

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1878.

Libel Suits.

GRIP observes with horror and consternation that Mr. PLUMB is suing the *London Advertiser* and some Quebec paper for libel. GRIP does not remember saying anything against this member himself, but when a member feels like libel suits he's just as likely to sue you for leaving out his name (which of course is calculated to bring him into contempt) as for putting it in. GRIP knows they will seize him—ruthless minions of the law will lay violent hands on his office chair and his big inkstand. What will he do? A bright thought strikes him—he will soothe the savage PLUMB by the soft strains of music, and will sing him a poem in his praise:—

ODE TO PLUMB.

Of our speakers none has come
To the level clim by PLUMB.
None in learning poetry
Can so scorch your nerves as he.
Speech of his was never found
That was anything *but sound*.
Yes, the Commons would be some
Were its members all like PLUMB.
Strange it is, and queer, and rum,
People grumble so at PLUMB.
GRIP to Ottawa will come,
This to sing to Mr. PLUMB.

The Water Works.

SHOULD it be MARTIN, or should it be BROUGH,
Bothers the citizens more than enough.
GRIP with one word the discussion would burk
Less of the workmen think—more of the work.

Three times the water-works cost what they ought,
No one to mention it—that goes for nought,
Turn out some placeholder—try a new hand
Up goes an outcry all over the land.

GRIP will just mention—"Between you and I
Too many cliques' fingers get in the pie.
Worst of all popular voting is found
Demagogues order your voters around.

Demagogues, wishing some office to fill,
Get some control of the popular will.
Once to the hustings they bring a crowd—well,
The votes of that crowd for an office they sell.

Places and salaries still they expand,
Jobbery's talked of all over the land;
Every one shouts for economy, yet
Every new Council piles on to the debt.

Men of capacity—business men all—
Keep far away to their side of the wall.
"Council, indeed! No, Sir, nothing so low,
Wouldn't elect us—and we wouldn't go.

"May go to vote; but no interest take."
GRIP must inform you it is a mistake;
You may suppose you are saving up cash,
Trouble is coming will some of you smash.

Filing up, piling up debt every year,
All of your margin will soon disappear;
Might just as well have thrown cash in the lake,
Folks as a gift won't your property take.

No fancy picture; for this very day
Some Yankee cities are just in that way.
Taxes have piled up to so much per cent
Just about now to the size of the rent.

Folks of Toronto, you'd much better take
GRIP's sound advice, from your slumber awake,
Find out how these city matters go on,
'Twill be too late when your property's gone.

Where are the Aldermen?

It occurred to GRIP that he had to go down the street. And then there occurred to him a splash of yellow-green-blue mud in his eye, and a number of others over his new summer suit, driven against him by one artistic stamp of a horse in the yielding pavement with which Toronto streets are concealed at this season. Then he had to cross the street three times, and after that nobody knew him, and a policeman came to take him up, but was so shocked at GRIP's presenting his card, that he fell in, and was not seen to come to the surface again. Several children, GRIP understands, are missing in various parts of the city, and their distracted parents are dragging the streets for them in great anguish. Farmers around the city are considering whether they will have to dam it in till summer, as an overflow of mud from town might ruin the chance of crops. It was proposed at Monday's council to send the city engineer and several aldermen through the streets on a tour of inspection, but these objected that the corporation did not own a boat and until the next loan was obtained they couldn't get one. In the meantime GRIP suggests that, in common humanity, placards should be set up at the most dangerous places, and a few life-buoys, hen-coops, and things of that sort, hung along the streets in readiness to throw to sinking passengers, and would suggest that any one having life preservers wear them. It is a great mistake, as is noticed only too plainly in moments such as these, that the population at large are not taught to swim.

Telephone.

GRIP slept and dreamt. He was in the 10th century. The day was a hot dusty day in February, invented by Mr. VENNOR for the special purpose of selling his *almanac*, and selling *all maniacs* who should buy it.

The dust rested upon his glossy wings, and rose in clouds about his beak.

The water-carts were out on King street, and the late Editor of the *Mail* had just returned from withering GINX, with a scattering glance, from the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons.

A man passed with a hurdy-gurdy, labelled "Songs from GRIP."
"Let's hear the *novum organon*," said GRIP wishing to awe the crowd by his classical learning, and his taste for BACON.

The grinder ground!

Ah! it was the music of other days (*quotation from OSSIAN*).

It was the new Telephone sounding from the distance of time not of space.

All GRIP's songs of the 19th century, his *bon mots*, his terrible denunciations of corrupt statesmen, his sage advice to the leaders of both political parties, his prophecies, more true than VENNOR'S or Mother SHIPTON'S, were heard again as they sounded from the sanctum, one hundred years ago.

They had a metallic ring it is true—the ring of pure metal. The tin foil had not oxidized.

GRIP was delighted. Time had changed, but his wisdom was the same. Each word had stood the test of a century!

Each word would still be bottled up to charm generations yet unborn.
"I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" said GRIP in a voice which wakened him from his sweet repose.

Reliable Telegrams.

April 1.—War is considered certain.

April 2.—Peace is probable.

April 3.—The situation is extremely grave.

April 4.—Appearances favour a solution of difficulties.

April 5.—The political horizon is again overcast.

April 6.—A gleam of promise is visible.

April 7.—The mutterings of the coming storm are heard from every quarter.

April 8.—In spite of the efforts of BISMARCK, the murmurs of the discontented slaves continue, and it is feared will be appeased by nothing but blood.

April 9.—There is no doubt that Europe is on the actual brink of a most momentous struggle, and that any instant may precipitate an outbreak which will spread desolation over a large portion of the habitable globe.

April 10.—Notwithstanding the apparently amicable nature of various statements emanating from high sources, it is evident that a combat of terrible severity and unprecedented duration is at hand.

April 11.—Every preparation is being made for hostilities on a tremendous scale. The Czar has ordered out twenty millions of a fresh levy, and Britain has given directions that Hindostan shall, at a given signal, precipitate itself on the Muscovite flank. All is consternation in commercial quarters, and blank distrust is visible on every face.

April 12.—All is calm. At no period during the century was war less likely than at present.

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