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GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.
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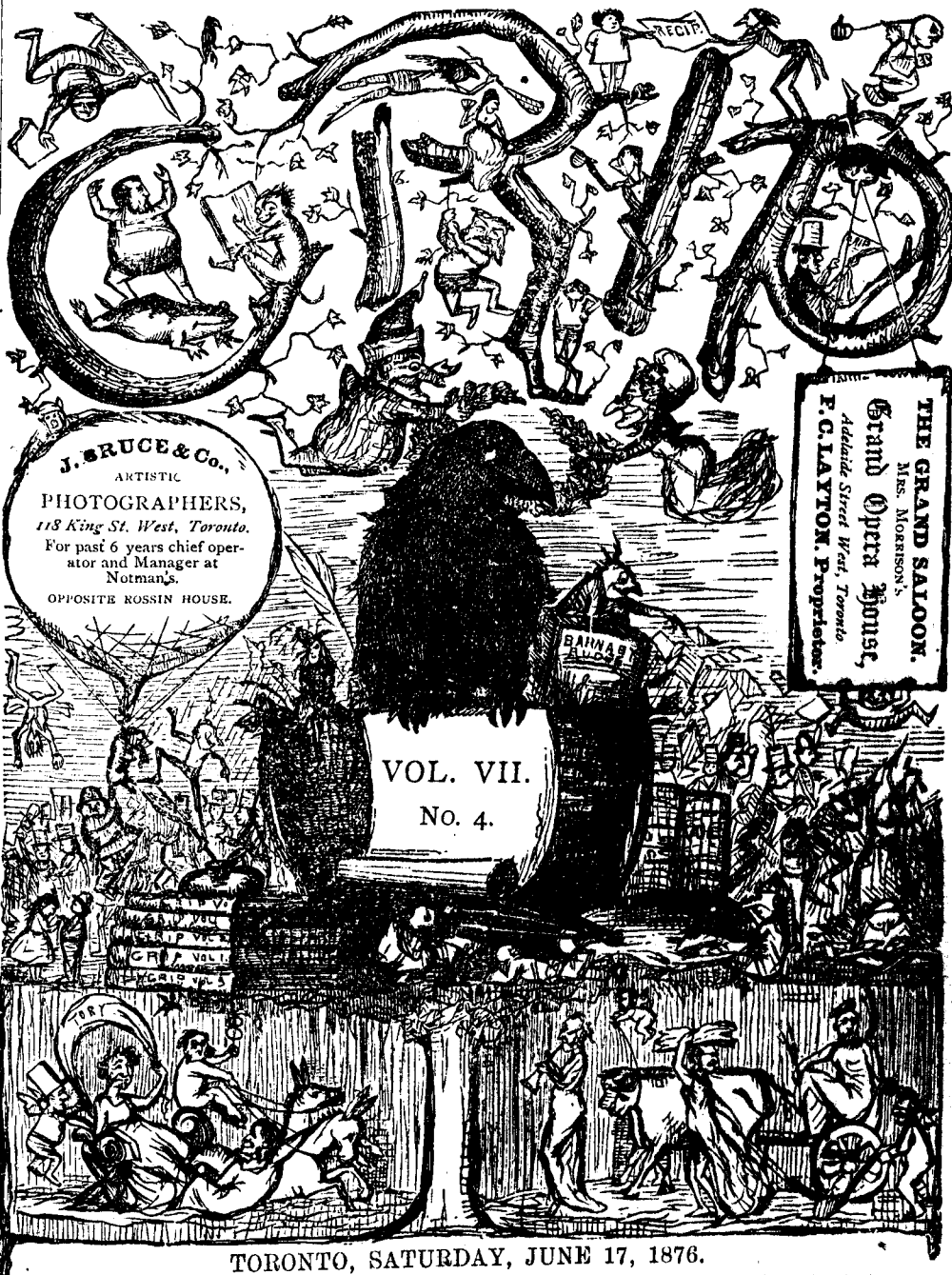
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Are the Best Known Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, &c.
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

TORONTO LACROSSE GROUNDS, JARVIS ST.

Next Saturday Afternoon, 17th June, 2:30 O'Clock,
GRAND LACROSSE MATCH
 FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA, 'ONTARIO' V 'TORONTO.'
 Admission 25c; children 10c; grand stand 10c extra. Toronto Club members free at gate and stand on presentation of membership ticket.

RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS

BOUND VOLUMES Are Now Ready.

Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough.

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 Samples and guide for self-measurement sent free to any address.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1876.

Don't forget it.

GRIP, who of course has the liveliest interest in everything which is calculated to make Toronto a refined and intelligent city, has special pleasure in reminding his readers of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, now open in their handsome new building on King Street. All day long the room is thronged with patrons, and a susceptible fellow can't help envying the pictures that have the honour of being long and fondly gazed upon by some of the prettiest of our city belles. The paintings are highly creditable as a whole, and show a constant progress in our Canadian art instincts. The pictures are not quite so pointed as GRIP'S own productions, but they are prettier to look at. Mr. GEORGE BROWN and Sir JOHN can gaze on those in the exhibition with impunity, yea, even with pleasure, whereas it is known that they cannot always examine GRIP'S with similar feeling. We will have something more to say next week.

GRIP would affectionately advise the *Globe* to send for Mr. EDWARD JENKINS whenever it contemplates writing an allegory. If that popular author had been entrusted with the task of misrepresenting Sir ALEX. GALT, he would have made a better fist of it than did the writer of the stupid and far-fetched "Satire" which appeared in the *Globe* of last week under the head of "A True Story." GRIP has endeavoured patiently and studiously to discover the interpretation of that fatwitted effusion, and he arrives at the following several conclusions:

1. "Jack Rouge," the little Slave boy who sighed for liberty, and attempted to secure it, is identical with the Liberal Catholics of Quebec.
2. "Alexander Anglo-Bleu," the cruel and tyrannical master of this slave who flogged him for these incipient desires for freedom, is Sir A. T. GALT.
3. "Joe," the son of "Alexander Anglo-Bleu," whom the latter, while larruping the nigger, asked to "go and tell yer mother to come and stop me thrashing Jack" is intended for—Archbishop LYNCHE.
4. Lastly, there is the wife of Alexander Anglo-Bleu, which fictitious character in this allegory is identical with—give it up.

Now let us try and apply this figurative "True Story." Is it true that Sir A. T. GALT did, at any time, oppose the efforts of Liberal Catholics to free themselves from the tyranny of the Church, exercised in matters which according to sound doctrine, are outside of the church's province? Is it fair to use the word *Rouge*, which is known to mean nothing more than French Grit, to describe the Liberal Catholics? It is true that Sir A. T. GALT has, as a conservative, fought against "*Jack Rouge*," meaning the French Grits, or Liberals or Reformers, politically so called. But the question is, is a French Grit necessarily a Liberal Catholic? Is a *Rouge* necessarily a Liberal Catholic? Is a Catholic "Liberal," (*alias* Grit) necessarily a Liberal Catholic. Are there no Frenchmen in Quebec who hold conservative views in politics, and Liberal views in religion? The *Globe* for present purposes, assumes that because Sir A. T. GALT opposed French Liberals in religion, therefore he is inconsistent in espousing the cause of Religious Liberals *now*. This would be logical and true if Liberal Catholics and Grit Catholics were one and the same party. But are they? "Alexander Anglo-Bleu" shamefully flogged "Jack Rouge" in past years; granted. Now to conclude the matter, who is "Jack Rouge." He is a French member of a *political* party which is called Liberal; but he may at the same be the veriest slave and contented bondman of his teachers in things religious.

Let us say for arguments sake that the word *Rouge* stands for "French Catholic who believes, in civil liberty and disbelieves in church and State."

Well in the army Sir A. T. GALT fought against in olden times there were doubtless many "Rouges." Also many "Rouges" stood shoulder to shoulder with Sir A. T. GALT in those battles. They were purely political fights, and Rouges who held Tory views in politics were fighting Rouges who held grit views. Those fights are long past. Sir A. T. GALT has long since hung up his sword as a purely political warrior. His position is plainly this whatever party organs may say to obscure or misrepresent it. He observes that the question of church and state far transcends in importance the question of mere politics and he calls upon all "Rouges" (as we are understanding that name) to come out of the ranks of Grit and Tory and join in a solid body to assert the faith they hold in common on this Church and State question. And further he calls upon all protestants (for all protestants are supposed to be opposed to the Vatican doctrine of Church and State) he calls upon all protestants to come and stand beside this solid body of their Catholic fellow citizens who in that grave matter believe with them.

The "Times" and Historicus on Canadian Shipping.

HISTORICUS.

It seems to be some one's opinion
That our home Shipping Acts, do you see,
Over-rule those made in the Dominion;
But extremely mistaken is he.

For the Act of their Confederation
They say gave them exclusive right,
And abolished our home domination;
But that is erroneous quite.

I allow the word "exclusive's" there, sir,
It's presence I can't but admit,
But your interpretation wont bear, sir
No, this is the meaning of it.

Each Province at that time combining
Shipping Laws to enact had a right,
That right by this Act they, resigning,
The Dominion gave, "exclusive" quite.

It excluded each Province from making,
Shipping Laws for themselves any more;
But can't hinder Great Britain from taking
The rights she had always before.

Then the Act of the year sixty-nine, sir,
Lets them manage their own coasting trade,
A thing 'twas no use to define, sir
If before they the power had swayed.

And of coinage the very same thing, sir,
As our Act passed in Seventy shows
So you need not such arguments bring, sir,
Nor any such nonsense propose.

THE "TIMES"

Yes, quite an elaborate letter,
Historicus writes, but its bosh.
And he don't make the case a bit better
For those who'd the colonies squash.

Of course 'twas the Board of Trade ruling,
As their President, ADDERLEY, said;
But the man must be good at self-fooling,
Who relies upon ADDERLEY'S head.

There's MACKENZIE and MILLS, you will find, sir,
Two great Clear Grit Canadian chaps,
Have declared that the right we resigned, sir,
And they'll soon give Sir CHARLES some hard raps,

Why that Act of the year Sixty-nine, sir,
Was a blunder; we'd given them then
All the rights they demand in that line, sir,
And it coolly conferred them again.

And the same with your Coin Legislation
They make coin for themselves over there.
And if you make the least demonstration
To meddle, I tell you they'd stare.

Let Historicus note now this fact, meant,
The real position to show
Ours can't override their enactment.
We resigned all that right long ago.

Those rights, to the Colonies granted
We cannot attempt to withdraw
And we scarce should succeed, if we wanted
To manage Canadian Law.

The Dominated One.

It was Sir ALEXANDER GALT who most unceasingly,
Of Papal domination and tyrannic priests did cry,
And knew the Pope would ruling soon in Ottawa be found,
And kicking of LORD DUFFERIN promiscuously around,

And every night he dreams he's caught by persecuting foes,
And if his gout should twinge he's sure they've thumbscrews on his toes.
Can't eat his meals. This morning, asked a mutton-chop to take,
He could'nt touch it; it was so suggestive of a stake.

But GRIP will tell the mournful knight to be of better cheer,
For GRIP provides an amulet that all his foes shall fear.
Two dollars only does he as remuneration seek,
For which he'll yearly keep him safe with fresh ones every week.



THE CASE SIMPLIFIED.

Dialogue.

CITIZEN.—We have entrusted you with a great deal of money.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—That is undeniable.

CITIZEN.—The work appears to drag as if the job were purposely spun out. There are frequent complaints of incompetency, of bad work, of bad bargains. Yet the Commissioners appear to refuse answer to all demands for investigation. How are we to know if our money is properly spent?

WATER COMMISSIONER.—Our business character should assure people of that.

CITIZEN.—The training of painters, brewers and lawyers does not teach civil engineering. You are now but apprentices learning the way to build water-works. We want to have our eye on you, lest you be wasting material, which in your case is our debentures. For this reason, the utmost frankness of explanation on your part is necessary.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—If we please you not, elect others.

CITIZEN.—That would be to deprive ourselves of the benefits of the knowledge which we have paid heavily to have imparted to you. You have been learning at our expense, and have us at the advantage that in discarding you, we must pay anew to teach others. We want you to do the work, and do it so openly that no corrupt practices are possible. Remember, the amount is so vast that you might easily, if so disposed, enrich yourselves therefrom.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—Our property, our reputation, our citizenship, our family ties among you, should give security.

CITIZEN.—In many cases these have availed; but in many they have failed to do so. Remember how highly TWEED was esteemed. The presents sent to his daughter on her marriage cost \$75,000, nor was it until the Tammany disclosures occurred that his character was known. Some of you, nay, all of you, are probably honest. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, if one of you should be otherwise, he may be hoodwinking the others, and, to secure a part of our money, be conniving at the mismanagement of it all.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—What will satisfy you?

CITIZEN.—Nothing but submittal to investigation, and the most open future dealing. If this be not granted, it must be compelled.

Presbyterian General Assembly.

THE MACDONNELL CASE.

REV. DAVID MITCHELL.—Of course you know we all of us agree, Eternal punishment's a certainty.

MACDONNELL's statements we may sum up thus:—

He quite agrees and disagrees with us.

PROF. McLAREN.—Which is the way that we agree with you.

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—Precisely. Just so. That is very true.

REV. MR. KING.—Our brother MITCHELL wavereth as a rush.

NUMEROUS VOICES.—Hush! Don't make such things public! Hush! hush! hush!

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—I've analyzed MACDONNELL's statements; see: The last one ties him up as tight as we.

REV. MR. KING.—He's our most quickening ministrator; yes.

I hope he needn't leave, I must confess.

Take what the gods provide—his statement last.

I tell you, then, our Church shall go it fast.

REV. DR. PROUDFOOT.—That multitudes are meant to go to hell

And burn forever; you I needn't tell.

But this discussion's bringing it about

That folks are venturing to hope and doubt

They won't. My friends, this would disturbing be.

And snake the grounds of our doctrine.

REV. MR. MUIR.—Brother MACDONNELL is an ornament.

Come, to his church let him be happy sent.

PROF. McLAREN.—We gave him time to clear his doubts away.

Why trouble us with statements? Let him say

Not what the Scripture says or what it don't,

But if he'll think as we, or if he won't.

He must believe with us, or disbelieve.

Let him say which, and we'll our course perceive.

REV. MR. MACTAVISH.—MACDONNELL hopes that sin will have an end

That hope my countenance I cannot lend.

Sin have an end!—why if it could be true,

What would be left for ministers to do?

REV. MR. MACDONNELL.—What Scripture says, says our Confession

What either means, I know not. Why do you,

Knowing my doubts, keep pressing me to say,

That all these doubts are gone and cleared away?

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—I can't think our compilers had a doubt,

Nor should our brother. He must not go out

Into the Greek. He mustn't think of Greek,

We don't know what we'd find if there we'd seek.

REV. MR. McMULLEN.—Our brother has great injury begun,

I don't know what he'll do before he's done.

Why didn't he tell us there was a doubt,

Before he went a'preaching it about?

If in the church men stay who that receive

As true, why we the church had better leave.

PROF. MCKNIGHT.—Twelve hundred miles I come, and find you wrong.

On for Atlantic strand attention strong

I bent upon the case. It's meaning you

Don't understand; but I shall pull you through.

You all agree the revelation's not

Quite full. Well, that's just where Macdonnell's got.

REV. DR. URE.—What fuss is this? Why I was once in doubt,

A Father of the Church soon fetched me out.

(GRIP don't like on this Doctor to go back.

But has'n't this a rather Romish smack.

REV. MR. SMITH.—Why urge the thing. He says that he won't teach

What matter what his doubts if he don't preach 'em? [em]

PROF. McVICAR.—MACDONNELL's leaving would be sad; but know,

I'll tell you something sadder—I might go,

And so might others—

REV. DR. COOK.—You've no sympathy

With him, which is what does astonish me.

Eternal punishment! I think you'd find

A week of it would greatly change your mind,

Don't you know that it's meaning thus must be,

God made men to torment eternally?

This doctrine isn't fundamental, no!

If common sense was common, you'd think so.

PROF. CAMPBELL.—If he against the word of God doth set,

His human reason, he must from us get.

The conflict raged; no end appears to it,

Nor will be, till they use GRIP's deeper wit.

And he would say:—Who your confession made,

Were men with far less knowledge to their aid,

Than lies at your disposal. Books and thought

Now open, were to them unknown, untaught.

Why do you not, then, as your rules allow,

Revise their work, at once, right here and now?

Strike from your minds what other men have thought.

Search but to know their proof for what they taught.

If proof they held, that proof will now remain.

If none, cease you their errors to sustain.

For know you this: You long have said that we

Are mostly doomed to future misery.

And now the world demands, without delay,

Proof or denial of the things you say.

He Must Not Leave.

The trees are in bloom, and the blossoms' perfume

Is filling the warm summer air.

Again a bright green all the meadows are seen,

And such big dandelions are there.

Away in the north, where the cool springs flow forth

There are millions of beautiful trout,

All out of their brooks casting disgusted looks,

That no one to catch them comes out.

GRIP would like to be there, breathing health-giving air,

And taking his ease in his inn.

But the thoughts of the woe which would come if he'd go

Keeps him here, quite unhealthy and thin.

There's those fiends of the *Mail* would the *Globe* chaps assail

And destroy them quite incontinent;

But that GRIP standing by holds his regis on high,

And allows them a space to repent.

There's the Orange and Green would all raging be seen

And with cold corpses heaping the ground,

If GRIP ceased to send, as their mutual friend,

His calm cooling counsel around.

What horrors would be, if he did wander free,

Would quite shock every mind to explain,

So GRIP at the helm, the floods overwhelm,

Must, stem yet collected, remain.

LOST. A White Poodle Dog, tiny brown spot on each ear; answers to "Beauty." Finder returning to JAMES FLANAGAN, 203 Ottawa street will be liberally rewarded. The dog found in any one's possession after this notice will be punished, according to law.

DEAR GRIP.—The above advertisement appeared in the *Star* of 29th inst., please inform me what punishment the law inflicts on a lost dog. Surely "Beauty" will keep out of the courts after such a threat,

Yours in anxiety,

Montreal, May 30.

BAD DOG.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



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FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE Ontario Society of Artists
12 King Street West.

Open daily to June 21st, from 10 to 6.
Admission, 25c. Art Union subscribers free.
Tickets in the Art Union for sale until June 16th.

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A few gentlemen can be accommodated with very comfortable rooms, with or without board, in a pleasant locality on Bond St.

M. N. G.
Post Office.

SKIFF WANTED.

ANY person having a light Skiff to dispose of, can find a purchaser by addressing

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Grip Office.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. **TRUUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

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EXCURSION TICKETS.

RETURN TICKETS

WILL BE ISSUED ON

SATURDAY, 3rd JUNE,

AND

Every Succeeding Saturday

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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AND UNDERMENTIONED POINTS AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:—

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JOSEPH HICKSON,

2-in.

General Manager.



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Decline and Fall of Koo-watin; or, The Free-Trade Redskins

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GEO. BENGOUGH, Grip Office, Toronto.

Jules Verne's Works 30c.

The Ice Desert, 30c. Five Weeks in a Balloon, 30c. Among the Cannibals, 30c. Journey to the Centre of the Earth, 30c. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Vols. I & II, 30c. On the Track, 30c. The Mysterious Documents, 30c. Adventures of Three Englishmen, and Three Russians, 30c. The Blockade Runners, &c., &c., 30c. Free by Mail.

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SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

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Bread, Rolls, Buns, Cakes, &c.

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Grand Square and Upright.

"These Pianos are the finest in the world as regards tone and excellence.—Huntington, [Tenn.] *Republican*."

"The Beatty Piano is pronounced by all, the sweetest toned instrument manufactured."—Gettysburg [Pa.] *Century*."

"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tone."—Middleton, [N. Y.] *Mercury*."

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Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**



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J. JOHNSON,
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BEATTY'S CELEBRATED

'Golden Tongue PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent musicians as the leading organ now in use. For the Church, Sabbath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no superior throughout the world. We challenge any manufacturer to equal them for sweetness and volume of tone. Where we have no agents we will allow any one wishing to buy the agent's discount. Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for list of testimonials and circular of this wonderful music-producing instrument. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. **STINSON & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

BEATTY PIANO.

GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, N. J.