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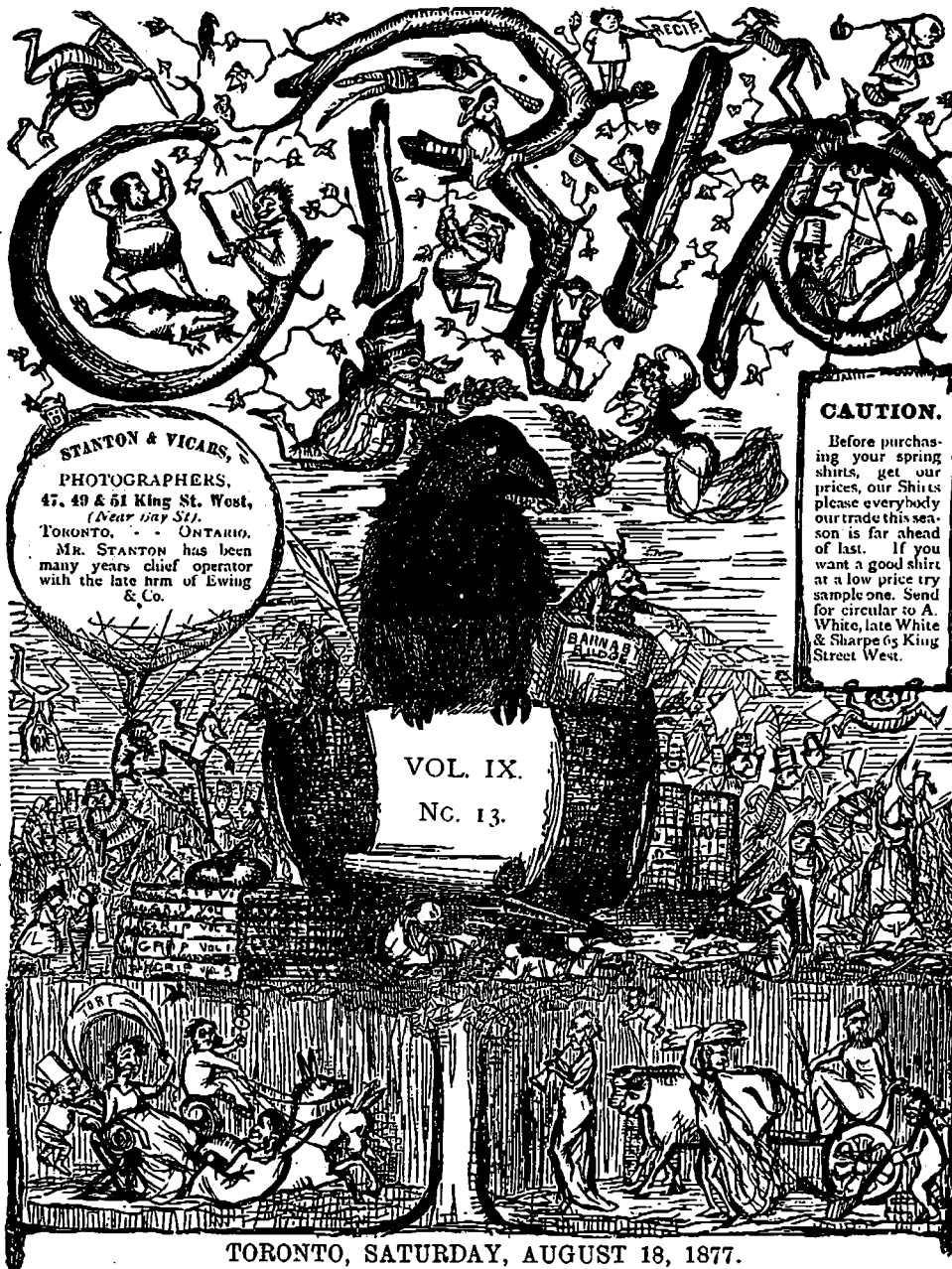
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Benst is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oynter; the grabeat Wun is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 18TH AUGUST, 1877.

The Fisheries Question.

I know not if I saw in truth
Or saw it in a dream;
But there there was a fisher youth
Who fished beside a stream.

The sport should give the fisher joy.
The day was bright and fair;
Yet wore the little fisher boy
A look of grievous care.

"Why look so doleful and so dull?"
I then to him did say.
"The stream of sturdy fish is full,
Your work is only play."

Says he, "You wouldn't think it fun,
Nor such a jolly play,
If you'd an uncle came and run
With all your fish away.

"And then, perhaps, you'd not get mad
Not by a precious sight,
If always by was your old dad
And said the fellow might."

He pointed, and I noticed where
A lathy Yankee stood,
Beside a sturdy Britisher
With corporation good.

"That tall one's Uncle JONATHAN
And t'other Papa BULL."
There was a bite; the boy began
A salmon up to pull.

It was the most surprising thing
That eyes did ever see—
The fish which he to shore did bring
Was labelled "Fishery!"

Says JONATHAN to BULL, "Vew ought,
In proof of amity,
That fish the little critter's caught
Right straight bestow on me.

"If so the youngster likes," Says BULL,
"His interests I don't call—
So's you and I together pull—
Of consequence at all."

They took the fish away; and vexed,
The boy threw down the line,
"No use," he said, "on some pretext
He takes each fish of mine.

My trout in Oregon he grabbed,
My muskinonge in Maine;
My compensation fish he nabbed
And now there's this again.

Dad helps him every time, I can
Do nothing anywheres.
I'll hire out to old JONATHAN
And fish for him on shares."

THE END HAS ARROVE.—The *Globe* of yesterday tells us that really the Canadian manufacturers have got through the late depression very well indeed. They don't say so themselves; but what GRIP is delighted at is to know the depression's over. Nobody would have known it was gone if the *Globe* hadn't discovered the fact.

Addresses to the Orators.

SCENE: A railway station; the faithful assembled to receive the great statesman MACKENZIE; QUIDKINS and SNIGGLES, patriotic Committeemen (very unsteady) armed with "the address."

MACKENZIE (on platform of car, coming in, *solus*):—Are they still the faithful sheep for the shambles, as BROWN would privately say; or is this small gathering of welcome a mere mockery of those halcyon days of yore? (*Aside to the lesser Premier*). Did I speak aloud, OLIVER? You are not disheartened now? It's a goodly gathering and every vote solid for us. We must stop and hear their glorious words of welcome and fidelity, so old and yet so sweet.

SATANIC TORY EMISSARY (*Watching the train come in, solus*).—They come; I have filled the stupid Committeemen well; base-born usurpers of our Chieftain's chair. (*Vanishes*).

QUIDKINS (*aside to Mr. SNIGGLES*). Can yer read it, ole (hic) boy? Good voice—steady—not over-loud—yet not (hic) in a whisper! Don't make a mule of yourself, and a jack (hic) ass of me by stopping to spell out the big words—'n, besides, I havn't got my glasses, (hic) ha! ha! I guess we swallowed 'em—but I say, I havn't got 'em and can't help you out. Don't disgrace the Polliwigville Reform Club—don't (hic).—

SNIGGLES.—My dear friend, (hic) and future constituents, or post-office patrons, assembled—I mean QUIDKINS, don't imagine me a fool. I am flurid and bashful sometimes, but to-day, I beg to—(*Train stops; the Premier is surrounded, and amid much hand-shaking assumes a listening attitude. The crowd cheers.*)

SNIGGLES (*approaching, with profound salaams; reads*):—To the most honorable ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Premier of the United Provinces of Prince Edward Island, etc., etc., greeting: Dread sir, it is with the most reverent feeling that the assembled multitude of your warm-hearted friends, and especially the Polliwigville Reform Club, greet your arrival upon this holy ground, sacred to the teachings of Reform. (*Applause*). A devoted people always show their sympathy by turning out *en masse* and hailing the greatest statesman of Canada, (*hear, and applause*). The people of this town are solid in Reform, and have determined to kill off the Tories at the next election—by voting very often as becomes a patriot. (*Applause, P. S. more applause as the idea strikes home*). We desire to give you a proof of our affection, not only here but at the polls. We are prepared to risk all for thee, who hast stood like the unflinched oak in the hurricane of Ministerialist calumny which overwhelmed thee; who hast shown us what shade the chops of the hypocritical Premier and the goggles of his haser colleagues; who hast demonstrated that the greatest stretchers in creation are thy opponents who torture a mole-hill into a range of Himalayas; who hast shown up the dirt which lies at their own door; such as Harbor jobs, Fort Frances locks, steel rails, and hundreds of other infamous— (*Interruption by howls of rage; hisses, and several stones*).

QUIDKINS.—(*Pulling his brother Com. man by the coat*).—For your wife's sake stop! (*hic*) You are uttering rank treas—

SNIGGLES.—(*Aside*).—Silence! Am I not reading aright and after the same address which we copied from the *Globe's* report of another reception? (*Aloud*). I am not drunk!

SATANIC TORY EMISSARY (*In crowd. Hear! hear!*)

MACKENZIE.—What inimitable baseness! The insulting—

SNIGGLES.—"Other nefarious impositions on the fair yeomanry of Canada. The people now see their mistake in hurling the bravest man in Canada from power. Rally and let us wrest the stewardship from the infamous and ranting MACKENZIE."—(*Stares at paper, and swoons. A riot ensues; infuriated Reformers tear the luckless SNIGGLES to pieces.*)

CONDUCTOR.—All aboard!

MACKENZIE.—This is the reward of my honest! We will not speak before the wretches who insult us thus—and I am glad to see a few among them who avenge us most nobly on that mouth-piece of infidelity. (*Train leaves.*)

On the Square.

1ST BURGLAR.—Guess the boss has squared the Gas Company. They're to put out all the lamps at three.

2ND BURGLAR.—Guess he's squared the police too. They're all to leave their beats and go home at three.

1ST BURGLAR.—Hooray! Then we will sail in.

2ND BURGLAR.—Squared BLAKE too.

1ST BURGLAR.—What?

2ND BURGLAR.—Don't you know he's passed a law nobody's to carry a revolver? What does that come to? Practical, nobody 'cept us.

1ST BURGLAR.—Jingo? it's so. Do you know the garrote dodge? We'll try it on any cove as looks 'spectable. Hooray!

GRIP won't say where this conversation was overheard; but he must remark that, what with Mr. BLAKE's non-hanging course and his non-arming Bill, on our Corporation darkened and police unguarded nights we may call, with Hamlet, on the Angels and Ministers of Grace to defend us, for that angel the Minister of Justice is on the other side.

OUR journals in Canadian London must employ centipedes as reporters. One of them lately recorded that in a street car accident he had one of his legs severely, and another slightly injured.

Mrs. Swissholm on the Strikes.

"Is this result a fruit of the amalgamation of virtue and vice, of piety and professional pauperism, which was carried on all winter under the name of a Temperance Movement? Have our respectable citizens really come down to the level of the men they sought to lift by treating them to companionship and free dinners, instead of finding them honest work? I have felt that they were making a grievous mistake in caudling and feeding men in idleness; that they were depriving them of that honest independence which prefers any kind of toil, on any kind of terms, to eating the bread of charity; but I have been esteemed the determined enemy of all that is good because I have opposed all schemes for feeding men who refuse to work. In this country, where millions of acres lie unutilized for want of willing hands, any man can get his bread out of the ground; and all schemes which stand between them and honest independence, no matter what you call them, are instruments of demoralization. Pittsburg has long been the head-centre of this kind of benevolence—a general campground for tramps; and last winter the principal business was teaching idle men to sing hymns and sign pledges, instead of finding them work. Any man who has sense enough to run an engine ought to have sense enough to get and run a farm, and to know that, if he enters into a combination to prevent any other man from working on whatever terms he may please to accept, he strikes at the foundation of all government, and at his own security in the enjoyment of any right."

Now GRIP agrees with SWISSHOLM, and he backs her every time. And straightway forth he bursteth into ever glorious rhyme. And sings:—If female Yankees all would sound such note as this, Why, female suffrage there would be a hit and not a miss, What use, cries GRIP, in voice supreme, to reach the nation all (They always listen when he speaks, and feel extremely small.) Why don't they mind his precepts wise?—why don't the stupid see They give reward to idleness, and none to industry? I hear now while he in dulcet tones you all will educate, And after that you'll see the mark, and toe it square and straight. Your practice at the present day is weak—'tis gross—'tis vile, Enough to make the angels weep—if it didn't make them smile. Of lazy and industrious the children all you teach, And educate them all alike, and spend the same on each. On him who works and saves you lots of heavy taxes lay, He who won't work, and lazy lives, why that's the chap you pay. Feed him in winter in all sorts of refuges and homes, Feed him in summer, when a tramp through country roads he roams. You give a vote to mobs, and them your "working men" you call, If once they richer grow, why they can't legislate at all. At least it would be thought so, at the hustings when each throat Shouts "Workingmen, rise in your might!" "Come workingmen, and vote."

While he who was a workingman, now rich, and one no more, Is thought less wise—less fit to vote, than what he was before. Now GRIP would say another thing in former days was done, Industry got the honours then, and laziness got none. And our new times are no success until this sort of thing, To what it was in older times we have contrived to bring.

Exact Reporting.

A most remarkable instance of quickness of observation has occurred. The *Mail* reports, in its account of an attack on police constable ROBINSON, that:—

"Seeing the intentions of the crowd, ROBINSON drew his revolver, and had just fired one shot when it was snatched from him. He asserts that one of the crowd named BRADLEY fell just as the bullet left the chamber. He believes that the fellow was wounded."

It appears, therefore, that the constable, notwithstanding the confusion, watched the ball leave his pistol. That he should at the moment remark this is most remarkable. He is mistaken, though, in believing that "the fellow was wounded." As he fell just as the "bullet left the chamber," it is evident the fall occurred before the missile had reached him. It is evident that he, as well as the constable, saw "the bullet leaving the chamber," and adopted the recumbent position so as not to interfere with its flight, it being an official messenger, a civil power, and one of the powers of the air, and to be regarded with civility and veneration in each capacity. GRIP considers, however, that this bullet must have left the chamber with great slowness and circumspection. Perhaps he was a nervous bullet, and afraid of venturing suddenly among the crowd he heard outside his chamber, or he was a sleepy bullet, and had only just woken up, or he was a careful bullet, and reflected that he might run against somebody if he rushed too suddenly out of his chamber, as, perhaps, he knew had happened to some of his acquaintances to do. Or, perhaps, his colleagues were presenting him with an Address on the occasion of his leaving the Chamber, as is not unusual in the case of other leaden-headed dignitaries, who are thought better out of it. All these might be causes of delay in exit; but causes are not necessarily excuses, and GRIP thinks that, as an individual travelling with an official commission, his tardiness should be enquired into. He has not, GRIP believes, yet returned, but he should be summoned to appear before a committee at once.

Scene at Washington

THE PRESIDENT.—(to the Secretary)—That Canuck's comin' to-day. SECRETARY.—What is he trying for? Air we to have SITTING BULL? PRESIDENT.—Yes; but got ter ketch him. That's square, though. But what else he wants, for he does want suthin—(enter MR. MILLS)—Set right down, colonel. You smoke?

MR. MILLS.—I do—(lights cigar). And you, great sir, being on earth a sort of JOVE, superior in my humble thought to earthly rulers,

may properly blow a cloud. *Rex peditum equitumque nubem jactate.*

SECRETARY.—Quotation from JACK who?

MR. MILLS.—Not so, sir; it is from LIVY. But let me enter on business. The air of Washington is an air of business; and I breathe freely here, relieved momentarily from the atmosphere of a vacuous, a mechanical, and an unbusiness like land. O for the day when the eagle shall scream over a united America!

PRESIDENT.—You hanker a trifle our way, then?

MR. MILLS.—Raised at Ann Arbor—my *alma mater*—from an unpropitious colonial soil my soul turns hitherward as the needle to the pole, with the full initial velocity of B square x 9, 4th power. Hail Columbia!

PRESIDENT.—How's Canada on annexation?

MR. MILLS.—Dull as Lethe's weed. *Herba ignobilis*—Plant. She has national aspirations; would protect her industries, and so on. These it is mine to crush.

SECRETARY.—Wa'al, SITTING BULL? How about him?

MR. MILLS.—I would deliver him into your hand. But softly; and know now the object of my mission. I, the historian, the scientist, I know my path. I must not be hurried. Calmly, steadily I influence opinion; all Canada shall turn to you as the sunflower to the sun. *Flos vertit soli*.—Hor. But if I allow collisions of Indians and troops; if ruptures occur by careless haste, all will be destroyed. Leave it to me. I will send back your Indians; all shall be serene. I will deliver them now—then, observe, now. In good time, you understand, I will do more—I—the philosopher. Do you understand?

SECRETARY.—All right, old hoss.

PRESIDENT.—Shan't make any fuss, MR. MILLS. Do what you kin. Commission will do as you tell it. (Scene closes).

The New Labour Platform.

As strong efforts are being made in favour of new platforms for the labouring masses in the United States, and it is evident something of the sort may shortly be demanded here, GRIP, always ready for an emergency, hastens to the front with one which he thinks cannot be objected to. It is as follows:—

1.—The payment of wages to the labourer in the lawful money of the country, at intervals not greater than a week, unless the labourer wants it oftener, in which case he is to receive the full amount two, three, or more times a week, as he chooses. In default, employer to be hanged Saturday evening, at eight precisely. His family to be compensated by Parliament.

2.—Eight hours, at present, to constitute a nominal working day; but if the employee does not feel like working, or wants to smoke, or read a new novel, or take a walk, a lesser number of hours, at his discretion, shall answer. Legal punishment shall be strictly meted out to all violators, and any workman found working when he had rather not to be severely reprimanded, and his employer to be beheaded, time being allowed him (not exceeding an hour) to pay all wages due. Government to see after his family.

3.—Strict laws to make employers liable for all accidents to their employees. For instance, if an employee, being drunk, falls against a circular saw, and is killed thereby, compensation is to be given to his family for the amount he might have made, had he lived; the amounts the children he might have had might have made, and also for all sums which might have been left to him by relatives, conferred on him by government for meritorious actions he might have performed, or obtained by him for patents he might have secured on future inventions. If employer's fortune be not sufficient to satisfy claims, government to make it up. After making this compensation and paying all claims to men, employer to be divided by same circular saw. Government to compensate employer's widow.

4.—Children under fourteen years not to be employed. Any employee representing his children's ages wrongfully, to obtain them work, to receive a severe talking to, and the mill or factory where such were received on his word to be burnt, and rebuilt at Government expense.

5.—As prison labour has been found to compete injuriously with free labour, it will be necessary in future to diminish the evil, which can be best done by putting no one but employers in prison, where they are only to be allowed to work in unskilled labour departments. Any loss suffered by workmen whose employer is imprisoned to be made up by Government.

6.—All Conspiracy laws to be abolished, so far as relates to workmen, whether concerning treason, burglary, or strikes.

7.—Sanitary inspection of all employees' dwellings to be immediately ordered. If improvements required, to be performed at Government expense. If complaint be made by an employee that any landlord has demanded rent, house to be taken from landlord and given to employee. Government to compensate landlord.

8.—All railroads to be under control of Government, and all individuals to be allowed free passes, Government to compensate railroad companies.

9.—All industrial enterprises to be taken out of the hands of capitalists, and run by Government. Wages to be regulated by popular vote. Government to make up any loss arising therefrom.

10.—As GRIP is aware that all this would come pretty heavy on the Government exchequer, he considers that, as soon as it was empty, war might be made on any adjoining country, and anything it had taken.

