

Go to **FAHEY BROS.** for
BARGAINS

THIS MONTH!
GOODS MUST BE SOLD!

Store to be pulled down
NEXT MONTH!

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

USE ONLY
ONTARIO
BAKING
POWDER.

ASK YOUR
Grocer for it.

THE TORONTO
TURKISH BATHS
233 Queen St. West.
THE ONLY TURKISH BATHS IN
THE CITY.

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, all inflammations, Biliousness, and for sanitary purposes.

Hours:—Gentlemen from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and 3 to 9 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

GORRELL,
CRAIG
&
Co.,
LITHOGRAPHERS
13
ADELAIDE ST.
EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.
A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is
A Capital Orchard
of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
REAL ESTATE AG'TS
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.
Next Post Office, Toronto.

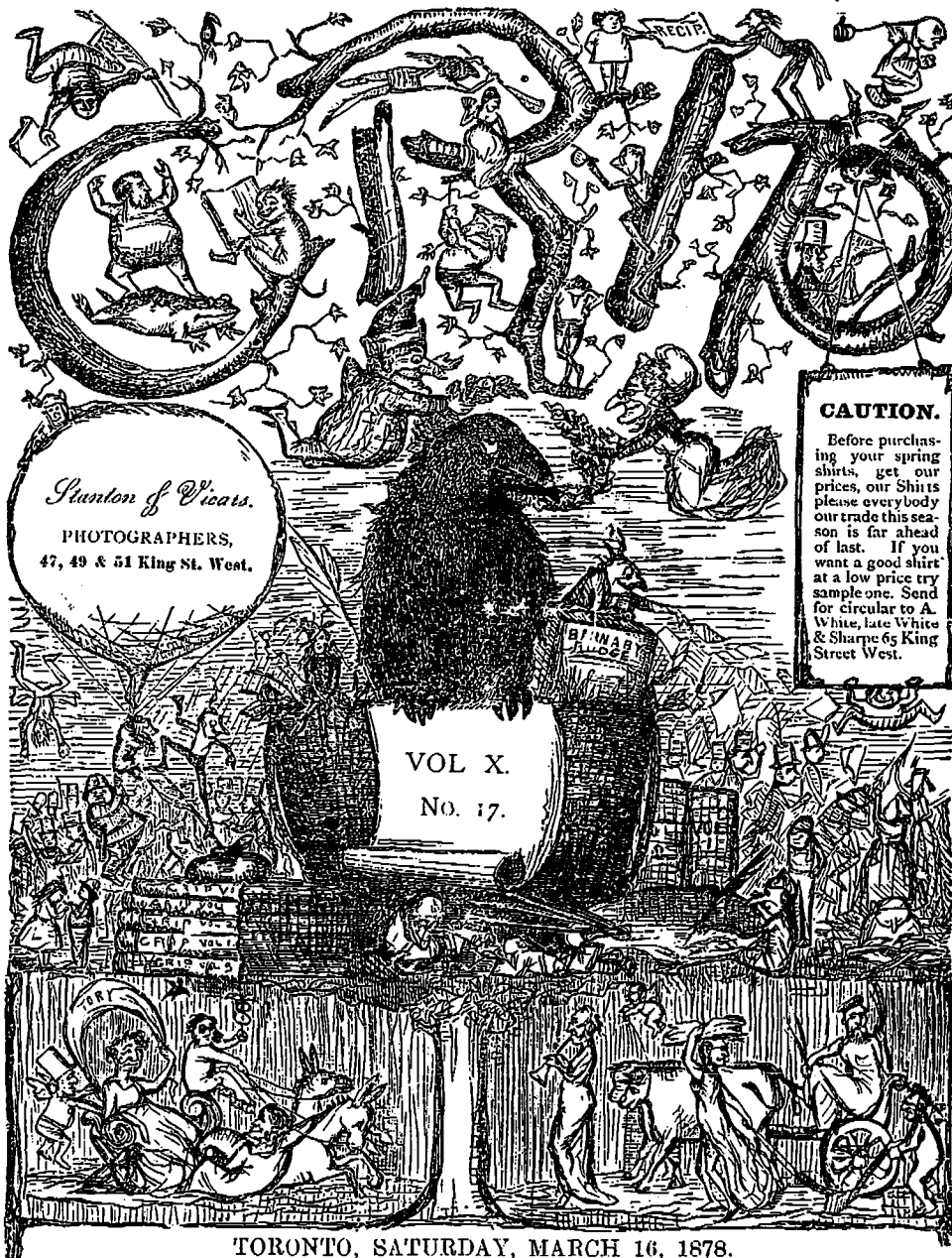
"GRIP"
Job Department
Is Stocked with all the latest Styles and Improvements in
TYPES,
from the American, Canadian and European Foundries, and will be found competent for the execution of all classes of Printing, with
NEATNESS,
CHEAPNESS
DESPATCH.
Office: Imperial Buildings,
NEXT POST-OFFICE.

MARBLE CLOCKS

Direct from **PARIS.**

FINEST GOODS EVER SHOWN IN TORONTO.

W. F. ROSS & CO., 83 KING STREET EAST.



Stanton & Vicars.
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
47, 49 & 51 King St. West.

VOL X.
No. 17.

CAUTION.

Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

CHEAP BOOKS.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 LIVES & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.
TORONTO OF OLD \$3.00. PREHISTORIC TIMES \$2.50.
STUDIES FOR THE PULPIT \$2.00. STONES CRYING OUT \$1.00.
TYPES AND EMBLEMS 60c. SERMONS BY TALMAGE \$1.00.
TEXT BOOKS OF SCIENCE \$1.00. COCHRANE'S SERMONS \$1.50.
CANADIAN FARMERS' MANUAL \$2.00. DOMESTIC WORLD 75 c.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.
BENGOUGH BROS.,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (One door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

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.

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up **EQUAL TO NEW**, at
2 1-2cts. each or 25cts. per doz. at

TORONTO STEAM

LAUNDRY.
HALLEY'S HALL,
COR. KING & BAY STS.
G. P. SHARPE, Prop.

H. T. ALISOPP,

DEALER IN
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
219 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

TO
YOUNG MEN
Wishing to learn
TELEGRAPHING,
A certificate good for
Twenty Dollars,

Will be sold cheap, good for the
TORONTO INSTITUTE.
Address:—
H. GUMMER,
Box. 2662.

TO SPORTSMEN.
A FIRST CLASS
Breech-loading Rifle.

Manufactured by Messon, Worcester, Mass. For Sale very Cheap, the owner having no use for it.
APPLY AT
GRIP OFFICE

REAL ESTATE.
Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the
BEST STAND IN THE CITY,
and facilities for
ADVERTISING
which cannot be excelled.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
NEXT POST OFFICE,
TORONTO.

PENS AND PENHOLDERS.
A JOB LOT
Very Fancy and very Cheap.
AT
GRIP OFFICE.

\$2 000 CASH
Will be paid for a nice Detached or Semi-detached House, 8 or 9 Rooms.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Next Post-office.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNADY 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, 16TH MARCH, 1878.

Our Ain Countree.

In the speech on the death, much lamented, of late,
Of good Alderman DENISON, CLOSE chose to state,
That among other virtues his character in
He'd the type of a true English gentleman been.

But our HALLAM and BOSWELL got up to declare
Such a piece of description extremely unfair,
For Canadian native was DENISON true
Though he had it appeared been a gentleman too.

And the Council declared the amendment correct,
And the adjective "English" did straightway reject,
And the name of "Canadian" placed in its stead,
As they should when describing the gentleman dead.

GRIP don't give to these Councils—not often—much praise
But he pats this one now on the head, and he says
That's the way to explain it—too long we have heard
Any name that turns up to "Canadian" preferred.

Let their natives the names of far countries hold dear,
GRIP would like to point out we're Canadians here,
And we don't recognize as superior to be
Any class that comes to us from over the sea.

The Local Session has got through,
What did the Local Session do?
The Local Session drew its pay.
The Local Session went away.

Dialogue Aldermanic.

1ST ALDERMAN.—How are we getting along this year?

2ND ALDERMAN.—Oh, very well.

1ST A.—But the city won't stand it.

2ND A.—Won't they? They've stood more this winter than any winter for years.

1ST A.—Well, what is to be done? If there's no expenditure we make nothing. And the debt is so heavy there is very little to spend.

2ND A.—Why, the old plan. Not any retrenching—that would never pay. We shall just spend what there is, making it profitable, of course. Then, we shall say to the citizens, "Now, it's all gone; there's next to nothing done; will you go without necessary improvements or will you borrow \$200,000? They'll borrow it."

1ST A.—But, good gracious, where is it to end? People can hardly pay their taxes.

2ND A.—What's that to us? Make hay while we can get 'em to borrow. No matter if they can pay their taxes; so long as they let us borrow we're safe to be able to pay ours.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE (*joining in*).—That's so. We're doing it. Keep it up.

1ST A.—But see what they've come to in the States. Property's worth nothing. Some places you can't give it away because of the heap of tax debt due on it.

2ND A.—What they've come to? Wish we'd come to it. Why, their aldermen and officials make millions—positively millions.

S. T.—"Never neglect excellent opportunities." We put it on school copies. Wrong to do so.

1ST A.—Well, I'd like to have a million. After all, if I don't grab, somebody will.

2ND A.—Of course. As long as the classes without property have the most votes, so long Councils will have *carte blanche* to spend the cash of the property holders.

S. T.—*Id* like a million.

2ND A.—Great fool if you wouldn't.

1ST A.—Let us each make one before the old thing busts up.

A.L.—Hooray. (*Exit*).

This conversation was reported to GRIP. The place was not mentioned. He can't believe it was in Toronto. But he has doubts. He has grave doubts. He has solemn doubts.

The Pleasures of Congenial Minds.

"It is beyond human comprehension," said Mr. JONES, looking straight into vacancy in a very determined manner. "that any reasonable and honourable person can say one word in defence of the outrageous manner in which Russia has used Turkey."

"I have always called it disgraceful; and it's astonishing some people say they can't see it," said Mrs. JONES, cutting off a strip of muslin with most decided clips of the scissors.

"See it? They are idiots!" said Mr. JONES striking his hands together energetically.

"Perfectly so," said Mrs. JONES, laying down the smoothing iron with a solidity evidently implying that the proposition was firm as the eternal rocks.

"Though after all," remarked Mr. JONES, laying his right hand forefinger argumentatively against his brow, "I believe they are well aware of the facts, and that their sympathy with Russia is mere pretence founded on contemptible partyism."

Mrs. JONES threaded her needle deliberately. "They know very well what they are about," she remarked.

"At all events," said Mr. JONES, "the glorious qualities developed by the Turks in the terrible contest for life, liberty, and all the gallant heart holds dear, must"—Mr. JONES raised his hands in indignant appeal to Heaven—"elevate them greatly in the opinion of every honest man, and enlist the full belief of Christendom in the justice of their cause."

"They are splendid fellows!" cried Mrs. JONES, enthusiastically waving the strip of muslin.

"But I must go to town," said Mr. JONES.

"And I wish you would buy me a new cloth jacket; they have beauties for \$20.00, and this is all frayed," said Mrs. JONES.

"I shall not have the money to spend this winter," replied Mr. J., getting up.

"The Turks are beasts, and any one but a numbsku!! would know it," said Mrs. JONES, leaving the apartment.

The Change.

The Czar of the Russians was awfully proud,
And a very proud man was he,
And his soldiers had gone in a terrible crowd,
And had walloped the little Tur-key.

Now pay forty millions the Emperor cried,
Now pay forty millions, says he,
Or straight into your Constantinople I'll ride,
And I'll grab any cash that I see.

There are tributes from Egypt, and money elsewhere,
That are due to the English, says he,
And you'll kindly fork over all that to my share,
BULL be blowed—and his supremacy.

And I want lots of ports on your oceans beside,
And your fleet I require, says he,
And your big territory in Asia so wide,
It's the straight road to Injee for me.

But they woke up JOHN BULL, and he made a great roar,
And he borrowed six millions, did he,
And he said, That old Russia's gone far enough now,
And he sent out his fleets to the sea.

And he said to the Czar, Just you stay where you are,
If in Constantinople appears
Your flag, I've some sailors who're not very far,
Who will rattle the town round your ears.

Then the terrible Czar changed his terrible tone,
I have been quite mistaken, says he,
And my plenipotentiaries, to me unknown,
Quite extortionate wanted to be.

So we'll take just a fourth, if you please, of the things
Which at first we demanded, says he,
For, I see by the news that the telegraph brings,
'Tis sufficient of indemnity.

THE great trouble in the States is the resumption of the currency, and it is a remarkable instance of sympathy that GRIP of late finds more difficulty in resuming his, when it once gets away, than in anything else.

THE *Telegram* explains that great complaints are made against the "efficiency" of the Division Courts. No doubt, by those they bring to book. But can it be their "want of efficiency" the paper meant? Then why don't it say what it means, or send round a translator into English with each paper?

X



OUR FINANCIAL POE-SITION.

HON. RICHARD JOHN.—"And my soul from out that shadow
 That lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted never more!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

Tierney Abroad.

HIS DAIRY IN THE MARRYTIME PROVINCES.

Moncton, Jan. the 18.—Arriv here arly this mornin'. Enthertainin plisint mimories av lasht night at the Chatham Junction. Tuck a walk around Moncton to-day, an' came to the conclusion that it will be a splindint pint to sind Immygrants to. Was itherjuced to a countryman av me own, wan Mistor McSWENEY, as foine an ould gintleman as iver kem over the wather. He is a good Refarmer, long loife to the loikes av him, an thinks Moncton wud be a splendint place av it warrn't for the hard *Toimes* (manein' the newspaper, I suppose.) Shpakin' av the *Toimes*, av coorse I called in to see Mistor LIVINGSTONE, the iditor. He traited me wid civility until I happened to minton that Mistor MACKENZIE was, after all, a decent sort av a man. This samed to hurt his fallius, an' fwihin he larnt that I was only a recent convert to the Reformm persuasion, he losht no toime in axin me to lave the primisis. The shteps av the front dure wasn't very aisy to climb down, so Mistor LIVINGSTONE kind av assisted me from the rear, an' I don't think I iver wint down shteps so nate befor. I wasn't long in the *Toimes* affice, but I tuck notice that they have a purty nice place, wid cromos av Mistor BRYDGES and Mistor LUTHELL, hangin' up. I am towld that thim two gintlemin mostly inspires all the articles they they print in the *Toimes*. Maybe they own a share av the paper. I may also minton that Mistor LIVINGSTONE is fond av cromos.

St. John, Jan. the 23.—They must have been havin' a foire in this town a fwihle ago, judgin' from the amount av buildin' material wan sets eyes on, an' the long rows av houses that is invisible. But fwat is left has plinty av life in it, an' slathers av good solid business min. I tuck a small walk down the sthrate to-day me lone, jush to have a quiet luek at the place, I didn't get more than five yards fwihin I was shopped by a smart-looking man, who had an ixpression av compassion on his face, an' tears standin' in both eyes. He tuck me by the collar av me coat. an' sez, sez he: "But think of yer poor wife an' child." I axed him fwat he mint, and inforrmed him I was a widdy man, and widout issue. "Av coorse," sez he, "I am aware av that; I hard about the sad beravemint an' want to offer ye me sympathy, so I do," and thin he burst out wavin'. "It tuck place more nor tin yares ago," sez I. "Is that so," sez he. "Alas, sich is loife, an' that is fwat I want to sphake to yez about—loife, are yez insured? Wadn't yez take a policy, now, in the *Ætina*, my dear fellow-pilgrim?" sez he. Thin I gev a hard luek at him, an' it imajately dawned on me moind. "Me name," sez he, "is HARPER; I belonged to Taranty wanst; how is Mistor GARVIN an' the purty gurls av the big choir?"

I was plazed to see him, ispicially fwihin he tould me he wuddn't say anny more about me loife, an' only did that be way av a joke on me. I was itherjuced to some av the latin citizens. Me co-religionist, Mr. ANGLIN showed me through his printin' affice, an' let me examine the type and press to prove there was nothing wrong about the printin' he did for the govrnint. I blave now that was wan av thim Tory scaudals, though many a spache I med on that same befor me conversation. I wint also into the affice av the *Telegraph*, and there I saw the iditor, Mistor ELDER. The *Telegraph* is a nate litte paper, an' is sort av a *Globe* down in this part av the Dominion. I had a long conversation wid the iditor on the political situation, an' fwat was the best coorse to persue. He is wan av the humorists av the place, an' is well known for makin' jokes an' things av that kind. He towld me he larnt this by kapin company wid Mistor JOHN BOYD, a counthryman av me own, I am proude to say, for a foiner speciment av the rale ould Oirish gintleman than JOHN BOYD niver settled in Ameriky.

I asked for his photygraph, an' here it is. Mistor ELDER med a joke for me, be special request, durin' our conversation. We wor conversin' about the DIGBY eliction—or I suppose I should say defate—fwihin Mr. ELDER ups an' sez, sez he: "Digby jist now is a *Vale* av tears, but weepin' won't *avail* us anything." That is purty bad, but no worse nor the St. John sufferers is used to, for, begorra, they have two comic papers. The *Torch* is wan, an' the



Penny Dip is the rest. You obsarve, the names av thim papers, as well as the jokes they be publishin', is intinded to keep up the minority av their past sufferings, they say Mistor KNOWLES makes up some av the poetry for the *Torch*; but I know wan thing, namely, Mistor HARPER is not the iditor av the *Dip*. I lave St. John be to-morrow mornin' thrain.

Fredricton, Jan. the 24.—I was tuck around this town be wan av the prominent min, who towld me they had a curiosity to show shtangers. I ixpicted to be tuck to a museum or somethin' av that kind, but instead av that, we shopped at wan av the schools, an' he pinted out wan av the tachers. "I don't see nathing in him," sez I, lookin' sort av disappointed at me companion. "Av coorse not," sez he, "There is nothin' in him to see, anny more than he goes a long way to prove fwat Mistor DARWIN says. That, sur, is COLLINS, the Corrispondint av the *Freeman*." Thin I lucked wid more interher. I tuck special notice to his head an' ears, an' thin I blaved all I had hard about him. Wid this exciption, the citizens av Fredricton are a decent lot av people. I wint up to the govrnint house, an' had a social glass av soda wather wid the foine ould Governor, TILLEY. We talked av politics, but I

didn't let on that I was converted from the dark and wicked ways av 'Toryism. Nayther did the Governor. Av the Consarvatiff party was led by a man av Mistor TILLEY's shtamp, I wuddn't have left their ranks at all, unless MICKINKIE had med me salary as Immigrant Agent twice fwat he promised me. Mistor TILLEY is a good man, an' I say it aven if I am a Grit this minit, that there isn't anny truth fwatsoever in the shtory av his defendin' the Pacific Scandal wid his Governor appointment in his pocket. He is goin' to Ottawa to the next Parlymint an' av he don't lay out that bit av a slander, I aint a prophet, loike me grand-father was.

THE waterworks question is whether a BELL should not be permanently attached to the works. The objection is that that BELL could never be heard by the reporters or any one else at the W. W. meetings. Seemed to be a dumb-BELL.

The Lieutenant Governor of Quebec to His Ministry.

Don't talk to me!
You shall no longer be
A Government, as you shall quickly see.
Get out!

It is a trick
Of mine (words I don't pick)
To send you sort of people very quick
Right about.

You got in debt,
Were going deeper yet,
A sort of thing I do not stand, you bet.
So clear!

MACDONELL may
Let MOWAT have his way,
But in my boat the crew do as I say,
While I steer.

And you laid more
Rails down on the South shore
Than on the North, for which I will you floor.
So get!

I don't endure
Extravagance, be sure.
And you've it shown, for which I'll smash up your
Cabinet.

I do not care
What's customary—there!
Precedents do not me a cent's worth scare,
That's me.

I'm Governor.
That's what I'm round here for,
If chaps don't mind, a jolly little war,
They shall see.

The Now Plan.

It is complained in the daily press that our Police Court as a rule administer justice—or injustice—without the prisoner having an opportunity to hear what is alleged against him. A daily speaks of "the present method, by which a whispered conversation is carried on between the witness for the prosecution and the Bench," and remarks that "in nine cases out of ten the prisoner is unable to ascertain the precise nature of the charge." Perhaps it was owing to this plan that the other day a man was nearly convicted for larceny committed on a day when he was safe in gaol. They had brought up the wrong man. But if this is right, why not carry it out? What need of bringing the prisoners up, or perpetuating the big yellow omnibus? Let a list of names be submitted, the evidence whispered, and the culprits sentenced. They can be told in the afternoon what they are supposed to have done, and what they are to get for it. This will be a great saving to the city. A greater one is also possible. As no one can defend himself, it is clear one man will do as well as another, so all the police have to do is calculate the average amount of daily crime, take enough men to have committed it of those who are going along the street, and put 'em in prison for average periods, perhaps flogging a few now and then to vary matters, and break the monotony. The idea is excellent, and would simplify everything. Perhaps it would be as well for the CADY to take his seat on King street somewhere, and according as the wickedness of the city required, punish every hundredth person, say, who passed. If the hundred looked all very decent, it would be always safe to flog or imprison a politician or a lawyer, or any one of the infamous classes of that sort, G. B., or Sir JOHN, or BETHUNE, or any one of the kind. If they could always be subjected to corporal punishment, or put to death at once, it would save all the awful prison expense. GRIP will see about it.

