

## G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDCIE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs ; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter ; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

## Special Notice.

Look out for the Extra Exhibition Number of GRIP to be published next Saturday. Double cartoons and spicy matter. A great chance for advertisers, as a large edition will be struck off. Advertisements received by JOHN ROGERS & Co., 10 King St. east.

## Advice to Immigrants.

As the "Canada First" infant will doubtless awake from its long sleep refreshed and vigorous, GRIP kindly suggests that its nurses give it an airing, and at the same time help to secure "immigrants of the better class." Take it to the Island, and let the dear child amuse itself by scattering circulars with the following advice:

On no account set out for Canada until you have thoroughly imbued yourself with a wholesale contempt for everything Colonial.

In crossing the "herring-pond" reconcile your conscience by the belief that your voluntary expatriation is pure philanthropy in the interests of a lot of poor devils who cannot possibly exist without you, and amuse yourself by picturing the grand civilizing effects to be produced by your advent among that handful of barbarians, who will be lost in wonder and admiration at the effulgence of your glory.

Seek every opportunity of pointing out to your fellow-passengers what Canada should be, and certainly would be could Providence be induced to wisely resign the reins of its destinies in your favour; and should there be on board, as sometimes is the case, any natives of the Dominion, strive industriously to show them the error of their way; and, to prove that you are charitable, inform them that their birth was not so much a crime as a misfortune.

On landing, by all means preserve an impassive countenance. If things are just as you didn't expect to find them, don't acknowledge it. Don't display disappointment lest you should lose your claim to superior judgment. The people may look comfortable and happy, even intelligent; but you know better, having been born in the "old country." Above all, avoid betraying the slightest approbation, as it might give rise to colonial complacency, which would be most absurd.

In order to prevent any display of pitiable patriotism on the part of the innocent natives, be careful for nothing so much as disparagement of all the country's institutions, industries and manners by severely contrasting them with the infinitely preferable state of things "at home," an imitation of which you should encourage in all possible and impossible ways. If ever at a loss for an extinguishing parallel, do not hesitate to draw freely on your imagination. So long as your language applies, even remotely, to Imperial matters you need never fear contradiction, for the loyalty of the Canadians is beyond all bounds. To give colour to your remarks refer frequently to your intimate acquaintance with the nobility. You can't do this too often, and you are not expected to be circumstantial.

Don't go to work in Canada. You might thereby encourage native production, which in a few years would make the Dominion a formidable rival to the Empire proper in the world's markets, and undue prosperity might lead to disaffection. Rather become a consumer, beginning with the beverages sold at the bars. The more they elevate you, the more shall you put them down. Of the spirit of progress which is in the midst of the people you may not imbibe. Of all other kinds of spirits partake freely; but as your tongue delights in it so let your tongue decry it.

Often has it been said, "no man need starve in Canada." Your bread is therefore assured. For raiment you must be indebted to the tailor. There's no use in being strictly honest among a people you hold in contempt. To "imbibe like a Briton" has become a proverb. Therefore in maintaining your superiority you must drink. If you should run out of funds apply to a St. George's, St. Patrick's, or St. Andrew's Society for relief. Make this sufficient for one-tenth of your inebrity, and by being smart you can sponge the remaining nine-tenths out of confiding and cheerful Canadians.

Should success not continue to follow your praiseworthy efforts, write "home" for money to invest in a colossal and highly remunerative enterprise; reserve enough to take you back, and after spending the residue in the ostentatious purchase of such small luxuries as the country affords, get out. Return "home" in a Canadian liner, gladden the eyes and share the happiness and "bash" of your stationary relations, who on your arrival will welcome the return of the fatted calf.

Once more, as a menial, renew your "intimate acquaintance with the nobility," spend the remainder of your life in abuse of Canada, and cherish a contemptuous pity for the country that failed to perceive and appreciate your transcendent genius. Die poor, and go to a country where there's no Canadian winter.

## Grip's Own Department.

GRIP feels that, as an acknowledged patron of Canadian arts and industries, he ought to do something notable in connection with the forthcoming Provincial Exhibition. He has long been impressed with the view that the scope of these laudable fairs is too narrow; that several branches of native effort, quite extensive enough now to deserve recognition, are excluded. It has therefore occurred to him to appropriate the eastern wing of the Crystal Palace—with the kind permission of the Arts Association, of course—and devote that space to those heretofore neglected industries. This part of the fair will be known for all time as GRIP'S OWN DEPARTMENT, and will be liberally endowed and personally superintended by the Generous Raven himself. As yet the list of articles admissible into this section is incomplete it awaits the ventilation of public opinion on the subject. But in the meantime the committee will be happy to receive entries under any of the following heads:

*Journalistic.*—(Open to the press of Ontario.)

1. Best editorial slander.
2. Best editorial equivocation.
3. Best assortment of indecent advertisements.
4. Best assortment of paid subscriptions.
5. Best libel suit. (Civil or criminal).
6. Best selection of slaug and Billingsgate for editorial use.
7. Cleanest record for past three months. (Solid gold medal).

*Political.*—(Open to all political parties more than four days old.)

1. Best platform.
2. Best assortment of stump speakers.
3. Best story—(made out of whole cloth).
4. Best supply of consistency.
5. Best demonstration or picnic.
6. Best prevarication.
7. Best basket of lamcombe.

## The New Waterloo, or the Battle of the Seats.

THERE was a sound of revelrous delight,  
For Clear Grit capital had gather'd then  
A wondrous large majority, and bright  
The lamps of office shone o'er honest men;  
The Treasury hearts beat happily, and when  
Pap was served out to each emungered swell  
Sharp eyes sent quiz to eyes which winked again,  
And all went merry as a diuner bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

And wild and high "MATT. CAMERON'S gathering" rose!  
The war-note of "Protest" which Tory halls  
Have heard, and heard too have their Clear Grit foes,—  
How in the House and out wee RYKENT thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the wind that fills  
Each speech he makes, so fill these chanticleers  
With the fierce native daring that instils  
The stirring memory of by-gone years,  
And JOHN MACDONALD'S fame rings in each Tory's ears!

The statute-book above them waves it leaves  
Dewy with Liberal tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught that's legal ever grieves,  
Over the now firm—"sented" brave—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure—when their bribery brass  
And wretched tricks are shown up by the foe  
Who, burning with high hope, still lingers cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Mac's "pure" circle proud and gay,  
The midnight brought the signal of the strife,  
The morn the marshalling of courts—the day  
The Law's uncomfortably stern array!  
The thunder clouds of evidence are rent  
And these "pure" members' seats are knocked away,  
Which they can ne'er recover,—heaped and pent,  
Briber and boasts—cash, cant, in one red burial blent!