

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY BUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 28TH OCTOBER 1876.

### The Soliloquy of Sir John.

The feast it was over; the guests they were gone,  
And down by the fire sat jolly Sir JOHN,  
Sat himself down in the old easy chair,  
And into the coals did most broodingly stare.  
He clenched the fist that at Kingston fought,  
And down a bang on the table brought,  
And "Blowed!" he cried, in terrible tone,  
"If I fight at Ephesus all alone!"

"Why did the noble Conservative Camp  
Send me alone on the picnicking tramp?  
What if MACDOUGALL did soundingly spout:  
Or my busy BOULTBEE send his utterance out!  
Where are the army of men who of yore  
Surrounded—why see I their faces no more?  
Gad!—when I'm in again, as I shall be,  
None of them need come a whining to me!"

He tugg'd at the bell, and a myrmidon came,  
"Make the Mail write me straightway a leader of flame;  
Tell the party the picnicking round I have trod,  
But I'll not again march out the darned awkward squad!  
Let them send more recruits; or I'm blest but they'll see  
That I'll list as a private myself with George B.,  
And we'll knock 'em all endways. Depart, I have said."  
Then the myrmidon went, and Sir JOHN went to bed.

### The Toronto City Council.

GRIP will not be severe. He will address this Council, to-day, with paternal similarity,—nay, like their father's brother, lately from Holland. GRIP does not believe, like the tale-telling *Telegram*, that all the Toronto Council ought to be hanged; on the contrary, he knows some of them whom hanging would be too—he means, would put to an amount of inconvenience not to be thought of. Other Councils and Boards, no doubt, he occasionally presents with convulsions—like last week, when he depicted a wicked board of civic representatives wanting to obtain commissions and profit on civic funds passing through their hands. That, of course, did not refer to Toronto functionaries. GRIP devoutly trusts no alderman will tell him we have anything like that in our City Hall. Certainly not; that is another—a very wicked Council—who, if they do not round up with a very short turn, are likely to catch it hot from some of the citizens, GRIP can tell them. But to our highly respected representatives he would say:— You know you have, probably by the merest mistake—inadvertence, or Anglinism, spent about twice the amount you had any real right to do. There is very little doubt you are personally liable for the deficiency. If you are not, there is doubt you should be. You have spent much of it in appointing officers often at increased salaries, in mending roads often with very useless materials, and in markets, decorations, and pavements which often could have been done without. But GRIP is the most forgiving being in the world. Instead of inflicting excruciating punishments on you for your extravagance, he will make you each a present of the most valuable article in the world. He will give you his advice. It is thus:— You have two good months of authority left. Can you not, in that time, commence a grand scheme of retrenchments? If you reduced every salary under the Corporation one-fourth, not a man will leave whom you cannot replace. If you stop at once the works you have not money for, it will be better to pay forfeit than go on with them. If you will do thus, you may be elected once more, in spite of what is past, and GRIP will, some day soon, testify his appreciation by drawing a grand picture of you all in such amusing positions that no soul will ever be able to look at you without laughing afterwards, for the term of your natural lives.

### The Rain.

In parched August we asked if we'd ne'er see a drop;  
In October we ask if the rain never'll stop.  
Such is life—your desires in vain you may squall,  
But you'll get 'em just when you don't want 'em at all.

### Interesting Letter from Satan.

Most potent Grip:—

Although I am well aware that there is a considerable difference of opinion between you and me on many important matters, and that the powerful enginery of your wit has always been turned against me and mine, still I am so greatly convinced of your charitable disposition, that I readily recognize in your columns the most fitting vehicle for my just complaints, and I do not doubt you will as freely give me a hearing as you would GEORGE BROWN or JOHN A. MACDONALD or any other person perhaps a few degrees better than I am. And truly, most gracious bird, I have a complaint to make just now. I am in a state of the utmost perplexity, and though among men I am usually credited with a large amount of tact and talent (and not undeservedly I flatter myself) I frankly confess that at present I am in a most alarming quandary. To be brief, sir, my kingdom is threatened with destruction, and I want to know how to avert the danger! When I say my kingdom, I mean to say a portion of it. Surely the "Father of Lies" can exaggerate a little anyway, but that was an "inadvertence."—I refer to a large and important section of my realm—the headquarters of one of the most cherished and remunerative agencies I have on Earth, to wit *The Liquor Traffic*. Sir, the Liquor Traffic of Canada is menaced. I observe that I am likely to lose many precious souls through the movements now going on amongst your Teetotalers. I am particularly exercised to see the unusual preparations the Prohibitionists are making for what they call the *Fall Campaign*. I don't like that word *Fall*—perhaps I am prejudiced or superstitious, but it seems ominous to me. I find further cause of alarm in the announcement that they are going to send three giants against my cause in the lecture field. I am well aware that the Liquor Business—looked at from an earthly or heavenly standpoint, can't stand before logic or eloquence, and I shall therefore be obliged to you for a hint as to how I may damage the influence of HANDFORD and AFFLECK and BARNEY. I am afraid the people will go and hear these wretches in spite of all I can do, and I am only too certain that to hear is to be convinced. To be sure, BARNEY has only one arm, but no one knows better than I how he can strike from the shoulder with it. Besides, he knows me and my people pretty well, and has no reason to bear us good will. As for HANDFORD and AFFLECK—there is simply devastation to me wherever they go. I try to console myself with the thought that my good agents, the Licensed Victualers, are tolerably strong and active, and that there is still a good deal of my own spirit in the hearts of men in general; but it is small comfort I get from this contemplation after all, for the Victualers will, I fear, be outnumbered and vanquished before long, and as for humanity, its getting harder to manage all the time. I often hear those preacher fellows telling their hearers the world is getting worse; they don't know anything about it. I only wish it was—but it isn't, and unless I can secure some very material assistance in this trying case, that will be made all the more manifest. Will anybody help me?

Yours diabolically,

BEELZEBUB.

### Scene—Coal-Dealer's Office.

COAL DEALER.—(to clerk)—We've to add fifty cents to price of stove coal this month. Clap it on.

CLERK.—Why, it sold lower at yesterday's Yankee sale than even at their one before. Average \$3.60 at New York yesterday—little over \$3 of our money. Freight to Toronto should'n't cost much more than freight to New York. Is'n't \$6.00 a precious sight too much for it here?

COAL DEALER.—Young man, you're a deal too knowing for your business. Guess you'll just be kind enough to sell at what I tell you. I run this yard.

The *Telegram*, yesterday, made public a most remarkable fact. (Now, it's no use telling GRIP something else was meant. The *Telegram*, which came here to reform journalism, is not such a fool as not to know what it is saying.) It said;—

"Scientists have long known that people eat them. The reason given for not making public the discovery is, that it might superinduce the practice of the habit, it being a recognized fact that people are frequently led to commit certain acts by simply having read of others committing them."

Of course. This is the reason Professor CROFT hides in the recesses of the solid stone laboratory at the University, and Professor CHAPMAN gets on top of uninhabited mountains, and pretends to be looking for mines. How did the *Telegram* know? Ah, there's nothing it don't know, grammar, perhaps, excepted.

### The Dash Superfluous.

The *Mail* wrote this sentence last week: "The *Globe*—lies".  
The long dash, you'll perceive, indicating surprise.  
There's no need; they may each accuse each of the sin,  
But the dash of astonishment needn't go in.