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GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.
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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 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, JULY 1ST, 1876.

The Free Trader's Song.

Away with our farmers; send them to the States,
To grow the cheap corn that comes into our gates.
Unobstructed by duty; cheap pork, too, they'll grow,
Which is swamping ours out of our market, you know.

A deal more they can grow for us, too, besides meat.
They are sending us flour, and sending us wheat;
And so cheaply, it seems, they are sending it all,
There's a doubt if we need any farmers at all.

We don't need mechanics; that's one thing we know.
We can buy of the States, where their prices are low.
Mechanics may travel; what use are they here?
We shan't pay them more than the other, that's clear.

There's our tailors and shoe-makers, what good are they,
When we get things made up cheaper over the way?
And our furniture makers all lying round loose,
Let 'em go to the States, or else go to the deuce.

Our cars, locomotives, our engines and such,
They can sell to us cheaper—oh, ever so much.
Our spades and our shovels, our waggons and carts,
They sell to us wholly, or sell 'em in parts.

Our paints and our oils we can get from that side,
Below what our makers can such things provide.
Our hardware and tools, and our iron in bars,
Comes here in whole ship-loads, or piled upon cars.

In fact, scarce a thing that we make or we grow,
From sky, earth, or air, or the waters below,
But somebody else, in some far distant place,
With an article cheaper can our stuff replace.

Now those wicked Protectionists all come and say
"Put on tariffs; shut out; till we make cheap as they.
Keep our workmen and farmers at home, so shall we
Still have work, still have pay, and have prosperity."

But that's all bosh, and nonsense; quite humbug, of course.
MILLS says so, and MILLS is of wisdom the source.
He says Free Trade's the thing; so it must be, we know,
And we'll shout it, though straightway to ruin we go.

Hurrah for Free Trade that shuts up all our shops!
Hurrah for Free Trade that makes cheap all our crops!
Hurrah for Free Trade that makes prices all small!
And leaves us no money to buy with at all.

The Freedom of the Press.

The *Nouveau Monde* (an ultra Catholic organ) is demanding that, if certain columns in the *Witness*, said to contain statements likely to weaken Catholic principles, be not suppressed, the local legislature suppress the paper. GRIP would just like to ask this suppressing gentleman if he has the slightest idea how much suppression he wants? People who want a newspaper will buy it, if printed. If it were suppressed in Quebec it would be published outside Quebec, and sold in Quebec, probably containing articles twice as injurious as the present. Then what would the *Nouveau Monde* ask for? Why, that the railway trains which brought it should be suppressed. Then it would come on coaches and waggons. Suppress coaches and waggons. It would still come by roads. Suppress the roads. Carriers, horses, steamboats, would bring it. Suppress them all; have none of 'em! People would bring it in their pockets. Suppress pockets; make them illegal. They would conceal it in their clothes. Suppress clothes. Suppress the post-offices. Suppress the telegraphs. Suppress the little newspaper boys. Still it would come. What could be done? Suppress schools; all safe if folks can't read. Somebody reads it to them. What can be done? The fact is, there is no safety in suppressing anything except all the eyes and ears of the Quebec population. If that were done, the country might be safe. Not unscriptural either, as the

Nouveau Monde knows, for sayeth not the text, "Quod si oculus tuus facit ut tu offendas, erue eum, et abjice abs te?" But the *Nouveau Monde* will not press this point, because, among other reasons, a blind population could not read the *Nouveau Monde*. Seriously, now, does not this paper know that if it could suppress others, it would create a reaction in the minds of the people, who would determine to have the forbidden knowledge, and would create a spirit of opposition outside which would flood Quebec with newspapers it would dislike much worse than the present? Cannot it understand that if it could revive the days of suppression, the Protestants being the strongest, would suppress the Catholic religion? Does it not know that for many years throughout all Britain the celebration of mass was forbidden under pain of death; that if a Catholic had converted a Protestant they were both to suffer death as for high treason; that the Catholics were deprived of all office, of the right to possess arms, nay, of the right to have a school, or to have a good horse? Does it not know that Rome is far weaker now—far more at the mercy of her enemies, if she choose to make enemies? Let the *Nouveau Monde* understand this, once for all:—Both Protestants and Catholics are determined that, in Canada, there shall be free speech and a free press.

The Poetical Minister.

(Composed by Hon. Mr. Blake, crossing the Atlantic.)

How delightful to view the green waves of the ocean
From my scene of perplexity bear me away,
And to think that the tumult of party commotion
I have left at a distance. Oh there may it stay!

For thyself, jolly GRIP, but for no one beside thee,
Is reserved the sad tale of the woes that I feel.
Oh, divulge it to none—let no mortal deride me,
Ah! they might, for some mortals have bowels of steel.

None but thee shall I tell how MACKENZIE, my tyrant,
Does your poor fellow-townsmen insultingly spurn;
How with heart unrelenting my fancies aspirant
He nips. Oh! to tumble him over the stern.

And that CARTWRIGHT, whose blunders, financial and moral,
I've been forced to defend till my tonsils grew sore.
Oh, how pleasant, just here, on some deep bank of coral,
To deposit him where he'd spoil tariffs no more.

Ah, if nicely dropped down on you wave-crest, confound him,
What "deficits" he'd find, and what lack of "supply."
How he'd wish for some "floating securities" round him,
While he made us a speech that for once was't dry.

BROWN and HUNTINGDON, too, fastened back to back neatly,
Might discover that scandals Atlantic were worst.
Ah, excuse your poor friend who grows savage completely.
Pale phantom, begone! Art thou Canada First?

Point'st thou still to that One, who in loud sounding diction,
Coalition denounces through Canada wide;
Or who, changing the theme, states the well-worded fiction,
That reformless Reformers he cannot abide?

Away, let me talk to a man and a brother,
Honest GRIP, gentle pity unto me convey,
I refused your advice, yet your anger still smother,
For I met with a stronger, and had to obey.

'Gainst colleagues, e'en 'gainst self, how remorse still is burning;
If you knew, you would sympathize sometimes with me.
But there's one hope remains; ere they see me returning,
The whole lot may be kicked out, and I shall be free.

The Weather.

The weather was created to promote conversation; but the topic is exhausted to an extent which renders some new invention the great necessity of the age. There was BROWN yesterday, sitting in his chair under his verandah, the glass at 92, every fibre of his portly frame almost dissolving with the heat. JONES comes under the shade, looks at the perspiring man, and deliberately insults every faculty of his mind by informing him that the weather is hot. If there be one thing BROWN has reason to know, it is that. To suppose him ignorant of that is to believe him incapable of knowing anything. Now if JONES would look around at the different articles, and inform BROWN that "That's a table," "That's a chair," "You are under a verandah," "This is wood," "That is iron," "That is a knife," "That is a tree," BROWN would fly into a tremendous passion, and ask whether JONES takes him for a fool. But BROWN says nothing of the kind; he takes it as coolly as the atmosphere will admit of, and ROBINSON happening to come by, roasting under the vertical glare, visibly cringing, in fact; what do the first two idiots do?—do they ask him to come under the shade and rest? Not a bit of it; but in the most lunatic manner they stick out their heads and inform him that it is a hot day!



OUR ARTIST IN THE DULL TIMES.

The Twelfth of July.

GRIP had a great-grandfather, who had a town lot. Now it happened that in 1688 the owner of the next lot was climbing GRIP's ancestor's fence, and had some evil intentions toward the said ancestor, who thereupon fired a big gun in his direction, and scared him off. Now a little boy who is the great-grandson of this misguided but long departed person still occupies the next lot. So to keep in his mind a proper feeling, every 12th of July GRIP wears a red gown and a cap of terror, and carries a big sword round and round his lot, also paying a person to walk before him and beat a drum. GRIP don't know if he has frightened the boy next door, but he knows it has made him very cross. But the neighbors begin to laugh at GRIP's promenade, and a big Yankee poked his head over his fence and said, "Guess you look like about the darndest fool I've seen. If you did'n't tramp round like an all-fired Injun, that little critter would be a particular sight more friendly and useful to you. Put them blood and thunder things away, go and shake hands with the little feller, and you'll have a deal better time than traveling round like a wild distracted Turk." And GRIP begins to think it might be better.

The Battle of the Ontarios.

Now is the day of the mighty—and of the mightiest noises, Fearful the din of the speakers—herrid the sound and the clamor, Where in Ontario near us the armies have come forth to battle. There rampeth Free Trading CARTWRIGHT—there roareth TUPPER the Giant. There rushing cometh MACKENZIE—also the voice of MACDONALD Soon shall be heard—there is EDGAR spouting his new-learn't Protection. There doth one Glass (which is cracked) shout that he represents EDGAR, Screaming Free Trade, whereat EDGAR is beyond measure astounded. GIBBS is discerned in the tumult, yelling the praise of his chieftain, Great are the chances of slaughter—thither the eagles are gathered, Also the crows and the vultures, watching for contracts and plunder. Hearken, ye rustics, GRIP tells each inspiring speech of the leaders:—

Mr. EDGAR.

My name is EDGAR. In Toronto Courts My clerks do shear my flocks. Here am I sent, By our Reform Convention—that's a spell To raise the devil withal, and 'tis the deuce If it don't raise some votes. Who dares to say Our Government depressed the state of trade? I grant it looks suspicious; but, my friends, We did'n't do it. If we did, amends We mean to make. Protection is the thing. MACKENZIE shall Protection to you bring, He only holds Free Trade in principle, That's all, you know. (I think that ought to tak.)

Dr. TUPPER.

Ahem! indeed; enough to make one curse, To hear the vile deceptions which this man Would palm on innocent Ontarian ears! His Government were born Free Traders all And would not have protection in their youth; See what vile wrecks they are. And so should you My friends, so would your country go to wreck But for myself and GIBBS. We'll keep you straight. Oh, had I lungs of steel, how I would shout, "Steel Rails!" till startled JUPITER looked out From distant spheres. My friends, but yesterday We had prosperity. It's gone away. Those rascal Grits have hooked it. Trust to me. Give us your votes. We'll save the property.

Mr. GIBBS.

I come not, friends, to steal away your votes I am no orator, as TUPPER is. But I will ask, who here can answer him? Watch you, good friends, how terrified they are, See HUNTINGTON comes here, and CARTWRIGHT comes, MACKENZIE comes, and all of them will come, And shout. Well, let them, till they split their ribs. The tide has turned, and on it floats GIBBS.

Mr. HUNTINGTON.

My friends, our circumstances are depressed. I do not mean my own, for I do draw Seven thousand dollars yearly, since Sir JOHN We pushed unto the wall. But I do ask Are you aware what his intentions were? They were not virtuous. He would have made Serfs of you every one, and would have sold You all unto Sir HUGH. He kept you rich.

But is not this—the noble poverty Which you through us enjoy, preferable To all the gold he used to heap on you? Avaunt, foul luxury! My Spartan friends Stick to your poverty. All noble ends Are thus accomplished. Don't give up the ship All's right, if we don't out of office slip.

Mr. WHITE.

Sir JOHN will build you the Pacific road, Build up your tea trade, and your sugar trade, Set all your mills a going, all your shops Fill up with workmen; all your factory wheels Shall start a turning. Friends, electors, all, Stand by Sir JOHN. He is the coming man. Wealth and prosperity march in his van, Vote then for GIBBS. As for MACKENZIE, friends, Ruin attended him, and still attends.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

Why do you ask more duties? No, good men; Attention to your duties, that is what You do most greatly need. Your duty is, Respect your kind, paternal Government. Who rule the country well and honestly: And sell no charters, as the Tories did Our watchword's Purity: our Election law, Bchads, we care not, whether friend or foe. Sir JOHN's impure, so GIBBS must be impure; But vote for EDGAR, and your future's sure.

Boston Aristocracy.

By Mrs. Bantling.

A month ago perhaps, a girl or young woman named REBECCA MORTON left our village for Boston, in search of employment, I understood. I heard nothing more of REBECCA or her fortunes till the other day when, as I was walking along the street, a great puffing behind me announced the approach of somewhat corpulent Mrs. MORTON. I stopped to receive her greeting.

"Oh, dear me! How do you do Mrs. BANTLING? Such a long time since I seen you. Nice day isn't it? What do you think of BECCY's match?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Not heard of BECCY's marriage! why I thought everybody knew about that. Married! Oh! dear yes! into one of the first families of Bosting."

"Oh, indeed. Send her my congratulations when you write will you." Oh, dear me, yes! I will. BECCY's had quite a come up in the world to be sure. His father's been to Washington, BECCY says, to—What do you call that thing? Parliament?

"Congress, I suppose"

"Congress. Oh, dear me, yes! why can't I remember them names? He was travelling around the country on a insurance agency, I think BECCY said, I don't know exactly what that is, but I suppose its some kind of a grand conveyance. And as he was near the capital once, any way, he thought he would just drop in and see how they did business to Congress. Oh, dear me, yes, his father's seen the world; but that is not all, his sister's engaged to one of the most fashionable drapers on Washington Street. That's in Bosting you know."

Here she paused, and feeling that I was expected to say something. I remarked.

"I suppose Beccy doesn't say when her sister-in-law is to be married."

"Married! Oh, I don't mean that. She's engaged, just like a lot more girls, to stand in the store and wait on customers."

I said I understood.

"Her man himself is a clerk in the largest grocery establishments at the west end. He gets a real handsome salary—fifteen dollars a week. But of course money is no object with him, so he takes most of his pay in provisions."

"There must be quite a consumption of groceries in his family?"

"Yes, they lives high."

"They must indeed."

"Oh dear me, yes, BECCY lives like the best lady in the city. No work to do nor nothing, worth speaking of. She just sets in the store all day and does most what she pleases. Reads novels mostly, just like the ladies in the novels does themselves."

"Sits in the store!"

"Oh, dear me yes. You know her man has a little store of his own, where he sells the goods he gets for pay, and some more things, and BECCY keeps it. BECCY wants me to send on MARY ANNIE to keep the store. She says she is sure she could get some of their customers for a husband. Dear me, it is hard to lose all one's daughters, but I suppose I'll have to send her. And it'll be just as BECCY says. Them Blandishments of the aristocracy does take so with young gals. Oh! dear me yes."

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Copies of the Act, Maps showing the general route so far as at present settled, the published reports of Engineers, and such information as is now available, can be seen at the Canadian Emigration Agency, in London, England, and at the Public Works Department Ottawa.

This intimation is given in order to afford to all parties interested the fullest opportunity of examination and enquiry.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary,
Dept. Public Works.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 29th May, 1876.



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