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No. 20.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for currency No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 953, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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See “GRAPHIC” of 16th September, 1871, for the names of ONE THOUSAND British Newspapers that have strongly recommended MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Renowned Pens to the Public. Beware of spurious imitations of these Pens.

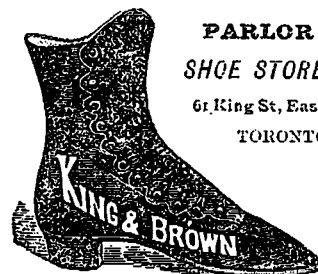
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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

"The Times are Out of Joint."

The London *Times* just now is dead against emigration to Canada. It is the chief care of the *Thunderer* to thunder only in popular growls, reports and grumbings, and so it seeks to make capital for the time being by chiming in with the outcry against emigration. The principle upon which the *Times* argues, if affection, is certainly strange, and Canada may well be spared the presence of such as are influenced by it. For instance, it works upon the fears of the laborers it would keep in England for the benefit of the capitalists who delight in low wages; and as those over whom the thunder is rolled are starved in body and mind, the hope is felt that they will bear, tremble, and fear to move. Emigration it likens to a lottery in which, though there are many good prizes, there are also many terrible blanks. It pictures to the emigrant a chapter of accidents that may befall him, to his utter undoing, and closes by reminding him that there is no workhouse in Canada.

Emigration to Canada is to the Englishman a lottery in which there are "no blanks," unless indeed the emigrant himself be a blank; the mishaps so eloquently depicted by the *Times* are barely possible, scarcely probable; and the "uncertainty" alluded to in Canada is much to be preferred to the certainty of poverty, and, if accidents arise, pauperism, in England. People in Canada can only laugh at the idea of a leading newspaper of England preferring the certainty of the poor-house to the probability of independence.

Thank Heaven we have no poor-houses in Canada—excepting one, and that is of exotic growth, and entirely unnecessary. Our only work-houses are our goals, where the inmates are taught how they may be honest by labor in a country where all may earn an independent living. Canadian civilization has not degenerated so far as the establishment of poor-houses, and even the enervated victims of the English system on breathing the free and inspiring air of the Dominion soon learn to be men. Here they can earn "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and climb the social ladder if they will; here they are not considered as so many machines to be worked at the least possible expense; and here we are spared the spectacle of a leading journal aiding in perpetuating their degradation in the spirit of that cursed commercial calculation that has been and continues to be Britain's bane. Every man has an inherent right to go where he pleases to better his condition; and especially is it his duty to leave a land where he is coolly consigned to the work-house, for one in which he is sure of a house of his own, where only bounteous nature is his steward and Providence his beadle, where, in short, he will forget the hard and grinding, bitter and pitiless *Times* of his native land.

May it ever be said, "There is no work-house in Canada."

Croaks and Pecks.

If the City Council will persist in destroying the Avenue, we must have a new Council.

Two blacks don't make a white, but black and white have made it red in New Orleans.

It is a St. Catharines firm that advertises "Paris Green for Potato Bugs and Painters' Use."

BISMARCK proposes to Frenchify the name of Count VON ARNIM; then he can safely say D'ARNIM.

A CERTAIN class of politicians delight to go about talking of their co-religionists, who cannot be found this side the Styx.

ANOTHER comic contemporary in Montreal:

"Be'st thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damned?"

CONSIDERING the Utopian ideas with which "Canada First" is crammed, would it not be in order to call its latest institution the "Stuffed Club?"

ON hearing that the *Mail* had appeared in a new "suit" of Scotch type, an eminent Irish barrister of our acquaintance remarked that it was "scotched, not kilt."

THE *Globe* declares that the writer of "Current Events" in the *Canadian Monthly* sees in "party" the root of all evil. That he is not blind is evidenced by the result of the late contested election cases, in which "the root of all evil" was pretty prominent.

A NEW YORK paper derides a spiritualistic revelation that the wife of its editor would be drowned if she sailed from Liverpool for New York on board a certain vessel, on the ridiculous ground that no such vessel existed. To our mind, the spirits were perfectly correct in their prophecy. We should not care to have a non-existent ship between ourselves and the bottom of the Atlantic and be left to cruise about like our ancestor in NOAH'S time.

THERE are some who hold that none of the constituencies in which the members have been unseated for corrupt acts at their election should again return these men, in order to show that the electors have no sympathy with bribery. There is another phase, however. By the rejection of the unseated candidates the constituency would be tacitly acknowledging that it was only through its venality these men were first returned. From the fact that each unseated candidate is re-nominated, it will be seen that the constituencies see it in the latter light.

Edward the Confessor.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has made another speech. This fact of itself is nothing; but in the speech there is something which has created a sensation. Mr. BLAKE has advanced ideas, and he has advanced them. If their remarks upon this speech are honest, and we are bound to believe them so till future inconsistency proves them otherwise, Tories, Grits and Canada Firsters are all gratified to a degree. The Tories are pleased to discover in Mr. BLAKE'S latest public utterances evidences that he is not in accord with the Reform party with whom he has hitherto been identified; Reformers are happy that he commends the policy of the governments in Ottawa and Toronto, severally led by Mr. MACKENZIE and Mr. MOWAT; while the Canada First infant crows with delight because he has been trying the strings which rock its patent cradle. The Reformers are inclined to hold to him because he holds to them, as far as they have gone; the Conservatives encourage him because they hope to see him create a division in the Reform ranks by an attempt to force his twentieth century views upon the leaders of the party in whose ranks he holds a prominent place; and the Canada First "no-party" party see in him the leader they have been longing for. He has dropped plums to all, and so long as such remains satisfied with its fair share it will please them and not hurt him; but when each begins to find fault with the pleasure of the others, then "look out for squalls." Each, after feasting upon what it has got, will be inclined to look for more, and will naturally desire the lion's share, and who fails to get it will raise an outcry.

Mr. BLAKE has a right to his opinions, as other men have to theirs, and we are glad to see him express them freely, and even forcibly. Cool and calm discussion will do good, not harm; but already we see each party delightedly dancing, not so much from the pleasure extracted from this speech as a whole as through gratification at advantages they may gain through discomfiture of the others. Even those who advocate a "no-party" doctrine are now ready to take rank as a party, by denouncing each of the others, and, in comparison with the wickedness of both proclaiming their creed as the *summum bonum* of political righteousness.

When will the carnage commence?

A Last Resource.

Father (expostulating with his son.) James I am grieved beyond expression, to see the bad way in which you have been going on ever since you left school. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in everything. I put you into a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously dismissed, sent at once to the right about your business. I started you as a coal merchant, then as a wine dealer, and a general commission agent, but you didn't clear enough to pay for your shoe leather. At last I secured you a lucrative position in the Mutual Philanthropic Insurance and Loan Company's office, but even they would have nothing to do with you. In short you are utterly worthless, a miserable drone in the human hive, and therefore nothing is left me but to get you a situation under Government.

A Touching Ceremony.

MR. W. H. HOWLAND, on Thursday, the 1st inst., took the principal part in a most imposing ceremony. While the Dead March in Saul was softly hummed by the staff of the *Nation*, the corner stone of the National Club was lowered into position, and, in the unaccountable absence of Mr. BLAKE, Mr. HOWLAND buried his bantering. The stone was inscribed as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

CANADA FIRST.

Man's life is short and mine was shorter,
I died for want of a supporter.



THE PROFESSOR'S "BRIDAL" FOR PARTYISM;
OR, THE DREAM OF "CURRENT EVENTS."

[See the Canadian Monthly for Oct.]

Suggestions for the "Canadian Monthly."

GRIP sympathises with the editor of the *Canadian Monthly* in his laudable desire to see the evils of partyism done away, and the millennium of peaceful coalition inaugurated. He has given a few moments of profound thought to the subject, and a few suggestions as to the best means of accomplishing the object in view have occurred to his mind. These he desires, with becoming gravity, to lay upon the table of "Current Events," and if they are found of any value, the consciousness of having done a patriotic thing will be considered ample reward.

1. By all means let Mr. M. C. CAMERON be taken into the cabinet. Let him be Attorney-General.
2. Let Mr. RYBART also be transferred to the Treasury benches. Create a new office—say Minister of Slander—for him.
3. Let Mr. McKELLAR go to the other side of the House, not for opposition purposes, but to ensure the personal safety of such Minister of Slander.
4. Let Mr. CROOKS withdraw his libel suit against the *Mail*, and place the manager of that journal on the half-pay list.
5. Let Mr. GEO. BROWN and the *Globe* newspaper be sent abroad for a few years.
6. Let Mr. JAMES BEATY suspend the publication of the *Leader*, and give the Government fair play.
7. Let Mr. Atty.-Gen. MOWAT give up his boisterous manner of speaking, and cease forever from wholesale corruption.
8. Let Mr. LAUDER have a contract for a few miles of fencing, leaving the cost to his option.
9. Let Mr. BOULTBEE have a commission of 25 per cent. for buying chromos for the Government, and send him off on his travels.
10. Let *Current Events* be bound over to keep the peace for an indefinite period.
11. Let—— (This space is to let.)

"Grip."

BY P. P. C., BROCEVILLE.

The waters laved the rocky shore
Where I was left reclining;
And "by your leave," I said, I'll try
A little bit of rhyming.

My Muse has struck, by Union Leagues
Seduced, for higher wages,
So let her strikee the lyre for GRIP—
For GRIP now all the rage is.

And let her tune her newest reeds,
To all their sweetest gushes—
Where milk-white water-lilies lie
Among the leaves and rushes.

"And who is GRIP," my Muse replies,
"That I must sing his praises,
While all adown the dog-day sky
The solemn sunlight blazes?"

Then I said, "Who is GRIP?" you ask!
"Why! GRIP's a very grave 'un,
A most sophisticated bird,
A knowing blue-black Raven;

A bird whose ready bill is bent
To peck at whom he pleases,
And holds with most tenacious nip
The wretch whom once he seizes."

Then quick my Muse, "The day is hot,
The waters gleam and glimmer;
Let's wait the hour of eventide,
When all their sheon is dimmer;

Let's wait until the risen moon
That distant isle hath crested,
And then I'll sing the praise of GRIP—
At least, if I am rested.

I'll sing his praise through all my days,
That bird of gracious omen,
Who never spares a boorish man
Nor yet a silly woman;

Who pecks his beak against each cheek
With most superb assurance,
And rups the politician till
His wound is past endurance.

Nor Tory, Grit, nor Liberal
Escapes his careful vision;
He hold's the canting Purist to
The light, for men's derision.

'Tis he exposes all their wiles,
On all their knavery tramples;
Of rogues, for others warning, he
Delights to make examples.

He's fond of chaff, he has his laugh,
He many a home makes brighter;
And many a heart already light
Has render'd all the lighter.

Then long live GRIP 'mid winter's snows,
Or summer's bright labourum;
I'll sing his praise through all my days,
Floreat in eternum."

Well done, O Muse, now rest thee long
Upon this grassy pillow,
And stretch thy languid limbs beneath
This overhanging willow.

May breezes gently kiss thy brow—
A blessing for thy task—a
Cooling draught from floating fields
Of ice about Alaska.

Already hast thou sung enough,
I thee no more require,
To whistle on thy penny-pipe,
Or strike thy sounding lyre.

Liberal Conservative Jingles.

BEDAD but the terrible BLAKE
Has made all Clear-Gritism shake!
Wid that spaych at Aurora
He gave thin, begorra,
A few bitter powthers to take!

Clear Grit—though he niver wud tell—
They thought him—but look what befel:
Of their foes he's the worst,
He's a *Canada First*,
And he'll knock all their Party to smithereens!

Retribution!

THOUGH the MILLER of Collingwood grinds slowly, yet he grinds exceedingly small, witness:—

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT.—There's a pup in Toronto, they call his name Grip, he is sure for to catch you should you happen to slip. I read in the paper just the other night, that our Collingwood poet got a very bad bite. I hope there's no poison at the end of his fangs, for out of his mouth comes a great many slangs. I can scarcely perceive whether cur, dog or hound, perhaps on the banks this puppy was found. To have him run at large it is a great pity, I believe in my heart he smells somewhat Gritty. The Mayor of Toronto will act as insane, if he ties not this pup with a good Tory chain. The way this brute howls, a lawyer t'would puzzle, if he barks any more we'll get him a muzzle.

A Paper of the Period.

ELORA has a new paper. In its prospectus it says:—"We intend to keep up the character of the paper as a Conservative journal of the first class, and we intend to show in all our dealings that we shall tell the wrong and do the right." This either means that the character of first-class Conservative journals is kept up by telling the wrong and "doing" the right, or that this paper will say one thing and do another. As a foretaste of what its readers may expect take the following sentiment from its editorial columns: "Truth is not perceptible to every person. 'Good.' Let it go!" Truth, however, is not like an egg, which dropped to earth will mingle with the mud. Truth will rise again; and they who let it go to seize on a refuge of lies, will fall while it ascends.

Serious Consequences.

THE London *Free Press* says:—"It is understood that Mr. WALKER, of British Columbia, has been so far successful in his mission to England, as to have been the cause of serious despatches to the Government." Does it mean to infer that the Colonial Secretary is ever guilty of sending a joking despatch, or does it merely announce the novelty that Mr. WALKER has at last been successful in being looked on seriously? It's wicked of the *Free Press* to try to make poor Mr. WALKER take courtesy for consideration, as he is only too apt to do.

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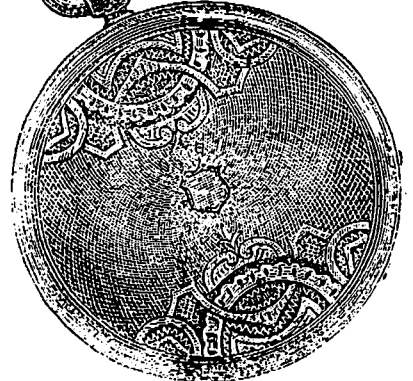
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