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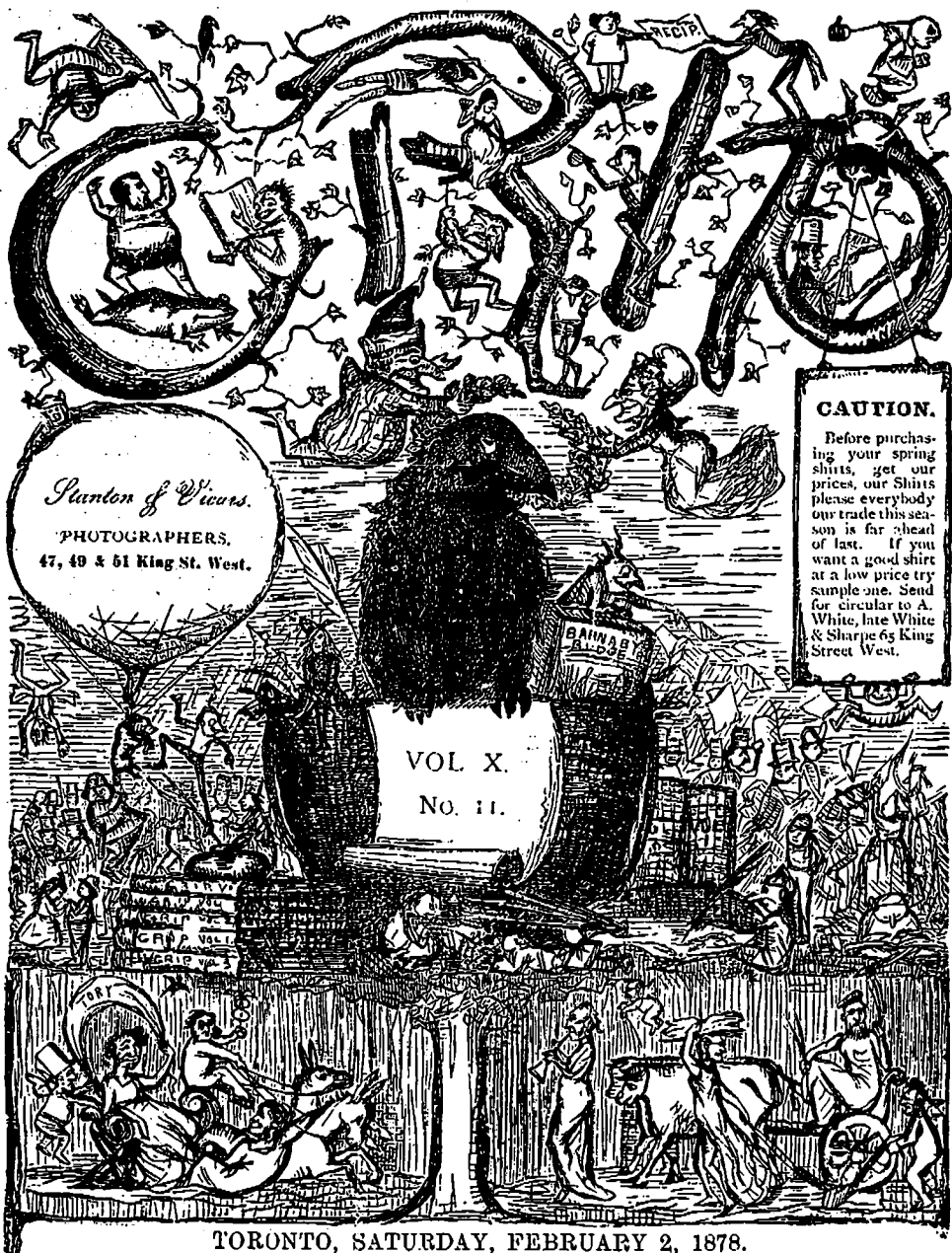
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VOL. X.  
NO. 11.

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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 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, SAUTRDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY, 1878.

## Answers to Correspondents.

CONTRIBUTOR.—We are always ready and willing to pay for contributions, at the rate of \$2.00 per column. We prefer short and pithy articles.

## Awake.

Too long, too long, our country lies in slumber,  
Too long, too long, to life and light unknown.  
Awake, awake, ere with the dead they number,  
The people unaroused by warning tone.

Awake—you own what millions all uncounted,  
Turn greedy glance toward, and yet you sleep,  
Till that grim horseman, on pale courser mounted,  
Shall tread you into stupor yet more deep.

That death which time to nations still is bearing,  
Who hold resources vast, yet use them not.  
The fate we gave the savage is preparing,  
For us who now his old domain have got.

We took from him a land which population,  
A hundred times our number might maintain.  
Awake and use it, ere a stronger nation,  
What we from others took shall take again.

RELIABLE JOURNALISTIC STATISTICS.—Monday's *Telegram* says:

"The first tree cut on the Ottawa River was felled on the 7th of March, 1799. Since then 80,000,000 cubic feet has been cut down in the forests of Canada, of which \$13,000,000 worth has been exported to Europe and the United States."

Since we have sometimes sent to those countries \$26,000,000 worth in a year, GRIP should rather think there had.

## The Real Truth.

As is sometimes his wont, GRIP last week called through his office tube for the members of the Dominion Government, who came running in, bowed, and stood in a line.

"You are only Twelve?" said GRIP.

"I maun humbly annoonce," remarked MACKENZIE, "that we hae lost VAIL."

"Where did you lose him, and how?" asked GRIP, severely, for there was that in the physiognomies now before him which suggested homicidal, felonious, and even cannibalistic ideas as to the fate of one who had been their fellow traveller.

"If you please, allow me to explain," said CARTWRIGHT, and GRIP listened with some confidence, "We lost him at a place called Digby. The *Globe* said it knew all about it, and promised to tell all about him in a day or two, but it has not told us yet. So, of course, we cannot tell."

"I accept the explanation," said GRIP. "Now, what I called you here for, is to enquire why you make such fools of yourselves."

"A when o' us," said MACKENZIE, with a glance at CARTWRIGHT, "didna mak oorsels what we are ava, and are no responsible for the exawmple they present to the rest o' mankind. But they are usefu', and gang whaur bidden wi' mair doceelity than beings possessit of mair reason, wha are noo an' then even less usefu', and far mair injurious." And he glanced at BLAKE, who caught the expression of his countenance, and broke into a torrent of verbiage.

"Even in the tremendous presence of the great GRIP," he exclaimed, in tones which broke a pane of GRIP's office window, "I shall indignantly protest against such allusions. I alone, by the unaided strength of my reputation, have sustained this Government. But for the knowledge that BLAKE was there, it had long since been hurled down the wind in latters, a prey to fortune. My reputation, I say, my *prestige*, my known calibre, my force of sarcasm, my lacerating acerbity, have upheld this combination, which I will not call a Government, through all its perils. Let GRIP enlarge his question, state the points to which he refers, and let this person, (pointing to MACKENZIE,) who has been chosen by a Parliament not distinguished for wisdom as my leader and spokesman, answer for all." He spoke no more, but leaned against the wall, with that awful scowl and heavy villain style very effective in Parliaments not renowned for knowledge.

"Weel, weel," asked MACKENZIE, "Maister GRIP, hoo dae we mak fules o' oorselves? Maybe we arena sic great anes as some o' us leuk."

"Why," asked GRIP, "do you talk such ineffable rubbish on the Free Trade question? You all know well enough that if Canada had factories spread over the land, making what could be profitably made here of what she now imports, her prosperity would be assured and rapid."

MACKENZIE spoke. His countenance assumed as much dignity as his upper lip would allow. "Is it," he asked, "my fault if the majority o' Canadians are fules? Ye canna wyte me wi't. I gie them what they ask. The *Globe* has had the hail pack o' born idgits by the lug for mony a year, pu'ing them along whaur it lists by shoutin' cot that it leads the Reform pairty. Deil a pairty it cares for but the foreign importers, o' wham it has constituit itsel' the organ. Weel, the kintra folk a' read it, they are a' persuadit that Free Trade is correck, and we joost humour them, and they keep us in salaries sic as I, for ane, ne'er saw nor expectit before ava. What wad ye hae? If we gie Protection, the *Globe* wad turn on us like a fleeing dragon, an' oot we gang. Speak to ye're ain people; dinna abuse us. Gin Ontario, whilk is, ane may say, the vera backbone o' the Domeenyon, alloos itsel tae be taught polee-teecal economy by ane newspaper, and that ane no either deestinguished by poover, wut, or knowledge, what div ye expect o' us? We gie the people what they askit."

"The children of this generation," said GRIP, are wiser than—I thought them. And you," he asked of the rest. "Do you coneur in this explanation?"

"My science," said the grandiloquent BLAKE, "includes but the noble and profound technicalities of the law, and the mighty mystery of effecting reform in petty Departmental expenses. I study not commerce nor trade. I repudiate the idea of connection with *Globe* perfidy, or the Machiavelian system my leader has avouched. Such as I am the people elected me; and now arise voices of disapproval, and presently

"Then waft me to the harbour's mouth,  
Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky."

I have assisted my colleagues with my reputation—"

"With naething else," said MACKENZIE. But ye—CARTWRIGHT—ye knew my thochts. Speak noo."

"I indignantly repudiate the assertion," exclaimed the Honourable RICHARD. "No man will believe that I have ever known anything—"

"There, there," interrupted MACKENZIE. "Let the sentence stand; ye canna improve't. Maister GRIP, we hae explain't. Friens, we maun hurry doon tae support JONES. Oor poseitions are in jeopardy—and oor alloances—"

The last word galvanized the party with electric vigour. They flew out of the doorway with such celerity as drove half a dozen of their heads together with splintering force, and the office boy picked up next day a pound of leaden chips.

## The Angloan Resolve.

I would be better pleased indeed if I  
Could otherwise proceed; but all around  
Obstructions bar the way. My brethren dear,  
And sisters none less dear, who weekly all  
Do aid me here in intonation loud,  
Till millions, transoms, finials, crockets, all  
The decorations of our sacred fame,  
Do ring in symphony—oh, sympathise  
With me in this as well. Let us demand  
Of him who was our old and ancient head,  
Who rules the Church of Rome, to know the terms,  
Shall all the breaches heal, and us admit  
Unto the bosom of that sacred home,  
The Reformation broke from, and afar,  
To wildernesses led, in which we still,  
Do wander all the years in heaviness,  
And see no light beyond.

## The Way to Choose a Member.

Enter two influential gentlemen.

1st I. G.—Who shall we run for member?

2nd I. G.—Oh, HEAVYHEAD will run best. He has a good deal of property, has some private ends of his own to serve in Parliament, so that he will spend time and money to get in, and then he will be on our side, and in fact be a useful voting member on all political questions, which indeed he knows little of, and is too busy to learn about.

1st I. G.—But, my dear sir, could we not get a better man? There is WISEBRAIN, a good speaker, a man who is well aware of the state of the country and its needs, one who cannot be bought, and who could be of the greatest use to us in the House. In fact, we have no one else fit to put against SHARPTONGUE on the other side.

2nd I. G.—Ah, but then, you know, he can't get in.

1st I. G.—He would if we back him.

2nd I. G.—But then he might want his own way.

1st I. G.—Well, why not, if his way is best?

2nd I. G.—No, don't like him. Has old fashioned notions about honour and all that. Shan't help him.

And next session sees a dummy or a noodle representing the place as usual, and people wondering why Canadian legislation is stupid and slow.

# POINT LEVI!

G.T.R.  
WAITING ROOM

FOR SALE  
TO THE GOV'T  
THE RIV. DU LOUP BRANCH  
G.T.R.  
APPLY TO  
HICKSON

G.T.R.  
REGULATION.  
POINT LEVI & RIV. DU LOUP  
BRANCH.  
TRAINS  
TO CONNECT WITH  
INTERCOLONIAL  
WILL BE RUN  
HOURS LATE,  
UNTIL THE  
GOVERNMENT  
BUYS  
THIS BRANCH  
AT OUR TERMS.

INSTRUCTION  
RUN SLOW  
& BOTHER  
THE INTER  
COLONIAL  
R.R.

NEGOTIATIONS  
FOR PURCHASE  
OF THE RIV. DU LOUP  
BRANCH BY  
GOV'T.

FOR HALIFAX  
(IF POSSIBLE)

*Benevolence*  
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## "ONLY WAITING."

TRAVELLER.—HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO DELAY THE INTERCOLONIAL AT RIVIERE DU LOUP?

THE G. T. R.—HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO DELAY BUYING OUT THIS BRANCH AT OUR FIGURES?

### The Universities

"And so, my dear sir," said GRIP to a high University dignitary, "the Canadian Universities are making progress?"

"Remarkably so," replied the gentleman addressed "we have had now for years very many in the Province, and each year sees more built."

"But may I ask," returned the dulcet tones with which GRIP charms his interlocutors to submission. "how is it that we notice such poor results?"

"Good heavens! Sir! poor!" replied the astounded magnate. "why we turned out thousands of matriculants in law, science, and divinity last year!"

"But the results," persisted the placid GRIP. "In law our biggest guns get woful British snubbings when they try a bit of international, and here you have neither judge nor counsel who ever makes a speech worth place beside WEBSTER?"

"But we are young," cried the dignitary.

"Your doctors make no advances in their art, and timidly copy old country modes," said GRIP.

"Very young," said the U. D.

"Your ministers make execratingly dull sermons, and seem not sufficiently versed in history and science to combat these freethinkers," added GRIP.

"Extremely young," said the University.

"In science you don't fetch along any GALILEOS, NEWTONS, FLAXMANS, FRANKLINS, or WATTS," said GRIP.

"Too young," said the University: "but in a few hundred years—"

"When we are all dead," said GRIP.

### The Sad Ballad of John Smith and Polly Tinker.

Now list all ye people who choose unto me,  
While a story I tell of our modern countree.  
And young men and maidens I all of you pray  
To improve by this moral while yet that you may.

O who is yon maiden who goes down the street?  
It is fair POLLY TINKER, the pretty and sweet.  
And who is yon youth, walking now by her side?  
O who but JOHN SMITH, of his parents the pride.

O why seem they happy, as onward they walk?  
O, of good times to come they most pleasantly talk.  
And what are the prospects which give them such cheer,  
He's to get a bank clerkship—five hundred a year.

And what will they do with this salary small?  
O 'twill give them a cottage, and marriage, and all  
That existence requires. Of LUXURY fair,  
And of all that he asks, they know nothing nor care.

It will give the fair POLLY a pretty new gown,  
Twice as oft as her father with one can come down;  
While JOHN thinks with joy that whenever he need,  
He can buy a full suit of Canadian tweed.

Now the next thing that comes in the course of my rhyme,  
Is a moral reflection on passage of time;  
And the difference women, and difference men,  
Often manifest Now, to what once they did Then.

O whose is that carriage which rolls down the drive?  
The cashier Mr. SMYTTHE'S—now the proudest alive.  
And whose the fair form which beside him doth glow?  
Mrs. SMYTTHE'S—nee ELYZABETH TINNEQUERRE, you know.

O what is his income to keep up all this?  
Twenty thousand a year? No, that's rather a miss.  
He's got but five thousand, it's very well known;  
But great private estates he's considered to own.  
O where did they get it—this private estate?  
O their parents were somewhere of wealth very great.  
Though exactly the region where those old folks dwell,  
Is a something which somehow the SMYTTHE'S never tell.

O they're aristocratic exceedingly, then?  
Yes, and give splendid dinners too, now and again.  
And of late, when the committee were in the lurch,  
SMYTTHE forked over five thousand to finish the church.

And the whole congregation are loud in his praise,  
So select too, and highminded in all his ways.  
There's no lord buys new dress suits so often as he;  
And her velvets are getting a wonder to be.

O what do they say now each other beside,  
As in pleasure and glory together they ride?  
And why they are thin, worn, and sallow to-day,  
Unlike JOHNNY and POLLY who once passed that way?

With a sharp voice and squeaky she speaks in his ear,  
"I declare it's a shame I can't decent appear,  
In the houses I visit—there's that Lady JONES  
Wears diamonds worth millions—sich beautiful stones.

"And she looks down on me, and I know just for why.  
They're beyond quite the *status* of you and of I.  
And she turns hup her nose, and I'm sure I can't see  
That I'm not quite as good on heach pint as is she.

"And I eard that she said as how queer people, dear,  
In this country can get president or cashier  
Of a bank; but then real refinement, she said,  
Was a thing hup to wich they ave never been bred.

"And she meant them ere diamonds. I know; and I say,  
I don't like to ear you spoken of in that way."  
"Nor she shan't," cries proud SMYTTHE, "Who is she?—Lady  
JONES!  
I'll get you better diamonds, my dear, than she owns.

"I'll teach 'er oo's oo." And a week from that date  
Mrs. SMYTTHE goes in diamonds, with spirit elate,  
And is fully convinced that the universe owns  
She's a being transcending "that there Lady JONES."

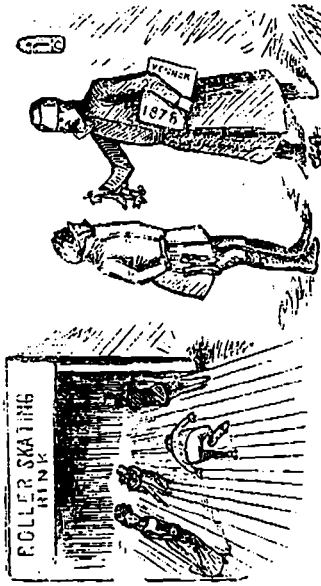
O what are those rumours the newspapers give?  
"Defalcations—cashier?—why, it's SMYTTHE, as I live.  
He's run off and they've just brought him back from the States;  
And behind him—twelve years—close the dark prison gates.

O who is that convict in yellow and white?  
Tis our old friend JOHN SMITH, once so pleasant and bright.  
And who takes in washing just over the way?  
Tis POLL TINKER, gone home with her parents to stay.

### The Propagandistes.

FROM CHAUCER.

Then there was grete havoc and foraye,  
And all ranne either which waye,  
And loud cried of them which ruled,  
Saying "Of Goddie's truth they have us fooled.  
Shut up and close is every factorye,  
And the poor folken all idle be."  
So that much poverty was in the lande,  
As had not been before I understande.  
Then did a crye rise up in the nighte,  
"The Propagandistes will set them all righte,  
They will give to this poor people worke,  
Also high wages, else I am but a Turke."  
Straight came SYR JONNAYE out in the streete,  
Running in hurrye more than had been meete,  
So that his garments he scarce bracen hadde.  
"I am one," he cried out, "bee gladdie,"  
Also loud shouted as he were madde,  
Waving hys head and hys arms up thrown,  
So that all people to hear him be gonne.  
"I am a Propagandiste," shouted he.  
"Also I another!" cried MALCUMSEE,  
Then low to JONNAYE "What is it one to bee?"  
Answered then SYR JONNAYE in his care,  
"It is to draw eight thousand a yeare."  
Then to pass it onward they begunne.  
DOCTURTEE screamed himself was one,  
Also WILLIE who wandered aboute,  
Big BURPLUMME also yelled it oute,  
Also many more as tongue can telle,  
All up and down they raisen the yelle,  
Ran and read in bookes what it might meane.  
Then at picnics shouting it were seene,  
Making of it such meddlaye variouse,  
That they who knew it laughed loud in chorusse,  
Who had it studied, and knewe it wello,  
But nought said and letten those yelle,  
Who for it cared nothing nor knewe,  
But that office they might win untoe,  
For in truthe they in power had beene,  
Full year twenty, and nought was seene.  
Nor did they ever cry Propagandiste,  
Until their placen that they had they miste,  
This be the wayen of the world each where,  
Wherefore be minded of the evill snare,



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 Hut 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.

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**General Job Department**

OFFICE

**IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,**

(One door west of the Post-office)

Everything in the Printing line from a

**LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER**

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

**CARDS.**

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

**RATES:**

100 Cards, (one name, one style type), 75 cents.  
 50 " " " " 50 "  
 25 " " " " 30 "

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

**SAMPLES OF TYPE**

FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

*Robert Taylor.*

2

*William Richardson.*

3

*Miss Maggie Thompson.*

4

*George Augustus Williams.*

5

*Mrs. Thomas Jones.*

6

*William Arthur Crawford.*

7

*Miss Susie Wade.*

8

*Byron W. Scott.*

9

*William Shakespere.*

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

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.