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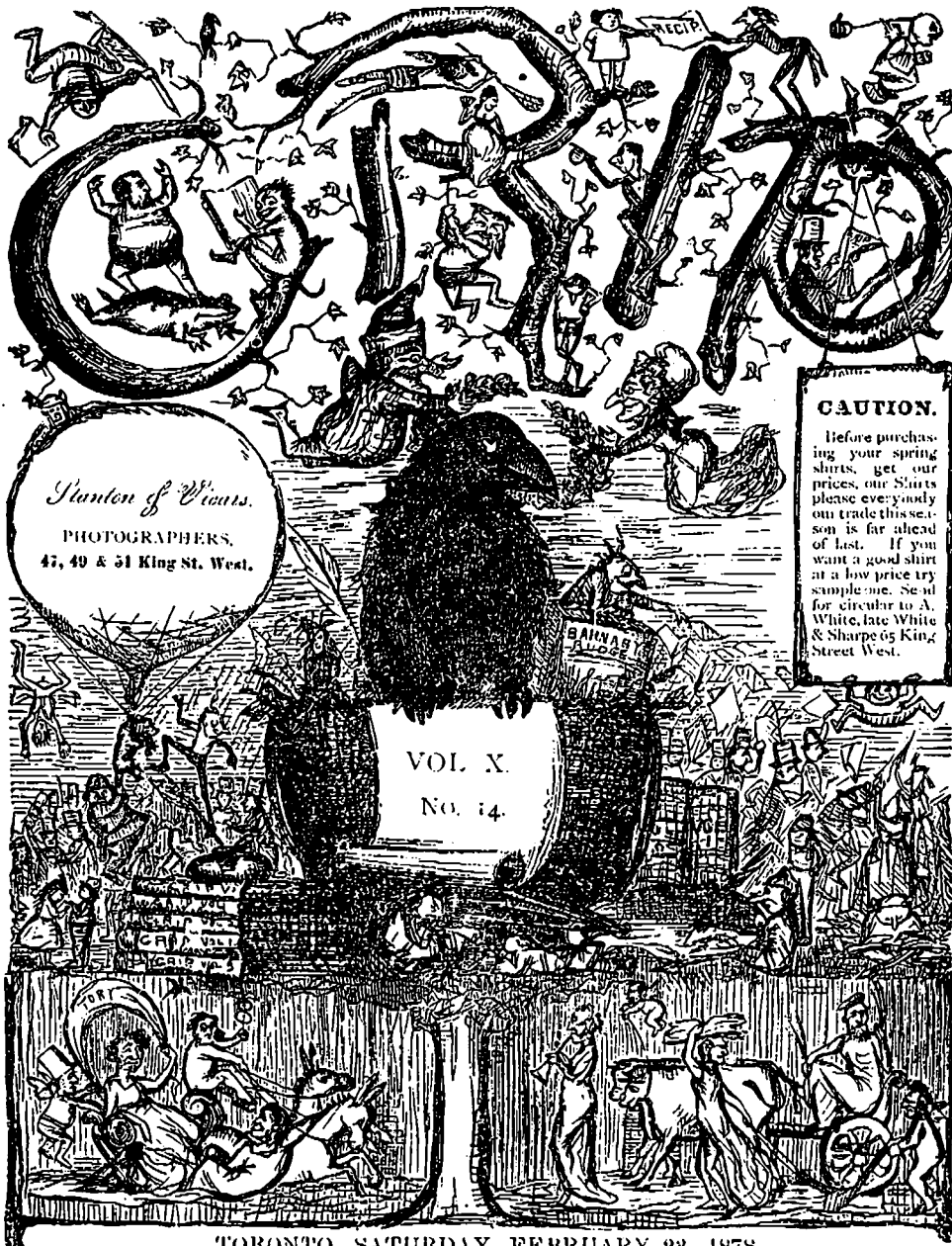
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.

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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. Returned manuscripts cannot be rejected.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD FEBRUARY, 1878.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

MACKENZIE BELCHAZZAR and all his gay coves,
Are guzzling free on the fishes and loaves;
The flesh-pots of Egypt lie round on the floor,
And the good things of office are scattered galore.

For four years the Party has surfeited there,
With appetites strong and digestive powers rare;
While the Tories outside (heaven ordained to rule)
Have been fretting to death in the shades that are cool.

But lo! there's dismay in the banqueting hall,
For the writing of Fate now appears on the wall;
A mystical sentence portending the End—
But how it was written we can't comprehend.

Perchance 'tis the work of an angel of light,
To whose spotless soul Crits are odium quite;
No doubt 'tis the writing of some righteous hand
Who to "JOHN A. and VIRTUE" would give up the land.

A Conversation.

"The deuce of it is," said Sir JOHN at the last House Dinner, "that people really want new men to come forward."

"Are we not good enough?" growled TUPPER in his deepest baritone.

"If takin' pains to please," remarked N. F. DAVIN, "can soothe their savage buzzums, there's niver a counter-jumper in King Sthrate can bate yez. Protectionists in Ontario, Free Traders in Halifax, Liberators of RIEL, allies wid BOWELL—oh, bedad, there's nothing but a kellydescoop can aiquil yez."

"A kaleidoscope," said M. C. CAMERON, who will try to make folks pronounce words correctly.

"The kellydescoop I did be sayin' Surr!" said N. F. D. "Neemed afther its inventor, me maternal ancestor, Surr JAMES KELLY, K.C.B. knighted for drivin' the bailiffs from Oireland, A.D. 1757."

"Ye are ower forrit, young mon," said one of the Club flunkys, a tall big-nosed person in a magnificent suit of green and gold, who, remaining when his fellows had departed, had taken a seat at the table with the guests. (It was G. B. He really runs the club as our other institutions). "When I had ye on the *Globe*, I kept ye in order. In pitting ye on the *Mail*, ye ken, ye are simply removit tae another Clear Grit journal, disguisit for purposes o' my ain. Mairower, ye arena tae gang round speaking—"

The fiery passions of the Milesian addressed had now rendered him red hot. Nothing else could have saved his adversary, but N. F. D. found his dress suit beginning to singe. He rushed from the room, took a shower-bath and came back cool and pallid. In the meantime the conversation had changed.

"I maun observe," said G. B., "that we haena had oor time. Ye had twenty years, and agreeit tae let us hae oor turn. We canna do wi' scant four. It maun be managit."

"But you cannot deny," said MACDOUGALL, "that you are making in four years as much as we in twenty. You give MACDONALD \$10,000 a year. He gets it. But as for me, I was sent to pick a governorship out of a bulldog's mouth, and got properly bitten for my pains. Speaking of dogs recalls the fable of the bone and the shadow. Isn't it time I got the substance?"

"You bring me back to my muttuns," said Sir JOHN, "and by the way that leg was superb—"

"But the devil's sint no capers wid it," said N. F. D.

"They knew we had you?" said the baronet, "but as I was saying, my dear GEORGE, it is true that years ago, we leaders agreed to divide in turn the spoils of office, and to keep outsiders off. I am sure we aided you manfully in your efforts to shove aside every fellow, from BALDWIN to GOLDWIN SMITH, who tried to shove in a patriotic oar. But now it will do no longer. You know as well as I the country has been humbugged, not governed. People demand men who understand commercial positions, and a lot of things never hitherto forming part of Canadian governmental programmes. I don't say we would not have had them before now, if unhampered by opposition, or that you would not, if equally clear. But you know as well as I that it has tver been impossible to pass needed measures, on account of the ever-present necessity of buying corrupt friends, and approving corrupt opponents."

"Breebery an' corruption!" said G. B. "Why did ye nae stap it?"

"Why didn't you?" asked Sir JOHN.

"Gin ye introduce ye're opponent, as Dr. JOHNSON remarked," said G. B., "there's an end o' airgument. Ilae ye nae better manners? Answer me, sir."

"Well, GEORGE," sighed the knight, "I challenge you to answer this. When the people send fellows to Parliament who come with no other purpose but to be bought, have I or MACKENZIE any other resource but to buy them?"

"It is vara true," said the disguised ONTARIO. "After a', it's nae use abusing ilk ither in preevate. What div ye think is noo tae be done?"

"Your friends must go out at the end of their term, GEORGE, and we will have to get in men fit to draw up a proper scheme of Protection, and several other things the country needs." So said the knight, pensively drinking a tumbler of sherry.

"Ye are a pair-speerited creature," said G. B. "I shall auce mair tak' the stoomp mysel'. I speakit gran'ly at Oxford last week. I sall hae na Protection here ava. What div I care for the kintra? Whaur wal gang my Breetish supporters, mairower my Yankee friens? Hoo could the *Globe* dae without the importing interest? Gae wa! Free Trade forever! Wi' the mighty engines o' the *Globe* and *Mail* I hae direckit, and wull direck! Shadows o' necht avaunt! GEORGE's himsel' again!" And the old gentleman executed a triumphant attitude in which his long limbs, not now under their old command, knocked down a \$100 set of Sevres from the sideboard.

"GEORGE," said Sir J., "You cannot direct me. Master of myself though China fall!" And he looked sadly at the fragments—a present from himself.

"Nor me," roared the Tremendous TUPPER, whose sore throat wine had temporarily healed. "I denounce your policy! I oppose your course! I deny your principles—"

"Ye hae aften denceed yere ain," interjected G. B.

"I," pursued the thunderous honourable. "I am fit here to speak! I, whose dexterous voice pleases East and West, ever sounding loudly the trumpet appropriate to the region. This is Toronto, and I here declare Protection the only course. That we shall follow-o-o-o under-r the glorious-s-s pilot who-o-o-o has weathered the storm-m-m—(But here several panes fell from the windows and some affrighted guests ran to the door).

"Ye're noise disna fricken me," said G. B., "nae mair than the clamours o' that Irish creature wha I formerly allowed to write for the *Glob*—"

But the blood of N. F. D. stood no more. Dexterously extracting from a chamois case an immense shell-lag, he leapt on the table, "Be the powers, he manes me," shrieked N. F. D., making a flying leap over the centre vase in the Scottish person's direction. He arrived, but the other was gone. Nay, the room was empty. As TENNYSON says,

"At the mere flash and motion of the man,"

all the guests had disappeared, except those, who under the table, laid supine in the arms of BACCHUS.

"Waither!" cried N. F. D., "hear the inebriated to cabs. The ruction has calmed me sowl. Fetch me pin, ink and paper. There's an additorial jew, and devil resave the loime written av the same."

The Amenities of Parliament.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER (to Mr. DYMOND).—You are a garbler of reports! Mr. DYMOND.—I aint. You are a vile insulter of the Press.

Hon. Sir JOHN MACDONALD.—It is evident the Minister of Justice is a liar.

Hon. MINISTER OF JUSTICE.—I aint! All your authorities—Chief Justices, Knights, Generals, and everybody else are liars.

THE SPEAKER.—The hon. member for Kingston is out of order.

Hon. Sir JOHN.—Then, Mr. SPEAKER, in a parliamentary sense he isn't a liar, but every other way he is. He has, I say, used rebellious—

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—Your colleague, Sir. GEO. CARTIER, was a rebel, and ran away!

Hon. Sir JOHN.—He didn't! he didn't, I protest against slandering the memory of the dead! My worthy colleague fought as a rebel all day at St. Denis, and fired on Her Majesty's flag from morning to night.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—If your colleague fired material bullets at the flag, mayn't mine fire an immaterial expression?

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No Sir! He myn't, Sir. And he haen't the courage, Sir! JONES would have run away, Sir, he would, Sir!

Hon. Mr. LAURIER.—It happens to be a matter of history that your late colleague did. (Sir JOHN subsides on the history point).

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—And your friends burned down the Parliament House, pelted the Governor, and wanted to be Independent, yes sir! And now worse than all, want to make political life unbearable—

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No, no, no, I rise to explain. The more we give a bearish tendency to the proceedings, the more we make them bearable. (Loud applause. Cries of "Very good; Give us another").

The above is not an over-exaggerated burlesque of the class of proceedings lately held at Ottawa. GRIP would remind these gentlemen that the pretended loyalty which occasions such scenes causes that worst description of disloyalty, contempt for our rulers.



THE MYSTERIOUS HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Modern Religion.

Of all instinctive feelings which dwell within the breast,
The promptings to religion the purest are and best,
Most worthy of encouragement in this our earthly way,
And how we them encourage shall be written in this lay.

To church we'll go on Sunday, well dressed from top to toe,
Of churches the description where most of us will go—
Where carpets are the deepest, and pews of softest seat,
And the music to the hearers affords the richest treat.

Where music loud resounding falls bravely on the ear,
Of future penance driving away all sense of fear,
And the senses all enchanted by the loud and pleasant sound,
Are unconscious of that party who goes a roaring round.

For our music in religion is utilized to-day,
As 'tis used in battle's danger, cool thought to chase away,
Or as the Brahmin tom-toms quell burning widows' shrieks,
We drown on Sunday mornings its voice when conscience speaks.

For our priests to-day are finding, as predecessors found,
Complacency still fetches large congregations round,
And we approve that preacher, and raise his salary,
Who makes us feel good rather than teaches us to be.

So advertise in journals the music of our choir,
Explaining some go lower, and some can rise much higher,
Than usual, and stating, with unction most profound,
The pieces meant for singing, when Sunday next comes round.

Then uprises the preacher, the preacher of to-day,
Expounding parts of Scripture in a very clever way,
And gives so many meanings to words both great and small,
That he makes you quite decided the text has none at all.

Then gravely moves to dinner with pillar of the church,
Who turning coat last session left promise in the lurch,
Or with that honest gentleman to difficulties come,
Who pays no creditors, but gives the church a handsome sum.

For he must be forgiving, that meek and gentle man,
And grant them all exemption from penance that he can.
"We need it of each other," he says, and means next day,
To ask it on some taxes by right he ought to pay.

When shall we find the churches teach what their founder taught—
To deal with each man justly, and pay each what we ought?
To scorn hypocrisy, although its wealth be what it may?
When shall the faith as given at first be taught in modern day?

Tierney Abroad.

No. 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP, *up in Tarant* :

SUR, —I b'ave I towd yez in me lasht letter that fwthin I wint to
Ottaway I e the invite av Misher MICKINZIE, I hard av somethin' to
me advantage, but I hadn't shpace to foind room in that letter to
inforrum yez fwat that was.

"Mr. TIERNEY," sez the Primier, fwthin I walked intil his affice,
"I've hard av yer great abilities, an' wud loike to secure yer services,
av ye plaze."

"Thank ye kindly, sur," sez I, "but at the prisint toim I have a
job, diggi' i' a cellar for Misher—"

"Howld on," sez he, intrupthin' me, "its for no manial sarvice av
that kind I wud be wantin' ye for," sez he, "I want to give ye a
govimint appintemint, so I do."

"Savin' yer prisnee," sez I, "Misher MICKINZIE, ye must be
crazy intoirly; a govimint affice for me! Sure, amn't I wan av the
leadin' Conservatiffs av the counthry?" sez I.

"Jusht so," sez he, "av course ye are; an' that's chafely the raison
fwhy av me prisint procalin'; its a way we have in the Reformm Party."
sez he, "af doin' fwat we can for our inimies in the way av the shwates
av affice. I think now, betune us, ye wud make a foim immigrant
agent for the South av Ireland. Wud ln't ye loike to go an' see the
dear ould sod waut more, at a purty good salary?" sez he.

"I wud," sez I. "An' if I may be allowed to use the exprission,
Misher MICKINZIE," sez I, "I b'ave the Reformm Party is founded
on the three principles av love; if I was in the confessional this minnit,
sur, I woudn't deny but me heart has been wid yez all the toime, more
or less."

We shuck hands, an' the thing was settled. Misher CARTWRIGHT
an' Misher MILLS, the Minister av Philosophy, thin kem in, an' expressed
thimselfs plazed that I would be for some toime away from the cor-
ruptin' influence av Sur JOHN an' thim."

The certificate is bein' med out for me appintemint.

"It'll take a few weeks, melbee," sez Misher MICKINZIE, "to get
it complete, because, av course, it has to be sint away up to Tarant
to be counthersigned by Misher BROWN, at the *Globe* affice, an' in the
maue toim, I think ye better take a soort av a toor through the Marry-
time P'rovinces," sez he, "so as to lay in a shtock av information an'
facts about the counthry."

"Wid pleasure," sez I, "I'm ready to shtart to-morry mornin'."

"Good," sez he, "Go; an the blessin' av a pure an' patriotic gover-
mint go wid yez."

That was all. Next day I shtarted for Monthreal, an' ivir since I
have been thravlin' about, goin' most generally from wan place to an-
other, though me movemints is not med out on anny particler plan, an'
I have the Dominion Directory in me pocket and the Treasury at me
back.

Av course I kape me eyes an' ears open on me thravels, especially
fwthin I have to thravel be night in thim shlapin' kears av Misher PULL-
MAN'S. I am takin' notes av the people and places, an' fwat I hear,
an' the crops, and ivery thing av that sort. I thought it wud be best, as
I was a little grane at the bisness, af I kep a Dairy as I wint along, an'
so I wint intil the chafe buck-shore av Monthreal an' bought me-ill a
foime norrocky covered note-buck, wid lashtic bands an' lead-pencil
complete. "Retale price two twenty-foive," sez the clark. "Wrap
it up," sez I, "an' charge it to the govimint."

I have the note-buck purty well filled be this toim, on some av the
pages, an' av yez wud loike to print a few av me notes in GRIP, I'll
begin' nixt wake and sind yez some. Me coorse has tuck me intil the
P'rovinces av Quebec, Newbrun Swick an' Nova Scotia, an' I think
yez'll foind me obsarvations on fwat I saw nately done an' to the pint.

Vours waut more,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Their Fate.

She was sewing, and no more.
He was clerking in a store.
He was JOHN HORATIO BIGGS.
She was ANGELINA SQUIGGS.

Vows unto Miss SQUIGGS he made,
Thus his courtship she repaid:
"Till you in a store I see,
Of your own, don't think of me."

JOHN HORATIO had no tin,
So on credit he went in.
In a store we now him see,
With Miss S. as Mrs. B.

Clever JOHN HORATIO, though,
Wasn't able to foreknow.
That the merchant just next door,
Bankrupt was in two weeks more.

All the stock he had in biz,
Was obtained where JOHN got his,
Went for three months just "half price."
JOHNNY didn't think it nice.

Not a penny worth could sell,
Might have shut up just as well.
Three months passing quick away,
Precious lot of bills to pay.

Not a cent to pay had JOHN,
Assignees came tumbling on,
Start to sell him out that day,
Bankrupts chap across the way.

Ere it's over. Thus we see,
Bankruptcies make bankruptcy.
Clerk again is Mr. BIGGS,
Sewing is the former SQUIGGS.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE RHINE temperance people don't believe in Rhine wine.

THE *Globe* of Monday accuses the Opposition of eagerness to make
capital. That's just what all of us want to make. Lack of capital is
the bane of this country.

THE standing committees are a disgrace to this country. Why can't
chairs be provided so that these unfortunate committees will not need to
stand any longer. Don't see how they can stand it.

OCCIDENTAL R.R. may be a very good name for that Quebec, Mon-
treal, & Ottawa Road, but one letter might change it to the disastrous
appellation of Accidental R.R.

