

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs : the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Otter : the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH MAY, 1878.

The Female Righter.

I am a Female Righter, and
If you will liſt to me,
I ſoon ſhall make you underſtand,
What ſort of rights they be.

I want upon the lounge to ſleep,
Or read, or take my eaſe ;
And want the right my houſe to keep
As dirty as I pleaſe.

I want the right the meat to roaſt,
Quite the reverse of well ;
And want the right to make the toaſt,
Full indigeſtible.

I want the right mid linen white,
To mix the ruſt-ſpots red ;
And want the right on every night
To find bugs in the bed.

I want the right to let each child
Do juſt as it ſhall pleaſe,
Till not a ſoul—they've got ſo wild—
Can get a minute's eaſe.

I want the right to make the man,
Who choſe to marry me,
Buy twice for me what buy he can,
Or live in miſery.

I want the right my walks to take,
In ſilk and ſatin gay,
And tell my huſband he can break,
If that he cannot pay.

I want the right to make a ſpeech,
Before a yelling crowd,
And high upon a platform ſcreach
And objurgate aloud.

I want the franchise of the land
Which now the men have got,
To vote on all I underſtand
And all that I do not.

These are the rights of woman, and
You'd beſt oppoſe them not,
Or when we get the upper hand,
We'll teach you what is what.

The Melancholy Citizen.

It happened to GRIP that he walked abroad, and ſaw a melancholy man, who walked with head bent down. And GRIP ſaw that his clothes were ragged. Now GRIP, whoſe heart ever is exceeedingly tender towards the mournful, ſaid thus unto the man :—

"What aileth thee?"

Then the man ſaid "I am a citizen of Toronto, and for many years I ſaved up money, and acquired ten thouſand dollars, and built houſes with the ſame. And it has come to paſs that I rented the ſame, and lived on the rents, I and my wife, and my children. And I am now weak and unable to work, and have nothing but my rents to ſupport them. And it has been that evil Councils have taxed us very heavily. And alſo certain of my houſes be unrented, owing to hard times, and the reſt do barely pay the taxes now. So that I have nothing to eat, I and thoſe who be with me. Moreover, they are yearly borrowing more money, ſo that all my poſſeſſions will be ſold for to pay the ſame. And I know not what to do."

"Now ſurely," ſaid GRIP, "I will ſtraightway utterly deſtroy that wicked Council, and alſo make an end of the ſame." And he picked up a paving ſtone weighing a ton.

But the man ſaid "Do not ſo, for there never has been a Council gone out of late years but a worſe has been elected."

So the ſorrowful man went away.

Doctors verſus Undertakers.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR :—I am an undertaker's man. I think myſelf underpaid—that is, I think other people overpaid—that is, I think I ought to get more. Sir, take the caſe of doctors. Of courſe, it is well underſtood that in point of education and ſtanding there is no compariſon ; but the public do not ſeem fully aware of it, and actually, I think, put us in a lower grade. But what are the facts? What could they do without us? Why, when a man dies by accident, and they hold a *poſt mortem*, what do they do? Why, return a ſtatement that his air-paſſages were wrong, when it was really the caſe that he had broken his back. Well, of courſe it is underſtood that *we* will ſee to the matter when we go to bury the body, find out at once what was the trouble, and tell the doctors if they are wrong. We do it, of courſe ; explain to the learned faculty that the man's back was broken, and they hold another *poſt mortem* or conſultation or diſcuſſion or whatever they like to call it, and ſend in the proper ſtatement. This is all correct, and under our ſuperviſion no doubt things get along very well, and the real cauſe of death is aſcertained, which is the deſideratum required. But what we wiſh is our proper *ſtatus*. It is very evident to any one who are the true men of learning. The faculty are good friends of ours ; in fact we ſhould not have near ſo much to do without them ; but there is an order of things, and it ſhould be underſtood, and we given precedence accordingly.

Yours,

PETER PLANTER.

Toronto, May 1st, 1878.

The Howly Gate.

Saint PETHER he ſat at the howly gate,
An the avenin was gittin remarkable late,
An himſelf was in amazement grate,
For niver a man kem in.

Niver a Kooshian nor Turk at all
Nor a British ſoobject grate nor ſhmall.
Niver a wan on the Saint wud call,
Nor intrance thry to win.

An' the Saint he wint an he ſat widin,
An' his pipe he ſmoked beyant the din ?
An priſtintly wan av the howly min
Kem up to have a chat.

An 'himſelf explained to the Saint the thing,
An' towld why time had ſayſed to bring
A ſowl to make the knocker ring
Or pull at the bell or that.

"Oh the halt is fightin', ſurr, you know,
And dyin' ſo why av coorſe they go
To the gintleman who kapes below
His houſe to inthertain.

"An the half is fightin about their ſects,
Orange and Green, and none expects
That they their coorſe this way directs,
Till they from ſich refrain.

"And the reſt has got the full belafe
That works is dead, and faith is chafe,
Which is worſe than the impinent thafe ;
So our doorway's left clane."

The Attic Sage.

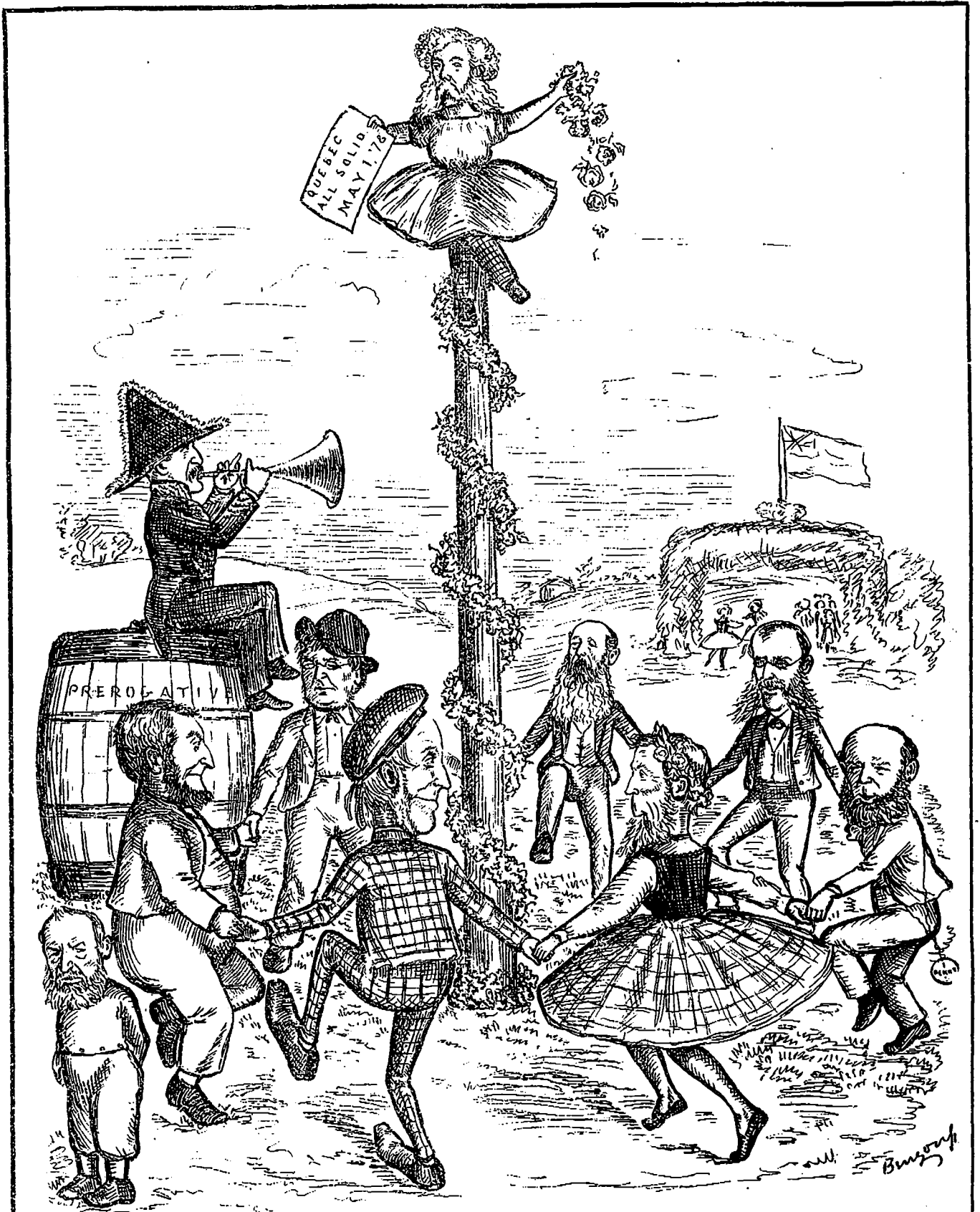
Removed from men beneath a denizen within an attic I
Whoſe roof upon, as night goes on, great cats continually cry,
Unmoved with ſtove coal by me thrown, which ſmaſhes windows far
below,
Or through the ſky that rapidly at them my worn out ſlippers go.

I ſit and think, as from the brink of window ſill I high ſurvey,
All thoſe below who come and go with rapid ruſh the livelong day,
While evermore doth ſkyward ſoar from Turkiſh pipe the odour ſtrong.
And evermore doth ſteady pour beneath the motley crowd along.

My years alſo they come and go, as do the crowd along the ſtreet.
The winter keen, the verdure green, they paſs as ſteady and as fleet.
And I a boy who once with joy obſerved from here the crowd go by,
Now old and grey, in different way regard their movement with a ſigh.

But eve has rolled his darkening fold across the pageant, and I ſee
The perſon paſs who lights the gas, who noddeth on obſerving me,
Behind him ſhine, in brilliant line, the lamps his coming courſe which
tell,

Alas, each year of mine, I fear, glows not ſo brightly nor ſo well.



MAY-DAY IN QUEBEC.
GRAND JOLY-FICATION.

The Sanctum Unveiled.

AS IT SEEMS IT MUST BE.

(ENTER furious "Globe" manager gnashing his teeth. He roars for Editor, who approaches trembling).

MANAGER.—Fellow, instantly write me an article saying that the Protectionists want to place a tariff on coal, and that the poor workman, who uses four tons yearly, will be charged three dollars therefor. Write, I say!

EDITOR (*shivering*).—But, Sir, the fact is they only want a tariff on the bituminous coal, such as Nova Scotia has. The workman uses hard coal. What is proposed to be placed under tariff is soft coal, which not the workman but the factories, use.

MANAGER.—Wretch, dare to argue, and I telegraph for a new editor! Write it, I say. What does the workman know? Write! Fiends! Furies! Brimstone! Sulphur! Destruction! Write!

(Editor rushes to write, and the above extraordinary statement appears in this week's GLOBE).

Letter From a Practitioner.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I understand that the vulgar object to the faculty returning statements to the effect that the cause of death was the air-passages when the back bone or spine of the moribund was fractured. Sir, this is a gross mistake of the unlettered. The true cause of all deaths—the *deprivatio vitæ*, or we may say in the Greek, the *factigumbus malabobus*—in all cases, is the absence of air, or in other words, the want, or lack, or absence, or non-presence, of breath. We die for want of breath—of air. Then there is something the matter with our air-passages. This is the case, even if, instead of an ordinary fracture of the spine, we are broken on a wheel, in which case all the bones are fractured. Nevertheless, the true cause of death is the air-passages—the want of breath.

I cannot, therefore, sufficiently deprecate the clamour roused against the faculty in this case. Why, people actually say that, if brought to us with a fractured bone and unable to speak, we might doctor them for their air passages, and kill them. Nonsense. I assure them and all such untaught persons that even if we did, we should not kill them a bit quicker than we generally do. Fudge!

Yours,

DIPLOMAS LICENTIUS.

Toronto, May 1, 1878.

Notice.

MANAGERS of the Conservative Party are hereby notified to conduct their correspondence hereafter by postal card, and thus save the post-masters the time and trouble of opening their letters.

The Politicians.

1ST POLITICIAN.—But you see I have my friends to attend to.

2ND POLITICIAN.—Who are they?

1ST P.—Why, our side is simply composed of free traders.

2ND P.—Well, why are you free traders? Is it to help importers?

1ST P.—No, not at all. We are as well aware that they are ruining the country as any one—even as the most pronounced protectionist.

2ND P.—Well, why do you back them up? There is not a day but your organ is yelling free trade.

1ST P.—My dear sir, we know what is wrong as well as you. But the fact is, we believe the majority of the farmers are fools enough to believe in free trade, and will keep us in office if we shout for it. Free trade is doing the country great harm; but then \$7,000 a year does us much good. (*Exit with finger to nose*).

The True Canadian Idea.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—Hearn as you manage Governmint buzziness, I wants to ax you whether this wunt work?

We be the Township of Toozle, and we don't zee why we shouldn't have a Parlymint. We could fix un up fine. There be here a lot of pine we could zell to speculators and zum Crown Lands as would keep a good Parlymint gown for five year or more. There be me and my six sons, and cousin ZEPHANIAH and his three boys, and JIM JONES and his seven brothers. We could get most of us elected, or for that matter we could all elect one another, for there is very few more here in the township. It would pay I very well, for they would make me Prime Minister sartin, and if the pine and land gin out I might raise a loan in Lunnon.

Yours truly,

HIRAM HARDFIST.

P.S.—Of course there is nothin' to do. But there would be salary to dror, and we cud always make a good debate on Orange Bills or summat. That is all they do in Toronto. Wy not give us one here?

Township of Toozle, May 1, 1878.

The Jolly Chieftains.

"Mon, mon," said MACKENZIE to Sir JOHN, on hearing of the Quebec election, "had ye no' better resign and try the kirk for the rest o' ye'er days? "Dence take it; no," answered the knight, "It was my devotion to the kirk, as you call it, that lost my Quebec majority. Come and take something." And at a late hour last night two individuals came down past the Rideau canal, one singing:

"We wontsh go homsh till morningsh,
Till daylightsh dosh—

While the other would interrupt him with:

"We arensh fou, we'sh nosh thatsh fou,

Butsh justsh a drappiesh in our eesh,

The cocksh maysh dawsh; the daysh maysh crawsh

Butsh we—"

Here the sentry took them in charge. It is necessary for GRIP to mention, that it is mortally uncertain that these last were the first, as they are getting an abominable habit of libel suits at Ottawa.

A Warning to Local Governments.

We wish to say to you, Sir,
Who were our Premier here,
You have been an abuser,
Of power it does appear.

Wished us, the folks who lived in
The Province of Quebec,
A bushel you to give in,
When you should have a peck

For railways asked such cash, too,
As you right well did know,
Would bring us quite a smash to,
If we should pay it so.

You thought that we would follow
Whate'er the church would do.
The church, sir, if we'd swallow,
You'd add the steeple too.

So just now understand, sir,
And other Locals may,
The lesson find to hand, sir,
At some not distant day.

The load of our taxation
Is getting quite too high;
And, by your last oration,
You'd pile it to the sky.

And told a startling tale, if
We trouble made or doubt,
We each must go as bailiff,
And sell each other out.

We paid you well as Locals,
But to you must be known,
We are not quite such yokels
As to give you all we own.

So you will please vacate, now,
Your seats of Government,
And listen while we state, now,
What is our plain intent,

If as Reform you go in,
Or in as Tory go,
You'll keep the taxes low in
The Province, or you know,

What we have spoke about, friends,
Will shortly you befall,
We'll try and do without, friends,
A Local House at all.

Advertisement--To Young Men of Education.

Wanted a young gentleman as clerk to a lawyer in good standing. The hours are from eight a.m. to seven p.m. No dinner hour, but allowed to eat a lunch while writing, if rapidity of work be still kept up. Is expected to be fairly educated, and not to object if frequently jawed. Salary exceptionally liberal—half a dollar a week. No extras, and must board himself, and must always appear well dressed, and *comme il faut* in all respects. Address, Sharp & Skinell, Toronto.

The Conservatives regard the Quebec elections as by no means a Joly affair. The Grits don't like it either, for the Cons were thrown out for wanting to grab, and what's the good of getting in if you mustn't do that, you know?

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON
American Invoices until further notice.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELE-
graph operating for offices opening in the Dominion.
Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address **MANAGER,**
Box 955, Toronto

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two
brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish,
bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good
cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126.
Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses,
seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for
both. Would exchange for farm.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6
rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two rough cast
houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath
room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast
house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c.
\$1,800.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling,
\$1,100.
Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast,
eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra
finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and
folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price
\$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-
detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft
water. This is a new house and extra well
finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Rough cast house,
twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot
21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500,
half cash.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine
or ten rooms. \$2,600.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 8
rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to
\$1,500

ST. THOMAS' WARD, a detached or semi-
detached house of about nine rooms, good
yard, with stable or room to build one. Price
about \$2,500.

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms.
\$1,000.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six
rooms. Price \$900.

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house
of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$100.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five
rooms.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Real Estate Agents,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)
TORONTO.

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homoeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and
Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medi-
cine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

Just to hand a full Stock of ISAAC PITMAN'S
Text Books.

Compend of Phonography,	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammilogues and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
Manual,	50
Reporter,	75
Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	30
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.

Next Post Office, Toronto.

Hints to Borrowers.

"THE wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
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.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat.
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old man:
Return it soon and keep it clean."

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations:
the first is to read immediately; the second is to
return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

WE should make the same use of a book that the
bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but
does not injure it.—*Colton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor
any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A book may be as great a thing as a battle.—
Diderot.

BOOKS as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A book is good company. It is full of conver-
sation without loquacity. It comes to your long-
ing with full instruction, but pursues you never.
It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor
jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently
serves the soul without recompense, not even for
the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to
pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to
hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the
outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit
are flown to you and possess your memory like a
spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE plainest row of books that cloth or paper
ever covered is more significant of refinement than
the most elaborately carved *etagere* or side board.
—*H. W. Beecher.*

Copies of above may be had at GRIP office, or sent free
of postage, at 50 cents per dozen, or \$1.50 per hundred.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

Grip Job Department.

Everything in the Printing line from a
Label to a Three-Sheet Poster,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting
Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on
receipt of letter, and forward by **FIRST MAIL**, at the
following rates:

25 Cards, (one name, one style type), 30 cents.
50 " " " " 50 "
100 " " " " 75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice
may be made.

- 1
Robert Taylor.
- 2
William Richardson
- 3
Miss Maggie Thompson
- 4
George Augustus Williams.
- 5
Mrs. Thomas Jones.
- 6
William Arthur Crawford.
- 7
Miss Susie Wade.
- 8
Byron W. Scott.
- 9
William Shakespeare.

Chrome Cards:
(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type) \$1 50.
50 " " " " 1.00.
25 " " " " 75.

Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type), 50 cents.
50 " " " " 75 "
100 " " " " \$1.25 "

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each
Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you
desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS..

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.