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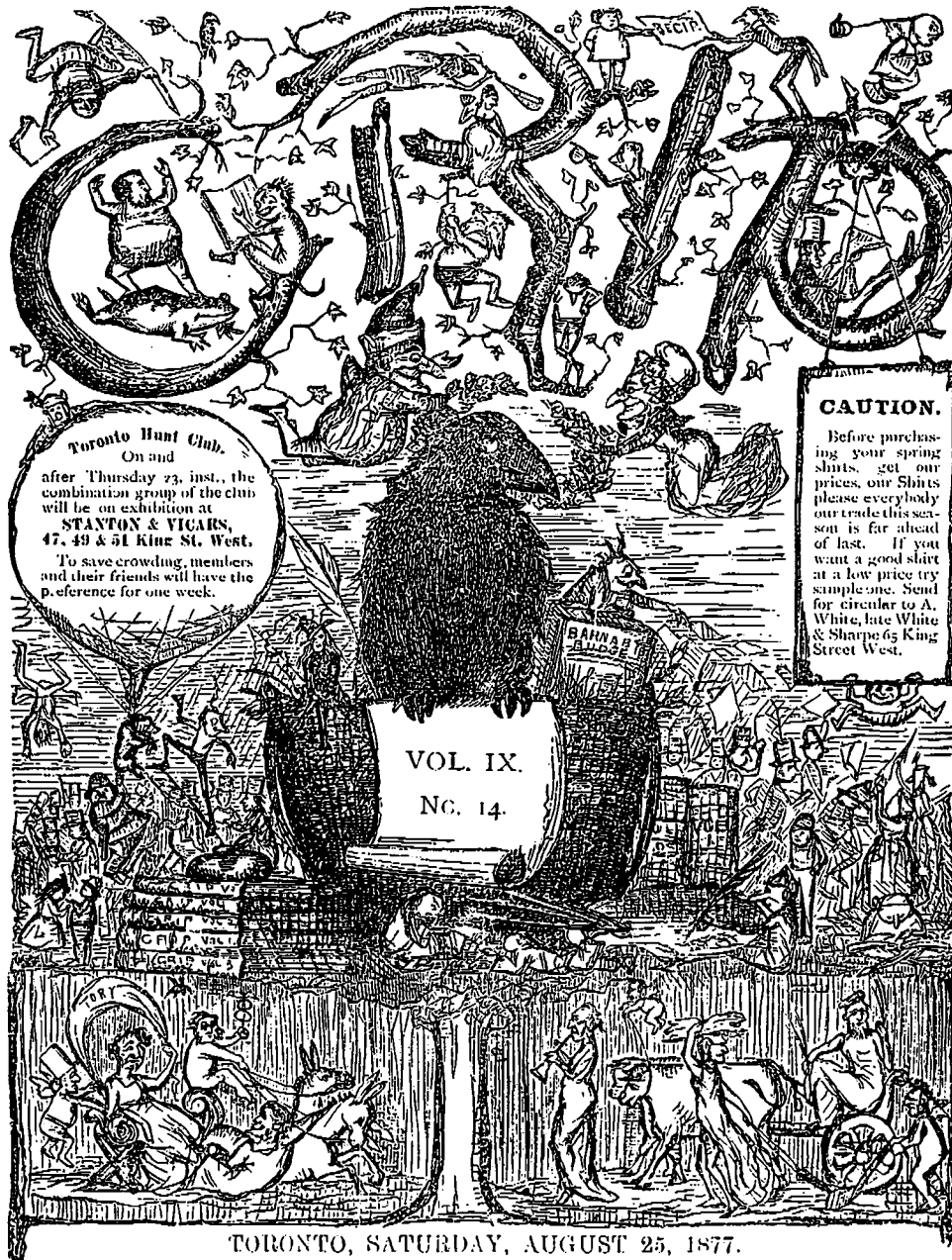
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877.

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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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 25TH AUGUST, 1877.

The Changeable Goldwin.

In England first, 'mong Englishmen,
He COBDEN'S friend, cried "Free Trade!" then;
But coming to Canadian shore,
Loudly "Protection!" here did roar;
And now, at home again, why he,
In COBDEN'S Club, "Free Trade" we see.
That system then, GRIP thinks it clear,
Is right with them, the other here.
And GRIP would be delighted still,
To let them have of it their fill,
But not so here.—the way is barred,
"Protection's" the Canadian card!

The *Telegram* remarks that somebody has "refused to prosecute the thief, whom, it is said, is a woman." GRIP must remark that the party whom is supposed to own the *Telegram* should prosecute the writer of the above, whom is not a grammarian.

But Where is W. H.?

Oh, there was a young man in Toronto,
Who the Dunkin Act greatly did want, too,
But the Act had no luck,
At the polls it has stuck.
Now where can that young man be gone to?

That young man had three thousand got, Sir,
Of votes, so he said; but he'd not, Sir,
The majority's strong,
He don't bring his along.
And we fear that young man's gone to pot, Sir.

Water Works Elections.

TIME.—When the commissioners were elected.

1ST CITIZEN.—Well, I shall vote for BUSTER. He's a sound Orangeman. If we let these Catholics up where shall we be? Awful! They'd burn us all. Protestant principles for ever! WILLIAM the Third! I vote for BUSTER!

2ND CITIZEN.—I'll vote for him too. Good man of business; no impractical nonsensical scruples about him. If one wants a contract (*mysteriously*) one knows how to get it. BUSTER for Water Commissioner.

3RD CITIZEN.—Well, I vote for SWIPES. Very charitable man; probably quite honest, too. Besides, from old business, knows all about liquids. Hooray for SWIPES! See what he gave to the Infants' Paradise!

4TH CITIZEN.—I go for him too. Has opinions of his own; all the easier bamboozled on that account. Hooray for SWIPES!

5TH CITIZEN.—Well, I am for FUNGUS. Highly respectable; has been city benefactor; had big fortune; spent most of it; older and wiser now; take more care of ours; position, too, secures us against sharp practice. Hooray for FUNGUS!

6TH CITIZEN.—Yes. Hooray for FUNGUS! Why, there's nobody in the world so manageable as a Canadian aristocrat; because they all believe themselves ill-used angels. Impress them that you're sure it's so, and there's nothing you can't do with them; this one may be similar. Hooray for FUNGUS!

7TH CITIZEN.—I'm for DREGS. Quiet fellow; industrious; no harm in him; will be useful.

8TH CITIZEN.—Yes; should have one of that sort on. Hooray for DREGS!

9TH CITIZEN.—RUFFLES will be on, in virtue of his other office.

10TH CITIZEN.—Well, RUFFLES is a fine convivial fellow. Hooray for RUFFLES!

GRIP.—(Who has been standing by in surprise)—But, gentlemen, do any of these respectable people know anything about waterworks?

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.—Not the first word; but they'll learn. They can go to other cities and see what's done there. We shall thus save architects' fees.

GRIP.—Well, when I want a pair of shoes I go to a shoemaker; though, of course, the first chap I meet might make them by going and

seeing how the thing was done, and would, too, if I paid him well, and put him under no responsibility. But, considering your shoes are to cost Two Millions of Dollars, I think, as there is no scarcity of shoemakers, of that kind, you should go to one.

Afterwards, when some years have passed, and the job is nearly done.

1ST CITIZEN.—Well, how are the Water Works pleasing you?

2ND CITIZEN.—Awful. Half the time kept doings all secret; whispered all their business at meetings; spent piles of money; built filtering basins over and over; don't seem to be a success yet; laid pipes that wouldn't stay laid, and don't seem to take it out of the layers; paid engineers that weren't round at all; built new works and houses when the old ones might have been made do; building houses not wanted; laying pipes where they needn't; playing the old ruinous game of trying to spread the city over twice the ground it need cover; and now they are actually unable to pay their interest, and beg the corporation to do it, or they will see their debentures dishonored!

4TH CITIZEN.—Would that hurt?

5TH CITIZEN.—Best thing could happen us. Stop this confounded borrowing if we told folks we wouldn't pay. The London Stock Exchange quote our bonds now, as if they said, "Another fat goose in the market, gentlemen!"

6TH CITIZEN.—Well, if things go on so, it's either repudiation or selling the city out by the Sheriff.

GRIP.—Gentlemen, you see now where the shoe pinches. You should have taken advice of GRIP. If, instead of trusting this vast expenditure to citizen commissioners ignorant of such matters, you had given it into the hands of learned architects, who have studied this as part of their trade, and who know much more of such matters than outsiders; had these given the contract by tender out to some respectable firm who had done such work before, and whose interest would not have been to enlarge the work or lengthen the time, you would have had much better results in a much shorter time, at much less expense. Go away! I am ashamed of you.

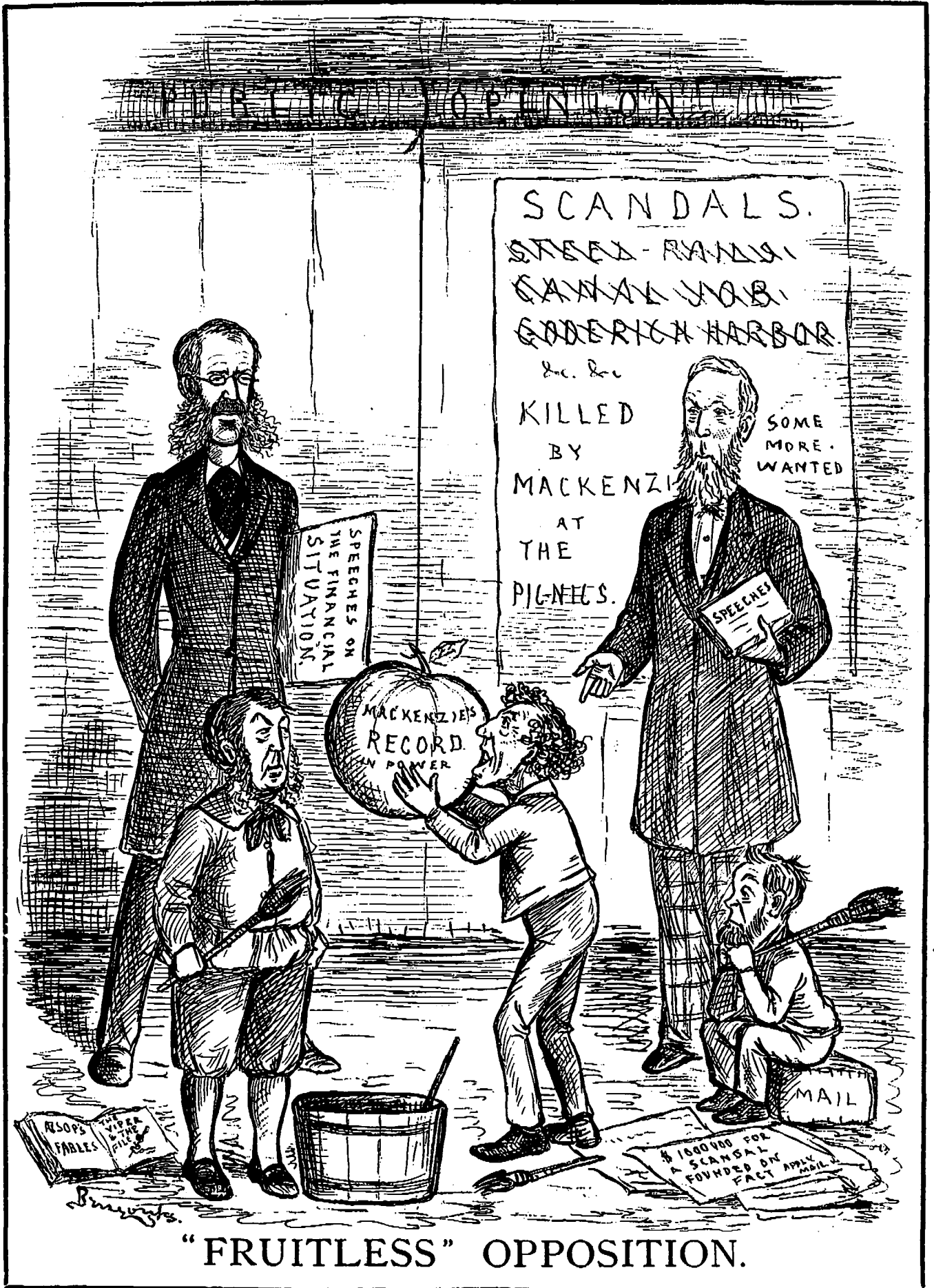
(*Exeunt citizens, weeping.*)

Ministerial Soliloquy.

REV. MR. LONGFACE.—My lines are laid
In pleasant places here. Two thousand I
Of dollars do receive, and never day
Of payment passes but the telling down
Is done without delay. The house is large,
Well planned; my children and my wife find health,
And comfort still therein. I plainly see
The guiding hand of Providence in this.
I have been called to my position here,
The RULING INFLUENCE of all decrees
My place, my work, my lot. How sweet to know
My earthly doings uniform with His,
Who holds the starry spheres. But soft! What's here?
A letter. What, the excellent trustees,
Of famed Mammonia Church, in far New York
Have heard afar my sermons' telling ring,
And wish to have me there. Well, well, it is
Most pleasant to discern that efforts I
Have grace received to make, are not without
Their full appreciation, and are felt.
Throughout those distant lands. But leave this place?
No, no; my work is here; these many souls
Committed to my careful training here
I have no right to leave. Ah! do I see
A postscript to the scroll? What, they propose
Ten thousand full to give! I do bethink
It has appeared to me for some time past,
That there has been a carelessness of tone,
A lack of earnestness about the folks
Who do my present congregation form,
Which needs a sterner hand. I cannot bear
The fierce rebuke of stern religious zeal
To deal out angry here, to all of those
I know and love so well. I see it now,
A newer hand were better for the work,
Much needed here to-day. And now I know
The purpose of the ever-ruling I find
Which beckons me away. Ha! pen and ink.
My kindest love unto my New York friends.
To live by sea-side has been dream of mine
Far back as memory goes. I will be there
Three Sabbaths from to-day.

TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—It will cost fifteen millions of dollars to survey the boundary line between Alaska and Canada, and then it will melt out every summer. All the government contractors are in ecstasies. Here at last is something permanent.

Why is Vice Chancellor BLAKE like a burglar? Because he's afraid of his Own Sound.



"FRUITLESS" OPPOSITION.

The Plan for the Poor.

Oh sweet beneath the summer trees,
To breathe the country air,
And list the hum of merry bees,
And view the landscape fair.

The grassy fields of gayest green,
The woodland's darker shade,
The bounteous gifts of harvest seen,
On every side arrayed.

How joyous must the rustics be,
Who tread this pleasant ground—
How calm of soul—of heart how free,
Who such delights surround!

A share of what they have to give—
They're always ready, sure,
To those who still must with them live—
The sick, and weak, and poor.

They've done a little in this line,
(And GRIP may herewith say,
Their plan had illustration fine,
In Norfolk t'other day.)

They get a house—these rustics good,
Of timber light and thin,
Of dryish and well seasoned wood,
And put the poor folks in.

Their consciences it does'nt prick,
In truth, without pretence,
'Tis cheaper far than building brick,
And in a double sense.

'Twill catch on fire; that's pretty sure
And certain, soon or late,
And then the well deserving poor
Meet with a happy fate.

At once delivered from their woe,
From earth they straight repair,
Unto their Maker's presence go,
And tell who sent them there.

This was, as GRIP but now did say,
In Norfolk lately seen,
A 'arge procession went this way,
It numbered seventeen.

When blind, and paralysed, and lame,
Went off to realms of space,
Went in a chariot of flame,
To their appointed place.

From whence, no doubt, their prayers ascend,
On each and every day,
That those who did them kindly send,
In hurry on the way.

Shall meet such recompense as He
Who sends the harvest fair,
May think the due of those to be
Who thus His blessings share.

The Rayson, Bodad!

THE *Irish Canadian* has been very sensibly told by "Educationist" in the *Mut* that Separate Schools are a nuisance and should be abated. But "great events from little causes spring," and here is a little cuss—we mean cause—clogging the mighty flow of the *Irish Canadian's* generous soul. The *Irish Canadian* has a little *Irish Canadian* separated from evil at a Separate School. What!—shall he injure his prospects of undefiled Catholicity? No, he says, in his newspaper, the burning power of which is apparent in his words—so quiet—so uninflated. He "will not sacrifice to the appeasement of "Educationist," in a policy of wicked and silly cowardice, five precious years of the seed-time for that intellectual growth which is to determine the lot of life of his eldest child!" Whoop! Thread on that, av ye plaze!

"Meantime," writes a grandiloquent Toronto daily on Wills, "a due regard for domestic responsibility should induce everybody not to defer those proper testamentary arrangements which ten seconds may make too late." Grandiloquent should have reflected that it was too late for the ten-seconders anyway, and that it wasn't fair to come down so hard on folks so near their end. Let 'em die in peace.

The New York Lodgor.

GRIP has perused this valuable paper. The characters, being the creation of American authors, are probably drawn from real life in the States, as certainly there is nothing like them anywhere else, if there is there. From this it appears that the majority of Yankee husbands are quite ready to poison their wives, and generally do it, unless their wives get the start of them, which they not unfrequently do. Servants too, in that happy land, are always willing to put their masters to death, if they can get a small sum in pecuniary recompense for so doing. If you happen to get on board ship, the crew will be sure to mutiny if they see a chance of making five dollars each, or if any influential sailor tells them to do so, when they will immediately proceed in the most matter of course way to put you to death by the most disagreeable tortures. Clerks only refrain from robbing their employers for fear of losing their character, and seldom on account of that. Railway employees, conductors, cabmen, and policemen can be induced by promise of anything in the way of money to kill, rob, pitch off trains, mislead, entrap, kidnap, and annoy in various remarkable and deadly manners the travellers under their charge. All the hotels have secret doors, private passages, oubliettes, villainous landlords, and employees quite free from virtues of any description. The roads are all through deep forests, which are so full of thieves, brigands, tramps, discharged soldiers, runaway apprentices, and persons of dissolute character, that no more can be stuck in except they are put on the few unoccupied branches. Then the country is full of precipices, down which it is apparently a legal regulation that all mail coaches shall be thrown once a week. All the farmers take in boarders during the summer, generally good-looking and agreeable young men and women, who get married during the season, after which the farmer and his wife put them to death, bury them under the barn, and appropriate their valuables. All the public men make money by speculation. All the mob are prepared to destroy anybody. All the women are of inferior character. All the houses are of unsafe reputation. Nobody, as a general thing, has any idea of honest principles. Anyone who has, gets them intuitively, not by education. All the judges are corrupt, all the lawyers are untrue to their clients, all the doctors kill their patients, all the ministers have little belief in the doctrines they preach. Through this moral Slough of Despond struggle a few beings of a sort of negative and rather milksop goodness, who are rewarded by an income, at length, of a good many dollars a year, and the privilege of getting married, and living in the remarkable pleasant country their chief novelists describe, and which, if it be not so, or escape becoming so, will not so escape by fault of the said novelists.

Song of the London "Advertiser."

ON THE CONTINUAL BANKRUPTCIES.

"Many are going and more will go,
Many go every day,
Bankrupt merchants, a dismal row
Silently passing away.

"Commerce and trade fall right and left,
Manufacturers smash;
Keen money-makers from business rest
In the universal crash.

"Recklessness must have been very extreme
Awful incaution; that's so.
Sharp business men too, who ever would dream
That they would be tumbled so low?"

Thus sang the 'Tizer of London the small,
Of London away in the west,
But of the true CAUSE it said nothing at all
Careful hid that in its breast,

Never a word that our rulers select
Had carelessly pushed to the wall,
All by refusing a tariff correct,
Trade, business, commerce, and all.

Nothing of this had the 'Tizer espied,
And of it no word said he;
For the 'Tizer he sticks to the government side,
And the 'Tizer can't anything see.

The Worn-out Orator.

I've shouted till my skull's near cracked
About that used up Dunkin Act.
In amphitheatres and halls
I've listened to the horrid squalls
Of people who suppose that way
They'll drown all orators can say.
I will not say which party I
Assisted, and I'll tell you why—
Had t'other party better paid
They had obtained my worly aid.
But this I ask of you to say—
Where's there another contest, pray?

