

**Grip, Triumphant, Moralizes.**

"The shipments from Canada to Australia have not proved sufficiently successful to encourage continuance."—*Last week's news.*

Now, wisecracks of Canada, whose wisdom is self-made,  
And you, especially, who call yourselves a Board of Trade.  
GRIP hopes you're dressed in sackcloth, now, as you deserve to be,  
All piling ashes on your crowns, in pain and misery.

GRIP told you, plain as he could speak, when first 'twas mooted here:  
This speculation was a thing which cash could never clear.  
In prose most dignified he tried to make you this perceive.  
And sung it in sweet poetry, but you would not believe.

He told you the Commissioner, who came a blowing round,  
And after dinner did emit such quantities of sound,  
(For GRIP had seen Commissioners before, and knew them well)  
Was not a Bible quite, you know, nor yet an oracle.

He knew how easy 'tis for one to go from land to land,  
And cry, "What money you might make, if you did understand,  
And with us friendly be, and bring your stuff with us to trade.  
Ah, 'tis past comprehension quite, the cash which might be made,"

And how it makes the hosts feel good, and happy all around  
Because they all these visions see, and hear the golden sound;  
And then the good Commissioner can pack and go away.  
He's had a jolly time, and he is nothing asked to pay.

Now GRIP will tell you plainly what he hinted to you then,  
When these Commissioners appear, and say they're business men,  
And promise you Golcondas if you will some cargoes load.  
*Just ask them to plank down the cash, and take one on the road.*

GRIP told you then, and now he once more will to you repeat,  
In vain you hope for paying trade by railway or by fleet,  
Until you your home market hold—that won, you have a base  
To manufacture, and can then trade to some other place.

What madness 'twas around the world with others to compete,  
When in your towns, in those same goods, those others can you beat.  
You've lost the time, you've made no cash, but if you've found some  
sense,

Now hear GRIP's counsel, free from guile, and free from all pretence.

Prohibit foreign chaps from fetching manufactures here.  
Well, as when that is done, you still must have the goods, it's clear,  
Those very foreign chaps will come, and bring their men along,  
And bring their cash, and build their mills, and build their engines  
strong.

Secure the market here, and they will come along in piles,  
Compete with one another, learn the best and cheapest styles,  
Find your resources, use them, make good work at prices low,  
When you make such at home, then you abroad with it can go.

For GRIP will tell you this, good friends, he don't care whom it raps,  
You're all kept poor just to enrich a few importing chaps  
Who live in clover here, and send your cash all out of sight,  
And bribe newspapers to inform you that the thing's all right.

**Old Times and New.**

MR. GRIP, look here! People talk about the "good old times."  
Pooh! What says the wise man? Say not thou "why were the old times  
better than now?" Just so. He knew they weren't any better, so he  
told them not to talk hosh. The notion of the old times being A I  
in comparison with the present, won't bear examination. If you doubt it,  
just read the following letters—one written by a matron—call her  
MARTHA SILLYGIRL—to her niece (1741) in London; and the other by  
MISTRESS NEWSTYLE of Toronto (1877) to her daughter in the country,  
recently married.

Yours truly,

PATERFAMILIAS.

**LETTER I.**

"Be seized, my dear child, with a very poor idea of your *own sufficiency*. Distrust your own competency to walk straight, to detect shams from realities; to see, even from one moment to another, what is *best* for you. Do not so seek for the good things of this life because such happens to be *the fashion*; nor fill your mind with ambitious visions; nor long intensely for things you have not, yet, which you think, after all, Fate might well accord you. Above all, exercise a constant, well-ordered *economy*, and be more disposed to regard the *wheelbarrow* than the *coach-and-four*; the table spread with *bread-and-cheese* than the banquet-board, groaning with plate. If you have a sufficiency of just such things as are *requisite*, a clear mind, a small opinion of yourself, health, and *sound sleep*, accept your lot as the *best* which can be accorded to you and be happy."

There's antiquated nonsense for you! Humility, economy, content-

ment! Ha! ha! All gone out of fashion long ago. Mistress NEWSTYLE knows better than that exploded twaddle. Witness:

**LETTER II.**

Always have fixedly before you that you are as good (*at least*) as anybody and everybody about you; and always endeavour to stick yourself up a foot or two *higher* than the *most-stuck-up-est person* of your acquaintance. Let them all know, man or woman, that you are *up to everything*, and not to be looked down upon, or sat upon—that you have an entirely *good conceit* of yourself, and have a *spirit*; also, in entering on your new life, bear in mind what I have frequently told you about the vulgarity and stupidity of what is called *economy*; so that you may not start with *low* and *absurd* notions of saving—except of *saving yourself trouble*. By rising late and spending as much time as you can in dressing, you will have less time to spend in *mind*ing your *own affairs*, and will pleasantly get over two or three hours you might else not know what to do with. I shall not refer to darned stockings, making shirts for your husband, or dresses for yourself, further than to say it is *impossible* for a *lady* to do such things; while as to looking after linen, helping to make beds, or cook, the very thought of such exertion ought to *kill her*. My own principle has always been as you know, *on no account* ever to do anything anybody could do for me; and if I have ever had any *doubt* whether I ought to go into any particular expense—which was *very seldom*—I have always given myself the benefit of the doubt, and *gone into it*. This is a sound and safe rule, especially when any *stuck-up person* among your acquaintance has got anything in the way of house furniture, *dress*, etc., you havn't got, or better than yours, you *must* get it, or *better than it*, at once, at any cost. That woman who tells you she and her husband sometimes put up with a *cold dinner*, for economy's sake, is a pert nincompoop. Hot dinners *every day*, are indispensable, and so is a fire in every room, in winter. The *fashions* should be *strictly* and *absolutely* followed, and nothing old ever be worn, however *good*. If you have regard for *expense*, in the matter of towels, handkerchiefs, perfumes, gloves, stationery and the like, your indispensable *comforts* will be seriously interfered with;—the same if you have not always plenty of the best eating and drinking the *stores* can supply. As regards furniture, the advantage of always adopting the utmost *elegance* and *luxury* will appear when your things come to be *sold*. In brief, you and your husband will, I hope, be *wise enough* to indulge yourselves in every wish, nor put up with the least vulgar inconvenience to avoid the greatest expense. There is nothing makes a *proper-minded person* more ill-humoured than to want any convenience, and not have it. Self-denial is dreadful and *intolerable*, and also quite *unnecessary*, because the *stores* now-a-days supply everything one can possibly wish for, simply by your ordering it to be *sent in*. Therefore, if your husband has \$2,000 a year, you can, and *ought*, to live easily and comfortably at the rate of (say) \$10,000 to \$15,000, for the persons who keep the *stores* always expect *society* people will, every now and then, become *financially embarrassed* as it is phrased, and are always glad to get 5 cents to the dollar, or anything you offer, as indeed they *ought* to be, for if they don't get *your money* they have enjoyed the honor of *your patronage*, and their losses can easily be spread over the accounts of the vulgar simple people who pay. Or, they can *fail* themselves. Your respected father has *failed* several times (and is just thinking of failing again). But I never find this makes the *slightest difference* to our *comfortable* way of living. Indeed he always seems to me more flush of money after each of his *embarrassments* than before. Finally, my dear, never bother yourself by listening to the advice of friends or neighbors, but act only on the world's opinion, and *your own will and pleasure*.

**War Song for the Russians.**

Come from the Crimea, come from St. Petersburg,  
Come from the mountain and come from the plain;  
Bring out your cannister, bring out your whiskey jug,  
Bring along Cossack,—both saddle and rein!

Hark, 'tis the slow, weary march of the cavalry,  
Plodding on foot o'er meadow and lea;  
List to the galloping charge of the infantry,  
Skimming the Danube to get to the sea!

Hear the light, rattling shot of artillery,  
And now the deep boom of the horserider's gun;  
While the monitors capture a Turkish distillery,  
And speedily cause all the liquor to run!

Now for the Turk—the villain, the Musselman,  
Why should he cumber this earth any more?  
Is a question that long enough served for to puzzle man-  
Kind—and we hope now this puzzle is o'er.

Hurrah! we are fighting for great Christianity,  
(Not that we care a red cent for the same)—  
We'll drive the Turk either to death or insanity,  
And Europe to Russia will alter its name.