

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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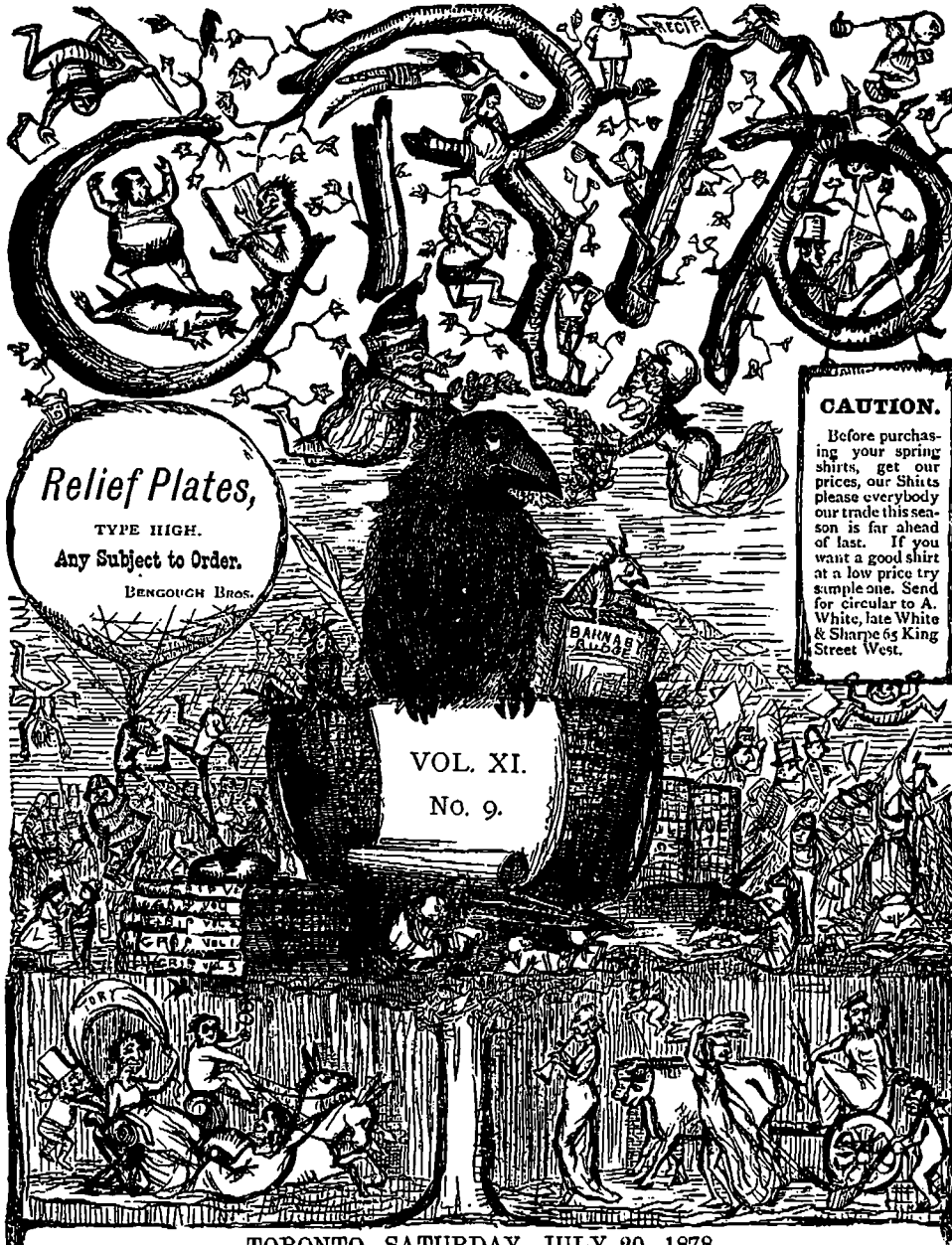
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VOL. XI.  
No. 9.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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**C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.**

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 20TH JULY, 1878.

### To the Montreal (and other) Catholics.

Put priestcraft all aside, and calm remember  
Those common rights, important, broad and great,  
Which any day, bright May or dark December,  
You with your rivals well might celebrate.

Why should you grudge them this their celebration?  
Gained you no blessings from Boyne's oft told fray?  
Think of the liberty the British nation,  
Or Roman or Genevan, won that day.

Say, was it Protestants alone invited  
The German monarch to the British land?  
Think of the Catholics who deep had plighted  
Assistance ere he stepped upon the strand.

Priests still are priests, and Protestant or Roman  
If lightly checked are apt to override,  
Think of your France, Spain, Italy—was no man  
Compelled to stem their overbearing pride?

The work was done for you—the Boyne's red water  
Told Rome in Britain that she ruled no more  
In matters temporal, but never taught her  
In spiritual she was not as before.

Did churchly counsels not oppress the nation,  
When British isles were Catholic alone?  
Think of the fierce long excommunication  
In JOHN'S old day, ere Protestants were known.

It was for you, as well as every other  
In Britain that the Boyne was crossed that day,  
Why not all feelings of resentment smother?  
For you they forward moved on Freedom's way.

Those rights yourselves, as others of the nation,  
Enjoy each day you live beneath the sun,  
Why not then join them in the celebration  
Of that great day on which those rights were won?

### The Hot Weather.

To a being gifted with brilliant conceptions, fiery ideas, red hot opinions, burning thoughts, souls of flame, hearts of fire, radiations of intellect, flashes of genius, lambent streams of ever incandescent visions, pouring lava-like across the vast Vesuvius of his glowing mind,—a being like GRIP, for instance, the present weather is insufferable. For why, it is as hot outside as inside, and there is no escape, not even if he went beside himself and stood there, or got out of his head and remained on the top. What was he to do? The furniture was scorching—the sofa beginning to fizz. He called to his household—they came rushing with that tremulous fear inspired by the dread extremity of a mighty being—as the compositor said when G. B. threatened to kick him). They put GRIP in a vast refrigerator; it would not do; volumes of steam poured out and the apparatus was on the point of blowing up. They took him out and put him in a deep cellar; it was no use; the planks were catching, and the fire brigade driving down the street. They sunk him in the Bay up to the neck; but the great heat imparted to the water caused the fishes to come up dead in all directions, and they took him out at the prayers of the fishermen. They put him in a deep well and it dried; they would have put him in the Yorkville Reservoir but for the consequences to the water supply of the city. No more ice was to be procured; damp towels were nowhere, the excitement was tremendous, when it was suggested that he read a *Globe* editorial. He read one which told him that colonists were kept for what was made out of them—that he was a sort of chattel, in fact—that the mother country “chiefly desired and valued Canadian trade”—nothing else. The perusal of this diabolical piece of coolness collapsed GRIP; cold shivers went down his spine—icy tremors succeeded, and for the rest of the week, no butter could be cut in his domicile without a hot knife, and even then he had to go and stand outside.

### Unparalleled Corruption.

GRIP might have kept the following letter in concealment, and thus respected private confidence and preserved his own respectability at the same time; but, being seized with the spirit of virtuous indignation which at present pervades the Conservative press among Hon. S. C. Wood's letter to Father STAFFORD, he casts off all unworthy though natural regard for his own reputation, and prints it in all its unspeakable deformity:

(Private).

OTTAWA, July 1, '78.

Mister GRIP,

SIR:—Enclosed please find a cheque for \$1,500, for which be good enough to send a copy of your paper regularly to the parties named on the enclosed slip. These parties have not asked me to have your paper sent, but I am sure they will thank me for it. They are living in out-of-the-way places, and I have reason to believe are grovelling in gross ignorance of the vital questions of the day. I believe that your paper will be the means of giving them clear and intelligent ideas, not to mention the utility of the cartoons as decorations for the walls of their humble abodes. Being under the firm conviction that your paper is a great blessing to the country, I feel it a privilege as well as a duty to do all in my power towards securing it a wide circulation, and will be glad to hear of other poor persons for whom I can subscribe.

Yours very respectfully,

ONE OF THE OPPOSITION LEADERS.

GRIP will not dwell here on this flagrant evidence of his own corruption and that of his correspondent; that can be more impartially done by the *Mail*: but he further submits a brief letter, just received from a settler back of Lindsay, which speaks for itself:

BACK WOODS, July 13.

Misther GRIP,

SUR:—I am wan av thim that Misther WOOD sint the *Thribune* to, an I ax a shmall shpace in your paper to inter my protist agin the outrage av sindin me the *Thribune*. Sur, fwat right has thim mimbres av MOWAT'S Government for to mannyfacture publick opinion loike that? Sure, befoor they sint me the *Thribune* I didn't rade anny papers, an I was a gud Consarvatiff wid regards to National Policy an the loikes av that, an luck at me now! Sur, be redin the *Thribune* I have been compelled to change me views, an now I am goin to vote for the Government. I wud like to know af I must stan this. Must I be obliged to swally Reform doctrines agin me will in this way widout anny revinge? Waitin for an answer, belave me

MICHAEL MURPHY.

### Carry Me Away.

O carry me to the far North Pole,  
And unto the Frözen Sea,  
And chop me out a caverned hole,  
And in it deposit me.

And leave me some bottles of soda store,  
And a corkscrew nigh at my hand;  
And never you bother with me no more  
All up in the Frozen land.

And send you along by the telegraph line  
Of icy cream a pile.  
And some dozens or so of some good old wine;  
That can stand in the snow for a while.

And give me some brands of a good cigar,  
In my pocket some matches stick,  
And deposit me under the Great North Star,  
Ere I die of ca-lo-ric.

### Grip Settles It.

“I MUST walk,” roared the Orangeman, dressed in tremendous red bag and many colored ribbons.

“Faith, then, it is I have got to walk,” screeched the Wild Irishman of the Seventeenth, clad in green, carrying a big harp on a clothes pole.

“I must walk!” yelled the Young Briton, “Who'll binder me?” and he looked round for pistols and clubs and things.

“We shall walk; divil a wan can shtop us,” shouted the Young Hibernians, waving their shillelaghs.

And they came to GRIP. HE said

“You want to walk?” They said

“Yes!” HE said

“You shall. And keep right on. And go straight. And never turn round. And never stop.”

WE call the attention of the *Globe* to the fact that JOHN A. hasn't as yet said a word in praise of the acquisition of Cyprus. This is another evidence of the contempt he entertains for the British Empire.



**The Turk.**

There was an old Turk in a palace who dwelt,  
And a savage old Turk was he,  
His heart was so hard that it never would melt  
At a tale of misery.

He cut off the heads of the Christian folk,  
He thought such proceedings an excellent joke,  
He would hear no word against it spoke,  
He sat on a sofa and did smoke,  
This cruel old Turk, did he.

There came an old Russian right down from a hill,  
And a savage old Russian was he,  
And he said, "You'll please your passions still  
And let those Christians be.

"Or I'll cut off your head in the very same way;  
You'll find there'll be the deuce to pay  
When all my army marches this way  
With swords and bayonets, shouting Hooray,"  
This savage old Russian, said he.

Says the Turk, "You unbeliever base,  
In Allah or nothing at all,  
Tramp back with a skip to your old hill place,  
Or I'll chop you exceedingly small.

"For I'll hear no chat from a Muscovite,  
And I'll wallop your friends by day and night,  
Much more than ever just out of spite,  
Whether they're wrong or whether they're right,  
And their heads I shall shorten all.

Then the Russian he said, "This answer suits."  
And war to the knife he swore,  
And he walloped the Turk right out of his boots,  
Two or three times and some more.

Then the Turk he gobbled much humble pie,  
And tolerates Christianity,  
And promised reforms—in the by and by,  
And will pay a big indemnity,  
And did for mercy roar.

Now all you Turks who live on high,  
And won't attend to biz,  
And MAC., the Turk who does deny  
Protection which is his

To the workingman quite out of work,  
And makes him idle about to lurk,  
You mind what came to the wicked old Turk,  
And mend your ways with a sudden jerk,  
Or you'll presently have to miz.

**Jerry on a Pleasure Tour.**

*Misther Grip.*

I notist in wan av your papers a few wakes back that me brother, TERENCE, took the liberty av writin yez a lather jist because he wint down to Whitby beyant, for a visit. Now, av that was worth swible makin a helabaloo about, sure I am av opinion this lather av moine is worth more, for I amn't makin auny little wan horse visit loike that, but away aff to the Shtates. I am now enjyin mesilf here in the Shtate av Ohio, fwhere they make the grindstones that Uncle SAM uses in his Congress for grindin the axes of politicians loike BELKNAP an thim. I kem here for a pleasure tour, though maybe I moight thransact a bit av business too, av the weather wud get a little cooler. They have plinty av purty girls here, an picnics, an blueberry poi, an all the other delicacies av the saison, an yez nadn't be worryin about me puttin in a miserable toime av it. I wint to a party yisterday, an it'll be a grane shpot in me mimory manny a day. The girls wint fair wild about me, whin they hard I was from Canady. They wor so kind, I blave they wud all go in for annixation.

But I musn't forget to tell yez how I got here. Well thim, I wint first to Detroit, which av coorse yez know is the west ind av Windsor. It was the Great Wistern Railway had the contrhact to kerry me there, an I must say they done the job in shplindid shstyle, givin me aise, comfort an foine scenery. Whin I got to Detroit I med a bee line to the *Free Press* affice. That's fwhat all the thravelers do now a days. On arrivin there, I walked shtrait up an axed for the Currincy man. They showed me politely to the BARR-room, an there I found the party I was afther. He looked pale, an was ividently in pain makin up a pun for the *Free Press*. Whin the agony was over, he kindly led me all over

the buildin, shown me M. QUAD's grindstone an free-puff machine (which had its hanle broke, misfortunately, an so they cudn't put in a notice that I was in town). I also had a shquint at the BULLOCK press. It ought to be called the Bully wan, for begorra it prints the papers, gums the edges, folds thim up, putts on the names, delivers thim to subscribers an collects the arrears, all at wanst. Yez ought to buy wan for GRIP affice. The *Free Press* buildin is the foineest I iver seen. Ivery man has a parlor av his own, wid Brussel's patent carpet seven inches thick, on the floor, an chromos be the owld masthers on the walls. Av yez don't loike the affice yez have in Taranty, take this wan. The *Free Press* is always willin to exchange wid comic papers Misther BARR towld me. Well, afther spindin a plisint day in Dethroit, I left on board the grand shtame boat *Jay Cooke*, first gettin me ticket from the gentlemanky firm av ASHLY and MITCHELL, the general managers av the line. I never saw Misther JAY COOKE, but if he is annything loike the shtame boat av that name, he is the purtiest an fashetest man in America. Me destination was to Put in Bay, an a more joyful thrip I niver med. From thence I kem to Cleveland in another av ASHLEY and MITCHELL's foine shtameboats—the *Alaska*, they call it. I towld the Captain the boat was a perfect Pearl, but he said that was the name av the other wan. I am plased to take notice that I wasn't say-sickt, but I dunno if the cook was much delighted at that fact, for I always distinguished mesilf at male-toime, an gud, solid males they wor, too.

I moight write wanst more befoor I come back if yez print this lather.  
JERRY TIERNEY.

**The Member to Be.**

What is the thing  
Which rises ghostlike in my vision still,  
And will not let me eat, or drink or sleep,  
Or walk, or run, or read, or other things,  
Which I do use to do? A vision huge  
Of blackboard standing high in sight of men  
And TOMKINS' name thereon, and numbers, too,  
In black and white, of greater pile of votes  
Than appertain to me, and MY great name  
Stuck in a corner low, a thing despised,  
Which no man cares about. Lo, TOMKINS they  
Do cry. Three cheers for TOMKINS, hip, hooray,  
And crowd about his door, and round his seat,  
And pull his carriage, yes, alas, they do,  
And I must sneak me home. It shall not be,  
Straight will I hie me to the canvassing,  
Speak till I split, declare, yell, shout and scream,  
All day, then sleep, and dream my horrid dream,  
Of TOMKINS in again.



HON. E. B. CHANDLER, of Dorchester, N. B. has been appointed Lt. Governor of New Brunswick, to succeed Mr. TILLEY. Mr. CHANDLER is a hale and clever old gentleman; we don't think a better choice could have been made. —Wat'say?

THE *St. John Telegraph* reproves Halifax for being in the pouts, and refusing to celebrate Dominion Day as the rest of us do. Whereupon the witty *Torch* very aptly says: Rather unpatriotic, to be sure,—but then, what need of a special holiday in Halifax where every day partakes so much of that character?

WHEN the *Guelph Herald* editor, who wrote that bitter article against GOLDWIN SMITH in Tuesday's issue, takes up the *Leader*, and learns that the object of his ridicule is going to "throw in his weight with the Conservative party in the present contest," perhaps he may have some idea of what the term "quicken'd conscience" means.

A QUESTION for the Montreal lawyers who are so ready to give "opinions":—Which party ought to celebrate the 12th of July in future? The Orangemen can no longer honour it in commemoration of a triumph of Protestantism—and the other fellows haven't much respect for that day of the month on account of the memories it has perpetuated so long.

THE *St. John Torch* says that our boy HANLAN may be assured of one thing, viz. that he will receive the most kind treatment from the New Brunswickers. We believe it. In fact he is now enjoying royal treatment. AETNA HARPER, the hospitable, drives him round town; Captain CHIP SMITH trots out the Fire Brigade for him; Judge NOWLAN asks him in to have lemonade; Mr. ELDER gives him good local notices in the *Telegraph*, and best of all—JOSEPH refrains from *Torching* his name to make puns for his paper. *St. John* knows how to entertain a stranger. We have been there.

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Sealed Tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the 1st day of December next.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Public Works Dept., Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 20, 1878.

xi-8-4t

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v-6-1f

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**Hints to Borrowers.**

"THE wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,  
Right welcome shall he be,  
To read, to study, not to lend,  
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth  
Diminish learning's store,  
But books, I find, if often lent,  
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves  
Who keep their treasures to themselves:  
I like to see them kept quite neat,  
But not for moth or worm to eat.  
Thus willingly to any friend  
A book of mine I'll freely lend,  
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:  
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations; the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,  
If I lose, and you it find,  
I pray that you will be so kind  
As to return it to me again,  
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,  
Wherein he should delight to look,  
And out of it to learn such skill,  
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading; nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Dizraeli.*

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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