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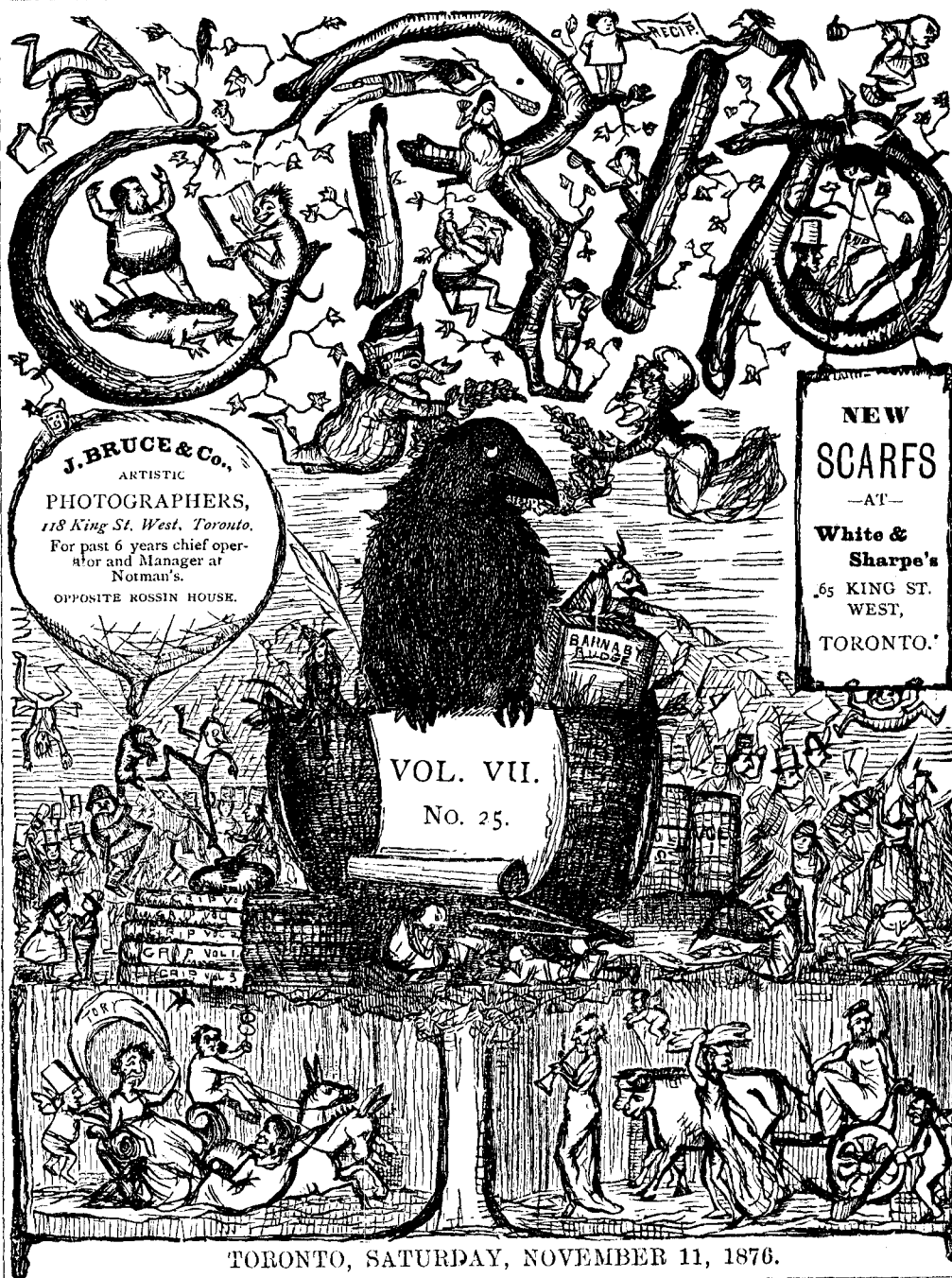
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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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# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH NOVEMBER 1876.

## The Self-Made Men of To-Day.

CONFIDENTIAL PRIVATE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE HON.  
BLAKE, THE HON. MACKENZIE, AND THE HON. GRIP.

MR. BLAKE—I am determined. Too long we hesitated, trembling to strike. What, shall we forever remain Reformers with nothing to reform. Retrenchers who increase expenses. Economizers who waste. Purists who inadvertently embezzle? Perish the thought! My attention has been directed to a most monstrous piece of infamy. City Councils, instigated by the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, actually appoint one another to lucrative places in their several corporations, thus not only doing a most gross injustice to those old city employees who properly expect the vacant places, but being actually in the position of men who, appointed as aldermen, of their own will and motion appoint themselves to another office not contemplated by their constituents, and compel those constituents not only to choose other aldermen, but to pay those leaving whatever salary they choose to fix. It is most abominable. It is terrible. It is gross. It opens the door to the most infamous corruption. It shall no longer be permitted. A Bill shall at once be passed preventing such rascality at once and forever. Had it been in England! Had it been in Ireland! But in Canada! Oh, my country, though blind and apparently becoming blinder to my merits, from this shall I purge thee.

MR. MACKENZIE—A maist excellent measure, and ane maist cempairitively demandit. Ye hae this about ye, Maister BLAKE, ye can aye think o' what ither folks forget. People o' lairge minds, like myself for instance, canna be fashed wi' remembering everthing. When I built hooses, noo, whether it was that I left out the sand, or the lime, or some sma' affair, onyhoo, they a' tumblit doon. But I agree wi' ye thoroughly, that to alloo councilmen, aldermen, and siclike people, to appoint themselves pairmanently tae lucrative office, and thereby shelve themselves comfortably for life, is maist horrible and awfu'. Mon, they might get elected wi' the vary intention. Ye will draw up the Bill at ance, and mak' it sufficiently stringent, I hope. Maister GRIP, ye nae doot approve?

MR. GRIP—Most certainly, a most righteous intention. You will, no doubt, make it sufficiently comprehensive to include other elected bodies—to prevent, for instance, members of Government abandoning their portfolios for judgeships and shrievalties, and members of Parliament accepting lucrative berths. For they distinctly appoint themselves to all these, and, as you remark, probably get themselves elected with that very intention—a most gross piece of political impurity. You will include these, eh? No more rats swimming off with plunder before the Ship of State goes down, eh?

MR. BLAKE—(a new light breaking on him)—Good heavens!

MR. MACKENZIE—(also seeing it)—Mon, mon, here's a thing ye hae no recollectit!

MR. BLAKE—(recovering his self-possession)—If my learned friend—I mean my worthy colleague—will allow me to finish the details of the projected Bill, I was about to remark that there was quite another side to the question, which also imperatively demands consideration. Canada is not yet—nay, she is far from being—that great and noble country which it is my proudest hope to create her, and to make her which will be the Crowning Triumph of my Professional Career—no, I mean the Culminating Glory of my Political Course. She has not yet, I grieve, I deeply grieve to remark, a superabundance of Able, of Learned, of Patriotic Men. Absorbed in the Hard Struggle for Existence Colonial Life Demands, her Population cannot generally Inform Themselves well in Political Affairs—

MR. MACKENZIE—(sotto voce)—Na. Vara lucky they canna.

MR. BLAKE—If I can be allowed to conclude, I would remark shortly that the scarcity of—in fact the difficulty of finding—men fit for office outside—

MR. MACKENZIE—Na! Gude bless me, na! I am fairly owerwhelmit wi' applications—applications frae unimpeachable pairsons—

MR. BLAKE—Sir, you will be kind enough to take my way out of the difficulty, or find one for yourself.

MR. MACKENZIE—Weel, weel, gang on. What ye say the necessities of Government compel me tae swear tae. (Aside—Cawbinet wark is awfu' unchristian, but it maun be done.)

MR. BLAKE—It being, then, impossible, in Colonial affairs, to procure fitting officials outside the governmental and parliamentary ranks,

a Government such as Ours, a Pure, a High-souled, a Reform Administration, cannot think of Depriving the Country of the Opportunity of Securing Proper Men for Lucrative and Honorable Permanent Position, because those Men Already, in Parliament or in Government. Enjoy the Confidence of the Country!

MR. MACKENZIE—Mon, when ye pit it in thae weel-turnit and forcible periods ma oreiginal judgment joost gangs a' through-ither. Without doot, ye are a great orator. Dinna ye think sae, Mr. GRIP?

MR. GRIP—There can be no two opinions on that. But about the Bill for the Prevention of Aldermanic Corruption and Self-Appointment?

MR. MACKENZIE—Weel, perhaps, conseedering it micht interfere wi' ither things, Maister BLAKE will alloo it can be postponed?

MR. BLAKE—Of course, I had not exactly intended—I may say, indeed, we will not introduce it this session.

MR. GRIP—Nor in any other. Good night.

## The Course of Cartwright—The New Loan.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—All goeth smoothly. I have cash enough

To do my turn and more. That added chunk

We placed upon the tariff—careful placed—

Not over much to help our artizans—

Which would not be Free Trade—three millions gave,

And I shall need no more. I've published this,

Most puffingly and wide. (enter Deputy Minister)

DEPUTY—Most gracious Sir, to answer all demands,

The mass of secret service cash we want—

The claims of great G. B. who says he must

Publish a double sheet each Saturday,

Or sink before the Mail and Telegram,—

The vast necessity for subsidies,

In all directions, for supporters swear,

They will not have their private business smashed,

By what they most profanely dare to call

Our d—d Free Trade, if Government makes not

Full private compensation—then the herl

Who helped us floor JOHN A., have gobbled up

What then we gave, and yell amain for more,

Or they will have him back; and then besides

The ordinary needments of the land

Have swelled beneath our hands—I wot not how.

We want TWELVE MILLIONS EXTRA!

(exit.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT—Now bless my soul!

My limbs, my bones, my brain (no, by the bye

If Doctor Scalpel rightly does advise,

It has evaporated.) What care I?

My salary has not. To England straight

I now must take my way.

(SCENE CHANGES TO LONDON HOTEL.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT—(to clerk)—Hast publicly.

Announced we need the loan?

CLERK—I have, great Sir.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—Stated security,

And interest we would give?

CLERK—Sir, it was done,

According to your wish.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—And what result?

Has any person bid?

CLERK—Most honored Sir, the rush of bidders there

Grabbed up the total loan in three hours space.

And would have three times grabbed it, had you chose

To offer three times more.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Ha! well! Right well!

Now let my ancient friends, the Tory chaps,

Who said I could not finance, now observe.

And by the way, what think they of me here

What do they say in England? (clerk shudders) Rascal, speak!

My head can praises stand!

CLERK.—Praises, good Sir!

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Most wretched cur! the full account explain,

Or from that window fly! (throws it open.)

CLERK.—It is three stories high. Well, if I must—

They call you here the most confounded fool

That ever offered twice the interest

They would have dared to ask. Know now the cause.

That snapped the loan so soon! (clerk rushes off.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Perdition seize my brain and bring it back!

I play odd tricks for want o't; but you see,

In Canada they're most as mad as me;

And if I sold 'em all as slaves to-night,

The Globe could make them swear the thing was right.

(scene closes.)



**The Conservative Camp.**

Says jolly Sir JOHN at the board full bare,  
A' dining with great MCD.,  
"Oh, thinnish just now is our Tory fare,  
But it's all we have, you see,  
For there's nothing else left, you see ;  
Oh, the merry times gone we may ponder upon,  
But they never came back, you see."

Then back o'er the board the mournful MCD.,  
Answered the jolly Sir JOHN,  
"Oh, it isn't my fault that here you see  
Me dining such victuals on,  
Me dining such victuals on,  
I'd have had better fare if they'd let me elsewhere,  
Where they don't dine such victuals on."

Says TUPPER so stout, who with them had dined,  
To jolly Sir JOHN says he,  
"I came from the East the Reaction to find.  
I wish that you'd show it me,  
Oh, I wish that you'd show it me.  
Has it dwindled so small that it's nothing at all ?  
Oh, cannot you show it to me ?"

Then mournfully stepped the Mail man in,  
"Oh, the grass will soon grow tall,  
To feed up our horse which the race shall win,  
If he doesn't die first of all.  
For his limbs are worn down verry small,  
And while the grass grows, horses, everyone knows,  
Do sometimes die first thing of all."

**Letter from an Irish Contributor.**

TORONTO, Nov. 9, 1876.

RESPECTED AND AMUSIN GRIP,—

Amusin', thin, it's more than amusin' ye are, for there's more instruction in your diminutive sheet than in the twenty-four dailies issued wakenly in Toronto; and it might be all that, and mighty little instruction in it thin; but it's not that I mane.

As I see the Irishman ye have at prisint wid ye is away, and your Dutch correshpondint is probably absorbed in his sausage machine,— Heaven bliss us, but I hope it was'nt a pace of him I resaved at breakfast; but somethin' inside me did all day appear to be askin' a glass of Hollands, an' it's a quietin' reflection that I gave him that same, an' more—

But I was commincin' to offer me services. I am—but sure you know me well, so I'll just tell you that me name is Nicodemus Flood, of ould Milaysian descent, a pathronymic derived ayther from our principal estates havin' been swipt off by that most unforeseen evint, of which my prisint position is one unfortunate result and evidince; or from the flood of judgments agin us, the flood of lethers wid which it was a family iliosynersy wid us to inundate the papers of the period, or the flood of bailiffs constantly mit powdherin along all the roads back from Ballywhacks, loughcutthery Castle, where me pathronal anshistor had been intertainin' thin wid the family three (a dacint blackthorn) durin' business hours, more be token there were mighty few sound shkulls comin' back wid thin.

So we'll suppose I'm accpted, and now for a few remarks political, social, and systematical. Upon me sowl, I've twice fell down the last half hour wid laughin' at it (it must be that) but they've put MILLS into the Cabinet, not but what I inthertain the highest respect for Mister MILLS, (like St. PATTIER did for the divil whin he used to argue wid him, because he could niver tell what the divil he mint,) and just the very pick of the county to perform the Happy Despatch for the Members of the Administration, and transplant thin into the quiet of private life wid all the aise imaginable.

And the cilibrated GOLDWIN has lift us. I sometimes did be amusin' mysilf wid the plasin' fancy that the *Globe* or *Mail* would inivitably comminate aich other whin he wint. Shure he actid regularly as spare targit (mighty spare) to resave surplus ammunition which'll now be employed for aich other's binifit, and more power and good aim to 'em both.

Hould an now! D'ye notice the Corporation sthrainin' ivery narve to tax the Civil Sarvants, whin it's the Uncivil Sarvants any one but a born omadhawn would be afther taxin? There's me own boardin' house; the fayma'e helpers are extramely civil, no doubt owin' to me agrayable ixterior and fashionable appayrence; but nixt door I overheard one serving crature minton to another my bein' a "hugly H Irishman." Faith, it's lucky for the last I'm not the assessor wid power to tax. Isn't it sthrange, now, that as to the rale "English undefiled," it's only us from Dublin who iver spake it?

Did any mortal iver see the like of the way Toronto is spindin' ? Sez a contractor to me, sez he, "We've added a million to the city debt this year, but it's put me out of debt intirely, besides these," an he point-

ed to his bran-new residence just built forninst us, and a nate carriage and pair at the door. "There's two million to add nixt year, it we git the right min in," sez he, "an I'll be aisy for life." Faix he's right, and the city is full of thin, and it's prosperin' they are. But there's an honest landlady I know tells me what wid rint, and city tax, and wather tax, and gas tax, she'll have to lave this, for she'd bether be takin' in washin', and gettin' ped for that same, than keepin' a boordin'-house in Toronto for the binifit of aldermin and contractors. "Shure me furniture ud bring \$3000, and I'd have that at interest anyway," sez she. "But it's not alone ye'd be goin', Mistress MCGINN," sez I, "whin a lady of your prisifce and discraytion would ornamint the mansion of a member of the professions, or a liherary gentlemn evin," and I bint on her the eye that niver failed wid the damsels of far Milaysia. "But me husband; in Californy!" sez she, appayingly. "Bedad," sez I, lookin' down the sthreet, "but there's a fellow I must see this momint," and off I wint like a pickpocket wid a peeler behind him.

Passin' down town yisterday, sez a frind to me, "Have ye seen the Whishperin' Gallery?" "Is it in St. Paul's? of coorse I have," sez I. "There's one here," sez he, "come in." In we wint into a big room, an at a table sat three respectable gentlemn, and some way off three more wid note-books and pencils, each wid his hand to his ear, starin' at the first three enough to fascinate thin. "What in the name of the Mysterious is it?" sez I. "Thin is Wather Commissioners, and these is Reporters, thryin' to hear," sez he. Givin' the scene our attintion, one ould gentlemn leans to another, "Um—m—m— pipes burst—m—m—two thousand dollars—m—m—m," we hears. Thin the nixt to him, "Buzz—buzz—z—z—very good fellow—buzz—z—z—make it square with us—buzz—z—z—z," he says. Then the third, "Burr—r—r—many accounts—burr—r—r—." Of coorse the poor reporters got nothin' to put down, "What's the manin' of such nonsense?" sez I, "if they're honist min can't they spake out?" "I know nothin' agin' them," sez he, "nayther have I heard anythin'. But this I do know that they're spindin' lots of public funds, and there's a shmall word called "commission," a dale too well known in this city; but whether they know its manin' or not I can't say. But as you say, why whispher if all's square?" And we kem out.

Isn't itquare the idayas of enjoyin' life obtainin' here? In the ould country a retired grocer or baker maybe'll have a dacent house of a few rooms, a maid or two and a foot-boy, and he'll kape a horse tin to one. He'll have frinds to dinner twice a wake; wid a good joint and a pud-ding; and whiskey such as you don't be tastin' here. But in Toronto whin he's able he builds a grand palish wid twinty rooms; he goes in, kapes two servants and as like as not niver a horse nor an ass—barrin' himself. He don't use half his big house once in the six months. He sees his frinds but sildom, makin' up by givin' a big intertainmint at long inthervals, whin he poisons folks wid wines he's no judge of, and Frinch dishes he can't rade the names of. Not half fillin' the house, the damp walls kills off his family. Musha, little matter! The ould sod for iver, its ways, manes, and manners.

Your admirin'

NICODEMUS FLOOD.

**Political Recrimination.**

Cry the Tories, "You're doing things utterly wrong."  
Cry the Grits, "So in your day did you."  
Say the first, "Acting thus, you can *not* stay in long."  
Say the second, "Your years were not few."

Scream the Tories, "Fat berths do your Ministers take,  
For themselves, a most villanous thing."  
Yell the Grits, "So did yours, without any mistake,  
Just before they from office took wing."

Shout the Tories, "Eight thousand—a horrible grief—  
Has your Speaker grabbed more than his pay!  
Squeak the Grits, "Did'nt CARTIER, when he was your chief,  
Send whole lots of fine fees his own way?"

Then the Tories:—"Through robbers, and free-trading fools,  
To destruction the country does ru-h."  
Then the Grits, "We but do what we learnt in your schools,  
And you're tarred with the very same brush."

When great rascals fall out, honest men may obtain,  
What's their own; now, take each at their word,  
Our two parties are parties of knaves, it is plain.  
"What a pity," says GRIP, "there's no third."

"COMING EVENTS," &c.—It is suggestive that the *Globe* editors are taking the part of the Warden, in the Central Prison investigation. Who knows what good it may do them. They know where they're sure to bring up, sooner or later.

UNHAPPILY NAMED.—The people of Bothwell have among them lots of Grit Protectionists, who are puzzled whether to vote for the Grit Free Trader or the Tory Protectionist. They can't do Both-well.

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