

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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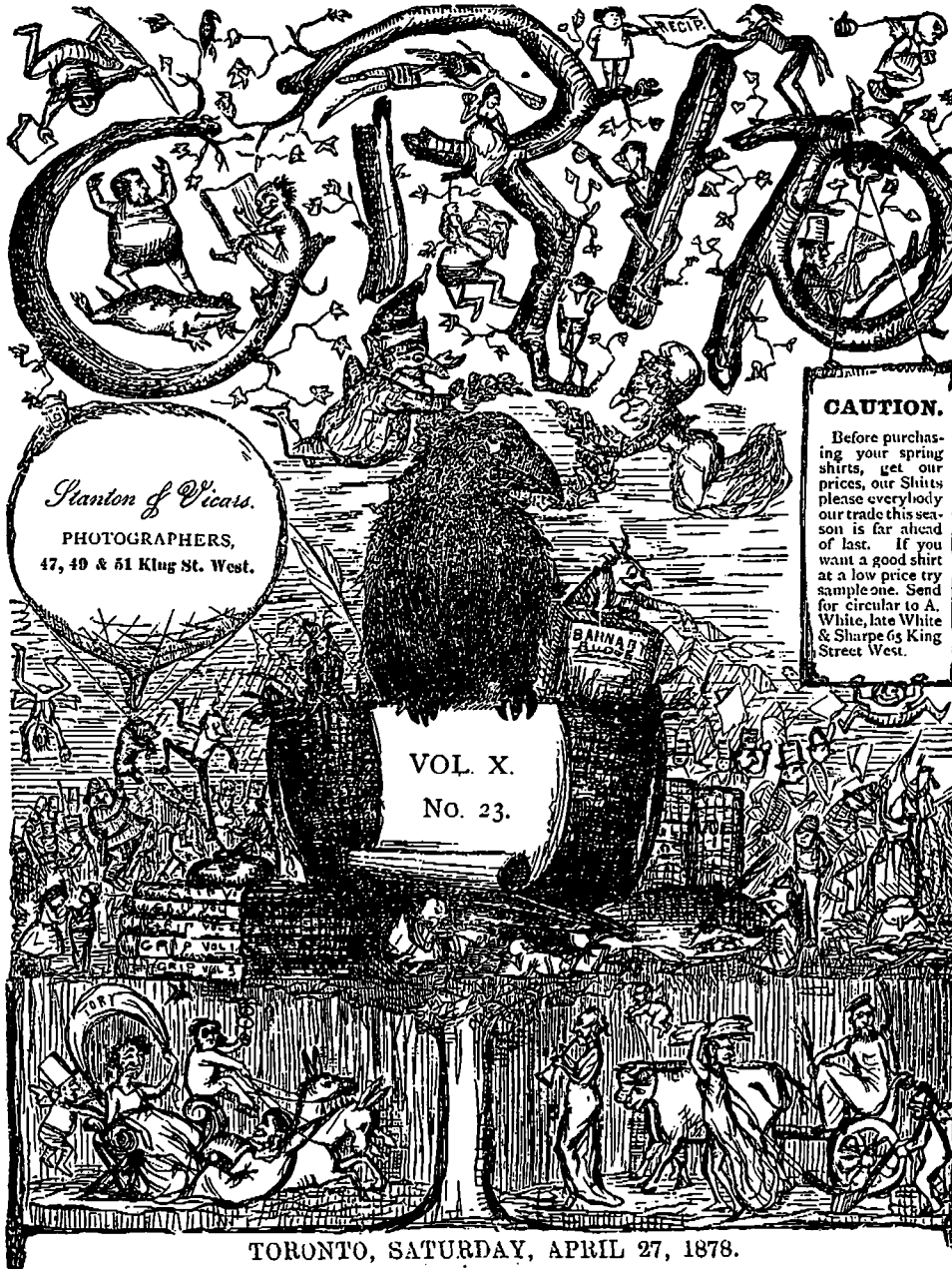
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VOL. X.

No. 23.

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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

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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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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1878.

### Libel Suits.

GRIP observes with horror and consternation that Mr. PLUMB is suing the *London Advertiser* and some Quebec paper for libel. GRIP does not remember saying anything against this member himself, but when a member feels like libel suits he's just as likely to sue you for leaving out his name (which of course is calculated to bring him into contempt) as for putting it in. GRIP knows they will seize him—ruthless minions of the law will lay violent hands on his office chair and his big inkstand. What will he do? A bright thought strikes him—he will soothe the savage PLUMB by the soft strains of music, and will sing him a poem in his praise:—

#### ODE TO PLUMB.

Of our speakers none has come  
To the level clim by PLUMB.  
None in learning poetry  
Can so scorch your nerves as he.  
Speech of his was never found  
That was anything *but sound*.  
Yes, the Commons would be some  
Were its members all like PLUMB.  
Strange it is, and queer, and rum,  
People grumble so at PLUMB.  
GRIP to Ottawa will come,  
This to sing to Mr. PLUMB.

### The Water Works.

SHOULD it be MARTIN, or should it be BROUGH,  
Bothers the citizens more than enough.  
GRIP with one word the discussion would burk  
Less of the workmen think—more of the work.

Three times the water-works cost what they ought,  
No one to mention it—that goes for nought,  
Turn out some placeholder—try a new hand  
Up goes an outcry all over the land.

GRIP will just mention—"Between you and I  
Too many cliques' fingers get in the pie.  
Worst of all popular voting is found  
Demagogues order your voters around.

Demagogues, wishing some office to fill,  
Get some control of the popular will.  
Once to the hustings they bring a crowd—well,  
The votes of that crowd for an office they sell.

Places and salaries still they expand,  
Jobbery's talked of all over the land;  
Every one shouts for economy, yet  
Every new Council piles on to the debt.

Men of capacity—business men all—  
Keep far away to their side of the wall.  
"Council, indeed! No, Sir, nothing so low,  
Wouldn't elect us—and we wouldn't go.

"May go to vote; but no interest take."  
GRIP must inform you it is a mistake;  
You may suppose you are saving up cash,  
Trouble is coming will some of you smash.

Filing up, piling up debt every year,  
All of your margin will soon disappear;  
Might just as well have thrown cash in the lake,  
Folks as a gift won't your property take.

No fancy picture; for this very day  
Some Yankee cities are just in that way.  
Taxes have piled up to so much per cent  
Just about now to the size of the rent.

Folks of Toronto, you'd much better take  
GRIP's sound advice, from your slumber awake,  
Find out how these city matters go on,  
'Twill be too late when your property's gone.

### Where are the Aldermen?

It occurred to GRIP that he had to go down the street. And then there occurred to him a splash of yellow-green-blue mud in his eye, and a number of others over his new summer suit, driven against him by one artistic stamp of a horse in the yielding pavement with which Toronto streets are concealed at this season. Then he had to cross the street three times, and after that nobody knew him, and a policeman came to take him up, but was so shocked at GRIP's presenting his card, that he fell in, and was not seen to come to the surface again. Several children, GRIP understands, are missing in various parts of the city, and their distracted parents are dragging the streets for them in great anguish. Farmers around the city are considering whether they will have to dam it in till summer, as an overflow of mud from town might ruin the chance of crops. It was proposed at Monday's council to send the city engineer and several aldermen through the streets on a tour of inspection, but these objected that the corporation did not own a boat and until the next loan was obtained they couldn't get one. In the meantime GRIP suggests that, in common humanity, placards should be set up at the most dangerous places, and a few life-buoys, hen-coops, and things of that sort, hung along the streets in readiness to throw to sinking passengers, and would suggest that any one having life preservers wear them. It is a great mistake, as is noticed only too plainly in moments such as these, that the population at large are not taught to swim.

### Telephone.

GRIP slept and dreamt. He was in the 10th century. The day was a hot dusty day in February, invented by Mr. VENNOR for the special purpose of selling his *almanac*, and selling *all maniacs* who should buy it.

The dust rested upon his glossy wings, and rose in clouds about his beak.

The water-carts were out on King street, and the late Editor of the *Mail* had just returned from withering GINX, with a scattering glance, from the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons.

A man passed with a hurdy-gurdy, labelled "Songs from GRIP."  
"Let's hear the *novum organon*," said GRIP wishing to awe the crowd by his classical learning, and his taste for BACON.

The grinder ground!

Ah! it was the music of other days (*quotation from OSSIAN*).

It was the new Telephone sounding from the distance of time not of space.

All GRIP's songs of the 19th century, his *bon mots*, his terrible denunciations of corrupt statesmen, his sage advice to the leaders of both political parties, his prophecies, more true than VENNOR'S or Mother SHIPTON'S, were heard again as they sounded from the sanctum, one hundred years ago.

They had a metallic ring it is true—the ring of pure metal. The tin foil had not oxidized.

GRIP was delighted. Time had changed, but his wisdom was the same. Each word had stood the test of a century!

Each word would still be bottled up to charm generations yet unborn.  
"I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" said GRIP in a voice which wakened him from his sweet repose.

### Reliable Telegrams.

April 1.—War is considered certain.

April 2.—Peace is probable.

April 3.—The situation is extremely grave.

April 4.—Appearances favour a solution of difficulties.

April 5.—The political horizon is again overcast.

April 6.—A gleam of promise is visible.

April 7.—The mutterings of the coming storm are heard from every quarter.

April 8.—In spite of the efforts of BISMARCK, the murmurs of the discontented slaves continue, and it is feared will be appeased by nothing but blood.

April 9.—There is no doubt that Europe is on the actual brink of a most momentous struggle, and that any instant may precipitate an outbreak which will spread desolation over a large portion of the habitable globe.

April 10.—Notwithstanding the apparently amicable nature of various statements emanating from high sources, it is evident that a combat of terrible severity and unprecedented duration is at hand.

April 11.—Every preparation is being made for hostilities on a tremendous scale. The Czar has ordered out twenty millions of a fresh levy, and Britain has given directions that Hindostan shall, at a given signal, precipitate itself on the Muscovite flank. All is consternation in commercial quarters, and blank distrust is visible on every face.

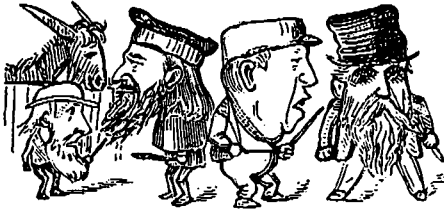
April 12.—All is calm. At no period during the century was war less likely than at present.

### Advertisement.

TENDERS will be received for an unlimited quantity of steam, for wax melting purposes, to be delivered at all the post offices in the country, for letter opening.



WILL HE GET IT?



THE FIVE MAD MEN OF YARMOUTH.

**To a Party Leaving.**

Your Lordship is going; Your Lordship's not gone,  
If you like, pr'aps Your Lordship may stay with us on.  
As your time's up with GRIP, he don't mind this to say  
He's in dread of a worse one when you go away.  
For Your Lordship, GRIP's sure, will allow that it's true  
The "Intelligence" might send a worse one than you.

It's six years—*tempus fugit*—since you came out here,  
Of GRIP's place in the country to be overseer,  
And of course, as they'll ask for your character where  
You want any new place, GRIP will write it out fair.  
GRIP don't flatter; you do, he has thought, but so well,  
If you do, that he never could certainly tell.

You've been civil to callers—have had more to say  
Than most stewards he's had, and a very neat way  
Of expressing yourself; and your accent's correct,  
Which in one from your district GRIP didn't expect;  
And were sober, although in a letter GRIP got  
From yourself, you confessed your relations had not

Always kept quite so straight; but the fact must redound  
To your credit; of course, GRIP don't want *them* around.  
All the work in your berth you have nicely got through,  
Did as much as the rules have allowed you to do.  
Kept the place in good order, and always could make  
Folks respect you, and off their hats properly take.

When he sent you on messages, that is, to wit,  
B. C., Manitoba, and there, he'll admit  
That you managed the matter as well as he could  
Have expected; much better than he thought you would;  
And displayed common sense, and indeed also fact,  
Through the business; things other folks sent there have lacked.

As regards under servants, he's quite well aware  
They're as bad as you found them; it's not your affair.  
You have not their appointing, and neither has he,  
Or more honest, more sober, and civil would be  
Some among them; last week they were quite a disgrace  
To the big servants' hall at the Ottawa place.

On the whole he's well pleased, and MACKENZIE he told,  
To pay up your full wages in notes or in gold.  
It's too much, as you know, for the work there's to do,  
But he'll give the same figure the next term to you,  
If you like to stay on; if you don't, he must make  
If he can, the next chap lower figures to take,

Now that wages are down. If you must go, good-bye,  
He's informed that you have a good place in your eye—  
Out in India; but thinks you had better have staid  
Where it's cooler; but if you go, keep in the shade,  
Nor expose yourself more than is perfectly wise  
GRIP would feel quite annoyed did he read your demise.

**The Pursuits of Spring.**

MASTER.—Now, boy, the spring truly is here; it is time we bestir ourselves. See, take thou thy spade and turn the mellow soil, gardening is the most joyous of pastimes. I will bestow me on a bench in the April sun, and see how thou progressest.

PUPIL.—O, master, it is all bricks and stones. O! I have jarred my arms up to my neck-bone.

MASTER.—Use it not, industriously strive. This is the pleasantest labour sung by Virgil, "Now," he says, "plant the elms; now insert thy vine-buds."

PUPIL.—O, master, I have unearthed a commodity of villanous great worms. O! laugh, they smell.

MASTER.—They be excellent useful in the earth, giving air passage in all parts thereof. Now, boy, rake it over.

PUPIL.—O, good master, I am so pained in my back. Alas, I seem to have no more a back, but a pain, O! O!

MASTER.—Rest is pleasant after toil, since we have wrought hard, and done our share to bring forth the fruits of the earth, bring me my pipe, and we will rest on this bench.

**Advertisement--To Constituencies.**

TO THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.—Gentlemen, I have but recently arrived amongst you, and am desirous of making, in an honest way, a little money. Observing the peculiar description of talent constituencies require in the Ottawa Legislature, and considering that I can furnish a superior description of the same, I place myself (at a reasonable figure in addition to salary) at the service of any constituency desiring a member. I can mew better than any man at Ottawa, crow till the House would believe itself the barnyard, can bray excruciatingly, and bark as if all the dogs Toronto slew last summer were coming at her in revengeful cry. For slamming desks my equal is not, and, despising penny trumpets, will undertake to conceal a large drum under my desk, and will fire off pistols or discharge fireworks under Speaker's chair if necessary. Have excellent lungs, can howl like an Indian, bellow like a bull, or roar like a tiger. These qualifications being stated, when I assure you that I never refused any reasonable bid for my vote, and utterly contemn all sense of honour or any old fashioned things of that sort, I am certain no one can represent you in the peculiar manner you desire better than your humble servant,

BOGUS BELLOW.

Post Office address, Box 9,000, Toronto.

**The Great Desideratum.**

"What is the reason IT does not come?" growled the Autocrat of all the Russias, lazily contemplating from a window the procession to execution of the students implicated in the late disturbances.

"I think, if I may venture to suggest," replied the Grand Chamberlain, "that the Emperor of Austria may have intercepted IT, and is now perhaps reading IT."

"Slave!" exclaimed the irascible potentate, (with sudden and furious emphasis which caused the Grand Chamberlain to leap three feet backwards, entangle himself in his robes, and tumble against a magnificent mirror, breaking it with his head). "My friend the Austrian monarch would not dream of inflicting such wanton injury on me. And you have broken my best pier-glass. Take him out and hang him with the students," he calmly added to his chief executioner, who stood behind. "And by the way," said the Emperor, mildly, "you may give him fifty first with your knout." And the unfortunate Chamberlain's yells presently amused His Majesty.

But IT did not come.

Where was IT?

The Great Potentate of Austria was at breakfast, his mouth was full of very strong-smelling sausages, his right hand held a quart measure (golden) of Bavarian beer—very black—in his other hand was IT. He was happy. "First Equerry," he said, "you have done well to bring IT. How do I know what Russia may be doing? Fetch me anything like this you see going to him!"

"I shot the messenger to get it," grunted the Equerry.

"I double your salary on the spot," said the Emperor. "Double everybody's salary."

All the court applauded. "Let us take care," they whispered, "that he always gets IT."

But a messenger came in. Austria looked up and frowned. "Don't disturb me now!" he said.

"Don't!" whispered the courtiers to the messenger.

"I must," said the functionary. "Sire," he continued, sinking on his knee, "the Emperor of Germany heard that you have IT, and would like to borrow IT."

"Cut off his head," said Austria in an undertone to the Commander of the Forces.

The messenger was seized and dragged out. "Never," said the C. F. to him emphatically, as they were preparing to shorten him, "Never disturb any one when he has IT in his hand."

"I won't—" said the messenger, placidly. As his spinal cord was then severed, his sentence was left unfinished on account of his sentence being completed.

But soon there was a most terrible commotion in the palace. The principal door-keeper entered the presence chamber, and informed the Emperor that the new telephone was talking.

"Ha," exclaimed Austria, proceeding to the hall, whence issued fierce German oaths, apparently proceeding from an odd metallic arrangement in the corner.

"It is BISMARCK," cried FREDERICK.

"Bombshells and torpedoes!" roared the telephone. "Send IT at once! Hagel! Sturm! The great WILLIAM is enraged! He must have IT. Comply within five minutes, or I shall send the cuirassiers."

"Chamberlain," said Austria, "say through that confounded thing that I am out, walking nobody knows where, and have taken IT with me." It was done; the monarch went back to breakfast, and when he was done with IT, sent IT on to Russia, which power he feared most of the two. But BISMARCK never got IT, and this is the true reason of the coolness arisen lately between Austria and Prussia, which all the silly newspapers considered connected with the Eastern Question. Nonsense! It was only that Austria wouldn't lend IT to Prussia.

And what was IT?

The latest number of GRIP.

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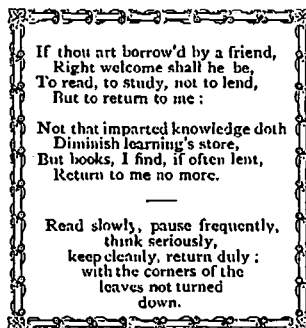
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2  
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3  
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100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

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