



QUEEN'S PARK, JULY 12th.

Why Hide the Result?

There's a thing that many would like to know,
And GRIP would like, for one—
Why did they not then the result to us show,
When the voting was over and done!
The vote for the cash on Tuesday last—
Why not to the citizens show,
Who were thronging to know when the hour was past
If the by-law were carried or no!
Pray, were you tampering then with the locks?
Pray you, good gentlemen, say,
Pray, were you stuffing the ballot box?
What was the cause of delay?
If that the counters were all honest men,
Two hours the work could do;
If somebody there be dishonest, then,
'Twere better the man we knew.

(Dis)Grace Church.

GRIP notices that the "respective" parties in the late Grace Church squabbles are taking counsel as to their future course. After the extraordinary amount of dirty linen they have dragged out to wash in public, it is doubtful whether these respective parties will ever again be respected parties. The coolest thing in the business is that the minister is actually charged with getting a cartoon inserted in GRIP, a thing not to be accomplished by the combined force of the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Prince Bismarck. The worst item in the affair is the attempt at a comic song. That any one should perpetrate such a thing is frightful, but that any other party should publish it is a species of revenge perfectly fiendish.

Turkish Affairs.

(Interesting conversation between Mr. Disraeli and a visitor, reported for GRIP by an educated flunkey subsidized for that purpose.)

VISITOR.—Why, the Turks are getting the upper hand!

MR. DISRAELI.—Does it surprise you?

VISITOR.—I own that when so much has been said concerning the thoroughly broken-down condition of the traditional "sick man," to find him out of bed and laying about him in this manner is rather unexpected.

MR. DISRAELI.—As a powerful supporter of my Administration, and a gentleman of known discretion, I may say to you what must not be publicly said. The existence of the Turkish barrier to Russian aggression is an English necessity. It is, therefore, necessary to maintain that barrier.

VISITOR.—Allow me to remark that England seems to give no assistance to this maintenance, and that, in fact, public opinion is opposed to its extension. The Turks are a most barbarous, fanatical, and cruel people—a people whose love of despotism is only equalled by their hatred of civilization.

MR. DISRAELI.—I cannot deny it. But really, my dear sir, statesmen are placed under the necessity—often a cruel necessity—of laboring for the advancement of their country with the assistance of any tools that present themselves. The Turks are cruel, and ignorant. But shall we allow them to be replaced by Christians? The Christians would be Russians. The Turks are invaders. Constantinople is a Christian city, taken by the Turks. The Turks, if forced, will retreat again into Asia. What will follow? Turkey will no longer, as under Mohammedanism, be a Free Trade country. The religion of Mahomet forbids tariffs; that of the Greek Church, as Russia is teaching us very impressively, does

not. The question is this:—Shall we have in Turkey an immense horde of barbarians who will admit our manufactures, or a powerful Christian nation which will reject them, and compete with them?—will compete with them in the East, will extend its trade and power to the East Indies, and will always be in a position to menace the Suez canal. My dear sir, consider the very awkward position in which we stand. We must either oppose British interests, or oppose the extension of Christianity in Turkey.

VISITOR.—Then regarding the matter in a political light, you should assist Turkey. But you have given her no assistance.

MR. DISRAELI.—That is the general opinion. But the general opinion is generally mistaken. I assure you that there are other means of assistance than fleets and armies. Think of the Turkish loans—the vast amounts borrowed in England. Do you think they were spent in schools or in universities? No, but in ironclads and Armstrongs, in breechloaders and cartridges. Do you not know what our error in 1854 was? We fought for Turkey when, at a quarter of the expense, she could have fought for herself. We have replaced matchlocks with Remingtons, and the news from the frontier proves that they are telling on the enemy—I regret to say, the Christian enemy. But what will you have? It is a cruel necessity, more so to you than to me, for I, who have already turned Christian, do not feel it as difficult to turn Turk.

VISITOR.—But, sir, this is awful. The country will never permit it. Turn Turks, indeed! It is actually as you say. Frightful! The people will not allow it.

MR. DISRAELI.—The obligations of our position are indeed heart-rending, but what other course presents itself?

Shakespeare on South Ontario.

King Lear, Act 2, Scene III.

ENTER EDGAR.

EDG.—I heard myself proclaimed;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No post is free, no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself. I am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voice,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with that horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelted villages, sheep cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. * * EDGAR I nothing am!

Advice to Murderers.

GRIP will, at this time, give some advice to intending murderers. And as all classes are under his special care, he cannot neglect this one. If, intending to abstract the evil root from the unwary possessor thereof, and that the operation, painful to the mind of the patient, will be most easily borne by him in a state of insensibility, you to procure that state apply a cudgel to his cranium, and by inadvertent strength of blow render that cranium of no future use, you may not then depend on commutation. Your better course will be to break out of the worthless gaol in which you will probably be confined, and away from the superannuated gaoler who will have charge of you. In SHAKESPEARE'S words

"This house is but a butchery,
Avoid it; fear it; do not stay in it."

No; as to staying there you may remark, "I'll be hanged if I do." Knock over the old warden, pick the cheap lock the county buys, vanish, skedaddle, fly! Nobody will catch you; in fact nobody will try to, in Europe now, they'd have your photograph round the country next morning; but not here.

But if you actually desire your punishment to be legally and honourably changed to free quarters and easy employment for life, with careful attendants to see you do not injure yourself travelling out of doors and windows, this is the course:—Select as your object of attack your wife; if she be young, attractive, and affectionate, all the better. Treat her for a length of time with the most disgusting brutality, beat her, insult her, torture her mentally and bodily by every available means. Finally, when you are tired of the amusement, cut her throat scientifically with a butcher knife. They will have all these circumstances in evidence, and in consideration of them, they will commute your sentence. They will not hang you. It would not do to put down this sort of a thing too sharply; wives must learn their places; inferior creatures and all that, you know.