

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 7TH OCTOBER, 1876.

Grip to Goldwin.

You dub the *Nation* transmigrate,
And mean, GRIP thinks, by that to state,
The crew of that C. F. I AM
Have swam aboard the *Telegram*,
When down 'mong wrecks of papers dead,
The *Nation* sank like other lead.

Observant GRIP had something seen,
And wondered what the thing could mean,
How, with its slippancy of yore,
A certain gloom unknown before
His friend the *Telegram* has got;
You've spoken, and GRIP knows what's what.

As if, to tone his Harlequin,
JACK hauled some undertakers in,
Then bowing said, "Good public voice,
Your money pay, and take your choice,
If over light you thought our stuff,
Blest but we'll give you weight enough."

Now, clever SMITH, it will not do.
You know; none better knows than you—
The *Nation* rose when your keen pen
Was given; that lost, it fell again.
In vain its sounding periods pour;
The public read, and bought no more.

Good GOLDWIN, you by wit win fame,
Like one whom modest GRIP won't name;
But common mortals who succeed,
In writing, first must deeply read.
Such men the *Nation* did not get,
Nor has the *Telegram* as yet.

What About Protection Now.

"The goal of repentance, to which American Protectionists are fast hastening;"—
Globe of last year, or any year this ten years.
"At no time this fifteen years have the States been so truly prosperous as now."—
Globe of last week.

Clever fellows who predicted, calmly writing in the *Globe*,—
Dust and sackcloth who depicted, which the Yankees should enrobe—
Where's the ruin you Protection swore would bring to Yankee men?
Lo, surviving its dejection, business springs to life again.

Show us now, you clever writers, how this ruined nation yet,
This one year, most keen inditers, fifty millions paid of debt.
How they, systems false supporting, do what others vainly try,—
Yearly millions more exporting, yearly millions less they buy.

Tell us, men of Free Trade learning, by what strangely adverse fates,
Is the flow of gold now turning back from England to the States.
Tell us, Dymond, great logician; tell us, loudly-talking Mills,
Show us how their false position still the Yankee coffers fills.

See their manufactures springing all to busy life again!
Industries protected bringing work to women and to men!
See their miners downward pouring; hear the mill-wheels loud resound;
Every fresh-lit furnace roaring; busy toilers all around.

Tell us, you who Free Trade chatter, what for Canada is left,
Say, is it a little matter that we are of all bereft?
Workshops, mills, refineries, foundries, still, and certain still to stand,
Soon shall workmen o'er our bound'ries, stream towards the Yankee land.

See our houses vacant stand now; everywhere "To Let" we meet,
Soon, at Free Trade's good command now, grass shall grow in every
street,
Soon shall Free Trade with elation celebrate in every hall,
Glorious Free Trade Culmination, when there's no trade left at all.

The Retreat of Redford.

The worthy Grangers of Stratford have discovered that there in somebody worse than middlemen, and that he's a lumberman. The honest Mr. JAMES REDFORD, of Stratford, was the man of all others noted for honesty in his neighbourhood—"honest JAMIE" he was cognomized. To him brought the home-going farmer his bag, heavy with the dollars of his wheat sales; to him the old woman fetched the proceeds of her knitting. He was to keep it for them. He intended to do so, and does so yet intend; but as to giving it back to them, that's another thing. He is off to the States, and has taken thousands; and has left thousands. Those that were left lament those that were taken, and refuse to be comforted. GRIP does not know what to say. He objects to Lynch law. But if, looking out of his study window, he observed this gentleman pendant to a mossy bough, and his executioners departing, GRIP would see something interesting in another direction.

Mr. REDFORD, as a prominent Reformer, had been chosen to elevate the standard of political morality in North Perth. He has not only elevated it, but run away with it, and is probably now climbing some American mountain with it, Excelsior style.

Short Drama.

ACTORS.—SIR JOHN A.; MR. MACKENZIE.

MACKENZIE (*solus*)—Hoo dith it come.
Ma brow majority slips fast awa—
As fa' the summer leaves? See whaur they gang—
Ontarios bath; and Nova Scotia noo
Slips off my tethering haun. Here comes Sir JOHN,
Full frae a hunner picnics.

(Enter Sir John)

Fallow, stay!

Ectenerating trairp, what do ye here?
Peddle ye chairters? Ken ye no I bear
The poorer to apprehend and pit in waird,
A' vagrants sic as ye?

SIR JOHN (*jovially*)—Teetotallers
Can no reverses bear. My grieving Sir,
See how I thrive. Despite your power and place,
Your cringing placemen and bought newspapers,
The country throngs my way. Alone I stand,
Alone I do it; I. Where now your sheets,
That bragg'd my powers decayed? Where be they now?
Where is the *Globe*—the *Advertiser* pack—
That played-ut did me call? If dead I be,
How do I flourish thus?

MACKENZIE—The deevil helps,
Or ye were done ere this. Why, I hae got ...
Ye're chiefest henchman noo; CAIRTWREET is mine,
An diz adveeze in a'. What mair could ye,
Do noo than what I do? He steer't ye're coorse,
And hauds the helm for me. I rin the wark
Wi nae apprenticeship, and sae I still
Keepit the foreman on. Why suld na we
Still keep oor credit gude?

SIR JOHN.—(*falls into chair in agony of laughter*)
Of all the jokes! My steersman! Ha! ha! ha!
Advised me! Ha! ha! ha! Well, I've no chance
Of being premier more, for I shall die
Of laughter now and here.

MACKENZIE.—He tell't me sae. If that he were na, he
Is ane maist perjured loon!

SIR JOHN.—If I had had a place
Where he could ever talk and no one list,
Could send despatches everywhere in haste,
And do no harm with them; could puff and blow
And strut and stamp, and smooth his whiskers out,
But never influence a single jot
One single measure—I, for influence,
O'er other fools he held, that very place
Had quick installed him in. None such there was,
Nor could be, and he left. Where e'er he goes
Ill luck goes fast abreast. Good day, friend MAC,
"My steersman," as you think he was, has run
Your fine Administration on some rocks,
She'll never sail from more. (*Exit*)

MACKENZIE—(*rings bell furiously; pompous foolman enters*)—
Gang!—stay!—Whaur's Maister CAIRTWREET? Rin, sir, flee!
Fetch me the poker quick!

FOOTMAN—Sir! I poker? Bless my soul, sir! Yes, sir, yes!
In the Finance Department. (*Rushes off*)

MACKENZIE—On second thochts,
I micht be hangit. Na: I'll gang without,
And pound the wretch tae dust! (*Exit, clenching his fists*)