

Aug 3

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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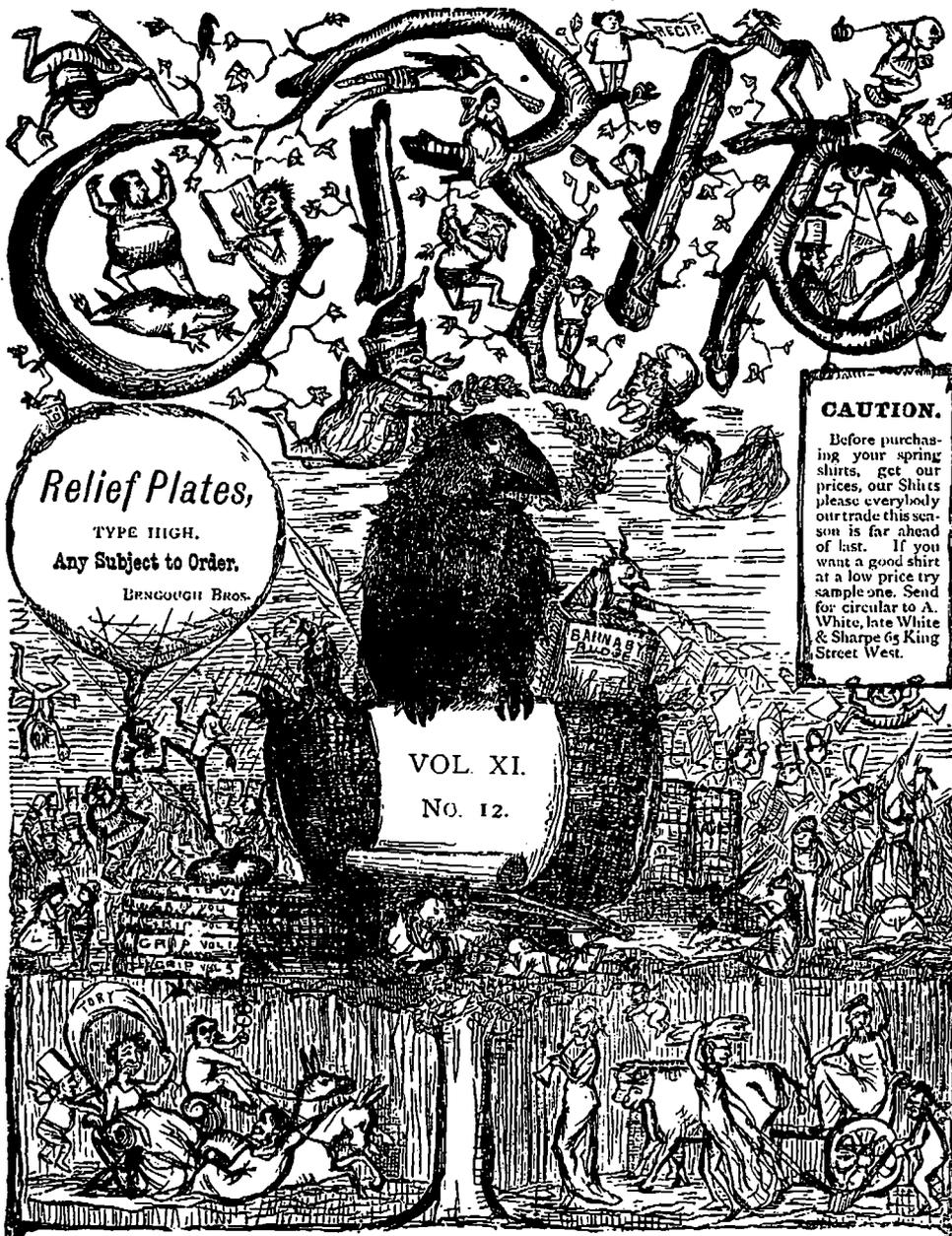
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VOL. XI.
No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

GRIP OFFICE,
IMPERIAL BUILDING.

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

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TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.—During the Season of 1878, commencing on the first day of June, the Steamer

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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.

Extraordinary inducements are offered to excursion parties. Sunday Schools wishing to hold their festivals at Mimico Grove, Oakville etc., can get full particulars on application. All trips from Custom House Wharf, foot of Yonge St., calling at Queen's Wharf. Further information at the office on wharf.

C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

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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xi-ti-3m.

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GRIP.

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, 10TH AUGUST, 1878.

The Guardian and His Boys.

GRIP has made a picture this week of an affecting little incident which lately transpired in the political world, viz., the venerable Reform Guardian gently but firmly leading his little boys away from the evil association of the National Amphitheatre.

It appears that these little M. P.'s, DYMOND, BLAIN, MACDONALD and METCALF, had witnessed some of the performances of the great wizard, Prof. JOHN A., and had expressed a large amount of contempt for the same, saying that they could go up on the platform and easily show how the tricks were done. This came to the ears of the manager of the show, and he sent those little boys word that they would be welcome to come before the audience and expose the professor's illusions, if they thought they could do so. But when their guardian, the *Globe*, heard of it, he at once forbade them to accept the challenge. "Na, na," said he, "dinna' hae anything to do wi' yon wicket Wizard, an' his abomecable treeks. See to the fate o' my puir bairns JURY an' VENNEL, wham I allooed tae gang on the platform! When they gaed they were baith braw workin' men, wi' clear heeds an' common-sense, but the Wizard an' his imps transformat them intil dolts, by speerin' at them wi' questions an' howlins an' interruptions an' a' that! They wad do the same wi' you. They woul'dna gie you a hearing, ava."

Then the little boys meekly and dutifully walked away hand in hand with their guardian, and left the big crowd in the Amphitheatre to indulge in laughter at their timidity. And GRIP, who perched upon the flag-staff over the chairman's head, couldn't help joining in the chorus of reproach, for he thought the boys and their guardian had no right to come to such a conclusion without giving the matter a trial.

Grip Moralizes.

Which should I blame—our manners or our men?
Which lies most open to the critic pen?
If tyrant custom force poor mortals wrong,
Who do but stray where others wandered long—
What then?—they made the custom you deplore.
Not they, good sir, but those who lived before.
Change it, you say; but who should teach them so?
Those who decry the path upon it go.
MERCATUS seizes all he can in trade,
It was the way his firm their money made,
LEXATOR of the courts ne'er tells the truth,
A former lawyer trained him while a youth,
To preach, not to practice BLANCHECRATTE is known.
What then?—he does not wish to stand alone,
Say JACK the Alderman has money won,
In Council—they would laugh if he'd made none,
The member takes the bribe that others do,
The Speaker thinks that he must do it too,
'Tis but a step—in Parliament shall stand
The fat contractor—purchase in his hand,
Another step—the judge shall soon decide
In favour of the better paying side,
What's honour?—do the right and keep your word,
But custom says, "Those things are never heard
Of now, or heard, are thought to be the rules
Of obsolete or antiquated fools.
Nay, use the habit of the present day,
Get all you can, and never mind the way,
Keep faith if it be politic—if not,
Let truth, and faith and honour go to pot."
GRIP will not say the thing he'd have you do,
But thinks the times are rather bad—don't you?

EVERYBODY has read that Lord BEACONSFIELD lately spoke of Mr. GLADSTONE as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." It is not so generally known that GLADSTONE was going to reply that DISRAELI was a "Pragmatical plenipotentiary obfuscated with the phantasmagorical demonstration of his own superabundant unconstitutionality and the Bedlamitic effervescence of superficial Charing Cross acclamation," only he had a gum boil and thought it better to restrain himself.

Telegram Tactics.

THE *Telegram* has worked itself into a rage over the Separate Schools troubles. At present it feels quite in the humour of beheading Archbishop LYNCH, but being restrained by fear of the police from carrying out this murderous passion literally, it contents itself with decapitating the Archbishop in print—it calls him Mr. LYNCH. Thus, with one masterly stroke of the pen, the *Telegram* man annihilates all the dignities which it has cost its victim the labour of a life time to earn. Arch-bishop, bishop, Vicar-general, dean, priest,—all these gradations are swept away in an instant, and Mr. LYNCH is set back to the humble position he occupied when a mere school-boy—at least thirty years of his life ruthlessly chalked off. GRIP protests against the *Telegram* man taking people's lives, or parts thereof, in this manner. Plain Mr. LYNCH! How must he weep at seeing all his titles vanish! And it was only done to make him feel bad, but the *Telegram* man should not do to others as he wouldn't be done by. Now how would he like it, if GRIP lopped the ornamental JOHN ROSS off, and always alluded to him as FIFTEENCENT SO-AND-SO?

The Excursion.

Oh, let us now some pleasure take,
And let us go upon the lake,
Where white-topped waves so gaily break,
Along with the excursion.

The breeze is blowing brisk and fair,
And everyone is crowding there,
That in the pleasure they may share
Proposed by the excursion.

What luncheon baskets heave in sight,
Crammed reticules of black and white,
They're bound they'll have an appetite
Along with the excursion.

The time is up—the whistles blow,
The cable's loosed, and off we go,
They beat the drum—the bugles blow
Aboard of the excursion.

They cleave the waters sparkling bright,
And every heart is beating light,
Alas, they may become ere night
Quite sick of the excursion.

Returning, oh, the sea is rough,
And dulcet tones grow rather gruff,
Alas, they think they've had enough
Of going on excursion.

No more the steamer smoothly glides,
She rolls, she pitches, and she slides,
And plays the deuce with their insides
Who went on the excursion.

Behold them coming back at night,
Damp, draggled, pale, a woeful sight,
They're all in miserable plight
Who went on the excursion.

It's odd but true, they feel next day,
The better for it, and they say
They'd like to go again away
Upon a fresh excursion.

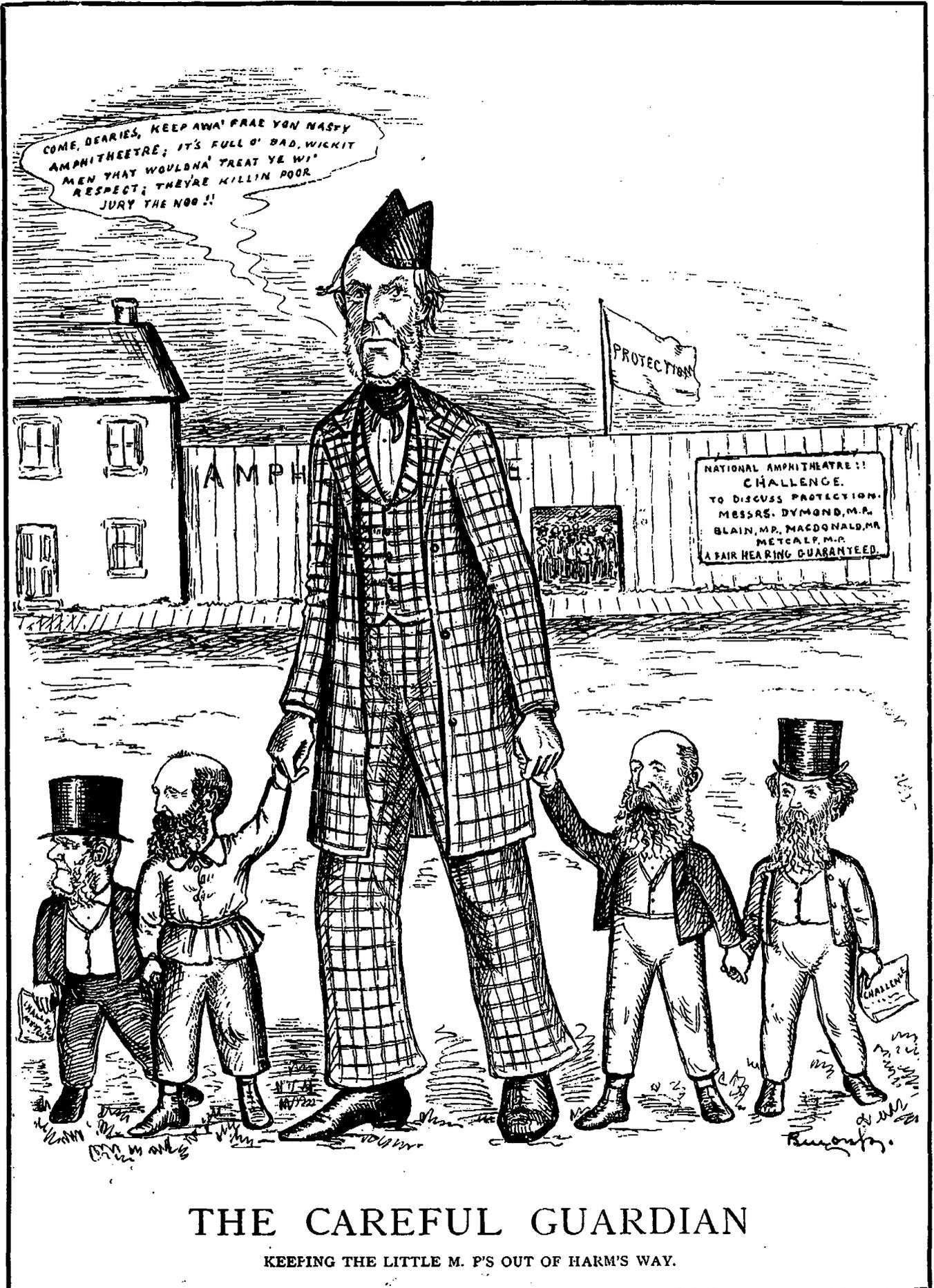
A Frank Confession.

In the local column of the Markham *Economist* (a clear Grit journal) we read:

"Drifting with the Tide," a very popular song, at the *Economist* office."

Now, this is what we Conservatives have been saying all along, that these Grits, with the outrageous CARTWRIGHT at their head, are sitting on their miserable Free Trade plank, and drifting with the tide of hard times to the great ocean of ruin. But we didn't suppose they gloried in their miserable indolence until we learned that "Drifting with the Tide" was a very popular song amongst them. No doubt it is sung at all the Grit newspaper offices throughout the Dominion.

THE *Globe* chronicles the fact that a certain cat (name unknown) was pelted to death by hail-stones while scooting across a yard last Sunday,—literally killed before she knew what hailed her.



THE CAREFUL GUARDIAN

KEEPING THE LITTLE M. P'S OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Dramatics at the Amphitheatre.

GRIP is authorised to state that the Dramatic performance given at the National Amphitheatre on Thursday night, and which is to be repeated this evening, has no political significance whatever. *The Drunkard* is not a dramatised version of the *Hansard* Report of the last session at Ottawa, and the principal character is not an adaptation of DONALD A SMITH, JOHN A. MACDONALD or TUPPER'S GOOSE CAMPBELL. This explanation is necessary, because it is altogether likely that the *Globe* will seize upon the circumstance, and point out a great many analogies which will readily occur to its partisan mind between the incidents in the House and those of this play. GRIP is authorised to assure the public, that the after-piece, *Turn him out!* has no reference whatever to Mr. ALEX. MACKENZIE, although the *Mail* may assert the contrary. The Dramatic Company wish it to be known that they have not been engaged by the U. E. Club to produce these pieces, regardless of expense, with a view to helping along the election excitement. They are an independent, non-political, non-partisan, teetotal constellation of amateur artists, admission to all parts of the yard, 15 cents. On Monday night, the regular stock company will re-appear, when the emotional play of "*Protect the Poor Workingman*," will be produced, with Mr. W. H. FRAZER in the title role, after which the great wizard will appear in a few more of his political illusions, the whole to conclude with the new and popular burlesque entitled, "*Trial by JURY; or the Horny Handed Son of Toil Struggling with the Cat-Call*."

The Ubiquitous.

I'm here—I'm there, I'm everywhere,
There's nowhere that I'm not,
I've visited the Russian bear,
On Cotopaxi got.

I'm seen on every Paris street
In every square of Rome,
In Venice me you paddling meet
And everywhere at home.

At home, where not a little chap
Can fall upon the floor,
But presently with double rap
You hear me at the door.

And not a housewife can suppose
A burglar has been nigh,
But straightway she my presence knows
To ask the reason why.

From fire to fire I rushing fly,
From fuss to fuss I run,
To get the item none but I
Must be the number one.

I use the pencils nearly all
By pencil makers made
A press reporter folks me call
And now you know my trade.

And if you mean your life to end,
Or something do that's grand,
O, couldn't you a notice send
That I may be on hand?

The Prophecy.

"The freedom of the city," DIZZY said,
"They gave that I in diplomacy beat
Old GORTSCHAKOFF." Cool GLADSTONE shook his head,
"Twill give you soon the freedom of the street."

A PHILANTHROPIC citizen of Memphis has just wedded a Miss Hoss. He doubtless took her for wheel or whoa. —*St. Louis Journal*.
Haw! Haw! Gee-whittiker! what a joke.

THE *Telegram* tells us that "a streak of lightning struck St. Michael's belfry, and after proceeding down the front part of the building, burst open all the doors and disappeared." The impudence of the streak, in opening so many doors to go out at, when one would have done, and probably not shutting them after it, was extreme, but its disappearing is a most unusual thing. It must be about some vile business to hide itself in this manner. Had not the *Telegram* editor better be commissioned to look after the streak, and give it in charge of the police—when he catches it?



A DISSIPATED DOG.—One who tarries long at the wine.—*Torch*.

THE *Lance* is dead. Did GRIP kill it?—*Markham Economist*.
These hands are clean.

A PINT of huckleberries on the bush is better than two pints on the table: but they don't contain so many dead flies.—*Herald*.

IT is better to praise a man to his face than to blackguard him behind his back.—*Erratic Enriquet*.

Why? Did he hit you very hard, Mr. *Enriquet*?

YOU may live in a basement and yet not live in abasement.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Truc, and you may be an ice person and yet not live in an ice house.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who hasn't with composure said
that he personally beheld the very largest hailstone that fell during the great storm.

Here nestles little Jim,
A measles wrestled him
And modified his tiny little system;
Then other measles followed,
Much medicine he swallowed
And that is how it happened that we missed 'im.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A fashionable dressmaker gives the most satisfaction when she makes a miss-fit.—*St. John Torch*. And a printer thinks he's doing right when he makes a miss-print.—*Greenwich Observer*. As when he prints misserable puns, for instance.

THE *N. American* speaks of Kearney as a "labourer who works dreadfully hard with his tongue." The *Bulletin* wants Kearney, who is an Irishman, to explain why he has a better right to this country than a Chinaman. Ask him an easier one.

THE LANDLADY'S WIT.

"Aw—sweets to the sweet," said the boarding-house swell,
As the sugar he passed to the landlady's daughter;
Receiving a gracious response from the belle
As she daintily sweetened the faintly-tinged water.

But the landlady viewed his attention with scorn—
"No sugar for her for his board in arrear;
Now he'd take off her daughter, and leave her forlorn;
Thought she: "I will give him a flea in his ear."

So, dissembling her wrath, she laid hold of a dish:
"Mr. Bilkins, you don't seem to heartily eat;
Here's something you'll find very nice with that fish,—
'Twill suit you exactly,—beets to the beat!"

—*Finuel Briggs, in St. John Torch*.

THE *N.Y. Star* is just now being congratulated upon beating the other Sunday papers in the matter of being delivered first at Saratoga on recent occasions—relays of horses being provided from Albany to that summer resort. Such enterprises must tell.—*Norr. Herald*.

It must, relay.

A "Woman's Greenback Club," has been organized at Vineland, N. J. This club is not a broomstick painted green. The women have resolved to do no more marketing on a less sum than a dollar greenback. Their husbands have been in the habit of giving them fifty or seventy-five cents to purchase marketing for a family of six.—*Norr. Herald*.

We have not wings; we cannot soar;
But we have feet whereby to climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The steep declivities of Time.

—*Luther G. Riggs*.

Go quick, oh author of this rhyme,
And knock at DARWIN'S study door,
Show him the feet whereby you climb—
Those are the links he's looking for!

GRIP acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of Senator MACPHERSON'S Pamphlet, which it will afford him much pleasure to read as soon as the hot wave, now on its way here, arrives. He may not have space to give the pamphlet anything like a general review, but expects to find in it a good many *bon mots* with which he may enrich his columns under the head of *The Joker Club*.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
BARRIE RECATTA

—ON—
AUGUST 12 and 13.

Excursion via Grand Trunk and Hamilton and North-western Railways.

This new and popular route to Barrie is now in first-class order, steel rails the entire distance, passing through the fine country between Georgetown and Barrie recently opened up by Railway to all parts of the Dominion. The champion oarsman of America, HANLAN, will row in the races on 12th August. Other celebrated oarsmen will also be present, and compete for the prizes. Special excursion train will leave Union Station, Toronto, at 6:30 a.m., August 12, calling at intermediate stations to Georgetown. Returning leave Barrie 6:30 p.m. Tickets to go and return by this excursion train, only \$2.00. Tickets by ordinary trains will be issued valid from Saturday, Aug. 10, to return up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 14, at single fare, \$2.00, for double journey. Regular trains leave Union Station at 7:30 a.m., and 3:45 p.m., daily, Sundays excepted. Take the new route, and see the resources of the fertile townships through which it passes.

JOSEPH HICKSON, Gen. Manager.



Canadian Pacific Railway

To Capitalists & Contractors.

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-qt

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON
American Invoices until further notice.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

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.—*Disraeli.*

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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Key to Teacher,	20
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Phrase Book,	30
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60

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50 " " " " 50 "
100 " " " " 75 "

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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Miss Maggie Thompson

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6
William Arthur Crawford.

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(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type) \$1.50.
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Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type), 50 cents.
50 " " " " 75 "
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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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