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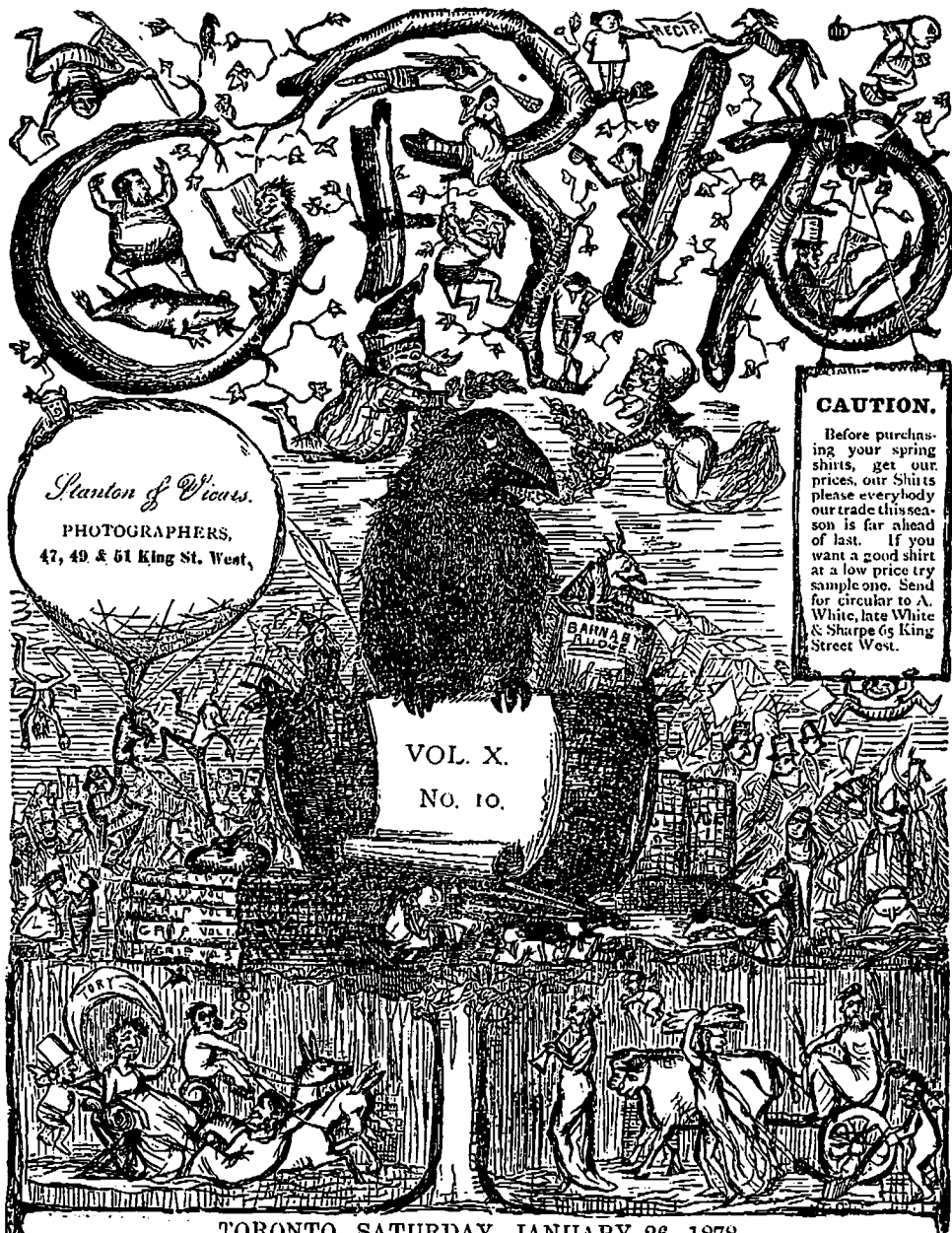
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## GRIP.

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, SAUTRDAY, 26TH JANUARY, 1878.

### The Defeat of Vail.

Who shall tell how very pale,  
Looked the Grits at the news of VAIL.  
Everywhere arose the wail.  
Said the *Globe* "What there did ail,  
We to-morrow shall detail."  
In fulfilment it does fail,  
Nothing does remark of VAIL.  
Notwithstanding that the *Mail*  
Sharp reminding does assail,  
And upon the news regale,  
Saying "Very like a whale!  
Ha!—you darsen't mention VAIL!"  
And does on its pen impale,  
G. B. "This will turn the scale,  
Vanish—Ay to Bow Park swale,"  
*Times*—that latest turncoat trail,  
Told in Hamilton the tale,  
Blustering that they wouldn't quail,  
Nought it should their foes avail.  
Followed on the self-same trail  
London's *Advertiser*. VAIL,  
We're informed, has been their bale,  
Loss his loss will not entail.  
Humbugs! GRIP will hit the nail  
On the head. You mourn for VAIL!

### The Lunching Committee.

The Committee on Revision have adopted the practice of lunching at the city expense. Next they won't give the items of their lunches, so that a bill for near \$300 has just been paid for last year's. GRIP usually makes fun of occurrences, if possible. But this looks like something that is hardly susceptible of being joked on. He would simply ask, is there not, in Toronto, some one citizen, of sufficient means, determination, and public spirit, to bring action personally against some of these people, and let a jury judge whether they have the right to use entrusted funds recklessly or not?

### The Weather.

GRIP sought repose. The temperature was that of May. Great pools of water covered the streets; the wagons plashed through the thick mud. "As the world," said that great personage, "has evidently been transferred to a position nearer the sun—a change of place which will render useless the whole NEWTONIAN system, and in fact, turn the whole universe upside down—you may let the fire go out in the hall stove."

GRIP awoke. An arctic scene burst on his view. Windows and door, walls and ceiling, were glittering with frost. An intensely cold glittering atmosphere, glittering with bright particles, filled the room. The form of GRIP was stiffened; his thoughts were frozen in his magnificent brain, the interior of which at that moment, no doubt resembled a glittering cavern of stalactites. His great water jug of cut glass, presented to him by the City of Venice, lay split in halves on his table, and upright there in mockery stood the water which had filled it—a base simulacrum—as the *Mail* says—of what it had been—which by the way is exactly what the *Mail* is itself. GRIP looked at it.

"Is this," he asked, "the 19th century?"

"That," said his seventeenth flunkey, the only one the night had left unfrozen, speaking through a cage of frosty pendants which had been a moustache—"is hicc."

GRIP calmly turned, smothered his indignation, choked his wrath, and quietly said, with that wonderful instinct which, given to him alone, never fails to suggest the proper course at the most important moment.

"Light the fires!"

It was done. All evil consequences were at once averted. The household affairs, previously congealed, thawed out and went on as usual. How valuable in every household—in every government—in every nation—is that personage who is gifted with the prescient understanding of the right thing to do at the right time.

### The Future State.

SERMON BY THE REV. MR. HELLMADGE, D. S.

Oh Hell! Yes! Do not dare to deny it! It is there! Vast! tremendous! deep! burning! flaming! consuming! so hot that even at this distance it scorches. You are all hanging over it by a single hair, sustained by Providence. One slip, and in you flop and sizzle. Forever! Only think of it! Look at it! See that fat chap on that bed of coals, with several imps adding turpentine. View his horrid contortions! He has been there a thousand years. It hurts him now worse than ever. When he has been there five million years he will be no nearer the end. You can hear his shrieks even here, and are sensible of the horrible frying odour of his flesh. What did he do? Nonsense! What had he to do with it! Adam ate the apple; that's what this fellow's burning for, and will for ever and ever, praise be to the Highest. He might have saved himself; if he had given a thousand dollars to any respectable church, such as mine, came regularly to service, participated in responses, and talked of his experiences a little, he would have been all right, even if he had embezzled a million, or run away with a Savings Bank fund. But this man who is burning here lived a strictly moral life. That is nothing. That did not save him. Morality is trash. You must be born again, and then you can do what you like. There is no condemnation to those who are in our sect. The saints shall inherit the earth; all things are lawful to them. Remember that rich gentleman I buried last week. He had subscribed heavily; the funeral was grand; the clerical fee magnificent. He had broke three times, not without saving some pieces from the breakage, endowing his family, and so forth. You did not hear me express any suspicions of his future? No! He was of us!

Look a little further! See that wretched object. She is young and beautiful. Hark to her blood-curdling screams. See that fiery serpent which ever winds around her, eating into her perpetually burning, perpetually renewing frame! Is it not shocking? Five hundred years, and not begun, so to speak, yet. What did she do? Well, she always was a very good girl, in a worldly point of view, supported her aged mother, gave all she could spare to the poor, was true and faithful, kind and loving to all; but unfortunately she did not experience true religion, not being able to understand the saving grace which enables the godly to sin all the week and wipe it off on Sunday, did not make any open profession, and we see the results. Sad! Oh, how sad! Forever! Burning! burning! burning! Oh, my friends, come with me! Hearken to me, follow pure religion! Be saved! Not as the Early Christians, mistaken people. No! Pure religion and undefiled is to give much money towards splendid churches and priest's residences, large minister's salaries, and, if convenient, something to the poor. Give largely! No matter how you come by it—the restrictions on that part, so strongly insisted upon by the Early Fathers, rest upon a mistaken basis, and are no longer binding on the godly. Give! give! give! or Burn, Burn, Burn, Forever! ever! ever!

### The Bankrupt Law.

Sing the lay of the Bankrupt Man.

Failing, failing, about to fail—  
Going to fail as soon as he can  
Get more goods from some big wholesale.

Then will he give a false return,  
Then will a cooked-up statement give,  
Easier work than wages to earn,  
Merrily does the bankrupt live.

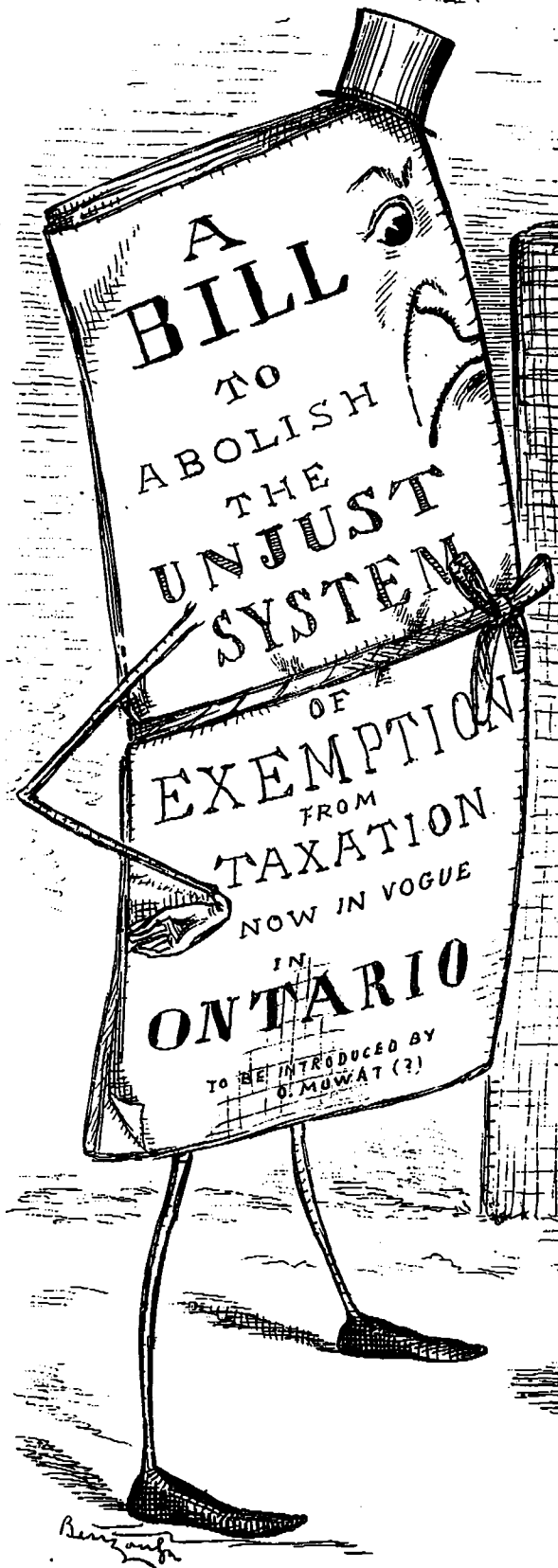
Further away he jollily goes,  
Sticks up a new name over his store—  
Past transactions there nobody knows.  
There he can play off the game once more.

Sing the lay of the Assignee,  
Plenty of bankrupts—plenty to do.  
No one makes money as easy as he,  
Under the "Law of Insolvent New."

Sells a stock for some hundreds clear,  
Little is left by the time he's through.  
Process of justice—don't you sneer—  
Government knows the way to do.

Don't you dare to say that the thing  
Could be bettered—the world ne'er saw—  
Times may change, but never will bring  
Lawyers who'll make economical law.

The *Telegram* complains that a car left the railway track on Queen street. Did it expect it to carry it home?



SPEECH  
FROM THE THRONE  
ONTARIO LEGISLATURE, '78

BILLS  
TO BE INTRODUCED AFFECTING  
PRISON LABOUR, INSOLVENT  
ESTATES, DEAF & DUMB ASYLUMS,  
ETC.,  
BUT NO MENTION  
OF THE REALLY IMPORTANT AND  
PRESSING QUESTION  
OF  
TAX EXEMPTION

LONG LIVE MOWAT & CO.  
VIVAT REFORM!



**"SUBMIT OR RESIGN."**

EXEMPTION BILL.—NOW, OLIVER, IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO GRAPPLE WITH ME, SAY SO, AND WE'LL GET ANOTHER PREMIER.

### Wanted, an Exemption Bill.

Now OLIVER, come to the front! Now MOWAT, toe the scratch. "Abolishing Exemptions"—is a bill you'll please to hatch, And introduce, and advocate, upon the House's floor, Or down and out you'll please to step, a Premier nevermore.

We don't care in Ontario, good OLIVER, one straw, If you've instructions got or not from distant Ottawa. We say to you as we'd say to MACKENZIE, in your case, You've got to pass this Bill for us, or got to leave your place.

From East and West, from North and South, petitions by the ream— Thick as those chaps the *Leader* man saw coming in a dream— Come pouring in from every town your jurisdiction through. All asking in this matter you will simple justice do.

They ask for justice, OLIVER; they ask you but for right, For what is fair 'tween man and man, and plain as black and white— Nay, what you know yourself is fair, and now GRIP asks of you, Will you, when asked, still hesitate an action just to do?

An honest judge we thought you once as ever jury saw, Come, be an honest Premier too, and pass this honest law, And we shall say, "One name at least, Canadians can with pride, In their official records see; they have few such beside."

Away in South Ontario the jolly farmers yet. Say, "MOWAT didn't bribe us, but we run him in, you bet, When he run here; but cash for votes was what we didn't see, Till G. B. kem and run; that Prince of darkish Purity."

Superior then to bribery, why not superior be Unto that weakness baser yet than basest bribery— That vilest trick of politics in this and other lands, Which stoops to wrong for sake of help from party cliques and bands.

There is a day, good OLIVER, which comes alike to all, When folks are apt their actions past to memory to call. More pleasing then the thought that you by right had firm remained, Than that by wrong each clique's support in all the land you gained.

Break loose; we thought you had some pluck, perhaps we think so still, From churchman and from clique; bring in a just, an honest bill. Sweep those exemptions all a way which in our land secure To Church, and Bench, and Government the right to rob the poor.

Then GRIP shall say, though Tory scream, and though Reformer shout, Just as they will, you are a trump, and none shall put you out. While you shall live; and GRIP shall praise your memory when gone, While changing centuries shall pass, long as the world rolls on.

### Confidential Conversation.

*Enter two antiquated politicians.*

1st A. P.—Good morning, GEORGE. How about Digby? What happens when the Vail of the temple is rent in twain? Occurs at times of dissolution, eh, don't it?

2nd A. P.—Haud ye're tongue, sir! Ony man no sae shameless wad na venture on sic blasphemy. The *Globe* will soon tell a' about the Digby mistak. The evidence o' corruption securit there against ye is sae croosing as to mak it a glorious Reform treumph, sir!

1st A. P.—Wish you many happy returns of such successes, GEORGE. A few more, and the flag of Protection—I mean Conservatism—will waver over all your strongholds.

2nd A. P.—Of a' the deceivin', crawlin', croochin' for a bane hunds in the Tory combination, ye are joost the warst. Ye never carit for Protection—ye aye shouted for Breetish prenciples! Did ye no?

1st A. P.—As my speeches have said, a Briton I was born, and a Briton I will die, GEORGE. Hooray!

2nd A. P.—Hear till him! hear! A Breeton! And ye wad shut oot the manufactures o' Breetain, ye wad! A Breeton! Did ye daur say ye wad do sae in London, when ye were hame—pity ye werena droomit! Did ye daur say it there, sir?

1st A. P.—Don't say so yet, GEORGE.

2nd A. P.—What? Leuk at ye're Consairvateeve Convention the ither day. Wad ye daur to say it wasna in ye're raiscally, traitorous programme?

1st A. P.—Not at all, GEORGE. Increasing age is gaining on you; your once fine intellect is failing fast. The programme demands reciprocal tariffs. What would a reciprocal tariff with Britain be, GEORGE?

2nd A. P. (*astounded*).—Ye maist monstrous veelyan! It wad be Free Trade! Ye wad close up every factory we have—I mean the hairet times have—allooed to remain partially at work. Ye wad deescreemeenate in favour o' Breetain sae as utterly tae deceive and deesapoint a' thae Protectionists wha trustit ye!

1st A. P.—I did not say so, GEORGE. You attacked the Convention programme. I showed you all it really meant.

2nd A. P.—Wad ye daur to say they wha drawit it up kennit what it meant?

1st A. P.—Certainly.

2nd A. P.—And they wha votit for it?

1st A. P.—That's another thing, GEORGE. Do you think we allow you a monopoly of Convention manipulating?

2nd A. P.—Ye paltry creature! Ye ken weel I allooit SHEPPARD tae speak at the Confederation Convention!

1st A. P.—Yes, and he spoke against you, and almost killed your plan. You sent him about his business, but could not retrieve the evil done. You don't do it now; nor do we. GEORGE, there were men who would have wanted a different programme, but we took care they never got there. Why, we called it and run it through just in a flash. Those only knew who were needed to know. Come now; your own tactics, you know. Secresy, cliqueism, keep-clever-men-out-ism. Knock you over with a feather from your wing, GEORGE.

*So the struck eagle, kicked from Treas'ry out,  
No more 'mong office sweets to soar about,  
Views his own feather in his vitals stick,  
And yells, "I taught 'em in the *Globe* the trick."*

2nd A. P.—Joost like ye. Ye ken weel ye never were a Protectionist! Twenty years ye had, and never introductit it. Why did ye no, if ye likit it? If what ye gabble aboot hame muirkets be true noo, it was true then. Read GREELEY, CAREY, BYLES—a' the Protectineests—they a' wad hae applied their prenciples then. Ye were in; why did ye no, if ye kenned onything aboot it?

1st A. P.—GEORGE, GEORGE, if you come to that, when did you ever propose onything? You were the very VITRUVIUS of Canada—Always ready to pull down, but with no replacing plan whatever.

2nd A. P.—That's naething. Then doon in the East—leuk at TUPPER'S Truro speech—no a ward aboot Protection! Leuk at ye'er prencipal organ in a' Western Canada—the *London Free Press*—disna it maist vehemently uphauld Free Trade? If ye were in the day, ye wadna protect against Breetain! Ye are deceivin' a great pairt o' ye're supporters, ye ken ye are!

1st A. P.—Don't admit it, GEORGE. Still, not so bad as you, who deceived all yours.

2nd A. P.—Ye lee, Sir! Peety for ye're age and frailness o' body alone heenders me frae gieing ye the coarporal deesceipline ye reechly deesairve.

1st A. P.—Weakness, GEORGE, vents itself in abuse. Remember how you jawed the judges. Then your powers of discernment are failing. Take my advice; try diet. Nothing like oatmeal for the brain, which accounts for the vigour of your articles when you came out from Scotland, where you got nothing—

2nd A. P., *now boiling over, rushes at 1st, who runs off. 2nd follows, catches another individual instead, mauls him awfully, and is taken to station, where the P. M., the mistake explained, lets him off after paying damages. 1st A. P. dodges up alley, and goes home chanting:*

*"Convention was the dwarfish deen styled,  
Who foiled the Knights in Marialva's dome."  
And it shall do a trick for this here child,  
And keep some over-clever chaps at home."*

### Committee on Choosing Form of Prayer.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

*Committee in Session.*

1st MEMBER.—Very awkward thing. Wish some one else had been put in my place. What do I know about this business? Not a clergyman.

2nd MEMBER.—Be quiet. There's really nothing to do.

3rd MEMBER.—Nothing! Why, we have to make a prayer for the House. I'd rather draw up bills for a week.

2nd MEMBER.—Tush, tush! Make one? No! Decide on one. See what's going and take the best. Now, here's the plan. Take the collects for the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Parliament from the English Church Service, stick the Lord's Prayer after them, and there you have it. What's easier?

3rd MEMBER.—Bless me! No trouble after all. But isn't it—eh—something like—eh!—stealing?—eh?

1st MEMBER.—Stealing! No! Appropriation! That's all. Why, every Dissenting church does it every Sunday.

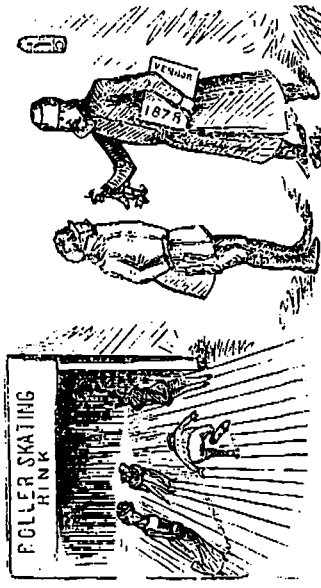
2nd MEMBER.—Oh, if they steal—beg pardon, appropriate—we surely may.

3rd MEMBER.—Of course. But by the way. (I am a Methodist) we don't do it so glaringly. A bit here and there, you know, by accident, as it were. But to do it wholesale! I am afraid it is rather countenancing Church and State, written services, and all that. No, No. The Church of England! What! Be indebted to her—openly—never! It won't do!

1st MEMBER.—Listen to reason. Granted you take it from her, well? Spoiling the Egyptians, eh?

2nd MEMBER.—Besides, after all, it's only a wedge to get in a salary. We'll get a chaplain; next, we'll have to have one of every denomination. I tell you what unless we have something to give away we'll lose our majority—vamose the ranch—absquatulate—skeddadle.

3rd MEMBER.—Anything but that. Pass the bill. I mean, make out the report.



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 TORONTO.

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 Right welcome shall he be,  
 To read, to study, not to lend,  
 But to return to me;

Not that imparted knowledge doth  
 Diminish learning's store.  
 But books, I find, if often lent,  
 Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,  
 think seriously,  
 keep cleanly, return duly:  
 with the corners of the  
 leaves not turned  
 down.

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