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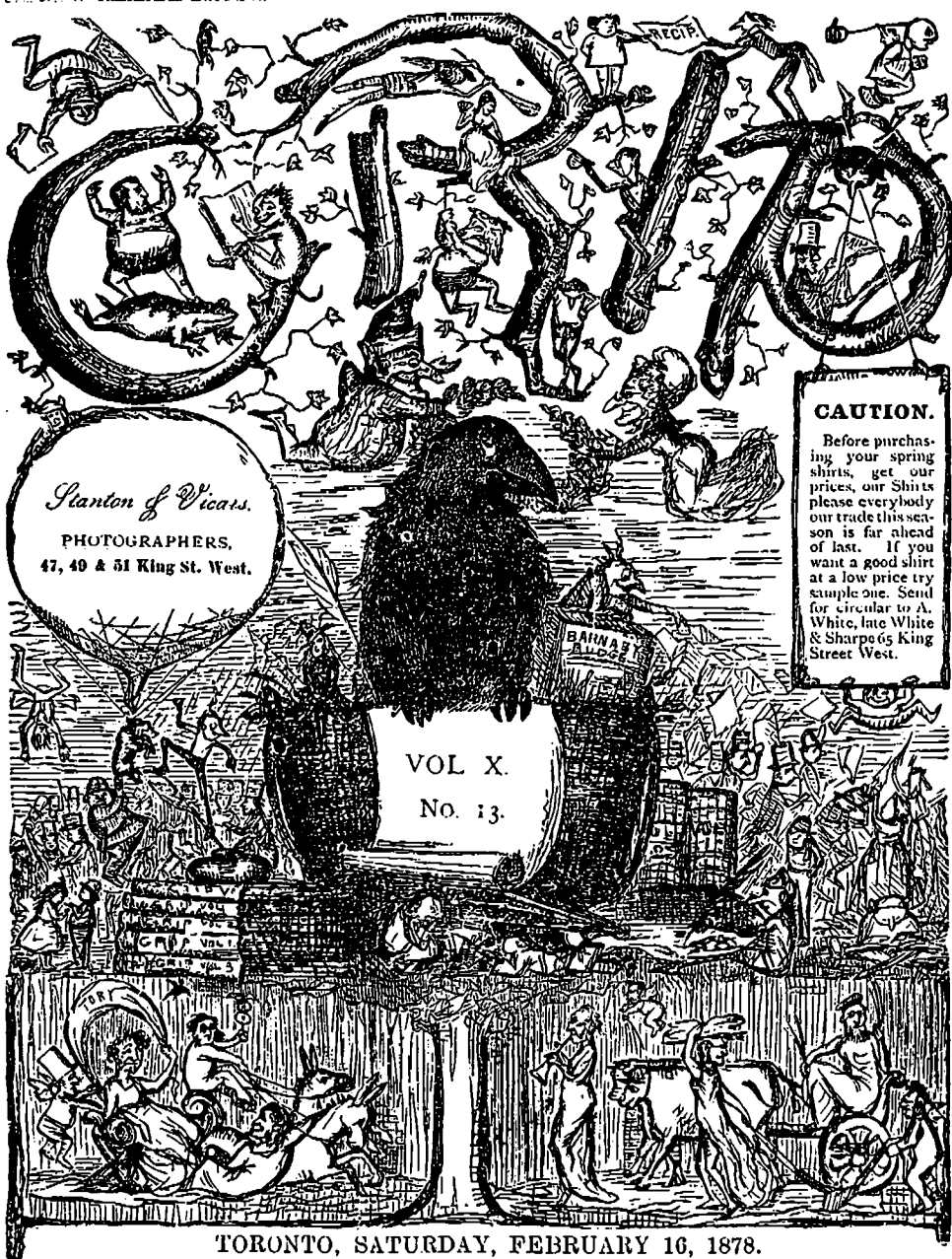
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyater; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DIBBY HERRINGS."—Many thanks for sketch, it is capital. Have forwarded to our artist, who is at present in Nova Scotia.

"Reporters do a credit business—they take notes."—GRIP, 5th January.
Some newspapers discourage the credit system, i.e., they steal GRIP'S jokes and give no credit.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON, M. P. for North Norfolk, has made a mark in the House of Commons by his able treatment of the question of free trade and protection.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

Yes, in turn.—GRIP.

The Chieftain's Blunder.

JOHNNY A. at Ottaway has a blunder made.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway will on shelf be laid.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway hurried on the vote.
JOHNNY A. at Ottaway cut his party's throat.

The Globe on the Cumulative Bill.

What? No! no! no! What? Give to the people who own city property the right of managing it? Never! Give the folks who pay the taxes any word in spending them? Never! The present system is correct. It shall stand. It is in accordance with our known principles, and if it isn't honest and right we're dishonest and wrong. What is the present system? You may own twenty houses, and have brought into the city a hundred thousand dollars and invested it in houses. Your property needs streets paved, gas, water, police, fire protection, lots of things. You are taxed four thousand dollars a year. Your porter, who has rented a small house, and is going to the States next year, pays six dollars taxes. You pay four thousand. It is right that he should have as much say in the disposal of the four thousand and six dollars as you have. You have but one vote; he should have one. This is right—at least we declare it is, and it is as right as we are on most things. We do not forget that municipal business is now altogether a money matter—that it has nothing to do with the making of laws for protection of property or life—with matters legal or constitutional—that the government manage the licenses, and the police, and have left us nothing but the roads and streets—the mere money matters. We do not forget this, and yet we say—we swear—we scream—that those who pay the most have no right to say how their money is to be spent,—that right belongs to those who don't pay it. Division of labour—what can be fairer? Hard working fellows who have saved money must pay the taxes—lazy fellows who have none will spend it. That's right; at least that's what we think right. Hooray!

But there is the real point concealed all this time. If we take power from the irresponsible how shall we get bonuses passed? Who will care for our help? Will any one come along with an offer for our assistance? No. The matter will be in the hands of those who own the property, and there'll be an end to newspaper dictation. Never! Down with the right of the taxed to spend the taxes!—no wire-pulling possible then. At least all this is what the *Globe* might as well have said as what it did say.

The Lay of the Osmani.

Allah! Allah! Oh, Bismillah! English people, what did we Since we knew you, do unto you, that we humbugged thus shouldbe? See the Giaour fierce devour all the faithful here around. Deep in Tophet by our Prophet, may his spirit yet be drowned.

Sons of ocean, with what notion did you lead us to believe, We your backing in our whacking round of Christians should receive? Lo, the Czar now swears we are now quite humanely them to treat— Must not take their cash, or break their heads, as was our custom meet.

Christian dogs and such like hogs and people of that sort must be, From believers now receivers of each meek civility. Ho, there, HASSAN!—catch my ass and fasten on him now my pack. Joy awaits across the straits, and we never shall come back.

The Over-confident.

There was a wizard very great,
A many years ago,
Of whom to you I will relate
A story full of woe.

Now though such folks are very strong
In magic, yet they can
No more than others, get along
Without a servant man.

And so this conjuror had one
To whom he did impart,
A lot of things which might be done
By necromantic art.

But didn't tell him all he knew,
And didn't teach him quite,
A thing he often used to do—
To raise the devil right.

The servant was a cheeky one,
And meant the trick to do,
Whenever mischief to be done,
Away his master drew.

It happened soon—the master goes,
The servant locks the door,
The cauldron steamed—the devil rose
Thereout with horrid roar.

It wouldn't do—the devil knew,
He didn't like the smell,
And at the servant straight he flew,
With double extra yell.

He hauled that servant's liver out,
As if it wasn't his,
And scattered all his ribs about,
And went about his biz.

There is a chap at Ottaway,
A clever servant too,
By nomination JOHNNY A.,
About this thing to do.

He means to raise a spirit there,
Protection is its name,
Which all his enemies shall scare,
And overthrow the same.

Oh, JOHNNY A. ! Oh, JOHNNY A. !
The drugs you never knew,
Take warning by this little lay,
And send for folks who do.

Not His Fault.

It was JONES' fault that he was not minding where he was going on Saturday night, and popped right through the coal hole, incautiously left open in the sidewalk in front of the magnificent residence of JOSHUA BIGGS, Esq., thus finding himself reposing on a pile of the best chestnut, in a dark cellar, only lighted by his entering place high over head, and in a perfect whirlwind of dust raised by his fall. But it was not his fault that, under the choking circumstances of the case, he coughed, nor that MARY in the kitchen heard him, and at once screamed loudly, which brought down Mr. BIGGS from above, who at once opened the door, which JONES at the point of suffocation at that moment perceived and dived for; but his eyes being quite full of particles, did not perceive the portly BIGGS in the passage, against whose stomach JONES' head "caunoned" with peculiar impinging force, rolling him bang against MARY behind, and both falling with double momentum squash on PONTON in the rear. It was not JONES' fault; he had to go somewhere, and slap up the stairs he rushed. But here he encountered a formidable opponent in the shape of Master BIGGS, 16, roused by the cry of burglars, and coming down with a loaded double-barrel, at full cock, and crammed with buckshot. But JONES' momentum saved him. His head knocked up the gun, bang, bang, went both barrels, and bang went the butt against young B.'s nose, flooring him on the landing, while the double contents raked the hall, riddled six coats, smashed PITT, FOX, and BURKE into plaster chips, and knocked the painted hall window into shivers. JONES (it was not his fault) walked out of the back door into the lane and went home, while the police rushed in great force in at BIGGS' front door. The BIGGS' are in vinegar and brown paper, and JONES is in seclusion, scanning carefully the various newspaper accounts of the "Desperate attack by burglars on the house of J. BIGGS, Esq., one of our most respected citizens, and gallant defence of the premises by young Master BIGGS."



THE PAMPHLET CHIEFTAIN.

"MACPHERSON swore a feud
Against the Clan MACKENZIE," &c.

Tierney Abroad.TO MISTHER GRIP, *up at Taranto.*

RESPECTID SIR :

I fale it me juty to sind yez worrud consarriu' the locality av me prisint fwereabouts, be way av risin' the public mind, that moight be entherentain' onai-yeness on account av seein' me name absint so long a toim from the columus av your excillint and widely circulated paper. I blave the lasht apparance I med in print was somewher betune New Years and Christmas, fwihin I tuck up me pin to wish yez the compliments av the sayson. I fale it incumbrance on me to write at the prisint toime, bein' afear'd that some wan up west wud be raisin' a commotion about the Missin' Man, mainin' me, an' puttin' me name in the news-papers wid the Losht an' Found advertisements. This idee furst shtruck me fwihin I was in New Brunswick av late, fwheve ivery one is wild wid excitement about the murther av McCARTY, who wint from his home in Moncton and med his disappearance at Shediac. They are havin' a thrial av the suspicid murderers now, an' they call it the Moncton Mistry, barrin' Mistryer LIVINGSTONE iditor av the *Times*,—he calls it The Missin' Man. Yez have no comprehension av the amount av intherest the people takes in that thrial. Ivery man and woman wan meets is radin' the ividince in the *Times*, an' that interproisin' paper does be sellin' ivery day the car load. The Iditor av coorse is makin' slathers av money, an' sez fwat he wishes most is that the icitement was pasht an' the thrial done. As the gntleman wears spectacles, I dunno if he winked or not fwihin he used that observation.

But how'd a fwihle, begorra, I'm ahead av me shtory. Mebbe yez don't know fwat me business is, away down here in thim Merrytime Provinces. Well, I wud raise to explain—as the Chinese Laundry man want said to Mistryer MIGNABB, in the Police Coort.

Av coorse yez are aware that I have always stud up pullytically as a thruve Consarvatiff wid rifsrence to pollytics. I have always thried to sarve SIR JOHN and putt out the Grit government, as yez are all well aware. Well, to make a long shtory shart, Mistryer MACKENZIE hard about me, an' I blave the government got notice av the fact that me able and illoquent pin was to be secured for the *Mail* staff, under the new managemint, wid a shtool furninst NED FARRAR. So fwat does me fine Premier do, but sends for me to go hot-foot to Ottaway, that the government wanted to shpake to me in private, an' that I wud hear av something to me advantage, av I kem down handsomely. Well sir, widout axin the lave av me chieftain, SIR JOHN, I put on me best clothes, an' I wint down as hansome as I cud, wid a paper collar and a clane shave. Sir, I was tuck up to Mistryer MICKENZIE's in a cab, an had a plisint intherview with the government. I hard av somethin' to me advantage, untirely. Yez'll hear no more blatherin' on the shtrumf from me, about stale rails, an' Kamaskatka Canal jobs, an' the loikes av that; an' yez'll see no more av thim brilliant and powerful articles av mine in the *Mail* on the Tariff. I have been convarted from the error av me way, by hearin' av something to me advantage. But I wudn't have room in this lethter to tell yez amny more about it till the next lethter I sind. In the manetime, tell the citizens av Ontario to make themselves aisy about me, an' nixt toime SIR JOHN shtrolls into yer office to luek through the exchange papers and learn how the reaction does be gettin' along, tell him to think av me kindly, if possible, because me heart is still thruve to the ould man, an' I wud exclaim wid the poet, Aleen Allanna, Angus Ashore! (Plase don't print this lasht bit, or MICKENZIE moight see it, an' it was him towld me somethin' to me advantage, at Ottaway).

Yours want more,

FERRY TIERNEY.

Oxford, N. S., Feb. 6, 1878.

Not So Easy.

The things that are easy to plan, you're aware,
Would fill worlds, were they ever so wide;
But somehow when coming to tackle 'em square,
They're not quite so easy when tried.

"'Twill be easy for me," thinks the youth, "to succeed,
Who my course can so cleverly guide."
But a few years soon teach him belief in the creed,
It is not quite so easy when tried.

"She is wilful, expensive and careless," says one,
"Yet she'll make a most dutiful bride,
For she'll bow to my will;" but he finds, when all's done,
It is not quite so easy when tried.

On his spirited courser your friend gallops past,
And you're sure quite as well you can ride.
But a few broken ribs will explain very fast,
It is not quite so easy when tried.

Though it's easy satirical journals to start,
And the opposite party deride,
Spite's not wit; and non-selling is sure to impart,
That it's not quite so easy when tried.

The Judge and Clergyman.

THE JUDGE.

Most reverend sir—
Does it not seem unto your holy mind,
Purged quite from fleshly lasts and greivous taint,
Of sin—or mortal, deadly, venial,
Or sin of any kind—does it, I say,
Not seem to you my office should exempt
Me from the taxer's clutch? I doubt the law
Stands not so clear for me, yet shall appeal,
If you decide it just.

THE CLERGYMAN.

With every wish my duty here to do,
If I were power to hold, I should command
Each judge exempt by law. We do not hear
In all the Book of Judges, that there was
One who his taxes paid.

THE JUDGE.

Most worthy sir, my mind has much relief,
By what you now have said. The point I shall
In mine own favour press, and do not doubt
For in my honesty they much confide.
That they will let me off.

He appeals, and is allowed free. Next day, in his own court comes up

THE CLERGYMAN.

Most gracious judge, I do to these appeal,
Against my taxes here.

THE JUDGE.

The law, I know, is doubtful as to this,
Yet as I lately have opinion had,
As to the moral nature of a charge
Laid on in taxing shape, which to me seems,
To fit that case of thine as well as that,
Whereof I asked it, I to all declare
You stand exempt and free.

*The court closes, and LAW and DIVINITY having thus mutually absolved each other from paying taxes, go home and dine together, wondering whether they couldn't get PHYSIC also into the exempt ring.***Wonderful.**

It is not, GRIP assures his readers, generally supposed that the *Mail* is the property of the Hon. G. B., and they would never imagine that a devil, in a cloak and dark lantern, carries all proofs first to that gentleman, when, of course, he has no difficulty in striking out anything which might injure the pairty, and putting in something which the *Globe* writers can demolish next day at their leisure. Everyone has wondered why, with the best of the case on his side, the *Mail* chap seems so weak, but no one except GRIP has ever suggested this feature of the case. Even to him, with such tremendous ingenuity have the details been concealed, no acrual information has been given. But what of that? His clear imagination touches the foul mystery with THURIEL'S spear, and he gives the idea to the assembled nations as the only possible solution of an anomaly which has long exercised the minds of philosophers, and the difficult nature of which may, for all he knows, have had much to do with filling our asylums. Now it is solved!

The Arabian Drink.

Of grateful herbs—he means of tea—
Which don't inebriate,
Let COWPER sing; a better thing
I have found out of late.

By aid of that Milesian man,
Initialled N. F. D.,
Who said, "Come over, if you can,
And take a cup with me."

"Sathanas, retro!" straight I cried,
"I am a Dunkinite!"
"Behold another," he replied,
"But coffee will be right."

The Mocha steamed within the cup,
It rose into the brain,
The plains of Araby sprang up,
The torrid coasts of Spain.

I saw the frisking goatlings there,
Find out the coffee tree.
I saw the wondering herdsman stare,
Their new-found life to see.

I saw the Divan's majesty,
Each Pacha in his state,
The cups of golden filigree,
The heads above the gate.

More I had seen, but King street broke
Upon the vision then,
While N. F. D. unto me spoke,
And I replied again.

