

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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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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In order to place this opportunity within the reach of all, **Family ticket Books are issued at \$10.00 and \$6.00, the former contains 100 tickets and the latter 50 tickets each, and each ticket is available for one passage to any of the points named above.**

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C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genet is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 27TH JULY, 1878.

The Loyalty Cry.

GRIP's cartoon represents what is now going on in the Canada division of JOHN BULL's school. The old gentleman, overcome by the heat of the weather and the BEACONSFIELD jubilee, has dropped off to sleep, and left the Grit and Tory youngsters to take care of themselves. For some time they contented themselves with calling "names," and throwing ink and chewed-up *Mails* and *Globes* at one another. Then that rascal JACK MACDONALD got up on the floor and began making an outrageous speech on Protection, showing how everybody could be made rich by the simple twist of the wrist. By way of illustrating his remarks he seized the master's ferrule and undertook to cut it in two with his jack-knife. This was too much for the loyal, good boy of the school, GEORGIE BROWN, who immediately jumped up and shouted that JOHNNY was severing British rule. He is still shouting that alarm, and the old gent is still snoozing, and the bad, rebellious JACK is still hacking away at the ruler, but after a while there will be a change. JOHN BULL will wake up with a start and take in the situation; then the wicked boy will be severely punished (at the general election), and GEORGIE will go up head as the lad who saved the Empire.

At the Gardens.

THE series of concerts now being given at the gardens by Mme. DE MURSKA and her concert company are delightful, but their direct effects are sad to think of. GRIP hasn't any doubt but that hundreds of our promising young lady amateurs are suffering from dislocated necks all along of trying to do the *Shadow Song* as DE MURSKA does it; and thousands of our city tenors—who think BRIGNOLI'S voice isn't much, don't you know—are terrifying their respective neighborhoods by reaching for high notes from the top of a step ladder in the back yard two hours per day.

Let all who've never been there, go for sure,
And all who have been once, now go once more.

Daft.

GRIP regrets to be called upon to chronicle the fact that Finance Minister CARTWRIGHT has gone out of his head. It is thought that the cares of office, coupled with the prospect of another deficit, have led to this melancholy result. The unfortunate hon. gentleman's malady takes the form of a delusion that he is still the candidate for Lennox, and that the general elections have not yet come off; and yet the *Belle-ville Intelligencer*, (a reliable journal) says:

"Our information from the Riding from various trustworthy sources is that Mr. Cartwright is a beaten man, and no one knows it better than himself."

The Subject of the Conference.

"It is most extraordinary," said BEACONSFIELD.
"Astonishing," said BISMARCK, "More," he added. "Tausend devils! It is terrible."

The Turk in his fez was allowed to say very little. But he might speak on this. "Allah?" he said. "It is grand!"

"Ja wohl say," remarked FREDERICK JOSEPH, "there has not been seen its equal."

"I have been too busy lately to look at it," said ALEXANDER, "but before I was so pestered with gunpowder, I was in the habit of looking over it. It is excellent."

"And to be the product of a distant land!" said DIZZY.

"And a barbarous!" said the Prussian Emperor.

"Altogether uncivilized!" said BISMARCK.

"Not even a 30-ton gun!" said ALEXANDER.

"Or an ironclad!" said BEACONSFIELD.

"Allah," said the fez, "has given to one land the treasures he denies elsewhere. Who shall question his will? The subject of our discourse is wonderful, wise above all others, learned more than a thousand, rich in treasures beyond rubies, eloquent, witty to the bursting of sides, persuasive above the tongues of the pundits. To a distant land has this prodigy been given—it is his will. Allah! Allah! Allah! Mahomed resoul Allah!"

What were they talking of?
Of GRIP.

A Delightful Pastime.

GRIP goes in for recreation. He is above all things partial to moonlight excursions—church choir moonlight excursions—but especially Metropolitan church choir moonlight excursions! Nothing known to the doctors is half so healthy as one of these outings. Here pent up in the city, a man has hardly enough room for a game of base-ball; it is simply slow torture to be obliged to sit in an office 12x12 these hot days. But look at the moonlight excursions! There you have comfort, and nothing to trouble you—not even the moon. There you enjoy the felicity of breathing the fresh air of the lake—after it has passed through the lungs of your delightfully near companions, and when it is properly flavored with the smoke of the good mannered young fellows' bad cigars. There also you can enjoy a promenade on the corns of your neighbours all around the boat; there you may listen to sweet singing, if you can make it convenient to perch on the funnel; or, if you have no ear for music, but delight in mathematics, you can sit on two inches of bench all night and calculate how much enjoyment it is possible to get out of an excursion when there are at least four hundred persons too many on board.

A City Council.

O there was a Council, a Council of fame,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
And higher and higher they ever did name
The rate which of naming was theirs to say.

But there was a restraint on this Council of might,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
For to go beyond twenty mills they had no right,
And so they contrived a cleverish way.

For they knew bills were passed, did this Council of wit,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Both for railways and schools which might much exceed it,
And might call out for thirty mills just any day.

And so quiet the House had passed all of the bills,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
That the citizens thought that the old twenty mills
Were the whole the collectors on tax bills could lay.

And the never a warning from Parliament came,
Which ever sings merrily taxes to pay,
To the folks of Toronto of this little game
Which a thirty for twenty should on to them lay.

And the good city members in Parliament House,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Did both each one and all sit as still as a mouse,
And they never a word to the city did say.

And the House passed the bills, and the members all round,
Who ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Said "We guess in Toronto some howling will sound
When they climb to the thirties at some early day.

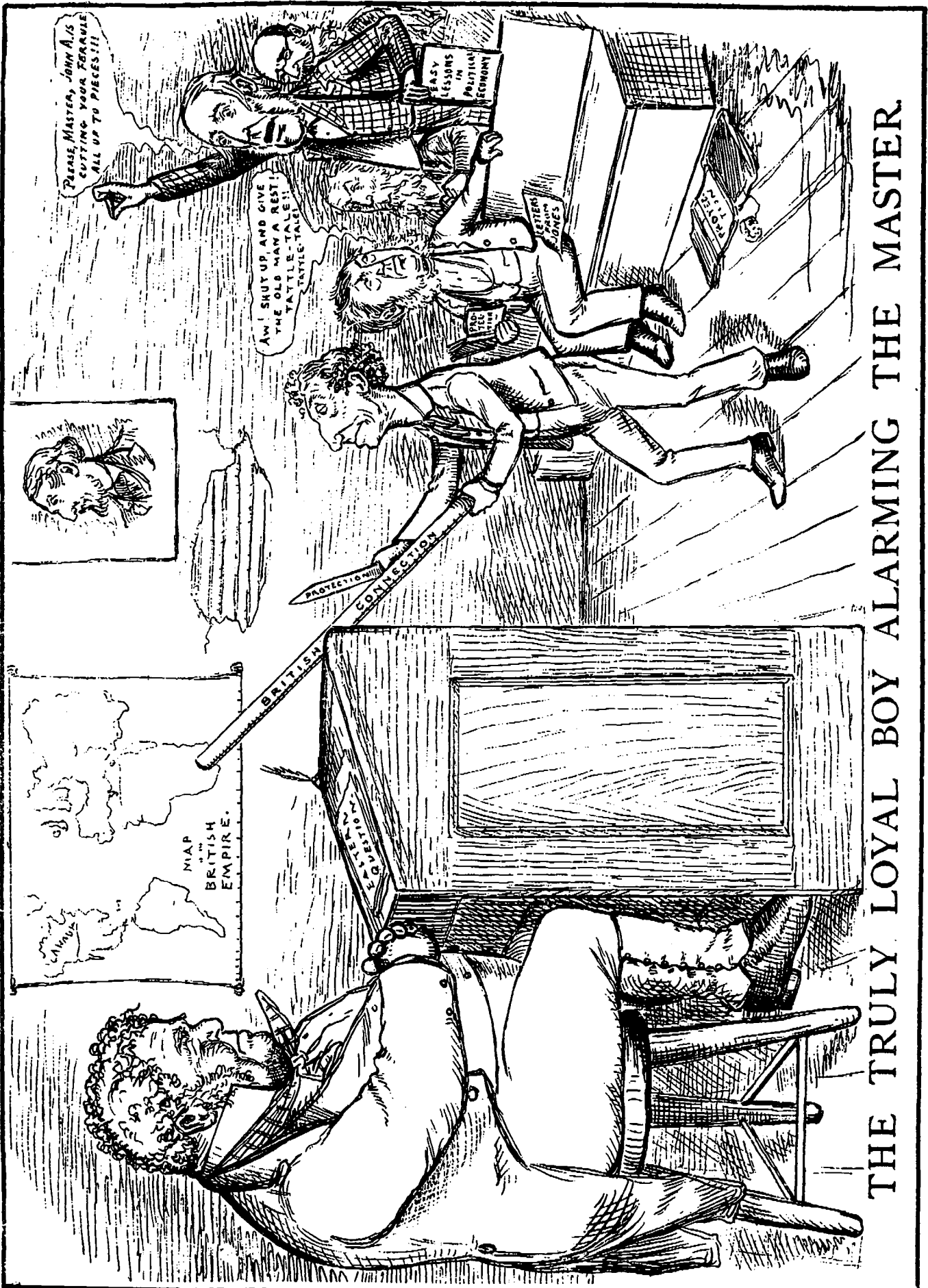
And then did that Council—that Council of fame,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Laugh aloud, "Hooray boys, won't we have a good game,
And a royal good haul while we legally may.

"Let it be twenty-six, let it be twenty-six—
Ever sing merrily taxes to pay,
And then we shall put in our jolly big licks,
In the sun of high taxes the time to make hay."

And the people with taxes are crushed to the ground,
Ever sing merrily taxes to pay,
And the fat Corporation go jollying round,
For their fortunes are made if they in but stay.

But the folks think it time that this humbug was done,
For they don't think it merry such taxes to pay;
And as for the Council, they'll do without one
Altogether, if there's to be no better way.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.—Editors ought to be very careful. There is our friend TRAVES, of the Port Hope *Times* let in for \$3.49. He said in his paper that the consumer paid the duty, and a young lady who confided in editors bought some Canada goods and undertook to get them through the Chinese wall of Uncle SAM, but they charged her \$3.49 admission. And now she threatens to rob Mr. *Times* of what little hair he has on his pate, if he doesn't immediately square up the account.



THE TRULY LOYAL BOY ALARMING THE MASTER.

Tierney on the Taxes.

Misther GRIP,

SUR:— I was intindin to write yez me usual bit av Currint Evints, but for the loife av me, I cuddin't think av annything but thim twenty-six mills Misther TURNER was makin mintion av in the lasht Council maytin. I am driv fair wild be thinkin av it. Me lasht cint is gone for taxes, an down comes TURNER wid his long winded spache an claps on more an more. Sure wid twenty-six mills we ought to be able to raise the wind, but yez can call me an Orangeman if I know how I'm goin to live at all. I have been quietly thinkin av a shmall scheme that wud prevint this soort av thing nixt year. I wuddn't loike yez to publitch anything about it, becuse mebbly the general public moightn't go in for it. Me proposition is that we hang owld TURNER to a lamp-post, shweep thim other aldermin, includin HARRY PIPER, into the Bay, an burn down the City Hall. Af I foind that the other taxpayers av the city hasn't got sinse enough to kerry out this plan, an objects to me doin it me lone, I give yez all warnin that I'll lave Taranty for good an go outside av the world altogether. I will settle in Coubourg, I think.

If I had shpace in the prisint brafe letther I wud mintion that the Hamilton *Toimes* is strivin to throw cowlid wather on me frind NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, who is running for the county av Haldimand. But niver fare, NICHOLAS will go in wid flyin colours. The *Toimes* man says he have no polittical record, fwhich I wud say that's a base culminy, so it is. Didnt' he write a big book about the Irishmin in Canada, an didn't he give manny illoquint spaches on the British House av Commons, an didn't he go away down to Philadelfy beyant, an sind letthers back all about the Cintinnial? Wud the *Toimes* informur me about thim facts? I seen a shtatemit in the Guilph paper that the Hamilton *Toimes* is a kind av paper that niver tells the truth, an, begorra, I blave it.

Yours, wid bad luck to the mills,

TERRY TIERNEY.

More Treason!!

Editor of the Mail,

SIR:— This is the third time I have been obliged to call your attention to cases of audacious treason to the Conservative cause. If our own people persist in giving us away like this it is all up stump with us in the approaching election. I now invite you as the guardian of our Party, to administer a couple of vigorous stabs under the fifth rib of the *National*. That paper professes, sir, to be a Lib. Con. and yet, sir, in its last issue, after reciting that a certain Grit sheet up west had asserted that the Mayor of Brantford on a recent occasion, accompanied our Chiefstain Sir JOHN to the railway station, carrying the great statesman's valise and umbrella, it pitches into the aforesaid Grit sheet in a most indignant manner, and winds up by declaring that "the man who would steal the character of the mayor of a city, would steal the pocket-books of the citizens, but for the fear of punishment." Has it come to this, sir, that Conservatives think it a disgrace to accompany our Chiefstain to the station, and give him a friendly hand with his luggage, sir? If this thing is allowed to go on, sir, I'd like to know how we're going to get fellows to pull his carriage in the next demonstration?

Yours,

AN INDIGNANT CONSERVATIVE.

Grip Comes Forward.

"I come forward at once,"—said GRIP.

"Because you could not do it at twice," said the caviller.

"Because it is imperative" said GRIP "that I preserve—"

"Your list of subscribers," said the sceptic.

"Perish the list!" said the great being.—"that I save—"

"Enough to retire on and build a big house," said the grumbler.

"That I save my country from the contemptible and successive mismanagement of ignorant and greedy politicians," remarked GRIP, sitting calmly down in his leather covered chair—(a present from BEACONSFIELD).

"That's what they all say is their particular intention," said the unsatisfied, lighting his pipe.

"And can you not," asked GRIP, "distinguish between the false diatribes of the greedy politician, and the honest utterances of patriotic zeal? Is your heart so callous to all—"

"Sounds are very much alike from the human voice, and nature forgot to stamp us exactly on the face, else we'd know at sight," remarked the objector.

"I am a patriot," said GRIP. "I have great objects—glorious aspirations—vast plans—"

"They all say so," said the doubter.

GRIP was enraged. He is not often enraged. When he is— But why dilate on this? He arose, and looked at the interlocutor. A pallid paleness—a sort of pallor, in fact, overspread that interlocutor's visage, and that interlocutor fled for home so rapidly that he overthrew seven people, besides a milkboy and two perambulators, and the *Globe* paper published that remarkable local about an unknown meteor having been projected horizontally along Adelaide street.

Too Much Lying.

THE party papers, amid all their wranglings on the Free Trade vs. Protection subject, have up to the present time left the strictly moral phase of the question untouched. It remained for a rural correspondent of the *Leader* to bring this to the front, in a communication dated Gesto, Essex Co., July 20. After mentioning that he had heard of several farmers who were going to sell out if the Grits remained in power, he adds:

"I have also heard a young lumber merchant here (a Grit to the back bone) say that he could not carry on a successful business without telling too many lies. Why is this? No doubt because the Yankees glut his market. He is almost wild, abusing both old and young—almost every one he meets."

Now this is too bad. O, MACKENZIE, MACKENZIE, how could you, a-moral Minister, persist in a policy which compels your fellow creatures to tell too many lies? Of course the hard times, you are aware, have greatly increased the liabilities of our lumber merchants, but you shouldn't impose upon them too much. Couldn't you re-arrange the tariff so that the lumber trade could be carried on with a moderate amount of lying—say 35 per cent. or so? O, you hard-hearted wretch, CARTWRIGHT, is it possible you can "resist so plaintive a prayer" as this? And why does this young merchant lie so much? Because of his natural depravity? No! It is because the Yankees glut his market with their lumber. Upon your Grit heads let the guilt of all these mercantile lies rest! you have evidently driven this young lumber person mad, for he goes about like a roaring lyin—"abusing both old and young—almost every one he meets"—and if he once gets his clutches on either of you, your seal is doomed, for he thirsts for clotted gore. O, let us have a moral government, above all things. Fellow countrymen, let us cast aside our party flags, and hoist up a broad and beautiful banner emblazoned with this inspiring watchword: "Lumber without lying: Protection, TUPPER and the entire truth!"



OUR Taxation mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding large—26 on the dollar, this year.

THE good people of South Ontario are alarmed at the prospect of having a terrible Orango-Polittico meeting in Oshawa. Keep your seats, friends, it's only a Larke.

THE home bird—the coo-coo.—*New York Commercial*. The pugilistic bird—the sparrer.—*New York Graphic*. The burglarious bird—the robin.—*Yonkers Gazette*. The bibulous bird—the swallow.—*St. John Torch*. The "paragrapping" bird—the goose.

OUR City Fathers have changed the name of Cruickshank street to Wilton Avenue. Which shows that our City Fathers are becoming more and more delicate in their susceptibilities. "Cruickshank" always did strike GRIP (and certain young ladies of the period) as being rather unrefined. "Devious limbs" would have been better than "Cruickshanks"—but Wilton Avenue! O, that's just lovely!

IT is suggested that a deputation comprising the municipal corporations of all the cities, towns, counties and villages of this Province should wait upon Earl DUFFERIN before his departure, and read complimentary addresses to him. GRIP appreciates the motive of this proposition, but would like to know what the good Earl has ever done that he should be talked to death. It is estimated there would be about 2000 addresses.

"Thus the amount of hard cash yearly paid to the Queen's children reaches an appalling total of \$570,000. Since the royal family came of age it has cost Britain over \$5,500,000, which is certainly a large sum of money for a purely ornamental purpose.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Pshaw! \$5,500,000 isn't much. The Royal Family of England are real aristocracy, and we know a certain Republic that paid the same amount for mere cod-fish!

Is base drum music sold by the pound?—*Dexter Smith*. Yes; and tenor drum music by the roll.—*Kingwood Journal*. And harp music by the c'ord.—*Norristown Herald*. And hand organ music by the pennyweight.—*Graphic*. And horn music by the d'ram.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*. And cat music by the yard—in the rear.—*Whitehall Times*. Church music is sometimes by the quart-ette.—*Geneva Gazette*. And bagpipe music is always by the pipe.—*Ballston Journal*. And chin music by the y'ell.—*Fullton County Republican*. And piano music by the gall-on the piano.—*St. John Torch*. Has anybody said anything about the viol?—*Burlington Hawkeye*. You folks will never be harp-y till you quit this.—*Detroit Free Press*. And they all quit accordeon-ly.

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The Government of Canada will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2,000 miles.

Memorandum of information for parties proposing to Tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineer's Reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of the Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application at this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London.

Sealed Tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the 1st day of December next.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Public Works Dept., Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 20, 1878.

xi-8-4t

CHEAP READING.

Having entered into arrangements with the Publisher we are now prepared to supply

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- ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP," 4.00
- DETROIT FREE PRESS and "GRIP," 3.50

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

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Hints to Borrowers.

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat.
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations; the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

WE should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Dirracli.*

BOOKS as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A BOOK is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *etagere* or side board.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Copies of above may be had at GRIP office, or sent free of postage, at 50 cents per dozen, or \$1.50 per hundred.

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25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " "	50 "
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The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

1
Robert Taylor.

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William Richardson.

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25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire *plainly*, to prevent mistakes.

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