

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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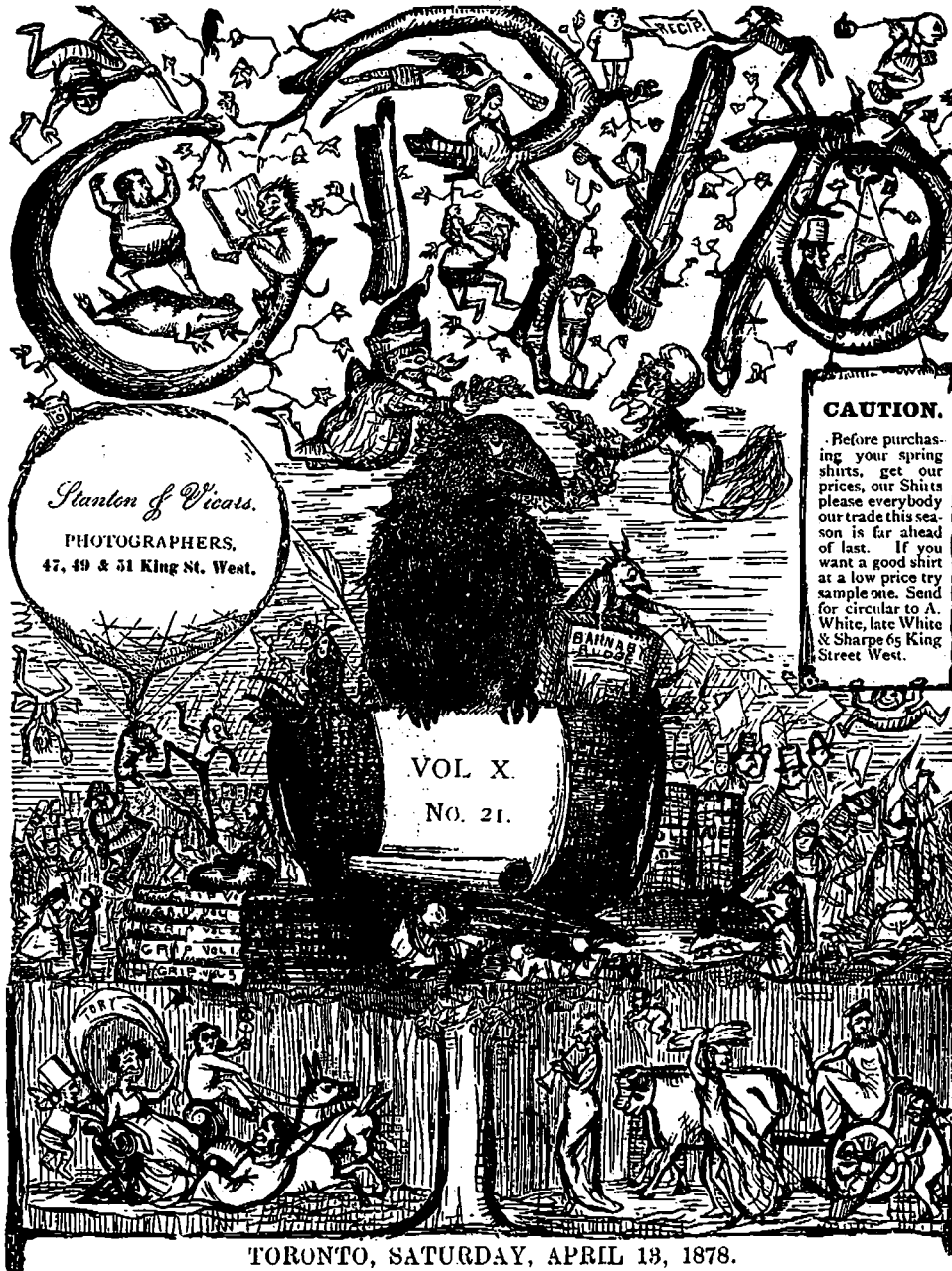
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genet is the Zoo; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH APRIL, 1878.

Mr. Mitchell on the Cow.

MISTHER SPAKER, it is myself wud be sayin' that there is gross evil in these parts connected wid the railway. It has been brought to me notice Mr. Spaker, that the buzzums av me constituents have been lacerated in their tinderest pints. Their very livin' is destroyed and their manes of comfortable and plazin existence denied thim. Government, Sir, Governint has done this dade. Yis, the minions av power have been let loose on me humble constituents and have desolated their noblest affections. Yis. Their cows—their cows! I repate it, sur, in a voice av thunder, their COWS! Calm, confidint, and peaceful, the four-legged friends av me humble constituents wandher through the plisint glade. What is it shalutes their ears? What causes their unsuspectin' harruts to trumble? Is it the universal shudderin' of the earth knowin' the deed av darkness about to be perpetrated? The ground shakes, the atmosphere is filled wid the fire and stame concocted by our apology for a government, the horrid many wheeled monster of their wickedness rowls by on the thrack! What a shrake was there! Terrible to witness whin those unsuspectin' forrums were dashed to paces and imbrued wid gore. Mr. SPAKER, it call for vingeance. Vingeance, black and dreadful, should be poured on the heads of the perpetrators. The loud reprobatons of an indignant counthry shall foriver ring in their polluted ears. They put up a notish—the gentleman says they put up a notish! Is it—I ask it in the face of all this respectable asshembly, is it expicted that the lasht dhrop av tyranny shall be expinded on my unfortunate constituents, and that they shall be compelled to give their cows a boardin' school edication? I cannot believe it. No such measure—aquil to the murderin' aydicts av Caligula and the Mejjians, can be contimplated. No, Sir, I take pleasure in holdin' up the creators and concoctors av the superhuman outrage to the general reprobation av the worruld; humanity shall cry shame upon thim, and the universal vardict of indignant posterity shall everlastingly reshound to the hoights av the eternal rocks agin thim, now and foriver more—in *secula seculorum*—av they don't pay the value av the baste!

Sensational Journalism.

Enter Editor of sensational paper (to *Sub-editor*). Anything stirring?
SUB-E.—Oh, don't know; nothing to make a fuss about. WILD IRISH, Esq., is to lecture here on the 17th.
EDITOR.—Splendid. Great sensation (*writes editorial*):—

"MOST INJUDICIOUS.

"We hear it is contemplated to allow the celebrated WILD IRISH—well known for his dynamite propensities—to lecture here on the 17th. It is to be much regretted that this step"—*et cetera et cetera* for days together.

(*Next day*) EDITOR (to *Sub-E*).—How do they like that?

SUB-E.—Oh, that has roused them. Here's a batch of letters.

EDITOR.—All right. Print 'em. (*Letters appear as follows*):—

To the Editor Sensational.

SIR.—I hope the intimation in your columns that that person called WILD IRISH is to lecture on the 17th, is not correct. The city authorities should interfere. No hall should be rented to him in this city. As a Briton I protest against this city being made—&c., &c., &c.

To the Editor Sensational.

SIR.—I think the best way will be to take no notice of the fellow. His vile and infamous career—&c., &c., &c.

To Editor Sensational.

SIR.—The right of free speech must be vindicated. As long as he says nothing treasonable, WILD IRISH is as deserving of—&c., &c., &c., (*Next day*) EDITOR.—How is it going?

SUB-E.—Oh, I tell you, the *Sensational* is waking them up. Takes it to make things fly. Selling like hot cakes!

EDITOR.—All right. (*writes article*):—

"IGNORE HIM.

"Would it not be much the best way to let him say what he has to say, and take no notice? His empty clack cannot hurt us. Perhaps a mild intimation might well be forwarded to him, but really the matter is"—&c., &c., &c., (*Next day*).

"TROUBLE ANTICIPATED.

"If those ill advised persons who engaged the hall for this fanatic individual are possessed of such determination as to carry out their plan, we fear there will be—"&c., &c., &c.,

EDITOR.—How do they take to-day?

SUB-E.—First rate. People believe there is to be a riot, and all want to hear about it. Lots mean to go and see it.

More letters on each side appear. Great talk is indulged in editorially and correspondentially; everybody thinks there will be a fuss, as thousands who but for the newspapers would never have heard a word of it, mean to go and see the fun. The speaker comes. His coming is described in big type and all the incidents noticed as if he were a Emperor or something. Everybody is told where he is going to speak, and if the reporter could find out, would have told what he had for breakfast. The night arrives. Thousands are on the streets, and their presence emboldens all roughs into the idea that something awful is to happen. They make something happen. The police are stoned, many men injured, property destroyed; a precedent is created for plenty of future rows which will some day have to be quelled with ball-cartridge; a tremendously sensational account of the affair appears in the papers, and the papers, which have made a very considerable amount of money by their increased sales resulting from the publicity given and comments made on an occurrence which but for them would scarce have excited any comment at all, moralize on the whole business in the most innocent manner, and publish long articles wondering where, after all, the blame really rests, and who ought to be punished for the fuss. GRIP could tell them

The Russian Difficulty.

ALEXANDER.—I'll stay in Turkey, where I mean to smash The British—

PRIME MINISTER.—If you could but get the cash.

ALEX.—Slave; but I say I will. My hurricane Of troops shall sweep them like the peeled rind Before the tempest—

P. M.—Who's to raise the wind?

ALEX.—Sir, when I say I'll do a thing I will.

P. M.—I wish you'd say then that you'll foot the bill.

ALEX.—You talk of money—something strikes me—say, To Paris telegraph, and say we'll pay A thumping interest.

P. M.—I've done it, Sir,

They say they should something more require, As for your "thumping" interest, they know Your grandfather paid them exactly so.

When he to Paris came with the Allies, But they did not quite like it. The replies Are thus—If you intend to go to war, Sir, With Britain, why, they want a good endorser.

ALEX.—Why not, ask Prussia, she will not object.

P. M.—Your Majesty, she sends her deep respect, But old King WILLIAM pious is and good, You know, and BISMARCK is afraid he would Consider it unchristian and so on To aid such strife—

ALEX.—The canting fool. Begone Austria will do it.

P. M.—No, your Majesty She rather wants from you security.

ALEX.—Well, Italy?

P. M.—She's on the other side.

ALEX.—The States?

P. M.—They say the distance is too wide And WASHINGTON has told them still to be Free from what's called entangling policy.

ALEX.—France won't.

F. M.—There isn't any country more The fact is that, though it we may deplore, In Britain lies the cash, which wrong or right, Is borrowed by us nations when we fight, She will not lend it now.

ALEX.—Not likely. Then No matter what my force of fighting men, I cannot use them. Can't we money get?

P. M.—I must confess I see no method yet.

ALEX.—The game is up. We've beaten, and we're beat. Go tell them that in Congress we will treat, An English rascal once, called SHAKESPEARE, said By poverty, and not by will, we're led.

SARCASTIC.—Office devil (*running into composing room*):—Give me the paste for the boss, he wants to write some editorial."



THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

HON. PETER M.—J. L.—“ That notice is all well enough, but COULD A COW READ?!”

HON. ALEX.—“ Let's take a horn, and say no more about it.”

The Modern Tar.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see
About danger and fear and the like,
But a two feet of steel and teak backing give me
And on that let their cannon balls strike.

I've heard of some sailors in NELSON's old doys
As wanted their foe for to see,
But splinter my plates, in our seafarin' ways
We don't never get wision of he.

Snug and tight and shipshape and all rivetted round,
And in under the deep water-mark,
That's the place where blue juckets are now-a-days found,
All closed hup like the beasts in the hark.

But shiver my girders, he musn't suppose,
As Britannia is taken aback.
With our big hundred tonner if we for him goes
Why we blows him sky high in a crack.

For the cap'en above at his winder, you know,
Like hold NOER when he went to sea,
Wires down "Hearts of steel in the coal hole below,
Fire a gun off, three pints N. N. E.

And smash my compartments, the compass we takes,
And we pulls at the galvanic line,
And bang—blow my pudding, but heverything shakes,
But wot's hit is no business o' mine.

But if we has luck in the haction, and licks
We don't cheer as we did long ago,
For the cap'en must tell us, or helse in our six,
Snap my shaft, if we hever would know.

But crack all my screw-rods, what sort of a cheer
Could be heard through a three feet o' steel,
So we don't hexpend breath; but the 'ed hengineer,
Why, he may make the biler to squeal.

But I'm blest if the houtlook's all pleasin' and safe—
For torpeders may take us aback,
But the cap'en sits up in the turret aloft,
To keep watch they don't blow up poor JACK.

A Continued Conversation.

"But," said Mr. JONES, theatrically taking a striking attitude in the middle of the floor, "what shall we do?"

"Is business *very* bad?" asked Mrs. JONES, winding up up her gold watch.

"Not a customer for a week!" answered her lord, dolefully, "Yes," he added, with a brightening glance, "there was. A girl came for a row of pins."

"Did she buy 'em?" asked the lady.

"No," replied JONES, gloomily. "She said next door, bankrupt stock, she could get two rows for a cent."

"Well, well," said Mrs. J., "things must change. Next week there may be two, and next week more. Things must mend when they're at the worst."

"Bless me!" jerked in the aroused JONES, hitting his cane sharply on the top of a carved chair, "do you know that there are bills due next week?"

"There's the milk bill," placidly said Mrs. J., "And the butcher would like a settlement, as he told me when he asked what I'd like for to-day."

"Nonsense!" jerked out Mr. J. "Bills! I mean \$3,000 due on Friday."

"My poor papa," said the lady, "used always to renew such things."

"I wish I had him here; it is beyond me," said JONES, dropping flop on the cat, as it happened, which escaped with a screech which actually roused Mrs. JONES into animation.

"Goodness!" cried she, "if the thing is really of consequence—"

"Consequence! ma'am," screamed Mr. J., lifting his head suddenly. "Fact is; don't know if is of consequence in your opinion or not, but if you haven't got the \$3,000 we'll be sold out, and you may take in washing, for I'm about played."

"Can't you speculate?" asked Mrs. J., earnestly the possibilities suddenly developing themselves in alarmingly washtubbian form.

"On what?" asked J.

"Build houses and borrow money on them? folks do it," said the lady.

"Too many did it in Toronto," said JONES.

"Give lectures," said Mrs. JONES.

"Last three in Toronto had doorkeepers for audiences," said JONES.

"Go as a clerk," said the lady, "You were one once."

"Three hundred applicants for the last situation advertised," said Jones. "Don't see anything; can't even saw wood; everyone uses coal."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. J. "Start a newspaper."

"Don't understand it," said JONES.

"If you did you'd fail," said the lady. "I know all about it; pa started three. The secret of success is never to write anything; steal all the good things out of other papers; spend all your time looking for advertisements. Sell out before you're found out, and begin again. Lots of folks do it."

"I'll think of it," said JONES.

Spring.**I.**

Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And then we needn't keep so much to hum.

II.

Waft all thy balmy zephyrs through the air,
And tempt us out to catch diphtheria there.

III.

The ice dissolves at thy reviving ray
Before we've scarcely put a bit away.

IV.

How thy moist showers bedew the thirsty trees,
And if we're there we all begin to sneeze.

V.

See through their realm the finny tenants play,
And JOHNNY, fishing's nearly drowned to-day.

VI.

How gloriously the sunbeams all downpour,
Which makes the dunghills smell worse than before.

VII.

Now bud the plants in thousand gardens set,
And we shall garden stuffs and colics get.

VIII.

Now taste our youth of open air the joys,
Each street is horrid with the children's noise.

IX.

To pasture on the grass the cows can stray
And milk won't keep much more than half a day.

X.

All things of pleasure and displeasure bring
These are the pleasures and the woes of spring.

Give us a Rest.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am a persecuted mortal, delivered over to fiends. These fiends are diminutive. I believe they are sometimes called boys. Thirteen hundred and seventy-five live in my neighbourhood, and there is a family with seven moving in across the road. Sir, I cannot go down the street but I must risk a *feu d'enfer* of stones they are always throwing from things they call catapults. My servant girl has a pain in both ankles from coming perpetually to answer their runaway knocks. They chalk caricatures on my front wall, and break down my shade trees in the street. They swing on my post chains. They play continual peg top and marbles on the sidewalk; they creep under it, and at any moment if not careful, you may step on small boys which strew themselves about in all directions. They play bat and ball, and when your window is smashed the boy you catch always tells you it was the other one, whose residence he don't know. I want to know if they can not be abolished. In China when little, they throw them away. But probably a Chiua boy would break up when thrown away, while ours would make more noise than ever. I do not know what to propose. Perhaps if a Reformatory were established at the North Pole or somewhere for all boys till full grown, or if no boy were allowed without a collar and tag, otherwise to be scooped up by the dog-carts. Something should be done.

Yours,

ANTI-PUER.

Toronto, April 10, 1878.

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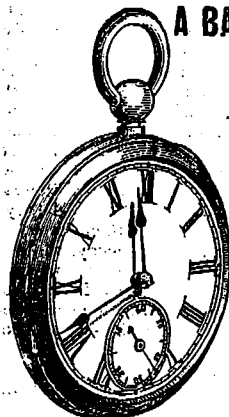
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