

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RODOB.

The greatest Beast is the Ass: the greatest Bird is the Owl:
The greatest Fish is the Whale: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 17TH MARCH, 1877.

Marriage a La Mode.

SMITHE—JONES—On the evening of February 30th, 1877, at All Swell's Church, Vacuumville, by the Rev. J. John Jones, M.A., incumbent, FOPSON ST. CLAIRE AUGUSTUS ALFRED FITZSNOBBIINGIAME SMITH, Assistant of the Transcontinental Cheap Dry Goods and Clothing House, son of JOHN SMITH, (the only and original) M. B. P., X. F. C., England; R. L. S., Muskoka; Professor of Medical Jurisdiction in the University of Cobocook, Canada, etc., etc., to OPHELIA IMOGENE JULIET DE JONEST JONES, daughter of old JONES, M. C. S., X. L. Z., Daffin's Creek, L. M. B. Q. R. X. S. Y. Z., Farry Sound, Knight of the Legion of the Order of Stuffed Chickens, Holder of the Only Centennial Leather Medal, Winner of several foot races at Blake's Cricket Ground, and generally known and respected in France, Greenland, Poland, Saxony, Servia, Montenegro, Turkey, Austria, Timbuctoo, and several other parts of the North of Ireland. No Cards. No Calce. No wine. Know nothing.

The Local Session.

A vote unto each farmer's son
We gave—a bad job; but it's done,
No better reason we had got
Than this—they'd steal 'em if we'd not.
So, their morality to save,
We up and votes unto them gave.
The thing looks scaly, it is true,
But we knew not what else to do.
So, if you want such work to end,
Why, then, some wiser members send.
What else? to railways, yes, we gave
Some bonuses, not what they crave;
But just as little as we could,
Which leaves our little balance good.
You know there's perquisites around,
Where money lies, as 'twere, in pound.
What else? Toronto street cars, yes,
We settled up that little mess.
About ten thousand dollars that
The country cost. I tell you flat,
A little patience, time, and wit,
Might quietly have settled it.
At some Directors' meeting small
Nor troubled Parliament at all.
More? yes, a Cumulative Bill
BETHUNE brought in; but by our will
Had to withdraw it; 'twas the best
Bill introduced; but that's no test.
We cannot undertake to pass
Bills which don't please the lower class.
For t'others we don't care a pin
We're quite aware who puts us in.
To finish—and the best of all,
We grabbed our salaries—not small,
And vanished. Bless us, only pay
Us at that rate, and we will stay
In session ever, don't you doubt,
And never ask to be let out.

Rural Editorialism.

SCENE.—Country Office.

EDITOR OF THE *Bugsquash Times*—(to sub-editor).—Now, write an editorial on the depression. Mind, I want it spicy. Pitch into MACKENZIE.

SUB-EDITOR—(promoted from case last week).—Ah, I can give it to 'em. (Proceeds to do it, with following result):—

"THE FIEND MACKENZIE.

"He is of low origin, and steals things wherever he can get them. As to the arithmetical accusations against him, in the first place nothing lies like figures; and in the next we have not had time (owing to being the last three days writing down names of new subscribers) to add them up. But we can assure our readers on the most undoubted information that

they are all true. We cannot print the proofs; they would occupy too much space. It is truly observed that he has ruined the country by his Free Trade policy. This is undoubtedly the case. He and his policy are alone answerable. To give the reason for this statement is impossible, being crammed with advertisements (N. B.—Half of them dead ones). But we beg our readers to go deep into the political economy of the thing; study ADAM SMITH, GREELEY, WELLS, MILL, CAREY, &c., &c., as we have. Let them burn the midnight oil; study, read. They will at once perceive how Free Trade has ruined the country. It is plain. It is clear. It is unmistakable. All history proves it. We could prove it by a cart-load of quotations; but, as we said, have not space. Then look at his companions, you can tell a man by that. CARTWRIGHT! Yes, look at him. See how he borrows money, wastes, squanders. Why, the country will be involved beyond all chance of extrication! His financial policy is most absurd. Surely, no sane man will ask us to verify this by an exhibit of figures, long columns of public accounts, statements of comparative budgets, and so on. There is no need. The fact is patent! CARTWRIGHT has ruined the country. And BLAKE! BLAKE has ruined the country. What use are his long words and clear-cut phrases, his syllogisms and paradoxes, his metaphors and tropes? He is nothing but a lawyer, and not much of that. Of course we cannot go deep into the theory just now, or we could! expose his bad law, his mistaken opinions, and his general incompetency at once. But how could we devote three columns to extracts? Is it not clear? BLAKE has ruined the country. Of course. Let, then, all true patriots rally to the support of the Conservative cause, and defeating the contemptible Clear Grits at every election, return a Conservative majority—a sweeping majority—to the next House. Hurrah! Victory sits on our helmets!" (hands copy to editor.)

EDITOR.—Very good; very spirited. I like that finish up. But couldn't you have proved up some of those statements with history, statistics, and all that? Proof is the thing.

SUB-EDITOR.—Look here, boss. If you want an article that takes first-class knowledge and two or three days' thought, hunting up authorities, and all that, you know where to send for it. But it's worth ten or twenty dollars, and can't be got for less. Here I'm driven to death with proof reading, account keeping, item-getting, subscriber-dunning; what time have I, even if I had political and general education, instead of having spent my life at hard work? You've no more show than I. You've just got to publish such as this, or pay for better. There it is, down to a fine point.

EDITOR.—It'll do; it'll do. Can't afford high figures. After all, subscribers don't know any more than we. Put it in. Turns away, and commences article on "The Declining Influence of Journalism."

Get Ready.

The city it stinketh,
In alley and lane.
Rank fumes the air drinketh,
Of sickness and pain.
Ere typhoid pervades all,
The yard-rising air,
Get ready your spades all,
Your carts all prepare.
Soon all through our borders
The hot sun shall fall.
Give COATSWORTHII thy orders
To satellites all.
Each cesspool to clean out,
Each yard to inspect.
And thou, be thou seen out.
Remissness detect.
And, scavengers hearty,
Don't suffer, GRIP begs,
That any vile party,
Who walks on two legs.
His refuse from kitchen
Shall dare to bring out,
The lane it to pitch in,
And turn him about.
No, see that he layeth
In boxes alone,
As by-law it sayeth,
All refuse he own.
No more let each lane be,
(With dirt-heaps y'piled.)
The source all too plain be
Whence health is defiled.
Then GRIP shall declare that
Though all wrong have got.
To state it's but fair, that
Our COATSWORTHII has not.