

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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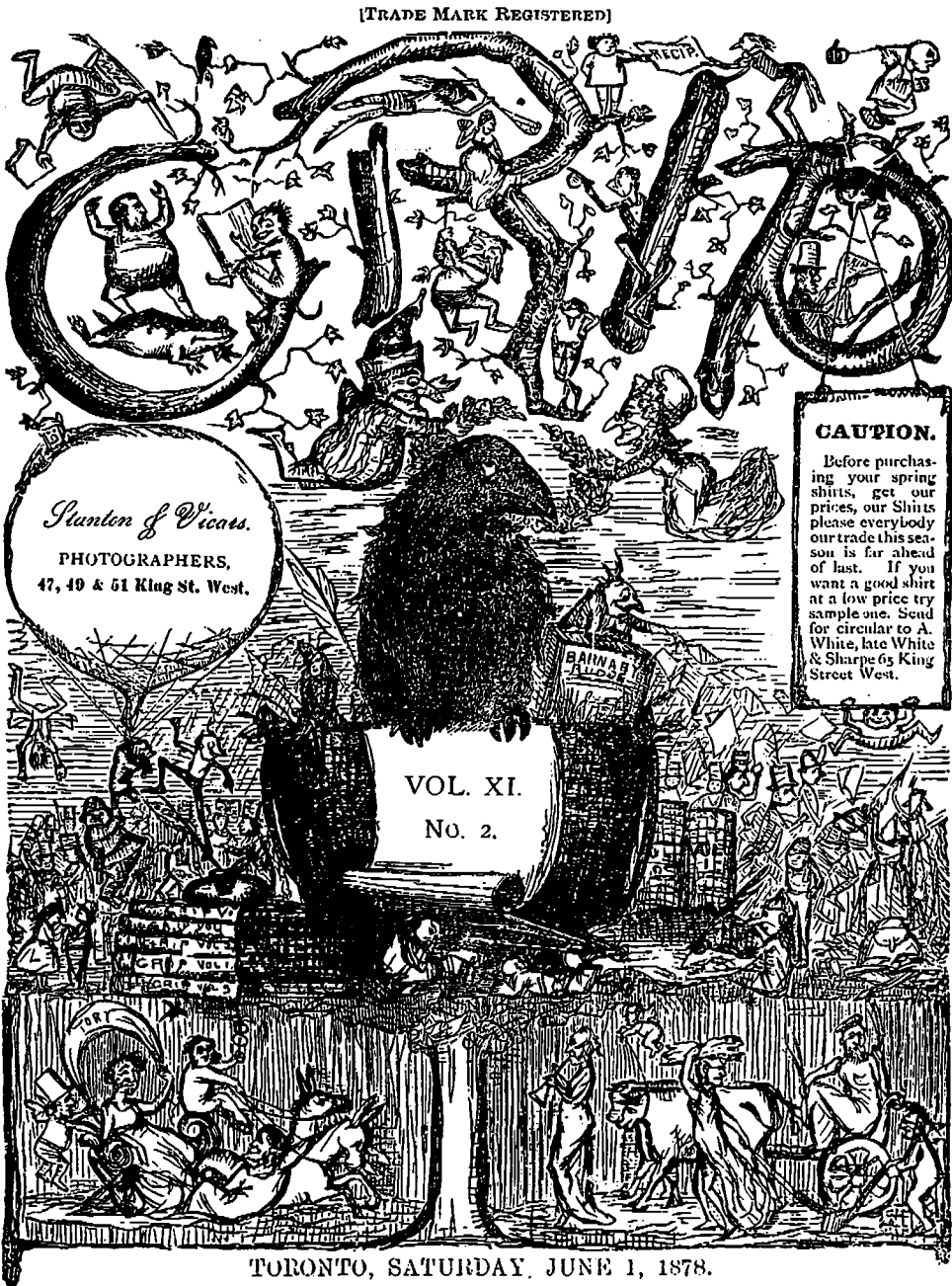
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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 RUDOR.

The grabeat Beast is the Bass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 1ST JUNE, 1878.

Hanlan's (and everybody else's) Lament.

On the Island drear, deserted,
Perched upon a dry, hard stone,
Sat the prince of all the scullers,
Sad, dejected and alone;
Tears were glistening on his eyelids,
And a cloud was on his brow,
As he moaned in piteous accents,
Who will care for HANLAN now?

Who will back him 'gainst all comers?
Who will glory in his fame?
Who will give him graceful prestige
By the favour of a name
Linked unto his own and giving
Passport wheresoe'er he go?
Who will be a father to him?
Who will care for HANLAN now?

Who will be his generous patron,
Standing by him day and week,
Answering all addresses for him
When he feels too full to speak?
Easing him of all the trouble,
But to simply make the bow;
Where can such a friend be equalled?
Who will care for HANLAN now?

O, this world is full of changes,
And the best of friends must part—
But to lose this noble Consul
Wrings the city's heart of heart;
Every manly cause and calling
In our midst will feel the blow,
Colonel SHAW is going to leave us
Who will care for HANLAN now?

A Tory Address to Mackenzie.

MR. MACKENZIE, the Premier, has come to Toronto, and the Grit workmen heard of something to their advantage at the mass meeting in the Adelaide Street Rink on Thursday night. MR. GEORGE BROWN, MR. PATTULLO and other distinguished members of the working classes presented the Premier with a suitable address from the Grit standpoint, but GRIP regrets that on an occasion like that all parties didn't join in honouring the head of our executive. It would have been refreshing as well beautiful if the Tory working men had also presented him with an address. Senator MACPHERSON would no doubt have been happy to officiate on their behalf, although he says he is no partisan. This suggestion comes, unhappily, too late, but GRIP kindly furnishes the U. E. Club with a rough draft that will only require a little pruning to make it just the thing for the next opportunity that presents itself:
To the Hon. A. MACKENZIE, Premier.

HONOURABLE SIR.—On behalf of the Conservative party of the city of Toronto, we beg leave to join our Grit fellow citizens in extending a welcome to you on this occasion. Politically, we differ with you. We regret to say, you are in, and we (on the contrary) are out. Still we do not allow these differences of political principles to blind us to your many virtues as a man. It is only in your public capacity that we denounce you as a corrupt, intriguing and truthless fraud. We know that, as a man, you are trustworthy, diligent and earnest, and we are sorry to say so. It gives us great pain to observe, that notwithstanding our confident predictions of your utter failure as a Premier, you have steadily gathered strength; and that you have exhibited remarkable ability that we never dreamed you possessed. We also deplore the fact that you have kept yourself pretty straight since assuming the reins of government. You have not, we must say, acted generously towards us in this matter. When our chieftain Sir JOHN was in power he gave you Opposition fellows lots of chances to go for him. He gave you a first-class scandal every now and then, and moreover he didn't get up and explain it away as soon as you took hold of it. Your own conduct is far different, you won't do anything really corrupt, and you won't even allow us to manufacture any corrupt things for you. We do not wish on this occasion to go into the affairs of state, but just look at your conduct in that Sarnia

libel suit. No sooner had our man published that libel, than you had him up, and proved there was no truth in it. Then there was the Big Push where you—or rather GEORGE BROWN (it's all the same)—squelched poor WILKINSON in a similar manner. Then there's the steel rails—why did you deny so indignantly that that was a job put up for the benefit of your brother? Then there's the Lachine Canal job—why do you knock the bottom out of that scandal in so ruthless a manner? And lots of others we could mention, where you put us at a disadvantage by showing that we are not building on facts? We repeat, that we are reluctantly compelled to believe you a tolerably honest sort of man, and in that respect undoubtedly an improvement on JOHN A., but we will think a good deal more of you if, in future, you will treat us more generously. Emulate the example of our chieftain in these things. Does he ever disprove any of the scandals you Grits tell about him? Does he get up and deny the Pacific, Northern Railway, Ordinance Lands, Secret Service or MOYLAN Scandals? No. And yet he is Canada's greatest statesman. Sir, we welcome you to our city.

Signed,
On behalf of the Toronto Tories.

The American Youth.

From the U. S. Journals.

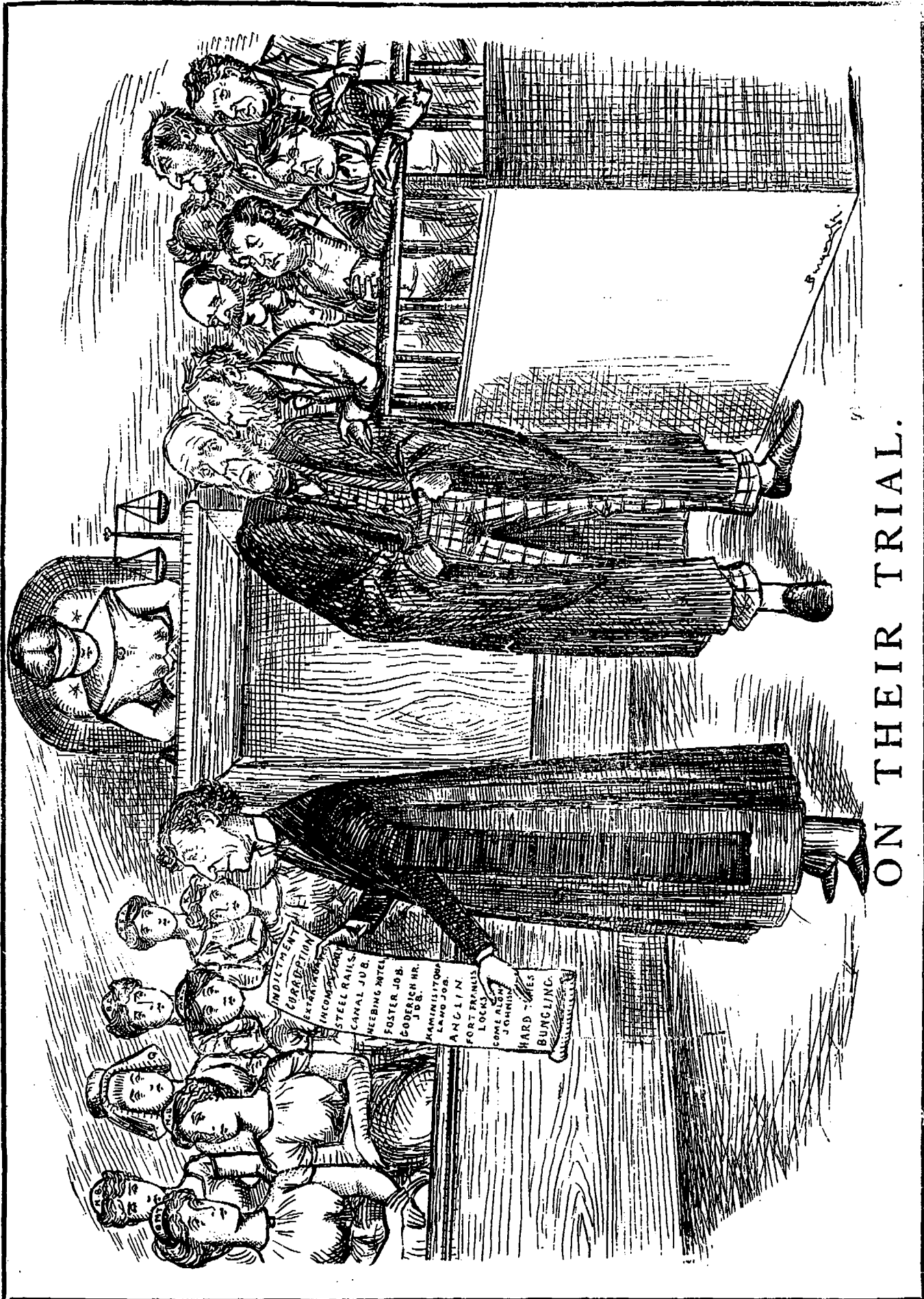
HIS exploits are in all of the U. S. story papers, under different names. GRIP knows more of him—as of others—than they do. Hel was born in Nantucket in 1869, and his name is BENJAMIN, shortened to BENNY by his affectionate mother, who, though poor, was patriotic, and brought up her boy in rigid adherence to the best method of American training. From his earliest infancy no reproachful word was addressed to him by his doting parents, and when in a moment of enthusiasm he shot his father dead with his patent Derringer, (his mother's birthday gift), he bore his mother's grief with a resignation affecting to witness, and smoked six cigars while the jury got up a verdict of justifiable homicide. (The old man had been too slow on a message). BENNY then addressing his remaining parent in the purest American, said "Old woman, p'raps you'd better git." As he had placed a fresh bullet in the Derringer, she got. We cannot follow the thrilling story of her ensuing nine husbands, six divorces, and three inquests; but proceed with the tale of BENNY, the Pride of America.

He was now nine years of age, and his own master. He sold the furniture, and proceeded to a faro-table. Cheated out of all his money, he resented its loss by—unfortunately being unarmed at the moment—but gifted with the tremendous physical strength so common to all American youths—throwing the proprietor and nine comrades—or rather accomplices—from a five-story window, and deliberately destroying them all at one stroke by projecting—with two fingers—the heavy table on the heap of miscreants as they lay piled on the street below. BENNY said, "A derved good shot," and walked off to enjoy himself elsewhere.

He then engaged himself as cabin boy on board an English brig, sailing to Jamaica with passengers and freight. It is remarkable, but very usual, as we find from the papers in question, that all on board are villains except one beautiful and high-bred American girl. The captain is a villain, the crew are villains, the passengers are rich villains and villainesses. BENNY is of course compelled to perform the most menial labour, but submits to it merely for the sake of the beautiful eyes, (described as being melting sapphires of great size), of the fair Miss ADELINA SQUIGGERS. The vessel loses her course, there is no one who can save her from impending wreck but BENNY, who has, like all American youths, without study, a profound knowledge of navigation, trigonometry, the use of the globes, and all other nautical attainments. He saves her, and consequently takes full command, playfully ordering the original captain to be hanged for the amusement of ADELINA, who, languidly contemplating the scene, "guesses the old chap makes faces as if he didn't like it." She then, by means of a diamond-handled pen-knife, calmly drops him into the mouth of an enormous shark, and goes below to breakfast.

The vessel is as is ordinarily the case, wrecked on an Island. The crew are drowned by a large wave which takes them at the instant they are advancing to the spirit-room, while BENNY, having given the keys to Miss SQUIGGERS, is menacing the mutineers with a 68-pounder cannonade full of grape shot, which, with surprising muscular power he is holding to his shoulder. They are thunderstruck by the sight, and immediately water-struck by the billow, while the weight of the gun saves BENNY from accompanying them. ADELINA, however, being carried off, it is necessary to swim half a mile after her, find her, and regain the ship with her on a pitch dark night, which BENNY does at once. She opens her sapphires, says, "You air some on the swim," and closes them. From that time life has a value for BENNY.

But a shark having one also, leaps after him as he climbs the side, one arm round ADELINA, the other hand grasping a rope. The fish, with vicious snap, fastens on the skirts of the suspended ADELINA, who is sustained by the suspended BENNY, and is sustaining the suspended shark. She gently whispered, "I calculated my left limb was a goner." But there we must leave them till next week.



ON THEIR TRIAL.

INDICTMENT
CORRUPTION
EXTRAORDINARY
INCOME TAX
STEEL RAILS
CANAL JOB
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COME ALONG
JOHN'S
HARD TIMES
BUNGLING

Grip's Address to the Cities.

Toronto, London, Hamilton, Brantford, St. Kitts, Kingston, Belleville and Ottawa, lend me your ears. I want to give you a few words of admonition. You all know that your little companion Montreal has been proscribed by the government, and his jack-knife and pop-gun taken away from him because he don't know how to behave himself. Now I want you all to take warning by his public humiliation. I am sure there is not one of you but would feel dreadfully cut up if Mr. BLAKE found it absolutely necessary to take away your play-things because you didn't know how to use them properly. You would consider it a disgrace to be put in a straight jacket in that way, and I have no doubt Montreal feels mean enough. And yet, I must say it serves him right, although he is not so much to blame himself as that nincompoop of a Mayor, who professes to be his guardian. Instead of bringing him up in a respectable and orderly manner as a decent child ought to be brought up, his guardian has allowed him to run wild. Instead of keeping him within the influence of honest and peaceable people, the guardian has allowed him to spend so much of his time in Griffintown, that his good manners have become shockingly corrupted. In fact the child really seemed to have gone crazy; he didn't appear to know there was any harm in murder or outrage, and as it is said that children and fools shouldn't handle edged-tools, I repeat that Mr. BLAKE has done perfectly right in placing Montreal under restraint. I hope none of the rest of you will ever come to that, for it would be a disgrace to the whole country. Be good boys, and conduct yourselves in a becoming manner, and you need never fear that you will be chastised by a paternal government in the presence of the whole world.

Ye Base Student.**A TALE OF YE TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.**

Which I mean to repeat,
And my language is plain,
That for ways of deceit,
And for tricks that are vain,
JOHN ADOLPHUS DEBANG is peculiar,
And the same I now rise to explain.

JOHN ADOLPHUS was fast,
Without any doubt;
He seldom was in,
For he always was out,
Excepting, we might say, at meal time,
And then he was always about.

Now where he did study,
Or how he did learn,
Was something the students
Could never discern;
For he always lay late in the mornings,
And no midnight oil did he burn.

—It may be here remarked that he did not burn it up in his room, he used to attend parties and balls and the theatre till after the midnight hour (i. e. 12 o'clock), although of course that don't count on study. But to resume:

Yet he always came out
At the head of his class,
And with more marks the ex—
Aminations did pass,
Than all the rest of the students,
And they often desired him to sass.

Yes, there is no denying the fact that the boys felt bad about the matter, because they pegged in, and yet were always pegged out when the examinations were over. Some of the teachers said they were jealous; while DEBANG smiled serenely as he was pointed out to the others as an example. (The printer will please leave a blank space, which will represent the thoughts of the wicked students on these occasions.)

Now MEINHEIR VON PLOD,
Was of German descent,
He sat next to DEBANG,
In the same class; he went
Clambering up the mountain of knowledge,
But he never could clam worth a cent.

We are sorry to admit that VON PLOD was slow, while the polite but obnoxious DEBANG was fast in more ways than one, still we propose to tell the truth in this sad narrative, and VON PLOD must not suppose we deliberately intend to hurt his feelings.

VON PLOD kept an eye
On the learned DEBANG,
And did inwardly sigh
"Vell I vill pe hang,
Of I dond ketch dot Normalite student."
Champanzee ape orangatang.

Of course VON PLOD made no such remark as is conveyed in the last line, but any student with an eye to "feet" will see how "scan"-dalous it would be to leave the space empty, when such a Darwinian sentiment could be worked in so easily. We will now proceed with examination day:

The Normalite students
Were all in their seats,
And each with the other
Now sternly competes,
And all of the room is in silence,
Excepting the shuffling of feet.

Now, never mind, it's all right—we know it should be "feet," grammatically speaking, but you must remember there is such a thing as poetic license, and we have taken out a license; besides, who's telling this yarn anyhow?

VON PLOD had a pin,
(He did afterwards tell),
And watching his chance,
He managed it well,
He inserted the pin in ADOLPHUS,
Who sprang on the floor with a yell.

Then out of his sleeves
There fell on the floor,
Like dead autumn leaves,
With ink scribbled o'er,
Dates, calculations, and figures,
And histories of ages before.

Now the moral of this
Very sad tale of the
Normal school is, that you
Very careful should be
That you never are found out "plugging,"
No—we mean—never plug, don't you see?

The Phonograph.

Of course GRIP has been to see the wonderful Phonograph, on exhibition opposite the Rossin House, King street west; but he is so agitated with astonishment that he cannot attempt to describe it. All the notabilities of the city have been interviewing it. Mr. DYMOND, M. P., was requested to speak into the mouth-piece, and in compliance, he got in position and shouted "You're no gentleman!" forgetting, for the moment, that he was in the House of Commons. This rude language evidently made a deep impression on the phonograph's feelings—it is a sensitive little machine—so when the crank was turned again, it hurled back the language of the hon. member for North York in the most emphatic manner.

GRIP begs to nominate the Phonograph as a member of Parliament. As a speaker it is far ahead of JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON or Mr. HAY. Moreover, it has sense enough to know just when to speak, and JOHN BEVERLY certainly doesn't—as witness his Northern Railway blunder.

GRIP would also beg to suggest that Mr. MACKENZIE go quietly and pour his workingman speech into the tin-foil, that we may escape being bored by it any more. The speech would keep a thousand years if electrotyped—and it is likely the working men could really get along without it for that length of time.



THE FENIANS' CARE.—Not to get hurt.

LONDON had a cheese market last week. It is the first one that has o-curd there this year.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* publishes a picture in honor of Her Majesty's "sixteenth" birthday.

"ANOTHER batch of lies," is the heading of a recent article in a Toronto Daily. Yes, we must admit that lies are beginning to get tolerably numerous.

"DEAL GENTLY WITH THE (H)ERRING."—The news from Halifax is that the herring fisheries are a total failure. The fish positively refuse to "go to Halifax."

"HARBOUR FACILITIES OF PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING"—is the heading of an article in the *London Free Press*. By the way where is PRINCE ARTHUR, and why does he want to land?

CHEAP READING.

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ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP." 4.00.
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DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100.
Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

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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CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 8 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

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.

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Georgian Bay Branch.

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The line will extend from Station O of location of 1877, on the western side of South River, near Nipissingan Post office, to the head of navigation of French River, about 5 miles east of Cantin's Bay, and will be in length about 50 miles.

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No Tender will be entertained unless on the printed form and unless the printed conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 28th May, 1878.

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The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60

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Next Post Office, Toronto.

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J. JOHNSON,

Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

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