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 Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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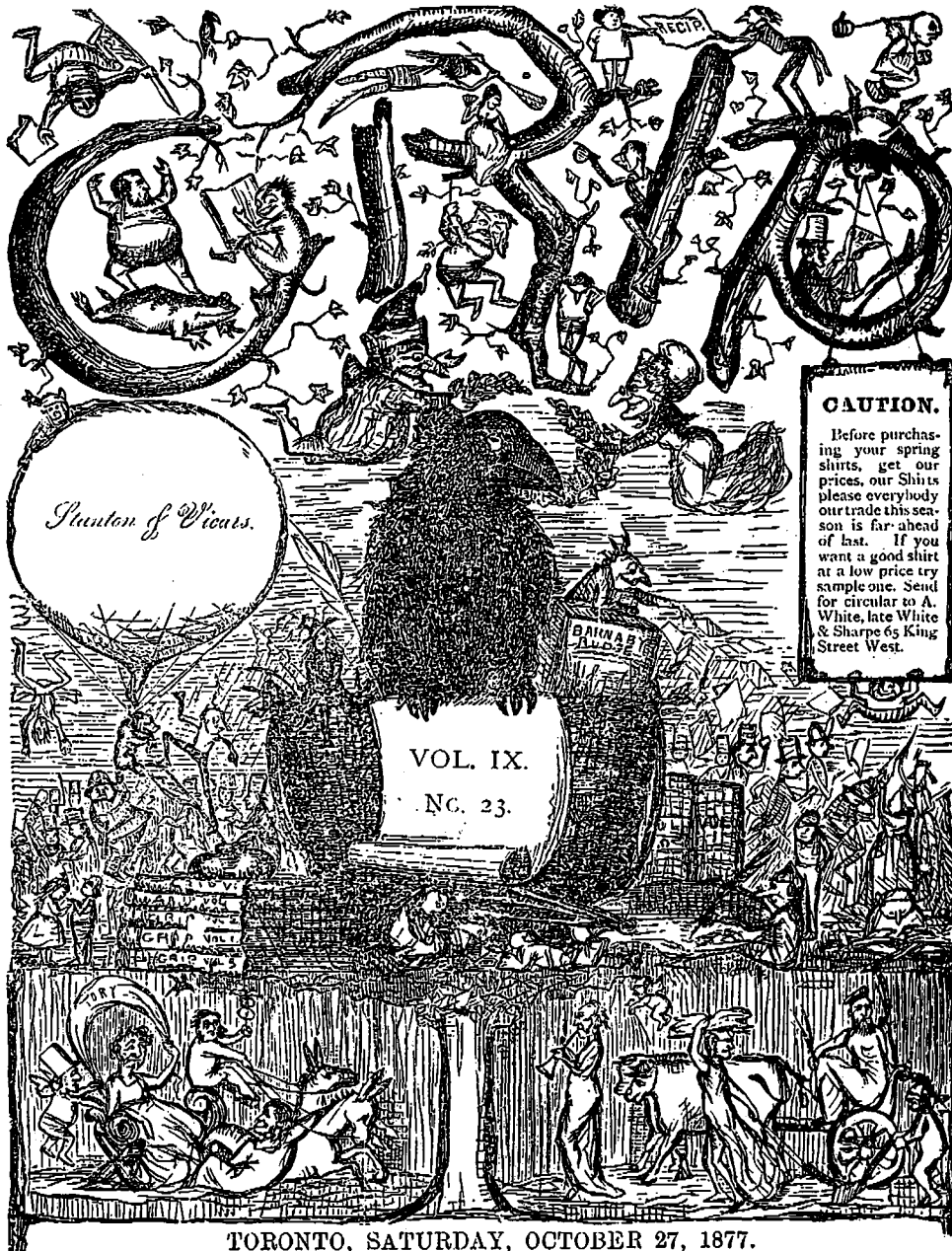
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 Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample out. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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BENGOUGH BROS.,
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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 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, 27TH OCTOBER, 1877.

The Mercantile Drama.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS. SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—And do you see
What things I bring for you. I here have brought
Pure West of England cloths, and Scottish tweeds,
As pure indeed as they; 'twere hard indeed to tell
Which purest shoddy are. The outside see,
Smooth, fine, and glossy to the touch it seems,
As ever fabric held. The inside though,
Why, marry, not exactly just the same,
But rather different, Sir. It is composed
Of a commodity of worn out coats,
Of beggars rags, and ploughmen's corduroys,
Refuse of hospitals—nay, anything
That has a garment been; my devil, Sir,
(An iron engine with right clever claws)
Shall grind them into shreds, which deftly worked
Within, concealed by better stuff without,
Make up the cloths I bring. The look is good.
The wearing tells the tale. But what of that?
I find that they will sell.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Now bless my soul,
My liver, heart, and lungs! And this I buy!
And wear! And prithee tell me this,
May not diseases cling and lurk within
These dismal relics which, in fresher guise,
You do to me present?

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—They may and do.
But what is that to me? That is the way
I do my fortunes raise. Your cottons, why,
Those you do buy of me, tear them across.
And see the lime-cloud fly, or what appears
Like lime; but good barytes is, in fact,
Or some cheap whitish earth, which by the ton,
I you for cotton sell. But never mind,
One washing takes it out, and then, you know.
As jolly SHAKESPEARE said, you safely may
Lay then the flattering unction to your soul,
You've some good cotton left. It is but thin,
You'll want to buy the sooner, which is grist
Unto my merry mill.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—And do I live
To hear such statements made? Pray, do you sell
Me all such things as these?

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Why should I not?
Quite good enough for any simple fool
Without the wit to make them for himself,
Are what I send to you. Why do you know
There's such a thing as iron, booby, Sir?
You have a few deposits of 't, a few
Square thousand miles or so, the richest ore
That this round world contains. By VULCAN'S sledge,
What I send is not so!

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Nay, is it not?
What may it be? I lack enlightenment
Most strangely in the thing.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Well, if I must
Tell that to thee, the commonest of sense
If of it thou hadst ought, had told before.
Your stove plates, Sir, at which you warm your nose,
When northern winters howl, would last you quite
A span of thirty years, if iron were
Used in them, but the chunks of cinders, slag,
And rotten metal mixed, which now you make
From what I send you; well, the stove looks smooth,
But burns out, Sir, in five.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Now, it is true
That Mrs. GULLIBUS but yesterday
A new one did demand, whereat myself
Gave answer much reflecting on her lack
Of housewife care, and tears did follow straight,
And dinner vile ensue.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Didst never look

At what thou callest nails, or even note
The grain of wheel, of boiler, or of tool,
From out my iron made? Why, solid ore,
Well wrought and tempered, Sir, should do you twice
The work, last twice the time.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—I do begin,
As JONATHAN would say, to spy me through
The blanket, and to see some little light.
Some more unfold, good Sir.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—I have made well
From your colonial trade. In gratitude,
Now that I need no more, for I retire
This coming spring, this counsel take from me:
Use the resources which your mighty land
Holds broad on every side. Make your own stuff,
Cease to import; 'tis all, but 'tis enough.

The Conservative Reaction.

GRIP mentioned lately his anxiety to know what this disputed article was, where it was, and when it was visible, if ever. Also what it was good for. All the principal men of the country, hearing GRIP was in difficulties, rushed to his assistance—partly with a view of helping him—partly hoping that something of theirs would for once appear in his columns. (N.B.—GRIP has to refuse several bushels of articles daily, heedless of the requests of the powerful, the blandishments of the wealthy, or the tears and supplications of the fair.) Here is how our leading lights flashed on to GRIP.

FROM JOHN A.

Toronto, October 16, 1877.

SIR.—You demand the meaning of the Conservative Reaction, and what the thing is. The Reaction is the irresistible feeling aroused in my mind that I did something very wicked in the Pacific Scandal. Ever since it commenced to work on me, I am compelled to run up and down the country like mad. Crowds come to look at me, and hear my sad tale of regret. You can read it anywhere in the papers. It is a NEMESIS which gives no rest—ever onwards—onwards,—now to Chatham—now to St. Mary's—now to London—all the summer I have been driven up and down, and found no rest for the sole of my foot. Fray for me.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

FROM G. B.

Globe Office, October 16, 1877.

Consarvateeve Reaction! Mon! Ye are deleerit. Nae sic thing has been mentioinit, or sae muckle as hinted at, in ony paper in the Do-meenion. It hasna even been drappit; it wasna there tae drap. Nae pairson has spoken o't. In fac', there are nae sic words. Ye are not o' ye're senses—clear daft. Even supposing there were or had been ony indeveeduals callit Consairvateeves in the kintra, they couldna hae a Reaction. Mon, ye suld read the *Globe*. A' they things hae nae existence. I hac eegnorit them. They arena.

G. BROWN.

FROM HON. W. MACDOUGALL.

Simcoe St. October, 16, 1877.

SIR.—It is strange that you should ask such a question. It is well known, and I pledge my veracity as a politician to the fact, that for two years no person in Canada has thought of anything else but this great Reaction. All business has been suspended on this account—no one could think of business, which caused the depression in business you hear of. As to what it means, any one who has studied my speeches will find I am as clear on this as on anything else, or if I am not, why as you are aware from my previous statements, it is the business of a politician to deceive the public. But as to its occupying public thoughts, Sir, I pledge you my honour that six men fell dead in King street yesterday while thinking of it. Lord DUFFERIN told me himself that he had to go to the prairies to reflect on it in solitude; that was his sole object.

W. MACDOUGALL.

FROM MR. CARTWRIGHT.

Ottawa, October, 16, 1877.

SIR.—Conservative Reaction! I should think so! What is it? That which made me grab the Penitentiary Chaplainship for my dear B. for fear things might not last long enough to get anything better for him. Dash it! If my grandfather was alive now, some folks might look out.

Yours truly,

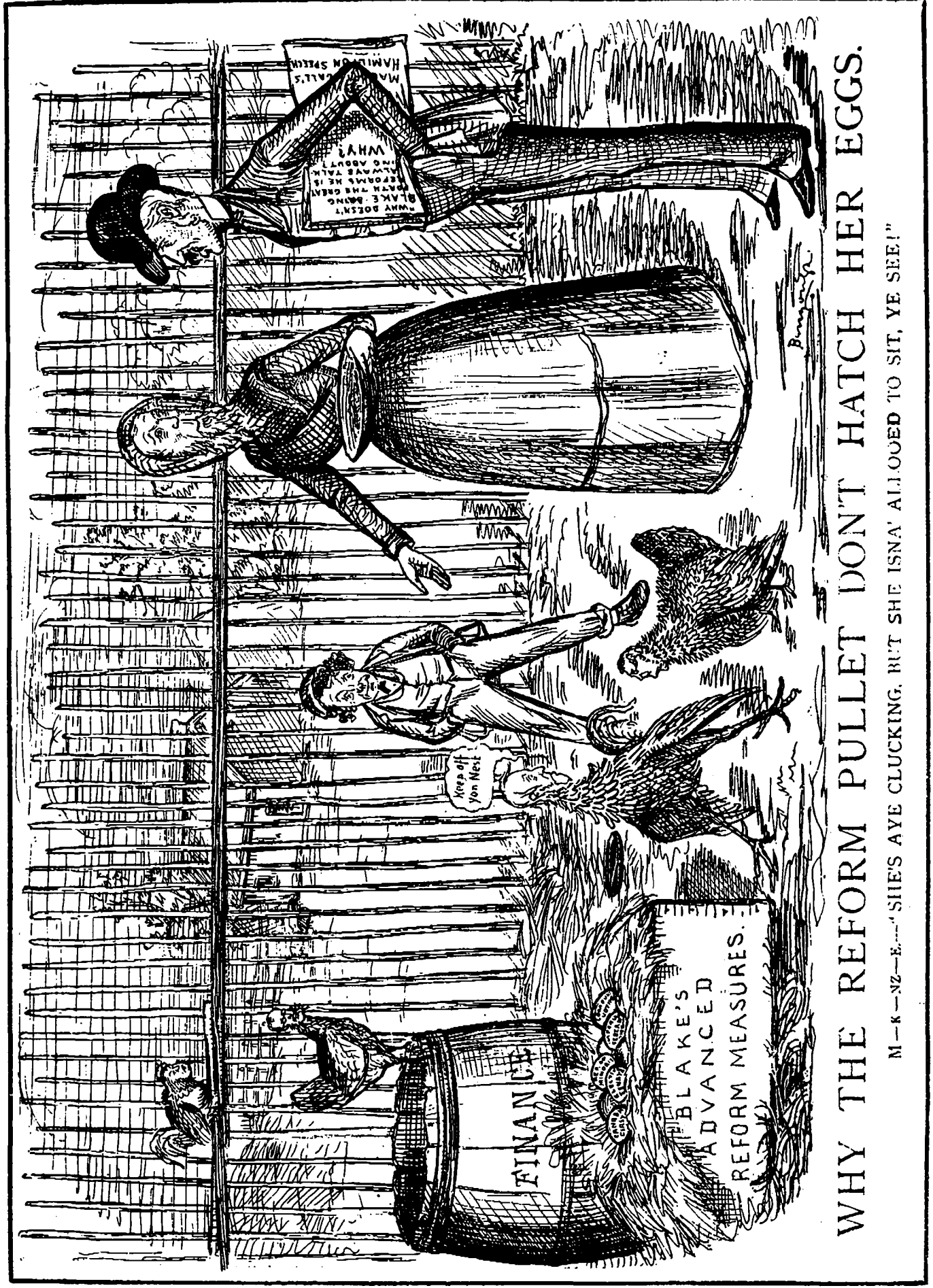
Hon. R. CARTWRIGHT, Esq.

FROM MR. BLAKE.

Ottawa, October 16, 1877.

SIR.—You demand the meaning of the Conservative Reaction! You shall know it, Sir. It is a maxim that we know the force of the blow by the rebound. The terrific blow I have dealt at Conservatism has caused a fearful vibration—a tremulous vacillation which they call Reaction. It is nothing.

E. BLAKE.



WHY THE REFORM PULLET DONT HATCH HER EGGS.

M—K—NZ—E—E—E— SHE'S AYE CLUCKING, BUT SHE ISNA' ALLOOED TO SIT, YE SEE!

Buncey

Education Department, Ontario.

NOVEMBER EXAMINATIONS, 1877.

THIRD CLASS POLITICIANS

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HON. E. BLAKE, M.P.
HON. WM. MACDOUGALL, C.B., M.P.P. } *Examiners.*

TIME.—*One hour.*

- I.—Define "Grit," "Charter Seller," "Secret Service" and "Quartette."
 II.—Justify on patriotic grounds, "Send me another ten thousand."
 III.—Mention the most important lessons to be drawn from the "Big Push" letter.
 IV.—Quote in full JOHN A's speech at St. Thomas.
 V.—Point out the fine strokes in JOE RYMAL's latest speech.
 VI.—Name in order the contests waged by THOMAS WHITE, JR.
 VII.—"These hands are clean." Do you think so?
 VIII.—Estimate the value of "Steel Rails" in the "Great Conservative Reaction."
 IX.—Give if possible examples to show that Grit M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s may hold opinions at variance with the *Globe*.
 X.—Show that JOHN A. furnishes a good illustration of sincerity; Dr. TUPPER of voracity; and GEORGE BROWN of forbearance.
 XI.—Apply correctly (1) "Smell to heaven," (2) "Would to God that I could catch him."
 XII.—Account for the recent reticence of Judges regarding political matters.
 NOTE.—GRIP publishes the above paper in advance to save candidates the trouble of stealing it.

The Mistake.

And said they we were ever dull and dead,
 Priest-ridden, and by demagogues still led?
 Opinion public here our critics thought
 (From over sea) was nought and would be nought.
 They think so. Other thoughts they may embrace:
 Note PARTYGRUBBER'S and SIR JAUNTY'S case:—

Old PARTYGRUBBER has made money here,
 Has led his party now this many a year;
 Has houses, grounds, parks,—riches, it is said—
 Yet PARTYGRUBBER might as well be dead;
 That is, politically, for his life,
 Devoted all to scenes of party strife,
 Has failed,—his tree is blasted at the root,
 The boughs are loaded,—but 'tis Dead Sea fruit,
 Has power—but never gained its only good;
 Has wealth—but never yielding what he would
 Have drawn therefrom;—above the crowd he stands
 In elevation, yet no praise commands;
 Has almost gained the country's leading part,
 But ne'er can hope to gain the people's heart,
 Their love, respect, or gratitude—such things
 His course brought not—and no such course e'er brings;
 And why, he never took Canadian's part,
 For party sold himself in every mart.
 Set Orange, Roman, each one by the ears
 To help his party, till increasing years
 Press on him,—now, his party, it is said,
 Don't care how soon old PARTYGRUBBER'S dead.

Then take SIR JAUNTY, of Pacific fame,
 Say he's no better; yet with different aim
 He moves, and has the art to understand
 The mighty passions which convulse the land;
 Sees no longer Canada will stay
 The paltry shuttlecock which others play;
 Knows the great object which young nations hold
 More dear than life, and dearer far than gold.
 What does he work by?—follow him and see
 He advocates a national policy,
 And millions join in the applauding shout,
 "Who will not give it shall be quickly "out."
 If unfulfilling, he, when place he win
 Shall get him out more quick than he went in.
 Let foreign critics learn, and those at hand
 Better Canadian nature understand;
 Note well the cause of PARTYGRUBBER'S fall,
 His propositions are insulting all—
 "Help up the party you a place shall get!"
 "Support Free Trade; you'll have goods cheaper yet,"
 We're apt to think he might as well have said,
 "Come, pigs, obey me, and you shall be fed."
 And there are those who answer (not a few)

"Confound your places and your cheapness too!"
 SIR JAUNTY, wiser, does the tact possess
 To know what things are greater, what are less,
 In our eyes, and he aims to touch
 The heart much more, if not the head so much.
 "Support home manufactures," still he cries,
 "In them Canadian hope of greatness lies,
 Be something: cease to dig for foreign folk,
 Cast off at once the foreign makers' yoke,
 Hurrah for Canada; we yet shall see
 Our country something like what it should be!"
 SIR JAUNTY may have gone astray in much,
 But knows in this the proper chord to touch,
 And Canada despising the "Cheap Jack,"
 In "Scandal's" spite, pats JAUNTY on the back.
 This is the secret of each picnic crowd,
 Cause of each arch and demonstration loud,
 Let critics learn the lesson; when they're through,
 GRIP has some more which he will teach them too.

The Doctors.

GRIP had an attack. GRIP was seriously ill. He had a slight complication of diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus, cholera morbus, gout and small-pox. His powerful constitution would have easily shaken off these, but congestion of the liver, brain fever, sciatica, pleurisy, and severe inflammation of the lungs set in with violence, and as, in this weakened condition, he had the misfortune to fall and dislocate three of his ribs, fracture his left tibia, and compound his right humerus, besides suffering a severe internal injury of the spine and hurting his big toe, he thought he might as well ask a doctor to look in. In the innocence of his heart, he stuck a placard in the window to that effect, fancying one *would* drop in, and there would be no more about it. He dropped in. More dropped in. Others dropped in. And before GRIP had called to a devil to take the unlucky paper out of the window the office was full, the hall was jammed, his bedroom was crowded, the stairs were in danger of breaking down, and the crush was infernal. Those in front seized his arm. Others felt his pulse. Others felt his other pulse. More hauled out his tongue, and when they had done with it, some more hauled it out again. They asked him questions; they pushed, they squabbled. Those in the rear clamoured to be let to the front; those down stairs wrote out their bills for attendance and passed them in over the heads of the others. GRIP begged to be left to a single physician, but the utmost he could obtain was that they would address him one after another. Then the first (allopathic) informed him that he had to be blistered, purged, salivated, starved and—Here the second (homœopathic) declared that he would not see GRIP murdered in his presence, as would be the result if the treatment proposed were attempted. GRIP had, he said, to receive infinitesimal globules for a year, and if no change occurred—Then the third (electric) cut him short, and said he was a barbarian. GRIP must be sweated in a Turkish bath, a sulphur bath, a Russian bath. He must live on brown bread and potatoes—The fourth (electric) screamed that it was awful—it was slow butchery. GRIP was to take electric shocks five times a day, and once before breakfast. He must—The fifth (trance doctor) yelled that he must be let into a trance at once in a private room, and then he would tell GRIP everything he knew, and a great deal—Then the sixth (medium) shouted that GRIP must have a *seance* at once, or die in an hour. And they all raised such a universal hubbub that GRIP woke up, and found he had not been sick at all; and has regretted ever since that he lost such a golden opportunity of delivering mankind from their medical oppressors. He might have pulled the house down on 'em, or anything. But the chance is gone.

The Comparison.

The winter winds are near; her summer dress,
 Fair Nature casts—too vulnerable seen,
 To meet the onset fierce when forward press
 December dark, and January keen,
 And all their blustering band y'clad in icy sheen.

And now in armour stout she will endure,
 In toughened bark, her sturdy coat of mail,
 Against the hostile blasts which charging through
 Her borders, shall her every front assail,
 And like the evil one, shall for a time prevail.

Yet in her time shall merry Spring appear,
 And winter pass as if she had not been;
 Again shall summer's pleasant days be here,
 In vesture gay shall earth and tree be seen,
 Far as the eye can roam, a sea of living green.

So, though a land may for a time be cursed
 With rulers imbecile of heart and hand,
 The sun of truth shall falsehood's ice-bonds burst,
 And Patriotism arise as from the dead,
 And on her glittering path the country young be led.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH instant, at noon, for Heating Apparatus of new Educational Block, Military College, Kingston, Ontario.

Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen on and after THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH instant, at the office of Mr. R. Gage, Architect, Kingston; at the office of Mr. Sippell, C. E., Lachine Canal, Montreal; on enquiry of Mr. Wills, Foreman Engineer, Custom House, Toronto; and also at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where forms of tender, &c., can be obtained.

No tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signature, occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same.

The tenders to have the actual signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, and willing to become sureties, for the due performance of the contract.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 6th, 1877.



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Miss REID, Mr. HAMPSHIRE,
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CHAS. PEARSON,
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1878. SEND FOR 1878.

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

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