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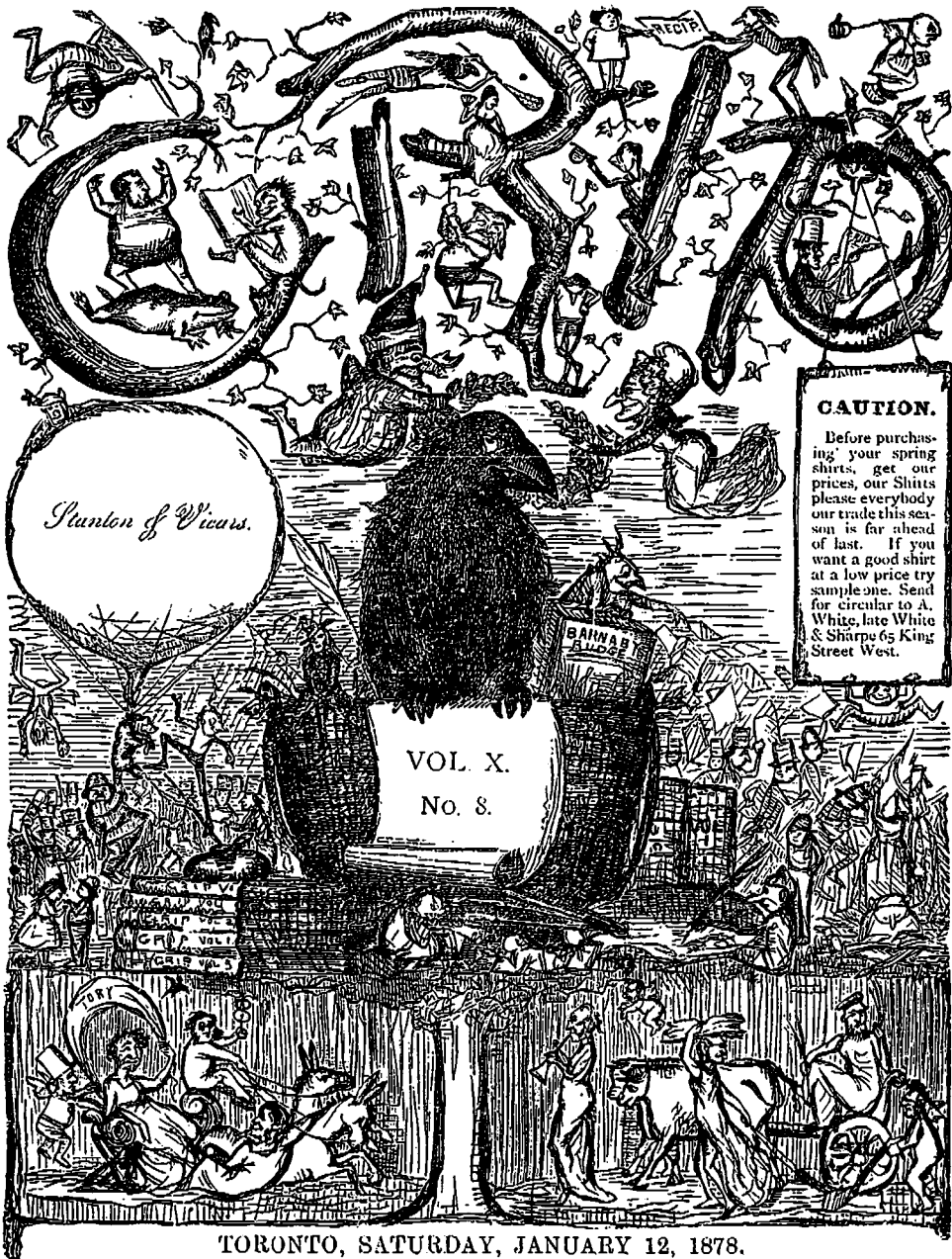
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass: the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Water: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 12TH JANUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. D. A.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

The Contest.

BEATY preached in every street,
Yet poor BEATY he was beat,
MORRISON spoke not at all,
Yet to place we him recall.
Quiet pigs, the fables say,
Get the milk; it's so to-day.

Whose Ox is Gored.

Now GRIP can talk theology, having the advantage over he of the *Telegram*, that he of GRIP knows something about it. GRIP would remark that lately certain Dunkinite clergymen urged people not to drink spirits, "lest thou make thy brother to offend!" Very good. GRIP approves. But there was a head officiating minister of the Church who once said to PETER, "Give the piece of money to them for my taxes and thine, lest we offend them." Now, why were not the clergymen who were so ready to beg others to avoid "offending" weak people by drinking, careful to avoid offending by insisting on exemptions? They know nothing is hurting the faith more than this clerical sharpness. Did not GRIP see some of the amphitheatre declaimers at the exemption court? Hah! Send that cash back at once labelled "conscience money," or GRIP must name the offenders, which will be a deal worse than if the Speaker does it.

The Water Commission.

It is extremely plain that a Water Commissioner. Must hold a complete independent position, for They say there's a cool hundred thousand deficit, And nobody seems much to care, or to miss it, They've passed over the works, but still now, at the row's end, GRIP would say, come, account for the odd hundred thousand.

Grip to the Council Boys.

"Now, my good little fellows," remarks the venerable GRIP, smiling benignantly on the Alderboys who, as usual, come for instructions, "there are some of you, I see, who have never done anything very wrong in the Council, as this is your first election. The rest did not do so badly last year as they might, which is a great step in advance for a Toronto Council. True, they raised salaries, and spent little on roads, but they kept within their appropriations. They might have done all this, and run us into debt besides. For what they did not do we have reason to be thankful. Now remember these rules:—

1. Hire a lot of police, and do not support their authority. Let any blackguards stone them, and don't punish them when caught. Then 100 men will be about as good as fifty might be.
2. Be good enough not to spend Toronto's money on Toronto, but on any fields near the moon, where some aldermen might like to have streets, gas, and water, and might not like to pay for them.
3. Support the water dodge which killed BEATY. Propose that people with plenty of water shall pay for city water they don't want, to make it cheaper to the rich. Folks like that. It is so fair.
4. There are only about \$100,000 left yearly for improvements, after paying other charges. Keep on an expensive engineer and big staff to spend it. Of course they're not half needed, but keep 'em on. It looks grand.
5. Put soft land stone and softer limestone on the roads, fill with sandy gravel, grind it to powder and cart it off in a year. Of course there's lots of granite could be shipped here, but what would the city stone jobbers do?
6. Lay the macadam, and then dig up the streets for sewers. Lay it again, and let the gas company dig it up. Then let every one dig it up who wants to connect. Then it will be fit to dig up altogether, lay again, and commence again.
7. The bonus cow is killed. But you might make a haul by borrowing \$100,000 for improvements. Take care you know beforehand how much percentage the contractors will fork over.
8. More in successive numbers.

The Catastrophe.

Young JONES he was a citizen,
Of credit and renown,
A dry goods clerk also was he,
Of famed Toronto town.

To him last his sweetheart did remark,
Though courting we have been,
For twice two pleasant months, yet we
No sleigh-ride yet have seen.

To-morrow is a holiday,
And you must here repair,
And bring a sleigh. That dry goods man
Did stare a ghastly stare.

The road he knew with horse and sleigh,
Was sure to be alive,
The fact he did not dare to tell,
He knew not how to drive.

But soon the fated morrow came,
And with it too came he,
Who was but little at his ease,
But much appeared to be.

That day the horse came back alone,
The sleigh came not at all,
It lies upon the country road,
In pieces very small.

The lady and her lover came
Home after through the snow,
He visits other houses, but
To hers he dare not go.

The Editor's Sanctum.

EDITOR.—And how many editorials would you write me in a week, my dear sir?

WRITER.—Why, perhaps two; but would rather limit myself to one.

EDITOR.—Heavens! Earth! Sea! Stars! Why, what would you expect me to pay you for it?

WRITER.—Well, how do you manage?

EDITOR.—Why, you can get a fellow for twenty dollars a week, or ten, or I believe five even—these literary chaps are plenty, and anybody can write. Well, he'll write you one, or two, or even three a day. Don't believe in those folks who charge much; always found the cheapest fellows would hand out more copy in a given time than the dear ones. Why I often wrote a leader myself, without the slightest preparation, at three o'clock in the morning, printed it at once, and nobody noticed anything wrong in it. A very good rule is not to tell the public anything in your editorials. Make no assertions. Give no facts. Fill up with argument and logic out of your own head. In the end you will really have asserted nothing. Well, what have you then? An undeniable statement.

WRITER.—And does it convince?

EDITOR.—Convince? No writing would convince 'em. Why, I know fellows have read the *Suarler* for a year, and are no wiser.

WRITER.—That is not unlikely. Do they read the editorials?

EDITOR.—Well, now. I can't tell the reason; but they skip them to such an extent that I have seriously thought of abolishing editorial.

WRITER.—I should think they would. And if you offered them stones for bread, they'd skip it too.

EDITOR.—Bless me! Stones! Why, sir, we all do it. You are hinting at serious innovation. No one could pay what you are thinking of.

WRITER.—My dear sir, let me leave you with two words. No man can buy a writer worth having. He must write his own ideas, not yours, or he is not an assistance, but an injury, for his prevarications will defeat themselves. Next, know this. No forcible writing is possible without careful study and revision. No man of talent will give you time without return in money, for if he cannot obtain an equivalent in your profession, he will seek another, and having talent, will succeed. Your present course is calculated to place the once-powerful and respected newspaper *dictum* in the hands of mediocrities—men such as those who challenged HORACE to write in an hour as many verses as they. And by this course you, and such as you, have paved the way for that "Decline in Modern Press Influence" so often spoken of, and of which you have of late had such a sharp reminder in a Canadian city.

Forced Meat.

Wherefore do butcher-boys furious drive—
E'en more so than JETHU—when he was alive?
Having sought for the reason and found it at last,
GRIP answers:—"Tis meet that they drive so fast!

The Final Determination.

BISHOPRIC OF ST. PLUVIUS.

January 7th, 1878.

BELOVED FRIENDS—

These are sad times. Surely now the hearts of the faithful are tired, and the end draweth near. It is appalling! On every side the attacks of infidelity menace the ancient religious foundations. Nay, clergymen in their pulpits, never hitherto suspected, give forth sounds only too certain—declarations of disbelief in the most sacred and undoubted truths. Alas, the Reverend CANON FARRAR in England—our Mr. MACDONNELL here—others in the States—have declared that they do not believe—they actually doubt whether our merciful Creator intends to burn twenty five hundred thousand millions of people—the computed number—being the majority of those who have lived on earth—and we know that the broad gate receives most—in unquenchable fire for ever and ever. They doubt it—they actually doubt it. Alas, alas! my friends. There are indeed others, among whom I must say that brother in spirit though not in church—TALMAGE—is gloriously pre-eminent—who paint the red-hot mansion and the endless and horrible tortures of the twenty-five hundred thousand millions of men, women, and children, in glowing colors delightful to the true believer's contemplation. But there are few like him, and it is strange that such preaching is not popular. People do not like the idea—nay, there are those—I may say that a young lady of my congregation told me last week she had no pleasure in thinking of the torments of the damned. Sad, sad, my friends!

And now everywhere against us come on the mistaken champions of infidelity, clad in the armour of reason, attempting to prove by geology, history, and judgment that the faith is false. And people tell us, "Combat them!" But how can we combat them in those matters when we do not understand them? But they say, "Study them." They say, "Come forward, revise your creeds, teach people that you are willing to submit your doctrines to reason, reject old and unfounded dogmas, show the clear bent of the Christian faith as taught by its founder, show the good it has done where purely taught, explain the evils which infidelity would bring. You are in the right, our hearts tell us so—there must be reasonable proof; bring it forward." Alas, my friends, what would reason avail? Did we even attempt the superhuman labour of studying these matters, and expounding them, what would it avail? How little logic and proof would do, you will at once see when I tell you that we have lately ornamented the whole of our church in trefail, cinquefoil and quatrefoil; that the mullions, transoms, finials, and crockets of the structure are of the purest Early Christian style, that I have lately made additions to the reredos, and have purchased for myself a new alb, stole, and dalmatique; that we have engaged a gentleman to lead the service whose powers of imonation are almost heavenly, that our surplices and gowns are of the purest white and of the brightest black, and that our crosses, flower-stands, and carvings have lately been new gilt. What could reason, study, or logic—even did we submit to the dreadful mortification of the flesh necessary to acquire them—do when such means as these fail?

No, my brethren. Another means lies open: we will avail ourselves thereof. Disunion has weakened us; union shall strengthen us once more. The three mighty branches of the Church—the Roman, the Anglican, and the Dissenting, shall unite in one, and resist all assaults of the evil one. The points of difference are daily becoming less. Our worship is becoming grand and magnificent in its choral beauty; we sing it all. And we have added such modern flourishes, trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers, such occasional screams of rapture and mingling depths of woe, from the modern style of vocal expression, that I am exceedingly glad to remark that our congregation will soon have the inexpressible pleasure of listening to our service and not being troubled to understand a word of it! And when that is the case, why not put it in Latin? Why not, indeed?—and there is the principal difference between us and Rome abolished at once! No doubt they too would make concessions, and brotherly union would be established once more. Then the dissenters, I am happy to say, are coming nearer and nearer every day. They ornament their churches in the style of SOLOMON himself. No more Puritanic error. Their surplices, their choral services—you may see them advertised every week—their gorgeous church interiors are the wonder of the world. They would make concessions too, no doubt. Then, what a glorious thing it will be to have one original and undoubted Church, compounded of Roman, Anglican, and Dissenting, all with a glorious choral service, splendid ceremonial, surpliced priests, gowned neophytes, censers, incense, confession, wafting the loud chant of sympathy from pole to pole, and carrying captive the hearts of the whole race of man! Against such a force of ceremonial strength what will the mere geologists, historians, and rationalists avail? They will melt away as the snow in spring, and dissolve from before the vision of the Church!

Yours, hopefully,

SWITHINIBUS.

Church Railings.

Canst tell me wherefore we may deem,
(Incongruous as it may seem,) That building, where to pray we meet,
Like to a suit at cards complete?

Why, you will see, with little pains,
That each of them a (K)naves contains!

The Telegram on Theology.

The *Telegram* has gone into theology with a zeal and effect which is surprising. Really, after killing the Bonus, there is no telling what it is ready to do. It has now demolished hell at one rap. It explains to the *New York Sun*, who it appears was not satisfied without a hell, that "Christianity is not founded on the horror of brimstone; but on the all-consuming love of CHRIST." GRIP must say this is a new and astonishing explanation, and will remark that if people generally had not a different idea of the quality of our Saviour's love from that held by the *Telegram* editor, they would be apt to imagine it about as bad as the brimstone. By the way, had not the *Telegram* better devote itself to topics on which wild writing will do less harm?

The Lay of the Business Member.

I'm the man to Parliament,
By constituent wisdom sent,
What the deuce the fellows meant
Puzzles me.

Knowledge public I had none—
What should or should not be done,
I'd looked out for number one,
So, you see.

Was at business quite a dab,
Knew the way the cash to nab,
Quite a pile at last did grab,
Then a friend

Said, "You're now a leading man,
Ottawa is now your plan.
Get returned—I think you can,
If you spend."

Wife and children cried, "Oh do!"
Well, I stood, and got in too.
Cost me hundreds not a few,
Grieve to say.

Paid for it. A business man
I. What is the business plan?
Why, get what return you can
Is the way.

So, when appears the Premier free,
With, "You'll support us, Mr. B.?"
"Who will support my family?"
I mildly say.

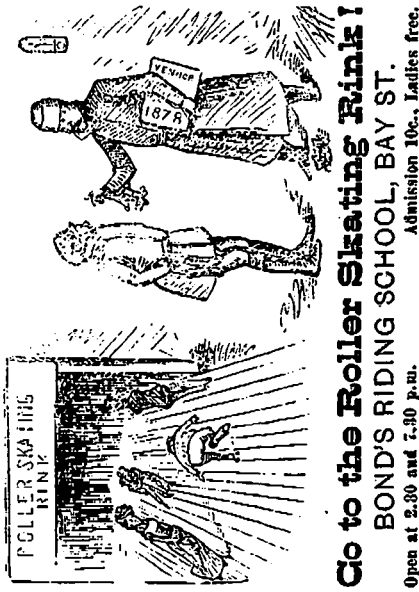
"Oh, by the way," he says, "your son
A fat collectorship has won,
By chance, of course." The job is done.
I vote his way.

You wouldn't think that I could do
The thing; but I make speeches too,
Though I don't know, nor never knew
A blessed word

Oh what is up. I simply go
And find some fellow who *does* know,
And cram; but that *he* told me so
Is never heard.

No better speculation is
Than being member, if you're biz.
But all this patriotic fizz
Is only trash.

Folks think SIR JOHN will higher pay
This year than MAC. If that's his way,
I take this early chance to say
My terms are cash.



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