

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

**Grip** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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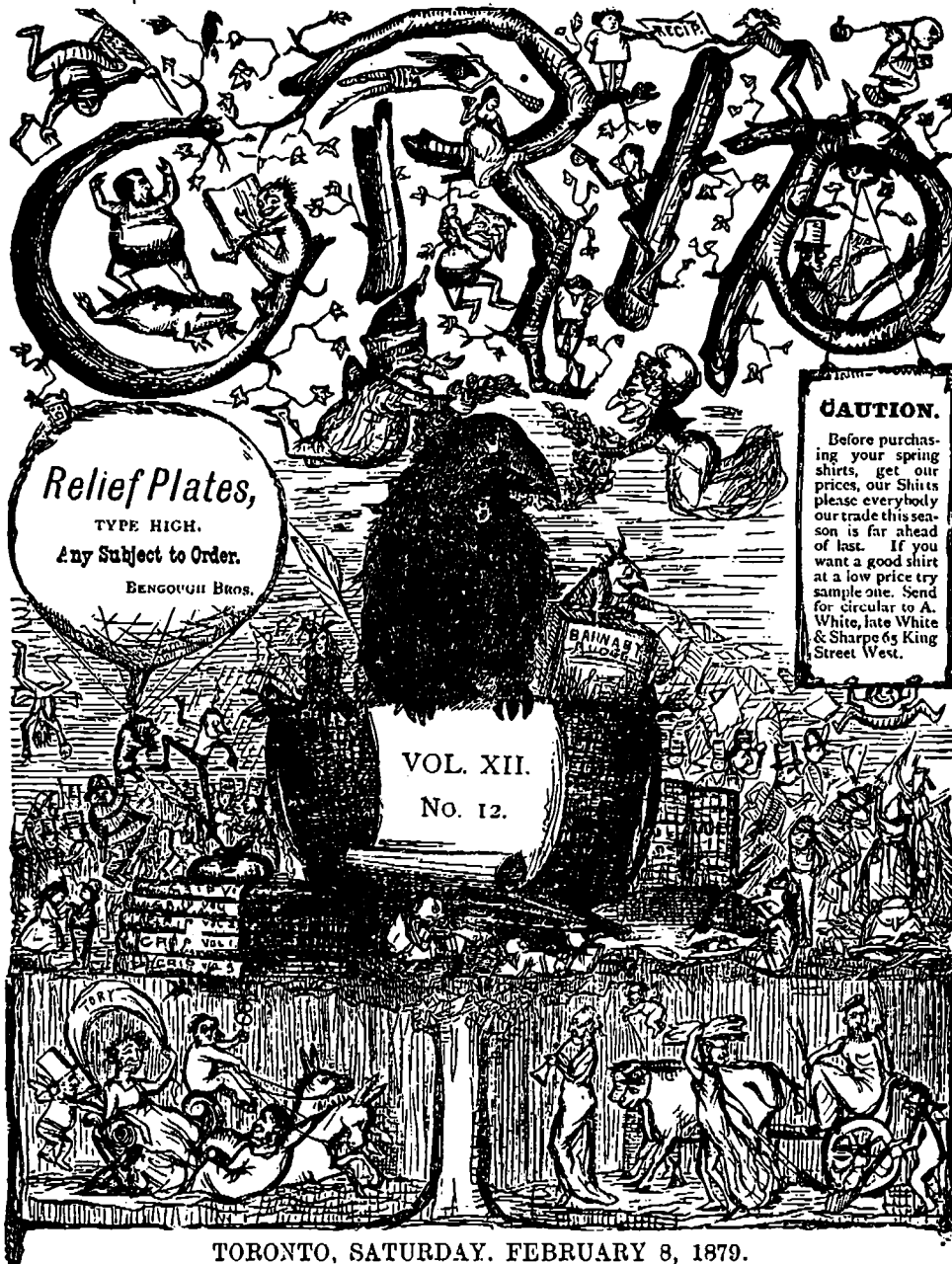
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

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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 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, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

**NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

**The Rascalind.**

Thy sharpest numbers now my Muse prepare,  
Time that they should reverberate in air,  
Till all shall ring again, for rascals throng,  
And GRIP must lay his cutting lash along  
Their brawny backs, with stolen victual fat,  
What, dare you show your face? Now, Sir, take that!  
And that, and that! Ha! do you writhe and yell,  
And ask your crime? You know, but GRIP shall tell:  
You're in the law and should the pillar be,  
And strong resource of wronged humanity,  
Widow and orphan injured should repair  
To you, secure of full assistance there;  
To help the honest, to expose the cheat,  
Fair Probity to aid against Deceit,  
Should be your aim; but is it? Let them say,  
The records of your court for many a day.

No, every day the plunderer's brazen face  
Before those courts appears, and you disgrace  
Yourself by backing every paltry job  
He plans. Why?—He can pay if he can rob.  
And he can rob if you can keep him clear,  
And give him chance again of coming here  
With yet more fees. GRIP speaketh not  
Of common thief by stern policeman caught,  
Not such your game—nay, if a merchant break  
By fraud, you aid him safely off to take  
His booty. If a bank have swallowed all  
Its creditors, on you the swindlers call  
To save and share the sum. No rogue so vile  
But he shall win from your condoning smile,  
If his retainers and refreshers be  
But prompt and full. To him you mildly say—  
"Your actions have been—rough—but 'tis the way  
Of many people, it is often done.  
Why should you shun what they don't care to shun?—  
Our most respectables, who houses great  
Inhabit, and live there in ease and state  
On what they gained before—and gained it by  
Such things as you have done—'tween you and I.  
What? get you off, Sir?—yes, there is no pain  
But I shall take, nor point but I will strain  
To do it. Thank you, Sir; you need not fear.  
A hundred dollars, did you say, is here?"

No, no—though every gowmsman disagree,  
GRIP says no chance for such as this should be,  
Though BROUGHAM may the shameful statement make  
That counsel may do wrong for client's sake,  
Though law and lawyers precedents may hold,  
By lawyers framed that lawyers might have gold,  
Though they may shameless hold each counsel bound  
To aid each rascal who his door hath found,  
And who can pay his fee—no matter though  
The victim of his advice lay below  
With knife in throat,—or that half the land  
Felt poverty through his embezzling hand,  
No; though in face of precedent you fly,  
If honest, you assistance must deny;  
Each knave set free but lets one villain more  
Loose to plan worse than he did before,  
And Law, to give the oppressed rescue meant,  
Is made the oppressor's strongest instrument.

AN item is going the rounds about an Ohio man who kept silence for thirty years. Nothing strange about that. Many men who are good speakers at home are striken dumb when sent to Parliament. Tell us of a woman who kept silent for one year if you want us to wonder.

**An Eastern Incident in the Travels of Grip.**

The day was hot beyond all possibility, and the incessant jolting of the camel (I had bought him at Cairo for a thousand piasters; he would not fetch five cents at GRAND'S) racked my brain like a speech by TUPPER.

I was about to remark, for the last five hundred miles, I will do it now and at once. I hereby declare this camel goes not one pace (three and a half yards) further before I fulfil my intentions of stating to my reader— But by my great walkingstick (I hope that rascally Greek who dropped it in Vesuvius will catch it in Hades)—it had an image of Copernicus on its head worth all Athens—there are the Pacific Scandal Cabinet going to grab the National Policy spoils—or at least there are thirteen vultures scenting a carcass—some honest mule always oblivious that his life merely tended to fill those cormorants' greasy pouches—like the poor Protection apostles,—I will give any respectable person five pounds, or my note renewable for ever, to tell me what I was going to say.

I have caught it—(not that insect, Sir; a very respectable insect with —by his eye—a tendency to habitual intoxication; but he intended to puncture my nose, and I crushed him into—into—I would give the world for a simile). No, Sir, what I caught—mentally caught—was my great opinion on speech-making, which I am now about to deliver.

Your successful orator, Sir, (plague on that carbine-stock to hit my inoffensive knee-bone such a deuce of a rap; and I will make affidavit the patella is cracked; and I believe I will cut the thing loose and drop it; DINGO lied; there are no robbers; and anyway I had rather lose my money than my peace of mind; and if they stole my money as unscrupulously as the U. E. club policies, there's this excuse, neither could get either without; and moreover I have more left)—Your orator, Sir, in short to please the mob, must go up and down like this camel, every sentence beginning with truth, sailing gradually along through twenty words,—or I'll give him forty—of undeniabilities—now you observe he has their confidence—then, Sir, he launches into the doubtful ten words—he goes further, he soars into the untruthful—ten words; perhaps he had better close the period; no; he rises superb into the false, ten words, comes down again and commences afresh. And if he can continue for half an hour, keep to the popular view, and keep it out of the papers, I warrant he catches some votes in constituencies I wot of.

But I was telling you what happened yesterday. Under three palm trees, amid the verdure of an oasis, I observed a dervish. As I approached, he uttered loud and piercing cries, and I saw that he was throwing ashes on his head, and tearing his garments. I accosted him politely, and begged to know whether I could assist him. Completing with one twist the demolition of his turban, and splitting his only remaining sleeve, he said:—

"Believe not, O Wanderer of the Wilderness, that thou art unknown to me. That radiating eye; that prominent nose, belong to One alone. Thou art GRIP, the Stay of the Universe, the Joy of Civilization, the Delight of Canada, and the lessee of our office on Adelaide street."

"Without prejudice," said I, "or admitting that I am anybody of the rather odd name you mention, which might be unpleasant, for there's no knowing who's who round here, and I met an awful looking fellow of a Turk just now with a stomach three yards round, nine feet high, and with whiskers spreading like a red sunset, and a deuce of a thing in his hand like either a great blunderbuss or a big steel pen, passing me like a very fury, vociferating something I took to be a war-cry, like "Hooreyetheday?" and when I stared at him in fright, going off roaring to himself, "He'sjoostanidigt!" and—

"Blessed art thou among Wanderers, for that thou hast escaped him," cried the dervish. "Lo, he is the vile Genii MACPHERSON, the Terror of the Desert, and the Destroyer of Combinations—"

"And pray, Sir," said I, mildly regarding him, and eating a date (I had plucked them in passing the ruins of Babylon) "who are you?"

"I am MOVAT," he shrieked, "the Son of Confederation, and the Father of the Local. I lived in peace and happiness, by the cool fountains of Toronto, in the shaded courts of the Legislature. That wicked Genii passing threw an oyster-shell at me—a large one, Pamphlet brand. It struck my left eye, and the vile enchanter has so medicated it that it has rendered me unable to notice anything he does. I am therefore at his mercy, and he will put me to death."

"If I might advise," said I, giving him a beautiful cluster of dates which he immediately pitched into his ash-heap, "get some one to shy a bigger shell at him."

"Alas, alas," he groaned, pulling his last cummerbund to fragments, "none of my adherents are skilled in oyster-throwing."

"Receive the Blessing of the Wanderer," said I, going off, or rather being gone off with by this camel, "and get some one who is not an adherent."

SIR JOHN has prohibited the importation of American cattle. He seems bound not to take calfway measures with the Opposition until they are completely cowed. He will henceforth steer clear of the U. S. although he may make a bull of it. All this trouble about our cattle trade came of mixing sick Texas animals with healthy Canadian ones. Let JOHN A. make a note of this for it may ruin our Civil Service too, to admit diseased American ideas into our hitherto sound British arrangements.



### SCENE FROM THE (FARMER'S) MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEMETRIUS—*Sir John A.*

HELENA—*Miss Agriculture.*

DEM.—I LOVE THEE NOT, THEREFORE PURSUE ME NOT! \* \* \* I'LL RUN FROM THEE AND HIDE ME IN THE BRAKES, AND LEAVE THEE TO THE MERCY OF WILD BEASTS.—*Shakespeare.*

### The Lyall Family.

From the Archives of Canadian History.

By DR. GONOFF.

Author of "The Life of VON SHOULTZ;" "The windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chattegoway;" "Buckwheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old Regime;" "The old vet;" etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.

After the tent was pitched, and the canoe hauled ashore, the weary voyageurs stretched themselves on the tarpaulin, which with a substratum of hemlock boughs, made a very comfortable mattress. "I think, said ULYSSES, "that I've gone about far enough West. It's a fine looking country here. To-morrow we had better take a look around and see how the locality will suit us." "All right," said DAVIN. "In the morning we'll explore the surroundings; I think from the smoke that I discerned curling up among the trees that we will likely have neighbours." At this moment they were considerably astonished to hear the sound of female voices in their close proximity. In the quiet air they could make out a great deal of the subject of their talk. "Oh JEMIMA," exclaimed one of the speakers, "I suppose the boat is lost for good, and your fault too; couldn't refrain from flirting with young Mr. JONES, leaving the skiff to take care of itself; and now I suppose we'll have to walk home. Well, did you find the boat?" she asked as three fashionable appearing young gentlemen came in view. "I'm sorry to say, no," said one of them, "we've walked up and down the river for miles but no traces of her." "Oh Mr. JONES," exclaimed the ladies, (there were three of them) "what shall we do?" "Well," answered Mr. JONES, "we'll have to make the best of it. I've torn my Ulster nearly into ribbons already forcing my way through the brambles," this he said laughingly, though a close observer could see he was inwardly touched by the mutilation of his favorite garment. The speaker was a fine looking youth of some nine and twenty summers, clad in the costume of the period—a seal-skin cap of majestic proportions, a pair of spotless "cords," eye-glass, cigarette case and the beforementioned graceful Ulster (built by SAUNDERS, and sent per dog express down the ice of Ontario the past winter) completed his costume at once elegant and comfortable. "By my Halilame, fair ladies," he exclaimed as he felt in the direction of his heart to assure himself that his pocket pistol (which all young gentlemen of that time carried as some do even to this day), was not lost, "I see we're in for it, and our only chance is to secure the canoe hauled out there on the bank. I saw one of the Indians just now go into the tent, and they all doubtless will soon be sound asleep; we can easily send the canoe back in the morning, and solace the owners with a bottle of rum. It would be a good joke on Schneider! what do all say?" To this scheme the gentlemen at once assented; not so the ladies. "Oh JOHANNES," murmured the fair JEMIMA, lately rebuked by her elder sister, "should those dreadful Indians awake what horrid consequences may ensue?" "Fear not, dearest," was the reply; "know you that while up for term in Toronto I attended the Gymnasium, and took lessons in the noble art from Professor ANDREWS. We're good for a couple of wigwams full of Injuns, if they give us any "chin" we'll clean them out before you can say oh! with your mouth open; that's the sort of clothes pins we are! so, fairest, give thyself a rest!" After looking (behind a tree) to his "pistol" he motioned the party to where the canoe rested on the beach.

#### The Vision.

It wasn't a dream, and you musn't scream, but something came to me,  
'Twas the dead of night and all darkness quite when I did that something see.

It opened the door and it stood on the floor and its visage was horrid  
and grim,  
Of the Fiend below then I thought you know, for I couldn't help thinking  
of him.

Its colour was blue of a lurid hue; it was six or seven feet high,  
But what frightened me most in this terrible ghost was his horrible burning  
eye.  
For it seemed to me in his stomach to be, while the scorching flame  
thercin,  
Which occasioned my fright lit the room with its light, till you almost  
could pick up a pin.

Then the works that I'd done I thought of one by one, and of all the  
bad things that I'd said,  
And deep misgivings had I must be very bad, since they sent him before  
I was dead.  
Then he flourished a club while his hoofs rub a dub crunched with devil-  
ish sound on the floor,  
And he said unto me "The night watchman I be, come to say that  
you've not locked your door."

THE Dominion Board of Trade is respectfully informed that the Government is bored of trade.

### Health Bulletin.

DR. GRIP presents his compliments to an anxious public, and regrets that he cannot report any improvement in the political health of his unhappy patient GOLDWIN SMITH. On the contrary the Doctor observes with grief and distress, that the patient seems to be growing gradually worse. The symptoms have now put it beyond question that it is an aggravated case of mental dyspepsia. The stomach is so badly out of order, that the patient is unable to assimilate any of the food which healthy Canadians enjoy so much. The free institutions of the country, the political parties, the foreign relations, the national spirit, all of these things he rejects with expressions of disgust. The very plainest diet he finds it impossible to swallow; *Brown bread* being his especial abhorrence. At the same time the unfortunate sufferer is troubled with ridiculous visions whenever he attempts to take a moment's sleep. He imagines he sees the British Constitution falling in pieces, and DISRAELI being torn limb from limb by the British Lion in its death struggles; then he sees himself in the form of a Sarcastic Angel sweeping away the Canadian custom line, and handing over the Dominion to BEN BUTLER, while the editor of the *New York Nation* tears a recking scalp from the head of GEORGE BROWN. From these troubled naps he invariably wakes with a start, pained to realize that the visions are unfounded. Dr. GRIP would not have the anxious public suppose, however, that the case is utterly hopeless. The patient has just been relieved of a large quantity of bile (which may be found in the current number of *Rose-Belford's Monthly*) and it is not unlikely he may feel somewhat better before long.



WM. FLATTERY, who tried to murder his employer with an axe, must be the person spoken of as being "Base Flattery to call him a coward."

INSPECTOR HUGHES is in favour of drawing in schools. Still he must admit that every teacher should know how to draw, even if he should draw nothing else but his salary.

GREVV has been elected President of France, but if he had known about the intolerable puns that American papers have made on his name he would have reconsidered his rash step.

SPEAKING of the French President's resignation "McMAHON flushed a fiery red." Well, why shouldn't he? Is not he Duke of Magenta? He couldn't have flushed redder unless he was madder or Earl of Coch-eanal.

THE Guelph Town Council paid a visit to Sarnia to inspect its water-works. They might have known that water-works down hill, but perhaps Sarnia mixed something with the water that made investigation pleasant.

THE Licensed Victuallers Association want to keep their saloons open until 11 o'clock Saturday night. It is a shame that an oppressive Government will not allow these open hearted people to do what little they can to prepare people for the Sabbath.

A BY-LAW is to be submitted to the property owners of Waterloo in reference to granting \$2000 to a button factory. Then the battle of Waterloo will be fought at the polls on the question of "Burton, button, who's got the button." It may prove a button-hole for the money.

THE Governor General has invited the curling clubs of Canada to take a cup with him. He will give a cup to the best curling club. It is to be hoped that the contest will be postponed until next July when the weather will moderate somewhat, and people can view the affair with comfort.

GRIP is sorry the City Council refused to accommodate Ald. BAXTER by holding their meetings in the afternoon instead of the evening. Like a good family man as he is, Ald. BAXTER wishes to spend his nights at home. It is too bad that he cannot be permitted to do so; and, since the Aldermen in general will not change their hour to suit him, we wonder if they could not be induced to accept Ald. BAXTER'S resignation and put in some fellow who had no family. We believe the citizens in general would be willing to accommodate the worthy Alderman in that way.

THE meeting of the Dominion Millers' Association in this city lately was a great success. During the discussion of the protective duty, a great deal of flouxy language was used, and the argument almost ended in a regular mill. Some of the members wore rye faces, for the propositions advanced went against their grain. Short speeches were the order of the day; and while some members proved to be orators others were only middlings speakers. The *Globe* man took an oat of what transpired, and next day ground out a chaffy article thereon. 'Tis wheat to see the millers thus pleasantly barley with each other, and GRIP hopes every participant went away with some bran new ideas in his head.

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*Mrs. Thomas Jones.*

6

*William Arthur Crawford.*

7

*Miss Susie Wade.*

8

*Byron Tel. Scott.*

9

*William Shakespeare.*

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50 " " " " 75 " each.  
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**Canadian Pacific Railway**

The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is extended until noon on WEDNESDAY, January 15th, 1879.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections in British Columbia is extended until WEDNESDAY, the 12th of February, 1879.

For further information, apply at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa.

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }  
Ottawa, 13th Dec., 1878. }

**FURTHER EXTENSION OF TIME.**

Tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is further extended until noon of THURSDAY, the 30th day of January, 1879.

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }  
Ottawa, 7th Jan., 1879. }



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OTTAWA, May 15th, 1878.

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