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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CAUTION.—The signal victory of the Government in carrying the elections in Colchester and Pictou, (Nova Scotia) which took place simultaneously on Saturday last, of course set the Ministerial organs wild with delight, and drove the Opposition to the usual learned task of accounting for the disaster in such a way as to rob their opponents of all the glory they had apparently gained. This interesting *post facto* operation is known in political parlance as "Extracting Sunbeams from Cucumbers,"—and it is said to be a very difficult operation in cases where (as in this) there are really no sunbeams in the vegetables. These elections were won by the personal influence of Sir Charles Tupper, aided by the duties on coal and iron, and there can be no doubt that so long as self interest controls human nature and Sir Charles controls the tariff, Pictou and Colchester will answer the roll call just in this way.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The series of sketches over the caption of "Movements in Society," require no comment. Like the great orators represented, they speak for themselves.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C. Vennor.—The excellence of the joke, you say, atones for the misrepresentation, but you would like to give a categorical denial to the statement that you predicted a backward Spring. Very well, friend Vennor, we have allowed you to give your denial and will only add that we expect you to be very tender to other people's "mistakes," since you are such an extensive wholesale manufacturer in that line yourself.

E. Goff, P. my.—You ask us to advocate the leasing of the Montreal Telegraph lines to the Great North-Western Company. We have a great respect for you as one of the oldest and worthiest newspaper men in the Dominion, but cannot oblige you. As a director of the Montreal Telegraph Company we should have expected you to resist to the uttermost the handing over the business of the country to a Wall Street monopoly.

Yet another "Revised Version."

Full many a Jem has thought things all serene,
And spooned unconscious with his sweetheart fair,
Till the fierce parent's boot came on the scene,
And sent him squirming through the twilight air.

That Workin' Man.

In his last lecture Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Knox Church, uttered the Carlyle doctrine that workmen should always be content with the wages which are offered to them, and should not refuse to work because the wages offered were beneath their expectations. "All these strikes," said he, "are of the devil."—*Hamilton Times.*

ERINGOBIAUGH TERRACE,
TORONTO, 6th June, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER GRIP,

Isn't it grate fun now, to hear the way thim polytashions an' praychers are all the time leathirin' "the workin' man." I rimumber whin I was in the States, ov that ould blatherstik Beecher tellin' the bloys that a bit o' bread and cold wather was a susthauen diet. Bedad! but sich talk as I heard in a church last Sunday bate all iver I see. Ye see, Misther GRIP, I was afther havin' a bit ov a walk, an' the bells bein' a ringin', an' the pupie comin' in crowds, I shteps into Bill Scott's church; thinks I, it's no harm to go inside av a protestan church just to see what like it is. Well, they were afther singin' an' prayin, whin the praste he begins a prachin', an' who should he be prachin' about but the workin' man! "Och mustha!" sez I to meself, "Barney O'Hea you're sould intirely. Is it election time I wonder? or what's up anyway?" He said the workin' man ought to be quite contented with what the boss liked to give him. "Shtrikes" sez he "are of the devil." "Well now the devil run away wid you," sez I—an' thim I rimumbered it was Sunday an' I was in church. An' thim I begun a' thiukin. "Right you are, ould man," sez I, "shtrikes are of the devil, all the same but different. Here's how it works. The wheel o' fortin' turns, up goes the price ov manufactures, an' thousands o' dollars go into the pockets ov the boss. At the same time, an' from that same cause the workin' man has to pay so much per cent. more for bread, praties, pork, an' coals to be afther cookin' thim wid. An' he finds his pay too shuall intirely. "Bedad," says he, "boss, I musht have tin or fifteen cints a day more now whin the good N. P. times has come, an' you've lots o' money; if you don't sure I won't iver be able to pay me pew rint, an' what'll the pracher do thin." "Pew rint be hang'd," sez the boss, "me family's bound to go to Entropo this summer, an' me youngest daughter's got to get a six hunder gold pianny, an' I can't afoord to raise yer wages. Be off wid yez, an' if yez are fifteen minutes late to-morrow mornin', be me sowl I'll doce yer wages." Well, the poor man he has a quare large family, an' maybe his wife don't know the day, an' schein he is but one ov a hundred in the same fix, bedad, they shtrike. They can't be much worse off than they are, an' there's a chance they'll be better. Ginnally shtpakin' they get the advances, an' whin there's a talk o' lowerin' the wages agin, off goes the tin or fifteen cints, lavin' the wage at the ould thing. But if they hadn't got the raise at the time they did, the fifteen cints would have been kep' off all the same, an' the wage would a bin so much the less, an' down they'd go till it's rats an' mice they might ate afther a while for all the bosses' 'ud care. Sure their grand wives would aise their consciences by distributin' thracks an' houldin' mother's-meetins, an' rintin out blankets an' baby clothes to the lym-in-wives o' the poor min who hadn't a wage big enough to supply sich nic-nacks. Och! wirra! wirra! it's enough to make one sick to think of the barefaced sham it is. Yes, bedad! the shtrikes are "of the devil" of a boss who gndges an honest mau a livin', an' ates up all the profits ov his business in high livin'! It lucks as if, now that hell is out ov fashion, that some folks would like to set up a kind ov revised edition ov it, in the shape ov a poverty-and-low-diet-with-workhouse-in-prospective purgatory here in this world. Anyway it's moighty shuall praties for any man with a stiddy income ov two or three thousand to tell a poor fellow who has only a dollar and a quarther a day, an' been out ov work all winter maybe, to be content wid it, whin he knows his labor's worth more. Sure an' won't it take the

poor man all the blissid summer to pay up the back rint, an' the docthor's bill for the last wily. An' ain't his bloys rummin' the shtrreets widout a shoe to their fut, because he can't spare them even the schoolfee to get the bit o' larnin' they need. Bad cess to sich prachin' anyway! sez I. Sure an' if that's the kind ov gospel that's prached in thim churches, it's shuall wonder that workin' min, like moself, care moighty little about them. Wid respects to yourself,
I remain, BARNEY O'HEA.

SLASHBUSH ON ANNEXATION.



It was Sunday afternoon! The fruit trees composing the Slashbush orchard were gorgeous in symphonies of pink and white. The sombre greens of the gloomy cedars flanking Uncle Ephraim's farm presented a very "nocturny" appearance, and afforded an excellent back-ground for the intervening maple and chestnut shade trees in the fields, whose bright foliage quivered and glistened in the pleasant breeze and sunshine. Gustavus Slashbush and his sister Almira sat on the steps of the back stomp and gazed on the pleasant scene. "How beautiful is nature, Almira!" exclaimed Gustavus. "How beautiful are these broad fields; and to think that they are all ours, what a glorious thought!"
"Well, it won't be a glorious thought long," replied his sister, "for dad's going to sell the medders across the concession line to Deacon Tentout; I heard them talkin' about it last night. The deacon said he wanted to "annex" it, as he called it, so that his land would reach through to the concession road."
"What?" exclaimed Gustavus, horrified; "sell that meadow to that old grasping Tentout! the best piece of land in the farm! Why that was to be mine—mine, Almira! Great Washington! Old Campout wants to annex it, does he? Ha! ha! But it was thus always. Some people are again advocating annexation to the States, so that we may be free and independent." Well, but would we, Almira? would we? that's the question," said Gustavus, forgetting his own private troubles in his care for the public weal.
"Laud sakes!" replied his sister, "what do I know about the States? Don't see what you bother yourself about such things for; nobody don't give you no thanks for it."
"Almira," said Gustavus, solemnly, "it would be a sad day if we should get annexed to the States. The people there are entirely different from most of us in every way, and I fear things wouldn't work harmoniously. Perhaps we might have more opportunities to make money, but that even is doubtful. We have not so many very rich men here, but our people, on the whole, are quite as well and perhaps better off than in the great Republic. Now, we have a certain individuality, although we are a dependency of the Crown; but if we joined the States we would be utterly swamped, both politically and socially, and instead of having the merely nominal rule of Downing street, we would have the more foreign and entirely arbitrary government of Washington. And besides, Almira, do you think we're going to throw overboard all our old associations and become Yankees? Is sentiment nothing? Is sentiment—"
"Dod darn your sentiments!" said old Slashbush, who suddenly appeared on the scene, "can't you think of nothing but sentiment on the Sabbath? Almira, jest you git in and git the tea ready, that durned critter will talk you to death!"