteen acres, and split 23,000 cedar rails, which, having no oxen, I hauled out of the bush on my back in the spring and set 'em up. I then got some grain, potatoes, cows, pigs, farming utensils, etc., on a bill at eighteen months, perpetually renewable, and am now all right, living like a fighting rooster in a \$5000 stone mansion, splendidly furnished, with money in the Bank and out at interest. Mendicant and other penniless lozels instead of hanging about city soup kitchens and stone yards, should do as I have done. Farming in Canada is an easy, delightful profession—especially in the bush. If you have no money and no experience, success is certain. Some practical agriculturists who settled near me with money are now loafers and vagrants in Toronto; but every tailor, butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, who did not know a plough from a harrow, has been an eminent success. This seems to be the great peculiarity of Canadian agriculture, distinguishing it from all other businesses.

Come then ye lozels, ye "Mendicants," ye chronic grumblers, loafers, diseased splenic entities—come ye penniless poltroons, leave the dull, base city, and crowd into the stirring exciting life of the primeval forest and the boundless prairie. Cast your eye on the official guide and note the log house—page 27—developing like greased lightning into the noble mansion, page 28. Come on with your axe and your wallet and make trial of the hardy pioneer's healthy and happy life, and you will find all I have set forth is nothing but

"FACT, I ASSURE YOU."

## Current Events.

Me Darlint GRIP:

Fwhin I saw be the lasht GRIP paper that yez wor commencin' yer TINTH VOLUME, and that yez intinded to make this wan bether nor anny before, I med up me moind that I wud reshume me correspondince, an' help yez to kerry out that detarmination. Melby yez wor beginnin' to think that I was dead, be me keepin' silence since me lasht letter, but I am plazed to shtate that I am shtill in the land av the livin'—if yez call Kanady that, fwhile the depression an the Grit government holds on to it. Me raisins for refrainin' from not writin' so long, was chafely on account av that KOOSHON bein' in the Cabinet. I cudden't shtand it anny longer, an' I tuck a vow that I wud sind nothin' to the papers, forby a letter sometimes to the *Mail* agin him, so long as MICKINZIE an' BLAKE let him sit there. Av coorse yez are aware av the fact that in consequence av me policy av ignorin' KOOSHON has been shuck off, an' sint away to Manitoba to be governor, an' bein' a man av *rank*, he will make a good wan MICKINZIE thinks. I larn't this thrick av squelchin' out me inimies be ignorin' thim from Misher BROWN av the *Globe*. That is how he kilt the *Liberal*, and that is how he is at the present toime frettin the loife out av that fifteen cint edition av a man—the *Tillygram*. It works splendid. I am going to thry it on wid JARGE BROWN hisself, an' see how he likes it, an' be the same token, I think JARGE is makin' up his moind to kill aff Misher BUNTIN', the new *Mail* man, wid thim same tactix. Shpakin' av Misher BUNTIN', meby yez worn't towld that I wint an' intherviewed him wid rifrince to the best way av managin' the *Mail* from this out. Bein' a good Con-sarvatiff that niver votes for the Grits since the eliction laws was med so unraisonable an' hard on the poor man, av coorse I was med welcome be the new owner of our organ, who gev me a sate in his proivate room an' towld me he wud be plazed to get anny sugestins what I inoight make. Wid that I tuck a shmall bit of paper out av me pocket, an' handit it over to him, wid the obsarvation that I had writ down fwhat I thought wud be a few gud hints, bein' a lithry man an' conversant wid the *Mail* from its childhood, so to shpake. Av yez wud loike to know fwhat was on the paper, it was this:

1. Never tell anny lies about a public man, unless yez know thim to be thrue, an' can prove thim wid affdavys.
2. Niver attempt to disthroy the karrackter av a political opponent av he belongs to your own party, or av he is a man divoid av karrackter.
3. Quit stabbin' under the fifth rib, av it wud be convenient, an' wuddn't interfare wid the sale av the paper.
4. Ignore the *Globe* wanst a wake.
5. Niver putt in anny article that wud harrum the cause of our Chaftean, Sir JOHN, like the first iditor used to do.
6. Fwhativir yez do, shtudy GRIP, an' take warnin' from the hints he be's givin' yez all the time.

The new man read over the sugestins an looked plaised. He said he wud see that they were carrit out; he thankel me over an' over, an' axed me cuddin't he do somethin' for me, an' didn't I want to subscribe? I towld him not to mition it, as I borry the paper ivery day; an' thiu I walked out.

TERRY TIERNEY.