

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, 7TH JULY, 1877.

The Heathen Chinese Outdone.

Which I wish to declare,
That if Mr. BRET HARTE
Thinks that doings unfair
And tricks that are smart
Are confined to AH SIN the Celestial,
Let him listen to what I impart.

Concerning the acts
Of our Water-Works Board,
I state a few facts
That he perhaps hasn't heard,
And if he don't call them "peculiar,"
I want him to just send me word.

This Board, let me tell,
Numbers five, the names are,
ALLAN, GREENLEES and BELL,
(The last named in the chair,)
And the frilled, festive, frivolous ANGUS
And PLATT (who appears to be square.)

At a meeting of late
There was sent in a bill,
The amount claimed was great
For the work done, but still
The Board said, "We'll pass it as usual;"
When PLATT said, "No, not by my will!"

"I want to be sure
That this thing is all right;
Let somebody pour
A little more light
On this matter, for twelve thousand dollars
In the present hard times isn't slight."

Then ensued a great fuss,
And the others, alas!
Called PLATT a mean cuss,
And a stubborn ass,
And said they would do something desp'rate
Unless that small item should pass.

But SAM didn't care
Whatever they said.
So finally the Mayor
This queer motion read:
"Whereas, PLATT won't give the twelve thousand,
We'll give fourteen thousand instead."

And they carried the game—
Which is why it strikes me,
In regard to the same,—
And BRET HARTE will agree—
That for "ways that are dark" our Commissioners
Out-rival the Heathen Chinese.

A Temperance Question.

ONE is constantly hearing of the difficulty of obtaining money for commercial purposes, and the numerous evils which arise from that sad cause. Now we suppose one great cause of this misfortune may be that the Money Market gets tight when the Members of the Stock Exchange dine together. If this be the melancholy case, would it not be as well if those gentlemen were to join the temperance movement before they get fined by the police magistrate for their reprehensible conduct.

WHAT tradesman would be a fitting companion to a sea-dog? A bay-cur (baker) of course.

THE sort of Plattitudes one is never weary of hearing of.—The gift of salary from a water commissioner to the starving poor.

WHEN is a "rooster" like a flower? When he is a crow-cuss (crocus)

Save Us from Our Friends.

Perhaps they have been—it is impossible to say—in this remarkable world no one knows what people will be accused of next—or in fact what they will do next—but has any new Conservative Scandal arisen? In all seriousness, GRIP wishes to know whether it is the Hon. MACDOUGALL, the Hon. TUPPER, or the Hon. CAMERON who has been hooking watches; or is it the Hon. JOHN A. who has been insinuating his historically clean hands into pockets. This fearful idea has been aroused in GRIP's mind by observing that, on the morning of the London Conservative pic-nic, the London *Free Press*, the Conservative journal of the West *par excellence*, actually warned its readers, gravely and editorially, to "leave their watches and chains at home, and look carefully to their pockets." What can the Conservatives have been doing at their pic-nics? Is it possible that they have been raising funds for the campaign in this manner? GRIP sees it all. Simplest thing in the world. Sir JOHN holds the masses spell-bound and immovable by his eloquence, while TUPPER, MACDOUGALL, and CAMERON relieve them of their valuables. Well might he tell them they were in need of Protection! Awful! No doubt the returning trains had a baggage car full of pocket books, watches, and chains, while private Tories staggered under their ill-got gains (GRIP saw a fellow staggering). GRIP demands a full explanation and investigation; and if it is refused him, the appalling consequences are unknown.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—An old inhabitant of Toronto, writing to the *Leader*, describing the ancient residents of the city, mentions the remarkable case of one gentleman, who resided in a small cottage with a large orchard of apple-trees.

This is the time of the strawberry, he cometh in boxes, glorious to behold; his garments are red as the grapes of Bozrah; he smileth at us from all the windows; he yelleth in all the streets eight cents a box. Buy him, carry him home, pick off his stalk, drown him in cream, smother him in sugar; eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and the place of our abiding knoweth us no more.

The Song of the League.

An' did the two B.'s, who as quiet as mice is
Pokin' round the *Globs* office beyant in the town,
Think on ancient Milysians to come their devices?
Faith, it nades more nor iver you wor, Misthur BROWN.

An' that other raycrayant, the crayture MACKENZIE—
Would he dare to play thrieks on the great Celtic race?
Whoo! yer sows, it's owld Arin shall rise in her frinzy,
An' shall kick the base spalpeen from power an' place.

Sure, our hearts is red-hot wid the burnin' disgraces,
Piled upon us in hapes like a pyramid tall,
Fhw! we wor to be mimbbers, wid oceans ov places;
But the divil a place are we gettin' at all.

There in ivery Department the Clear Grits git rich in;
In Excise an' Post Office their pleasure they takes,
But it's beggin' we may go to some mane soup-kitchin—
Us!—the sons of St. PATRICK, who banished the snakes!

But it's straight to Sir JOHN we'll be off in the mornin',
An' it's we that will mate wid more decency there;
Our assistance an' hilp it's himself won't be scornin',
An' we'll see if MACKENZIE an' CARTWRIGHT won't stare.

Sure thin we, the ould Tories of mighty extraction,
Who once fought for King JAMES all through Britain and Gaul,
Med a blunder to join that contimptible faction—
Clear Grits, wid no anshisters no where at all.

Ye may laugh, but it's time that shall bring our revinges,
Whin we nail the Conshervative flag to the masht,
It's ourselves is the byes that will mighty soon ind yiz,
An' ye'll grin from the shilf, where we'll soon stick ye pasht.

Sure our blood in our veins might wid rayson be bilin',
Whin we think in the dusht we've been trailin' our name—
Wid a paltry alliance our glory defilin'!
An' no raymuneration obtained for the same.

Do they thin't that we care for their wretchid Commission,
Whin they gev us a few Justiceships of the Pace?
Just a chance of some fees—no sure pay—no position—
Do they think for that same that our outeries will sase?

No, we'll join the proud banner that TUPPER is wavin',
An' allaygance we'll vow to Sir JOHN in a crack,
An' whin CARTWRIGHT an' BLAKE at our loss is both ravin'!
Sure there's no knowin what we'll be paid to come back.