

**Tierney on the Taxes.****Misther GRIP,**

SUR:— I was intindin to write yez me usual bit av Currint Evints, but for the loife av me, I cuddin't think av annything but thim twenty-six mills Misther TURNER was makin mintion av in the lasht Council maytin. I am driv fair wild be thinkin av it. Me lasht cint is gone for taxes, an down comes TURNER wid his long winded spache an claps on more an more. Sure wid twenty-six mills we ought to be able to raise the wind, but yez can call me an Orangeman if I know how I'm goin to live at all. I have been quietly thinkin av a shmall scheme that wud prevint this soort av thing nixt year. I wuddn't loike yez to publitch anything about it, becuse mebbly the general public moight'nt go in for it. Me proposition is that we hang owld TURNER to a lamp-post, shweep thim other aldermin, includin HARRY PIPER, into the Bay, an burn down the City Hall. Af I foind that the other taxpayers av the city hasn't got sinse enough to kerry out this plan, an objects to me doin it me lone, I give yez all warnin that I'll lave Taranty for good an go outside av the world altogether. I will settle in Coubourg, I think.

If I had shpace in the prisint brafe letther I wud mintion that the Hamilton *Toimes* is strivin to throw cowlid wather on me frind NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, who is running for the county av Haldimand. But niver fare, NICHOLAS will go in wid flyin colours. The *Toimes* man says he have no polittical record, fwhich I wud say that's a base culminy, so it is. Didnt' he write a big book about the Irishmin in Canada, an didn't he give manny illoquent spaches on the British House av Commons, an didn't he go away down to Philadelfy beyant, an sind letthers back all about the Cintinnial? Wud the *Toimes* inforum me about thim facts? I seen a shtatemin in the Guilph paper that the Hamilton *Toimes* is a kind av paper that niver tells the truth, an, begorra, I blave it.

Yours, wid bad luck to the mills,

TERRY TIERNEY.

**More Treason!!****Editor of the Mail,**

SIR:— This is the third time I have been obliged to call your attention to cases of audacious *treason* to the Conservative cause. If our own people persist in *giving us away* like this it is all *up stump* with us in the approaching election. I now invite you as the guardian of our Party, to administer a couple of vigorous stabs under the fifth rib of the *National*. That paper professes, sir, to be a Lib. Con. and yet, sir, in its last issue, after reciting that a certain Grit sheet up west had asserted that the Mayor of Brantford on a recent occasion, accompanied our Chiefstain Sir JOHN to the railway station, carrying the great statesman's valise and umbrella, it pitches into the aforesaid Grit sheet in a most indignant manner, and winds up by declaring that "the man who would *steal the character* of the mayor of a city, would steal the pocket-books of the citizens, but for the fear of punishment." Has it come to this, sir, that Conservatives think it a disgrace to accompany our Chiefstain to the station, and give him a friendly hand with his luggage, sir? If this thing is allowed to go on, sir, I'd like to know how we're going to get fellows to pull his carriage in the next demonstration?

Yours,

AN INDIGNANT CONSERVATIVE.

**Grip Comes Forward.**

"I come forward at once,"—said GRIP.

"Because you could not do it at twice," said the caviller.

"Because it is imperative" said GRIP "that I preserve—"

"Your list of subscribers," said the sceptic.

"Perish the list!" said the great being.—"that I save—"

"Enough to retire on and build a big house," said the grumbler.

"That I save my country from the contemptible and successive mismanagement of ignorant and greedy politicians," remarked GRIP, sitting calmly down in his leather covered chair—(a present from BEACONSFIELD).

"That's what they all say is their particular intention," said the unsatisfied, lighting his pipe.

"And can you not," asked GRIP, "distinguish between the false diatribes of the greedy politician, and the honest utterances of patriotic zeal? Is your heart so callous to all—"

"Sounds are very much alike from the human voice, and nature forgot to stamp us exactly on the face, else we'd know at sight," remarked the objector.

"I am a patriot," said GRIP. "I have great objects—glorious aspirations—vast plans—"

"They all say so," said the doubter.

GRIP was enraged. He is not often enraged. When he is— But why dilate on this? He arose, and looked at the interlocutor. A pallid paleness—a sort of pallor, in fact, overspread that interlocutor's visage, and that interlocutor fled for home so rapidly that he overthrew seven people, besides a milkboy and two perambulators, and the *Globe* paper published that remarkable local about an unknown meteor having been projected horizontally along Adelaide street.

**Too Much Lying.**

THE party papers, amid all their wranglings on the Free Trade *vs.* Protection subject, have up to the present time left the strictly moral phase of the question untouched. It remained for a rural correspondent of the *Leader* to bring this to the front, in a communication dated Gesto, Essex Co., July 20. After mentioning that he had heard of several farmers who were going to sell out if the Grits remained in power, he adds:

"I have also heard a young lumber merchant here (a Grit to the back bone) say that he could not carry on a successful business without telling too many lies. Why is this? No doubt because the Yankees glut his market. He is almost wild, abusing both old and young—almost every one he meets."

Now this is too bad. O, MACKENZIE, MACKENZIE, how could you, a-moral Minister, persist in a policy which compels your fellow creatures to tell too many lies? Of course the hard times, you are aware, have greatly increased the *liabilities* of our lumber merchants, but you shouldn't impose upon them too much. Couldn't you re-arrange the tariff so that the lumber trade could be carried on with a *moderate* amount of lying—say 35 per cent. or so? O, you hard-hearted wretch, CARTWRIGHT, is it possible you can "resist so plaintive a prayer" as this? And why does this young merchant lie so much? Because of his natural depravity? No! It is because the Yankees glut his market with their lumber. Upon your Grit heads let the guilt of all these mercantile lies rest! you have evidently driven this young lumber person mad, for he goes about like a roaring lyin—"abusing both old and young—almost every one he meets"—and if he once gets his clutches on either of *you*, your seal is doomed, for he thirsts for clotted gore. O, let us have a moral government, above all things. Fellow countrymen, let us cast aside our party flags, and hoist up a broad and beautiful banner emblazoned with this inspiring watchword: "Lumber without lying: Protection, TUPPER and the entire truth!"



OUR Taxation *mills* grind slowly, but they grind exceeding large—26 on the dollar, this year.

THE good people of South Ontario are alarmed at the prospect of having a terrible Orango-Polittico meeting in Oshawa. Keep your seats, friends, it's only a Larke.

THE home bird—the coo-coo.—*New York Commercial*. The pugilistic bird—the sparrer.—*New York Graphic*. The burglarious bird—the robin.—*Yonkers Gazette*. The bibulous bird—the swallow.—*St. John Torch*. The "paragrapping" bird—the goose.

OUR City Fathers have changed the name of Cruickshank street to Wilton Avenue. Which shows that our City Fathers are becoming more and more delicate in their susceptibilities. "Cruickshank" always did strike GRIP (and certain young ladies of the period) as being rather unrefined. "Devious limbs" would have been better than "Cruickshanks"—but Wilton Avenue! O, that's just lovely!

IT is suggested that a deputation comprising the municipal corporations of all the cities, towns, counties and villages of this Province should wait upon Earl DUFFERIN before his departure, and read complimentary addresses to him. GRIP appreciates the motive of this proposition, but would like to know what the good Earl has ever done that he should be talked to death. It is estimated there would be about 2000 addresses.

"Thus the amount of hard cash yearly paid to the Queen's children reaches an appalling total of \$570,000. Since the royal family came of age it has cost Britain over \$5,500,000, which is certainly a large sum of money for a purely ornamental purpose.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Pshaw! \$5,500,000 isn't much. The Royal Family of England are real aristocracy, and we know a certain Republic that paid the same amount for mere cod-fish!

Is base drum music sold by the pound?—*Dexter Smith*. Yes; and tenor drum music by the roll.—*Kingwood Journal*. And harp music by the c'ord.—*Norristown Herald*. And hand organ music by the pennyweight.—*Graphic*. And horn music by the d'ram.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*. And cat music by the yard—in the rear.—*Whitehall Times*. Church music is sometimes by the quart-ette.—*Geneva Gazette*. And bagpipe music is always by the pipe.—*Ballston Journal*. And chin music by the y'ell.—*Fullton County Republican*. And piano music by the gall-on the piano.—*St. John Torch*. Has anybody said anything about the viol?—*Burlington Hawkeye*. You folks will never be harp-y till you quit this.—*Detroit Free Press*. And they all quit accordeon-ly.