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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**A Shorter Chapter.**

FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.



Amonge ye worthe martyrs of yor latter days is to be named ye good and kinde hearted Doctor Wyld, and ye place of his sufferings ye city of Toronto. In like manere as in moste of ye melancholie hysterics told in this booke, this good Christian man endured ye pains of persecution at ye handes of ye spirituality. He came from a farre countrie in ye days of hys youthe, being already a preacherre of ye Gospele, and pore in ye worlde's goods, and ye first crueltie came upon his head by reason of ye coldnesse and crueltie of a ministerre, who uncharitably closed ye bowels of hys compassion against him, and would give him no, not ye least assistance by monie or otherwise. Afterwards he went away from Torontoo and abode in a strange countrie, whither he fled from ye coldnesse of such Christians. Afterre many years he returned again to Torontoo, to builde up ye wate places and to work for ye Masterre with a loving hearte. And there came to hym two of hys breathren in ye spirituality, and with kindness took hym by ye right hande and brought hym to ye Ministerial Associatione, that he might become a memberre thereof. But the others would have none of hym, and cast out hys name, for no cause but that he was a man of strange thoughts and drew after hym vast crowds of ye people, so that hys churche had scarcee room to contain all that would heere hym. Thus was he persecuted by ye Ministerres, though they could bring no railing accusation against hym, being a man of clean handes and loving hearte, so that they would have been glad of hys fellowship had not their minds boen jealous. But Joseph Wyld, like another Joseph, still remained stronge in hys own virtue, and went on hys waye with pity for ye weakness of his tormentors, bearing no mallice to such as opposed hym, and winning into ye paths of godlinesse, hundreds who hitherto had been despisers of religion and had gone not to worshipsse at all on ye Sabbath day.

The Salem Sunbeam says: "He whose soul does not sing need not try to sing with his throat." This, then, accounts for our lack of vocal powers.

**The Emigrant.**

A ROMANCE.



When young Godfrey DeBing left "home" for the west, He'd a glass in his eye and a watch in his vest, And of all the young fellows who rode in the "Row" Not one than young Godfrey was more *comme il faut*. His clothes were perfection, re-splendent his boots, The best Bond-street tailors had furnished him suits, Fair ladies were flattered when on them he'd fling A glance from the eye of young Godfrey DeBing.

Still Godfrey DeBing, tho' possess-ed of good clothes, Was not overburdened with wealth I suppose, Or why should he fly from the charms of Fall Mall To take up his quarters in far Montreal?

The fact is young Godfrey had lived pretty fast, His Gov'nor assured him "This check is the last, So away 'cross the ocean you'd better take wing, And hoe your own row, Master Godfrey DeBing."

For a time after landing he rushed things around, In Toronto soon after he sporting was found, He aspired, like his kind, to a Government "sit," But failed ignominiously—then bit by bit He "hangs up" his personals, all of his clothes Are left with his uncle to pay what he owes His pins and his jewels, his watch and his ring, Are hypothecated by Godfrey DeBing.

Soon Godfrey DeBing got in a bad fix, He left his landlady a trunk full of bricks— In lieu of his board bill, and skipped out of town, Thus doing that lady "uncommonly brown." By the railway he went to its terminus north And picked for "The Landing" for all he was worth, For young Godfrey exclaimed 'twould be better by far To work with a spade on the famed C. P. R.

He got work, and all summer he handled a spade, And "dungaree" pants wore the once dubling blade; The mosquitoes went for him, as did the black flies, In a manner that oftentimes would hang up both eyes; He got tanned in the Summer as black as a Sioux, He was froze in the winter until he was blue, And got drenched in the spring when the snow 'gan to thaw When in mad desperation he married a squaw.

And now in a wigwam that's made of birch bark, With sundry papooses in nakedness stark, He lives with his Walk-in-Cedar-Swamp Bet. (The name of the lady he happened to get). In coat and red leggins without any shirt, And a face you can't see through its layers of dirt, Coming home with spear and some fish on a string, Each night you may see the once dashing DeBing.



MORAL.

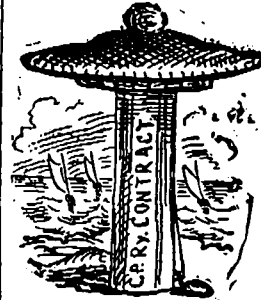
Now all you young swells who in England abide If you're hard up, stay home till the turn of the tide May give you a chance for to see your way clear. For your fortunes are awfully doubtful out here; Stay at home at all hazards, and there take your sting, Beware of the fate of poor Godfrey DeBing.

In Yreka, California, is a sign which reads "YREKA BAKERY." Whether you are going up the street or coming down the street you can begin at the end next to you and spell it out correctly.

Nearly a year has elapsed since the last wealthy young lady eloped with her father's coachman, and the many respectable young men who hopefully sought employment in the stables of the rich during the epidemic are disconsolately drifting back to their former pursuits.

**Angus, McIntyre, Stephen.**

(AIR.—"The Three Fishers.")



THREE Scotties went sailing out into the west, Out into the west, where they all settled down, ch followed the business that suited him best, And Fortune their labours in due time did crown.

For Irishmen grumble, and Englishmen growl, And Italians tramp round, and Frenchmen do scowl,

But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three statesmen went sailing out into the East, To London, a big railway contract to let; They failed, but abating their pride not the least, They came back and said, "We've succeeded, you bet."

For schemers will quibble and tell a white lie, If knights have political fishes to fry, But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three Scotties joined hands and said, "Loosh! this is fine!" "They daurna gang back on their ain spoken word;" "We'll mak them an offer to build you big Line, "And we'll gar them accept it, however absurd!"

For statesmen will talk and stretchers will stretch, And men that are drowning at cobwebs will catch, But the Scotchman salts down the rhin-o.

Three Scotties a Syndicate formed with some Yank, And dictated an offer all at their own terms, And three knights whipped there followers into the ranks, And crammed down the dose, all unmindful of squirms.

And men may work and women may weep, And statesmen may sell out their country quite cheap, But the Scotchman rakes in the rhin-o!

**That Cartoon.**

SELDY, Ont., Feb. 3rd, 1881.

To the Editor of GRIP:

Sir,—I have read your "Denial" in your last issue in reference to the Lynch-Snake cartoon upon which I had made some strictures in my work "Ingersoll in Canada." After reading your explanation I freely acquit you of any malice *prepens* towards Freethinkers, or any intention to do them injustice; yet the moral effect of your Cartoon is the same no matter what the intention. I may say that, though I have read GRIP for years, and scanned its cartoons with an appreciative, if not critical, eye, I have never noticed in its columns but one other case of what I considered downright injustice, and it, too, was doubtless perpetrated without any intention or consciousness of being unfair. But there is what is called in legal parlance the *unconscious bias*, and only to the extent that it is *conscious* is it culpable.

Now, as I have only noticed two instances of what, to my mind, was injustice in GRIP's cartoons during several years of attentive perusal, you may, I think, fairly infer that I am not overburdened with prejudices of any kind; for I venture to think that very few of your readers who have watched GRIP constantly for years have so little to find fault with. With best wishes, I am yours in honestly exposing error,

ALLEN PRINGLE.

Hard luck sticketh closer than a brother. —Stillwater Lumberman. Why is hard luck like a porous plaster.

It is nothing strange to now discover noblemen in the guise of tramps, nor tramps in the guise of noblemen.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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