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Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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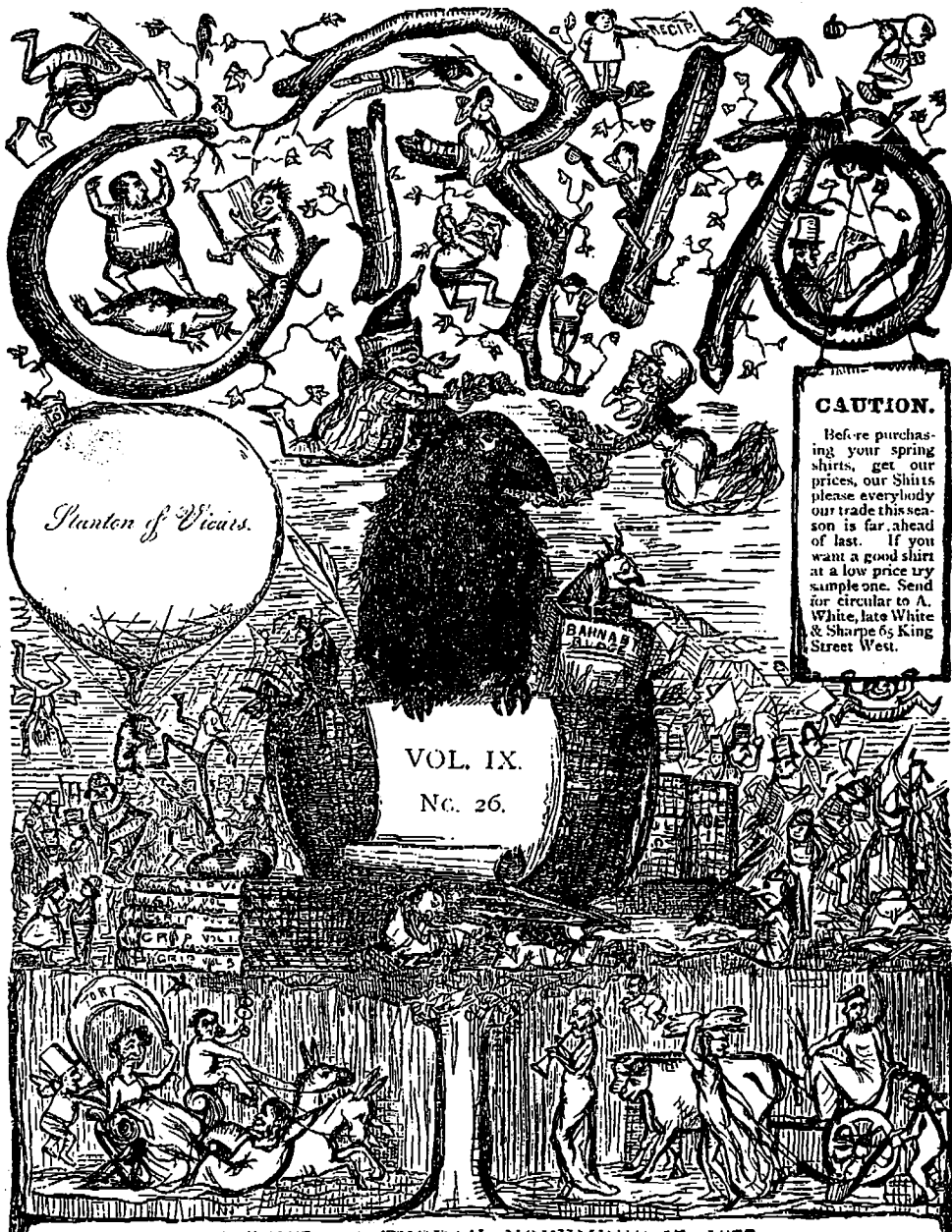
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 17TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

Name Your Pizen.

This is from the city columns of the *Mail*:

LOST, from a lady's trunk on the Grand Trunk railway *in transitu* from Montreal to Toronto, a valuable chased gold band bracelet, with small pearls set in lines on the front, and a large pearl in the centre. Manufactured by Rowland and Fraser, London, England. Any jeweller or other person to whom the bracelet has been offered for sale, or who may have bought the same, is requested to give intelligence to Mr. J. Webb, *Mail* office, who is authorized to treat for its recovery.

Of course this treating is to be done at the advertiser's expense, and Mr. WEBB is to have something along with the jeweller or other person who restores the bracelet. Don't let us hear any more about the onerous duties of an editorial position after this!

Cauchon's Farewell.

Farewell ye hills and valleys once so lovely,
A saddened patriot bids his land adieu.
Stabbed by his foes and friends alike, he weeps not
For what he leaves behind; 'tis for the future
He trembles slightly in his narrow bones.

What if I once did err in Beauport matters,
What if my actions were not over nice—
Have I not since repented in Grit sack-cloth,
Strewn ashes on my luckless Tory head?
Then why should I, alas, be made a scape-goat
And sent out to the wilderness, to bear
The sins of Grit and Tory in disgrace?
True I shall reap some crumbs of comfort yearly—
Five years; nine thousand dollars each—'tis something!
But I would give it all for a fair name!

The luke-warm farewells of the Grit newspapers,
The loud exulting of the Tory press;
The slurs and hits, and numberless sarcasms—
They rankle in my breast like poisoned arrows.
"Ho, ho!" the Tories cry, "the aromatic,
The man who's 'rank and smells to heaven' must go,
Must go, to save the sinking ship of State."
And cautiously, like rodents peeping forth
(Taking their fingers from their nostrils all)
The Grits reply "Thank heaven, the nightmare's gone!"
Not that I care about that "smell to heaven"—
Alluding to my name which meaneth Hogge—
For silver-leaved and strongly-made Linberger
By any other name would smell as sweet;
But I am sad to be thus cast away
By those whom I would cling to as my party.

Talk not of ARNOLD, woeful Benedict,
Whom all his country left to die forsaken;
Speak not of "WANDERING WILLIE" as abandoned—
I am the rightful heir to that sad name;
Call me poor CAUCHON, the abandoned man!

But why should I sit here and break my heart
So uselessly, 'twill not make matters straight.
Already I behold my servants lugging
The bursting trunks towards the railway depot;
My thousand dollar horses sale are shipped;
My blue-books and all other luxuries;
The locomotive shrieks for Winnipeg—
Ah, how I dread the growling of its *Free Press*.
Could I but silence it, the fickle 'leantling!
Well, I shall see by bearding it at home!

Farewell, ye scenes of all my Cabinet days,
Farewell, until we meet again, farewell!

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club.

II. GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

I think it is a vewy good idea, don't you know, for a fellow to—aw
—withdrow once in a while frowm the crowd of fellows in the smoking-
woom, and come out heaw on the bawlcwony to wewlect and meditate by
himself. "Faw frowm the madding crowd," as a novel I lately wed ex-
pwwessed it. By JOVE, the politicians aw a "madding crowd," I asuah

you. I have just left a lot of them in the pawlaw wangling away at a
tweenendous wate about the Wewction. Our fwiend NICHOLAS FLOOD
DAVIN had the floor when I came out, and was shewing that the Iwsh-
men in Canada would make a gwand wally at the polls against the
Gwit Ministry. He said he knew this frowm the lively way in which
his gwate book was selling. Then othaw fellows chimed in with
anxious enquiwies as to Dr. TUPPAW. It appeaws the Doctaw is going
to withdrow frowm the madding crowd too, befaw the next session of
the House opens. He is going to went a little cottage by the sea—the
Meditiwanian sea, and pass a few months there in meditation. Good
chawnce faw a joke heaw. It will be the meditawonian sea—see?
Must send that to GWIP. The Gwits, with their usual wecklessness
with wegawd to the the twuth, are twying to make out that there is a
wuction in the Lib. Con-sawvative wanks between the Wight Hon. Sir
JOHN and the Doctaw. This is all fudge. The Wight Hon. Sir JOHN
told me himself only the othaw day that it was a gwoss calumny, and
that he would like the Hon. CHAWLES as well at the Meditiwanian Sea
as at home. I am getting sick of politics; it is too gwent a baw to a fel-
low. I believe my bwain is actually getting weakened with listening to the
wetched wanglings that go on in the Club. I have a stwong inclina-
tion to bwing in a wesolution at the next gweneral meeting to have a
stop put to it, and get a big pwinted placawd hung up at the fwont door
—"No politics allowed here; Give us a wewst," or something to that
effect. A fellow don't get time to think about othaw things of gwetaw
impawtance. There is the weathaw, for instance; this weminds me that
it is getting vewy chilly, and I must see about getting a fwesh Ustaw.
My pwesent one is not bad, you know,—I only got it lawst wintaw,
but the wetched thing is too shawty by a couple of inches faw this seas-
on's fashion. I must go and—by JOVE! wondaw who those young ladies
are on the opposite side of the stwheet? Evidently well-bwed people, by
the way they cawwy their dwesses in their wite hands. Some fellows
make fun of that latest winkle in feminine 'männaw, but I think it's
elegant. When I get my new Ustaw I am going to have a loop put
on one side of the skirt so that I can cawwy it in the same way. Who
can they be?—that is the question. Look as if they were on their way
to the Lieutenant Governor's. By JOVE, I wondaw who they are?—
As the poet says, I'm weary of conjeckchaws—I'll go and find out.

The Druids.

We have been recently visited by a Grove of Druids.
They came from a distant country; they were met by another Grove
of somewhat the same extent and appearance on their arrival: They
adjourned to *Malta Hall*, on *Druidance Avenue*, and returned next morn-
ing to their homes across the Ontario Seas.

Hohenlinden.

A REACTION WAR SONG.

On Drummond when the sun was low,
The Ministry—as pure as snow—
Thought in their man would surely go
By *Rouges* polling rapidly.

But Drummond saw another sight
When the drum beat, and TOMMY WHITE
Came up to mingle in the fight
And clean out WILFRED LAURIER.

By 'PIERSON's pamphlet fast arrayed.
Each spouter drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger made
His charge agin the Government.

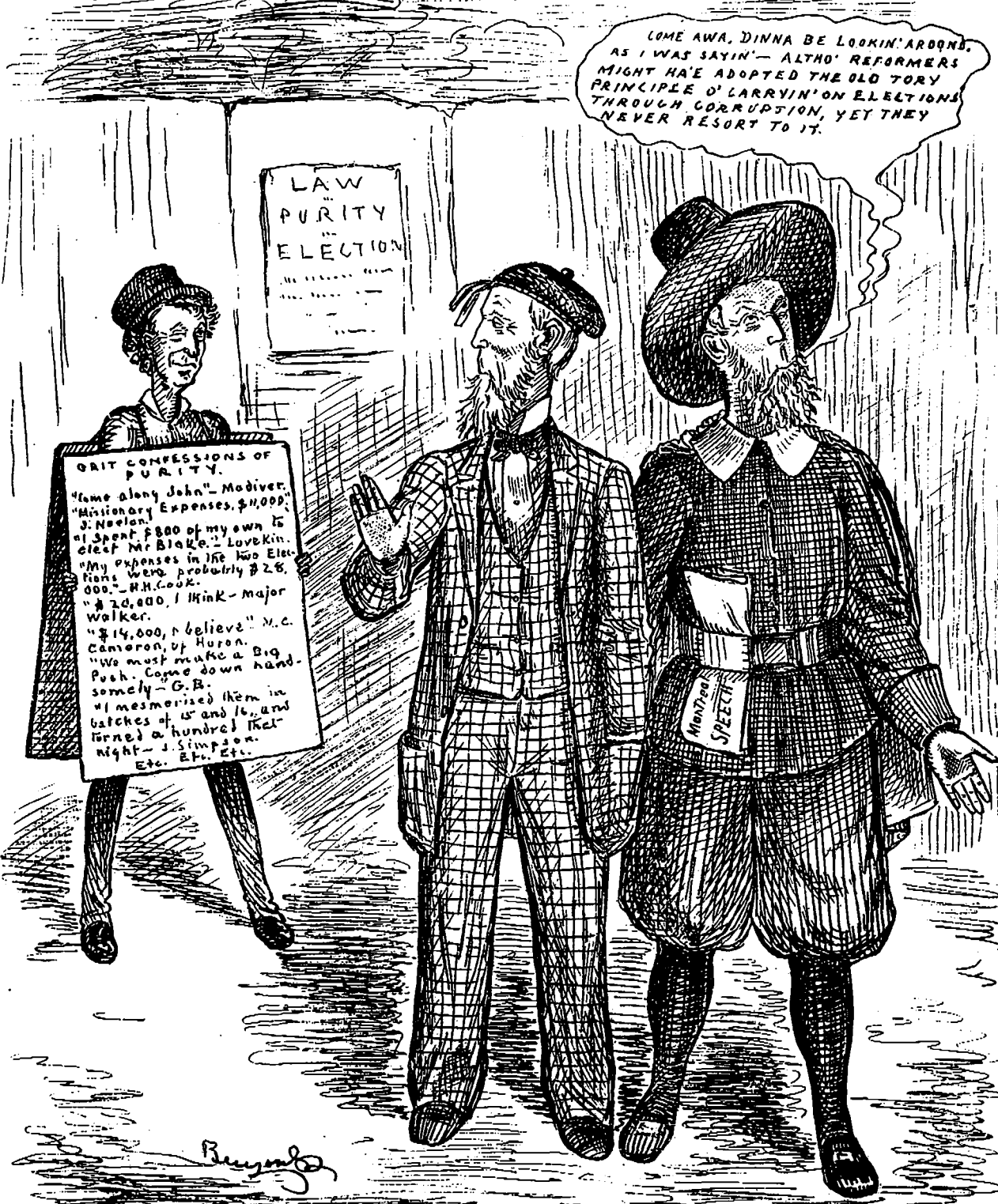
Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the sheep, to voting driven
By Parish Priest to threat'ning given,
And other undue influence.

But fiercer yet the fight shall grow,
Throughout the land, we let you know,
And wilder yet the ballots flow
For JOHN A. polling rapidly.

In your mind's eye already you
Can pierce the war-clouds, sirs, and view
Where furious *R-uge* and fiery *Blew*
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The Great Reaction! On, ye brave,
Who rush to office or the grave!
Wave, Lib. Cons., a! your scandals wawe,
And charge with all your chivalry.

Few, few shall want when we get in,
The country will look up again.
And every man who helps us win
Shall share the fat and patronage!



ORIT CONFESSIONS OF PURITY.
 "Come along John" - Modiver.
 "Missionary Expenses, \$4,000"
 J. Noelan.
 "I spent \$800 of my own to
 elect Mr Blake." - Lovekin.
 "My expenses in the two Elec-
 tions were probably \$28,
 000." - H.H. Cook.
 "\$20,000, I think - Major
 Walker.
 "\$14,000, I believe" - M.C.
 Cameron, of Huron.
 "We must make a Big
 Push. Come down hand-
 somely - G.B.
 "I mesmerised them in
 batches of 4 and 16, and
 turned a hundred the
 night - J. Simpson.
 Etc. Etc. Etc.

COME AWA, DINNA BE LOOKIN' AROON.
 AS I WAS SAYIN'— ALTHO' REFORMERS
 MIGHT HA'E ADOPTED THE OLD TORY
 PRINCIPLE O' LARRYIN' ON ELECTIONS
 THROUGH CORRUPTION, YET THEY
 NEVER RESORT TO IT.

MONTAGUE
 SPEECH

LAW
 IN
 PURITY
 IN
 ELECTION

Reyzing

THE POLITICAL PURITAN.

A Doggerel Ditty.

I.

Oh, a hunter's roving life so free,
A hunter's simple joys for me,
So a-hunting I will go!
Though others chase the antlered stag,
And the trackless forest beat,
My quarry's the dog without the tag,
My hunting-grounds the street.

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet,
Through mud and puddle and mire,
Hurrah for the pole and net,
And Hurrah for my "Black Maria!"

II.

Some sport with the deadly rifle yet,
But I prefer the big "bag-net,"
And a-hunting I will go.
My heart throbs when I see the hound
Whose collar says "You may;"
Down from my lofty perch I bound
To catch my lawful prey!

Chorus—And a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

III.

And then! oh then the sport begins,
The people stand with widening grins,
But a-hunting still I go;
Oh, how the rabble shout and cheer,
That the best of the two may win,
But soon the final issue's clear,
For I cleverly rope him in.

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

IV.

And this forsooth is a lady's pet,
I tangle him up in wide meshed net,
And a hunting still I go:
And next I collar a bank-clerk's pup,
Am I not a happy man?
With my trusty ladle I scoop him up,
And chuck him into the van!

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

V.

And thus I range from street to street,
Bagging the checkless curs I meet,
And a-hurting still I'll go;
For the city fathers are good and wise,
And for each a quarter give;
May Heaven long bless their paternal eyes,
Long may their Honors live!

Chorus—And a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

VI.

But none can say that a hunter's life
Is free from care or void of strife,
Though a-hunting still I'll go!
But never a curse nor bite I fear,
Or whack from a bank-clerk's stick,
As I scour the town with my hunting gear,
For a hunter's skin is thick!

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

VII.

And my mates and I fore the fire of nights,
Tell o'er our tales and compare our bites,
And to hunt in the morn we'll go!
My slumbers too are as sweet and mild,
When my daily hunt is done,
As the rosebud sleep of a sinless child,
And I wake with the dawning sun!—

Chorus—To hunt again you bet,
Through mud and puddle and mire,
Hurrah for the pole and net,
And Hurrah for my "Black Maria."

Cablegrams and Editors.

ON Monday the ocean cable brought the alarming intelligence that POPE PIUS IX. had expired at Rome. The editor of the *Globe* read, gasped, smiled and rushed off for that three column obituary editorial on His Holiness, which had been stowed away in a drawer for many a day, awaiting this auspicious moment to give it resurrection. He sought agoniz-

ingly but he found not. The "devil" had used the manuscript to light a fire long, long ago, for the little rascal said in his heart—"the Pope will never die, and my master will long have kicked the milk-pail before he will find this trash available," and it was burned. Meanwhile the editor's triumphant smile changed to ghastly blankness. Then he came to realize his situation and swore lustily, for his great effort to be enterprising burst like a bubble—his many days pouring over the encyclopedia proved vain, wasted labor. "By Saint Pasterandsheaus! an enemy hath done this!" he yelled, and glared and prepared to dissect somebody.

"Nother telegram," announced the telegraph messenger, and the editor clutched the missive, and read a cablegram which said, "Rome. Latest. The Pope is in a sinking condition."

An angel smile lit up the face of the organ-grinder. "Ah," said he, "the old man is not gone yet; I may yet be spared the humiliation of seeing others obitularize him ahead of me."

Fifteen minutes later another "telegram" was handed in by the youthful telegraph swell. It said:—"By Atlantic Cable.—The Pope is ill." "Ah, yes, yes," murmured the man of ink, "Richard—ah—Pious is himself again! So has he been for many a year. I am safe."

Half an hour later, as the editor was just giving a finishing touch to an article on "The Sinfulness of Lying—at Political Pic-Nics or by Cable," still another missive made its appearance. This time it was, "The Pope is not ill." "This looks doubtful," murmured the editor. "Ordinary it would mean, translated from Italian into English, 'The Pope is ill,' but I will run a lottery-ticket risk for once and take those stilettoing pagans at their word. The danger is past, and I have plenty of time to rebuild my shaken reputation—and a reputation which would have suffered severely had the time really come for that missing editorial. I wonder who could have stolen it? But never mind, whoever they may have been, my enemies are foiled!"

Up in "High Latitudes."

Scene:—OLYMPUS.

ZEUS:—What is the meaning of this commotion on Earth, HERMES?—For I see a far-stretching country into which men are hurridly pouring from all quarters, but from the South especially: and they appear very anxious about something and are all weighed down with burdens, which, as I perceive, consist of manufactured implements and all other kinds of human contrivances. And some of them, having now reached their destination, do homage and are paying court to the people, who seem very much pleased with the flatterers, not being aware however that they have become a prey for rapacious vultures. And having exchanged their commodities for bars of gold, these strangers are now leaving the country with very exultant countenances. But I am unable to perceive the nature of the country into which they are returning, for the smoke arising from their workshops is too dense for me to see anything. The country however which they have just left is very free from smoke, and I perceive all things very distinctly. Who are those men who inhabit it? They seem very much worried about something.

HERMES:—They are a people, O ZEUS, bestraited with recent doctrines which they have received and in consequence of which they have become divided into two factions, contending with each other for the mastery. Some of them, as you will observe from their earnest solicitations, are very much in love with those flattering strangers, while the rest are imploring that they may be delivered from them. These are—

ZEUS:—But who is that crafty individual, HERMES, very much indeed like POLYMETIS ODYSSEUS in appearance, and around whom is a large crowd of obsequious followers. Not a few, also, are calling loudly on him to come to their aid, so that the rocks far and wide around echo with their beseeching cries. Who does he boast to be?

HERMES:—He is, O ZEUS, a much-abused man, who, having endured the taunts and reproaches of an ungrateful people, is now again much sought after and not a little proudly does he bear himself in consequence. Yonder you will see his rival addressing the multitude. Some of his hearers, as you indeed behold, are loudly applauding the wisdom of his words; but others, becoming apprehensive at his continued friendship for those foreign flatterers, are running off and joining themselves to the increasing ranks of his rival; at which he is not a little discouraged.

ZEUS:—I perceive him, HERMES, and he is indeed somewhat dejected. The eyes of his rival however are glistening with hope, and he appears as if he had but recently obtained some victory. Is it not true, HERMES?

HERMES:—"Tis true, O ZEUS, and—

ZEUS:—It behoves us, HERMES, to withdraw.

Questions in Chemistry.

1. Analyze the investigation now going on in the theatre of the Normal School, and say if *lincture of spite* can be discovered in it.
2. How much more evidence will be required before the accused parties may be said to be *salted*.



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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 known as the

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