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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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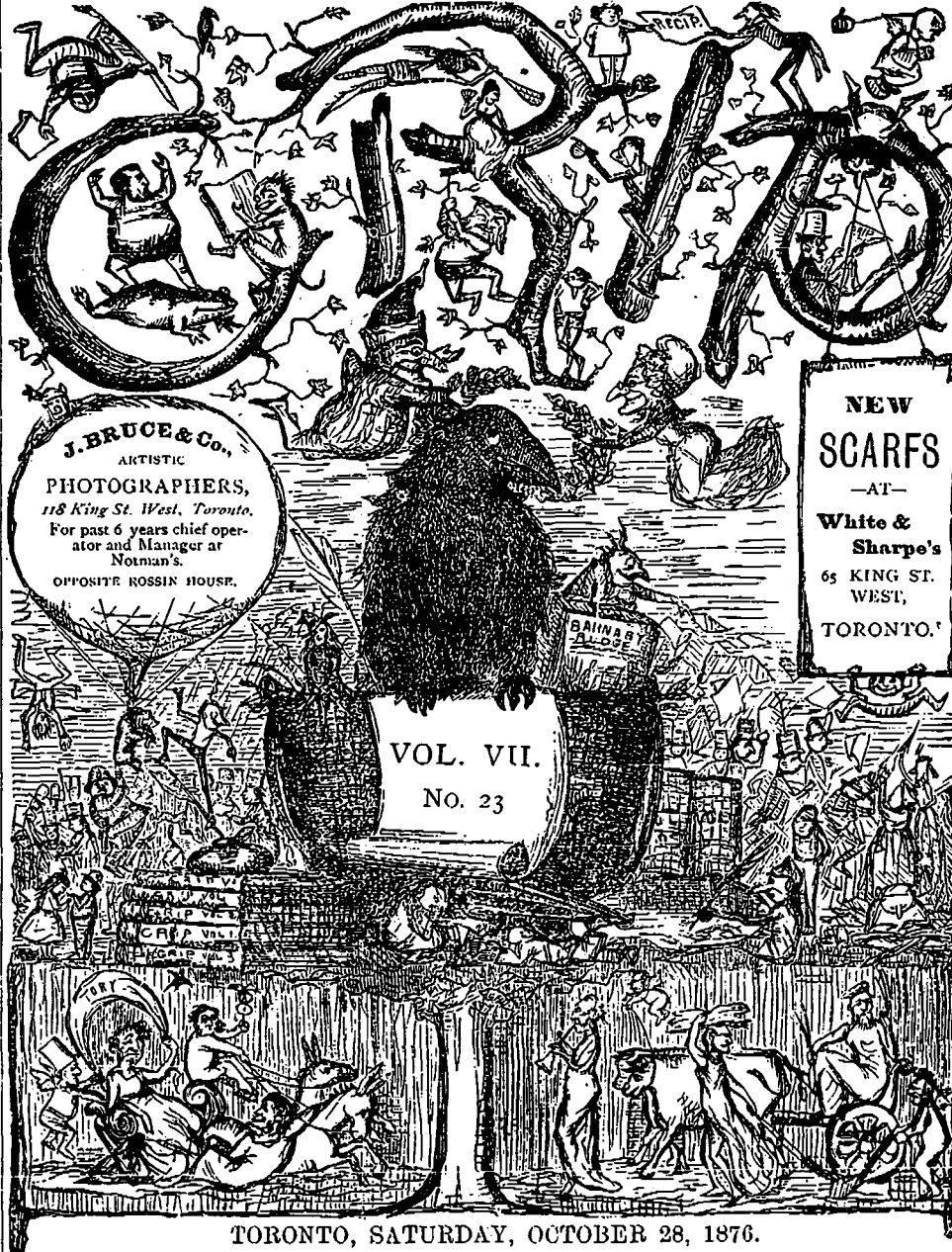
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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By Telegraph From Philadelphia.

TO THE SINGER MFG Co., TORONTO.

The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.

TORONTO OFFICE, 22 Toronto St., R. C. HICKOK, Manager.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY BUDGE.

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, 28TH OCTOBER 1876.

The Soliloquy of Sir John.

The feast it was over; the guests they were gone,
And down by the fire sat jolly Sir JOHN,
Sat himself down in the old easy chair,
And into the coals did most broodingly stare.
He clenched the fist that at Kingston fought,
And down a bang on the table brought,
And "Blowed!" he cried, in terrible tone,
"If I fight at Ephesus all alone!"

"Why did the noble Conservative Camp
Send me alone on the picnicking tramp?
What if MACDOUGALL did soundingly spout:
Or my busy BOULTBEE send his utterance out!
Where are the army of men who of yore
Surrounded—why see I their faces no more?
Gad!—when I'm in again, as I shall be,
None of them need come a whining to me!"

He tugg'd at the bell, and a myrmidon came,
"Make the Mail write me straightway a leader of flame;
Tell the party the picnicking round I have trod,
But I'll not again march out the darned awkward squad!
Let them send more recruits; or I'm blest but they'll see
That I'll list as a private myself with George B.,
And we'll knock 'em all endways. Depart, I have said."
Then the myrmidon went, and Sir JOHN went to bed.

The Toronto City Council.

GRIP will not be severe. He will address this Council, to-day, with paternal similarity,—nay, like their father's brother, lately from Holland. GRIP does not believe, like the tale-telling *Telegram*, that all the Toronto Council ought to be hanged; on the contrary, he knows some of them whom hanging would be too—he means, would put to an amount of inconvenience not to be thought of. Other Councils and Boards, no doubt, he occasionally presents with convulsions—like last week, when he depicted a wicked board of civic representatives wanting to obtain commissions and profit on civic funds passing through their hands. That, of course, did not refer to Toronto functionaries. GRIP devoutly trusts no alderman will tell him we have anything like that in our City Hall. Certainly not; that is another—a very wicked Council—who, if they do not round up with a very short turn, are likely to catch it hot from some of the citizens, GRIP can tell them. But to our highly respected representatives he would say:— You know you have, probably by the merest mistake—inadvertence, or Anglinism, spent about twice the amount you had any real right to do. There is very little doubt you are personally liable for the deficiency. If you are not, there is doubt you should be. You have spent much of it in appointing officers often at increased salaries, in mending roads often with very useless materials, and in markets, decorations, and pavements which often could have been done without. But GRIP is the most forgiving being in the world. Instead of inflicting excruciating punishments on you for your extravagance, he will make you each a present of the most valuable article in the world. He will give you his advice. It is thus:— You have two good months of authority left. Can you not, in that time, commence a grand scheme of retrenchments? If you reduced every salary under the Corporation one-fourth, not a man will leave whom you cannot replace. If you stop at once the works you have not money for, it will be better to pay forfeit than go on with them. If you will do thus, you may be elected once more, in spite of what is past, and GRIP will, some day soon, testify his appreciation by drawing a grand picture of you all in such amusing positions that no soul will ever be able to look at you without laughing afterwards, for the term of your natural lives.

The Rain.

In parched August we asked if we'd ne'er see a drop;
In October we ask if the rain never'll stop.
Such is life—your desires in vain you may squall,
But you'll get 'em just when you don't want 'em at all.

Interesting Letter from Satan.

Most potent Grip:—

Although I am well aware that there is a considerable difference of opinion between you and me on many important matters, and that the powerful enginery of your wit has always been turned against me and mine, still I am so greatly convinced of your charitable disposition, that I readily recognize in your columns the most fitting vehicle for my just complaints, and I do not doubt you will as freely give me a hearing as you would GEORGE BROWN or JOHN A. MACDONALD or any other person perhaps a few degrees better than I am. And truly, most gracious bird, I have a complaint to make just now. I am in a state of the utmost perplexity, and though among men I am usually credited with a large amount of tact and talent (and not undeservedly I flatter myself) I frankly confess that at present I am in a most alarming quandary. To be brief, sir, my kingdom is threatened with destruction, and I want to know how to avert the danger! When I say my kingdom, I mean to say a portion of it. Surely the "Father of Lies" can exaggerate a little anyway, but that was an "inadvertence."—I refer to a large and important section of my realm—the headquarters of one of the most cherished and remunerative agencies I have on Earth, to wit *The Liquor Traffic*. Sir, the Liquor Traffic of Canada is menaced. I observe that I am likely to lose many precious souls through the movements now going on amongst your Teetotalers. I am particularly exercised to see the unusual preparations the Prohibitionists are making for what they call the *Fall Campaign*. I don't like that word *Fall*—perhaps I am prejudiced or superstitious, but it seems ominous to me. I find further cause of alarm in the announcement that they are going to send three giants against my cause in the lecture field. I am well aware that the Liquor Business—looked at from an earthly or heavenly standpoint, can't stand before logic or eloquence, and I shall therefore be obliged to you for a hint as to how I may damage the influence of HANDFORD and AFFLECK and BARNEY. I am afraid the people will go and hear these wretches in spite of all I can do, and I am only too certain that to hear is to be convinced. To be sure, BARNEY has only one arm, but no one knows better than I how he can strike from the shoulder with it. Besides, he knows me and my people pretty well, and has no reason to bear us good will. As for HANDFORD and AFFLECK—there is simply devastation to me wherever they go. I try to console myself with the thought that my good agents, the Licensed Victualers, are tolerably strong and active, and that there is still a good deal of my own spirit in the hearts of men in general; but it is small comfort I get from this contemplation after all, for the Victualers will, I fear, be outnumbered and vanquished before long, and as for humanity, its getting harder to manage all the time. I often hear those preacher fellows telling their hearers the world is getting worse; they don't know anything about it. I only wish it was—but it isn't, and unless I can secure some very material assistance in this trying case, that will be made all the more manifest. Will anybody help me?

Yours diabolically,

BEELZEBUB.

Scene—Coal-Dealer's Office.

COAL DEALER.—(to clerk)—We've to add fifty cents to price of stove coal this month. Clap it on.

CLERK.—Why, it sold lower at yesterday's Yankee sale than even at their one before. Average \$3.60 at New York yesterday—little over \$3 of our money. Freight to Toronto should'nt cost much more than freight to New York. Is'nt \$6.00 a precious sight too much for it here?

COAL DEALER.—Young man, you're a deal too knowing for your business. Guess you'll just be kind enough to sell at what I tell you. I run this yard.

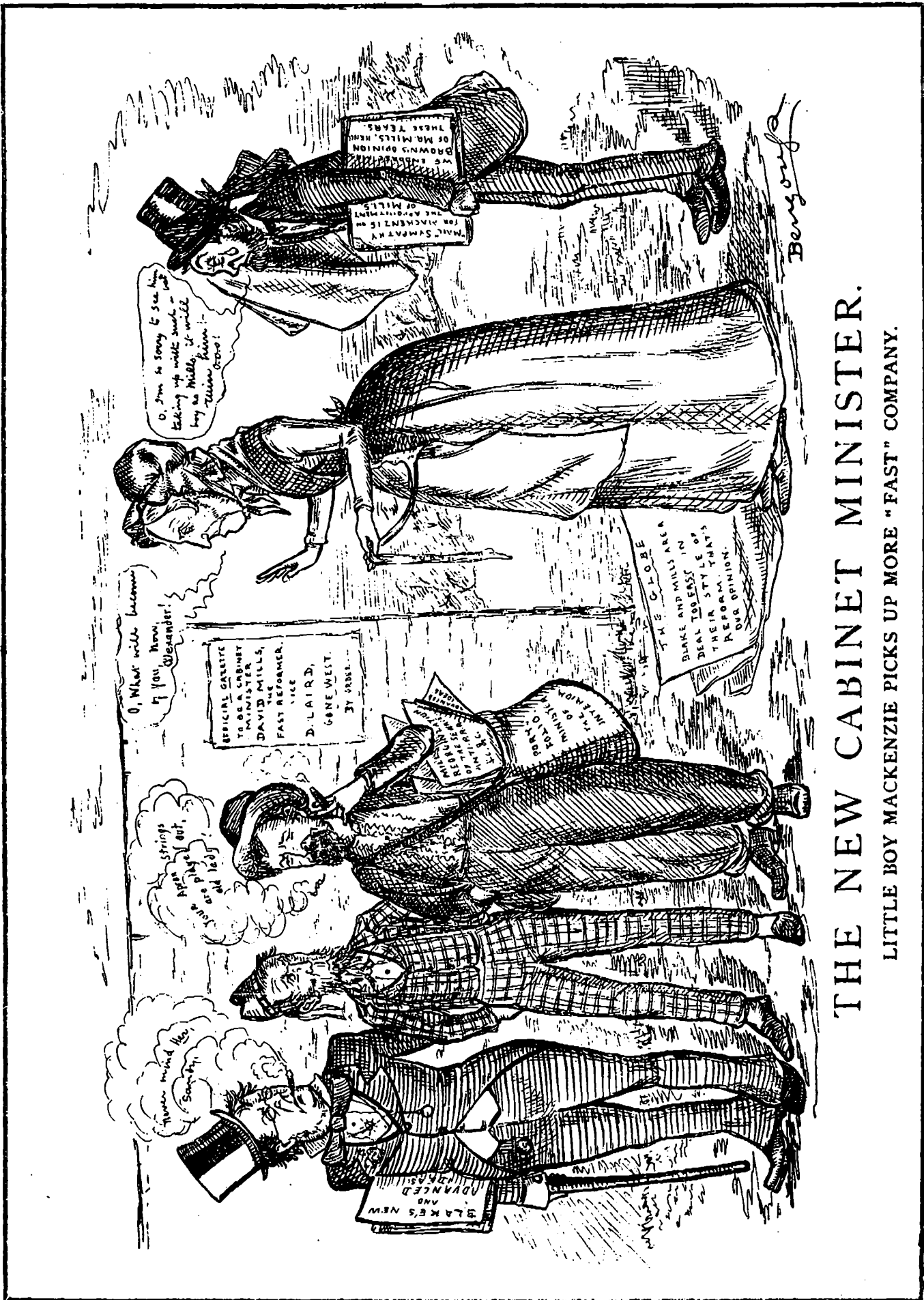
The *Telegram*, yesterday, made public a most remarkable fact. (Now, it's no use telling GRIP something else was meant. The *Telegram*, which came here to reform journalism, is not such a fool as not to know what it is saying.) It said;—

"Scientists have long known that people eat them. The reason given for not making public the discovery is, that it might superinduce the practice of the habit, it being a recognized fact that people are frequently led to commit certain acts by simply having read of others committing them."

Of course. This is the reason Professor CROFT hides in the recesses of the solid stone laboratory at the University, and Professor CHAPMAN gets on top of uninhabited mountains, and pretends to be looking for mines. How did the *Telegram* know? Ah, there's nothing it don't know, grammar, perhaps, excepted.

The Dash Superfluous.

The *Mail* wrote this sentence last week: "The *Globe*—lies".
The long dash, you'll perceive, indicating surprise.
There's no need; they may each accuse each of the sin,
But the dash of astonishment needn't go in.



THE NEW CABINET MINISTER.

LITTLE BOY MACKENZIE PICKS UP MORE "FAST" COMPANY.

The Frogs.

I dreamed (you know, most sapient GRIP,
One dreams things quite astonishing)
That, lately on a walking trip,
I sat me down beside a spring.

Its waters flowed about the place,
And formed a little pond thereat,
A pond wherein, in jolly case,
Croaked thirteen frogs all fair and fat.

And while I sat they fatter grew;
And stouter did each grunter swell,
The cause whereof I nothing knew,
But I thought the creatures were not well.

But soon, by chatter of their own.
(Few know their tongue; but I know it.)
I found it was conceit alone
That puffed them till they almost split.

Beyond conceit—the frogs were mad,
And with the wildest thoughts possessed,
Which Nature's joking moments had,
E'er placed within the froggy breast;

Each little speckled fellow small
(His language plain did represent)
Believed himself a statesman tall.
And that they were a Government.

Each frog had burst 'im then and there,
But some one sent a whizzing stone,—
(Down dived the frogs with dreadful scare)
I looked; keen GRIP, by you 'twas thrown.

Eminent Legal Opinion.

To the Hon. E. Blake, Ottawa.

SIR.—You are requested to give your opinion whether, in the case now pending in the Court of Public Opinion, JOHN A. *versus* A. MACKENZIE *et al*, the cause of the defendant MACKENZIE will be injured by having lately introduced a new material called MILLS into his process of manufacture.

Receive herewith fee, \$5,000.
Toronto, Oct. 26, 1846.

Yours
GRIP.

To Grip, Toronto.

HIGHLY RESPECTED SIR,—

Having myself an interest in the article MILLS, and connection with the MACKENZIE firm, I am prevented from giving an unbiassed opinion. But having referred the question to my legal advisers, they are decidedly of opinion that the introduction of the article MILLS into said manufacture will occasion loss of defendant's suit, for these reasons:—

1.—The suit in question hinges on capability of defendant MACKENZIE to carry on a certain manufacture called Government Cloth, in buildings formerly occupied by plaintiff JOHN A.

2.—The cloth in question has been made this three years from the staple BROWN, a staple tough, rugged and enduring, but lately discovered to be extremely unhealthy to the wearers, and apt to create the cutaneous disease called Free Trade, extremely injurious to Canadians. The mixture of the article MILLS will do still further injury in this respect, and will also destroy the wearing qualities of the goods, as the article MILLS is a very raw material, a compound of stiff annexation fibre, rotten Cobden shoddy and inferior didactic wool.

3.—The manufacture in question therefore cannot be successfully carried on, as the article MILLS cannot properly combine with the staple BROWN, out of which said cloth has been hitherto attempted to be made by defendant.

I may privately remark that, owing to this opinion of my legal friends, I have lost faith in the article MILLS, and am about to sell out all my stock in the MACKENZIE business, and abandon my present connection with the firm.

Ottawa, Oct 28, 1876.

Yours respectfully,
E. BLAKE.

The Halifax Citizen, last week, copied GRIP's poetry on "Turkish Stocks" without giving credit. He is a dishonest citizen.

Currod Ebonds.

DOT II DIMES.

Mein Leiben Grip,

You vill recommember dot in dot excommunication I wrote you de veek behint now, I dolt you dot mein Herr Doctor TUPPER is come to life by Doronto. Vaul, a couble of days before yesterday, I make my mind up dot as I am now von of dem newspaper fellows, it would been my peenis to gone und make vot you call interview a little mit dot medical yontlemans, und found me oud whose his peennis, how is he goin to done here, und vhy he come by Doronto, und all der peculiars dot I tink dont vill been interesting by der readers und borrowers von your lifely paber.

I vos peddle me rount mit sausage yust ven I virst took dot notions in my head, und it happens to been by accidental, dot I am close by der United Empire Glup. I got peennis in dot place anahow, to bring about fifty yards of my sausage, as dey vos goin to had a house dinner, und der Conservatiff Barty dont would eat any sausage but mine. Der head cook dolt me bout sixty dimes, dot Sir JOHN always gots away mit more as a dozen by efery mealtimes, und VILLIAM MACDUGALL says dot he dont saw how a Grit can make such goot sausage. Von day dey haf a grand barty by der Glup, und VILLIAM makes dot remark oud lout, und Sir JOHN gots up und says dot of gourse SWACKELHAMMER vos a Grit, but he don'd put his pollydicks in his peennis, und dot is how dere don't vos no Grit in der sausages. I expose it dont vos necessity to remark dot laughter comes in here. But I must proceed on about my story. Ven I vend in der Glup I found a many of Pollydicians von der Dory gamp, sotting on chairs, und vawking arount spokin about der Reactions, und MACKENZIE, und MILLS, und all der oder atrocities connection mit der Eastern question. Dey vos waitin till dinner is reaty, und after a little time, a row of prass buttons und a white necktie came by der door und rings a bell. I vos got me a little excitement und shouts oud "Sausages!"

Sir JOHN gofe me contradictions to all der yontlemans und also Doctor TUPPER, und invited me dot as I am a newspaper-mans und GRIP is von of der only pabers like dot kind in der gountry, I would been much obliged to come und took some dinner mit der crowd.

I told him yah, in der most boliteness kind of a way, und ve made ourselves bretty soon a seat around der table. It don't would been good manners dot I dolt you vot ve haf for dinner dot time, ober I would have no jecohions to state dot fried sausages dot I am bretty well acquainted mit der maker of dem, vos in large kuvantities on hand, und dot as usually dey vor pronounce tip top by der press und public. Of course der dinner is vash down mit speeches. Dot is bretty dry vash to, I dolt you, somtimes. Der faist toast dot vos exposed on dot occasion is "Der Queen und Governor Shenral."

Der Editor von der *Mail*, he vos called upon und desponded some-dings like der following sendiments: Right honorable yontleman, und yontlemans vot don't is honorable, but only principle mens in der great Conservatiff Barty: I don't know much about dot Queen, except vot I reats in der newspapers, und I don't beleif always what is in der bapers. Ober, I have no doubtfulness dot she is a butty fine womans, onahow; but it isn't boliteness dot I spoke about a lady dot I haven't got me inducement to. I have der bleasure to been acquaintance bretty well mit der Governor SIENRAL, und I suppose he is in Shenral bretty respectability. (Laughter vos in here). Vaul, I must say der speech vot he makes ladely in British Columbia oud—(Here der spoker vos interruptions mit cries about—"Hush up!" "Dot is a sore subjects!" "Sot down!" und cetra.)

Next vos der toast "Der guest of der Efening."
I rose by my feet mit bashfulness feelings a liddle, on account dot I don't expect so much honours by my bolitical antagonisms. I make of course a low bow, und ven I pring my eyes up, I sawn dot Doctor TUPPER standin also up making himself a bow by der oder side von der table across by me. Vaul, dot is a bretty skitvation, don't it? It is blain to me dot dere vos a mistook about dot, someblaces, onahow. I said, "Gondlemans, I beg your apologise about dot, if der doctor vos der guest of der Efening—dot is aller right. Ober, I come here to sawn him opeccially, dot I shall interview mit him, und found me oud vass is der reason about it dot he shall come to life in dis city. Since he is stand up alreaty, I move me a motions dot he shall dolt us how dot is."

Doctor TUPPER, he got ret by der roots of his hair mit blushes, und gives a look dot seems to be frightened to Sir JOHN, und says:—

"I dont like id, dot I shall been interveiw in a manner like dis. I could dolt you der reasons about my coming to Doronto, but I don't could spoke about it if Sir JOHN is present. It would make der Chieftain veep. Blease excuse me. Sir JOHN is der greatest Statesman, mit only one exceptions, in Canada. But I can't spoke some more yust now—I vill give you, of you please, a little boetry.

Und he stood up on a chair, und recided,

"I come to bury Casar, not to braise dot yontlemans," und cetra.

YACUP SWACKELHAMMER.

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**THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL,
1876.**

Wheeler & Wilson Victorious!

Again the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES triumph over the world. The Centennial Commission have officially announced the awards, and decreed for the New Wheeler & Wilson Machine two Diplomas of Honour and two Medals of Merit. This is a double victory and the highest award which it was in the power of the Centennial authorities to bestow. NO OTHER COMPANY RECEIVED SUCH A RECOGNITION IN THIS DEPARTMENT. More than thirty of the best producers of machines in this and other countries entered for competition, and at Philadelphia in 1876, as at Vienna in 1873, and at Paris in 1867, Wheeler & Wilson head the list. After a careful, rigorous, and exhaustive examination, the judges unanimously decided that the superior excellence of these machines deserved more than one medal and diploma, and, consequently, they recommended two of each. The Centennial Commission unanimously ratified the action of the judges, and the public will doubtless endorse the decision of the ablest of mechanical experts. A CLAIM FOR EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED HONOUR BY ANY OTHER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY IS ONLY AN ATTEMPT TO HOODWINK THE PEOPLE. Read the following, which stamps the "New Wheeler & Wilson" as the *Standard Sewing Machine of the World*.

[From the Official Report.]

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"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tone."—Middleton, [N. Y.] *Mercury*.
"Mr. Beatty is a responsible business man."—Washington [N. J.] *Star*.
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