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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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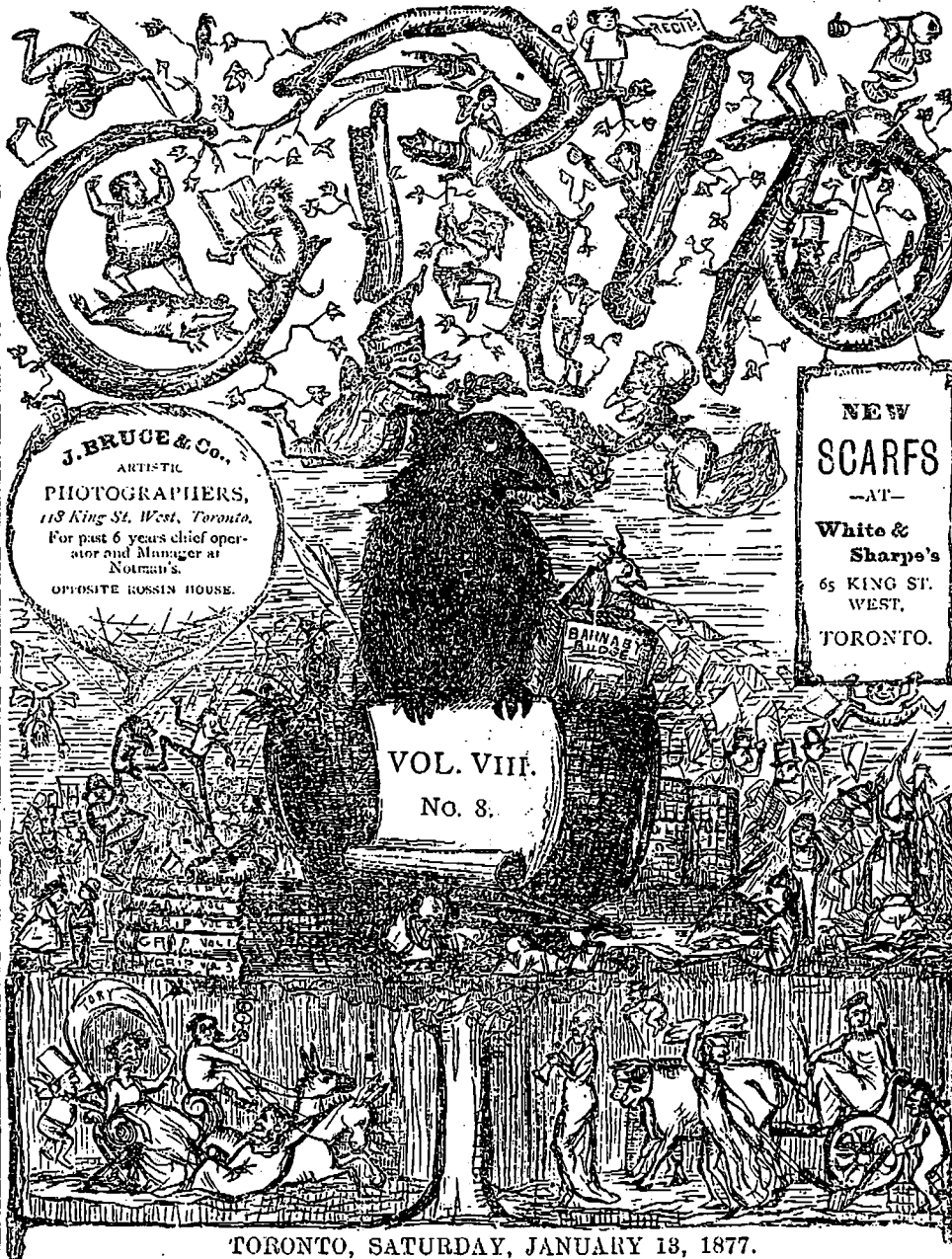
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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"When could November's surly blast lays field and forest bare."  
 It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those—

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

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, 13TH JANUARY, 1877.

## From our Box.

**THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—Great pressure had to be exercised (and endured) by any person desirous of attending the matinee on Saturday. The squeeze was tremendous. It would be well to buttress the partitions, or the many-headed Samson, pressing them outward, will some day bring down the house in a manner more ancient than modern. The play (*Twelfth Night*), some papers say it is not an "acting" one. People who, ignorant of Shakespeare, go there expecting to understand an intricate play and appreciate its every beauty the first time of seeing, inevitably find out their mistake. But those who knew what they were about enjoyed a treat they will not again experience—till NEILSON again returns. Who, like her, can pour out in parable the story of her unappreciated love before the duke—so wise in all else—so slow to solve the mystery here? And Sir Toby—shrewd, drunken, careless, but over brave and gentlemanly—what is he when not acted? COULDOCK gave him to the life.

## Mr. Fraser's Speech against Exemptions.

What Sir? What Sir? cried out FRASER,  
They'd tax churches, it appears,  
Dared they such a thing to say, Sir?  
Can I yet believe my ears?

Yes, they introduce these features,  
And the paltry reason show  
(Horrid irreligious creatures)  
That it's honest to do so.

Never shall such wicked measure  
While in Parliament I stand,  
Guardian of the churches treasure,  
Be permitted in the land.

I was thinking 'twas surprising,  
All my way from dinner down,  
That the stone macadamizing  
Don't jump up and knock 'em down.

Then they'd tax our buildings too, Sir,  
And would tax our salary,  
What's the next thing they would do, Sir  
Altogether passes me.

Water-pipes, they say, they're laying—  
Streets and roads for us have made—  
Gas to us they've been conveying—  
Paid police—we nought have paid.

Never knowing, never caring,  
How delighted they should be,  
To the churches, and those hearing  
Office, these to furnish free.

No, their pavements we shall tramp on,  
Their police shall guard our way,  
But no single one-cent stamp on  
Their maintainance shall we pay.

## What we Hope is not the Case.

"And so," said the luxurious FALLACIO, reclining gracefully on the splendid *fauteuil* (which, part of a magnificent set, embellished, since his coming, his temporary chamber of durance). "And so?"—he said, interrogatively.

But we have not remarked who FALLACIO was. He was a young Neapolitan noble of high extraction and low principles, who had applied the principles of extraction to the Bank d'Oro, wherein he had whilome held trusted position. His wealth, we may observe, was enormous and fabulous. Similarly his actions.

"And so?" he inquired, sipping, from a rich cut glass (one of Vincentio's masterpieces) some golden sherry of the vintage of 1513.

But to whom did he address these seemingly careless but really most important words? His visitor was of sharp and inquisitive air. He was the Signior TELLURINO of the d'Orian bank, dispatched to confer

with the illustrious prisoner. He was a Count, and did a great deal of it.

"But I do not understand," he said.

"Life," said the illustrious FALLACIO, "is too short to permit understanding. But you do not drink. The wine is passable; there are grapes—I have an agent at Malaga—beside you; and you should try these cigars, in memory of the grower—some raw Spanish recruits, I regret to say, burned his plantation last fall, and shot him—accidentally, of course. Signior Garcias, commanding the detachment, sent me these. I had obliged him in an exchange transaction.

"BUT" said the Count TELLURINO. This man was extremely anxious. His face changed colors—it was red—green—black. "Where," he said, convulsively, "are they? Where are they gone?"

The magnificent FALLACIO smoked calmly a cigar of the martyred patriot—it was exquisite—the blue rings of smoke rose in beautiful circles—concentric—eccentric—elliptical—"See them rise!" he cried in ecstasy. "Are they not pretty? Rings, rings, rings. Where do they go? You do not know. What do you know about rings? Ah, if I were to tell you what I know about them!"

"I would then," gasped TELLURINO, "know where the securities are?"

"Often dull at guessing, my dear Count," replied the exquisite FALLACIO, "you have now guessed with an acuteness which does you honour. You would. The same acuteness will apprise you how impossible, (I unaiding) that you ever should know anything about them."

The visage of TELLURINO was now at its longest. "But consider," he pleaded "I do not threaten. I have been specially directed not to threaten. But consider. A life in a cell!"

The amused FALLACIO smiled. His smile was peculiarly charming: often had it (backed by a heap of crisp securities) convinced the obstinate broker that all was right. And it is. Pope said it was. But we were about to tell what FALLACIO said.

"A Cell!" he said, with effusive and cutting contempt. "The base of life is a Cell. Until I used it (spelt with S) I knew not life. Bright passport to enrapturing existence, what scenes of transport opened it not to my gaze! Your employers, dear Count, love not my gentle Sell. They would rather I would now spell it with a T. But that would be"—And the gentle youth split an almond with a golden dessert knife. "No gentleman does that," he said, and the frown of his ancestors hung on his clear cut brow.

"But a lifetime!" urged the frenzied TELLURINO.

"Utter nonsense, Count," laughed the pleasing FALLACIO, "Were I to take your advice, most friendly TELLURINO, your prediction were all too truthful. But the modern Samson, my charming Dalilah, lets not the fear of future locks persuade him to let you clip his present ones. Did you ever hear of a golden key? A half million of securities—*safely deposited*, Count,—has many such amid their folds.

"My dear Sir," cried the despairing TELLURINO, throwing himself at the feet of the ever placid FALLACIO, "I conjure you to state your terms!"

"My good envoy," said the noble scion, "you wish in plain terms, to know how to get them back? Well, of course, drop this ridiculous prosecution at once. Then, let me know how you will share!" The word had an awful effect. The eyes of TELLURINO expanded—his palms also—his mouth likewise. "Share!" he groaned.

"Your employers," said his interlocutor, as a lightning gleam of contempt played witheringly and momentarily across his aristocratic features, "have by their foolish precipitancy disconcerted the most scientific operation ever attempted on the Exchange, and I cannot consent that they should escape scatheless. In some measure to amend my loss of millions, certain but for their haste, let me have a hundred thousand left. If not, beware of my wrath—beware the falling credit—the demanded securities—the vast and terrifying disclosures—the injured bank—the quotations below par—the"

"Mercy!" cried the Count. "I go to state the terms. It must—something must—be done."

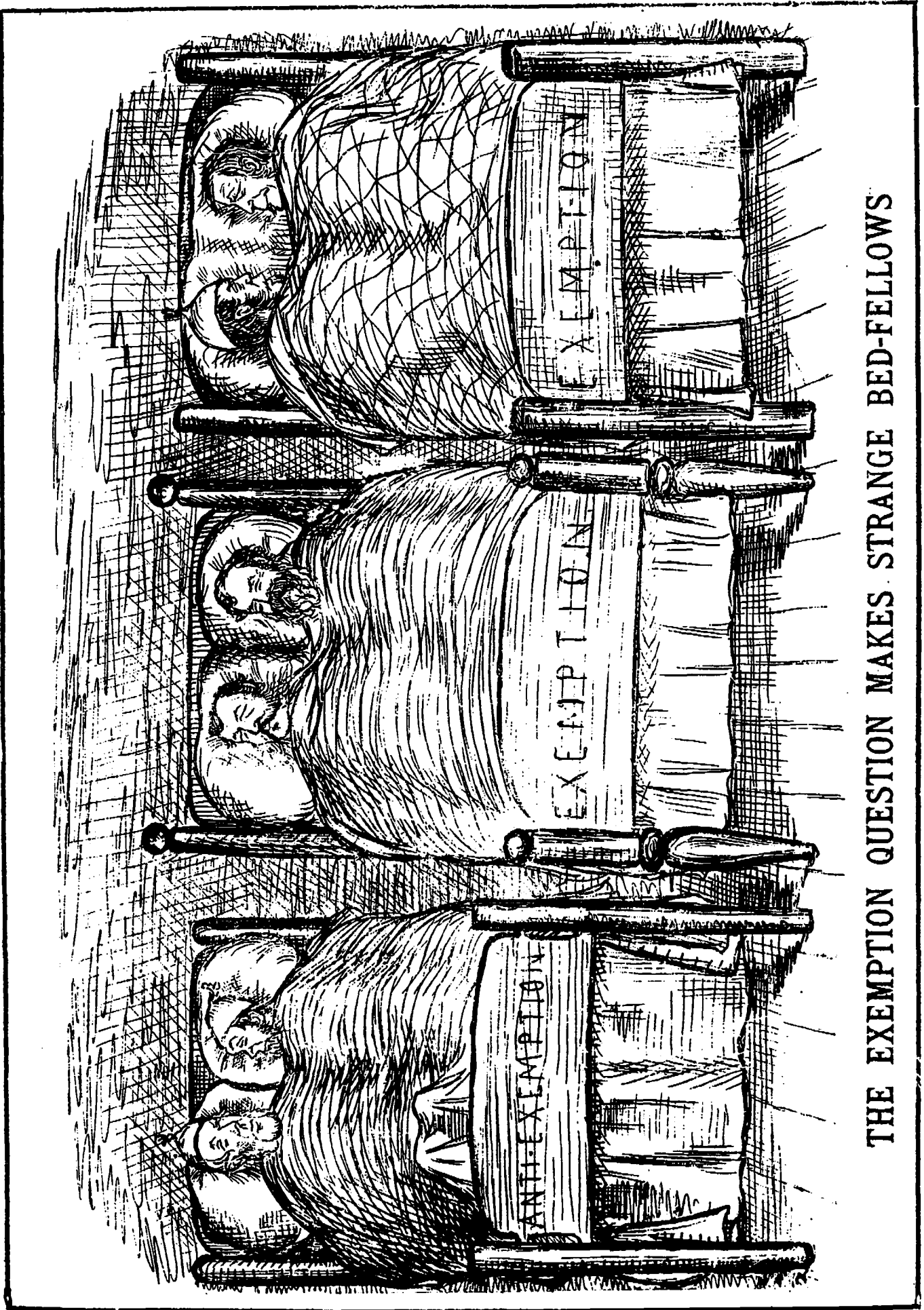
"Take care of yourself," sighed the interesting FALLACIO, sinking into a chair, and lighting another cigar.

The above was shot into GRIP's office, attached to an Enfield bullet, which nearly killed the devil. GRIP does not know what it means, has never heard of the persons mentioned, but publishes it in order, if possible, to discover the infamous perpetrator and projector.

THE judgment in the Big Push case is the most generally unsatisfactory ever delivered. Not a soul but considers it eminently *disagreeable*.

The Credit Valley R. R. has failed. So now we can put up the sign Positively no Credit. We presume it will be finished in about the time expressed by its initials C. V., a hundred years,

LORD DUFFERIN'S RECEPTION.—City Official—(writing)—I have the honour of inquiring of your lordship whether it would be convenient to you to attend a corporation ball and dinner, which it is proposed to give in your honour. P. S.—The city finances are low, but we can float a debenture yet. Lord D.—(answering)—His lordship would be delighted that the city should grace him by an entertainment, but he objects to *borrowed graces*, and finds he will have no time.



THE EXEMPTION QUESTION MAKES STRANGE BED-FELLOWS

**Proposed inscription for the Drinking Fountain in the Market Place Presented to the City by His Worship the Mayor, 1876.**

"*Sic vos non vobis.*"—VIRGIL.

Unselfishness was clearly shown  
In the kind act which here has placed me.  
The generous donor *must* have known  
That he himself would never taste me.

Because, to make the matter shorter,  
One man, 'tis said, and true I think it,  
May lead a horse (or Mayor) to water  
But twenty cannot make him drink it.

**Conversation.**

MR. MILLS, MR. MACKENZIE, MR. BLAKE.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE—Au'm joost amast gane. CAIRDWELL, tae! whan I thoct death itsel' had steppit in tae gie me the consteuteney! snappit awa! stippit clean off! Mon, mon! (to Hon. Mr. BLAKE) why were ye sae daft as na tae counsel that we suld tak oop Protection suner than the Tories. We could hae rin it sae weel. The hail kintra wad hae joint in. The *Globe* wad hae sworn by GREELEY. Noo, noo, noo, we hae committit oursel' tae Free Trade, and we shall be sweepit out like peelins o' ingaus—blawn aff, gane, dispersit. Mon, I trusted ye're wut, and ye hae failit!

HON. MR. BLAKE—Sir, I have repeatedly informed you, and now reiterate the information, that these complaints, addressed to me, are incorrect in the extreme, and even verge on the absurd. My reputation—my legal reputation—was not gained in the politico-economic sphere, nor did it warrant your reliance on me in economic matters. What! I give directions as to whether cottons and sugars are to be rated lower or higher! I meddle with such trash! I! BLAKE! No, sir, your government—yourself—your whole combination rests on other grounds. My eloquence rung through the Canadian mountains, reverberated over the plains, rattled through the attics! On its merits—on my merits—you entered on the administration of affairs. If, having put you in, having struck down MACDONALD and captured CAIRTWRIGHT, you failed to retain confidence, reproach not me. You relied on the backing of the *Globe*, and not on your true foundation—the eloquence of BLAKE! Go in or out, sir, you affect not me. One brilliant peroration shall bring me to the front, and whatever administration rule, the people will demand that BLAKE shall be its star—its brilliant coruscation of genius, which though it chooses not to guide, yet is always prepared to light with shining metaphor the bewildering impossibilities of the future, to dazzle if not to lead, to scatter glittering if unmeaning generalities around in gay profusion, to charm the unreasoning public, to lead them where I list, and to take the fattest office as I pass. Go, recreant!

HON. MR. MILLS.—Why this irresolution? Fling out the banner on the outward walls. Inscribe it Free Trade! Is not 4 the square of 2? Yes. Then it follows that twice 7 makes 12. Then how can we fail? I will address the people. Fear not. If we lose our majority, our posterity will regain it. What is Time to the Philosopher?

MR. MACKENZIE.—Noo deil tak' ma saul! Lord forgie me! I meant to remark that gin oor prospect o' salvation be as weak as o' continuous pooper, we will hae an opportunity to fin' whether there be eternal punishment or no. Weel, weel, I ken three wha deserve it—twa for being idiots, and ane for no seeing it suner.

(Scene closes.)

**The Spirit of Canada to Mowat.**

SPIRIT.—What, know'st thou not  
The suffrage was too broad? Know'st thou not well  
The sturdy middle class declining fast  
Throughout my broad domain? Be wise in time.  
This is not Europe; here industry's hand  
Grasps ownership at once. To give the rights  
Of property to all the idle horde,  
Too slothful to acquire, were quick to sink  
Far lower than we stand. Why then extend  
The franchise past its bounds?

MR. MOWAT.—Great spirit, I  
Acknowledge all is true. Extension, though,  
Is popular in sound, and few there be  
Who its effects descry. It is a sprat  
To catch the whale of popularity,  
On which to float awhile. For know, the depths  
Yawn for us; and the mermaids' stretching hands  
I see in all my dreams.

(Exit weeping)

A gas well has been struck in Belleville. Let's build the new Parliament buildings there as they are the greatest works in the Province.

**The Fallacy of Protection Cries.**

*From the Globe.*

Nothing could more conclusively show the utterly unreasonable nature of the clamour for higher tariffs than a glance at the actual state of the country. We are told by Protectionists that we import manufactured goods to the extent of nearly \$150,000,000 yearly—that our locomotives, our cars, our sugar, our piece goods, our next to everything, are made in the States and in other foreign lands, throwing out of employment, and leaving to starvation, our own artisans. How utterly false this is, our readers will at once be aware, when we tell them that a scheme is in contemplation—has been long in contemplation, in fact—in the county of Waterloo, for refining the product of the sugar beet on a very extensive scale—a scheme which will, if ever carried out, furnish employment to thousands. It is also proposed—and, for all we know, it may some day be done—to utilize an old distillery in Cobourg as a matting factory, employing one hundred hands. No work! Trash! How can operators be starving with prospects like these? No further proof could be demanded; though we might add that, of our own knowledge, a Toronto carpenter has this week, undeterred by foreign competition, manufactured and successfully sold to a servant girl a wooden box with lock and till complete. If yet more is wanted, we are in a position to state—and we fearlessly challenge contradiction—that a tinsmith of Yonge Street has, in the course of the last fortnight, successfully placed on the market no less than three home-made coffee-pots. Talk of injured industries! What is progress, if this be not? But, of course, nothing will satisfy the fiendish organ of the bloated manufacturer.

**Grandpa Grip to the New Aldermen.**

*Dear young friends:*

I have been told that you are at last el-ect-ed to the coun-cil, where you have so long de-sired to get, and now if you will list-en for a few mo-ments I will give you some words of kind ad-vice. Be good boys. Re-mem-ber that the eyes of all your kind friends and in fact of the whole city are up-on you, to see how well you will do what you have been prom-is-ing. You are in a place now where you will be sorely tempted to go astray. There are several bad boys still remaining from the old crowd, and no doubt they will try to lead you into sin if they find you apt. Shun them all you can; or if you think it is pos-sible, con-vert them from the evil of their way, and make them good little aldermen, as I hope and believe you are. What-ever you do, do not forget that the city is at present in debt to the large sum of five millions of dollars. Keep this thought con-stant-ly be-fore your minds. It will be well for you to mark down the figures on each of your thumb nails with black ink, and keep your thumbs constantly before your eyes as well. When-ever any bad boys tempt you to do bad acts, hold-ly say No, and-if you have not the cour-age to say No, then hold up your thumb nails, and shake your heads. Let every thing you do at the coun-cil be done in view of the five mil-lions, and do not for-get it. Again I say, be good boys, and do not for-get that the city has a big lot of money to pay. Wishing you a Happy New Year. I remain your GRANDPA GRIP.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

Why is Kingston like a bald headed man? Because it has a W(h)ig.

How sad to be without a home this cold weather! The St. Thomas Home Journal lost its "Home" lately and is now the St. Thomas Journal.

An Anti-Dunkin meeting was held in Kingston lately, and that reminds us that the first Anti-Duncan individual was Macbeth.

The track of the Hamilton & N.W.R.R. is laid to Stewarttown so if you ever wished Stewarttown there you can go by rail.

N.B. The relatives of the unfortunate youth who fatally injured himself getting up that pun, say he meant the latter part to read "ever wished you were down there" Friends of the deceased please attend without further notice.

Toronto pays a hundred policemen to allow a thousand small boys to render the sidewalks unsafe with sleighs and skates, and create Corporation damage suits. This encourages the circulation of blood, money, and doctors.

"The six hundred turkeys got over to England all right."—*London Advertiser.*

Gravy to right of them;  
Gravy to left of them;  
Potatoes around them;  
Severed and sundered.  
Flashed all the sharp knives bare;  
Flashed at the carving there  
Gone was each Gobbleare;  
Noble too.

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**OF THIS CITY,**

under the auspices of M. W. Bro. J. K. Kerr, Grand Master, and the Masonic Fraternity of Toronto,

**On Friday next, the 12th inst.,**

IN

**Shaftesbury Hall**

The hearty support of the Craft is solicited.

The brethren will assemble, clothed as Masons, in the Masonic Hall, at 7-30 p. m., and march thence in procession to the Lecture Hall.

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