

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

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## Answers to Correspondents.

CONTRIBUTOR.—We are always ready and willing to pay for contributions, at the rate of \$2.00 per column. We prefer short and pithy articles.

### Awake.

Too long, too long, our country lies in slumber,  
Too long, too long, to life and light unknown.  
Awake, awake, ere with the dead they number,  
The people unaroused by warning tone.

Awake—you own what millions all uncounted,  
Turn greedy glance toward, and yet you sleep,  
Till that grim horseman, on pale courser mounted,  
Shall tread you into stupor yet more deep.

That death which time to nations still is bearing,  
Who hold resources vast, yet use them not.  
The fate we gave the savage is preparing,  
For us who now his old domain have got.

We took from him a land which population,  
A hundred times our number might maintain.  
Awake and use it, ere a stronger nation,  
What we from others took shall take again.

### RELIABLE JOURNALISTIC STATISTICS.—Monday's *Telegram* says:

"The first tree cut on the Ottawa River was felled on the 7th of March, 1799. Since then 80,000,000 cubic feet has been cut down in the forests of Canada, of which \$13,000,000 worth has been exported to Europe and the United States."

Since we have sometimes sent to those countries \$26,000,000 worth in a year, GRIP should rather think there had.

### The Real Truth.

As is sometimes his wont, GRIP last week called through his office tube for the members of the Dominion Government, who came running in, bowed, and stood in a line.

"You are only Twelve?" said GRIP.

"I maun humbly annoonce," remarked MACKENZIE, "that we hae lost VAIL."

"Where did you lose him, and how?" asked GRIP, severely, for there was that in the physiognomies now before him which suggested homicidal, felonious, and even cannibalistic ideas as to the fate of one who had been their fellow traveller.

"If you please, allow me to explain," said CARTWRIGHT, and GRIP listened with some confidence, "We lost him at a place called Digby. The *Globe* said it knew all about it, and promised to tell all about him in a day or two, but it has not told us yet. So, of course, we cannot tell."

"I accept the explanation," said GRIP. "Now, what I called you here for, is to enquire why you make such fools of yourselves."

"A when o' us," said MACKENZIE, with a glance at CARTWRIGHT, "didna mak oorsels what we are ava, and are no responsible for the exawmple they present to the rest o' mankind. But they are usefu', and gang whaur bidden wi' mair doceelity than beings possessit of mair reason, wha are noo an' then even less usefu', and far mair injurious." And he glanced at BLAKE, who caught the expression of his countenance, and broke into a torrent of verbiage.

"Even in the tremendous presence of the great GRIP," he exclaimed, in tones which broke a pane of GRIP's office window, "I shall indignantly protest against such allusions. I alone, by the unaided strength of my reputation, have sustained this Government. But for the knowledge that BLAKE was there, it had long since been hurled down the wind in latters, a prey to fortune. My reputation, I say, my *prestige*, my known calibre, my force of sarcasm, my lacerating acerbity, have upheld this combination, which I will not call a Government, through all its perils. Let GRIP enlarge his question, state the points to which he refers, and let this person, (pointing to MACKENZIE,) who has been chosen by a Parliament not distinguished for wisdom as my leader and spokesman, answer for all." He spoke no more, but leaned against the wall, with that awful scowl and heavy villain style very effective in Parliaments not renowned for knowledge.

"Weel, weel," asked MACKENZIE, "Maister GRIP, hoo dae we mak fules o' oorselves? Maybe we arena sic great anes as some o' us leuk."

"Why," asked GRIP, "do you talk such ineffable rubbish on the Free Trade question? You all know well enough that if Canada had factories spread over the land, making what could be profitably made here of what she now imports, her prosperity would be assured and rapid."

MACKENZIE spoke. His countenance assumed as much dignity as his upper lip would allow. "Is it," he asked, "my fault if the majority o' Canadians are fules? Ye canna wyte me wi't. I gie them what they ask. The *Globe* has had the hail pack o' born idgits by the lug for mony a year, pu'ing them along whaur it lists by shoutin' cot that it leads the Reform party. Deil a party it cares for but the foreign importers, o' wham it has constituit itsel' the organ. Weel, the kintra folk a' read it, they are a' persuadit that Free Trade is correck, and we joost humour them, and they keep us in salaries sic as I, for ane, ne'er saw nor expectit before ava. What wad ye hae? If we gie Protection, the *Globe* wad turn on us like a fleeing dragon, an' oot we gang. Speak to ye're ain people; dinna abuse us. Gin Ontario, whilk is, ane may say, the vera backbone o' the Domeenyon, alloos itsel tae be taught polee-teecal economy by ane newspaper, and that ane no either deestinguished by poover, wut, or knowledge, what div ye expect o' us? We gie the people what they askit."

"The children of this generation," said GRIP, are wiser than—I thought them. And you," he asked of the rest. "Do you concur in this explanation?"

"My science," said the grandiloquent BLAKE, "includes but the noble and profound technicalities of the law, and the mighty mystery of effecting reform in petty Departmental expenses. I study not commerce nor trade. I repudiate the idea of connection with *Globe* perfidy, or the Machiavelian system my leader has avouched. Such as I am the people elected me; and now arise voices of disapproval, and presently

"Then waft me to the harbour's mouth,  
Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky."

I have assisted my colleagues with my reputation—"

"With naething else," said MACKENZIE. But ye—CARTWRIGHT—ye knew my thochts. Speak noo."

"I indignantly repudiate the assertion," exclaimed the Honourable RICHARD. "No man will believe that I have ever known anything—"

"There, there," interrupted MACKENZIE. "Let the sentence stand; ye canna improve't. Maister GRIP, we hae explain't. Friens, we maun hurry doon tae support JONES. Oor poseitions are in jeopardy—and oor alloances—"

The last word galvanized the party with electric vigour. They flew out of the doorway with such celerity as drove half a dozen of their heads together with splintering force, and the office boy picked up next day a pound of leaden chips.

### The Angloan Resolve.

I would be better pleased indeed if I  
Could otherwise proceed; but all around  
Obstructions bar the way. My brethren dear,  
And sisters none less dear, who weekly all  
Do aid me here in intonation loud,  
Till millions, transoms, finials, crockets, all  
The decorations of our sacred fame,  
Do ring in symphony—oh, sympathise  
With me in this as well. Let us demand  
Of him who was our old and ancient head,  
Who rules the Church of Rome, to know the terms,  
Shall all the breaches heal, and us admit  
Unto the bosom of that sacred home,  
The Reformation broke from, and afar,  
To wildernesses led, in which we still,  
Do wander all the years in heaviness,  
And see no light beyond.

### The Way to Choose a Member.

Enter two influential gentlemen.

1st I. G.—Who shall we run for member?

2nd I. G.—Oh, HEAVYHEAD will run best. He has a good deal of property, has some private ends of his own to serve in Parliament, so that he will spend time and money to get in, and then he will be on our side, and in fact be a useful voting member on all political questions, which indeed he knows little of, and is too busy to learn about.

1st I. G.—But, my dear sir, could we not get a better man? There is WISEBRAIN, a good speaker, a man who is well aware of the state of the country and its needs, one who cannot be bought, and who could be of the greatest use to us in the House. In fact, we have no one else fit to put against SHARPTONGUE on the other side.

2nd I. G.—Ah, but then, you know, he can't get in.

1st I. G.—He would if we back him.

2nd I. G.—But then he might want his own way.

1st I. G.—Well, why not, if his way is best?

2nd I. G.—No, don't like him. Has old fashioned notions about honour and all that. Shan't help him.

And next session sees a dummy or a noodle representing the place as usual, and people wondering why Canadian legislation is stupid and slow.