

What He Will Say

The grass was green; the day was fair,
GRIP sat him on a stone.
And he was aware of a traveller there,
Come travelling all alone.

Expression on his face he bore,
And had an eye and nose;
And so had more who had passed before,
But they had not such as those.

GRIP knew the nose which curled so high,
Above Aurora's ground,
And he knew the eye which so flashingly
Sent glances there around.

And GRIP he said, "Dost thou not fear
To come along this way,
Or to bring thyself here, on platforms to appear,
When thou canst have nought to say?"

But the traveller said, "For one so wise,
Methinks thou art rather raw,
Just cast your eyes on my cheek's vast size,
And note my amount of jaw.

"I'd like to know what hinders me
That old plan cut and dried,
Though never a plea for mine own there be,
To abuse the other side."

The traveller travelled and soon was gone,
And GRIP bestowed a lot
Of pity upon the keen SIR JOHN
Who is going to catch it hot.

How They Take It.

GRIP is often asked how the victims of his artist's pencil "take it." To save trouble he would reply to all these questions: Variously. To wit.

When MR. GEO. BROWN sees his counterfeit presentment, he doesn't think a moment of the counter, but he darts a swift glance at the feet. If they have been tenderly and briefly dealt with, and if his political corns have not been tramped on too severely, he smiles, and says, "Vera guid—capital!" If, on the contrary, the artist has been severely literal in his delineations by those pedal appendages, the hon. gentleman goes up into his editorial room, assembles the editors, reporters, proofreaders and printers, and reminds them of the imperative mandate he gave out long ago, to the effect that the name of GRIP should never, under any circumstances, be mentioned in the *Globe*.

When JOHN A. sees himself in a cartoon he is surprised. It is something new. Then he laughs, and calls the attention of the club fellows to the hair and the nose. After a while he reads the legend, and then there is a sudden revulsion in his feelings. He bursts into tears and exclaims, "Too true, too true,—curse that wretched crew, he's always exposing my little game!"

When MR. PATESON has reason to believe that his figure has been drawn with every attention to detail, he becomes very nervous, and a mist seems to obscure his eyesight. He pulls out his handkerchief and gently presses his optics; then he steadies himself in his office chair and calls for MR. WEBB, the editor. When that gentleman appears, the manager hands him the paper tremblingly, and says, "Look at that!" Mr. W. looks, and a smile steals over his jolly face,—until his eye happens to fall on the manager, who seems to be suffering an agony of suspense. Then Mr. WEBB looks serious. "Is it there?" gasps Mr. PATESON. "What, sir?" enquires the editor. "The-the-the-Jockey cap! Is it there?" "Yes, sir, it is; large as life, and—" Here Mr. WEBB drops the cartoon just in time to catch the fainting form of the unlucky T. C.

MR. MACKENZIE acts somewhat differently. He takes the cartoon in his right hand and goes deliberately up to one of the mirrors in his office, and compares the copy with the original in a severely critical manner. This invariably relieves his feelings, for he generally walks into BLAKE'S department afterwards and gets that eminent legal mind to endorse his conclusion that the upper lip in GRIP'S picture is at least an inch too long in proportion to the size of the body.

MR. MOWAT, singularly enough, is in the habit of going through a similar exercise whenever he is pictured.

MR. MAYFLOWER BAKER, of Halifax, who is "trotted out" this week, will take it in his own peculiar style. He will go down on the shore among his lobsters, and stay there a fortnight, concocting a terrible revenge, and walking up and down the strand, looking as fierce as a man with an alligator's mouth. After that he will simmer down, and become a highly respectable member of Haligonian Society.

Letters of Enquiry.

GRIP has addressed the following letters of enquiry to the principal Fishery Commissioners on each side of the case.

Toronto, Sept. 1877,

SIR.—The apparently interminable delay in satisfactorily concluding the Canadian Fishery settlement, imperatively demands my addressing you the question: What is your impression of the nature of the duties of your position?

Yours, with great respect,
GRIP.
To Senior British Commissioner.

Halifax, Sept. 1877.

FELLAH.—Have received a lettaw signed "Gwip." Have hawd something of you, aw thould not have ansawd. I considah the pweess thould be tneverthally thumbed, but make an exception in youah case, ath I do not with to thee mythelf cawicachuahed in a widiculous attitude. A Commissionaw ith a pawty of conthiderable influenth in whothe way Govawment want to put a good thing. On a Eawopean Commithion a thmart fellah ith alwayth put. On a Canadian Commithion any fellah will do, becauth it ith no mattaw whatevaw what he doth theaw, tho long ath he givth the Yankeeth all that they athk faw.

FITH BATTLEACKTH,

I heniaw Commissionaw.

To GWIP, Canada, thomweeah neaw the Thathes.

Toronto, Sept. 1877.

SIR.—What keeps you so long? What do you consider you are sent there for?
Yours, waiting to know,
GRIP.
To Chief U. S. Commissioner.

Halifax, Sept., 1877.

OLD HOSS.—No use foolin yew with routine fixins, so explain squar. Yes sir, kalkilate we're sent here to make a right smart pile for ourselves, and get a considerable of a good thing for Uncle Sam out of the Canucks. Our country don't mind our doing the first, and expects us to do the second; the British Coms. don't keer a continental if we does both.

Yours,

SAM. SHARPEVE,

Chief U. S. Commissioner

To GRIP, Toronto, Ont.

At the Tory Picnic.

SIR JOHN upon the people looked
And saw them doubled up and glum,
Then *verbum sap*, this mem. he booked:
"Disordered stomach—*too much Plumb!*"

Forewarned, Forewarned.

STANLEY, the explorer, has been heard from again, and promises to send on a detailed account of his adventure soon. Let newspaper readers seize the precious moments of the interval and get their jaw-bones under training.

Why Don't He Come?

Tired of knave and sick of fool
Canada waits one to rule,
Shall our lives conclude their span
E'er we see that COMING MAN?

He who shall determinedly
Aid Canadian industry;
He who shall repair each flaw
In our ever-mended law.

Who shall tariffs regulate
For the people and the state,
Not the balance sheet to fill,
Of some foreign mine or mill.

Make the laws for justice' need,
Not to soothe the lawyers' greed,
Lay the street where traffic waits,
Not to pass the rich man's gates.

Who shall make each party hack
Cease his never-ending clack,
Of the wickedness which he
In the other side can see.

Teach us, when young nations need,
Means to aid them to succeed,
If exertion honest don't,
Reciprocal slander won't.

Caring more his nation's name,
To advance than private fame,
Canada is waiting here,
Until such a one appear.