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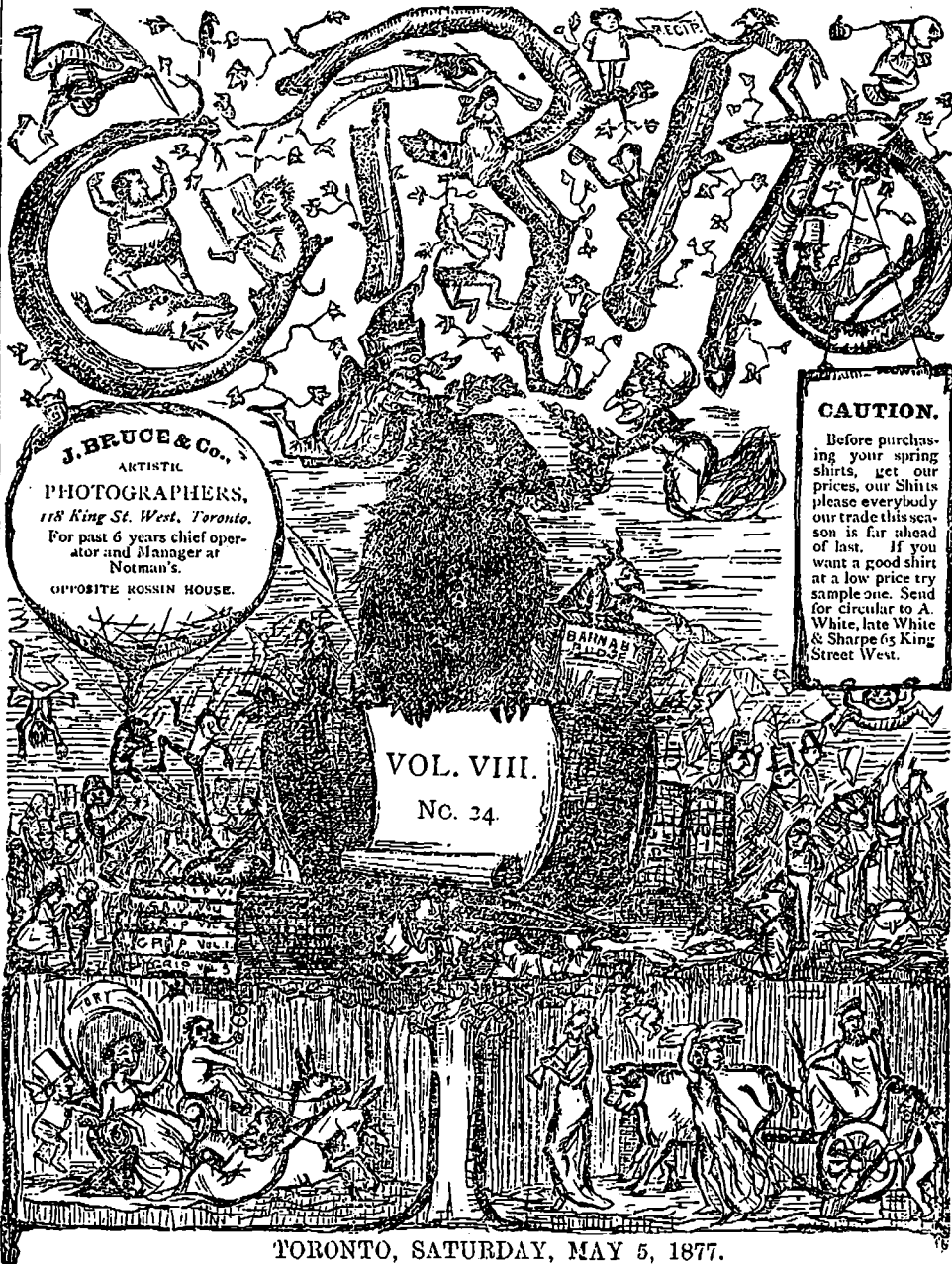
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 5TH MAY, 1877.

### From Our Box.

THE KUNKEL party and SLAVIN'S Cabin Singers remain at the Grand, and during the early part of the week presented the *Octoroon* in a pleasing manner. A piece entitled *The Planter's Home*, written specially for this company will be presented at the matinee and on Saturday night. The coloured troops sing nobly.

### The Reception of John A.

GRIP carried a torch on Wednesday night, and proudly marched in the procession which welcomed the Right Hon. Sir John A. MACDONALD back from his glorious victories at Ottawa—a procession which truly represented the enlightened sentiment of the Country at large. The Reception was gorgeous, but had it been twice as gorgeous it could not have fitly symbolised the splendour of our Chief's Parliamentary triumphs during the term just ended. No blazing of mere benzine torches could adequately typify the blazes he gave the corrupt and incompetent ministry on their financial policy; no amount of mere blaze and nauseous torch smoke could fairly represent the lucidity of the Protection policy he advocated in its place; and no clanging of brass bands and shouting of small boys could properly convey an idea of the noise he made in the House at the head of his faithful followers throughout the session. The grand torch-light procession therefore, in its purely figurative aspect, was far from a complete success. But as a recognition of a brilliant campaign it was worthy of the occasion. As a tribute to the veteran—Canada's greatest—the United Empire Club's only—statesman, as an attestation of the memorable triumphs he has just achieved it was as imposing as the triumphs themselves. GRIP joined the procession because he wished to honour Sir JOHN for his masterly handling of MACKENZIE and BLAKE on the Secret Service Question; his overwhelming defeat of them on the Ordinance Lands Question; his statesman-like vanquishing of them on several votes of want of confidence; his patriotic and glorious victory over them on the subject of granting an amnesty to the Fenian O'DONOHUE; his signal conquest of them on the Northern Railway Question; and his humiliating exposure of them in connection with several high crimes and misdemeanors which he had first ventilated at picnics. For these and other splendid achievements of the session—too numerous to mention—GRIP showed his appreciation by carrying a torch and enduring a good deal of fatigue and annoyance.

### Spring.

By the Business Manager.

What tho' no balmy breezes blow,  
And VENNOR says, "Look out for snow,"  
The little bird seems well to know  
'Tis spring.

And now his little nest he rigs,  
With bits of chips and tender twigs,  
And grass, and hair, and wool and sprigs,  
And string.

And there he settles down to biz,  
To chirp and twitter, croak or quiz,  
Or,—if that kind of bird he is—  
To sing.

Now GRIP, of birds the first and best,  
Has taken up a fine new nest,  
Beside the P. O.—one door west—  
This Spring.

There he will ruminat and croak,  
And all the politicians poke,  
And have his little timely joke  
At everything.

And if neat Printing you do prize,—  
(Of any sort beneath the skies)—  
To GRIP your orders, if you're wise,  
You'll bring.

### The Agricultural Carol.

There's good and ill in every cup,  
Which is amazing queer,  
When armies blow each other up  
It keeps bread rising here.

What awful slaughter there will be!  
But what a great relief  
To think that thereby comes to me  
A higher price for beef.

What cutting up with scimeters,  
And sabres will be round,  
But then, folks can't be limiters  
Of price of pork per pound.

When borne upon the wind shall come  
The thunders of the war,  
That ill wind shall of good bring; some,  
For wheat shall rise therefor.

Then let us merrily compare  
The situation clear:  
Hard knocks will keep agoing there,  
Hard cash a coming here.

They'll sepulchres and tombs erect,  
And various grassy mounts:  
We in the same time do expect  
To pile up bank accounts.

They into poor-houses shall get,  
Deprived of legs and arms;  
We shall build finer mansions yet,  
And much improve our farms.

Now bring me here a quart of beer,  
I'll drink unto my lot,  
That I have got my senses here,  
Which foreign chaps has not.

### What is to Come.

*Scene at a fire.—Row of buildings in flames; other buildings in jeopardy; citizens running with goods; women screaming; firemen taking matters coolly.*

CHIEF ENGINEER.—Hello! Hello! What are you about? Why don't you bring along the hose? Run up those ladders! Get on the roof! Look sharp!

FIRST FIREMAN.—Boss, are those houses brick, or only shells? We don't mean to be crenated; we don't.

CHIEF ENGINEER.—How do I know? Guess they're all right. Come along! (*Wall tumbles from house and kills Chief Engineer.*)

SECOND FIREMAN.—See 'em all hanged before I'll climb on 'em. Corporation knew this long ago, and let folks coat wood with brick all through the city. Citizens let 'em too; kept on never minding, Toronto fashion. Now let 'em climb on 'em themselves. BILL, will you come if I do?

THIRD FIREMAN.—JACK, if I was red-hot-brick proof, or even half-and-half plated, as it were, I would. But why did they let things be built no man can go near?

CROWD OF CITIZENS.—Shame! shame! Why don't you run up and work? (*Citizens seize ladders and advance; wall tumbles and kills citizens.*)

FOURTH FIREMAN.—Look here. All the pay the city could give couldn't uncook us. Send up the men who built the houses round here. Let them tell us which it is safe to go near. (*More walls tumble.*)

The fire spreads, desperate attempts are made: more men are killed; much damage is done; and when some millions of property have been sacrificed, some day, if they have time, and feel like it, and there's nothing else to be done that evening, and nobody has any objection, they will make a law prohibiting the encasing or fronting of old wooden houses with brick shells, which are sure to fall *en masse*, and will, as soon as the peril is understood, prevent firemen from doing efficient duty at all. But when they have made it, they will not enforce it. Then a few more millions will be destroyed. At last, the thing will be done.

### Medical.

De-Dear *Gr-Grip*, Be-before I c-consulted Dr. QU-QUACKEMBOSS I st-stuttered fr-frightfully; but after ta-taking only thr-three of his cel-celebrated p-pills, I ca-can spe-speak as we-well as any ma-man; s-sing like a n-nightingale or a b-bull frog and sw-swear like a Wh-Whiskey Informer. I have also c-cured all my nei-neighbours r-roosters of c-crowling at unt-untimely h-hours by the s-simple ap-application of fo-four fin-fingers and a th-thumb to their wi-windpipes at night time, and am will-willing to tr-try the same rem-remedy on s-some of our Al-Al-dermen for a fa-fair con-con-sideration.

Yours,  
JA-JA-JAM BONES.



**The Pacific Railway.**

*Enter Ontario.* To her enter British Columbia, with cock's feather in her cap.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Well!

ONTARIO.—(bowing)—Certainly, ma'am. What did you please to say?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—My railway! You are the paying member of the Confederation, and I apply to you. Why is it not built?

ONTARIO.—My dear madam I am very sorry. But the expense!

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Expense! Humbug! A paltry excuse. Why, the Yankee Union Pacific cost only two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. This cannot cost more.

ONTARIO.—Two hundred and twenty-five millions! (Gasps for breath and sinks into chair.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—That's all. And I want it at once! Immediate! (Rushes furiously round.)

ONTARIO.—I have not got it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—You must borrow it, or—(shakes her fist).

ONTARIO.—And run in debt till my people must leave the country, and all the land is in the Sheriff's hands!

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Don't care! Better thaps would come in, buy you out cheap, and start afresh.

ONTARIO.—Then we are all to go in debt to the selling-out point to buy you a railway?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Yes. And if you don't I'll appeal to Britain!

ONTARIO.—And if Britain does not feel inclined to press us to ruin ourselves?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Then I'll annex myself to the States!

ONTARIO.—Perhaps I might not allow it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(Looking extremely fierce)—How are you going to hinder it?

ONTARIO.—As I managed the Red River folks. Send some volunteers there, or get England to leave a regiment with you.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—I shall play the very deuce! I shall rebel! I shall declare war on tyrants! I shall eradicate oppressors! I shall call in sympathizers! I shall—

ONTARIO.—If you should, we must send you all to the Central Prison, or some other institution. Perhaps build a ward for you.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(Cooling down)—Say, now, that would be rough on me. Tell you what. Buy us out.

ONTARIO.—At what figure?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Pay us for our improvements and location, and give us enough additional to set us up in the States, besides mileage.

ONTARIO.—Ah, I see. Pray, would a million apiece for all the inhabitants satisfy you?

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—What?

ONTARIO.—Would you be kind enough to leave the room?

(*B. C. exit. Scene closes.*)

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**Indications of the Reaction.**

THE Grit philosophers were greatly agitated over the peculiar phenomenon visibly athwart the sky on the evening of the torch light procession. It was a broad band of white light passing from the south-east to north-west horizon, and threw the torches into the shade. The Conservatives claimed it as a part of the ceremonies, and the hapless Grits, being unable to offer any proof to the contrary, were much cut up at an exhibition of sympathy in such an unexpected quarter.

**The Influence of Example.**

IT is said that several of our hitherto respectable citizens, who belong to the Reform Party, are emulating the example of their leader MACKENZIE, much to the embarrassment of our coloured brethren of the lime-pail fraternity. Whenever white washing bills are sent to these Grits for settlement, they lay them on the table, read them three times and then pass them. This is the sort of conduct the rule of a Grit Government inspires.

MR. MACKENZIE, hearing that JOHN A. had a torch-bearing procession, remarked that a' Conservatives were light-minded.

**The Toronto Field Battery.**

They have placed themselves at the disposal of the British Government. The Czar heard it by telegraph at once. That Autocrat trembled. St. Petersburg shook. Russia quaked. The war is over. The Russians took to their legs. The Turks threw down their arms. Servia and Roumania submitted abjectly, and sent all their soldiers in chains to be hanged at Constantinople. Wheat fell to 50 cents a bushel, and the Russian Government, writhing in agony, sent in a humble submission to Queen Victoria (who hadn't anything against 'em) and the following to GRIP:

ST. PETERSBURG, May 2nd.

*Great Monarch:*

Your Queen has declared neutrality. Canada has not declared her intention of breaking it. But your Battery have. We know their fury. The British Government had no intention of fighting us on behalf of the Turk; but it seems the Battery have. They could not be restrained. They would have swept over us like an avenging flood. I could defeat Turkey. I could fight England. But I shrink with alarm from the shock of the T. F. B. We give in. We must. A Battery which, raised, clothed and instructed by Canada, could without asking Canadian leave "put itself at the service of the British Government," evinces a degree of desperation, boldness, recklessness, and determined independence, before which Russia could never maintain her ground, and we surrender unconditionally.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

**A Serious Word.**

A moment GRIP will throw his motiey by—

Abandon merry jest and satire sly,  
And say this word to all Canadians true,  
Think what you still have done, and what you do.  
Behold your country broad—is it not, say,  
A laughing stock to all the world to-day?  
With land to feed a hundred millions, you  
Along the border live, a pauper few,  
Little increasing, for your increase pours  
Yearly to foreign, and to wiser shores,  
Where men rule. You this great truth should know,  
Countries and manufactures grow.  
What would you do—what would it profit you  
If wheat to-day through all your borders grew,  
While all you sell it for must go, next day,  
British or Yankee dry-goods bills to pay?  
And what is left?—yield smaller and more small,  
Until the famished land grows none at all.  
What wheat could broad Quebec not once export?  
Now, buys her flour at some Ontarian port.  
'Think you exporting cattle more to do?  
Is Ireland's fate so pleasant, then, to view?  
Know you this fact, Canadians:—When you see  
One country manufacturing to be  
Another agricultural—the first  
Grows richer, but the other still is cursed  
With poverty, for all that it can grow  
Must as the life-blood to the other flow.  
That other sends not all in fair return.  
It has a surplus which enriches. Learn  
To understand, nor longer cheated be.  
Your interests and those of your country see.  
You toil unceasing for a pittance bare.  
The profit goes to him, who fat and fair  
In other and more cunning regions dwells,  
And manufactures, and complacent sells  
The fruits of twenty minutes work to you  
For that which took you two full days to do.  
You bleed apace; at every port they stand—  
The importers, with their lancets in their hand.  
Change, change it all, and thus in future do:  
Whoever sells, let money stay with you.  
Send it not forth, but spend it here at home.  
If here, to borrow it you need not roam.  
Your tools, your arms, your raiment, make hard by.  
Your farmers will your workmen all supply  
With food, your workmen them with all they need,  
Each helping each, and profit shall succeed.  
Thus working, they shall overspread the land,  
A garrisoning and a mighty band.  
Strength shall arise, and Canada be known  
Not as a petty colony alone.  
But we must move; the golden stream runs by;  
Forever on its bank we starve and die,  
Afraid to venture. Let us henceforth say,  
No longer shall our lives thus waste away.  
The present's here; the lazy past is done,  
We'll have a country, or we will have none.

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*George Augustus Williams.*

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*William Arthur Crawford.*

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*Miss Susie Wade.*

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*Byron W. Scott.*

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*William Shakespeare.*

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