

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 25TH AUGUST, 1877.

The Changeable Goldwin.

In England first, 'mong Englishmen,
He COBDEN'S friend, cried "Free Trade!" then;
But coming to Canadian shore,
Loudly "Protection!" here did roar;
And now, at home again, why he,
In COBDEN'S Club, "Free Trade" we see.
That system then, GRIP thinks it clear,
Is right with them, the other here.
And GRIP would be delighted still,
To let them have of it their fill,
But not so here.—the way is barred,
"Protection's" the Canadian card!

The *Telegram* remarks that somebody has "refused to prosecute the thief, whom, it is said, is a woman." GRIP must remark that the party whom is supposed to own the *Telegram* should prosecute the writer of the above, whom is not a grammarian.

But Where is W. H.?

Oh, there was a young man in Toronto,
Who the Dunkin Act greatly did want, too,
But the Act had no luck,
At the polls it has stuck.
Now where can that young man be gone to?

That young man had three thousand got, Sir,
Of votes, so he said; but he'd not, Sir,
The majority's strong,
He don't bring his along.
And we fear that young man's gone to pot, Sir.

Water Works Elections.

TIME.—When the commissioners were elected.

1ST CITIZEN.—Well, I shall vote for BUSTER. He's a sound Orange-man. If we let these Catholics up where shall we be? Awful! They'd burn us all. Protestant principles for ever! WILLIAM the Third! I vote for BUSTER!

2ND CITIZEN.—I'll vote for him too. Good man of business; no impractical nonsensical scruples about him. If one wants a contract (*mysteriously*) one knows how to get it. BUSTER for Water Commissioner.

3RD CITIZEN.—Well, I vote for SWIPES. Very charitable man; probably quite honest, too. Besides, from old business, knows all about liquids. Hooray for SWIPES! See what he gave to the Infants' Paradise!

4TH CITIZEN.—I go for him too. Has opinions of his own; all the easier bamboozled on that account. Hooray for SWIPES!

5TH CITIZEN.—Well, I am for FUNGUS. Highly respectable; has been city benefactor; had big fortune; spent most of it; older and wiser now; take more care of ours; position, too, secures us against sharp practice. Hooray for FUNGUS!

6TH CITIZEN.—Yes. Hooray for FUNGUS! Why, there's nobody in the world so manageable as a Canadian aristocrat; because they all believe themselves ill-used angels. Impress them that you're sure it's so, and there's nothing you can't do with them; this one may be similar. Hooray for FUNGUS!

7TH CITIZEN.—I'm for DREGS. Quiet fellow; industrious; no harm in him; will be useful.

8TH CITIZEN.—Yes; should have one of that sort on. Hooray for DREGS!

9TH CITIZEN.—RUFFLES will be on, in virtue of his other office.

10TH CITIZEN.—Well, RUFFLES is a fine convivial fellow. Hooray for RUFFLES!

GRIP.—(Who has been standing by in surprise)—But, gentlemen, do any of these respectable people know anything about waterworks?

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.—Not the first word; but they'll learn. They can go to other cities and see what's done there. We shall thus save architects' fees.

GRIP.—Well, when I want a pair of shoes I go to a shoemaker; though, of course, the first chap I meet might make them by going and

seeing how the thing was done, and would, too, if I paid him well, and put him under no responsibility. But, considering your shoes are to cost Two Millions of Dollars, I think, as there is no scarcity of shoemakers, of that kind, you should go to one.

Afterwards, when some years have passed, and the job is nearly done.

1ST CITIZEN.—Well, how are the Water Works pleasing you?

2ND CITIZEN.—Awful. Half the time kept doings all secret; whispered all their business at meetings; spent piles of money; built filtering basins over and over; don't seem to be a success yet; laid pipes that wouldn't stay laid, and don't seem to take it out of the layers; paid engineers that weren't round at all; built new works and houses when the old ones might have been made do; building houses not wanted; laying pipes where they needn't; playing the old ruinous game of trying to spread the city over twice the ground it need cover; and now they are actually unable to pay their interest, and beg the corporation to do it, or they will see their debentures dishonored!

4TH CITIZEN.—Would that hurt?

5TH CITIZEN.—Best thing could happen us. Stop this confounded borrowing if we told folks we wouldn't pay. The London Stock Exchange quote our bonds now, as if they said, "Another fat goose in the market, gentlemen!"

6TH CITIZEN.—Well, if things go on so, it's either repudiation or selling the city out by the Sheriff.

GRIP.—Gentlemen, you see now where the shoe pinches. You should have taken advice of GRIP. If, instead of trusting this vast expenditure to citizen commissioners ignorant of such matters, you had given it into the hands of learned architects, who have studied this as part of their trade, and who know much more of such matters than outsiders; had these given the contract by tender out to some respectable firm who had done such work before, and whose interest would not have been to enlarge the work or lengthen the time, you would have had much better results in a much shorter time, at much less expense. Go away! I am ashamed of you.

(*Exeunt citizens, weeping.*)

Ministerial Soliloquy.

REV. MR. LONGFACE.—My lines are laid
In pleasant places here. Two thousand I
Of dollars do receive, and never day
Of payment passes but the telling down
Is done without delay. The house is large,
Well planned; my children and my wife find health,
And comfort still therein. I plainly see
The guiding hand of Providence in this.
I have been called to my position here,
The RULING INFLUENCE of all decrees
My place, my work, my lot. How sweet to know
My earthly doings uniform with His,
Who holds the starry spheres. But soft! What's here?
A letter. What, the excellent trustees,
Of famed Mammonia Church, in far New York
Have heard afar my sermons' telling ring,
And wish to have me there. Well, well, it is
Most pleasant to discern that efforts I
Have grace received to make, are not without
Their full appreciation, and are felt.
Throughout those distant lands. But leave this place?
No, no; my work is here; these many souls
Committed to my careful training here
I have no right to leave. Ah! do I see
A postscript to the scroll? What, they propose
Ten thousand full to give! I do bethink
It has appeared to me for some time past,
That there has been a carelessness of tone,
A lack of earnestness about the folks
Who do my present congregation form,
Which needs a sterner hand. I cannot bear
The fierce rebuke of stern religious zeal
To deal out angry here, to all of those
I know and love so well. I see it now,
A newer hand were better for the work,
Much needed here to-day. And now I know
The purpose of the ever-ruling I find
Which beckons me away. Ha! pen and ink.
My kindest love unto my New York friends.
To live by sea-side has been dream of mine
Far back as memory goes. I will be there
Three Sabbaths from to-day.

TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—It will cost fifteen millions of dollars to survey the boundary line between Alaska and Canada, and then it will melt out every summer. All the government contractors are in ecstasies. Here at last is something permanent.

Why is Vice Chancellor BLAKE like a burglar? Because he's afraid of his Own Sound.