

Better Terms.

GRIP observes that the Province of Quebec is calling for "more." She requires, in fact, another slice of what is called "better terms," which is generally procured, it is noticed, by borrowing cash on the Dominion credit, and giving it to the complaining Province. As much annoyance appears constantly to result from the process, GRIP, always ready to rush into the breach, instantly comes forward with a plan to make it all right. Let the entire sum the Dominion can borrow be immediately borrowed, and let it at once be divided in proper proportion between all the Provinces. Or, better still, between the individuals composing the population of those Provinces. This will at once, by removing the cause, render future better terms irritation impossible. Lest any mistake should occur in forwarding the share accruing to GRIP, he hastens to say that his office is 20 Adelaide Street, Toronto, whither also, at the same time, may be remitted any slight additional acknowledgement of the value of this suggestion.

Jonathan to the Eastern Champions.

Neow what I say—

Pitch in, Great Britain, thar's no other nation
Can lick you, but ourselves, in all creation,
On airth to-day.

Dive in and win. Get your old Angle-Sax up.
Show them what we air when we gets our backs up.
And say, jest mind,
Yew car'nt raise victuals when yew're under fire.
I'll trade yew corn and pork, no great sight higher
Thaa neow, yew'll find.

I know yew'll lick 'em! Blarst yew, don't yew know it?
JOHN BULL or JONATHAN's the boys to go it.

And so they ort.
Blood's thicker, neow, than water, though there's oceans
Between us. Mind yew, here's the shop for notions,
When yew run short.

He's gone. Wa'al, I'm a sentimental gander,
Who's there? Great snakes! the Emp'r or Alexander.

Good morning, sir.
Of course, yew're Majesty's come here with cash, sir,
To buy some little things to help yew thrash, sir,
That Britisher.

Cantankerous old overbearin' cuss!
Twice actilly came here, and fit with us.
We gave him fits.

I've all in stock your Majesty requires,
Powder, shot, rifles, telegraphic wires.
Knock him to bits.

We've ships and cannons, little guns and big, Sir,
All cheap for cash. Whv, yes, darn my old wig, Sir,
In the Crimea,
That same J. B., yew know, he put yew threw it.
And neow, yew know, why it's yeur turn to do it.
Yeur Majesty.

Advice to Housekeepers.

By one of themselves.

Always begin the day with a good substantial Family Broil: it is one of the easiest and cheapest delicacies that can be produced, and is so extremely satisfying that a little of it will go a long way. There are many modes of preparing this much admired condiment, but the following is perhaps one of the simplest and most efficacious. You will take your husband's clean shirt and socks and his only pair of boots and steep them all night in the slop-pail: you will then put a good handfull of lively mosquitoes into each of the pockets of his vest and coat and fasten them carefully in: after which sew up the legs of his pants and stuff with one bushel of unslaked lime. Rise betimes in the morning, sharpen his razor on a good rough grindstone and sprinkle sand on his shaving soap; drop the comb out of window and dip the hair brush into the mustard pot; then spread two or three pounds of good fresh butter carefully over the stairs to ease his descent. If you think a little more flavouring is required build a big fire in the breakfast room, take down the stove pipe, add coal oil to the coffee according to palate, and your Broil is prepared.

Your husband will arise at his usual hour overcome with delight; he will shave and dress briskly and descend the stairs with great velocity, although at the same time with a easy and gliding movement as though he were unwilling to stop for a single moment until he had reached the bottom. His voice will be loud and cheerful, and will be heard all over the neighbourhood as he bursts into irrepressible songs of praise in the excitement of his feelings: he will exhibit an unwonted amount of life and animal spirits, and will take himself down town with a beaming countenance that will excite the wonder and admiration of all his friends. You can then go down to his counting house afterwards, if you like, and ask him for twenty-five dollars to buy a new dress.

The Doubtful Visitor.

A SHORT DRAMA LATELY PERFORMED IN TORONTO.

Dramatis Personæ—Sir A. T. GALT, The Genius of the *Globe*, The Genius of the *Mail*.

Sir A. T. GALT.—Once more I come,
To save the land from ruin. What is here?
What there? What everywhere? What all around?
Mistakes—mistakes. There's nothing but mistakes!
Pacific Railway—horrible mistake,
Intolerable burden,—can't be built.
Look at your outlook! Are you sane or mad?
Your trade and commerce as a pancake flat;
Your debts increasing, piling mountains high;
Your manufactories all closing up;
Your tea and sugar business gone elsewhere.
And here you eat and drink, and wear clothes out,
In wild extravagance. Retrench, I say.
Lo! Bankruptcy approaches! In his train,
Stalks pale Repudiation, and more fiends
Than I dare mention. Get you sackcloth straight,
Eat bread, drink water; put some ashes on
Your mortgaged craniums; and then come to me,
And I will save you.

"GLOBE" GENIUS.—Nay, that thou canst not do
By thine own might. But we will say to thee
Thou might be useful—there are certain things
Thou knowst a somewhat of. Say, wilt thou bow
To great MACKENZIE?—

"MAIL" GENIUS.—Say, didst thou come
To serve Sir JOHN or no. Beneath which king,
Bezonian, speak, or go!

Sir A. T. GALT.—There is yet more. 'Tis not our cash alone.

Our liberties—our great palladiums,
Our Magna Chartas and our British rights,
Our Habeas Corpus, and all those things,
Bound up in British heart-strings, are at stake.
Quebec obeys the Pope, and rules the House.
What will come of it? Should great Pius choose
To make us all turn Catholics, what lacks,
But that they move for it in Parliament,
And move us straight to Rome? Say, if he choose
To tell MACKENZIE put ten million pounds
As Peter's Pence into the Estimates,
Who shall refuse the vote? If he refuse,
Straight out he goes, and CAUCHON fills his shoes.
Where will they stop? Did they not harrow up
The hearts of GUINORD's friends, and meant to plough
His coffin out of that? What visions rise,
Upon my startled sight! They will be here!
Be sure they will, with thumbscrews and with racks,
Big chains and dungeons! How dare I return?
How trust myself among the horde once more,
Inflamed by these my words.

"GLOBE" GENIUS.—Nay, not without my leave.
Thou still canst conjure well, and could'st to us,
Do yeoman service. Making giants thus,
That we may slay them, is no new device
To us, nor to our friends. Thou hast the trick,
In good perfection. Come, allegiance swear,
And ask of us thy fill.

"MAIL" GENIUS.—Avoid them all,
Avoid, and come to us. We know thee well,
Our ancient good colleague. Rememberest not,
The plans we laid? Come, that old quarrel should
Have left thy mind ere now—

Exit Galt suddenly.

[Scene closes.]

Disappointed Pleasure-Seeker.

To the Editor of "*Grip*,"

DEAR SIR:—I was induced, by a young monster on two legs, to go out boating with him yesterday. We sailed to the point of our destination, and I had to row all the way back. I woke this morning with such a pain in the small of my back as prevented me from making the slightest attempt to stand, and the entire skin of my face, neck, and hands peeling off with sunburn. I shall not get out for a week. I saw the fiend, (whose face is evidently made of leather) going calmly to school. To warn others against his horrible devices, I send you this, and am

Yours,

Toronto, May 25th, 1876.

A DELUDED ONE.