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**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 21ST JULY, 1877.

## A Conversation.

SCENE.—A Plain. Outsider standing solus. To him enter Orange and Green in full regalia, by different roads, marching deffaultly.

OUTSIDER.—Very amusing I must say! quite as good as a circus to look at. Do you like to walk these long distances, and carry those things?

ORANGE.—Like it? Sure it's for religion.

GREEN.—A quare chap that wud'nt do that much for it.

OUTSIDER.—And is it your religion to kill one another on these days? A sort of propitiatory sacrifice, perhaps?

ORANGE.—Religion! Not a bit of it. To walk uphoulds religion; but the occasional scrimmages is marelly agrayable concomitants to houghien the intherest.

GREEN.—Just that same. A bit of divarsion like.

OUTSIDER.—And do you know what you pay for this diversion?

ORANGE.—Is it pay ye're sayin'? What do ye mane?

GREEN.—F'what do we pay?

OUTSIDER.—Your whole right to share in the government of the country.

ORANGE.—Augh, shut up, thin. Are'nt we going to get the right ov incorporation soon. Its not little MOWAT'll kape us out av it much longer.

GREEN.—Shure, bedad! Is'nt O'DONOHUE and MERRICK to git places right off?

OUTSIDER.—Yes, and FERGUSON got one. But it is always the same. Whenever quasi-religious bodies are formed under free constitutions, their leaders get the rewards due to their followers, whom there is no means of paying. But on Prohibition—on Protection—on any of the great questions of the day, where are you? Deprived frequently of all power of voting as you would wish, because you must back the statesman your colour backs, and that statesman may not think as you do on these great questions at all.

ORANGE.—There's some rayson in that.

GREEN.—A power too much.

OUTSIDER.—Consider also that in many parts of the country a Catholic cannot get elected; in many others an Orangeman cannot. Yet in many such places a moderate Protestant can. Does not this tend to keep power from both of you? Between one thing and another, half of you are actually disfranchised by your dissensions.

ORANGE.—It's too thrue.

GREEN.—Isn't there some way of givin' ourselves a lift, now?

OUTSIDER.—Just this: get up a petition among yourselves for the passage of a strict law against all party processions and regalia, include St. Patrick's Day with the rest, shake hands, forget dead issues, think of the living present, and you will do more for Orangemen, more for Catholics, and more for Canada, than if you were to walk once a week, in full paraphernalia, from now until eternity.

(Scene closes.)

## The Coal Debate.

Half a dozen prominent Toronto coal dealers declare the water works coal is not Lehigh; half a dozen prominent coal users declare the same is Lehigh. GRIP don't intend to make known his accurate knowledge by saying which is correct, not wishing to be always hauled round dusty piles of coal as an arbiter in future. But he extracts the undeniable moral. Half the prominent coal users and dealers don't know one sort of coal from another.

## War Notes.

What the Hungarian Diet consists of not everybody professed to know when it met the other day. The Russian diet just now, however, is roast Turk(ey) with pepper sauce a la Krupp three times a day. Some of these grow exceedingly unhealthy through tasting so much of their favourite dish, but, on the whole, some of the illiterate among them think that their bill of fare still stands far above the Diet of Worms which LUTHER tackled.

A confidential despatch from SULEIMAN PASHA to GRIP, gives assurance that as soon as his Turks are through revictualling Nicies there'll be some sick old Nicks. Seems to me that the Niciesians are a superbly voracious set, as this is at least the fourteenth time their larder has been filled with hash (according to cable.) Old NICHOLAS and his Nicks will do well to steer clear of the Cannibals.

## The Plague of Flies

Why will they praise the summer sun?  
Extol the summer skies?  
What are they each of them but one  
Engenderer of flies?

Each dinner table bears a host.  
They swarm on every dish.  
They buzz around the boiled and roast.  
They settle on the fish.

Pierce struggling in the cream them see,  
And in the sugar bowl.  
Across the palate with the tea  
Unpleasantly they roll.

At last the meal is over—you  
Upon the sofa try  
To catch repose—could catch it too,  
If you could catch a fly.

One demon fly, who's here and there  
And everywhere around;  
In vain on table, wall, and chair,  
Your cushion does resound.

The other flies don't bother you;  
They know his biz he knows.  
He has the contract taken to  
Preserve you from repose.

You rush in frenzy from his sight  
And to the grove repair;  
Alas, you meet with no respite  
Behold his brothers there.

Above each waving branch they fly  
And flutter it below.  
And hear you not their close ally  
The fiendish Mosquito?

Ah, think, that after hot July  
Comes blazing August too,  
When we, for every present fly  
A dozen then shall view.

## The Sweets of the Rostrum.

NEWEST VERSION OF "ASKING FOR BREAD AND RECEIVING A STONE."

SCENE:—In the Town Hall of a Canadian town, selected at random.  
JUST BEFORE THE LECTURE.

LECTURER (*aside*).—Nay, Mr. HYDRO CALORIC, your reception in this place is no improvement over yesterday, the day before, and the day to come. What care plebeian-minded slaves to filthy lucre for intellectual nourishment and the glories of expounded science? Here they come to the tune of nine-and-twenty to hear you; but, if it please you, were there a nigger-show, with ugly dances and silly pantomime, then you should see a gaping and admiring multitude. Nine-and-twenty! Four are dead-heads. That leaves me \$12.50, at least I shall possess it until I pay \$10 for the hall, and buy a railway ticket for Squabtown with the rest. And then my printing bill—ah!! Well, well. (*Sardonically*). But something substantial awaits me yet at the close of the evening. I always rely upon the gift received then to reimburse me—it will fill my empty stomach and pay for my advertisements.

ONE OF THE NINE-AND-TWENTY (*aside*).—Evidently of not much account, or would have drawn a better crowd with all the puffing received from the papers. But if he's a fraud, it is gratifying to know he has not swindled our noble town to any large extent—and as for me, I can stand my loss too, for I received my dead-head ticket at half-price from my friend the reporter.

JUST AFTER THE LECTURE.

LECTURER (*aside*).—It is coming now.

REV. MR. TOPKNOT (*rising*).—Ahem! Ladies and gentleman, in view of the most excellent, amusing, instructive and scholarly lecture which we have just had the pleasure of listening to, I would move that the hearty thanks of this vast and intelligent audience be tendered the lecturer, Prof. HYDRO CALORIC. Ahem! (*Loud applause. It's cheap.*)

LECTURER (*groaning aside*).—Would to heaven the money received were more, and your thanks correspondingly less.

L. Q. C. RAMSHACKLE, Esq., Beadle (*rising*).—It gives me the greatest pleasure as a representative of an enlightened and civilized community to second the motion proposed by my learned friend, the Rev. Mr. TOPKNOT, (*applause*). No doubt, the able lecturer will remember our town gratefully for the hearty reception, the large and intelligent audience, the vast applause—

LECTURER (*with a maniac yell*).—Silence, oh assembly of jasaxes. A starving man wants none of your thanks. I must out. I am going mad! (*Shoots out of the hall before the dumb-founded "house," tearing his hair and shouting wildly.*)



MAYOR BEAUDRY'S SACRIFICE TO THE MOB DEMON.

**Marks of Insanity.**

We have been favored by the officials of the Asylum with the formula adopted for examination in cases of supposed insanity. It is as follows:—

- 1.—Do you ever, when wet presages, leave your umbrella at home thinking it "won't come down?"
- 2.—Did you ever allow yourself to be persuaded into putting money into house building when "To Let" was generally visible round?
- 3.—Did you ever, being an Oppositionist, vote for a Government candidate, who promised nevertheless to give your views "an independent support?"
- 4.—Did you ever sit a half-day in the sun listening to three stump speakers telling you they were the right men to run the Government and draw big salaries?
- 5.—Did you ever buy strawberries from any one who told you they were much better at the bottom of the basket?
- 6.—Did you ever expect the results of a "remarkable revival of religion" to last more than four weeks after the good-looking preacher had left?
- 7.—Did you ever believe that a free thinker on religion liked your freedom of thought in thinking differently from him?
- 8.—Did you ever believe a dentist who told you he could fill some teeth for you in about two hours with his newly invented boring apparatus, "in a perfectly painless manner?"

On the examined individual answering any of these in the affirmative, he is seized, his head shaved, he is given a steam bath, confined in a padded room, limited to an antiphlogistic diet, and the liquids recommended by the Dunkin Act, and not allowed to indulge in conversation with the keeper for a week. The next examination determines whether or not it is necessary that he undergo the operations of the trepan, in order to allow the direct treatment of the vessels of the brain.

**A Retrospect—The Mistake of Jeebee.**

We talk no more of JEEBEE—he to-day  
From conversation quite has passed away;  
Yet once—and not so long the time has fled  
The land would echo with what JEEBEE said.  
But now poor JEEBEE, thrust from party strife,  
Condemned to quiet and to private life,  
Must feed the bullocks at his country seat,  
Or sadly saunter down the shady street,  
Or wondering listen while the common crowd  
Applaud his ancient foe with clamours loud—  
Their favourite still—while poor JEEBEE must pass  
All unapplauded through the surging mass.  
Would'st know the reason—listen while I tell  
The life of JEEBEE—mark its moral well.

Young, tall, and keen, from northern land he came,  
Renowned for pawky carle and saving dame.  
Talked, wrote and promised, till the people thought  
He was an oracle, and what he sought  
They gave—a place in highest council row  
Where JEEBEE might his promised powers show.  
Published the biggest journal in the land.  
On speechifying stumps would longest stand,  
Friends thronged—then came his great mistake—alas!  
'Twas TARQUIN'S policy sent him to grass.  
Neither superior nor an equal he  
Wished, and with clever ones could not agree.  
First-class men he attacked; and second scared;  
The third remained—with them the work he shared.

A lawyer comes—colonial groundlings he  
Had overborne like herring from the sea  
Who, very little in his native place,  
Is big in creek among the minnow race;  
And till by British luminaries snubbed  
A lawyer constitutional was dubbed.  
He takes the shilling—airs, in sounding voice,  
Professions excellent in language choice.  
The country shook when he portentous spoke.  
Alas, the blazing portent sunk in smoke.  
Who next?—a Scotchman, cunning in his eyes—  
A stickit builder—nation-building tries,  
Would'st know whereon the fabric he would rear,  
Canadian?—hear, and deep despising hear:—  
Constructive skill and manufacturing art  
We must resign, and take the rougher part  
Our masters' food to raise—not here the place  
Where wealth shall cumulate, nor learning grace  
The land with temples; nor shall industry  
Place here thronged workshops or great factory,  
You shall here wood and water draw, and—say,  
Some farthings off the yard shall you repay,  
Such promised cash has "thirty pieces" ring.  
It thrives not. Well, friends call the next we bring,

"Heaven-born financier." Such if Gods employ,  
It is to madden those they would destroy.  
Since his confusing head our commerce swayed,  
We lose each year all in ten years we made.  
Fourth, who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
Greek, Yankee, or Canadian does he stand?  
Who more of modern and of ancient lore  
And less of common sense, has got in store  
Than any other man; and with surprise  
Each day more learned we find him and less wise,  
If with more knowledge he his brain make groan  
He'll be too learned to be let go alone.  
No wonder with complaints the State is racked  
When her chief medico is nostrum-cracked.

These JEEBEE'S chiefest friends—these famous four—  
No better has he left; he once had more,  
And wiser, but them lost by policy  
Of weeding down to mediocrity.  
Keen heads renounced his leading in disgust.  
Some sought the States—some moulder in the dust.  
His party get the power for which they thirst  
(Those that remain)—at once the bubble's burst,  
Incompetency curses all they do,  
And all abuse the ever-blundering crew.  
Protection only could the country save,  
That measure only did the country crave;  
Its firm adoption yet had made them strong;  
Owl-like they viewed both sides, and chose the wrong.  
The captain had the sailors sent away  
The lubbers left have shoaled in Free Trade Bay;  
But had *they*—I could name them—with her stayed,  
The Clear Grit ship had safe the voyage made.

Now wily JONNAYE sees the favouring gale  
And crowds his galley with Protection sail.  
JONNAYE, who lately, all adherents lost,  
In Desperation channel sadly tossed—  
JONNAYE, who now towards Place's harbour fair,  
Sails fast, while loud applause fills all the air—  
JONNAYE, who never for himself had won  
What his foe's foolishness has for him done,  
For had her best men manned the Clear Grit craft  
At all his seamanship they might have laughed.  
The flag he floats they first had floated wide  
His new-found channel had before him tried.  
His favouring breeze their sails would favouring fill.  
And JONNAYE would have lain at anchor still.

And JEEBEE'S game is played—the end is near.  
The fabric he has raised must disappear.  
The rats are flying—see them bear away  
Judgeships and offices for winter day,  
Soon comes the question—What will C — — take!  
M. — — want, or what will go to B — —,  
'Tis over; let all future statesmen see  
And wisely shun the errors of JEEBEE,  
Who drives away good followers, lest they lead,  
Must leave but worthless, and cannot succeed.

**Scene—Cacouna.**

*Distinguished politician and lady in boat, enjoying evening breeze.*

D. P.—Pleasant to hear the waves dash against the boat, dreamily, monotonously, yet with some sort of meaning ever in their sound. They remind me of the applause of the vast multitude surging by the carriage at Montreal.

LADY.—It is pleasant. But the waves do not always surge flattering-ly against the side. They can roar—they can overwhelm.

D. P.—Only those who cannot learn their management. The wave oceanic, multitudinous—the wave human, multitudinous—are alike ductile to the skilful. Oil calms the waves—promises soothe the populace.

LADY.—But if promises prove unfulfillable? Waves grow angry; storms arise, and we know not whence; brave ships go down, and clever mariners, SIR JOHN.

D. P.—Perhaps we had better get to shore. It is chilly here.

**City Finances.**

Well, last year was to be the last of it. Extravagance was over. A tremendous tax was to be imposed. Nineteen and a half cents in the dollar was to cover everything. No appropriations were to be exceeded. Oh no! But what is this from the city engineer? What is this list of improvements? "Only \$197,000, my little dears, for which no appropriations are made, and which you will please to provide!" Will they though? The old dodge! Another debenture haul! GRIP rather thinks not.

**PROPERTIES WANTED.**

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

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.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1,800.

**PROPERTIES FOR SALE.**

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

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

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,

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

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

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

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**WELLAND CANAL**

**ENLARGEMENT.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE letting of the works for the enlargement of the Welland Canal, advertised to take place on the FIFTH day of JULY next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until FRIDAY, the THIRD day of AUGUST next.

Plans, Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after FRIDAY the TWENTIETH day of JULY.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
OTTAWA, 14th May, 1877.

**CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.**

Ottawa, 15th June, 1877.

**A**UTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-11

**A.** ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

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**IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,**

which is

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WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

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**RATES:**

100 Cards, (one name),	- -	75 cents.
50 " " "	- -	50 "
25 " " "	- -	30 "

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE  
**SAMPLES OF TYPE**  
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**2**

*William Richardson*

**3**

*Miss Maggie Thompson*

**4**

*George Augustus Williams.*

**5**

*Mrs. Thomas James.*

**6**

*William Arthur Crawford.*

**7**

*Miss Susie Wade.*

**8**

*Byron W. Scott.*

**9**

*William Shakespeare.*

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

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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,  
TORONTO, ONT.