

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

The grabest Beast is the *Jas*; the grabest Bird is the *Owl*;
The grabest Fish is the *Oyster*; the grabest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1876.

The First Gun.

1ST TORONTO CITIZEN.—Why, here's furniture coming in from Osh-awa to undersell Toronto stuff!

2ND DITTO.—Why not? First thing you'll see, Jacques & Hay will be moving away from our city taxes to some country village. They can get water power and cheap labour, and have just as big a warehouse here still. Then at one slap five hundred houses are empty. That's where we are drifting. Like it?

The Aldermen of Timbuctoo and the Local Premier.

Scene.—A study in Premier's house in Timbuctoo.

PREMIER.—(to Secretary)—Isn't there a deputation coming?

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir; six aldermen, they're here now.

PREMIER.—Let them in (*exit Secretary*) I know what they must want. Their conduct this year has been perfectly frightful—such extravagance and corruption were never heard of. Some of the citizens must be about to indict them as we did BOWES some years back, and made him pay smartly too. No doubt an action for malversation of funds might be brought. There's the Avenue, and York street—why it's like TWEED and TAMMANY, and those chaps. Well, they're come, no doubt, to beg me to let them down easy—get an Act, suggest an Order in Council, or something. But I shall do no such thing. They deserve all they are likely to get. No, I shall show them no mercy whatever. (*Stamps on floor and looks magnificent. Secretary ushers in six aldermen*)

1ST ALDERMAN.—Good morning. There are some things we wish you to do, which you will be kind enough to attend to at once.

PREMIER.—(*His eyes manifesting an opening tendency*)—Bless me! What's that?

2ND ALDERMAN.—We require the water commission business transferred to us at once, with additional powers.

PREMIER.—(*Gasping for breath*)—You—you—you impu—(*recovering himself. Aside.*)—We'll see how much they would ask. I was going to say, you impute to me influence more than I possess. What additional powers?

3RD ALDERMAN.—The charter has a clause by which all who don't take the water can be made to pay for it whether they need it or not. The commissioners won't do it. We want Parliament to compel it to be collected.

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—An unjust clause which the commissioners naturally disliked to enforce. Yes. Anything more?

4TH ALDERMAN.—First, can we get that?

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—Wouldn't you like to get your claws on another half-million?—Gentlemen, all I can say is we will consider it.

5TH ALDERMAN.—We want power to make citizens pay for all sewers and fixings we fancy to put in their streets, whether they want 'em or not. Want to make 'em pay all—no city allowance as now.

PREMIER.—(*Aside*)—Cool; that's to say, the folks who have been helped by others are not to help in return. And you're to say what's to be done! Well, of all—(Gentlemen, have'n't laws like those you ask played the deuce in the States?)

6TH ALDERMAN.—Oh, certainly—Chicago—rings—rascals—very different here—never heard corruption talked of here. Oh dear no!

PREMIER.—We will consider it. Anything more?

1ST ALDERMAN.—We want power to tax all churches and other exempted things. We want MORE MONEY. (All the Aldermen—Hear, hear!)

PREMIER.—Very common wish—very natural. We shall consider it. Anything more?

2ND ALDERMAN.—This is all we want done at present; if we think of anything more we'll let you know. Good-day.—(*Exit deputation.*)

PREMIER.—(*solus*)—Too bad! Squander people's money, and come here to be enabled to force more from them! Make improvements which are the laughing-stock of the country, and have the face to demand that they shall make such wherever they please! Well, if they've lost the citizens' confidence, they've plenty left of their own.—(*Scene closes.*)

THE NEW PAVEMENT ON YORK STREET.—(*observation of rustic*) Ah, they do have a proper big sty in Toronto. Where be the pigs?

The New Drinking Fountain.

GRIP has viewed the new fountain the Mayor has donated
To the city—the fountain all yellow and blue.
That the blue's for Conservatives need'n't be stated,
And the yellow's the old Oppositionist hue.

He shall not be forgot: future ages perspiring
Shall preserve his remembrance intact and unlost,
In July when the cool pouring streams they're admiring,
And recalling the cooler half thousand it cost.

In those far distant days, when our borders are going
Far beyond Humber's bounds, and the Don's marshy flat,
Folks shall say, "When our town was from infancy growing,
They'd a Mayor of some spirit, and he gave them *that*."

Ever firm may it stand, joy and comfort diffusing,
While old Time rolls his cycles successively past,
And our greatest grandchildren are calmly perusing
Its tablet, which is'n't, but will be, stuck fast.

And the gift's got expression, which now GRIP's begun, he
Will point out, that its pipes and its unfilling cup
Demonstrate that the more you give aldermen money,
All the more they'll unsatisfied still gobble up.

And a yet deeper moral its presence arouses.
It is useless, if empty its pipes underlay.
Just as useless a city—as useless its houses,
When taxation oppressive drives business away.

What the large soup tureen high surmounting was meant for,
Puzzled GRIP, who had dubbed it a funeral urn,
But his devil explained—he had just then been sent for—
"That ere shows the presenter's convivial turn."

And when GRIP, joyful leaving some late dinner party,
Leads his jolly companions past City Hall Square,
They shall wake the night's echoes with cheers loud and hearty,
For stout Angus, who reared the great thirst-queller there.

Praise to whom Due.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, at present settled in Canada. These are, to many people, hard times. I do not know what I should have done were it not for the kind efforts of certain praiseworthy individuals, who throw business in my way. In fact, they cut out work for me—a great deal of work. I may remark that I am also a Coroner, get a commission on recommendations for artificial arms and legs, and am in excellent repute with a couple of undertakers.

To all these mills of mine, sir, the kind individuals, or rather companies, to whom I alluded, send a constant stream of remunerative grist. I have so far explained myself, that I need scarcely say I allude to the railway corporations. Scarcely a day passes but these estimable people's operations fracture skulls, cut off arms, remove legs, crush hands, or divide human bodies into a greater or lesser number of parts. If near, of course (for I never think of travelling to interfere with my professional bretheren who all along the lines reap similar harvests) when a brakesman, a conductor, a track-layer, or a passenger, has been operated on and left to one side for me, then is my chance. If dead, there's an inquest and a funeral. If living, amputations (\$20 at least) medical appliances, drugs (commission at drug store) attendance to re-establish general health (long doctor's bill) crutches, chairs, mechanical legs or arms—I assure you, sir, it is a very good thing indeed, and leaves very little of the unfortunate's railway insurance money, if he be an employee. I don't mean that I am over grasping, but some one must, indeed has to, and the regular fees, even with a little deduction for very pitiful cases, pile up in the course of a year.

What I particularly admire is this, that these railway benefactors of mine give me six times the work they are obliged to. They might use handrails, patent safety couplers, covered frogs, slides to prevent falling between cars—lots of things. But they don't, and I must say, it does good—to us surgeons. To what extent you may suppose, when I assure you there are few streets in our cities but have their dozens of partly artificial people—cripples, in fact—and few grave-yards but have their hundreds of tombstones testifying to the railway blessings.

Yours gratefully,

(To the railways)

SIMON SLASHEM, F.R.S., M.D.

Toronto, Dec. 6, 1876.

THE IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ATTACK.—If it wasn't that the inimy had'n't our range at wanst, ivery shot that missed us would have hit us; but as soon as they got it, becaul, our boys saw that they were all dead men.