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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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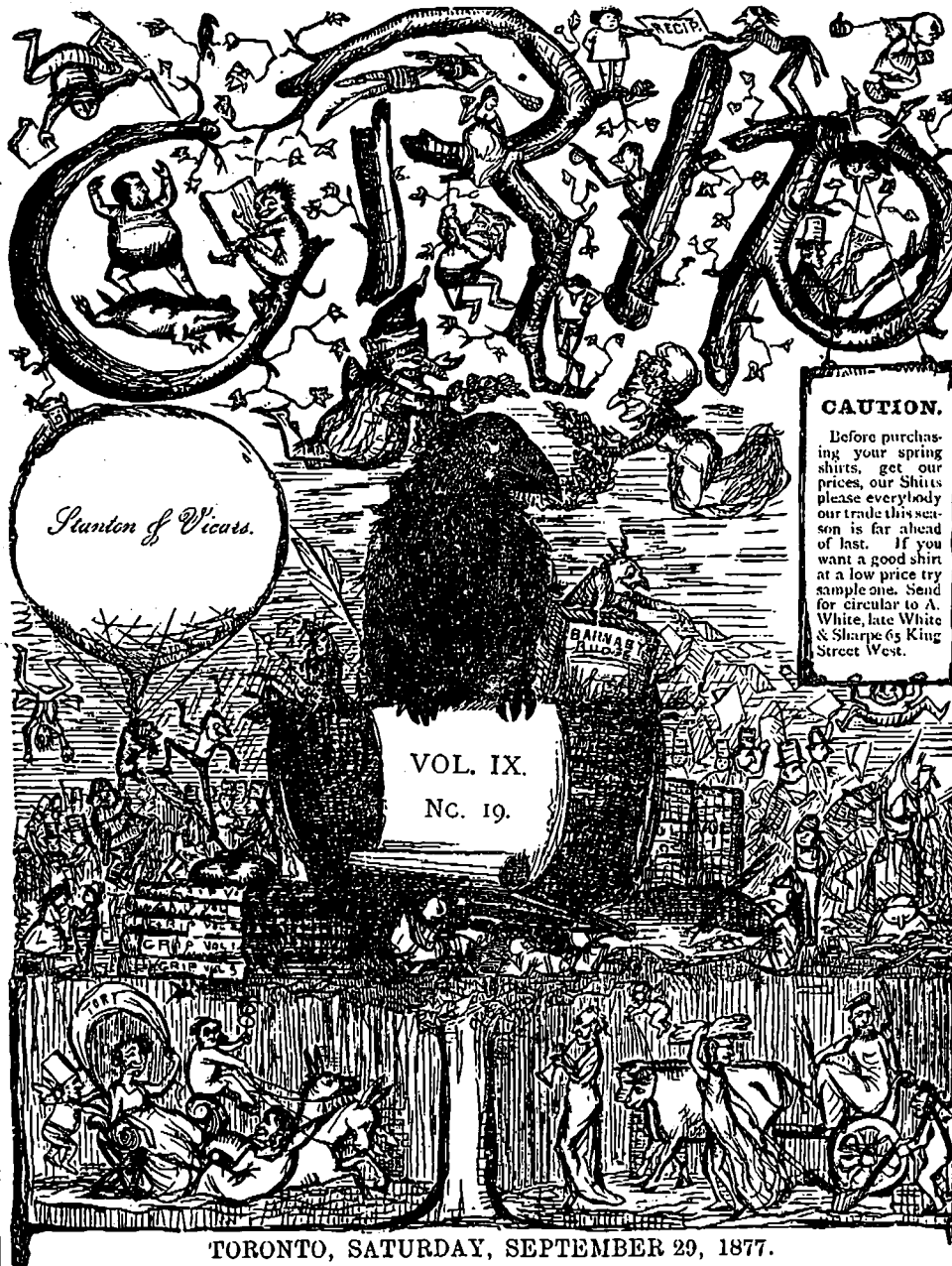
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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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 grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1877.

The Neeching Rookery.

(See Cartoon.)

Of all the scandals alleged against the Government up to date, the "Neeching Hotel" is the best—or worst, and it is the only one that at the present moment hangs together; notwithstanding the slipshod manner in which it is built. The Opposition crows realize this, and they are making it their grand rendezvous, just as represented in GRIP'S cartoon. GRIP, who is a Raven himself, understands the nature of the Rook tribe, and he knows how terrified these office-seekers are at the formidable array of scarecrows in the Government meadow. They seek by dint of tremendous clamour about the "hotel" to make themselves and the public forget these sentinels. Meantime they take possession of the rookery, and it is providential that they have this counter-scandal, poor as it is, in which to take refuge during the chilly season.

Theatrical.

Mrs. MORRISON'S new stock company have the boards all to themselves this week, and are appearing in a series of very pretty plays. Taken altogether, the present company is an improvement on that of last season. Miss MCALISTER, the leading lady, possesses a good deal of talent, as she evinced in the character of *Fanchon*, in the play of that name. Mr. ALF. HUDSON is to be entrusted with the low comedy business, which will insure success in that department at least.

Answers to Correspondence.

Lawson the Saint, Charlottetown, P. E. I.—In response to your anxious enquiry "Has the *Patriot* editor been reporting untruthfully from Ottawa?" we would respectfully state that we do not know, but if the *Patriot* paper is anything like the *Presbyterian*, we shouldn't wonder if he has.

Citizen.—You send us a handbill with a number of enquiries, of a very important character, printed on it. We haven't space to answer more than one: Do we consider Water Commissioner BELL a square man or a crooked one? We promptly reply that we do, and so do all who know him.

New Song.

(Music to be had at Bullard's.)

He sailed away in a little boat
Upon Ashbridge's Bay,
But the craft she didn't stay long afloat,
After he'd sailed away;
She turned upside down and he rolled out,
And drowned he thought he'd be.
But his life was saved by some sailors stout,
And he gave them the whole of a V.

The Political Picnics.

"And is it," quoth the mild EUGENIUS, "for the purpose of explaining their views to the electors, for the purpose of obtaining the electoral opinion, or for the purpose of discovering how they can govern better, that the outs and ins get together at these strange picnicking celebrations?"

"It is for all," explained the erudite SMELLFUNGUS, "and yet for neither. Each party wish to display their capabilities to earn the stipend paid to legislators."

"And no more?" demanded EUGENIUS. "Is it no wish to help their country, no feeling of patriotism nerves their effort? Are they swayed alone by hope of salary?"

"Judge by this," replied the learned SMELLFUNGUS, "Consider the number of Administrations you remember formed. How many members remained members of such, if they could accept, frame, or secure an office, judgeship, governorship, or anything which promised permanent lucrative shelving?"

"Very few," answered the candid EUGENIUS. "Are we to see it so for-ever?"

"Not so," replied SMELLFUNGUS. "The proverb says, 'JESHURUM waxed fat and kicked.' Colonies, acquiring the sense of strength, acquire the wish for ultimate independence, and as this comes, then, and no sooner, comes patriotism, and the virtues it produces."

The Cause of Woe.

The mansion was magnificent; his friends were all around,
But there was gloom upon his brow; his eye bent on the ground,
In vain they throng with merry glance, and voice of friendly tones,
The richest of the city's men, the fairest maids she owns.
Embarrassed all his answers still, his look still clouds with care,
As one whom great calamities had plunged in deep despair.

But why should care and grievous gloom his countenance oppress?
For he was rich, and young, and well his fortunes did progress,
He had a corner got in wheat which bagged a goodly thing,
And drove a span of horses since which might have graced a king.
Had had a friend—a Minister, or some such thing as that,
Who gave a friendly note which brought a contract very fat.

And had a friend in Government who word to him had got
When duties were to be increased, which netted him a lot.
Had lately gracefully retired when for the House he ran,
And got a good Commissionership by help of t'other man.
And yet when Fortune prosperous thus calmly smiled serene,
His face was looking very black, and almost turning green.

It wasn't that the partner of his joys had grieved his heart,
He'd no such partner, and appeared to have no joys to part.
It wasn't that the Government seem getting rather weak,
His principles would suit each side—they were but cash and cheek,
It wasn't that the ocean storms might sink his ships and crews,
He'd only one at sea, and that he had insured to lose.

Yet spasms now did fierce distort his visage broad and hold,
He turned himself uneasily; his eye with anguish rolled.
What dreadful cause of agony was working on his brain?
Alas, humanity still bears that common cause of pain,
He suffered what you suffer—yes, sir, you would suffer, if
You had a cold, and had forgot to bring your handkerchief.

Another Chapter.

To be added to a certain book, entitled

"THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA."

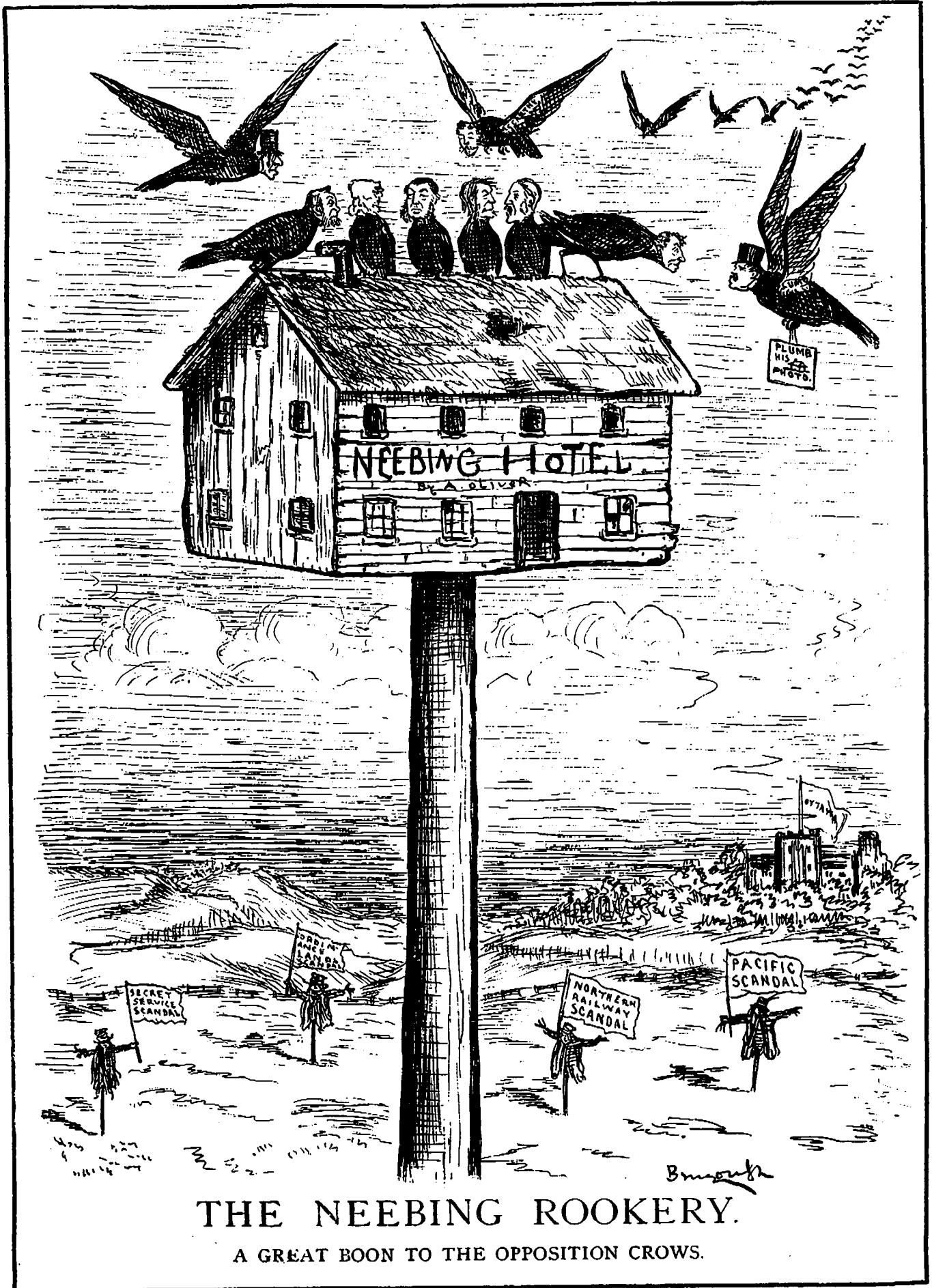
No history av the Irishman in Canada wud be compleat widout a word or two consarnin the adventures av the brilliant Milesian, NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., av the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, who med that favoured land his adopted home only a few years ago. Af the birth an airy life av our subject we know very little; from what documents, ana, &c., we have in our possession, we can only larn that he was born wid the peculiar baldness av head that now distinguishes him.

Fwihn furst he landed in the Dominion, he wint straight to the Government at the *Globe* office, an axed for a situation as iditor. The Government lucked at him, an thin sint him up to intherview his brother, Mistor Gordon BROWN. Mistor GORDON had been on the luckout for a bald-headed Irish iditor to complete the representation av the United Kingdom, himself bein Scotch an Mistor DYMOND English. So he gev NICHOLAS a sate widout delay, wid a room an table all to himself. In that room the subject av our sketch wrote the most brilliant and larned articles that iver wint into the *Globe*. His best howlt was SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD. He could flay that shpallpane av a politician the natest av anyone that iver thryed it, an the Tory party in general never suffered so much well deserved punishment as they did at the pint av Mistor DAVIN'S pen in the *Globe*. He turned out to be a Grit afther the heart av Mistor GORDON BROWN an' his brother the Government, an thim two gintlemin trated him as such.

At this pint av his history there intervanes a sort av cloud or fog, an' fwihn it rises, spakin' figuratively, we find Mistor DAVIN at Philadelphia, writin' letters for the *Mail*, about himself an' his blackthorn, wid occasional mention av the Centennial Show. Afther the fair was over, he wint back to Canada, an' tuck his sate wid all the appearance av comfort at a table in the *Mail* office, fwhere he spint his talents freely in atein' all his *Globe* articles, an' wallopin' the Grits an' the BROWN byes.

'Thin another mist hides him from the eye av an admirin' public, an' it is generally imagined that the subject av our sketch is engaged in lithery work, or thravlin' as a Timprance-lecturer in the back country. But from subsequent developemints it wud appare he was practisin' his muscle in the gymnasium, for in the fall of 1877 he suddently appeared at Lindsay as a member av a certain well known thravellin' circus company, creatin a *furor* av excitement by apparin' in the character of the *Farmer's Son*. At lasht accounts he was still wid that troupe, doin' a cheek by jowl performance wid wan MACDOUGALL, whose career in life we belave, was in a measure like Mr. DAVIN'S own. Perhaps in the next edition av this book we may be able to record that Mistor D. is back to his owld sate in the *Globe* office.

WOULD HAVE HAD 'EM.—The Peruvians are demanding damages for their iron-clad which was attacked by the wooden vessel of H. B. M. This comes of the wrong ship in the wrong place. If t'other party had been ironclad, the guano-men would not have had occasion to ask for any.



THE NEEBING ROOKERY.

A GREAT BOON TO THE OPPOSITION CROWS.

Canadian Nights Entertainment.

In a country in the distant western world, far beyond the land of the Prophet, there once lived a great Ruler named SANDIMAKENZI, who dwelt in a fine palace on the bank of a river in the midst of his provinces. The country over which he exercised authority was rich and beautiful, and so broad that it reached to the setting sun. The people were as happy as they deserved to be, seeing they were all Infidels, and rejected the Koran and True Prophet. When SANDIMAKENZI first began to rule he had the love of his people, and was revered as a wise and good Sultan. But there came a change. SANDIMAKENZI committed a very unwise and improper deed. In one of the rooms of his palace he had a beautiful and very costly Cabinet which belonged to the people, and which it was his chief duty to guard and keep. This Cabinet was of such a nature that upon its condition depended the happiness of the people and the prosperity of the country; and upon no account was the Ruler permitted to introduce anything of a corrupt nature into it. The Sultan who had reigned immediately before SANDIMAKENZI had been dragged out of the palace and well nigh destroyed by the people because he had soiled the purity of the Cabinet, and a great deal of the love which the people at first felt for SANDIMAKENZI arose because they believed that he would prove a more faithful guardian than the last. He had again and again promised he would. But, as I have already said, he at length fell into a great error. He forgot all his fair vows so far that he turned the Cabinet into a sty—he actually allowed a *cauchon* to occupy a corner of it. The news of this soon spread abroad amongst the people, and a great cry of disgust and alarm arose all through the land. The former Sultan, who still lived, implored the people to arise and strangle SANDIMAKENZI, and reinstate *him* as Ruler. But the people couldn't see it; they said they wanted a change for the better if they had any. Meantime, the thought of SANDIMAKENZI's many good deeds and the former love they bore him made the people delay speedy vengeance upon him, but they plainly let him know that the *cauchon* must be thrown out of the Cabinet, or he would surely have to pay the penalty. Then great fear seized the heart of SANDIMAKENZI, and he called his Viziers together in council and asked their advice. With one accord they advised him to obey the will of the people, declaring that it would likewise be a great relief to themselves to get rid of the *cauchon*. It was at length determined that the *cauchon* should be ejected from his snug bed in the Cabinet, and driven away into a distant part of the land, where a trough of pap would be provided for him. So, after the council had dispersed, SANDIMAKENZI went and recited to the *cauchon* all that had passed, and told him that he must be ready to vacate his place in the Cabinet and depart for the North West the next morning. But the *cauchon* only answered with a grunt. He was a shrewd and artful creature, and he fell to thinking heavily. A bright thought soon occurred to him. He would prolong his stay in the Cabinet and enjoy its fat things by strategy. Very soon he had decided on a scheme, thanks to his recollection of a certain old book called the *Arabian Nights*. So when SANDIMAKENZI repeated his injunction, that he must depart the next morning, the *cauchon* looked up into his face with a tender and melancholy expression, and said: "O, my lord Sultan, bid me not depart to that lone part of thy Dominion, for if I did go, perchance my fate would be similar to that of WANDERING WILLIE."

"What befell WANDERING WILLIE?" asked the Sultan. "I would hear the story."

"Then," replied the *cauchon*, "I will shortly relate the story of

WANDERING WILLIE AND THE CUTE VIZIER.

Once upon a time there was a Grand Vizier named SIRJONNAY, who was a very cute and clever man. He was much trusted a long time as chief adviser to the reigning sovereign in the Dominion in which he lived, and no man in that country was more versed in skillful tricks than he. Moreover, he had but little feeling in his heart, and was wont to amuse himself at the expense of others. He had many followers who sought favours from him, and it was his practice to make them his tools, so long as they would serve his ends. Often he would take one of these wretched men and use his hand as a paw to pull hot chestnuts out of the fire. While he had many friends, his enemies were not few, but the latter were easily recognized, because they all had a *brown* mark on the forehead. It happened that in course of time the Vizier had some work to accomplish for the Sovereign which he could not do alone, and he was obliged to accept the help of his enemies, who, however, did not wash off the *brown* marks, but wore them all through the job. When it was finished, they all returned to their own camp, with the exception of one, named WANDERING WILLIE, who had fallen so much in love with the Grand Vizier's loaves and fishes that he besought to be allowed to remain, which request the Grand Vizier granted, seeing that he could make a good use of this enemy. WANDERING WILLIE did not, however, wash off the *brown* mark, but merely pulled his turban down over it, and so continued to enjoy the good things of the Vizier's house. At length the Vizier got tired of having him around, and made up his mind to get rid of him. So he told him one day that he wished him to undertake a long journey to the North West country, of which he had appointed him Ruler—

"But," said the *cauchon*, pausing and casting another tender look at

SANDIMAKENZI, "I observe the daylight; I must depart according to thy orders."

"No," answered SANDIMAKENZI, "I will postpone thy departure till to-morrow; I will hear the rest of thy story to-night. I am greatly interested to know what happened to WANDERING WILLIE on his journey."

(To be continued.)

Lord Dufferin's Song.

Away to the West where the setting Sun
A glow to the occident fetches,
See! Nature has showered with bountiful hand
Magnificent water stretches!

The squirrel sits on the hickory tree,
A contemplative fellow the wretch is,
He thinks and he winks at the Premier's broad,
Magnificent water stretches.

Big Indian BOB in his own canoe,
Bull-suckers and water-snakes catches,
A happy man on the Ottawa Chief's
Magnificent water stretches.

The wild goose screams and the panther prowls,
And the coon munches leeks and vetches,
On the forest shores of the great North West's
Magnificent water stretches.

It ain't no myth, and the story's told,
I won't conceal nought for just sech is,
A truthful tale of those world-renowned
Magnificent water stretches.

A Note for Neebing Burr Plumb.

MR. BURR PLUMB has made the Neebing Hotel a study, but it would seem that up to Wednesday last (when the *Mail* fully explained its construction) Mr. PLUMB hadn't begun to understand it. It appears, according to the Opposition organ, that the "hotel" was built by Mr. JAMES D. HENDERSON, who had instructions from Mr. ADAM OLIVER to "build any kind of a building, out of his head, provided he put lots of lumber especially inch boards into it." Mr. PLUMB has always represented that it was constructed out of slabs from the mill; he is now aware that it was made out of the active and intelligent head of Mr. HENDERSON. In view of this piece of news, it does seem hard on that gentleman for the *Mail* to grumble so much at the price paid by the Government for this architectural curiosity.

Conversation.

HON. MR. BROWN.—(to Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE).—ALEXANDER, mon, ye suld be mair carefu' o' ye're bawbees; an' ganging oot, tae, in a' likelihood. What the deil inducit ye tae offer tae wauger wi' SIR JONE that ilka Prence Edward mon returnit next election wad be a Government supporter? Hae ye clean tint ye're wuts?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—My auld frien', ye're intelleck is no what it ance was, as the sma' help we get frae the *Globe* painfully makes manifest. Sae they wull. I didna, sae far as my memory serves, remark whilk Government they wad support. (*exit.*)

HON. MR. BROWN.—Hech, hech, hech! Whatna a heed he has! —whatna a heed! (*follows chuckling.*)

The Only Trouble.

The day was bright as ever broke upon Toronto town,
The citizens looked gaily up, the sun looked gaily down.
And all was jolly happiness, or all might have been so,
Except one case of misery, one source of horrid woe.

No sooner did the morning beams send out each glittering ray,
Than all the travelling greengrocers got likewise on the way.
And all the bells in town they pulled, and beat at every door.
Till peace had left each house, and all that day returned no more.

For all day long they in each street did work their wicked will,
And filled the air with horrible vociferations still,
And called the servants to the hall full fifty times a day,
And one still came as soon as one before had gone away.

KING DAVID said in his haste all men were liars. Could he read in the *Mail* and *Globe* the different calculations of the numbers present at political pic-nics, he would be confirmed in his first opinion, hurried though it may have been.

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.

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

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

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

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast 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,

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

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

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

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

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

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.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1,800.

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NEXT POST OFFICE.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-41

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

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N.B.—Omnibus free.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now know as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

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3

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4

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5

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6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

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8

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9

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

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