

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs : the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Waſſer : the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 12TH JANUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. D. A.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

The Contest.

BEATY preached in every ſtreet,
Yet poor BEATY he was beat,
MORRISON ſpoke not at all,
Yet to place we him recall.
Quiet pigs, the fables ſay,
Get the milk ; it's ſo to-day.

Whose Ox is Gored.

Now GRIP can talk theology, having the advantage over he of the *Telegram*, that he of GRIP knows ſomething about it. GRIP would remark that lately certain Dunkinite clergymen urged people not to drink ſpirits, "leſt thou make thy brother to offend !" Very good. GRIP approves. But there was a head officiating miniſter of the Church who once ſaid to PETER, "Give the piece of money to them for my taxes and thine, leſt we offend them." Now, why were not the clergymen who were ſo ready to beg others to avoid "offending" weak people by drinking, careful to avoid offending by inſiſting on exemptions ? They know nothing is hurting the faith more than this clerical ſharpneſs. Did not GRIP ſee ſome of the amphiſtre deſclaimers at the exemption court ? Hah ! Send that caſh back at once labelled "conſcience money," or GRIP muſt name the offenders, which will be a deal worſe than if the Speaker does it.

The Water Commission.

It is extremely plain that a Water Commiſſioner. Muſt hold a complete independent poſition. for They ſay there's a cool hundred thouſand deficit, And nobody ſeems much to care, or to miſs it, They've paſſed over the works, but ſtill now, at the row's end, GRIP would ſay, come, account for the odd hundred thouſand.

Grip to the Council Boys.

"Now, my good little fellows," remarks the venerable GRIP, ſmiling benignantly on the Alderboys who, as uſual, come for inſtructions, "there are ſome of you, I ſee, who have never done anything very wrong in the Council, as this is your firſt election. The reſt did not do ſo badly laſt year as they might, which is a great ſtep in advance for a Toronto Council. True, they raiſed ſalaries, and ſpent little on roads, but they kept within their appropriations. They might have done all this, and run us into debt beſides. For what they did not do we have reaſon to be thankful. Now remember theſe rules :—

1. Hire a lot of police, and do not ſupport their authority. Let any blackguards ſtone them, and don't puniſh them when caught. Then 100 men will be about as good as fifty might be.
2. Be good enough not to ſpend Toronto's money on Toronto, but on any fields near the moon, where ſome aldermen might like to have ſtreets, gas, and water, and might not like to pay for them.
3. Support the water dodge which killed BEATY. Propoſe that people with plenty of water ſhall pay for city water they don't want, to make it cheaper to the rich. Folks like that. It is ſo fair.
4. There are only about \$100,000 left yearly for improvements, after paying other charges. Keep on an expensive engineer and big ſtaff to ſpend it. Of courſe they're not half needed, but keep 'em on. It looks grand.
5. Put ſoft land ſtone and ſofter liſtneſtone on the roads, fill with ſandy gravel, grind it to powder and cart it off in a year. Of courſe there's lots of granite could be ſhipped here, but what would the city ſtone jobbers do ?
6. Lay the macadam, and then dig up the ſtreets for ſewers. Lay it again, and let the gas company dig it up. Then let every one dig it up who wants to connect. Then it will be fit to dig up altogether, lay again, and commence again.
7. The bonus cow is killed. But you might make a haul by borrowing \$100,000 for improvements. Take care you know beforehand how much percentage the contractors will ſork over.
8. More in ſucceſſive numbers.

The Cataſtrophe.

Young JONES he was a citizen,
Of credit and renown,
A dry goods clerk alſo was he,
Of famed Toronto town.

To him laſt his sweetheart did remark,
Though courting we have been,
For twice two pleaſant months, yet we
No ſleigh-ride yet have ſeen.

To-morrow is a holiday,
And you muſt here repair,
And bring a ſleigh. That dry goods man
Did ſtare a ghawtly ſtare.

The road he knew with horſe and ſleigh,
Was ſure to be alive,
The fact he did not dare to tell,
He knew not how to drive.

But ſoon the fated morrow came,
And with it too came he,
Who was but little at his caſe,
But much appeared to be.

That day the horſe came back alone,
The ſleigh came not at all,
It lies upon the country road,
In pieces very ſmall.

The lady and her lover came
Home after through the ſnow,
He viſits other houſes, but
To hers he dare not go.

The Editor's Sanctum.

EDITOR.—And how many editorials would you write me in a week, my dear ſir ?

WRITER.—Why, perhaps two ; but would rather limit myſelf to one.

EDITOR.—Heavens ! Earth ! Sea ! Stars ! Why, what would you expect me to pay you for it ?

WRITER.—Well, how do you manage ?

EDITOR.—Why, you can get a fellow for twenty dollars a week, or ten, or I believe five even—theſe literary chaps are plenty, and anybody can write. Well, he'll write you one, or two, or even three a day. Don't believe in thoſe folks who charge much ; always found the cheapeſt fellows would hand out more copy in a given time than the dear ones. Why I often wrote a leader myſelf, without the ſlighteſt preparation, at three o'clock in the morning, printed it at once, and nobody noticed anything wrong in it. A very good rule is not to tell the public anything in your editorials. Make no aſſertions. Give no facts. Fill up with argument and logic out of your own head. In the end you will really have aſſerted nothing. Well, what have you then ? An undeniable ſtatement.

WRITER.—And does it convince ?

EDITOR.—Convince ? No writing would convince 'em. Why, I know fellows have read the *Suarler* for a year, and are no wiſer.

WRITER.—That is not unlikely. Do they read the editorials ?

EDITOR.—Well, now. I can't tell the reaſon ; but they ſkip them to ſuch an extent that I have ſeriously thought of abolishing editorial.

WRITER.—I ſhould think they would. And if you offered them ſtones for bread, they'd ſkip it too.

EDITOR.—Bless me ! Stones ! Why, ſir, we all do it. You are hinting at ſerious innovation. No one could pay what you are thinking of.

WRITER.—My dear ſir, let me leave you with two words. No man can buy a writer worth having. He muſt write his own ideas, not yours, or he is not an aſſiſtance, but an injury, for his prevarications will defeat themſelves. Next, know this. No forcible writing is poſſible without careful ſtudy and reviſal. No man of talent will give you time without return in money, for if he cannot obtain an equivalent in your profeſſion, he will ſeek another, and having talent, will ſucceed. Your preſent courſe is calculated to place the once-powerful and reſpected newspaper *dictum* in the hands of mediocrities—men ſuch as thoſe who challenged HORACE to write in an hour as many verſes as they. And by this courſe you, and ſuch as you, have paved the way for that "Decline in Modern Preſs Influence" ſo often ſpoken of, and of which you have of late had ſuch a ſharp reminder in a Canadian city.

Forced Meat.

Wherefore do butcher-boys furious drive—
E'en more ſo than JEU—when he was alive ?
Having ſought for the reaſon and found it at laſt,
GRIP answers :—"Tis meet that they drive ſo faſt !