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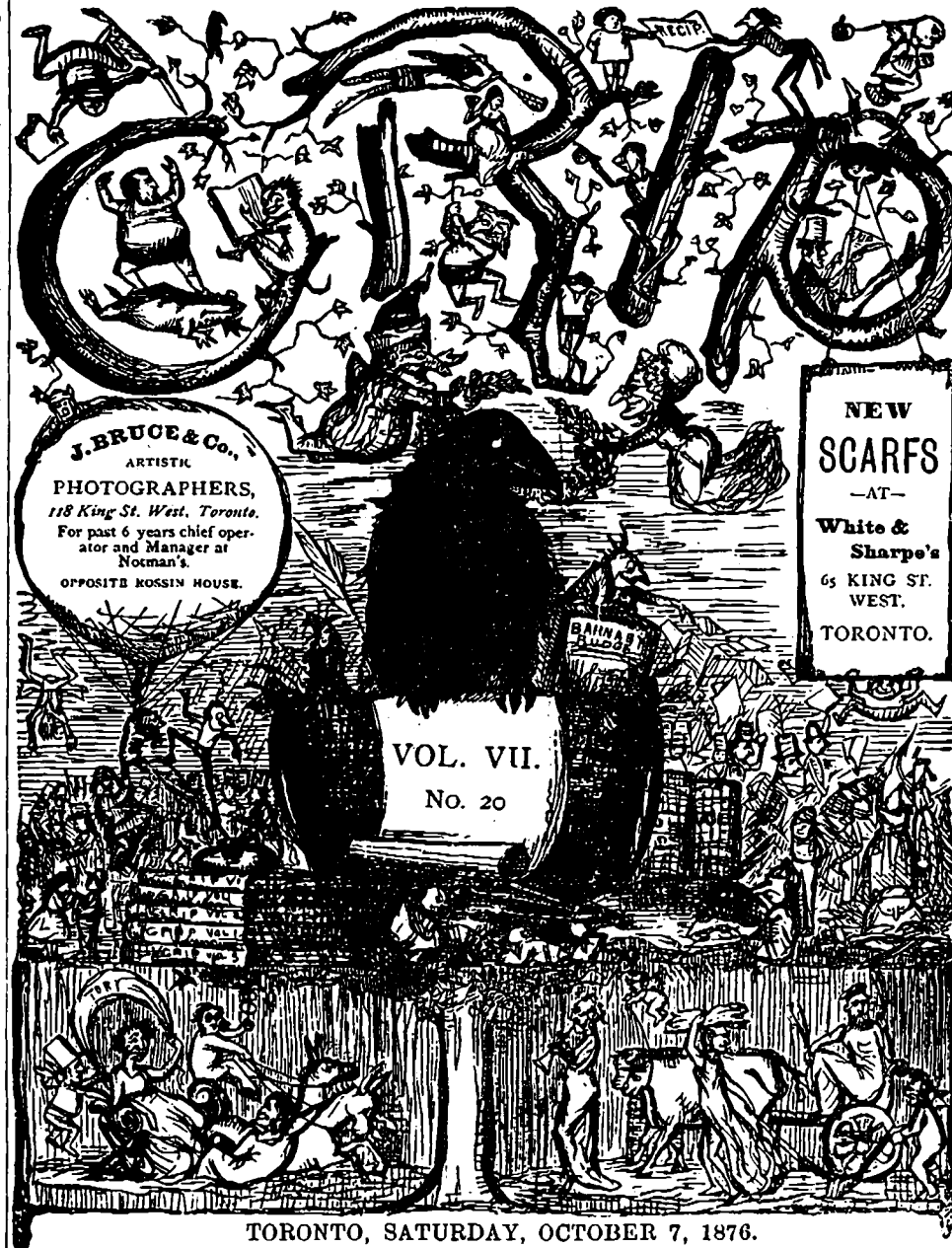
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

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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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The grabest Beast is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 7TH OCTOBER, 1876.

Grip to Goldwin.

You dub the *Nation* transmigrate,
And mean, GRIP thinks, by that to state,
The crew of that C. F. I AM
Have swam aboard the *Telegram*,
When down 'mong wrecks of papers dead,
The *Nation* sank like other lead.

Observant GRIP had something seen,
And wondered what the thing could mean,
How, with its slippancy of yore,
A certain gloom unknown before
His friend the *Telegram* has got;
You've spoken, and GRIP knows what's what.

As if, to tone his Harlequin,
JACK hauled some undertakers in,
Then bowing said, "Good public voice,
Your money pay, and take your choice,
If over light you thought our stuff,
Blest but we'll give you weight enough."

Now, clever SMITH, it will not do.
You know; none better knows than you—
The *Nation* rose when your keen pen
Was given; that lost, it fell again.
In vain its sounding periods pour;
The public read, and bought no more.

Good GOLDWIN, you by wit win fame,
Like one whom modest GRIP won't name;
But common mortals who succeed,
In writing, first must deeply read.
Such men the *Nation* did not get,
Nor has the *Telegram* as yet.

What About Protection Now.

"The goal of repentance, to which American Protectionists are fast hastening,"—
Globe of last year, or any year this ten years.
"At no time this fifteen years have the States been so truly prosperous as now."—
Globe of last week.

Clever fellows who predicted, calmly writing in the *Globe*,—
Dust and sackcloth who depicted, which the Yankees should enrobe—
Where's the ruin you Protection swore would bring to Yankee men?
Lo, surviving its dejection, business springs to life again.

Show us now, you clever writers, how this ruined nation yet,
This one year, most keen inditers, fifty millions paid of debt.
How they, systems false supporting, do what others vainly try,—
Yearly millions more exporting, yearly millions less they buy.

Tell us, men of Free Trade learning, by what strangely adverse fates,
Is the flow of gold now turning back from England to the States.
Tell us, Dymond, great logician; tell us, loudly-talking Mills,
Show us how their false position still the Yankee coffers fills.

See their manufactures springing all to busy life again!
Industries protected bringing work to women and to men!
See their miners downward pouring; hear the mill-wheels loud resound;
Every fresh-lit furnace roaring; busy toilers all around.

Tell us, you who Free Trade chatter, what for Canada is left,
Say, is it a little matter that we are of all bereft?
Workshops, mills, refineries, foundries, still, and certain still to stand,
Soon shall workmen o'er our bound'ries, stream towards the Yankee land.

See our houses vacant stand now; everywhere "To Let" we meet,
Soon, at Free Trade's good command now, grass shall grow in every
street,
Soon shall Free Trade with elation celebrate in every hall,
Glorious Free Trade Culmination, when there's no trade left at all.

The Retreat of Redford.

The worthy Grangers of Stratford have discovered that there in somebody worse than middlemen, and that he's a lumberman. The honest Mr. JAMES REDFORD, of Stratford, was the man of all others noted for honesty in his neighbourhood—"honest JAMIE" he was cognomized. To him brought the home-going farmer his bag, heavy with the dollars of his wheat sales; to him the old woman fetched the proceeds of her knitting. He was to keep it for them. He intended to do so, and does so yet intend; but as to giving it back to them, that's another thing. He is off to the States, and has taken thousands; and has left thousands. Those that were left lament those that were taken, and refuse to be comforted. GRIP does not know what to say. He objects to Lynch law. But if, looking out of his study window, he observed this gentleman pendant to a mossy bough, and his executioners departing, GRIP would see something interesting in another direction.

Mr. REDFORD, as a prominent Reformer, had been chosen to elevate the standard of political morality in North Perth. He has not only elevated it, but run away with it, and is probably now climbing some American mountain with it, Excelsior style.

Short Drama.

ACTORS.—SIR JOHN A.; MR. MACKENZIE.

MACKENZIE (*solus*)—Hoo dith it come.
Ma braw majority slips fast awa—
As fa' the summer leaves? See whaur they gang—
Ontarios bath; and Nova Scotia noo
Slips off my tethering haun. Here comes Sir JOHN,
Full fine a hummer picnic.

(Enter Sir John)

Fallow, stay!

Ectenerating trairp, what do ye here?
Peddle ye chairters? Ken ye no I bear
The poorer to apprehend and pit in waird,
A' vagrants sic as ye?

SIR JOHN (*jovially*)—Teetotallers
Can no reverses bear. My grieving Sir,
See how I thrive. Despite your power and place,
Your cringing placemen and bought newspapers,
The country throngs my way. Alone I stand,
Alone I do it; I. Where now your sheets,
That bragg'd my powers decayed? Where be they now?
Where is the *Globe*—the *Advertiser* pack—
That played-ut did me call? If dead I be,
How do I flourish thus?

MACKENZIE—The deevil helps,
Or ye were done ere this. Why, I hae got ...
Ye're chiefest henchman noo; CAIRTWREET is mine,
An diz adveeze in a'. What mair could ye,
Do noo than what I do? He steer't ye're coorse,
And hauds the helm for me. I rin the wark
Wi nae apprenticeship, and sae I still
Keepit the foreman on. Why suld na we
Still keep oor credit gude?

SIR JOHN.—(*falls into chair in agony of laughter*)
Of all the jokes! My steersman! Ha! ha! ha!
Advised me! Ha! ha! ha! Well, I've no chance
Of being premier more, for I shall die
Of laughter now and here.

MACKENZIE.—He tell't me sae. If that he were na, he
Is ane maist perjured loon!

SIR JOHN.—If I had had a place
Where he could ever talk and no one list,
Could send despatches everywhere in haste,
And do no harm with them; could puff and blow
And strut and stamp, and smooth his whiskers out,
But never influence a single jot
One single measure—I, for influence,
O'er other fools he held, that very place
Had quick installed him in. None such there was,
Nor could be, and he left. Where e'er he goes
Ill luck goes fast abreast. Good day, friend MAC,
"My steersman," as you think he was, has run
Your fine Administration on some rocks,
She'll never sail from more. (*Exit*)

MACKENZIE—(*rings bell furiously; pompous foolman enters*)—
Gang!—stay!—Whaur's Maister CAIRTWREET? Rin, sir, flee!
Fetch me the poker quick!

FOOTMAN—Sir! I poker? Bless my soul, sir! Yes, sir, yes!
In the Finance Department. (*Rushes off*)

MACKENZIE—On second thochts,
I might be hangit. Na: I'll gang without,
And pound the wretch tae dust! (*Exit, clenching his fists*)



THE TRANSPARENT FACTS
 IN THE MATTER OF THE "CARNARVON TERMS."

The Coming Storm.

It's most odd that those thorough old Clear Grits
Who are sure that the country is sound,
On Free Trade, are scared out of their dear wits,
When the word "dissolution" goes round.

Ah, they chose in an unlucky hour,
Free Trade, and GRIP truly must say,
It will jerk them from place and from power,
Just as surely as night follows day.

Curriant Ebints.

No. 8.

Me Darlint Grip.

I feel meself flattered extramely by the shtyle av the response yez gev to the little hint I tuck the liberty av givin yez in the lasht communycation, fubinst the matter av increasin me salary. Long life to yez! Sure me pin goes aisier intirely. I showed the lether to NORAH, an she felt as proud as BIVERLY ROBINSON to think that meself waz such a distinguished lithrey caracker as ye gev me the credit for.

But, me darlint, fwthin I resaved the lashu copy av GRIP, I was both ashtonaished an graved to see that bit about the *Nation*. Sure, I niver expicted the likes av that from you. It's only fit for such skallywags as the *Globe* an thim to be afther kickin a man fwthin he's dead. Av course the *Nation* had its little fault—avin the *Mail* and Sur JOHN hissself has their wakenisses—but it was a noble paper for all that. Its more min av the GOLDWIN SMITH keind we do be wantin in this country, an more papers like the *Nation*. I'm fair disgusted wid the *Globe*, that couldn't contint itself wid writin a falshud for an epitaf on the defunct crather, but must go on wid diministrations av joy aven at the funeral. Luck at that shmalssould article they had on Wednesday lasht, takin a partin sling at Mистер SMITH, an sayin the articles av the *Nation* wor heavy an dull. Whell! Av thim's fwat they call dull, I wud like some man av larnin to shupply me wid a word that wud fit the *Globe*'s own work!

I have nothin av importance to communycate this wake consarnin the Consarvatif Reaction—in regard to which, av I may borry the illigant expression av me frind MICKENZIE BOWELL, I wud say, Is it a Fiction, or a Fact? I got me *Mail* on Monday mornin, an read the supplymint from stim to starn—it was another av thim grand peckneck spaches av the Chafetin, wid rirfince, to MACKENZIE'S corruptions, an his sellin av charters, an CARTWRIGHT'S lether, an the confederation an city.

Shpakin af grand spaches an confederation, did yez see that wan av me Lord DUFFRIN'S that his Lordchip made in Vancouver's Hand be-yan? Begorra, I fale the pride av Erin in me veins, fwthiniver I rade wan His Excellency's orations. Sure, he's ould RICHARD BRINSLEY over again, so he is. An the way he putt mathers in shape that time was imminse, more power to him. He towld thim he didn't go there to defend MICKENZIE av the Government, but the *Mail* says he did, and sorra a bit wud I conthrylick me own Party's paper, or me Lord DUFFRIN aither, bein loyal as all the numbers av the United Empire Club is—So I dont harly know fwat to say unther the prisint sarcumstances. Anyhow, I slud think thim Vancoovers wud now have their eyes open forinst that Nannygoat an Eskemaw Railroad, they do be makin such a fuss about. Af it is in ordrer, I wud beg lave to move a motion that me Lord DUFFRIN'S spache be pursented in a gold frame, to JOHN BULL across the say, and let the ould man rade it to some av thim blockhead-ed iditors av his.

Me frind SWEENEY kem to me the day befor yesterday in consithrable av a flurry and towld me they had a live Barnet at the thenyer.

"F'what's that?" sez I.

"I dunno," sez he, "but I'm infurruind they have him in a Case," sez he.

"We'll go, NORAH, me darlint, an see him," sez I.

So in the avenin we wint to the Opry House, an there I saw me parsonal acquaintance, the iver actif an guttimpered manager, Mистер NICKINSON, shandin be the dure.

"I hard yez has a livin Barnet on exhibition," sez I.

"Thure for yez, so we have," sez he, wid a twinkle av mirrimint in his left-han eye.

"I untherstan yez hav kep him in a Case since Monday night?" sez I.

"We have," sez Mистер NICKINSON "A *Great Case*."

"Does the Case be on the platform, so we cud see him aisy?" sez I.

"It does," sez Mистер N., "won't yez walk in an take a privet box forinst it?"

He thim showed meself an NORAH to a foine sate fwere we wor the observed av all obsarvers, as the poet DAVIN has said, an afther the min in the little pen had fiddled a chune or two, the picture av a blue moonlight night, shruuggin behind a round mahogany photygraph av some ships, was hauled up to the roof, an we lucked to see the Barnet in the Case bnt nar a case was there at all to be seen.

"F'what does this mane?" sez I, turnin round wid an unplsint expres-

sion av countenance to Mистер NICKINSON. "F'where is the case wid the Barnet in it—or is this wan av thim jokes av yours?"

"No, Mистер TIERNEY," sez he, "theres no joke in it, fwhativer, be me sowl on the conthrairy, it's a London comedy."

"A comedy!" sez I, "I didn't come here to see anny comedy, I kem to see that livin Barnet."

"Yer loike all the rist av thim in that partackler" sez he.

"Whell!" sez I, wid me blud beginnin to bile at bein sowld, "have yez raily anny curoosity on exhibition in a case—have yez anny Barnet at all?"

Jist thim a man walked out wid his arrums hangin down loose an his hair parted in the cintre.

"That's him," sez Mистер NICKINSON.

"That's who?" sez I.

"The Barnet," sez he.

"Go long out o' that," sez I, "sure that's only a man,—an fwere's the Case yez talked about?"

"There on the program" sez he.

Thim I lucked at me hanbill, an I seen somethin consarnin "*Great Divorce Case*," an I felt meself badly tuck in.

Mистер NICKINSON burst out wid a laugh an sez he, "F'what did ye expect the Barnet was at all?"

"Some keind av a fish I was thinkin, av course," sez I.

"Not at all," sez he, "foreby somethin av a *flounder* in a sort av way. Sure the Barnet's a man—he's an Actor—"

"Beggin yer pardon, sur," sez I, "but I must take lave to conthrydict that lasht word;—he's a man, av course but fwly do they call him a Barnet, I dunno? "F'why, ye blockhead," sez Mистер N., "sure that's he's title, I was only foolin wid yez—playin on his title, for a joke," sez he.

"Playin on his title, wor ye?" sez I "Well, good night. Sure I think that's fwat the gentleman's doin hissself." Wid that I left.

TERRY TIERNEY.

ON DIT.—Our respected fellow-citizen, the worthy Oxford Professor, G. S., is about to take refuge, for a while, from the *Globe* and *Mail*, in classic and sunny Italy. By the by, those two rascals, always ready to garrote harmless passengers, were a deal too savage with G. S., who gave 'em some knocks they will remember, too. GRIP wishes the learned Professor every enjoyment derivable from his trip, and takes occasion to deny the truth of the statement that Mr. POWERS, now in Italy, has engaged the learned G. S. as a model for his contemplated statue of Despondency.

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REV. MR. CLEVER.—As you were remarking, Brother HONEST, our new church is an edifice excellent in its way. Indeed it should be, considering the cost, full \$50,000. And the advantages of site and so forth. On a splendid street, excellent pavements radiating for miles in all directions, perfectly drained, ample water and assistance in case of fire, policemen night and day to guard it from damage—ah, we have many privileges here—pleasant places, pleasant places, brother.

REV. MR. HONEST.—Hum! Well, brother, it sounds well. But—REV. MR. CLEVER.—Pray speak your mind, my respected brother. The situation is not so healthy as a country site, perhaps, you think.

REV. MR. HONEST.—The congregation are not so honest, brother.

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Honest! Good Heavens! My dear sir! If there is anything I especially inculcate—Surely you are under some strange delusion. Why, my last sermon, "The Duty of Honesty!" I do not wish to boast; but all the newspapers describes it as remarkable—you are surely wrong, brother. On that point of all others we are most rigid! Why our last sexton took a dollar off the vestry table. We dismissed him and prosecuted, of course—could not pass over an immorality.—

REV. MR. HONEST.—Which by example you have taught him. Brother, your congregation every day put their hands into other men's pockets!

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Such language, brother HONEST, requires immediate explanation!

REV. MR. HONEST.—Does not your church property occupy many hundred feet of street frontage? Are not the opposite people, or the city at large, most of both being non-communicants with you, compelled to pay your share of street improvements? Have not you just now boasted of the drains, the water, the protection you enjoy? Are not others who do not believe in your religion, compelled to pay most of this for you? Do you not thus put your hands daily into their pockets?

REV. MR. CLEVER.—That is the law, brother.

REV. MR. HONEST.—Brother CLEVER, be sure that he who without remembrance profits by an unjust law endorses that injustice, and to the full is liable to God for it! He who so acts is perilously unfit to partake at the Communion table. Brother, my little country congregation have calculated their and my proportion unfairly exempted, and have sent it in as conscience-money; nor were they honest men till they did!

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Mercy on us!

[Scene closes]

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