

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Jass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

Perfect "Freedom."

(SEE CARTOON.)

Losh! but auld Scotia's a real bed o' roses!
I feel a' the transportin' joys o' the free,—
The Fair Maid o' Perth beneath an arm reposes,
An' the iither encircles bright, Bonnie Dundee!

Lang syne, when I worked wi' the chisel an' mallet,
They never alloo'd me such freedom as this!
But noo that I've gotten a' Premier an' a' that,
They vie for a hug o' me—aye, or a kiss!

Hurrah for auld Scotia! I'm truly in clover,
A' grave cares o' state I have left o'er the sea!
I've droppit a' else for the bliss o' the lover
An' loosh but I'm happy—I'm free—I am free!!

But hold! e'en the noo there's a clood o'er my spirit,
A phantom behind me that catches my ee,
I maun soon quit these scenes, it reminds me—I hear it!
Then where on the globe will my liberty be!

Squaretoes Abroad.

Aboard the train, July 20.

My Dear GRIP,

As it was at the urgent request and unanimous desire of the people of Toronto and Ontario, that I undertook the mission which I am engaged in at present, namely, a pilgrimage to the Lord Mayor of London's banquet, to illustrate what the Western hemisphere knows about eating turtle soup,—I feel that it is but right that I should let the whole country know of my proceedings, step by step, and to attain that end I of course selected your columns as the medium of my communications. The *Globe* Printing Company offered me fabulous sums for a series of letters *a la Bayard Taylor*, (whatever that means,) but feeling it my duty as I always do, to keep my municipal robes free from all political contact, I rejected the offer. I promised Mr. BROWN, however, that I would do him the honour of registering at his London office, 55 Cheap-side. The *Mail* people didn't approach me on the subject of transatlantic letters. If they had made me the offer instead of the *Globe*, I would have accepted it, laying aside my private scruples. But let me commence my narrative in a regular form.

Having secured the hearty approval of the council to my going abroad, and also having accepted their very kind and urgent offer to pay all my expenses, I dismissed the meeting and proceeded direct to the Union Station,—my carpet bag containing a few necessary articles, horn spoons, soup-plates etc., etc., also a few changes of raiment,—being in readiness in a wheel-barrow at the door of the city-hall. My dear friend President BAXTER wheeled me to the station, and all I have to say is he can travel against time as well as talk. I found at the station waiting-room a deputation assembled to buy my ticket and see me off. MR. GORDON BROWN, ALD. BOUSTEAD, ALD. TURNER, ALD. SHEARD and a detachment of the Enniskillen Bruisers No. 387 O.Y.B. with a fife and drum band, formed the party. After affectionately embracing all these friends, I committed President BAXTER to the care of my friend Mr. BROWN, and entered the car. The whistle sounded and the train moved off amid the strains of "If I had but a thousand a year." Overcome by my feelings I burst into tears, I observed that the President did so too. I will write again next week.

Grip at the City Council.

On Monday evening Alderman BAXTER took the chair of an unusually lucid meeting of this assembly. One of the first interesting pieces of information discovered was that the corporation of Buffalo sent no official intimation of their intention to visit the city. Whether intense Yankee nationalism was the reason, whether they were too proud to mingle familiarly with our City Fathers, whether they didn't want to raise another expenses row in the event of their being entertained, or whether they knew the poverty of the land, didn't transpire. Anyhow they

"Came like shadows, so depart."

After engaging another constable to look after the little boys in the Park, the Walks and Gardens Committee brought up their recommenda-

tion that the fragments of the Queen's Park which remain be gathered up and leased from the University. GRIP cawed approvingly, to the astonishment of a number of members of the Council, who had never known any of their proceedings approved by a respectable authority. But wait, hereupon.

Alderman BALL
Made himself small;
And Alderman SHEARD
Said "It's just as I feared."

GRIP cannot repeat all the silly arguments made use of by the opponents of the Park. "They didn't want no Park." "It was all for rich men to flash round with their rigs." "It was for loafers who were out of work." "It was quite large enough." "It was so small, it wasn't of no use." "Who wants fresh air?" "We've got parks enough." "Won't be any money to spend on entertainments," etc., etc.,

However a gleam of sense came over the proceedings. The ingenious BALL proposed that the question be referred to the ratepayers, it having been already explained that delay increased the expense. He was summarily squashed. 15 to 6. After this FARLEY came to the rescue, and led the mighty six again to the battlefield, with the great BAXTER nodding solemnly over the scales of Fate. A By-law was the new refuge of the penny wise and pound foolish, but they were again ignominiously defeated. The *coup de grace* was then administered while manly tears coursed down BAXTER's cheek as he lamented at his own exclusion from the fray, and the same minority stand recognized as the men who did not want a park.

Economical SHEARD, FARLEY, ADAMSON, BALL,
DUNN and CROCKER thus met with a terrible fall.
But that nothing is to the crushing rejections
They are sure to be paid with in future elections.

After this the Council got through some more business of a singularly interesting nature. And then Alderman MUTTON nobly came to the rescue of suffering humanity. He suggested that the hideous shriekings of the railway whistle, whereby day is deformed and night made hideous, be suppressed, and that the city call in the arm of the law, to be crammed down their throats if necessary. After this GRIP felt every feather on his back turn the wrong way, when the horrible answer was made that the city by-laws compelled the engine to howl at certain streets. At this moment an engine screamed an awful note of derision, and GRIP fled in horror. Which he would like to know if there is any way of getting rid of by-laws. Perhaps "Parliamentum," when he is through with Mr. CROOKS, will enlighten us on this important subject.

Grip's Money Article.

EVER anxious to keep up with the march of newspaper enterprise, GRIP has engaged an accomplished Financial Editor to contribute money articles during the present stringency. It would not be true to say, (as nine out of ten of our contemporaries would certainly) that this gentleman has been engaged at an enormous salary. The fact is he was glad to take the position for his board, and our business manager thought it superfluous to offer him more. Subjoined will be found his first article, which GRIP hopes will receive the attention and secure the approbation of the bankers, brokers and merchants of the country. It is but right to state that our new editor was tight when he handed in his M.S., but, as he cleverly remarked, it is his peculiar duty to keep in harmony with the money market.

THE ARTICLE.

Money is getting somewhat looser, several electoral contests being on the tapis. The present Dominion Government is undoubtedly responsible for the stringency we have been passing through. They passed a most iniquitous law against corrupt practices at elections; that is why money is scarce. Many failures are announced. The Conservative party in Brant lost heavily in their *Stock* speculation. Mr. CROOKS, too, notwithstanding his admitted financial ability, has failed to command a market. They say he is out a good deal. As we just said, business has lately got easier. This is owing to the departure from the country of Mr. MEDCALE and Hon. Senator BROWN. Mr. BORDWELL's life saving concern was successfully floated on Wednesday afternoon, and India rubber took an upward tendency. Only a light business was done, however. Stock speeches in the City council are dull as ever. Byres are heavy as usual at GOODERHAM & WORTS' exchange—at least they smell so. Big Bonanza went off in a lively manner at Mrs. MORRISON's last week. PASTOR's stock took much better, however, as it was a good deal lower. Mr. BAXTER's nose has taken another upward turn. He is disgusted at GRIP's last cartoon.

The recognized outfit for a member of the Press Association on their annual excursion consists of a Keely motor, a BOYTON apparatus, a free railway pass, and a copy of the *Dialogues of Devils*.