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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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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, 21ST APRIL, 1877.

The Tooley St. Tailors.

(See Cartoon.)

You have heard of the Tailors of Tooley Street,
Who as "The People of England" were wont to meet;
To state to the world the nation's mind,
And decide the course of the public wind.

Those Tailors you thought were a ludicrous myth—
But they weren't—they live—they are GOLDWIN SMITH.
And they issued an edict only last week
Though they now for the People of Canada speak.

The Tailors cast "Canada's horoscope,"
And say for our nation they've given up hope;
That we never can be a respectable State,
And Annexation's our ultimate fate.

And they further add, with resigned sigh,
That they tranquilly wait for the sweet by and by.
Now, they give this forth as Canada's will,
But they're only the Tooley Street Tailors still.

From Our Box.

The *Mighty Dollar* is the funniest piece, taken altogether, that has ever been p. i. g. (played) in the Grand. The acting of Mrs. GEN. GILFLORY was artistic and libbydearous to a degree, and was characterized by the most *recherchay* tongue. The toilets worn by this charming widow in the various acts were marvellous to behold, and at once suggested L. S. D., (love of superb display). The Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE was an incarnate comicality, his acting as well as his trowsers being s. m. (simply immense). GRIP has only one little fault to find with the hon. member, and that is, d. e. f. g. h. i. j. (a disposition to extreme frequency in getting off his initial jokes). These whimsicalities are decidedly original, and if indulged moderately would be extremely amusing, but the Hon. gentleman gets off too many—"by a large majority." Of the remaining members of this cast a word of commendation may be fairly spoken, although there were some very noticeable defects. The affectation of Mrs. DARR was the most disagreeable of these. No genuine lady would ever talk and act in that excruciating manner.

"The Irrepressible."

GRIP is sorry to have to chronicle a sad event which took place last Monday in the celestial laundry on Queen Street. Mr. SAM SING the washerman exasperated by some ironical remarks levelled at him by one of his fellow-countrymen, proceeded to mangle the offender with a knife. Much better would it have been, both for morality and the assaulted one, had Mr. SAM SING trusted to the weapon which was so potently wielded by his terrestrial namesake SAM-SON, viz., the jaw bone. GRIP, of course, does not insinuate that Mr. SAM SING is an ass; far from it. At the present time when Evangelism is so rife in the City, GRIP sincerely hopes that some right minded and enterprising revivalist will endeavour to lead Mr. SAM SING from the path which inevitably tends to SING SING, (not to mention destruction,) and transform him into a stiff and starch Christian able and willing to sing Psalms or even Hymns in a decorous fashion.

Mrs. Lirriper's Complaint.

THAT the prices of everything are so dreadful; and as to the conduct of the dealers!—there, my dear!—Whenever I go to market, no matter what I require to buy; whether pig-meat or ox-meat, the dealers always manage to palm off *dear* meat upon me. As to butter, the price is really so shocking that I invariably lose whatever sense (cents) I started with, in the endeavour to obtain it. Fowls appear to be all troubled with the Chickenpock; and the charge for Eggs is incompatible with the maintenance of a Christian frame of mind; while Carrots appear to be the veritable "root of all evil" in their power of collapsing ones purse. Sage and Onions are rising; and even the most indigestible of vegetables will not keep down. Altogether, I *must* say that everything in the Market appears to have arrived at such a very pretty "hash" that it will put the most careful housekeeper in a perpetual "stew" to keep the pot boiling. Where is all this to end? I am sure I do not know, unless it is to be like we used to read in the old Sea Tales where, in the middle of a battle (and an awful battle it is to get a living I declare) some one always shouted out "Boarders away!"

Mr. Mackenzie on the Independence of Parliament.

THE HON. GENTLEMAN said.—I trust the Hoose (SIR JOHN—It is not reciprocated). The interruption is worthy o' the interrupter, an' no tae shock the ear o' the Hoose, I may characterize it mildly as scoonrilly, base, contemptible, and villanous. But tae proceed. I trust the Hoose disna consider the present Government hae any intention o' allooing the independence o' Pairliament in any way tae be impugned. Na, Sir, it is oor intention tae thoroughly establish that independence, and tae place it on its ain proper footing. We intend that Pairliament shall be independent o' the creeticism o' weak, shallow, corruptionist hoonds sic as the *Mail* writers, and the pock-pudding English authoreeties on Pairliamentary practice. What is it tae be independent? Suld I fin' it necessary tae gie contracts tae members, tae gie them places, tae gie their relatives the sale o' supplies, if they canna accept' them, whaur is the independence o' Pairliament? Isna that the maist contemptible dependence possible, and the vara warst and maist deleeterious subservience tae public opinion, whilk it is the business o' Pairliament tae mould and fashion, and na tae be led by the nose thereby? Pairliament, and its members, shall assert their independence o' opinion, precedent, laws, and a' beside. Wha is mair qualified than mysel tae give advice in the matter? Wasna the Hoose—(wi the exception o' the Conservatives, wha got in by the maist shameless corruption)—chosen as the wisest men in the country. Didna they choose the Administration as the wisest men in the Hoose! Wasna I choosen leader of the Administration as the wisest therein? In the name o' the unanimous voice o' the hail country, whilk has chosen me leader and chief adveeser, I declare that members o' my Administration shall be free from a' coercion o' rule, mode, or manner previously observed, that members o' Pairliament shall be free and independent in like manner, and that I shall be free and untrammelled tae reward them as I please, whether by contract, place, office, salary, or any ither means heaven has gi'en intill my hauns. Wherefore, in future, I shall be independent o' the Administration, the Administration o' the Pairliament, and the Pairliament o' the country. Thus shall the great boon and blessing o' the Independence o' Pairliament, securit by Magna Charta, foughten for by BRUCE and WALLACE at Cressy and Poitiers, perpetuated by OLIVER CROMWELL in his lang and bluidy struggle wi' the forces o' the tyrant HAMPDEN, be vendicated by mysel' ower the efforts o' the meescreans, villains, rascals, traitors, brigands, peculators, corruptionists, knaves, robbers and murderers wha followit Sir JONE three years syne. Pairliament shall be independent, and shall do as it likes. (Ministerial cheering distinctly heard in the Bay of Biscay, and supposed to be Russia opening fire with 3,000 guns.)

The House-Cleaning Mania.

"It is the time of Spring!" she said,
Her eye began to glare.
Away she did her novel fling,
And up she tied her hair.

And round it did a towel furl,
And seized a great dust-pan,
And shouted to her servant girl,
And to her hired man.

They rushed for soap into the store,
They made a mighty stir,
They tore the carpets from the floor,
They called the whitewasher.

They pulled the pictures from the wall,
They seized each lounge and chair,
They carried out the bedsteads all,
And out the bedding bare.

Around flew water, soft and hard,
Away flew dog and cat,
The husband fled into the yard,
And on the sofa sat.

Upon its back he rubbed a match,
Wherewith his pipe he lit,
And thought that he a cold should catch,
Before the end of it.

It is not safe! he may not stay,
He must again retreat,
The dustiest of their carpets they,
Behind his back do beat.

He fieth to the distant club,
Of home he will have none,
Elsewhere will bide, elsewhere will grub,
Till cleaning time be done.



THE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.

"WE, THE PEOPLE OF CANADA."



The Great Chinese Case.

The case of SAM SING vs. AH TOE, for stabbing, came up before the Police Magistrate on Tuesday. As the case was one of great public interest—touching as it does the whole question of Chinese immigration, GRIP sent his special stenographer, (who writes 1000 words per minute) to take a *verbatim* report of the evidence of the chief witness WAU LEE. That gentleman made his statement in a calm and intelligent manner, and was understood to say:

“Yesday, SAM SING jing fang wing bang gang glang clang whang-whang bigee *knifes* melican ching chung bung hung sung rung SING sung rabbee dabbee *Stabbee* AH TOE. Hong kong prong song SAM SING ching ching hittee nosee bleedee hong kong yanktsee kiang ho hang ho—”

(Our reporter gave out at this point, the attempt to keep up with the witness had resulted in setting fire to his lead pencil, which was totally consumed.)

The police magistrate adjourned the case, and made a public confession that he couldn't understand his own language.

The Bonus Grabber.

The bonus grabber's little son,
Said to his sister small,
The jolly times has now begun
For father's made a haul.

And see, Ma says we musn't know,
No child of common class.
And she'll to Saratoga go,
And summer there we'll pass.

The bonus-grabbers grocer man
Said, “Ten was all his bill”
Last quarter; this it seems he can,
Three hundred dollars fill.”

The carriage-builder cried “Hello,
Don't mend that ancient gig,
For Mr. Bonus thinks he'll go
A thousand dollar rig.”

Then did the other grabbers say,
“Ha!—don't he go it strong,
And we can win the self-same way
If we but push as long.”

Impartial Journalism.

Conversation—Mackenzie—Sir John.

MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye hae read GRIP?

SIR JOHN.—Of course. Always do. How do you like it?

MR. MACKENZIE.—I canna' think o' it wi' patience. Beyond a' duot the maist able periodical in the country, haudin' as I may say the fate o' Canada in its hand, that it s'ould lean as it diz tae Conservatism is infinitely disgusting—peculiarly sae, as nae amount o' subsidizing wad buy the creature over.

SIR JOHN.—Your mistake, sir, is, I greive to say, characteristic. Your unhappy party, greatly wanting in political callibre, are no less destitute of literary taste, and cannot appreciate the efforts of those *literati* who fight on their side. Now, the real evil connected with the powerful periodical in question is its mistaken and continual support of the party in power. Those terrible cartoons—

MR. MACKENZIE.—Levelled at me!

SIR JOHN.—No. At me.

MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye're a fule, an idiot, a loonatic, a blockhead, an ass, and a contemptible pairson altogether!

SIR JOHN.—Why call names? Not in the house now. Come and drink. (*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*)

Bill of Fare for Novel Readers.

- SOUP.
“Count Julien” Soup.
- FISH.
“Cast up at the sea;” “Taken at the Flood.”
- ENTREES.
“London Heart;” Mutton chop: from “Black Sheep.”
- POULTRY.
“Foul Play.”
- ROAST.
Beef: from “The Vicar of Bull hampton.”
- BROIL.
“Prairie Bird.”
- VEGETABLES.
“Verdant Greens;” “A passion in *Taters*.”
- GAME.
“Birds of Prey.”
- PASTRY.
Pie; from “The Monarch of Mincing Lane.”
“Eugene Sue't” Pudding.
- EXTRAS.
“Oliver Twist” made of “Prairie Flower,” from “Golden grain” at the “Mill on the Floss.”
- RELISH.
“Bread and Cheese and Kisses.”
- DESSERT.
“Olives,” “Dead Sea Fruit.”
- DRINKS, (“At the Sign of the Silver Flagon.”
“Romany Rye,” “Wrecked in Port.”
- This meal should be eaten with *Reading Sauce*.

The Spring.

It is time Mr. JONES went gardening. He finds forty feet square of grass attached to his newly rented house, which th: land-lady assured him would grow great numbers of vegetables. Mrs. JONES immediately has visions of loaded grape vines and crowded asparagus beds. Mr. JONES proceeds to the hardware store, and buys a spade, rake, hoe, weedcutter, garden-line, watering-pot, dung-fork, and big pruning-knife, which articles he wheels home in a new wheel-barrow. The day is fine, he takes off his coat with the air of ALEXANDER with a new field to conquer, and marches into the said field, followed by the family equipped with the tools. He selects a position; he digs; he smashes his new spade in the mellow ground, which is composed of broken bricks, stove-pipes, and hard clay. He swears; he sends for another; he breaks it. Mrs. JONES tells him she knew he could not dig a garden; he declares he will, and finally by the aid of two hired auxiliary Irishmen with pick-axes he does, and sows and plants symmetrical little beds of nearly all the vegetables in the nursery-book. In due time they will grow; the clay will harden round them, his fresh manure will dry out, and he will have as his result a wilderness of bean plants without beans, nineteen cabbages as large as marbles, a quantity of uneatable radishes, and numerous vegetables in all stages of uselessness. Mr. JONES will bring everybody to see his garden for the first three weeks; after that he does not bring them; afterwards he does not go himself. By August a thick growth of matted weeds hides Mr. JONES' attempt at gardening, and the landlord, coming by, says to him, “Ah, I knew that land would grow vegetables.”

A Suggestion for the Globe.

ON Monday last the *Daily Globe* appeared with a somewhat cleaner face than usual, and might have presented a decidedly improved appearance, had it not been for the gross display of poster type in its advertising pages. The degree of improvement exhibited was due to the fact that, pursuant to puff, the paper was printed from stereotype plates. This is an evidence of enterprise, (as well as economy), and GRIP heartily congratulates the Messrs. BROWN upon it. He feels certain that any hint towards the further improvement (and economy), of this “progressive journal” will be gratefully received by its proprietors, and therefore would beg leave humbly to suggest that there are a large number of phrases, headings, and sentences, constantly used in the editorial department, which might be permanently stereotyped to save the expense of composition. These small plates could be stowed away in the pigeon-holes of the editor's desk, and brought out whenever required. Some of them would be used every day. For example, in the Political editor's desk there might be a large assortment of stereotypes of the headings “*Secret Service Money Again*,” “*Contemptible Opposition Tactics*,” “*The wretch John A.*,” “*The Ex-Oxford Professor*,” “*The beauties of Free Trade*,” &c., &c. In the Politico-apologetico-exegetico-odium-theologium editor's desk might be kept casts of the contemptuous expressions, “liberal,” “culture,” “sweetness and light,” and whole sentences of invective against advanced thought and heresy. GRIP suggests this as a decided step in economy. He has no doubt hundreds of dollars are paid every year to the printers in the *Globe* office for “setting up” these ever recurring words and sentences, and if they were once stereotyped (at a trifling expense) this source of needless expenditure would be removed.

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