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GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.
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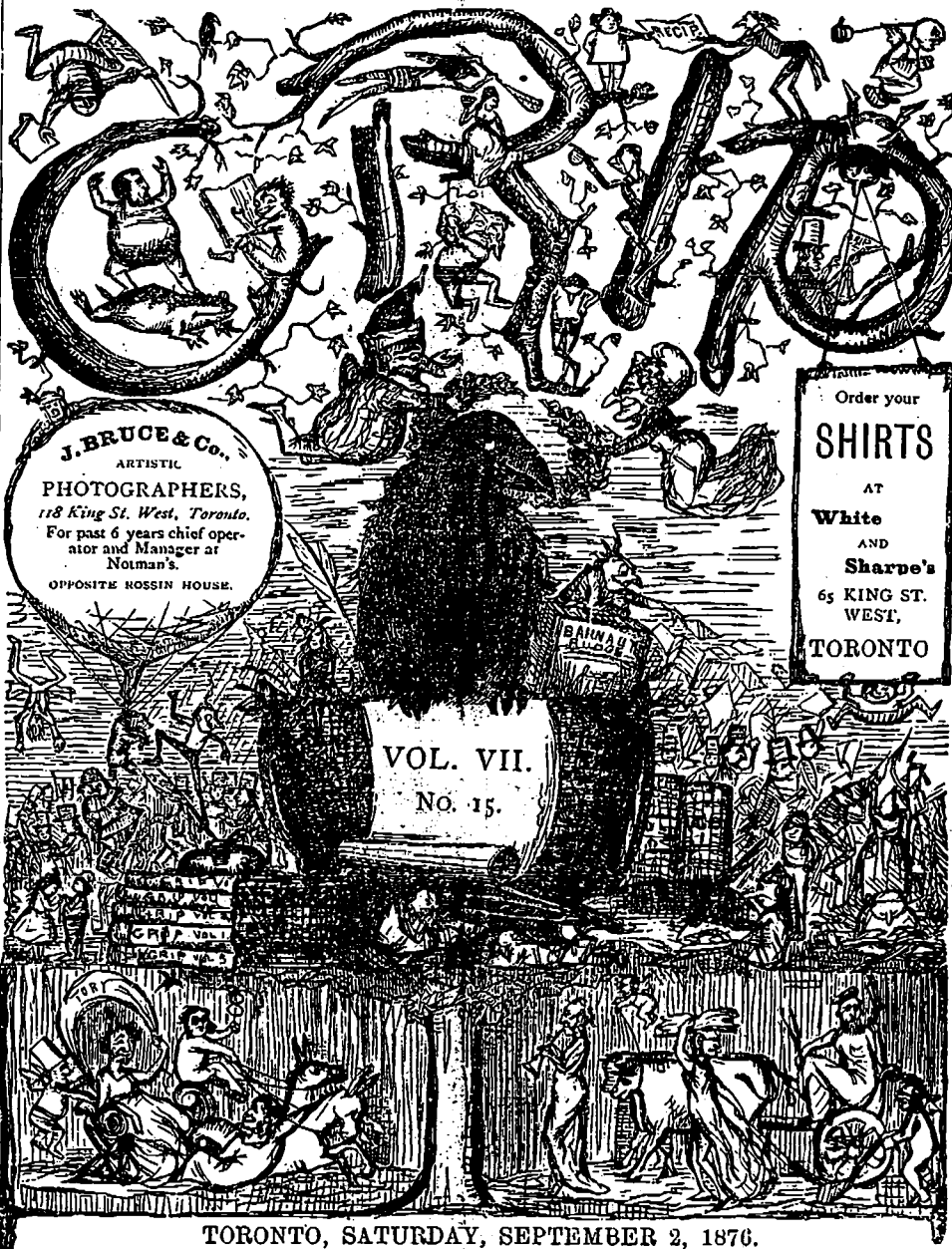
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough. Price, Cloth Gilt centre, \$3.50. " " full Gilt, 3.75. GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager "Grip."

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.*

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, 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1876.

The Member for West Toronto.

GRIP is astonished at the extremely rapid administration of justice Mr. ROBINSON has introduced. He thought the *Telegram* man had done wrong in copying an item; he goes and thrashes him. It is very simple. Anything Mr. ROBINSON dots people don't like, he will no doubt expect to be treated in the same manner. Now, a good many people are dissatisfied at him, after making a great many promises at election time, going to Ottawa, taking their pay, and never speaking the whole session in favour of Protection, on which ticket he was elected. Of course they have their legal remedy of electing another, but Mr. R. don't apply for legal remedies. So, to suit him, it is necessary immediately to appoint a committee to thrash Mr. ROBINSON for every time he shirked speaking. There are also a good many others who think that as City Solicitor his pay is a good deal more than is earned. Well, we must not reduce it legally; that's played out. We must pick out some powerful citizen to thrash Mr. ROBINSON with sufficient frequency and sufficiency to make it square. In fact, any one who has any thing against Mr. R. will be thought justified in taking it out of him with his fists. We fancy Mr. R. will soon find out he had better have stuck to the civilized way of doing business. And as the *Telegram* man has really got an undeserved beating, and got small legal redress, we will tell him, that in GRIP's opinion, he has lately been doing a right good work in ferreting out city abuses, and it is by no means unlikely that the very people who sympathized with his assailant in the court were folks whose toes he had properly trodden on. As to the assault, it must be remembered that if settlement by fist be introduced, big men will thrash small men. An appeal will then be made to the pistol. Now, if this be done even in its fairest form, duelling, remembering that in this country it could not be confined to classes, as in others, we ask Mr. R. is he prepared for the event?

The Watchman

The St. John *Watchman* says the liquor traffic is "enough to freeze the blood of Satan." GRIP wishes to know whether the *Watchman* considers this advantageous or otherwise or whether he has interest in the preservation of his acquaintance's "circulation."

The Australian Commissioner.

Of all those little jobs that every one goes fishing for
The jolliest is to be made a travelling Commissioner,
And if you like to gull the fools around you at your ease,
Oh, travel as Commissioner among the colonies.

You with them dine,
You drink their wine,
And while its fumes are mounting,
What dreams of gold
You do unfold
Oh, riches past all counting.

I'm blest if one could make a speech the creatures would't swallow,
Sir.

Quite without criticism you may beat Munchausen hollow, Sir,
If there's a country cheaper near, they'll think, if you them tell,
Their dearer goods, in foreign lands, would its goods undersell;

And like a flash
Away they dash
And print it in the papers,
Till all the land
On end does stand
With cutting joyful capers!

Good heavens, why, the railway cars, which we're from Yankees
taking now,

I told them they could undersell with cars of their own making, now,
In spite of what's before their eyes, that as their way they take
Through Canada, each second car they'll find of Yankee make;

They're puffing full,
Each silly gull;
With gas I've filled 'em gaily,
Their tongues all wag
I'll pack my bag
And sail for far Australy.

Pagil Redivivus.

Sing, O goddess, the wrath, the terrible Robinson's anger,
Who doth not know him?—who knows not the member for Western
Toronto?

He who in Parliament lately sadly and silently sitting,
Pleaded the cause of Protection by his appealing expression,
Forcibly Free Trade attacking with the fierce roll of his eye-balls,
What had they been and done to him?—who elevated his dander?
Had not the base *Advertiser*—is it not published at London?
Said that he took certain moneys—moneys he should not have taken?
Paying therewith his expenses?—did not the *Telegram* careless,
Copy the same—all unmindful that they were the lion arousing?
Mindless that Robinson has been a bruiser and beater of faces,
Mauler of ribs and of jawbones, likewise a puncher of noses?
Then did the lightnings of fury flash from his rubicund visage,
Then did he hastily swallow less than a hundred of raw beef;
Then did he swing all the morning several fifty pound dumb-bells;
Then did he beat all to pieces many stuffed bags in his wood-shed;
Then did he run a long distance, patiently getting his wind up.
Then down the street paced he slowly, great in magnificent grandeur,
Fiercely regarding the sidewalk, hoping his journalist foe man,
What was the editor's horror, who standing taking it easy,
Suddenly horrent before him saw the stern crest of the member?
Pale to his heart all his blood quite on a sudden receded,
All the ill-deeds of his life-time flashed in a moment before him,
All that the *Telegraph* did—all that the *Telegram* meant to—
Wildly and vacantly stared he everywhere round him for succour—
Looking out nine ways for Sunday, and finally failing to see it
What would he then have bestowed, had the tall figure of GOLDWIN
Borne him away to The Grange, even as Venus *ÆNEAS*.
What time *ATRIDES* ferocious pressed through the conflict against him.
No; there was no one to save him; calmly the Parliamentarian,
Balancing firm in his posture, shot out his fist from the shoulder.
Stunningly straight went his mauley—neither Deaf BURKE nor TOM
SAVERS

Ever put in his right with more delicate feeling of distance.
Where in its bony surrounding rolled the scared editor's optic,
Crashing it came, and the skull sent outward a resonance hollow,
Such as you hear when the clapper smites the great bell in the town-
hall.

Far through the street went the sound, and the firemen rushed to their
hose-reels.

Fireworks many and bright ROBERTSON often had looked at.
All of them now, with some more, which he had not known existed,
Burst on his sight in a flash, forming a vision of glory,
Prone in the gutter he sank, meaning to view it at leisure.
Puzzled looked upwards to see it, like as a fish out of water
Lies in a crack of the wharf-top, ignorant where he has got to.

"Thus," said the victor triumphant, viewing the body before him,
"Thus may it ever occur to the maligners of members!
Thus have I proved that I gobbled nothing of money unfairly.
Thus have I proved that I did not hook any cash for expenses,
No one can doubt it henceforward; or if he venture to doubt it,
I all his doubts will resolve just in the very same manner."
Proudly he turned from the field where he had glory acquired.
Shaping his course for his home, shortly was lost in the distance.
Slowly the editor riseth, even as one on a door-step,
Sleeping off fumes in the morning, getting up rubbeth his eye-lids,
Wondering where he had been to, also how he had come back.
Nothing he knew, but his headpiece did in a manner inform him
That the locality round must be extremely unhealthy.

Suddenly flashed it upon him, filling him solid with horror,
What it was to him had happened—all the abuse he had suffered.
He, who had lately appeared, bearing a flaming prospectus—
He, the chief friend of the city, come to reform all its evils—
He, the proprietor known—eke as the publisher also—

Publish it never in Gath—tell not on Askelon's housetops—
He of the *Telegram* had been flattened and left in the roadway—
Rolling in dust, and contracting divers most horrible odours.
Straightway like *Pistol*, he swore that he would have horrible vengeance.
For there in Gilead was balm—also McNAB in Toronto.

Instantly thither he travelled, and savagely took out a summons,
Then did they meet in the court—then did the lawyer harangue them,
Namely the erudite FOSTER, calling for damages grievous,
Getting but paltry five dollars, whereat in woe and in sorrow,
Straight from the presence out started he of the *Telegram* paper,
Sadly resolving that this one was not a world fit to live in.
Grimly determined that some one never again should be member,
Also convinced that there greatly was a new Magistrate needed,
Now will GRIP finish this canto, tired of classical metres.

GRIP hears by cable that Her Majesty, in consideration of Mr.
ROBINSON'S silence at Ottawa, and his exploit in Toronto, has been
graciously pleased to grant him a new heraldic device. The shield is to
bear a dummy rampant.



BRANDED!

FOR ENDORSING UNFOUNDED SLANDERS AGAINST CANADA.--SEE TUESDAY'S "GLOBE."

Current Events.

No. 3.

Mc Darlint Grip:—

SINCE I writ me lasht letter, I was misfortunate enough to blacken me left eye wid a pick-handle, and had to quit work, so I have tuk meself and NORAH for the divartion of a hollyday. We wint to the Humber on the good chip *Wathertown*, an a rare ould toime av it we had, just. The captin—he's a broth av an ould bic is that same captin JACKMAN—was shtandin wid a schmile on his face an a chigar betune his lips, at the gaugaway, fwihin we wint down, and the style av him handin me NORAH up the plank made me heart shwell wid pride dthat I cud call her mine. Whell! In coorse av toime the staymer gev two or three shouts, be way of saying she was aff, and thin the man in the cellar below began workin' the pump handle betune the stove pipes above and the warf slowly moved aff up Yonge street and we wor on our journey. Fwihin we were undher a full head av sail and had the shmoke stock reefed (to use saler expressions like the purser av the *Wathertown* wud use) I tuck a luck around to see av there was air a shtanger aboard I was acquainted wid, and who shud I spy sittin' in a poetical attytude forinst the rudder, laynin' his chin on a blackthorn, but me brillent countryman MISTHER NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN. Bein' both lithry nin an' jernalists, av coorse I wint up an chuck hans wid him, and intherjuiced me wife. MISTHER DAVIN tuck aff his hat and resaved NORAH wid the politeness av a rale Irish gentelman as he is, and thin we sat down forinst him and inthered into a long conversation on lithry matters and pollyticks and cithry. "Begorra, MISTHER DAVIN," sez I, "ye desave to put an extry silver ring on dthat black thorn to cilibrate the maulin' ye gev till "Bystander" in the *Mail* of Wednesday."

"D'ye think I have him?" sez he, wid a schmile av satisfachon.

"I do," sez I. "'Tis the innycine av you that I admire in the letter. Lettin on dthat ye had no knowledge av who "Bystander" was till the correspondint av the *Advertiser* "gev up his name" as you put it there."

"Av coorse, no more I had," sez he, wid a shly look at NORAH.

"Av coorse not," sez I, wid a conspicious wink av both eyes. "Av coorse not—nayther do you know, I suppose, who is dthat same *Advertiser* correspondint ye bathered in such foine stoile be the same token," sez I.

MISTHER DAVIN thin changed the subject and gev me some nate Dublin compliment wid riference to these letters I do be writin' to you, MISTHER GRIP. He said me sthyle wos decidedly me own, and dthat *Current Events* in the *Canajan Monthly* was shmall petaties and few in a hill alongside av mine.

"'Tis the disconnection av the topics," sez he, "that shows the rale janius av the writer. I nuyver saw air a wan cud say less in the same length av shpace than you MISTHER TIERNEY," sez he.

"Thank ye sir, kindly, MISTHER DAVIN, sez I, "sure thin wudn't I make a foine Fillydely Cintial Correspondint av the *Mail*, av that's the case?"

At this pint in the conversation, me noble shport, MISTHER JACKMAN the younger, walks up and axed us for our teckets.

"Press" sez MISTHER DAVIN, wid a calm and plisint expression av countenance.

I tuck in the sitoation at wanst. "Tickets," sez MISTHER JACKMAN, turnin' to me.

"Press," sez I.

"Are you MISTHER ROSS ROBERTSON, av the *Tellygraf*?" sez he.

"Sur," sez I, "do I resimble dthat funny flyaway crather in me phizzikle conformashun?"

"Be the appearance av yer left eye," sez he, "I thought you might have met MISTHER BEVERLY ROBINSON suddintly on Schott sthreet," sez he. "No, sur!" sez I, "I'm a good conservatif, sur, an wud be sorry to go back on Sur JOHN an' the Party by bringin' MISTHER ROBINSON into the Pelice Coort like the *Telegram* man did for so shmall a thing. Sure, I swally the pacific scandall from the chafetin, sur, and bad luck to me av I would shtrain at a black eye from wan av his best frinds."

"What paper thin?" sez he.

"*Current Events*," sez I.

"MISTHER GOLDWING SMITH," sez he, you must pay —."

"Icudl a fwhile, me noble JACKMAN," sez I, "GRIP's me paper," sez I.

"O, I beg yer pardon a thousan' times," sez he, "on biuded knees I ax yer forgiveness."

The ould captin' kem round soon afther this and axed us riprisintatives av the Press down below to the bar.

MISTHER DAVIN seemed a thrife sick, maybe broodin' over GOLDWING'S lasht epistle. "Yes," sez he, "let us vishit the shprings of Helicon. There's a liquor he compounds beyant all the finesht specimin av mixed dhrink me experience has made me acquainted wid, which complately quinces the melancholy which flows from the ruins ov the pasht, to employ the figure av the Bystander's Essay on History."

So I spint the day, meself and NORAH, and a plisint toime we had intoirely wid the purty girls at the Humber, and all the lithry nin av the city on the deck av the good chip *Wathertown*.

TERRY TIERNEY.

The Final Demand.

THEODORE.—How glad I am to see my love.

ROSABELLE.—Your love! 'Tis time that word to prove.

THEODORE.—I bought the jewels you admired.

ROSABELLE.—I had enough before.

THEODORE.—Took you to parties, as desired.

ROSABELLE.—They only did me bore.

THEODORE.—I've vowed to be forever true.

ROSABELLE.—The same did others say.

THEODORE.—I know no more that I can do.

ROSABELLE.—If not. I'll break away.

THEODORE.—What shall I do?

Destroy the town,

Level a mountain flat?

Or walk the length of King Street down.

And wear a worn-out hat?

ROSABELLE.—I must, I will the fashion lead,

And go the rest before.

And you must help me to succeed.

Or look on me no more.

THEODORE.—I'll buy you every gorgeous dress

The dry goods stores can show.

If you will never love me less,

Nor bid me from you go.

ROSABELLE.—It is not that.

I've plenty made,

Of stuff both rich and dear.

A diferent project you must aid,

Or else make tracks from here.

THEODORE.—What e'er in castle or in hut

You ask, it shall be got.

I'd give you half my kingdom, but,

A whole one I have not.

ROSABELLE.—'Tis this, I want a pullback made.

Too close about me bound

To move one step; and you must aid

AND CARRY ME AROUND.

The Opposition Burlesque Company,

REORGANIZED FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON, under the immediate personal supervision of the popular Manager, JOHN A.

This company can be engaged on the shortest notice to present their well known and laughable entertainment in any town, village or hamlet. Terms no object—all they ask is encouragement and support.

The following is the standard programme of this far famed troupe:—

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Opening Chorus, "Driven from Home,".....COMPANY.

Pathetic ballad, "Wandering Refugee,".....BILLY MACDOUGALL

Comic Ditty, "I'm a bad man and I carry a razor,"...ALF BOULTREE

Moral Song, "Pure as a Lily,".....MATT. CAMERON.

Jokes, By the only.....JOHN A.

(The management calls special attention to these jokes. They are got off impromptu after careful study, and strictly without regard.)

Grand finale, "Good Time Coming,".....COMPANY.

PART II

To commence with the lively sketch

"BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE."

Mrs. Squeers,.....JOHN A.

Boy, (who swallows the dose),.....MATT. CAMERON.

Acrobatic performance,.....BILLY MACDOUGALL.

Instrumental, "Scrap Book Variations,".....THE QUARTETTE.

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PROTECTING THE POOR FARMER.

The Farmer's Friend,.....DOC. ORTON.

The Farmer, (in disguise),.....JOHN A.

Engagement of the great Cariboo Comedian,

BOB. W. CARRALL,

in his new and taking act entitled

"ON TO WASHINGTON."

The whole to conclude with the incomparable burlesque entitled

"THESE HANDS ARE CLEAN!"

The man with the Hands (his original character)...The Only JOHN A.

Supported by the entire company.

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About 5,000 Tons at Montreal, Toronto, Sarnia, Detroit Junction, or Buffalo.
About 2,000 Tons at Portland.

The Company has wharfage accommodation for shipment by water at Toronto, Sarnia, and Portland, and deliveries would be made through the summer and autumn.

Offers stating the price per ton (of 2,240 lbs.) and the place of delivery will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th SEPTEMBER.

JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager

Montreal, August 24th, 1876.

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Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Var-nished, &c., Furniture taken in exchange.

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Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washing- ton, New Jersey.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Grading, Tracklaying, &c.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secretary of Public Works and endorsed "Tender Pacific Rail-way" will be received at this office up to noon of WED- NESDAY, the 20th SEPTEMBER next, for works re- quired to be executed on that section of the Pacific Rail- way extending from Red River eastward to Rat Portage, Lake of the Woods, a distance of about 114 miles, viz:— The Track-laying and Ballasting only, of about 77 miles, and the construction, as well as Track-laying and Ballast- ing, of about 37 miles between Cross Lake and Rat Por- tage.

For Plans, Specifications, Approximate Quantities, Form of Tender and other information, apply to the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa.

No Tender will be entertained unless on the Printed Form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
OTTAWA, August 1st, 1876. }

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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bath School, HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.— Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, DAN- IEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Proposals For Construction.

The Government of Canada expect to be able, on or before

JANUARY, 1877,

TO INVITE

Tenders for Building and Working

the Sections between

Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean,

Under the provisions of the Canada Pacific Railway Act, 1874.

This Act, (after reciting that it is expedient to provide for the construction of the work as rapidly as it can be ac- complished without further raising the rate of taxation) enacts that the contractors for its construction and work- ing shall receive *lands*, or the proceeds of *lands*, at the rate of 20,000 acres, and cash at the rate of \$10,000—for each mile of railway constructed; together with interest at the rate of four per cent, per annum, for twenty-five years from the completion of the work, on any further sum which may be stipulated in the contract; and the Act requires parties tendering to state, in their offers, the low- est sum, if any, per mile on which such interest will be re- quired.

Copies of the Act, Maps showing the general route so far as at present settled, the published reports of Engin- eers, and such information as is now available, can be seen at the Canadian Emigration Agency, in London, England, and at the Public Works Department Ottawa.

This intimation is given in order to afford to all parties interested the fullest opportunity of examination and en- quiry.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary,

Dept. Public Works.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 29th May, 1876. }

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 news- papers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, April 22, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 10 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.