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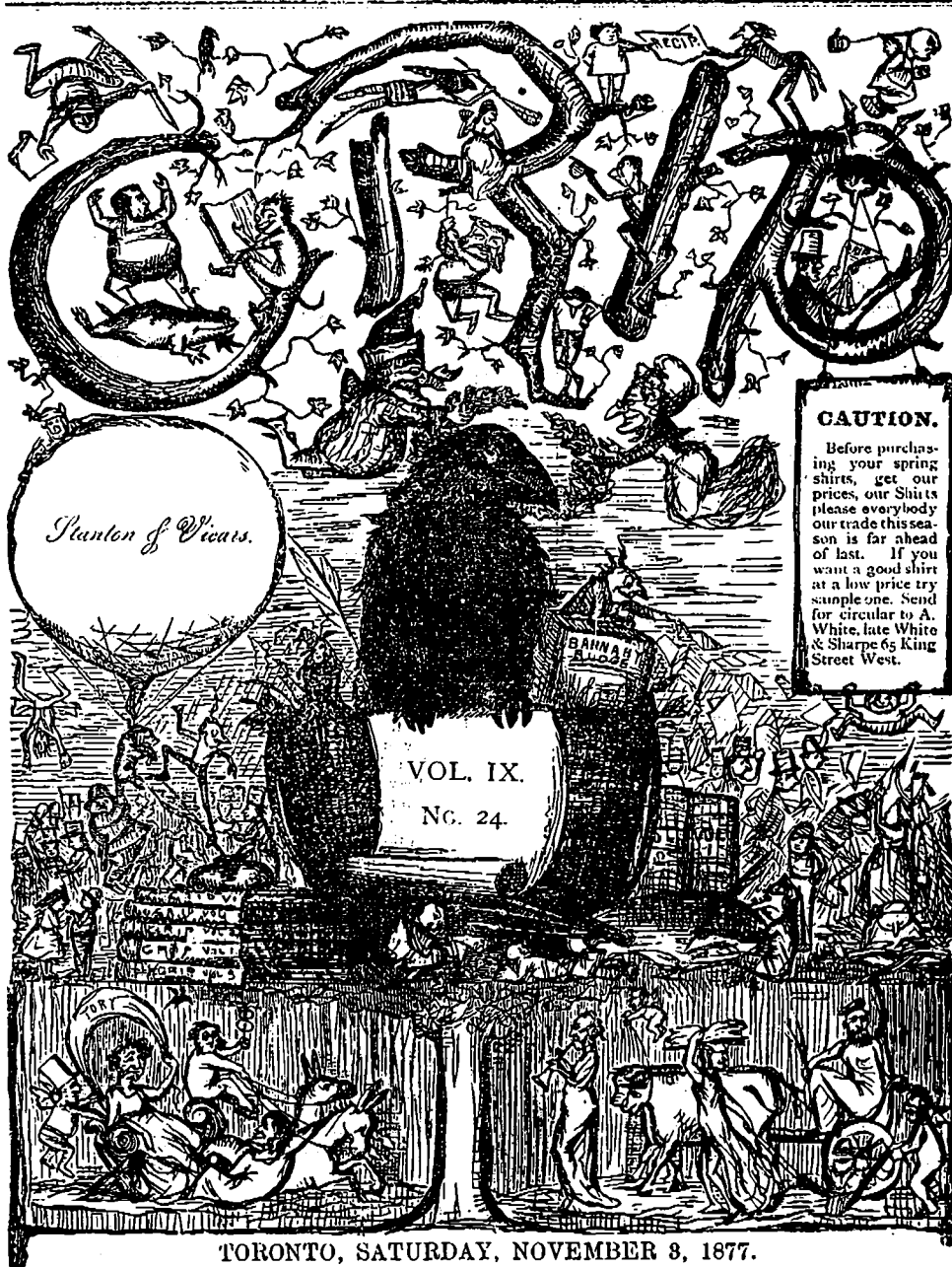
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1877.

Matrimonial.

At the Church of the Ancient Lineage, Ambitions City, Ont., by the Rev. Rector, JOHN SMITH, Esq., late of England, to SOPHIA BRIDGET MARIA daughter of JOHN JONES, Esq., and granddaughter of MICHAEL FITZTIMOTHY, Esq., late of BallyKillbeg, Co. Antrim, Ireland, next house but one to Lord DUFFERIN'S, and niece of the late Surgeon Major FITZTIMOTHY, of the Horse Marines; also niece of the Surgeon Major's brother, of the Royal Navy, formerly assistant surgeon on H. M. S. *Waterloo*, and niece of this distinguished gentleman's other brother the Captain of the Royal County Down Blazers, and also and moreover cousin of WM. FITZTIMOTHY, of England, and several others that might be mentioned only we don't want to make a parade of our pedigree.

Warned!

If Mr. Justice GWYNNE will take GRIP'S advice, he will go immediately and put on a metal plate in such a position as to protect his fifth rib. He has incurred the wrath of the *Mail*, and at the present moment the gentleman editor is grinding his knife. With reference to the charge of the Justice in the WILKINSON case, in which severe words were spoken against slanderers, the *Mail* says, "We shall have something to say at another time." Let Mr. Justice GWYNNE take warning. He knows that slander is the policy of the *Mail*, for so it has been declared by the proper authority, and his language is therefore equivalent to an attempt to suppress that organ by taking away its bread and butter. Is it to be expected that high toned journalists will submit to this? Never.

The Tramp.

The Terrible Tramp is infesting the land,
And his number is more than the country can stand,
And the clack of his tongue never stills at the door,
Where his place when he's gone is refilled by some more.

The bailiffs have sold all he had on the earth,
For endorsing a friend's note who nothing was worth,
Or he begs for his children of succor hereaft,
Or his family's dead, and he's desolate left.

He's a merchant compelled by misfortune to fail;
He's a sailor whom no one will hire to sail;
He's a carpenter who has just pawned his last tool;
He's a schoolmaster who somehow can't get a school.

He's a man whom the world combined to smash,
And they did it by help of the last panic crash;
He's a broker who with best intention was short;
He's a banker to stoppage who had to resort.

He has married a helpmate for better or worse,
Who turned out all the last, and ran off with the purse;
He'd her morals reclaim and his treasure regain
If you'd lend him a dollar to pay on the train.

There's a good situation to get down the street,
The requirements of which are just what he could meet,
But appearance! How grateful he *would* bring it back,
If you'd lend, for two hours, your best coat of black.

Not intending to travel to Canada cold,
His large outfit of flannels he carelessly sold;
Not a shirt has remained, and his money all gone,
But no doubt you could spare a superfluous one.

But one child he has left, and of fever he dies,
Oh, so many miles off, and if only his eyes
Could again on him rest! In two hours he's there,
If you'll but with benevolence pay out the fare.

She's quite destitute here, though her townsmen all know
She is wealthy—has letters which prove it is so;
And she knows that your gallantry will not stand still
While she suffers abuse for a small hotel bill.

They are hungry and thirsty, three fellows out there,
And we entertain angels, you know, unaware,
If to smoke, chew, and swear be an angelic sign,
They've a right to assistance extremely divine.

They arrive in the morning, at noon, and at night,
They are always just fainting; but if they'd a bite
It would do them; but woe to your table if you
Give them chance to show what that one bite will go through.

They will talk by the hour; by the day they will preach;
You your business and that of all others they'll teach,
They'd be happy to spend all their life time with you,
If you'll only just offer them—nothing to do.

Through the country in summer by fancy they're led,
At the farm-house their meals; in the barn is their bed,
But in winter each city their refuge is made,
Where they ply the "soup kitchen" and "Friendless Home" trade.

But in summer or winter he's never away,
He's with you at night and he's with you in day,
Whether wealth may surround you or poverty cramp,
You must lodge and must feed him—the Terrible tramp.

But GRIP thinks that thing is now almost played out;
That from country and town we the nuisance should rout,
And that workhouse and prison should crushingly stamp
Out this terrible torment—the Terrible Tramp.

The New Method.

SCENE.—Room in Boarding house. Present, RICHARD JOLLY and JOHN STEADYGO, students working up their papers for teachers' certificates.

MR. STEADYGO.—Dick, you will never be ready. Why don't you study?

MR. JOLLY (*smoking in arm-chair*).—What's the use?

MR. S.—Why you'll be plucked. You won't get a third-class.

MR. J.—You're a goose. That's not the way we do things now. Old way was to do as you are doing—cray with globes, integral calculus, algebra, quadratics, natural philosophy, problems, Euclid, and all the rest of it. New way is to smoke, go to plays, row, fish, walk, amuse yourself, and take the highest certificates after all.

MR. S.—Nonsense.

MR. J.—Fact. Often done. You know the education papers are printed, don't you? Well, buy a set of some of the printers, or somebody. Get 'em, learn off the answers, say 'em, and there you are!

MR. S.—Heavens! You must mistake.

MR. J.—Don't deal in mistakes. Should have heard JONES tell about it last year. He and DOBBS had bought papers. All the other fellows had studied. DOBBS and JONES didn't know a blessed word. All went off like smoke. JONES and DOBBS first-class certificates, compliments of examiners, "Really very creditable," said the old fellows. Awful disgust of other fellows, some of 'em plucked, some only third-class.

MR. S.—Abominable! But about schools. Who employs them?

MR. J.—Bless you, the certificates do all that. What do trustees know? When is a School Inspector able to examine a teacher? Or when does he, if able? They teach their schools off book, and this is an end. Get on just as well. DOBBS and JONES got good schools.

MR. S.—Horrid! Why can't examiners do without papers?

MR. J.—Why, not capable, possibly, probably, in fact. Besides, (*whisper*) might want to sell 'em themselves.

MR. S.—Impossible.

MR. J.—My dear JACK, have not some of our Canadian Education chaps been accused of what is morally as bad—of fostering monopolies of school-books for their friends? What is the difference? Both dishonesty. Surely, this thing has not gone on so long unknown. Why was it not stopped. Take the world as I do. Buy your papers.

The Way to Make it.

Are you very hard up, literary fellow?
Straightway write a pamphlet, bind it up in yellow,
Want to get the matter?—that the way to reach is,
Gather up some member's old forgotten speeches.

Trim 'em up, collate 'em, make 'em short and spicy,
He'll make no objection—print it—in a trice, he
Will go running round then, all the people telling,
"I've got out a pamphlet—everywhere it's selling."

You will get some money; be it much or little;
He'll get all the credit—you no jot or tittle.
Still *sic vos non vobis*; HORACE said; it's funny,
How some folks have brains, and—others have the money.



A SUGGESTION FOR MR. LAURIER.

NEWSBOY.—"LOOKIN' FOR A PLACE, MISTER? THERE'S YOUR CHANCE—PUT IN A FREE AD."

The Hon. Johnson Blake.

GRIP, as his readers are aware, possesses remarkable powers, and astonishing things happen to him, among the rest—visions. It fell on this wise that, the other day, GRIP experienced a vision. GRIP was another personage—he suddenly found himself a modern BOSWELL, possessing the peculiar instincts of the BOSWELL tribe. Of course, he at once looked round for his affinity—his centre to satellize around—his great man to chronicle. And he was there. GRIP recognized him by his first sentence. The figure was different; it appeared younger, though still stout, and heavy as of yore. But the pomposity, the length of words, the unlenient self-assertion and continual spirit of contradiction—all were here.

"Yes, Sir," said this being, "you knew me well at a remote period; exercise your memory. Transmigration is not a fallacy; I was the distinguished JOHNSON; I am the Honorable BLAKE. You are BOSWELL; you are GRIP. In different and successive ages, it appertains to you to enlighten, to edify, to amuse a listening world with an account of my proceedings."

"Pray, Sir," said GRIP-BOSWELL, "do you find in yourself the same power of mind and force of thought, after this great change of body and place?"

"I am not thoroughly aware, Sir," returned Dr. JOHNSON BLAKE, "whether the change have caused inferiority or generated superiority of mental calibre, but I am perfectly conscious of a remarkable difference in other respects."

"If I might venture to ask," said GRIP-BOSWELL, "I would beg to know further."

"If you will divest yourself of a disagreeable tendency to circumlocution in request, and a parasitical timidity of manner in address, Sir," said the great man, "you may ask, and I shall experience pleasure in replying. I am conscious of a radical difference in fundamental principles, in the consequent action based on those principles, yet experience no remarkable difference in my habitual method of expression of those principles. In plain words, Sir, to adopt the perspicuity necessitated by your limited capacity, I discover that, since my change of mundane sphere and bodily corporization, though I yet talk like the original JOHNSON, I act like the imitation BLAKE."

"This," said his humble observer, "is strange indeed. It would please me much to hear an example, or more than one would please me yet more."

"You shall be pleased, Sir," said the sage. "In the verbal communication of ordinary conversation, as formerly, in the more elevated perorations of the rostrum, in the forensic deliveries of the tribunal, as at present, it is peculiarly agreeable to me to occasion in surrounding breasts those delightful sentiments of pleasure which a benign Creator has conferred on some the power of imparting, on all the capability of enjoying."

"At present, then, Sir, if I may so express it," said his satellite, "I will enquire what differences you perceive in particular instances in your *role* of BLAKE to the manner in which you would have treated similar instances, had they occurred in the *role* of JOHNSON."

"The attempt to express in French what may be with equivalent propriety expressed in English, is a peculiar in correction common to vulgar minds," said the sage, sharply. "But concerning the subject of your interrogations, I observe that in public disquisitions, delivered in my present life I describe to surrounding multitudes, in language rich with superabundant metaphor and brilliant with the coruscations of imagination, enhanced by the expression of gesture and the fire of apparently patriotic animation, the necessity of certain measures conducive to the prosperity of the country, and my own inalterable intention of continued connection with no party, combination, or political concatenation, which will not with immediate, consistent, and continual determination proceed to the execution of the same. In my former state of existence I should decidedly and peremptorily have dissolved connection with parties refusing so to act; in my present state I continue to assist in their deliberation, and remain a member of those combinations membership in which I have severely and unflinchingly denounced."

"And how, Sir," asked GRIP-BOSWELL, "do you account for this strange change?"

"In all nations and all ages, Sir," replied the eminent two-fold creation, "credibility of the supernatural has commended itself to the intellect of the cultivated aristocrat, and to the instinct of the uneducated plebeian. I find, in my mind, a certain distinct supernatural interference. I find myself embark in political life; I observe myself profoundly denunciatory of the meaner passions incident to a political career, yet altogether unable to resist the power of those identical passions or to prevent the entanglement of their influence."

"And what further, respected Sir?" asked the modern BOSWELL.

"It has also disagreeably impressed itself on my notice," replied the JOHNSON of to-day, "that the straightforward integrity of my original character has suffered decided diminution, if it have not undergone complete destruction. As I have but now remarked, my capabilities of promulgating instruction have in no respect lessened, my powers of myself observing the cause of action I recommend to others by no means remain unimpaired. Coalitions, for instance, met with my whole

denunciatory powers of attack, and underwent my full force of exposal. Yet I am deliberately and of free intention connected with a political combination whose composing atoms are of all others most innately repugnant. Sir, in my former state I should have loathed such action as wavering, purposeless, and most discreditably. I should have, if accidentally betrayed into its evincement, have abandoned it instantly and abhorrently. Yet I now continue it—nay, I delight in it. This I attribute distinctly to that strange supernatural influence which outweighs the intentions of mortals, and shapes their plans to its will."

"I think, Sir," said GRIP-BOSWELL, "that I remember many occasions when people would have gladly given supernatural influence as a reason for actions they had performed, if they had had any idea it would have been accepted as an excuse."

This little sentence, though expressed in that quiet, unpretentious, and frank manner characteristic of GRIP-BOSWELL, or perhaps rather of GRIP, seemed to strike some tender chord in the bosom of the sage of the past and present. His nostril swelled, his chest expanded, his eye flashed. He spoke:

"Sir," he said "I recognize in your expression a concealed and malign meaning, hostile to my character and prejudicial to my interests. Know, Sir, that the administration of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member is destined long to sway the fortunes of this land. Sir, I perceive you are a vile Tory. "Begone, Sir!"

And GRIP, with humble if sarcastic bow, retired, and he awoke, and behold, it was a vision.

Only Waiting.

The prison door stands open, and immediately in front of it stands the trembling form of the Ex-editor of the *West Durham News*, only waiting for the legal authorities to give him a final *big push*.

The Astonished Agriculturist.

DECEIVER.—Honest old farmer, whither are you going?

Do you not wish to-day to make your fortune?

I have some things here which I am now selling,

Will do it for you.

Waggons I deal in; see them in this picture.
Half of the weight and twice the strength of others,
Buggies and cutters of the same description.—
See my credentials.

Threshing-machines—one-horse ones—perfect beauties;
Ploughs of a pattern you have never seen yet,
Also a harrow warranted to always
Double the harvest.

Ask you to buy them?—nothing of the sort, Sir!
Merely I wish that you shall be my agent,
Selling them for me at a high percentage,
Here's the agreement.

You're but to sign it—just here in this corner,
Why should you always break your back at farming?
When you can make five times the money easy,
Just in your parlour?

Why should your bones, now you are getting older,
Weary with toil more fit for younger persons?
Why, there are people I have lately dealt with,
Rich in a year, sir!

FARMER.—There is much reason in what you have said, sir,
Things of that sort I can quickly sell here,
For such exist not in the parts around us—
There, I have signed it.

ONE MONTH AFTER.

VISITOR.—I have come in, Sir, on a bit of business,
Here is a note of yours which I must beg you
Just now to settle, 'tis a hundred dollars,
And overdue, Sir.

FARMER.—Blessings upon my heart, my liver also!
What can such wicked people have been made for?
This is the paper which I gave the dealer,
In those farm tools, Sir!

VISITOR.—That is a thing I nothing no about, Sir.
This is a note of yours; to-day I bought it.
Please you to pay it, for the law will make you,
Do so most quickly.

[Scene closes.]



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*The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in
about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts
were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term
of subscription had not expired will please send their
names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription,
as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the
June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise
considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing
back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those
whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions
and advertisements respectfully solicited.*

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the
people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them
that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that
very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer,
now known as the

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8

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9

William Shakespeare.

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

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TORONTO, ONT.