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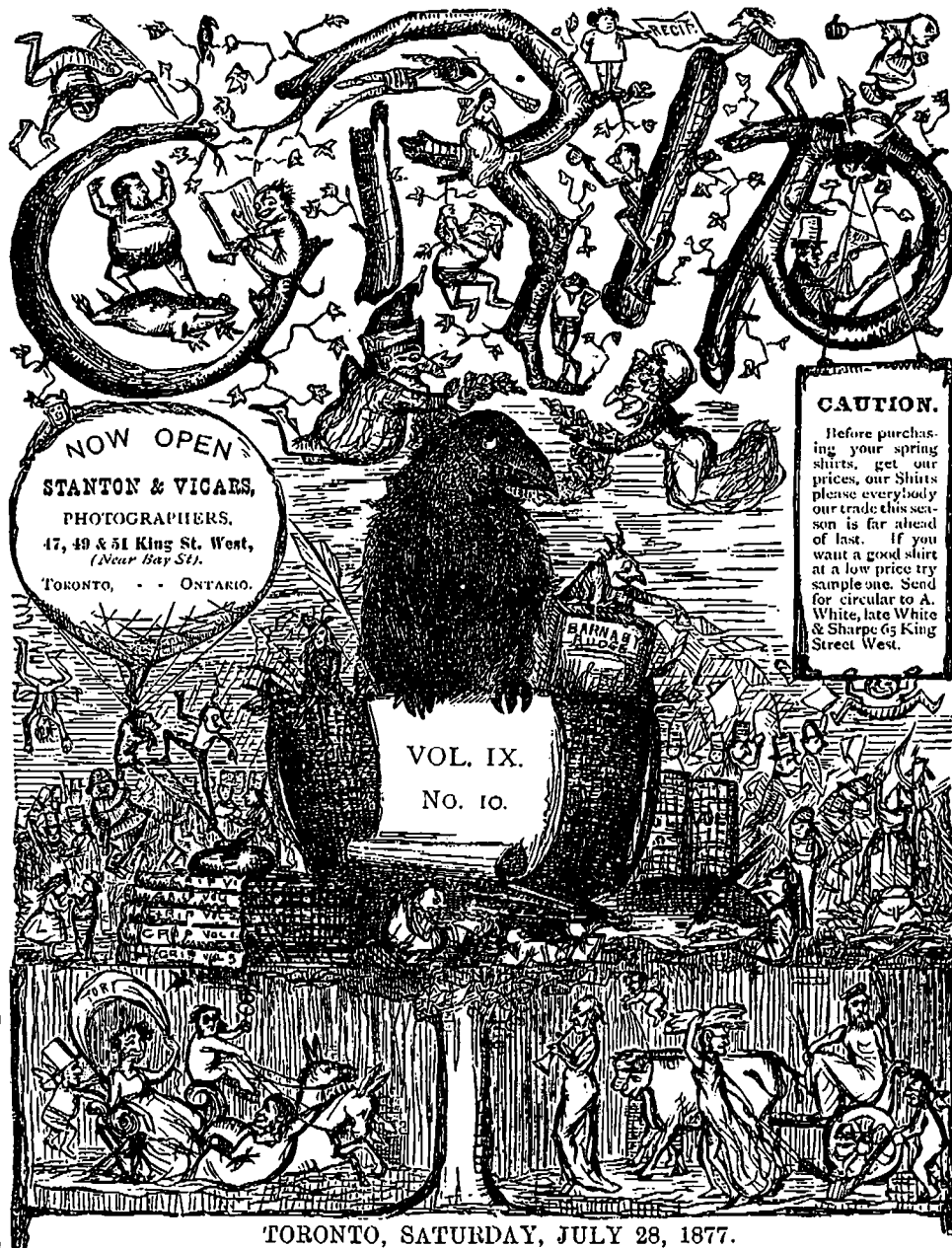
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Best is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 28TH JULY, 1877.

The Liquor Nuisance.

When the dog catchers go their daily round
To seize the vagrant curs that may be found,
There's not, in all the crowd about the cart,
A single voice that takes the mongrel's part;
No moistening eye, no eloquent appeals,
No special pleadings—everybody feels
The brute's a nuisance to the very sight—
Moreover he's a danger—he can bite;
So when into the trap he's neatly turned,
"Good riddance!" is the cry of all concerned.

The Public Mind, thus sensibly expressed,
GRIP would direct upon another pest
Tenfold more gross, that runs in freedom here,
The Liquor Nuisance—whiskey, wine and beer.

This is a cur—a very beast of prey,
That roams our city's streets both night and day,
A monster whose foul, pestilential breath
On all it touches brings the blight of death.
But now the Public heart is beating high
In hopes his end at length is drawing nigh,
So let each valiant arm its right assume,
Let's scoop him up and cart him to his doom!

The Land of Liberty.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON.

Enter President HAYES, followed by three clerks with despatches. To them enter more clerks with more despatches. To them Senators, Congressmen, members of the Government and officials of all descriptions in confusion.

FIRST CONGRESSMAN.—Great snakes! President, yew air called on tew dew suthin instantner. Our great and glorious nation is convulsin in the grasp of faction, the fiends of destruction and rapacity stalk defiantly among us. Pillage shakes her grisly mane, and homicide bares her hideous visage, and air about tew—

Enter another CONGRESSMAN.—President, the free and independent citizens of Philadelphia air consumin' the city.

ANOTHER SENATOR.—President, the mob of New York, instigated by the tyrants of the old and *effete*, rotten and tyrannous monarchies of Europe, has riz in their might, and air burnin' that village, I guess.

CITIZEN OF WASHINGTON.—They are comin' here. I know they are coming here. Emissaries of the South are here in shoals, hopin' for vengeance. They're all mixed up. The niggers is goin' to rise. I demand that this all-fired nation call out 300,000 men for the protection of the capital city.

CROWD OF RAILROAD SPECULATORS (*running in and surrounding the President*).—President, we demand protection for our property. The free and enlightened citizens air excited, and are destroyin' the foundations of this republic, which is railroad stock. President, we require 1,000,000 troops at once, or this great republic sinks in everlastin' smash, her armour on her back.

CROWD OF WOMEN (*pushing away R. R. men*).—President we demand protection! Everything is going to be smashed. They will kill us all! O! o-o-o-o!

STRONG-MINDED FEMALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS CLUB.—President, the country is safe. Her men are failin' and quiverin' in the agony of terror, but her wimmen air left. President, I demand that 2,000,000 able-bodied females be placed under arms at once. We shall take charge of this house, and run the thing in future. Man hez failed. Wimmen's time approaches. She shall elevate herself on the pedestal of immortal fitness, and scream her—

MERCHANTS (*running in*).—Good Gracious, President, they air burnin' our warehouses; they air distributin' our goods; they hev fired our cars loaded with merchandise. Cannot you—

PRESIDENT.—Silence, Silence, Silence! I have been called, at a great and momentous crisis—

CROWD OF SENATORS (*running in*).—President, they are burning Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, the mob is triumphant everywhere. Can't yew dew suthin?

PRESIDENT.—Silence! I have been called—but I cannot answer so many calls at once. Where is General SHERIDAN (*enter the General*) General, What is to be done?

GENERAL SHERIDAN.—Put it down at once! Crush it in the bud!

Hang all the railway men—no, perhaps, not all of them; but the ring-leaders. That is the way to do it.

PRESIDENT.—But, sir, we have disbanded our armies. This country is not a European monarchy, to be ruled by force or terror. We air free and—

GENERAL.—President, as you say, you have discharged your army. Well, yew had better get some of it together, if yew wish to keep your property together at all. I tell yew, President, there's nothing on airth to keep yew from bein' at the mercy of a mob in ten days, and yourself jerked out and tarred and feathered, if they don't hang yew.

PRESIDENT.—Good heavens. Hang their President! Well, they shot LINCOLN, sure enough. General, shall I try to get you troops. Do your best! For heaven's sake, save the country!

SCENE AT PITTSBURG.

All the railway property on fire, corpses lying in all directions, troops being driven off by the mob, reign of saturnalia existing.

DEMAGOGUE (*addressing mob*).—My free and enlightened friends, foller me! Air yew going tew be ground deown under the armed heel of tyranny and oppression? Air they tew roll in kerridges and yew lie on corn husks? Gentlemen, this air not a railway war! This air a risin' of the great and glorious people against them tyrants! What right hev they tew them millions? What claim hez VANDERBILT tew eighty millions (*Cries from mob, "Take them from him; hang him!"*). What right has HILTON tew STEWART'S millions? Gentlemen, citizens of a free and enlightened nation, I call on yew tew vindicate the fame of yewr ancestors who crushed tyrants under their foot, and everlastingly briled the spirit of aristocracy on the immortal gridiron of the stars and stripes, tew free yewr oppressed land! Divide the millions! Take the ships! Seize the banks! Distribute the hoarded gold among a free people who owns it! Kill all who oppose it! Deown with tyranny! Hooray for the eternal principles of communism under which this great nation is about to enrol itself! Hooray for universal suffrage, universal property, universal rights generally, wimmen's rights, free love, free property, free everything! (*Mob, very drunk and covered with blood, Hooray!*)

Alas Poor Jack!

The Yankees have discovered a drug that cures bashfulness, and now our Grit contributor wickedly suggests that six barrels of it be administered to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Let Us Go.

The heated term has made a start;
We feel it in our bones;
The water from the water cart
Falls hissing on the stones.

The heat is scorching all around;
The paint is blistering deep;
All dried up is the garden ground
Full quarter fathom deep.

The horses can't get up a run;
The driver cannot flog;
The postman scarcely through the sun
With letter bag can jog.

The spaniel barks at him no more;
Half cooked he lies beside
The threshold of the great hall door,
For coolness opened wide.

Oh, shall we to the seaside go
And float upon the waves?
The haunts of fishes shall we know,
And find the mermaid's caves?

Or shall we travel to the north
And by some river sit,
And watch the rattlesnake come forth,
And be by flies y'bit?

Or shall we chase the antlered deer
With rifle through the trees?
Alas, 'twould be than staying here
More hot by ten degrees.

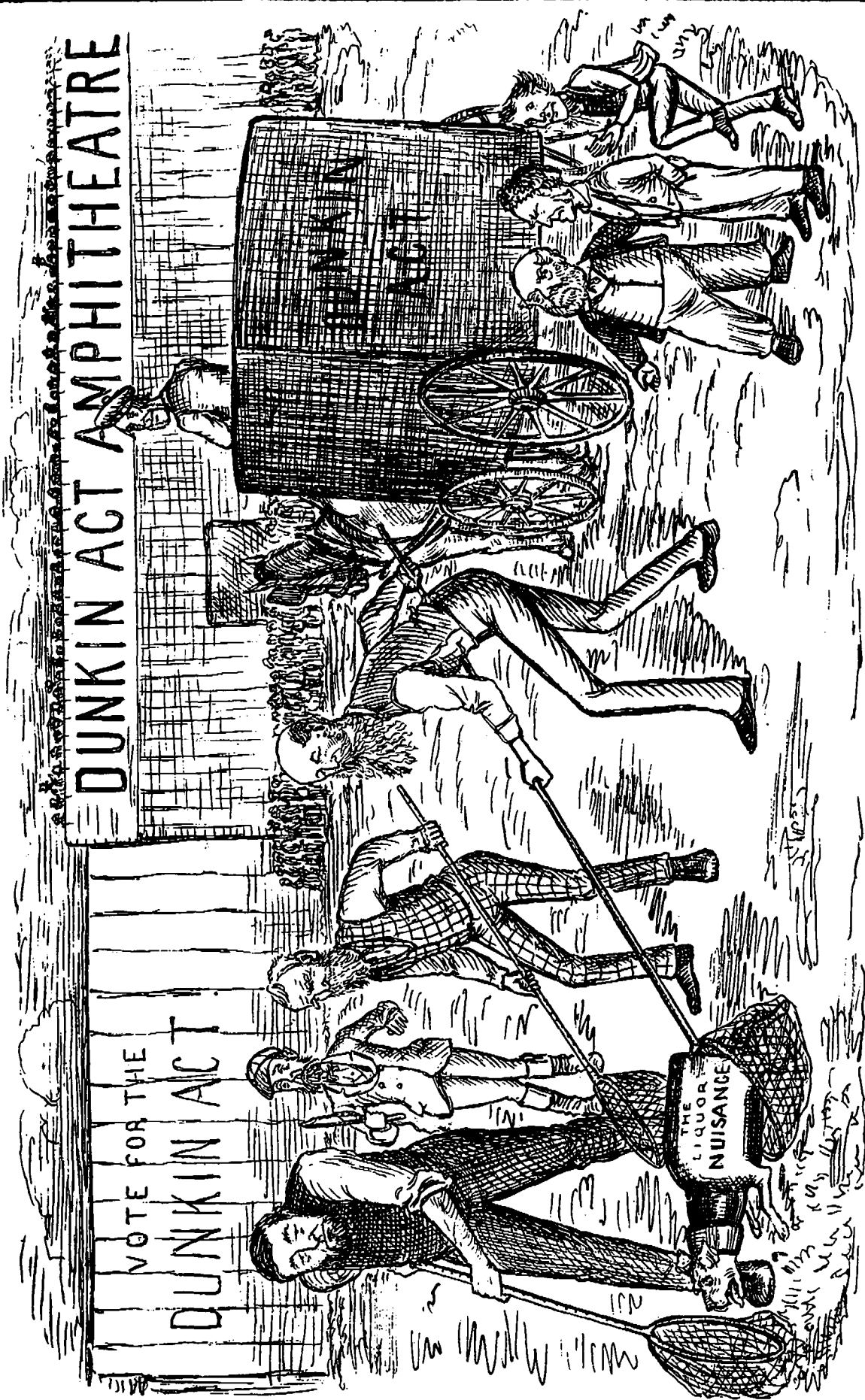
Let's freight a ship with ice, and bear
Straight for the Arctic Main,
And take another cargo there
And then come back again.

The cooler weather will be here
Before we do return.
Up anchor, ho!—the harbour clear
Ere to a coal we burn.

Oh, bear us to the Frozen Sea
And let the frozen breeze
Blow down upon us freezingly.
Oh, for a jolly freeze!

DUNKIN ACT AMPHITHEATRE

VOTE FOR THE
DUNKIN ACT!



"MORE POWER TO THEIR ELBOWS!"

The Canine Apparition.

It was one o'clock on a cloudy night,
I wandered down the street,
There was never a sound to left or right,
Wheels, nor voices, nor feet.

Save now and then a slight pattering rain,
Or a moaning gust came by,
Plashing slightly on window pane,
Creaking the sign-boards on high.

There was never a sound of a foot on the street,
And my wonder thereat was not small,
For a grisly dog did me suddenly meet,
And his foot did not sound at all.

His eyes they were round and his coat it was rough,
As he stood before my view,
And I waved my stick to drive him off.
And the stick that dog went through.

And the dog it said, "No stick I fear,
Nor can I be driven away,
For I am a ghost who wanders here,
Between the night and the day.

"And here I must wander, as wander I can,
In the hour twixt the night and day,
Until I can light on that city cart man,
And carry him with me away.

"Until I can meet with that myrmidon base
Who unlawfully here did me net,
And twisted my city chick off from its place
All an extra half-dollar to get.

"Who put me in a box in defiance of law
And with unlicensed curs did me choke;
And here I await—Who was that?—sure I saw,
The vile monster of whom I have spoke."

The ghost's eyes they shone, and away then he ran,
And I heard a most horrible roar;
And if he has met with that city cart man,
They will neither be seen any more.

Tu vehis Cæsar, et fortunam ejus.

Though creamy waves to ebon sky were tossed
Intrepid DAVIN still the channel crossed,
And cried to boatmen "Niver fear the gale! Ah!
You carry CÆSAR and his big shillalah."

The Advice They Want.

GRIP, Q. C., along with a few other distinguished legal lights, has received an order for advice from the Irish National Society of Montreal, on questions pertaining to the Orange Order. It is one of the rules of Mr. GRIP'S practice to fashion his opinions to suit clients, regardless of law; and, having scrupulously adhered to this rule in this present case, he flatters himself that the following replies on the points submitted are just what the Irish National Society wanted him to say:

1. As to the legality of the Orange Association.

Opinion.—The Orange Order is clearly illegal in Montreal. There can be no question about this. The Law distinctly states that Orangeism is null and void and anathema maranatha. (See *Vatican Reports*, pp. 999 and 1684.)

2. Its rights to hold meetings and public processions.

Opinion.—It has no right to do anything of the sort. It is also plainly against the law for it to go to Church. (See *Mob vs. Hackett*, page 1.) It is the duty of every law abiding citizen to see that it is crushed out. (See *Syllabus, Beaudry vs. Freedom*, etc.)

3. The liability of its members to arrest for belonging thereto, or participating therein.

Opinion.—Of course they are liable to arrest, and if it is not convenient to arrest them, it is lawful to butcher them on the public street. The object of this wise provision is to bring all parties to one mind and into the one true fold. (See the case of *Pope v. People*, *Dark Ages*, cap. 72. also *Fox's Book of Martyrs*.)

4. If its officers can be arrested for administering the oath of secrecy.

Opinion.—Certainly they can. This follows as a logical conclusion from the fact that the Order is illegal. That is to say, it is contrary to the Law of the Vatican. As to whether it is agreeable to the Law of the Queen is another question, but that has nothing to do with this case. The City of Montreal acknowledges the Vatican Law as supreme, and so there can be no difficulty as to the illegality of the Orange Association.

GRIP, Q. C.

Fee \$5,000.

Canadian Seeking Employment.

SCENE—*Wholesale store. Enter Canadian: to him Merchant.*

CANADIAN.—Good morning, sir, I have called upon you with a view to obtain a position in your establishment. My qualifications as to integrity, sobriety, and business capabilities are warranted by these papers I have the honor to hand you. Is there any opening in your house?

MERCHANT.—Well, the fact, sir, is that, to tell you the truth without disguise, I buy in England, and young men, recommended from thence, naturally get the preference. Sometimes convenient, you know, to oblige a person who holds your notes.

NEXT SCENE—*Railway Office. Canadian (to Superintendent). Repeats statement.*

SUPERINTENDENT.—My dear sir, our road is heavily in debt to British stockholders, and, one way or another, influential folks there are always recommending gentlemen we must take on, if we take on any one.

NEXT SCENE—*Bank Parlour. Canadian (to Manager). Repeats request.*

MANAGER.—My dear sir, our capital is much of it British. Young gentlemen recommended from there, you perceive, have necessarily the preference.

NEXT SCENE—*Loan Society Office. Canadian (to Chief Official). Repeats as before.*

OFFICIAL.—My very dear sir, we should be most happy to oblige. But really we do nothing but lend British capital, and so many clerks come to us with credentials from our English friends, that, you understand, of course.

CANADIAN.—(solus)—Pity we hadn't some institution of our own.

Reportorial Life.

SCENE:—*A street; near by masons at work upon a high building. Enter ARGUS-EYE and UBIQUITIOUS, two city reporters, meeting.*

UBIQUITIOUS.—How fares the noble scribe of the contemptible Grit tar-barrel?

ARGUS-EYE.—Well met, O brother of the quill, thou that drippet with gore in the cowardly Tory mud-slinger. Any news?

UBIQUITIOUS.—News! Well, God save you, there is none. I have trodden every inch of cobble or pavement in the iniquitous city and could find none; I've been everywhere, but the day is flat, it is stale. Know you aught?

ARGUS-EYE.—Well, stab me under the 17th rib a la PATTESON, but I know of absolutely nothing, yet there are five columns for me to spy out yet within an hour. People will have news. We can pluck it out of our hair, you know. (Aside) I know BICK would like that glorious item about that skull and bones I ferretted out down town this morning; but I can't afford it; and, besides, he never swaps items. (Aloud.) The public is a tyrant.

UBIQUITIOUS.—An ungrateful one. Why, bless you, I may have the *Bubler* as full of startling news as I please, murders, riots, elopements, monster Conservative reactions—I get no credit for it. I have never heard one man ask another, "Anything new in the paper?" that the answer did not follow, "Oh, nothing particular." At the same time a volcano, a cannon of news smiled under his nose—if he would only touch it off.

ARGUS-EYE.—But now, would that an item or two turned up.

UBIQUITIOUS.—Hang it all! There's not even a brace of curs about to invent a dog-fight for us; not a runaway horse; not a strangled cat in a cistern; not a staggering son of Dunkin on the street. I shall go mad with a Micawber fever. Why won't something turn up?

ARGUS-EYE.—Hold! I distinctly saw that scaffold sway slightly, those half-dozen men are too much for it. By the brow of HORACE GREELEY, it swayed!

UBIQUITIOUS.—Glorious! See you now yon hod-carrier preparing to go unto them! It is the straw that will break the scaffold's back. Prepare your note book. Take out your watch.

ARGUS-EYE.—And yet, were I still in my younger days, I would warn them.

UBIQUITIOUS.—Conscience says warn them, but duty says report what happens.

CITIZEN.—(Entering excitedly)—What is this I hear? The scaffold must not give way! I will call—

UBIQUITIOUS.—Silence, contemptible fool! Thou wouldst starve tomorrow without the news—(The scaffold comes crashing down; seven workmen lie mangled on the ground, some in the throes of death).

ARGUS-EYE.—At half-past two precisely it came down.

UBIQUITIOUS.—By the beard of GEORGE BROWN! The dulness of this day is redeemed.

CITIZEN. (Horried).—Merciful heavens, they are killed! And can you gloat over such a spectacle—Oh friends, oh—

ARGUS-EYE.—Oh that a mountain fell upon thy prattling tongue! Knock this fellow down, some one! To work now, UBIQUITIOUS. Question thou those three ere they expire. I will take the rest in hand. Here are three columns for us. The public shall have news!

(Scene Closes.)

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.

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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.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

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Tenders will be received until FRIDAY, the THIRD day of AUGUST next.

Plans, Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after FRIDAY the TWENTIETH day of JULY.

By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
OTTAWA, 14th May, 1877.

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Ottawa, 15th June, 1877.

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I. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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2

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3

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4

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6

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7

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8

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9

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

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