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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody. This season's 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.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will all ways 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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HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.
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DOCKS, - - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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, 4TH AUGUST, 1877.

Orange and Green.

"Raise aloft the Orange banner!
Follow on in long array!
Flaunt it in their traitor faces
Who would frown upon the day."

"Down with every Orange emblem!
Heretics by God accursed!
They would rob us of religion,
They for Papist blood athirst."

"Boyne! thy waters they are crimson
With the blood our fathers shed;
We their sons have hearts as loyal,
In our veins have blood as red."

"These the men who robbed our fathers,
Triumphing in CROMWELL'S cause,
Drove them from their homes and acres;
Kept them down by penal laws."

"Shall we e'er forget the slaughter
In the barn at Scullabogue?—
How the divils piked the children?—
Down with every thief and rogue."

"Raise the Green!" "Unfurl the Orange!"
"God and Erin!" "King and Creed!"
"We have bled before, and we are
Just as ready now to bleed."

"Peace," says one above the clamour,
"Listen children to my word,
He who takes the sword of battle
He shall perish by the sword."

I have made you both, redeemed you
By the water and the blood,
Which from out my side commingled,
In a sin-destroying flood.

God is Love! In peace together
Live as children loved by me,
Green and Orange blend together
In a wreath of charity.

Let the dead past bury its dead;
If ye love me keep my laws;
Fire and sword and words of hatred
Never once advanced my cause.

Both have sinned, let both forgiven
Only strive to love the most,
Then shall be your triumph greater
That ye willingly have lost."

National Egotism.

ENGLISHMAN.—English, French, German—e. f. g.—naturally and alphabetically our nation is ahead, then comes the French, and then the German.

TEUTON.—Ah, mine frient. Shust vait von leetle. Dat arrangement all right mit amongst you Englishers, but we *sprechen Deutsch* at home; dis vay; *Deutsch, English, Frangosisch*—d. e. f.—you see! Virst we, denn you, and denn the frog-eating Frenchman, yaw, yaw, *schr gut, eh?*

FRENCHMAN.—Ze diable! Ze grande nation last? No zar, not by ze pottle full. Out from your own mouth, Mister BULL, by gar, we shall you show what is not in it—ze truth. French, German, and Henglish—f. g. h.—dat is ze way you pronounce it, by gar, Mister BULL you now come last.

AN Upper Canada Catholic paper commenting on the murder of HACKETT says:—"The Catholic Union of Montreal have washed their hands of it." GRIP doubts it, and with the help of his friend SHAKESPERE, ventures to express the opinion that "these hands will rather the multitudinous sees incarnadine—making the green—one red?"

The Drummer Drama.

Scene in Toronto Wholesale Warehouse.

PROPRIETOR.—Now, MR. CHATTER, I mean biz. Note what I say. Either pay; you pays this house or not. If it don't pay this house, this house has decided not to continue paying you. Either you get orders for \$10,000 next circuit, or it is your final for us.

MR. CHATTER.—Really, sir, with business so dull, I don't see—
PROPRIETOR.—No, and we don't see—the way of keeping you on. You have your list and your samples. Start, be pushing; be energetic. Make 'em buy, sir. (*exit MR. CHATTER.*)

Scene in country store.

PROPRIETOR.—Really, MR. CHATTER, I have goods on hand I should sell, and should pay for, before bringing in more.

MR. CHATTER.—But these are better.

PROPRIETOR.—No matter; can't take 'em.

MR. CHATTER.—(*tries a desperate expedient*)—Now, how will you sell anything when the store opposite has all these at such and such a price? I've sold them \$1,000 worth (*he hasn't been there*).

PROPRIETOR.—What?

MR. CHATTER.—Fact. Come now. Absolutely we will never press you.

PROPRIETOR.—Can't be beat by them. (*gives order for \$1000 worth*).

Scene in the store opposite.

MR. CHATTER.—Come, first-class goods; their equal not in Canada, got 'em ourselves by merest chance. You can't do without them. Look here, I've sold the store opposite \$1,000 worth. (*has this time*).

PROPRIETOR.—Can't be beat. You're sure your fellows will renew if necessary?

MR. CHATTER.—As often as you like. (*gets order for \$1000 worth*).

Six months later, copy of letter received by both storekeepers:—

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1878.

DEAR SIR.—

We shall be glad of your immediate remittance of \$1,000 as per order kindly given to our traveller, MR. CHATTER. We beg to say that we can grant no renewals, as consignees are pressing us for payment. Hoping to be favoured with future orders, we remain yours,

SHARP & CUTE,
Wholesale Dealers.

Which bankrupts one country store, and cripples the other. N. B.—If the first trick had failed, CHATTER had a dozen in reserve.

The Only Chance.

SCENE.—A path leading to Toronto, Enter SIR JOHN, carpet bag in hand.

SIR JOHN.—Back at last! Well, it may be for the good of my country, but by jingo it isn't for that of my bones. Since May I might have been as well—faith, I have been—a travelling drummer for the Conservative establishment. No salary, merely a commission if I get the rival business into bankruptcy. Pretty job, too. Talk all evening to supporters. Scream all day on the stump, jolt about infernal country roads all morning. Oh for something stationary. But it's no use. I don't believe MACKENZIE 'd give me even a lighthouse to keep; he'd be afraid I'd be throwing Tory rays over the situation. And G. B.—Talk of the devil, there he is.

G. B.—(*appearing from behind tree*)—Hech, fause coin's sauf tae fin the gate hame. I hopit ye were droonit.

SIR JOHN.—No, George, you and I are destined to a higher fate.

G. B.—Speak for yersel, sir. Ye will be hangit I hae nae doot; ye suld hae been executit years syne. What did ye no deserve for yere Pawceefic Scandal, Sir? Answer me, ye scoonril!

SIR JOHN.—I think I deserve a little gratitude, GEORGE.

G. B.—Grawteetude! Is the mon clean dementit? From wha?

SIR JOHN.—From a certain prominent editor who has been enriched, from his party who have made tremendous hauls, all in consequence of that mistake if you like, in policy. Blowed if you could have done better, though. But you should be grateful for what gave you—more than you're able to keep, as you will find, GEORGE.

G. B.—We'll keep it till ye'er deed, mon. (*Aside—Best tae brag.*)

SIR JOHN.—Come, come, GEORGE! Town and country are coming my way, as you know very well. You go feed bullocks; don't let them toss you, though; might remind you of what a good many constituencies gave you.

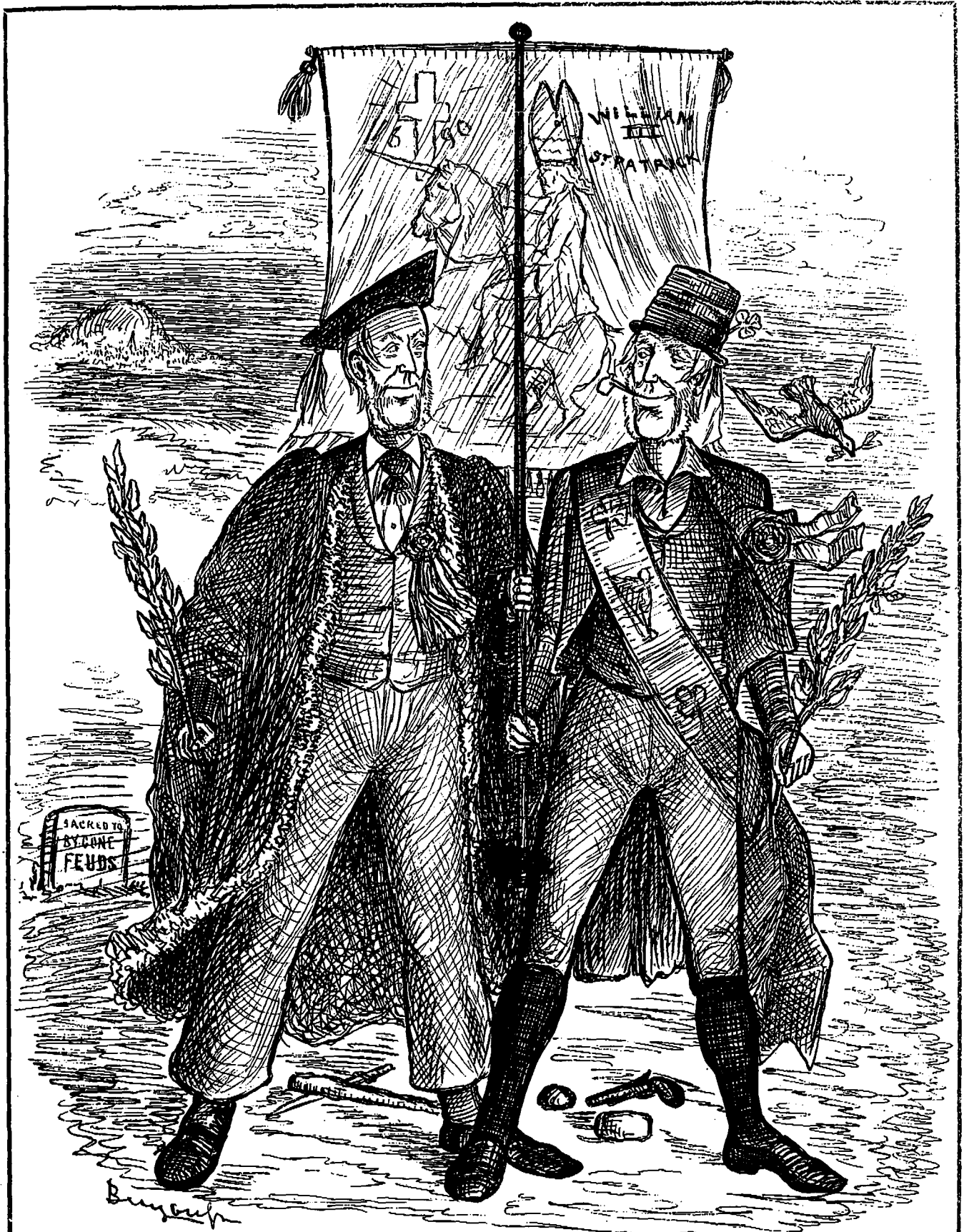
G. B.—Noo, ye contemptible deevil, gin ye aroose me, I'll pit ye past haim o' thegether. I'll take the win' oot o' ye're sails. I'll pass the ward tae the Fairty tae advocate Protection—tae threep that it's the true course. What will ye dae then?

SIR JOHN.—(*Aside—By Jupiter, the rascal might too*)—GEORGE, I am well aware that you are prepared to do anything. But to make your supporters admit that they have for years knowingly advocated a false policy—that they have been and are, in fact, either the greatest fools or knaves in existence—why, you should reflect, GEORGE, that other people have scruples.

G. B.—Scruples be hangit. I'll dae it.

SIR JOHN.—It's his only chance.

(*Scene closes.*)



Bunce

“ LET US HAVE PEACE ! ”

OR, THE BEST WAY TO END THE “PROCESSION” DIFFICULTY.

The City Engineer.

It was a City Engineer,
Who passed the road along,
And thought—Myself am useless here ;
I do the city wrong.

I draw considerable pay,
Expensive staff I keep ;
But they and I must go away,
Or we shall go to sleep.

No doubt, there's plenty we could do,
If money were but here ;
But they and I are idle too,
Until it does appear.

But yet a gleam of hope I see,
Though gone the cash in store,
This always is the remedy,
Proceed to borrow more.

He said unto the Councilmen,
"I do at present need
Two hundred thousand dollars—then
Your street work shall proceed.

Please borrow it." That Council, though,
Did glance askance at him,
And answered with decided "No!"
And looked exceeding grim.

Then homeward went the Engineer,
Full sad he was to view,
And to his staff he said, "I fear,
The work we cannot do."

But GRIP says to the Councilmen,
"Don't do the work by half.
If cash you have not got, why then
Keep on so large a staff?"

Conversation on the Turkish Question.

SCENE.—A club room in London. PRESENT.—Two British Diplomats.

FIRST DIPLOMATIST.—Is it not remarkably strange that nothing which was expected to check the Russians turns up?

SECOND D.—Nothing expected ever does turn up. It is the unexpected which happens.

F. D.—But we were certain Austria would not allow Russia to acquire such preponderating power as the acquisition of Turkey would give her.

S. D.—Not unless she is paid for it.

F. D.—Paid for it! What *can* you mean? And then Russia! Who ever supposed she would stand by and acquiesce in Russia's acquirement of the enormous additional strength the possession of Turkey will give the Moscovites?

S. D.—Not unless *she* is paid for it.

F. D.—Pray explain. What *can* pay them? What do you mean?

S. D.—My dear sir, you have often heard it remarked that Britons did not know when they were beaten? Well, they are beaten now and do not know it.

F. D.—As I said before, pray explain.

S. D.—If you will be good enough to believe—what was told you by spies who had never deceived you with false intelligence—the Russo-Turkish war is but the first move on the checker-board. The triple alliance in which you refused to believe is a fact which even you have no excuse for doubting. I defy you in all the occurrences of the two past years to find one ground for doubting its existence. For example, you know Germany has no reason to fear an attack from France as yet? Yet whenever we have pressed her to interfere with Russia's movements, you know fear of France has excused non-compliance?

F. D.—I allow that. Prussia *must* have deceived us there.

S. D.—And Austria? When we have urged her to move, poverty was the alleged cause of delay. You know a declaration of intention would have cost nothing, and would have been effectual.

F. D.—I cannot deny that she is evidently playing a double game.

S. D.—Believe this. As soon as Turkey is Russophized—a not difficult task, for three-fourths of her subjects are so at present in heart—you will see the payment of the other powers commence.

F. D.—Again I say, explain.

S. D.—Russia, Prussia and Austria will divide Europe between them. We may stay on our island, if they let us. But torpedoes are likely to play the deuce with our wooden—or rather iron—walls.

F. D.—I cannot think such dreadful events possible.

S. D.—People never learn by history. Think of what the last hun-

dred—the last fifty—the last twenty years has shewn possible. Think of the propositions made to England by NICHOLAS—to Austria and Russia by the first NAPOLEON—to England by the third NAPOLEON. Think of what was done—done by civilized quiet gentlemen, sitting at ease as we are now. Why will people, who know the life of empires but a record of strange occurrences, think strange occurrences impossible?

F. D.—Well, what do you think really *will* occur?

S. D.—Austria will get Italy, and revive the glories of the Papacy. Prussia will take Denmark and the small central states such as Belgium and Holland. Russia will have Turkey in Europe, and press onwards to Turkey in Asia.

F. D.—And France? And England?

S. D.—France will see some more provinces go after Alsace and Lorraine if she says anything. England will get leave to stay where she is, if she says nothing.

F. D.—Good Heavens! Can such things be possible? And nobody here seems to apprehend it!

S. D.—Nobody apprehended the deluge—or the French Revolution—or the Indian Mutiny—or Sedan. Here in England we have a something—a bee in our bonnet—which blinds us to a good deal. It is called conceit.

F. D.—I must go out and walk. Positively my nerves are jarred. I hope you are mistaken, though the facts seem with you.

(Scene closes.)

The Toronto Tavern-Keeper's Soliloquy.

There was a man,

His name was JOB. Dare not to mention JOB,
Or think of him, or calculate, or hint.

Suggest, or any supposition make

Which would presume his patience ever had

Been tested as has mine. Behold my kegs,

My bottles and my vicker-covered jugs.

Think of what lies below, my cellar full

Of barrel and of hoghead, row on row,

Of aquavitæ strong, and GOODERHAM'S

Most choicest Malt Extract; the beer of BASS,

The ale of SEVERN and of CARLING great,

The sherry and the port—these last perhaps,

Dearest to me of all—my children both

Work of my hands—home-manufactured here

Within my cellar walls, and cheapest too

Of all—think of them all, and think what I

Must suffer here a thousand times a day,

When I bat glance their road. That fatal day,

The Sixth of August—by that fatal eve

They are of value and of worth as now,

Or they are next to naught. The DUNKIN Act—

Oh name, of fearful and of dread import!

May pass, and what befalls? I cannot sell,

I cannot then export, and all my stock,

My barrels and my bottles, and my all,

Yea, all my pretty ones, may be as things

Once good as gold, but then as useless dross

And cumberers of the soil. What can I do?

I haunt the Amphitheatre, and hear

DONIS make a speech, which straight convinces me

My stock is value still; and then comes out

DEWART or DYMOND, POTTS or HUNTER, or

Some other of the screaming ones who haunt

The rostrum in the eve, and quick my heart,

By their denunciations inly shook,

Falls to the depths again, and I would sell

My stock and license for the smallest sum

A stock has ever brought. I dread the *Globe*,

It darkens all my soul. I read the *Mail*,

A ray of gladness flashes through the gloom.

I am myself again. O voting day,

Come fast and end this wild uncertainty,

Or changing doubt will make an end of me.

Scene in Toronto.

TRAMP (*big, fat, and strong*).—Can you give me a bite to eat?

PROPRIETOR OF HOUSE.—Why don't you go to work?

T. (*who looks as if he didn't like work*).—None in town.

P.—Plenty, at this season, in the country. Plenty of farmers glad to have you. I do not give to tramps. People must learn that those who will not work cannot eat.

T.—If folks talk like that they'll soon find lots of burglary and murder around.

P.—We shall know how to put that down. Be off.

T. (*Going out of gate*).—"Put it down." Just like the blamed old country. (*Exit*) [*Fact.*]

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

ST. THOMAS WARD, a detached or semi-detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1,800.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

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OF THE
"DUNKIN ACT."

All persons who are willing to assist, either by their personal services, or by granting the use of their conveyances to aid in carrying on the work of polling in favour of the "Dunkin Act," will be kind enough to communicate at once with the undersigned, and state the nature of such services or assistance, and the time or times at which the same will be available.

Box 979. **JOHN T. MOORE,**
Secretary.

BOARD AND LODGING. A FEW
gentlemen can be accommodated with good board and pleasant rooms; also day board, at 49 Richmond St., East.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 15th June, 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-64f

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS
letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

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198 & 200 Yonge Street,

IMMENSE STOCK OF
NEW SPRING GOODS

NOW ON HAND.

All the different widths, sizes and half sizes Largest variety as to style quality and price in the City.

W. WEST & CO.

Marlborough House,
UNION RAILWAY STATION,
Cor. Front and Simcoo Sts., Toronto.

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M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.

N.B.—Omnibus free.

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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

which is

One Door West of the Post Office.

Where he is prepared to execute all Orders, from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

RATES:

100 Cards, (one name, one style type), 75 cents.
50 " " " " 50 "
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Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

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SAMPLES OF TYPE

FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

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6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.