

Tom Yardstick.

TOM YARDSTICK was a dry goods man,
Who kept, on Blank street fine,
A store upon the modern plan
All in his business line.

That plan does in a nutshell lie,
By jobbers known full well,
Pay little for the goods you buy,
Then cheaply you can sell.

So, fast as did his notes appear,
At stated periods due,
A most convenient bank cashier
Those notes did straight renew.

And Tom his business flourished fair,
And Tom he cut a dash;
And Tom got credit everywhere,
And Tom took lots of cash.

You'll flourish any business in—
(Don't noise the plan about)
By getting all you can of tin
And paying little out.

And Tom a villa did erect,
Had yachts upon the bay,
And (dinner parties most select
Gave almost every day.

And all his friends declared of him
As homewards they did roll,
What spirits there—what life—what vim!
Ah, he's a noble scull!

Alas, the bank came down on him,
And on the kind cashier;
And soon he took a sudden whim
That he would disappear.

He disappeared, and three per cent.
That bank stock tumbled down,
And bailiffs to Tom's mansion went,
And to his store in town.

And all the friends he used to bid
To dinner every day
Cry "What a sneaking fellow! Did
You hear, he's run away!"

Take warning, folks, and always pay
Like GRIP, who singeth here,
And makes you happy all the day—
(Two dollars by the year).

Editorials from the "Evening Terrible."

It is sad to see the squabble in Lower Canada continues. Of course, it's all very well to say that LETELLIER did right. The fact is he gave the constitution a wrench. (N.B.—Any one in possession of the said wrench will be paid half price for it, as we want it for the *Terrible* window). Yes, it was merely for the loaves and fishes. What if the *London Times*, and PHIPPS and those constitutional fellows said he was right, and that the Constitution was strengthened and not wrenched by his action? As for the *Times*, we hope no one will compare its opinion with ours, and as for the Protectionist chap, we are down on him because true independence contrasts rather painfully with the sham *Terrible* article.

We perceive the Woodstock Reformers are mourning over the failure of Protection. Now, what is the use of driving at the N. P. Can't any one with half a visual optic see that the Tories have kept all their promises? As for the prosperity promises and the factory promises and the ship-building promises and the rolling-mills promises and the iron-mine promises and the steel-works promises and the other unfulfilled promises, well what's the use of talking about them? Oh, it's all for the loaves and fishes!

The Conglomerated Bank case is to go on; but it won't come to anything. The directors didn't really know anything about the matter, nor who was playing ducks and drakes with the money, nor anything. This

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is certain, because in the first place we say so, and in the second most of the directors having been money operators all their lives, of course do not understand such things. Besides the attack upon them is clearly selfish. People actually want their money back. Selfishness. Loaves and fishes.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD is back. The Grits are attacking him, of course. Now, whether he is honest or not isn't the question. They are all dishonest. Everybody goes in for lucre. It is all for the loaves and fishes. There is no such thing as political honesty, and if there was, wouldn't we pitch into it? Only let any political man take a really firm and honest course, and if he don't catch it from us by every underhand and spiteful allusion we can think of, we are not the *Evening Terrible*.

The Pipe Inspection.

Mr. GRIP congratulates Mr. MARTIN on the way he is diving into things. Only that he is not an aquatic bird, and that he was getting out the stunning pictures for the present number, GRIP would have liked to put on immense boots and go through the pipe himself. As to the extremely elevated individuals who haughtily refused graciously to accompany the expedition, he would simply enquire, considering that such matters are supposed to be under their supervision, or at least that they are supposed to, or ought to, have an eye to them, "You knew the citizens were getting very sealy water to drink, and sometimes more than sealy. Why didn't you, in all the time that has elapsed, make these inspections yourselves?" GRIP takes a high moral tone on these subjects, and begs to say that the period of fooling has elapsed. People who pay taxes—and precious high ones—don't require pompous tones, sounding speeches, sharp snubbing, and general blue-bloodedness. What they do require is men who are not above their work. That's the class of men likely to know what sound constructions are, and to make them. And thus GRIP shouts hooray for this business-like move, under water, and only inquires why, in the name of double-distilled slowness, it wasn't done six months, or a year, or two years ago?

Your Dear Friend.

Your dear friend meets you on the street. He congratulates you on your good looks—for your period of life. "Have you been doing anything lately?" You tell him of some literary effort which you flattered yourself had excited attention. "Oh, didn't see it. Yes, now I think of it, did. So-and-so lent you a book on the subject. Got all the ideas out of that, didn't you? Easiest thing in the world; would often write myself, but haven't time; more important engagements." You remark to yourself that he would certainly do it that way, if any, and wait his next. It comes. "Now, my dear fellow, you know I always respected your abilities, but you have taken a mistaken course. I do not deny you have achieved something, but only think of what you might have achieved! Have you done anything else? You mention a periodical to which you have lately contributed." "Which numbers?" "Oh, the two last." "Well, really, I don't notice such things much, but I thought those two rather dull; may not have noticed yours, though." You wait a little while to observe whether your dear friend has anything more to communicate; that is, if he can think of any other way of annoying you, but he is played out, and you leave him.

The language the people of California want the Chinese to understand—LING GO.