

What Happened to the Good Easy Citizens of Sillytown.

Oh, the aldermen knew very well what was what,
And the aldermen they boiled their pot,
For well they knew the way,
But the folks cared not, for a quiet lot
And a quiet lot were they.

They laid down the streets both with care and with pain,
They straightway destroyed them completely again.
For both the town must pay.
But the folks cared not, for a quiet lot,
And a quiet lot were they.

They made them new streets and they dug them new drains,
And they got themselves fixed new water mains,
Where their own land did lay.
But the folks cared not, for a quiet lot
And a quiet lot were they.

They with their contractor's some good traffic did,
(A thing their own by-laws did strictly forbid)
Nor would the practice stay.
But the folks cared not, for a quiet lot
And a quiet lot were they.

The debt on the place which in these ways they piled
Had set thinking people most extremely wild
With panic and dismay,
But the folks cared not, for a quiet lot
And a quiet lot were they.

But their creditors weren't a quiet lot
And information of this they got,
And the credit did decay
Of the folks who cared not, for a quiet lot,
Oh, a quiet lot were they.

And the bonds fell twenty per cent. at a clap,
Which doubled the taxes, and woke from their nap
In horror and disarray,
All the folks who'd cared not, for a quiet lot
And a quiet lot were they.

And the law like a wolf on the fold came down
And the sheriff sold out every house of the town,
At a very low price that day
To some folks who were not such a quiet lot,
And do more attention pay.

The Latest "Telegrams."

GRIP has frequently and gratefully acknowledged the services rendered by the *Toronto Evening Telegram* to the cause of journalism. To the cause of comic journalism its services are simply invaluable—in fact, it delights GRIP every week by mulling something or other; and when no one has obliged satiric humanity by doing something ridiculous, GRIP has only to hunt up the *Telegram's* last effort. Here it is. Last week, it coolly, deliberately, and solemnly informed us, after counting through some millions of figures, that this year in consequence of the rise of sugar, "each soul in Toronto will have to pay \$274 for the amount he uses of that commodity, which will be \$8 more than he paid last year." So last year sugar cost us each over \$5 per week. This explains why landladies lost by boarding us at \$4. This is the most profound calculation of the season, and GRIP, dumb with admiration, waited for more. He got it. No sooner had GRIP published his last week's edition than this daily astounder seized one of his beautiful poems on the railway bonus, and tearing out with his sacrilegious claw the figures which divided the verses, (which though no doubt meaningless to him, yet meant things perfectly unutterable) actually published it in that mutilated condition. If it happens again, GRIP will prosecute his establishment, and sell it out, and buy it in, and put it away in his desk.

Why Do They Vary?

Last week, the *London Advertiser* said:—

"GRIP's cartoon this week is not up to the usual standard. It is deficient alike in wit and good taste."

The *London Free Press* said of the same:—

"GRIP has a telling cartoon in its last issue. The satire in the whole piece is keen and incisive, and accurately interprets the popular view of the subject."

Now, here are two editors of a county village, both breathing from upper windows the balmy atmosphere of the fields. For both appears naturally the new-laid egg, for both the unadulterated milk-pitcher in profusion pours. Theirs all the joys of home-made bread, theirs the glory of maple molasses, theirs to revel in the pumpkin pie. Yet between their two opinions lies a gulf wide as between lunacy and sanity. Can it be that when last, clad in protruding and brilliant homespun, they ventured unused to tread Toronto streets, and passed astonished yet uninjured among our unrespectable crowds, some evil spirit smote with madness one? And which was He?

Croaks and Pecks.

December comes with snow and ice,
Dis ember now feels warm and nice.

Song of hard Times.—(The inevitable)—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Dear! dear! Was the Merchant of Venice, Venice-son? Also if the Prince of Denmark was Ham-let us know it. 'Tis neat that these things should be understood.

ROBERT RAIKES established Sunday Schools to reform his own family. *i. e.* Rakes, you know.

EDUCATIONAL.—The great need that school trustees seem to suffer at present; is how to get First Class teachers for \$200 a year or thereabouts.

The Credit Valley Railroad wants \$250,000 from Toronto. Now before we Rail at the Road we'd like to know if they want that little amount on Credit or do they intend to give Valley for the money. Besides where's that road going To-run-to anyhow?

Dr. SLADE is slade low. The "Sweet spirits don't hear his prayer" any more. We hope our temperance friends will not go into a rapsody over the fact that the use of "spirits" is forbidden in England. But p-raps they will though! This reminds GRIP of a good subject, for a spirited theological discussion, viz (namely) "Was JOHN 'KNOCKS' a spiritualist?"

A great many newspapers believe in a Cash business. "Positively no Credit" is their motto and so they copy GRIP's articles without giving any.

Brantford is anxious to become a city so that it can include Smoky Hollow, noted for its bad whiskey.

The case of SMILES vs. BELFORD will probably settle the much vexed copyright question, but in the meantime Canadian publishers copy-right along. It ought to be a good natured suit as it is all "Smiles" on one side at least.

Another instance of the Pope's supremacy. The election in Queen's County, P. E. Island.

Now you Cardwell conservatives listen
To what GRIP is going to tell.
Pull wool o'er the eyes of Reformers.
But remember you'll have to Card-well.

OK.

Take an instance of easier meaning,
If the trump to your custody fell;
Watch closely the others' proceeding,
And remember to play your Card-well.

The *Globe* of the 24th ult. contains a correction over the signature of Mr. JOHN SMITH, saying that he is not the person mentioned by the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent as mixed up with a brandy transaction. Now GRIP is glad to hear of this. There is no person more widely known than JOHN SMITH, and his numerous temperance friends will rejoice that Mr. SMITH will have nothing to do with brandy. Ever since JOHN SMITH settled Virginia the world has watched his career with interest, and now that he has renounced brandy, it will never lose its faith in JOHN.

Mr. POPE has been elected by Queen's County and now the question arises, is Mr. POPE the Queen's Own?

Now what's an unprejudiced person to do? Here's the Sharbot Lake tragedy caused by liquor, and the *Globe* has an editorial on it entitled "Drink and Murder," and again there's Belcher, lying in Sandwich jail sentenced to be hung and he writes to an Essex newspaper. "If I had kept on drinking I would have had no property to protect, and would not have committed murder." We don't want to "Drink and murder," as the *Globe* advises us, and we don't want to keep sober and murder as Belcher has done. How are we to act? GRIP pauses for a reply.

We must reject the following; there is a limit to the badness of a pun. No right minded person would expect us to print such wretched trash as this:—

On BOSS TWEED.

The old coon has been TWEED at last.

What prison suit would suit him best? A law suit? No—Tweed of course!

He Ludlow for a while but is now in Ludlow street jail!

He came over from Spain on the Franklin Privilege.

An American welcome. Co Boss! Co Boss!