

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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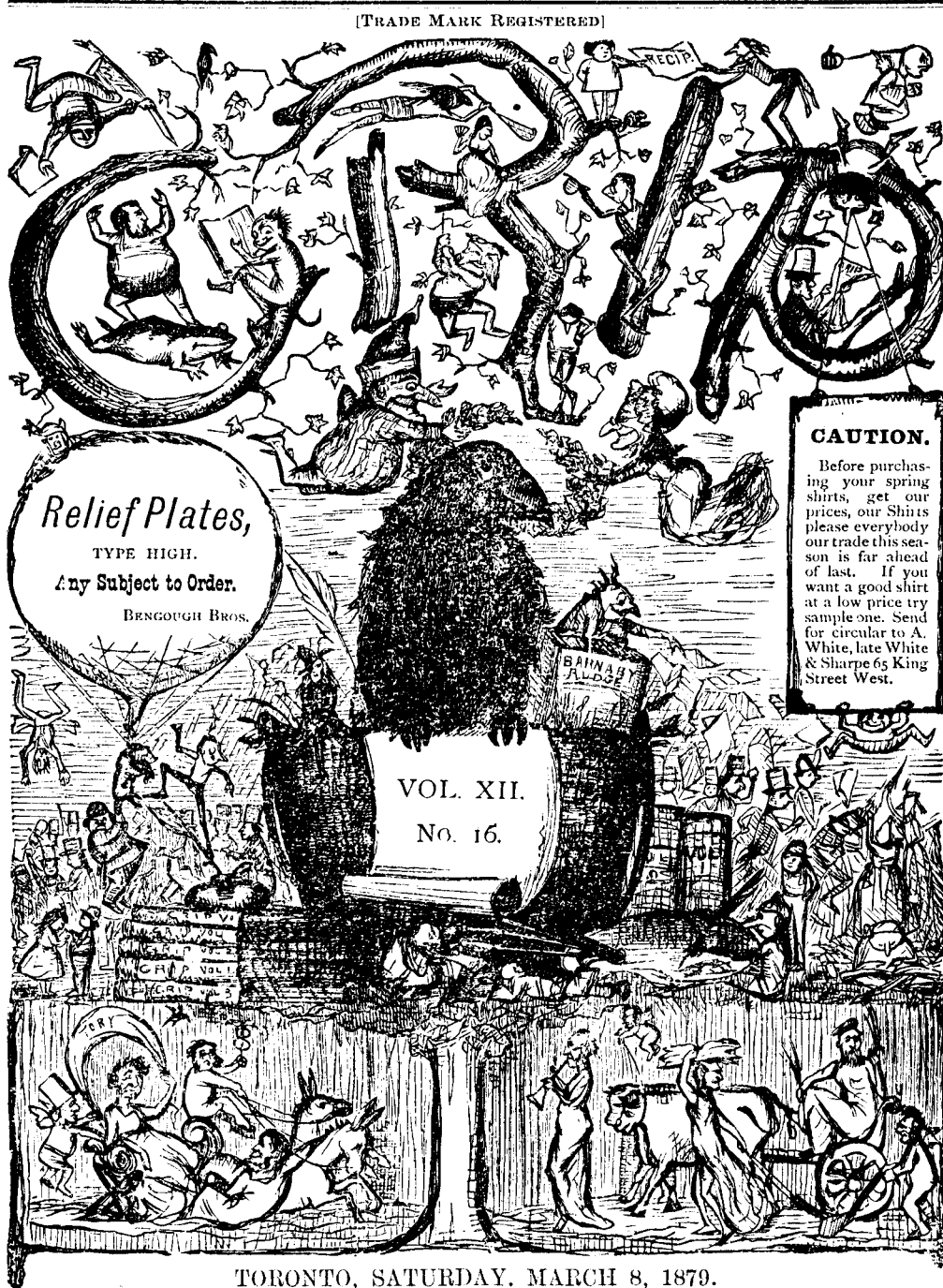
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VOL. XII.
No. 16.

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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 one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Ogater; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 8TH MARCH, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

The Tribulations of N. F. D.

It is now well-known to our readers that NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple, Dublin, and U. E. Club, Toronto, has been despatched to the Saskatchewan to inaugurate Industrial Schools among the Indians of the Territory. That gentleman has, with his usual urbanity, promised to render an occasional account of his proceedings to GRIP, and we hasten to depict the progress he has made:

Scene.—Big Council,—Wigwam of Blackfeet. **Present.**—Large concourse of Aborigines, of all descriptions, prominent being the celebrated KAH-WE-SPIKE-EYE, YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES, OLD-MAN-WHO-EATS-PALE-FACES, BLOODY-CLAWS-SHOOWHITE-MAN, GRAB-SCALP-AND-CUT-STICK, KAH-WE-GI, FEE-FAW-FUM, and other noted Chiefs.

(Mr. Commissioner DAVIN enters with much solemnity, followed by friendly native bearing load of industrial implements. He takes position in centre.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Friends, Aborigines, Citizens, lend me your ears. I come to—

YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES—(startling up)—Howdgh! Howdgh! What want ears? Papoose ears do? (Drags forward fat boy by ear, and pulls out big knife.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Bad cess to ye, ye murderin' villain! Stop that! I don't—I say I don't want his ears! (Rushes forward.)

YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES—(leaves boy)—What say want ears for? What mean? Fool Injun? No have two tongue, else might not have one nose. Howdgh! (Waves knife close to proboscis of N. F. D. who jumps back to place with quickness of a frog.)

ABORIGINES—(in praise of his activity.)—Good! Hi! Hi! Hi! (They dance around him and flourish sharp things.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Bedad, I don't like this at all. It's themselves might put wan's eyes out for mere divilment. Ow-w-w-w! (Pulls out little arrow playful child has shot into his leg.) The black devil resave that ould Surr JOHN that sint me here. "They're clamourin' for instruction, Misther DAVIN," sez he, "an' some av the most advanced spirits has mentioned ye're name." "Indade?" sez I. "Vis," sez he, "and there's goold mines there known only to him, and its yersilf cud—shure ye know yer powers," he sez. The thafe av the worruld. (To the Indians)—Git back to your sates, git—(they sit down.—N. F. D. begins again):

"Citizens av the Unknown Wist, I am deputed by the Government to be afther initiating into your haunts the lessons av civilization, and to tache your hands the use av the implemint av peaceful life. Imulative av the fame av the immortal COLUMBUSH himsilf, I aim to discover a nobler impire—the impire av the mind, among the uncultivated children av nature, and in this disthant wilderness to tache the young idayas how to shoot—"

KAH-WE-SPIKE-EYE—(jumps up)—Shoot? What can't shoot?—(Cocks Winchester and covers N. F. D.)

THE COMMISSIONER—(dodging nervously right and left.)—The devil! Sit down!—(yells)—Do ye hare! Sit down! (Kah-we-Spike-Eye recovers his arms and takes his seat.)—Sure it's worse nor the ould Five Acres itsilf. I'll be winged or drilled widout cirimony, or rayson. I was sayin', gintlemin, ladies, and others, I ixperience the proud consciouniss av bein' deputed to tache the use av the implemint av civilized life, whereby the forest is conquered, the irruth subjected, and the jaynius av the soil, prostrate at the feet av conquerin' man, yields fruits in their sayson. First, thin, we approach the lesson av the axe, (takes one in his hand)—Behold it, the favourite tool av GLADSTONE, av whose illoquent style my glowin' description—But to reshume: The way it is used scientifically is this. You see this log. I mean to chop it in two. Obsarve the attitude av the thrue backwoodsman. (Elevates axe)—grace an' beauty combined wid force. Now it descinds.—(Axe slips off log and handle comes bang in stomach of N. F. D.) Ow! ow! (drops axe and rubs stomach.)

BLOODY-CLAWS-SHOOWHITE-MAN—(Rushes out and picks up axe)—Pale face not know tomahawk! (Dances round and flourishes axe over doubled up Commissioner.)

COMMISSIONER—(recovering).—Take your sate, surr!—(Gets axe back; Indian sits down.)—It's himsilf nearly had me occiput divided clane from the cerebellum. The next implemint gintlemin, which we approach is the saw—the large saw,—(takes long cross-cut from pile.) Aside—Bedad, how does wan cut wid it? I can't rache from the handle at one ind to that at the other. Oh, I see, wan can use ayther.—(Puts saw across log and tries to drag it to and fro.)—In this manner gintlemin, the solid mass av timber is rint asunder be the powers av civilization, an' (the saw sticks.)—The curse av CROMWELL be an ye, why won't ye—?

INDIANS—(who see he dosen't know, rise tumultuously.)—White man know nothing—not know two-man saw. White man come fool Injun. Kam-a-rash-e-wo-how!! (The whole crowd seize the Commissioner, and tie him to the log. Two biggest Indians are deputed to saw him in two.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Gintlemin, gintlemin! Ladies, ladies! In the name av humanity, let me inthrate—

INDIANS.—Teach you fool Blackfeet. Howdgh! howdgh! howdgh! (They dance around him, while executioners get saw in position.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Gintlemin! gintlemin! its piuts are stickin' in me!. Ow! ow!—(Thought strikes him)—Listen, will yez? Its mesill has a whole keg av whiskey—

ABORIGINAL CROWD.—Fire-water! fire-water! Ugh! ugh! Him fire-water. No saw him if fetch it! Ugh! ugh!

(The friendly native is sent for the keg, the committee of execution resolves itself into one of refreshment, and the Commissioner, sadder and wiser, starts for the next encampment, where an Industrial School is to be started.)

The Civic Land Dodge.

PRESENT.—Land Agents, Aldermen, Speculators, et hoc genus omne.

LAND AGENT.—I have a splendid plan. Who wants to roll in some cash?

2ND LAND AGENT.—Who don't?

ALDERMAN.—I got elected for the purpose. What is it?

SPECULATOR.—Count me in.

LAND AGENT.—I've bought the old GREEN Farm.

2ND LAND AGENT.—Can't say much for you, then. Why, its a bed of rough gravel and poor sand. Wouldn't give \$40 an acre for it.

LAND AGENT.—That's just what I did give.

SPECULATOR.—More fool you.

LAND AGENT.—Not so fast. Do to build on, won't it?

ALDERMAN.—Who'd live there? No streets; no nothing. Lots of streets now full of vacant lots, if any one wants them. Don't say but what—(winks).

2ND LAND AGENT.—I fire to see.

SPECULATOR.—I see.

LAND AGENT.—(to Alderman)—Do you see?

ALDERMAN.—Come away—(they go into private room)—Now, what do you propose?

LAND AGENT.—Here's a property worth fifty times forty dollars—\$2,000. If you can get city improvements put on, split it into streets, get sewers, gas, police, boulevard, water, and all the rest of it, it will be worth \$200,000. Now, there's a margin. Here's four of us. Of course there's expenses. Can the thing be done.

SPECULATOR.—I see. Count me in, I'll buy one-fourth of your farm for \$5,000, if you like, payment to be made when we get the corporation improvements on it.

2ND LAND AGENT.—I'll take another fourth at the same rate.

ALDERMAN.—I'd like to take another fourth.

LAND AGENT.—Just what we want you to do.

ALL.—Hear, hear, hear!

ALDERMAN.—Well, gentlemen, I really think that to extend the blessings of city rule over a waste piece of land like this—to make it populous, to cover it with dwellings, to build churches, to render it the home of an industrious, happy, and thriving people, is a worthy object! A worthy object, gentlemen—an object in which the city exchequer should assist. An object in which the city exchequer shall assist, or I will know the reason why! I say, gentlemen, I will emphatically know the reason why.

ALL.—Hear, hear, hear! Hooray!

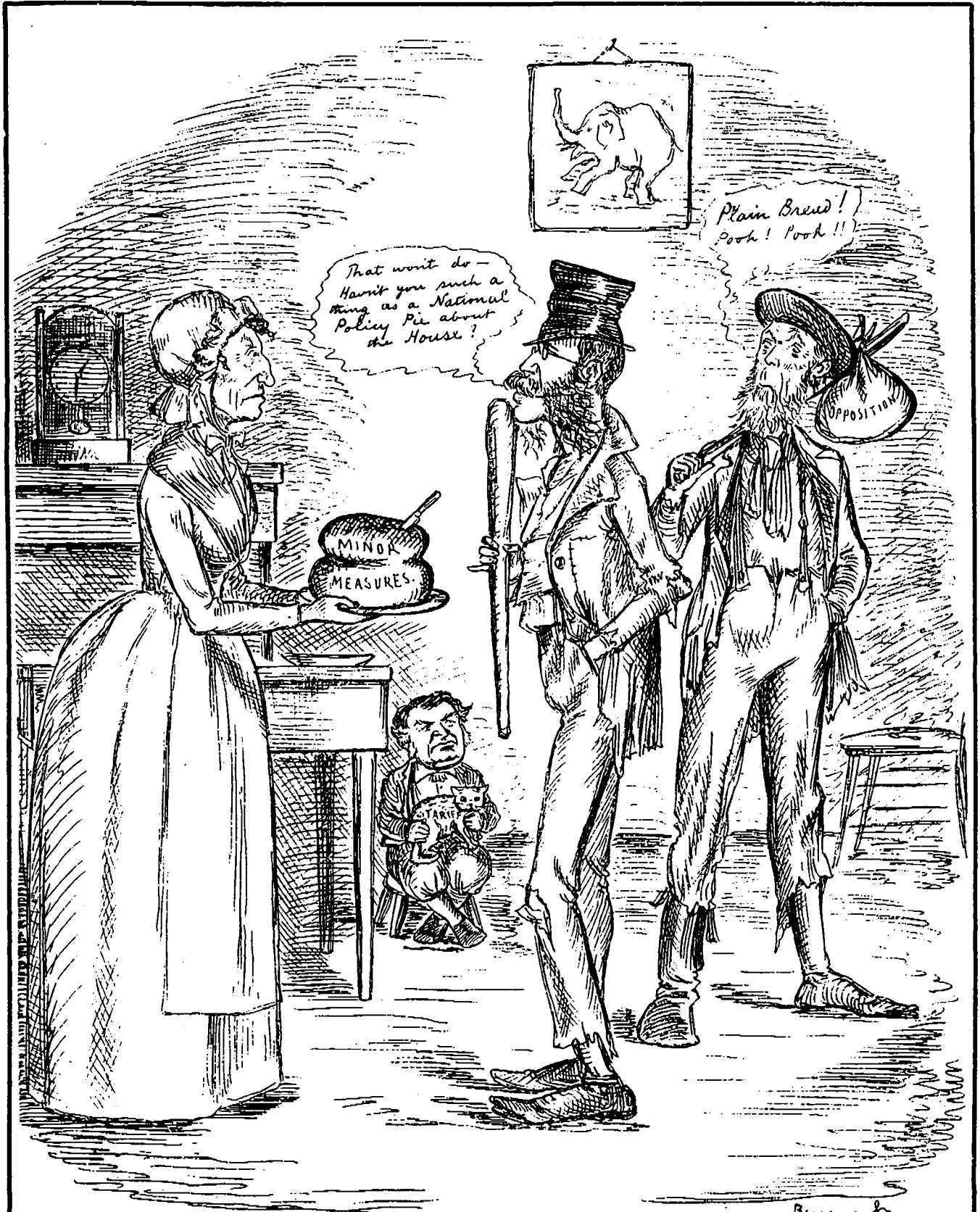
LAND AGENT.—Any influence we can exert to back our friend outside—of course, you know—

ALL.—Of course, of course.

SPECULATOR.—Gentlemen, if well pushed, it's \$50,000 apiece. I tell you, won't we roll in the spondulicks? Hooray! (Scene closes.)

Work for Alexander

Mr. MACKENZIE complains in the House that the sessions are ridiculously short, and that he has literally nothing to do, and yet, if we are not misinformed, there is a big pile of uncut firewood in the hon. gentleman's back yard, and an excellent saw horse and bucksaw in the adjacent shed. Mr. MACKENZIE'S pathetic cry for "work" is obviously made for political purposes.



THE FASTIDIOUS TRAMPS;
OR, LOOKING FOR "WORK."

**Letter from Lady Maude McMuffin, to the Honourable
Glendowline Fitz Paget.**

OTTAWA, March 8th, 1879.

My Dearest GLENDOWLINE:

Here we've been in Canada for months, and not a single line from you. I assure you nothing can be more delightful than a winter passed here; you must positively come out and see for yourself. The people are awfully charming and amusing, especially in their endeavours to assume our home style, and manners, which of course you know, love, is quite out of reason. Still, dear, it is flattering to us, and I am on the whole charmed with the good souls. We have a Parliament here, with a Speaker, Sergeant-at-arms, House of Commons and everything; one could almost fancy oneself in Westminster. The House is now in session, and the members are all here—so are their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts. We, of course meet them at the public gatherings, which the Marquis is obliged by virtue of his office as Governor to give, and are often amused at the *grancheries* committed by the guests, who are indeed quite a source of enjoyment to us while *en famille*. And how delightfully ridiculous they are too. I used to imagine when in England that this was a land of perpetual ice and snow, chiefly on account of the photographic views sent to us with background of icebergs, and surroundings of falling snow and snow drifts. What, my dear GLENDOWLINE, is used to convey this Arctic if not artistic effect? Why, Liverpool salt! nothing else, I assure you. The artist makes his scene of cotton batting, or wool, or something of that sort; gets his subject in pose, and besprinkles him or her liberally with salt, and there you are! Sometimes a stuffed moose skin is brought on, which gives a fine effect, but almost always snow-shoes or skates. Why the people do this is a mystery to me, as it conveys an erroneous impression at home, and suggests a close proximity to wolves, bears, and all sorts of horrid things. For my part I have seen no animals as yet which could be described as "beasts of prey" (excepting the office seekers) nor has anyone with whom I have come in contact ever beheld them, except behind the bars of a cage in the strolling menageries.

I am told that in summer time the weather is exceedingly warm. I wonder that no pictures are given to us of sultry nights, and mosquito nets, or hot afternoon scenes, with sun stroke accompaniments that I hear so much about here. Everybody seems to choose the cold side of the picture which is certainly the most picturesque. But *apropos* of our social festivities. Do you know that we have our JENKINS, yes positively a colonial JENKINS, who describes the ladies costumes and *personelle* as accurately as if we were actually in Belgravia! To you and me, dear, of course the idea appears absurd, but do you know that the good people have as great a notion of exclusiveness (as applied between themselves) as anyone of *rank* could desire. They snub each other with a *hauteur* that I supposed only belonged to dear old Lady JAMESJAMBS when an inferior approached her, (you must recollect the dear old creature whom we used to meet at the Countess of COMCOTTE'S). Dear me I fear I must conclude in order to catch the English mail, as we say here. Now do write by next steamer.

Ever thine,
MAUDE.

Hon. GLENDOWLINE FITZ PAGET,
No. 42 Belgrave Square (up stairs),
London, England.

P.S.—Love to AUGUSTUS. Will write soon.

The Sloth of the Budget.

'Twas the voice of slow TILLEY; I heard him complain
You ask Budgets too soon; you must come here again;
As the door on its hinges he steadily squeaks
I'm not ready—I may be—in one—two—three weeks.

A little more talk and some more declamation,
Thus he wastes all our days to our great aggravation,
And when he gets up he stands folding his hands
Not at all like a man who his work understands.

I passed by his garden; I saw the wild briar
Which is called the depression, grow broader and higher,
While the clothes that hung on him would soon turn to rags
If it wasn't for some foreign loans that he begs.

He was set to a job, thought to be posted in it,
Six months back, and don't seem to know how to begin it,
He may be good at dreams, or at eating and drinking,
But's an awful slow hand at a Budget, I'm thinkin'.

The above has been sent to GRIP, who is afraid he has—it seems to him as if he had heard something that has some of the same words elsewhere. He begs the gentleman who writes to the *Mail*, who says he was twenty years intimate with some London author—(and indeed some valets do keep their places a length of time)—to see if it's not a plagiarism. GRIP will be so much obliged to him.

Fable II.—The Wolf and the Lamb.

A wolf and a lamb were quenching their thirst at a clear stream called Civil Service.

"How dare you," said the wolf angrily, "disturb the water when I am drinking?"

"That cannot be," timidly replied the Lamb, "since the water flows from you to me."

"When I was in a tight place five years ago," said the Wolf, "you turned against me."

"How can that be," replied the Lamb, "when I was not then in office?"

"Well then," cried the Wolf, "if it was not you it was some of your Party," so saying he turned on the Lamb and tore him limb from limb.

MORAL.—If the Premier wants to dismiss a Grit office holder he can easily find a pretext.



THE pea-nut business is at a stand still.

IS MR. ANGLIN fishing for Government jobs?

IS curling a defunct sport because it is always played out?

WHY do they call the man who makes no speeches the Speaker?

WHEN a lady in a Turkish Harem is whipped, does she consider it a Haremlik?

THE performing elephant "National Policy" is now all completed except *de-tail*.

Now let somebody get off something about the tariff having a tariffic effect on trade.

THE original Italian Opera Company is a ragged Italian, a hand organ and an ancestor of DARWIN.

"Man wants but LITTA here below,
Nor wants that LITTA long."

WHEN MR. WHEELER, of North Ontario, tries a political race again it won't be a HURD-le race.

Toronto has "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," when the water pipes get full of sand.

QUEKY: Is the wearing of beards and mustaches a factor in the great contest of civilization against *barberism*?

THE Duke of Newcastle is dead. This is the second time he has died since he was out here with the Prince of Wales.

ON account of the immense amount of speaking done at Ottawa, Montreal has concluded to reduce the price of gas.

THE *Mail* calls GEO. BROWN the Grit *Don Quixote*. Is this an insinuation that the Senator is going to fight MILLS again?

WHY can't a man leave a situation without the papers speaking of his "severing his connection"? Why can't they say he "quit the job"?

MR. WRIGHT went seven miles in six minutes on the Hudson in an ice boat. As CROCKETT remarked "Be sure you're Wright and then go ahead."

OUR funny contributor on being asked to write a "Bill of Fare" for bankers, declines on the ground that a bank is a bill affair already. Dis-counts one for our contributor.

THE Methodist Church of Woodstock seems to be the Church Militant. The Rev. Mr. PARKER seems determined to fight it out with the trustees and we trust 'ees able for the contest.

THE son of the Empress EUGENE is about to leave the prints imperial of his feet on the soil of Africa. It will not add to the safety of the British Army to take a *little Nap*.

MR. DOMVILLE, Ministerial, appears in the House with his arm in a sling. We trust this is not intended to be emblematic of the political situation of the Government on the Tariff question.

MONTREAL is overjoyed this week. Mayor BEAUDRY has been ousted from office, and Madame ROLLAND has given birth to quadruplets. Four these blessings the people are duly thankful.

THE first mention of Algoma is in the poem "Lord ULLIN'S daughter," where the boatman said,

"Algoma chief, I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady."

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New Testament, reporting style	\$2.50
Phonographic Dictionary	1.00
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Extracts, corresponding style	20

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50 " " " " 75 "	
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Messrs. SCRIBNER & Co., in 1873, began the publication of **ST. NICHOLAS**, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the magazine has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of

Over 50,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors ideas of best, because her ideal continually out-runs it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day **ST. NICHOLAS** stands

Alone in the World of Books;

The New-York *Tribune* has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The London *Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

"A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in **ST. NICHOLAS**, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederic Deilman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eye-bright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairytale called

"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of **ST. NICHOLAS**, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

The November Number.

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