

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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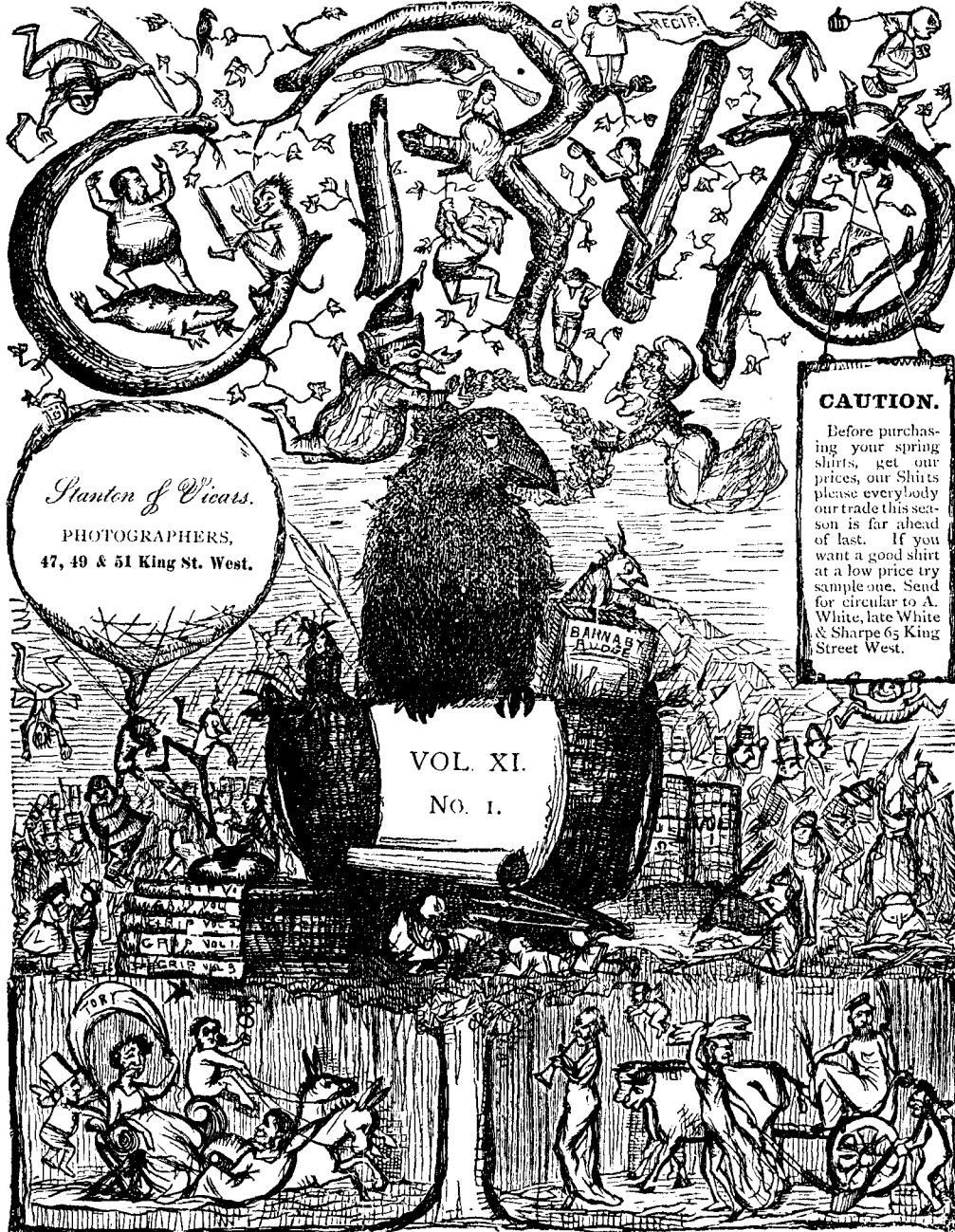
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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 RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 25TH MAY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

NASEBY.—GRIP welcomes you to the home of the Free, and shall be much pleased to hear from you again.

SIR JOHN.—No, sir—you are mistaken. There is a commandment against it, and it says "Swear not at all;" in fact, swear not at any, not even at DONALD A. SMITH. Candidly, since you ask us, we must admit that we do not think the fact that TUPPER did likewise palliates your case in the least. Your resolutions to improve are noted, with the hope that they will be kept.

"Grip's" Birthday.

GRIP had seated himself at his sanctum desk, with a view to preparing the four columns of wit and wisdom with which he weekly favours the world, and he had just dipped his pen in ink to write the first word, when there came a gentle tap at the door. "'Tis some visitor," he muttered; "some fellow who has come to bore me to death on the Eastern question, or to read my exchanges." But it wasn't. It was a venerable old gentleman with a curling lock of white hair on his high, smooth forehead, a long flowing beard, a scanty, tattered robe, bound about the loins with a girdle, from which depended an hour glass, and finally, a well-worn scythe. It was Father Time. "Don't be alarmed, my dear Mr. GRIP," said the old gentleman, benevolently, "I haven't come to mow you down; it is only the inferior comic papers I cut off in their youth—the cumberers of the ground that I destroy. I merely dropped in to remind you of something which I saw you were on the point of forgetting." "Many thanks, daddy," said GRIP, "he seated." "Thank you, no;" replied Father Time, "I haven't a minute to spare, and, besides, I have a very poor opinion of the individual who would hang around an editor's sanctum during business hours, even at the invitation of the editor. What were you about to write when I made my appearance?" "A little screed on MACKENZIE'S visit I thought of," said GRIP. "Which was to have come first in your columns this week, just under the date-line?" "Very probably," assented GRIP. "Ah! I thought so," said Father Time mournfully, "I knew you would forget to put anything in about it!" "About what?" queried GRIP anxiously. "Why, about the happy fact that this present issue of GRIP is number one of Volume XI, which makes you exactly five years old. Don't omit to mention this, and to call upon all who haven't yet subscribed to do so without delay; as well for their own credit as for your cash."

The Reason of Wars.

AUSTRIA (*sitting in easy chair.*)—But I wish to be a rather more important nation than I am.

RUSSIA (*on sofa.*)—And me, the Emperor of all the Russians! No one can expect that I should live my life out without, at least, adding Constantinople.

PRUSSIA (*smoking furiously.*)—I got a good deal by last war. I want some more.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY (*looking in.*)—Are your people better off?

AUSTRIA.—As for mine, the affair between my brother of Prussia and myself has left them with only bread and greens, whereas they had previously a bit of meat occasionally. But, what then? The national debt must be met. And my table has not suffered.

RUSSIA.—Same here. In fact, my fellows are very hard up. That French business, too, left such a lot of cripples on our hands. Hardly a cottage but has or helps to keep it—"incapable"—a fine strong fellow before the row. But, what then? We got two provinces and a lot of cash—have not blew through them; bones, flesh, blood, brains, all mixed together, and all the heap that could scream yelling at once. What were they for, the animals, but to fight? My people are starving no doubt, and living on next to nothing. But, what then? It is fate.

COLUMBIA (*looking in at door.*)—Well, ever since last war my was debt has made my people miserable trying to pay it. Before the debt everyone could live comfortably; now, half on the other half, and both halves are worse off than before. But, I feel like blood ever since. Here's Canada. I should like to—no, I don't know as I should—I have too much territory now. But, what a grand thing it would be! Why, it would cost the lives of a million who are now comfortable! Burn a thousand cities, starve lots of folks, torture others to death—employ all the new murderous things.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Do you not see that the more you fight, the more you wish to fight? Why not take to arbitration, and (*looking at Columbia*) pay awards promptly?

(COLUMBIA hangs her head sleepishly. Scene closes.)

Naseby in Canada.

From PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Formerly Post Master of the Confederate X Roads, State of Kentucky,

To HAYES TILDEN NASBY, ESQ.,
Private Secretary to Senator Flam, and also Deputy Sub-Assistant Clerk of the Special Com. in the Interior.

My dear Nephew and namsak:

I hev long been ashooored of the trooth of your prinpsile, thet a man shudn't nock a nigger down, or threten to do soe, unless he was surten that the individuiwal aforesaid wud not adopt a retaliatory pollisy. My last xperience of its trooth was wen I sudnly departed, without handen in the subscriptions to the great torch lite proeshun, in honer uv the undouted chice of the nation, fur TILDEN ez President.

Wen I started from BASCOM'S the last time, I met thet nigger, TIM CASS, end he had the impedince to want me to return five dollars he said I had got from him for a subscripsion to the grait lotry, or giv him his tickit. I tride to show him he was rong, by saying I wud take it off his hide, and he retaliated by layen me over the fence, and asalting me; in the struggle, I sor that a Kawkashin's only suxess was to reche the other side, I crost the corn patch ez quik ez my legs cood tak me, end I think the nigger wud hev cot me, but I left my hat with all the committee funds inside the linen (jinerly a safe plais), xcep a little I had reserved for a gainm of old sledge frum which I kam out even at BASCOM'S. It flashed on my mind to xcep the sitwashun, an I kum on strait here to Ottawa, ware I remaind awatin futur events. While here, I made the agwantence uv sevral members ov parliment, wich is like our Congress, but altho menny takz thur whisky reglur, they do not sho the devoshun to the troo kause that so offen is evident in the achun ov our JOHNSON Dimokrisy; frekwently when I hev proposd a little gainm ov yuker, ther has not remaind enuf to make a squair; they genrly say the House is settin; but if you go intu the smokin-room yood find them waitin fur the votes to be called. Ov course it will tak me sum time to akquire the nolidge wanted in a politishin here, but already I hev suxceded in gettin a plais in the waits and meshurs department; the sillery is not bad, and yew ken by reel good whisky fur one dollar a gallon, Domyun meshur, and the only trubble jez now is the diffikilty ov understannin som ov the old Kumishner's orders in counsil; the old chap seems somtimes to be fairly stumped by the kweschun ov scales and waits, an evry day I hev to dictikt to my sekretery a reply to sum fool of a depity inspiktur who wants to no; my sekretery girly understans how to tell them, 'n my dooty is to sine the letter.

Ov coarse I had some diffikilty in gettin my plais, ez this is rooled by what is cald the reform party, but a long xperynce as JOHNSON democrat has tort me the valoo ov fasility and capassity under enny adminishtrashun, and wen I shode these kwalificashuns to sum members, and represented that I was reddy to sacrifice my prinpsils for public good, I was instolled.

Ev you find it necessary to shake off the yoke of a tirannikle majority, draw three months' sillery and kom on heer. I will get you a plais as depity inspiktor, the sillery is about \$1000.00 gold a yeer, and pickings kom up to an indefinit figgur. No civile serviss eggsamminashun is rekwiired; all the kwollificashun necessary is to be in favor of the government; you shood see som ov the fellers that suxcede in gettin into situashuns, they are genrly men hoos devoshun to the cause hev mell-itayed agin thuir suxess in bisness, and in fact PETE BASCOM wood find a famly likness among em, suthin the same as fellers hoo yooosed to sit round his stove ov nights. Ez srr want of eddicashun or bein able to tell anything about skails and waits, it wood be wuss than yuseiess, ez the kumishners' orders in counsil wood bother a man even if he held eny of them in his hed. Yure best plan will be to get all you kin wile the thing runs, end when the bottom falls out we kin look after sum goverment plais. An adminishtrashun that hez at hart the welfair ov the people can't afford to neglect its stanch suportres.

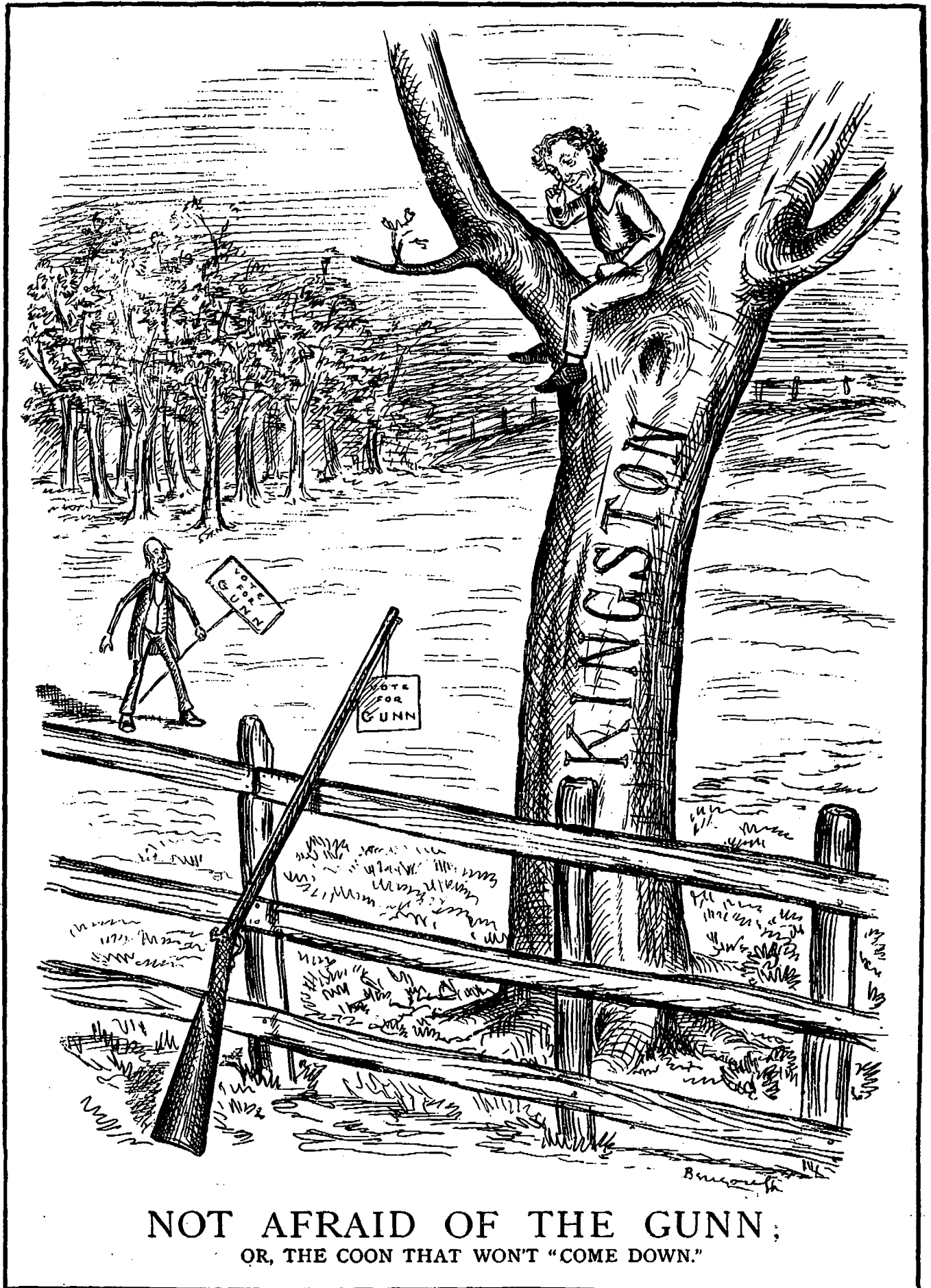
If you kum on soon I will give you moar petiklers. I am sartin that with your nolidge girly ov old sledge and yuker, you and myself will be able to realize a sollid reward for the sakrifises we have maid fur our Kuntzy's good.

Most ov the members is hard up, but at the end uv this munth they will dror thair pay, end I hope in the course ov som kwiet gainsm of kards to obtane a suffisient sum to enable me to change my boardin house, the mistress at the one I stay at objex to jars of whisky bein brot in, an wants her munny; this interference with the rites ov a free sittisen hes ny desired condemnashun, but I kannot afford to eggspress my pheelens. Kum on soon then and we will be happy to receive yoo into our ranks as a furm supporter of the reform party and an effisient depity inspiktre ov waits and meshures. I am toald that the diskuvry ov the propre yoose ov this department wuz maid by the present goverment more then a year ago, and that it haz bin invaluable, iz a meins ov rewarding its urnest self sakrifisen of politikal suportres, hoo by reison ov thuir dvoshun to the cause, waire unable to support themselvs.

Your affectionate Uncle,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Formerly Post Master of Confederate X Roads, which is in the State of Kentucky, and now in waits and meshures dept., in Ottawa, Canada.



NOT AFRAID OF THE GUNN;
OR, THE COON THAT WON'T "COME DOWN."

The Address of Parliament to the People

We are your humble Parliament, which was a week ago,
And our Address we send to you, not that it's usual so,
But that you're cross about our work, and mayn't let us back at it
We'll mollify you if we can—here goes to take a hack at it.

We'll let you know what we have done while on the session rolled
And what you got for what you paid to us your hard-earned gold.
And we must say your cash per day to us was very pleasing,
And we'll get in again if we can do the trick by squeezing.

We started down, determined firm our duty full to do
To every person, Number One as well as Number Two;
But still we must confess—in fact the thing is past the hiding,
If they conflicted, then, alas, poor Number Two went sliding,

We chose a speaker, 'twas a thing of course we had to do,
And we know what you think of it, and we agree with you.
We must admit—we can't deny—there's such a thing as reading
Our character just by the light of this our first proceeding.

He'd contracts held, and printing took, though Speaker of the House,
What then, our good majority kept quiet as a mouse;
How could we punish him who used his vote as he'd a mind to,
Who hotly lusted (Shakespeare) to use ours in the same kind too?

The thing into which we dived—the speech sent from the throne,
Was one which—well, it's good they don't report by telephone—
For then the statements personal, of which we were the staters,
Would have demoralized the male and female operators.

We tried in this to please you, and we think we should receive
Praise for consulting what your wish we'd reason to believe;
We found that most of you to us your blackguard chief deputed,
So guessed your tastes, and gave you just the kind of talk that suited.

Protection, next in order, came before us in debate,
And why we threw it out we now straightway proceed to state;
Not that we don't believe in it,—it wasn't that which stopped it,
But that the Party of Reform had not the thing adopted.

They wanted us to pitch into the Lower Province man,
But the Senate wouldn't have done, the rest reserved the plan.
No, you catch this Lower house make of itself a stormer,
At any man, for what he's done, while he's a good—Reformer.

But much we fear if you had heard the course of that debate,
How deep we drank, how loud we swore, and in what terms we'd rate
Each other, you'd have sent to gaol the chosen of the nation,
But that too few were the police, and far too small the station.

To state the Bills we talked about would keep you here all night,—
The Independence of this House—we want to make it quite,
Of decency, of dignity, of morals independent,
And when that's done, oh, won't there be some rare debates attendant.

A new sort of a Dunkin Act we managed to put through,
Though sober we can't keep ourselves, well make laws to keep you;
One good turn deserves another, p'rhaps you'll lay upon our table
Some way to keep us sober, since we are ourselves unable.

And folks will make disturbances, it seems, at Montreal,
A sort of thing which does from us a strict repression call;
Its mimicking—if they don't cease this House from imitating
Our Bill provides in gaol twelve month they'll have the chance of waiting.

We did a lot of other things which we don't want to tell,
So we're off to our families, and hope we'll find them well;
And now this statement we dispatch, in form all judicial
To GRIP, which it henceforth to be the newspaper official.

Tierney Abroad.

HIS DAIRY IN THE MERRYTIME PROVINCES.

To the Editor of "GRIP," up in Tarant.

SIR.—In accordance wid me notice that I gev in the lasht GRIP, I wud now beg lave to send yez a few more notes from me Dairy. The lasht place I med mention av was the shmal but purty town av Sackville in Nova Scotia. The nixt av me memorandum is as follows:

New Glasgow.—This wud be a bad splot for Misther PADDY BOYLE to come to, on account av the Scotch ascendancy they have here. Ivery man livin' here is a Scotchman, barrin a few Irishmin. I was surpris'd to find that me counthrymian wor continted wid their shtate av livin, notwithstanding the Scotch, an I kem to the conclusion that Misther BOYLE's paper wasn't much av a aculation in this part av the counthry. The mimber av Parlymint they have here is wan Misther CARMICHAEL, an a foine man he is, too, though the min that owns the coal mines does be talkin' about hangin' him for fwhat he did for them in the House wid regard to proctectin' coal. I blave Misther CARMICHAEL

is sure av bein' defayted at the general eliction, an' it's wid feelin's av pain I make a note av this, for he is wan av our own party. Av the misfortunate gentleman shud have the rashness to vinture into the coal district out by Westville beyant, an' come to a suddin an vilent ind, I wud propose that Misther PAT ULLO, the organizer av our party, shud come down here and elect Misther D. C. FRASER to fill the vacant sate. Misther FRASER is a foine, hearty young man, wid shplindid bread shoulthers an' political opinions, an' bein' as he towld me a constint rayder av GRIP, av course is well qualified in pint av intellict to be a mimber av Parlymint. I wuddn't want to interfere in the politics av the Merrytime Prvinces, as that wud be agin the law an' might vide the eliction, but shtill I fale it me juty to the counthry to put in a good word for the young gentleman I have mitioned. They have a Poet in New Glasgow, be the name av Professor GRANT. He makes shplindid poethry, not to mition velocipedes and Pain Killer an' feelin av bumps.

Pictou.—This town is only jist a few miles down from New Glasgow, and is composed chafely av consarvatiffs. Misther HOLMES lives here. He is the layder av the opposition in the Local House, an is jist like fwhat yez have up in Ontario av the same article, only he uses strong langwich fwihin he makes spaches on the flure, an' doesn't kape av scraps buck like CHARLEY RYKERT. It is here the gud ship *Northern Light* thries to come from Prince Edward Island in the winther toime, but she has a hare road to thtravel, partly on account av the ice, an' partly owin' to the consarvatiffs. Bein' a boat that was med be the Grit government, the Opposition tactix is to throw cowl'd wather on her, an' that frazes up the machanery and shtops her runnin' ivery now an' thin. Av yez wants to go to the Island in the winther toime, yez must come to Pictou an' get aboard the *Northern Light*: thin shtame out about tin miles to say an' get shtuck in the ice; thin get out an' scramble ashore at some convanient place, and go over on wan av the ice boats from the cape. I got into trouble here wid the landlor av me boordin' house, on account av a joke I med on him. Be good luck he was wan av thim that don't see a joke aisy, an so he didn't get mad till I was away on the thrain, an thin he wint hot foot to the station wid a big shtick to wallop me. The picture I send yez represints the occurrence betther nor anny words of mine wud do.

Yours till nixt wake

TERRY TIERNEY



represents the occurrence betther nor anny words of mine wud do.



A FENIAN SCARE.—Threatened lack of whiskey.

CONTESTED SEATS.—Those in the Press Gallery.

THERE are more Fenian scares than Fenian Scars.

A LITERARY SPEC.—"The Canadian *Spectator*."

MR. OLIVER has been electioneering Oliver Bothwell.

DOUBLE-DEALING.—The *Hamilton Times* on Saturday.

JOHN CARLING'S SOLILOQUY.—"To beer or not to beer."

AN 'ART EXHIBITION.—Stationers' shops on St. VALENTINE'S eve.

IF RUFUS STEPHENSON is defeated he will spell his name Rue-face.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."—Sending the four white whales to England.

THE key to Canada is not Keybec, but is found in the locks of her canals.

SIR JOHN calls Ontario a "rotten borough," but alas, it may prove a rotten burrow for him.

STRANGE ASTRONOMICAL FACT.—The *Globe* increases to twice its ordinary size every Saturday.

NORMAL SCHOOLITE.—"What good is the transit of Mercury, anyhow?"

UNIVERSITY MAN.—"Why it shows whether the weather is hot or cold. Never see a thermometer?"

THE N. Y. *World* calls it "A walk over for HANLAN," Now this is a PLAISTED shame. It was rode over not walked over.

THE *Mail's* head "Opening of the campaign" will be changed after the general election to "Opening of the champagne"—perhaps.

CARLING expects to hop into parliament from London. As to reformers, he hopes to beat them malt to pieces, and that's what ales JOHN.

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

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v-61f

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" 5.	" 5, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
" 6.	" 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
" 7.	" 4, 12, 20, 21

BENGOUGH BROS.,
 TORONTO.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Opinions of the Press on GRIP'S Current Efforts.

"A JOLY-FICATION."—Grip's last cartoon amusingly sketches the situation in Quebec. It is entitled "May Day in Quebec—a Jolyfication"—and represents a number of well-known politicians enjoying a dance around a May pole, on the top of which is seated Mr. Joly, throwing May flowers on the dancers, who consist of Messrs. Mackenzie, Brown, Holton, Penny, Cartwright, Blake and Dymond, while Lieut.-Gov. Letellier, seated on a barrel, marked "Prerogative," furnishes the music, and a small boy (DeBoucherville), turns his back churlishly on the crowd. The cartoon is as felicitous a sketch as we have seen for some time, even in Grip.—*Stratford Beacon.*

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