

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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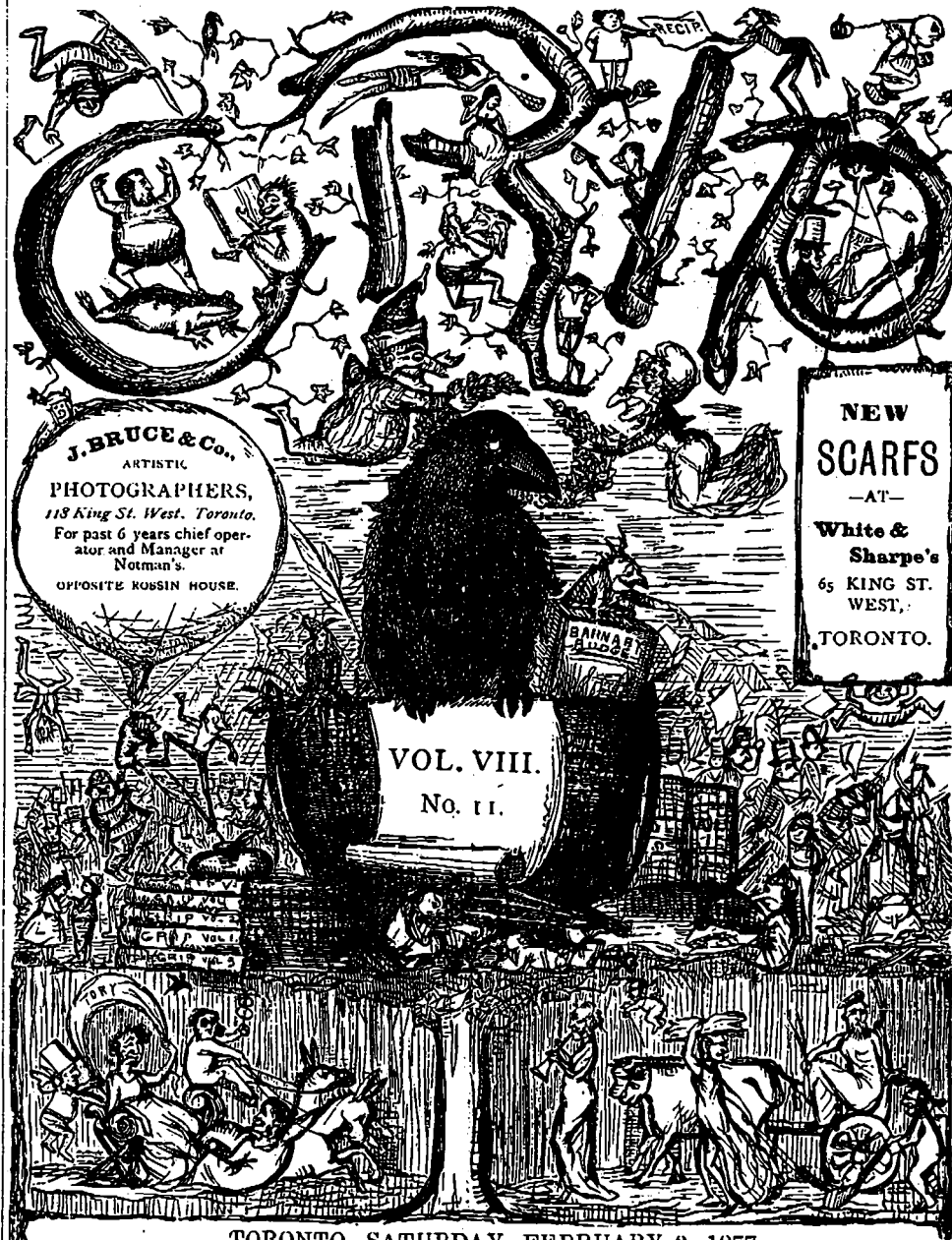
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1877.

### From our Box.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The "*Revolt of the Commune*" has been played here through the week, by MISS KATE RANOE and the stock company. MISS RANOE is *Philomel*. She is the daughter of a Parisian gunsmith, and has been induced to marry rich party, who has been induced to marry other rich party previously, which he keeps dark. *Philomel* is deserted, child starves to death in siege of Paris, *Philomel* and gunsmith become Communists, (a word which means that to make private property common property is an uncommon good thing for all who have none). Scene in ruined house; lot of Communists turned out by soldiers, who want to pull down house to help kill some Prussians. Communists object to being turned out in summary manner in winter, and commence to pile up rubbish across streets, and dance on top of it, wave flags, sing songs, shoot soldiers, and choke audience with powder smoke. Shells fall and burst everywhere. Head Communist kills officer in single combat (has previously killed him on bridge as a gendarme.) More shells fall. Great conflagration in rear, making cathedral behind, full of old armour, perfectly devilish object. Great barricade fight, soldiers in red trousers, Communists in big boots and ragged shirts, women with long sticks, officers in uniform, heads of Commune with immense sabres, all firing, tearing round, and killing one another in a manner evincing utter disregard of human life and stage property. Head Communist kills same officer again. All parties roll off stage and die in horrid agonies. Come on again. Great sacking of aristocrat's house; find spy in box, carry him off, kill him behind scenes. All fighting over, aristocrats playing cards in magnificent *salon*, pitying poor Communists all about to be shot next day. Great scoundrel aristocrat of first act now penitent, runs off to get pardon for *Philomel* and gunsmith; gunsmith has escaped, cuts in behind, shoots old aristocrat, skips off, pursued by soldiers. Final scene; same officer now gets his revenge, marches in as good as new, orders men to shoot gunsmith. Order complied with with usual savage alacrity of minions of despotism, who kill gunsmith instantly by firing over his head. *Philomel* runs in, and exhibits such distress at sight of her dead father as melts hearts of fierce soldiery, who shoot her at once to end her misery. Converted aristocrat rushes in with pardon, too late. *Philomel* sings French song expressive of desire to kill parties, and dies. Audience go home.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE is closed till Friday, when, and on Saturday, a celebrated exposé of spiritualism will appear in various astonishing performances.

A NOVEL SHARPNESS.—A New York telegram reports that the police drove away the shipping rioters at the point of the pistol.

### The Main Chance.

SCENE.—An office—Present, the newspaper Editor and his brother the Proprietor.

PROPRIETOR.—Say, brither, noo  
There flows upon ma brain a veesion rich,  
O' cash to be attained. Ken ye the lot  
We haud along the street o' Beverly?  
Four acres braid or mair. Why suld we no  
(New buildings for the Pairliament they need,  
Or think they do) mak sale to them complete,  
And turn the cash at ance? Why suld we no?  
Min', private sales hae stappit, and the lot  
Hings like a taxing millstane round our neck,  
An' bears us to the grund?

EDITOR.—Sage brither, noo,  
As at all times maist wise, it is a plan  
Shall oor exchequer fill. Oor columns noo  
Shall ring wi' statements, and wi' reasons ring  
Why buildings suld be had. The site they hae  
Shall straight be sauld, and sune oor pooches deep,  
Shall gape to tak the cash. My brither gran'  
Ye hae a noble saul.

(Exit to write editorial.)

### The Song of the Member.

Six dollars every day I take;  
And there's no reason why  
I should take less. The rate I make.  
Then why not make it high?

And Government they durst not stop  
Such goings on at all;  
For why?—if on them we should drop  
Their Cabinet must fall.

When we two hundred grabbed last year  
Some swag we put their way,  
To each—an extra thousand clear,  
And nothing more said they.

And why on earth should they or we  
Stay as we are at all?  
Why keep our little salary  
At this eight hundred small.

Next year two hundred more we'll try—  
The next two hundred more,  
And so increase and multiply  
Religiously our store.

Why not?—'tis fair to add again  
As 'twas to add before.  
There was no reason for it then,  
And now there is no more.

Instead of dollars six, I fear  
Of us there's very few  
At any honest job could clear  
Much more than dollars two.

Good-bye, our future do not fear,  
We'll to our places freeze.  
What joy to be a member here  
At all the pay we please!

### Letter from a Contractor.

To the Editor of Grip.

Sir,—I complain of the most outrageous attempt at violation of the rights of a subject ever thought of in British North America, Great Britain, the Isle of Man, or any other Anglo Saxon residence on the face of the globe.

I allude to that gross and inhuman Bill introduced to give freeholders additional votes.

I say sir, it is intended to prevent the floating population from ruling the elections. I declare it, sir!

I demand to know how, if the people who own the city are to manage the elections, contractors are to get in workable and manageable aldermen. I demand to know it, sir!

If I, sir, nominate an alderman who will spend money and give me contracts, and see that I have paying prices, and accept what decent and fair return I can give him for his services, do you think I could get him in at an election where freeholders had the majority, sir? I could not, sir.

What class of men would they put in, sir? Some contemptible fellows who would want economy, and all that sort of thing, sir. Would want solid, lasting improvements, good work, sir. Should we ever make our fortune out of that, sir? No, sir.

How would we ever have got the York street or Avenue jobs through with a freeholder's vote, sir? Would contractors have made the money they have with a freeholder's vote, sir? Would aldermen have the property they have? Would they be able to make pleasant little bargains with contractors? Would either of them have their horses and carriages, their bank account and fine houses, sir? No, sir.

I am glad to say, sir, we have influenced the working men to come forward, sir! The noble working men, sir. They have held a meeting and talked to the Government, sir, and we shall see, sir, whether this city is to be ruled by a pack of economical and diabolical freeholders, sir. We shall see, sir.

AN INDIGNANT CONTRACTOR.

Toronto, Feb. 1. 1877.

Mr. MACKENZIE has lately been improving his mind, and now quotes polite literature. When he saw the first member arrive he called him "The Beginning of the End." CARTWRIGHT, "Why not? Perhaps a good end." MACKENZIE replied dolefully, "Ay, ay, mon. But wad it were adjourning time, CAIRTREET. an' a weel."

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### The Bank Clerk to the Public.

Ah, weally quite athamed you know, to theap of thuch a thing ;  
But when these fellahs do thuch monstwow accusathionths bwing,  
And hinth that all bank clerks ah wogues, you know, and things like  
that.

It makes a fellah feel, you know, yes, feel extwemely flat.

I'm thure, when wobbing ewvy one is the pweaving style.  
It's quite unweasonable we should not incwease owah pile.  
All codes of modehn mawals mean, if they don't plainly state  
Concealed appwopwiationhs ah not inappwopwiate.

The aldechmen ah chosen men—the picked ones of the place.  
And bweaking laws they do not seem to think the least disgwace.  
They buy and sell with civic funds, and so incwease their stoah  
Poor Bawbah did it with the banks ; which wathn't any mowah.

And twadehs, too, all bweaking down and cutting ewvy day  
Don't pay their cweditors : but take a heap of cash away.  
Come back next yeah, and then ah thought as good as angels bwhight.  
Small peculations can't be wong, if big ones ah all wight.

How can we keep up pwopah style, aw keep a horthc and cab  
Unleth we thupplement our pay by thmall amounts of gwab ?  
Of courthc they mean young gentlemen with salawy so small  
To wob the bank, if they're to live like gentlemen at all.

In fine, I have to thay to you this thmall concluding word  
To hope uth better than youawthelves ith thertainly abthurd.  
We mutht a pwopah spihwit show, and pwopah style maintain  
So if one gwab won't give it uth, why we must gwab again.

### The Working Man.

I am a working man as does not want to work at all,  
And so the property I holds is most extremely small ;  
But cos I has no property, is that a reason why  
I shouldn't vote on yours as have? Guess not : that's all my eye.

What right had you to save your cash and lands and houses buy  
While I spent mine?—I say this is most hejus tyranny,  
And now you wants to vote on it, and wouldn't give to me  
As much a voice as you in it—but that won't work, you see.

How 'm I to make a cent at all about election day  
If all my voting power's destroyed, and frittered all away?  
A vote's the finest property you ever see, my men.  
You sells him every year, and then you gets him back again.

And if they gets this Cumulative Bill which now they crave,  
The Councils then beneath their thumb will every penny save.  
I'm blest if I considers that there doctrine to be sound.  
I wants to see the Councils spend, and spin the cash around.

I wants to be an over-seer and lean agin a post,  
And watch a lot of tellers work—a job I loves the most.  
A pal of mine—an alderman—has got to get me that ;  
But this here Cumulative Bill 'ud knock my chances flat.

I guess if you what owns the town once gets the right to say  
What should be done—all little jobs is finished from that day.  
No lobbyin round City Hall—no more log-rollin' then.  
No gettin no fat little jobs from no more aldermen.

I tell you this—you folks as owns the property round here—  
Us tenants means to vote as much as you—let that be clear.  
You've got the property ; but we've more numbers got than you,  
And we intend to teach you how to lay it out, we do.

We've got that property o' yourn consid'able in debt,  
And we considers as it might support a good deal yet.  
We means to make you borrrer pr'aps two million every year,  
And some'ut then perhaps poor men 'll get a chance to clear.

Ain't I a British subject, and what is the good of that,  
If you're to save ap money, and be an aristocrat?  
You likes to work ; and that is just the reason why  
You ort to save and I to spend the saved up property.

You'd make of me a serf with that there Cumulative Lor.  
And make me hew your wood, you would, and water for your dror.  
You got your goods by working so, you says ; it may be true,  
And so you may ; I don't like sich ; but I'll the voting do.

Hooray, to be a Briton free, and make the money fly  
Which is put in the Council charge—that's what I likes, does I.  
Heap up debentures, swell the debt, and pass the cash around,  
And mortgage every house and shop, and every lot of ground.

We don't own none— we tenants is—and as for debt, when it  
Has busted up this blessed town, we'll jist git up and git.  
And find some other town to bust ; who cares how owners raves ?  
Hooray !—no Cumulative Lers—us Britons sham't be slaves !

### The Medical Contingout.

DR. BOLUS *in study*—*Enter sombre party in black.*

DR. BOLUS.—Good morning, Mr. GROAN. Anything the matter?  
Ill yourself, perhaps. You look rather downcast. (*Aside.—To look at  
him would give a pig the cholera.*)

MR. GROAN.—In a vale of woes, sir, (*sighs deeply*) and being, as I  
may say, in a business of sorrows and acquainted with grief (*sighs again*)  
my appearance naturally gets sympathetic with my customers, sir. I  
have been told I look interesting. But I am well as usual—as well as  
we can expect to be in this mortal home (*sighs*).

DR. BOLUS.—Well, well ; bad for your undertaking trade if it wasn't,  
GROAN. What can I do for you?

MR. GROAN.—In this mortal—

DR. BOLUS.—Come, now ; I go in three minutes. What is it? I'm  
in a hurry.

MR. GROAN.—It is not fit, sir, that dwellers and pilgrims in this  
shadowy passage of tears should see others imposed on. Anything in  
my line, to be brief? I allow one-third commission to recommending  
physicians. There are others, sir, who do not do so. (*Sighs.*)

DR. BOLUS.—Gad, that's so. Weeper & Doleful only let me have  
twenty per cent. One-third, you say?

MR. GROAN.—Which is my invariable practice, sir. And, in case of  
highly wealthy families losing important members, if obsequies are un-  
usual magnificent, could make it better—do, in fact.

DR. BOLUS.—Well, old DIVIDEND down the street is going. Thought  
of Weeper & Doleful. But if you allow one-third, why, of course—

MR. GROAN.—Much obliged. Good-morning. (*Exit sighing deeply.*)

### From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

ALONZO GUSHINGTON and REGINALD GUBBINS were two poets.  
Unlike most men of their profession, they loved each other like twins.  
GUBBINS was a deep thinker—so deep that no one who read his pro-  
ductions could sink low enough to get at their meaning. GUBBINS, in  
short, was much too clever to live, and consequently he died. His  
friend GUSHINGTON wrote an "In memoriam" of thirteen stanzas,  
and sent it to the editor of a local paper. ALONZO assures us that he  
wrote the heading and the first verse of his poem as follows:—

#### "LINES ON A DEPARTED FRIEND."

"A dead calm fell upon the thinker's woes—  
A mild and soothing odor of repose.  
No more the weary hand shall grasp the pen ;  
No more the melting brain shall conquer men !  
The drooping eyelids never more shall weep ;  
The busy limbs are still. He's gone to sleep !"

Although Mr. GUSHINGTON had once taken writing-lessons from  
HORACE GREELEY, his penmanship was none of the clearest. The  
editor could make neither head nor tail, rhyme nor reason of the manu-  
script, but a young man in the office, who had once received an invita-  
tion to a dinner, in ALONZO'S hand-writing, managed to tackle the  
first stanza of the poem, and ordered it to be "set up" for the column  
of the paper which was headed "Jokes of the Day, &c.," and this is  
what the young man made of it:—

#### "LIES OF A DEPARTED FRIEND."

"A dead clam fed upon the tinker's toes—  
A wild and shooting order for repose.  
No more the wiry hand shall grasp the hen ;  
No more the pelting rain shall conquer men !  
The trooping eyelids never more shall weep,  
The bushy lambs are stiff. He's gone to sleep !"

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