

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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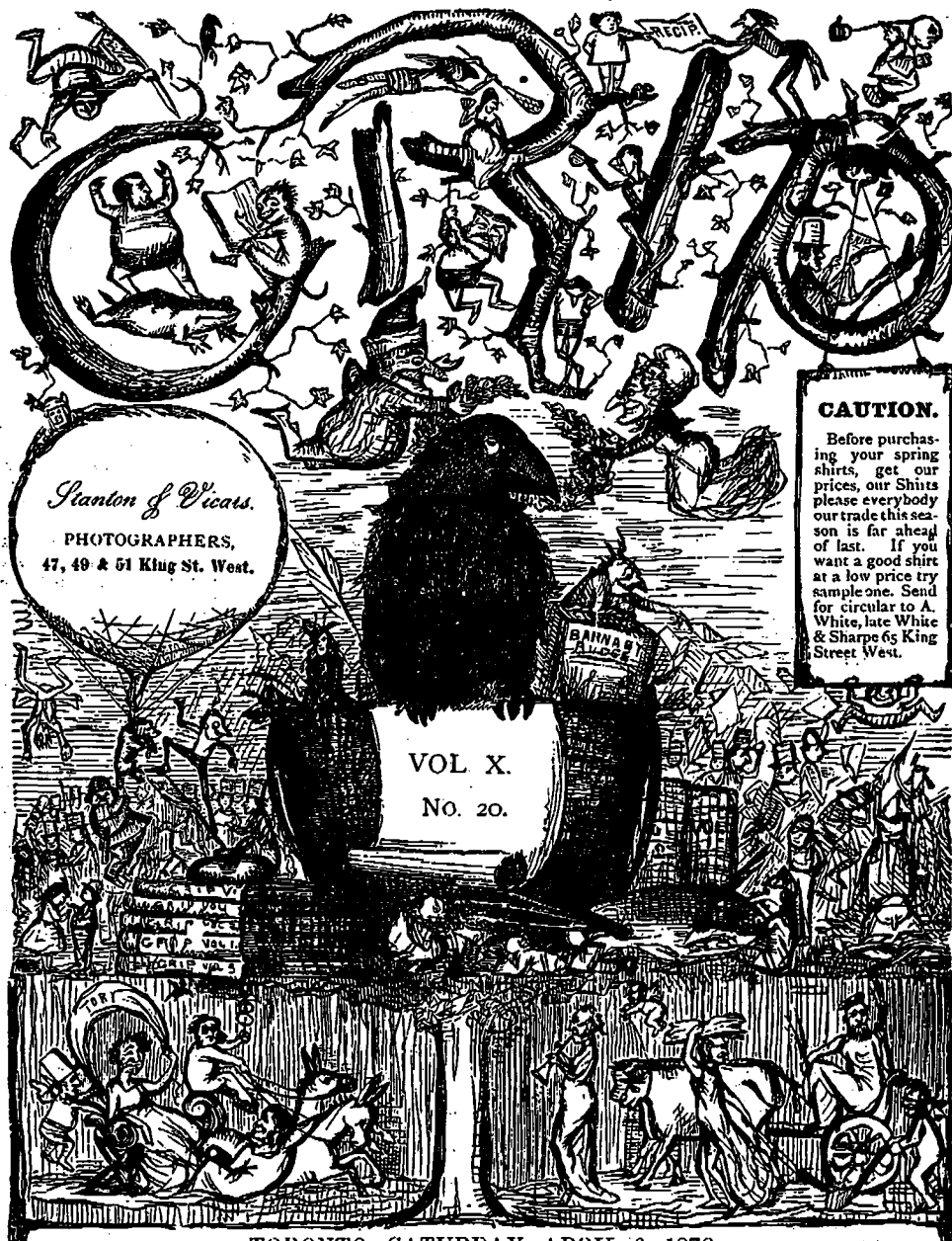
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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 RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH APRIL, 1878.

### Answers to Correspondents.

MANAGER GREAT LONDON SHOW, SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE AND DOCKRILL'S PARISIAN CIRCUS.—The people of Canada will be pleased to learn that your attractive exhibition is to visit this country during the coming season.

A. JACKS.—Please write more carefully. Your last sweet poem of Spring was set up from your own manuscript and you shouldn't write so harshly and say such bitter things to wound our feelings just because one line went wrong. Really it was partly your own fault that the words "Blooming sweetly in the vale," was printed "Bummers seated on a rail." There is no necessity for your coming to Toronto. Those cheap fares were not intended for you.

#### The Mistaken Nation.

There was a nation great, which risen had  
From all outpourings of all other lands.  
Much great and good, and more of vile and bad,  
Had yearly poured upon her yearning strands,  
For still she welcomed all, who came, with eager hands.

There LABOUR came, with mattock shoulder borne,  
Of frame immense; but stolid all of eye,  
For foreign policies had from him torn,  
The power of thought discriminatory;  
Yet thought to that machine returneth by and by.

And RICHES came into that western shore,  
With many a bag and coffer in his train,  
Full piled to the brim with golden store,  
Which ever and anon he viewed again.  
As fearful some had dropped in voyage across the main.

Nor came the train alone; the swelling waves,  
Rolled ships on ships unto the newer earth;  
And WANT and HUNGER crawled from grisly caves,  
And CRIME, and HATE, and all that woeful birth,  
Sprung from the union wild of LUXURY and DEARTH.

And with them came the nobler; VALOUR came,  
With burning eye which ever hoped a foe,  
And steady WORTH, whose glance of quiet flame,  
Told conquests sterner than the first could know.  
But should I mention all, my page would volumes grow.

Yet must I state that LEARNING journeyed too,  
With book, and globe, and rule, a goodly store,  
And ART and SCIENCE came, but all too few,  
With quiet voice the harsh tumultuous rear,  
To quell of that great crowd who with them vast did pour.

To each COLUMBIA gave a welcome true,  
Alas, she gave an equal voice to all;  
For young in art she was, and little knew:  
What mischief must ensue, what grief befall,  
Nor what foul fiend she did by such inviting call.

He came—destruction in his visage grey,  
That ancient fiend who hath republics torn,  
Asunder; sunk their ship when gathering way—  
Birth-strangling LIBERTY as soon as born—  
Though her he praises much, yet holds in innate scorn.

He—UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE by his name—  
As is his nature, did proceed to do  
As he had done—persuading each to claim,  
What rights his neighbour did pertain unto,  
And in his mind the seat of justice overthrew.

The poorer then in debt the richer threw  
Till all the land in heavy burden groaned;  
And INDUSTRY her work forbore to do,  
And wandered wild in idleness around,  
And base DISHONESTY through all the land sat crowned.

And now that evil councillor hath set  
Her pitwards course to where forever stay  
Oblivion-whelmed, the dynasties which debt  
With coin debased have essayed to pay,  
Blindfold, yet shrinking deep, she treads the dangerous way.

For still rebellious strive against the course,  
Bright FAITH and TRUTH, in which her early morn  
Rejoiced. Oh, for one hand of guiding force  
To check the later, weaker, baser-born,  
Ere she—the world's great hope—become the world's deep scorn.

#### The Prospect of War.

The howling fiend of war had long turbulated the European atmosphere with his demon pinions, and now waved a wing over Britain. (This is from the *Telegram*). And a person came and spoke to GRIP. (This isn't).

It is wrong to call him a person. He was a personage. His visage was fire, smoke, and destruction. His conversation was like thunder. He was dressed in flame coloured garments, and had a long sharp piece of steel by his side, and two queer looking things in his belt.

"What are they for?" demanded GRIP.

"My sword and pistols," replied the personage.

"I knew that," said GRIP. What do you do with them?

"If you wish to know exactly," said this personage, "I use them to puncture the bodies of people, and cut openings in their hearts, lungs, liver, lights, and abdominals."

"And what follows?" asked GRIP.

"They either die at once," replied the personage, "or sloughing, suppuration, and sometimes gangrene follow, confining them in a reclining position, for months, and terminating in death or maimings for life."

"And have these people done you any harm?" asked GRIP.

"No," said the personage, "but they were sent to do me some."

"Had they any ill-will to you?" demanded GRIP.

"It appears to me, my friend," remarked the personage, "that you are out of your head, or else not such a fool as you look, and merely amusing yourself at my expense. But as I have killed a great many people lately, I am inclined to be placable and answer your questions. No, they had no ill-will to me, but their Emperor had sent them to kill me and my friends. His nation was at war with ours."

"Had his people no voice in the declaration of the war?" said GRIP.

"None whatever," said the personage. "The people of his chief city had something to say in the matter, but the rest of his subjects merely do as they are bid."

"Being in fact mere slaves and butchers?" said GRIP.

"Very much like it," said the personage, "but they do not object to it, as it is considered patriotic."

"And what is your business with me?" said GRIP.

"Great Britain is going to war," said the personage, "and I believe you have great influence with the young men of Canada."

"Of course," said GRIP, "they always do as I bid them, particularly on the seventeenth of March and twelfth of July."

"I want you" said the personage, "to induce them to form regiments to send to the mother country."

"They would do that quickly enough," said GRIP, "for the mere amusement of the thing, and also that the mother country's free trade policy has left us little to do at home. Thirty or forty thousand of them went to fight for North and South in their revolutionary scrimmage, and a great many of them found subterranean habitation there. But do you think it would be respectable?"

"What do you mean?" said the personage.

"You know" said GRIP, "that a colony has no voice in declarations of war, in fact although many of us should think, like Mr. BRIGHT and his followers, that England is wrong to deny Russia free entrance into the Mediterranean, yet we have no right, as he and his followers have, to vote against fighting in favour of such regulation."

"As Mr. BLAKE said," remarked the personage, "Colonists are in an anomalous position."

"In fact, in the position of the slaves and hutchers you spoke of before" said GRIP.

"So evident is the injustice," said the personage, "that I think they would give you a voice in the matter if you asked for it."

"Then would you be pleased to tell them," said GRIP, "that we are four millions here, being one ninth of their population, and that the throats of the ninth are as valuable to the ninth, as the throats of any other ninth. This would have given us sixty votes, which might, for all I know, had they been present in the House lately, have placed matters in a less Dizzy position. Go back to the Queen," added GRIP, "and say I am going over next Thursday, and shall settle it with Her Majesty."

"I will," said the flame coloured gentleman, retiring gracefully and dexterously catching his cocked hat which the gas branch had knocked off *en route*.

THE Toronto Lacrosse Club should turn their crosses into muskets and then the prospect of a European war would not prevent them from getting engagements.



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A DETERMINED SUICIDE.

**War News.**

It was a summer evening  
Prince ALFRED'S work was done,  
And he before his palace door  
Was sitting in the sun.  
And by him seated, not afar,  
Was his wife, daughter of the Czar.

Prince ALFRED read the paper,  
The news was of the war  
Between Russia and England's hosts,  
And, as he read the hor-  
rid tales of fire and blood  
And death by famine and by flood,

At last his eye did brighten  
And he smote upon his knee—  
"Again we've whipped those Russians,"  
Cried ALFRED in his glee,  
"What's that you said?" inquired his wife,  
With a frown that threatened further strife.

"I said," said ALFRED meekly,  
"That the Russians failed to win  
The latest battle fought, my dear."  
And here he paused to grin.  
"Besides," pursued that Prince so rash,  
"We licked 'em to eternal smash."

"We," cried his wife in awful rage,  
"How dare you say 'twas 'We,'  
The English hoards defeated us,  
Defeated YOU and me."  
"No, I am English," ALFRED said,  
"His face the meanwhile glowing red."

"Then I'm Russia," said she,  
"And here upon this spot  
The Anglo-Russian war will be  
Most gloriously fought."  
A moment after he was down  
A flat iron having struck his crown. (\*)

What need to here recount  
That dreadful Russian fight;  
Prince ALFRED came the combat from  
A truly dreadful sight;  
And when he reads of war's sad scene  
He says, "We have defeated been."

(\*) Of course the Crown of England is not here referred to but ALFRED'S own individual crown as that Prince is not heir to the other crown.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

ENGLAND is Russian things.

THE duty on malt—don't drink it.

BARBEROUS LANGUAGE—"Next."

ALL-OVER-TWIST—CRUICKSHANK.

TALKING FRUIT—Jab(b)er PLUMB.

A GEM OF A STATESMAN—DYMOND.

'SNEEZY matter to catch a cold just now.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—BEACONSFIELD.

A RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—A gang of thieves.

IF PLUMB is plumb he must be an upright man.

A NEC(K) ROMANCER—A hangman's biographer.

A MURPHY MOVEMENT.—The TIM MURPHY bill.

TO RUSSIA.—Take the Bull by the horns—if you dare.

O-FISH-AL.—The Fishery award must and shall be paid.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.—Quitting the Indian troubles.

PARIS Star is the bright particular star poetically referred to.

THE MOYLAN accounts cause no end of tur-MOYLAN' trouble.

QUEBEC members of parliament expect to go east about Easter.

IRONICAL.—That purchase of Rails for the Credit Valley R. R.

ENGLAND should get Mr. KILLIAM M. P. as the Secretary of War.

LONDON used so much liquor, that water-works became a necessity.

IF a business man loses his trade he should advertise for its return.

PITY O'DONOVAN ROSSA was not as hard to find as CHARLIE ROSSA.  
A. BUNSTER of Vancouver had a narrow escape from being A. PUN-  
STER.

I'LL take a little for my stomach's ache—as the boy said of the pare-  
goric.

"A HORSE, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."—TIMOTHY  
MURPHY.

A CHEVAL-ROUS SCENE.—That between BUNSTER and CHEVAL the  
other day.

"BULLY BOYS."—America has its SITTING BULL and Russia has its  
JOHN BULL.

THE proprietors of the Ocean House at Hamilton hope it will not be  
an Oh-Shun House.

THE battle of Waterloo (Ont.) will be fought over again, as a lacrosse  
club has been started there.

GEORGE PALMER tried to pass an unsigned \$10 bill on the Consoli-  
dated Bank but he couldn't Palm'er off.

THE Paris Star has turned Tory and the Grits now call it a dog-star.  
'Tis a Sirius offence evidently, to turn Tory.

CONUNDRUM.—Why was JONES made Minister of Militia? Because  
of his malicious tendencies—towards the flag.

HOW to save gas.—Hold parliamentary meetings in the day time. To  
save more gas—Don't hold a session of parliament at all.

IF parliament wants to economize why not cut down the name "Kam-  
inistiqua Committee" and save money on the printing thereof.

An exchange displays its motto to the legend, "Public Opinion is  
the pillar that upholds the Commonwealth." Where does this leave  
money?

"One of the rarest and most curious of works is entitled "Kin ting Kookin too  
Shoo Tsein Ching." It is a Chinese Encyclopedia, and a copy has been secured for  
the British Museum."—*Exchange*.

We have always maintained that cookin' is an ancient and valuable  
art, but it is wrong for our contemporary to say the work is a Chinese  
encyclopedia. It is a cook-book.

A TELEGRAM appears in the dailies headed "Major WALSH on SIT-  
TING BULL." We have not read the telegram but on general principles  
we hope the Major will stay there.

SENATOR SKEAD is a good man to give opinions on the lumber  
trade, as skeads are always used in getting logs on sleighs, and besides,  
Senators ought to be posted on log-rolling.

THE SITUATION.—"Reformers are looking decidedly blue as election  
approaches."—*Conservative papers*. "JOHN A. and his hosts seem  
stricken with hopelessness."—*Reform papers*.

THE COMING JOKE.—Pestered mamma: "I wish y was like a  
photograph, my dear." Little Girl: "Why mamma?" Mamma:  
"Because it never speaks unless it is first spoken to."

IF Russia catches hold of the lion's tail she will be in the rather  
uncertain frame of mind enjoyed by the hunter in a similar position who  
wondered whether he had the bear or the bear had him.

A VISITOR going through the goal was asked for a match by one of the  
prisoners. On receipt of which, he split it with a needle, remarking,  
"we are obliged to be economical in this establishment."

By some strange oversight, the words "In God we trust," were  
printed on the new American dollar, but the accompanying phrase  
"All others cash," was by some unknown means left out.

MR. BUNSTER was troubled while he was speaking by bugle playing.  
He don't think every man has a right to blow his own horn, although  
members of parliament claim the right to take a horn when they choose.

HOW absurd it is to claim that Sir JOHN A. would pay \$1,200 to  
DESBARATS for getting his picture in the *Illustrated News* when Sir  
JOHN could have got a dozen pictures taken at a photographers for \$3  
per dozen.

SOME think Mr. MACKENZIE in danger on account of that threatening  
letter; however, no man is apt to be harmed unless a letter is found in  
his coat pocket by his wife and if it is in lady's hand-writing then it is a  
threatening letter indeed.

THE London *Free Press* is enterprising. It lately purchased the  
Atlantic Cable and now what used to be "Associated Press Despatches"  
appears on its first page as "By Cable telegraph to the *Free Press*."  
Nothing like enterprise—or check.

THE ART OF CRITICISM.—ETHEL (*criticising a poet's latest effort*):  
—"How preposterous! Here he speaks of 'the sweet, ethereal flood-  
ing sunshine.' Now who ever saw sweet sunshine?" AUGUSTUS  
(*incautiously*):—"Well now, I must say!—Never saw any sunshine?  
I have. They keep it in bottles."

THE other day a number of men were zealously working on the street  
railway track, unmindful of an approaching buggy until alarmed by the  
driver roaring "Clear the track." An old fellow, looking up at him  
with a knowing smile, says, "Its little, matter sir, if ye kill a half a  
dozen there's plinty more comin' in the spring."

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- Washcootai do
- Mingan do
- Manitou do
- Romaine do
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- Agwanus do
- Calumet do
- St. Margaret do
- Trout do
- Escoumains do
- Portneuf do
- Malbaie (near Percé).
- Little Pabos do
- Nouvelle (opposite Dalhousie).
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- Jupiter (Anticosti Island).
- Salmon do

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**W. F. WHITCHER,**  
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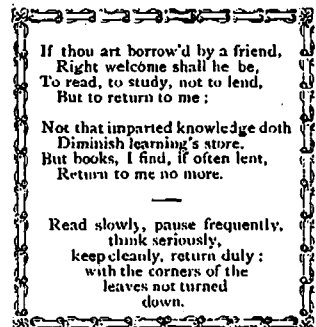
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 Right welcome shall he be,  
 To read, to study, not to lend,  
 But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth  
 Diminish learning's store,  
 But books, I find, if often lent,  
 Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,  
 think seriously,  
 keep cleanly, return duly:  
 with the corners of the  
 leaves not turned  
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Orders of Banks, Grocers and Silver Plating Co., Cincinnati, O. We assure all subscribers that the goods contracted for are first class in every respect, and that our retail price for the Spoons and Butter-knife is \$6.00. We will in no case retail them at a less price or send them to any one who does not send the required "Order," showing that the sender is a patron of this paper.

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**CUT OUT THIS ORDER, AS IT IS WORTH \$6.00.**

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