

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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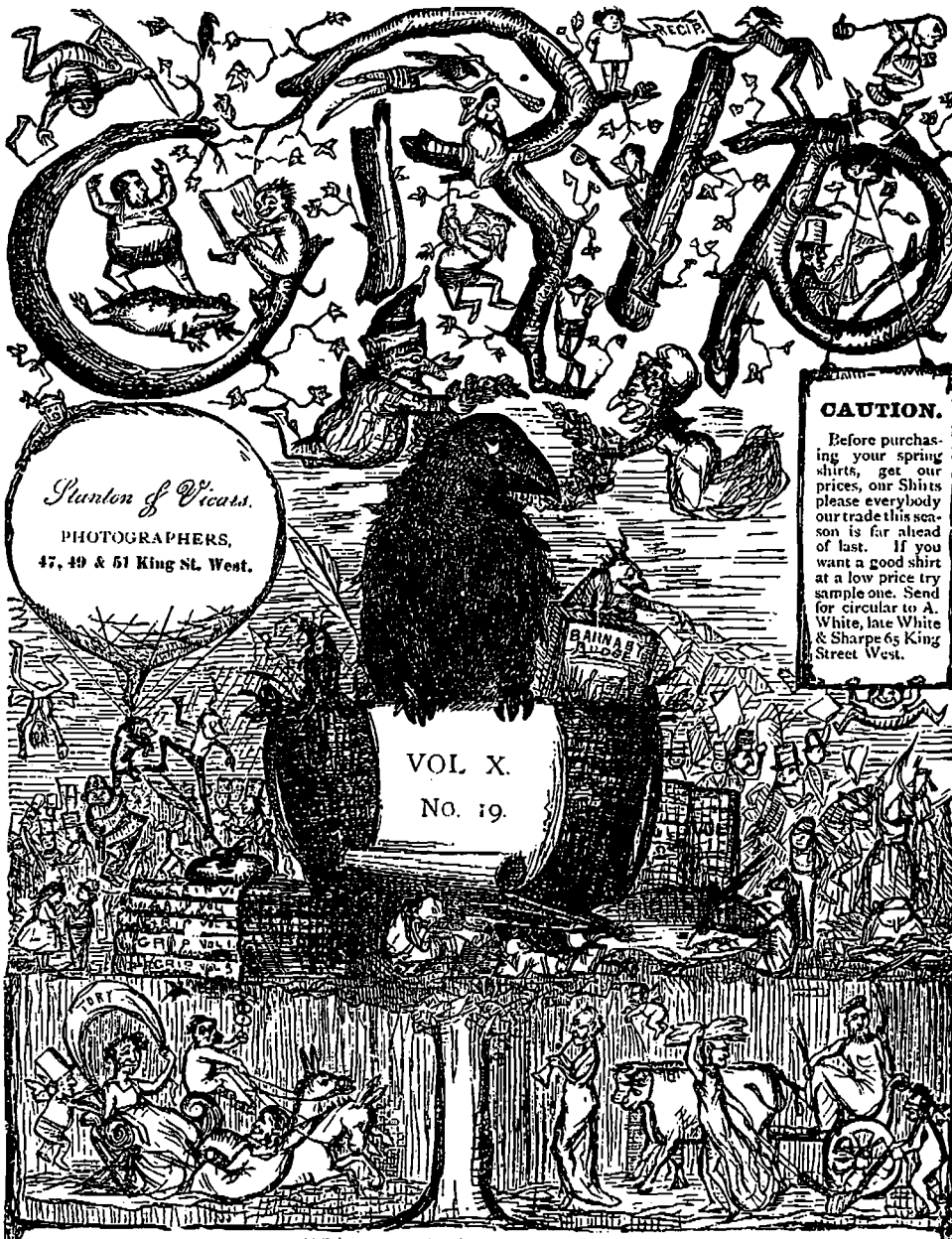
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VOL. X.
No. 19.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH MARCH, 1878.

JOHN GRANT, New Glasgow, N. S., will hear of something to his advantage by communicating with "GRIP" office.

The Impossibility.

It was an ancient mariner
Was sitting in a boat,
One end upon the rocks had got
The other was afloat.

"I am a knowing mariner,"
He said, "as you may see,
But I'll be blown if I can tell
The use o' callin' me."

He said unto the captain bold
A sittin' in the stern,
"For all your pretty uniform,
You has a deal to learn.

"For if so be as you'd hailed me
When you sea-room had got,
I might perwail to make some sail,
Whereby I now can not.

"It's precious clear that steerin' here
To Diffikilty Bay,
Guv your last mate the chance to clear
With all the oars away.

"I am an ancient mariner,
As sails upon the sea,
But shiver all my timbers if
A steering course I see."

The Thing to Do.

"My dear" said Mrs. JONES, "they're all doing it."

"I know," said Mr. JONES. "But my father would have thought it so mean. He always said a bankrupt shouldn't be spoken to; if he was left out of jail it was as much as he could hope for."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. J. "But his opinions are now as much out of date as his high collared, swallow-tailed coat would be."

"I don't know," remarked Mr. JONES, reflectively, "if honesty can get old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned; it's never seen," screamed Mrs. J. "Haven't heard of it for years, far less noticed any."

"Well; what do you propose?" asked Mr. J.

"Settle half your estate on me, cash, houses, all that sort of thing; that will put you into such difficulty you'll have to fail next year," said the practical Mrs. J.

Then a new phrase developed itself in JONES. He stood bolt upright, and spoke in a tone which, Mrs. JONES afterwards said, chilled all her back-bone. "I'll starve first!" said JONES.

Then Mrs. J., cried and sobbed, and asked what were she and the children to do. "Go to the deuce," said the now tremendous JONES, going out and slamming the door.

"And do you know," said Mrs. J. afterwards to Mrs. B., "I found I had never cared anything for him till that moment."

House Hunting.

BOGGS and JOGGS meet on 'change. "Where do you live?" says BOGGS. "I live on Spadina Ave." says JOGGS. "Where do you hang out?" "Oh on Jarvis St." says BOGGS. "My wife wants to move," says JOGGS. "Mine too," says BOGGS. BOGGS and JOGGS simultaneously, "Supposing we let them do the hunting, women are never satisfied if a fellow picks out the house himself." Result, Mrs. BOGGS and Mrs. JOGGS start out separately and each find a place that suits them, and the BOGGS and JOGGS families move. "Where did you move to?" said BOGGS to JOGGS on 'change. "Oh we moved up on the street you used to live on, No.—" "That's my old rookery," cried BOGGS, "Now we got a real snug place on your street No.—" "That" remarked JOGGS with glee "is the detestible shanty I left."

TABLEAU.—Before a bar—"We take the same and remember the sugar."

The Modern House-Fiend.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I write to you for succor in the most deplorable situation to which humanity is liable. I went to rent a house. There was a disagreeable smell about the cellars, which seemed to pervade all the house above. But as it was in a fashionable location, and had a nice looking front, my wife and daughters liked it, and expected that, as the owner told us, the smell would "go off." The yard was a little close affair, letting no sun on the back of the house. But the landlord said this gave in summer a pleasant shade; and as there were bow windows, and big hall and drawing and dining rooms, we took it. I am sorry to say the smell does not go off, and seems likely to send us off instead, for we are all getting sickly, and you cannot cut your finger but what it will form a sore for weeks. Something is wrong with the drains, but I don't know what, and the landlord had certainly gone to the pains of having what are called all the modern conveniences in the house, which it was the old fashion—and I think a deal healthier fashion—to leave outside. Then the "pleasant shade" in the rear keeps the whole house damp, and the city water is not so good as the good well we used to have a little further from the centre of the city. Altogether I don't like it. Then the house is badly built and shrinking so that I lost my shaving soap to-day through a crack in the floor. What am I to do? Fashion says stay. Health says go. Advise me.

PERPLEXUS.

March 25, 1878.

Perhaps you don't know it,
But a very great poet
Is in the parliament pie.
You can put in your thumb
And pull out a PLUMB,
And say "Oh, what a poet have I."

Signs of Spring.

"Whose turn is it; mine? Well here goes—"
"Why—what—do you go through *that* hoop for?"
"Well why shouldn't I?"
"You should have gone through the middle arch first, so you've lost your stroke."
"I went through the middle arch last time."
"Oh, ADOLPHUS, you didn't."
"Why EVANGELINE don't you remember I said that—"
"You never never went through the middle arch."
"I tell you I did; I roqueted your—"
"You didn't, you didn't, you know you didn't."
"Oh, I don't care at all about losing the stroke, but I hate to be cheated out—"
"Who's cheating? I never thought, Mr. SMITH, that a gentleman would call a lady a cheat for one miserable game of croquet."
"But you know Miss JONES, I—"
"I have nothing more to say, sir, you may consider our acquaintance at an end."
(The marriage of Mr. SMITH and Miss JONES will not take place in May as was supposed.)

Ye Fruit Agent.

The melancholy days have come,
The maddest of the year,
When the fearful fruit tree man
Beginneth to appear.

He brings a book of pictures rare
Of apple pear and peach,
And many many momeus fly
As he describeth each.

He shows that never had fruit man
Such luscious fruits as these,
And then persuades the farmer bold
To buy his cussed trees.

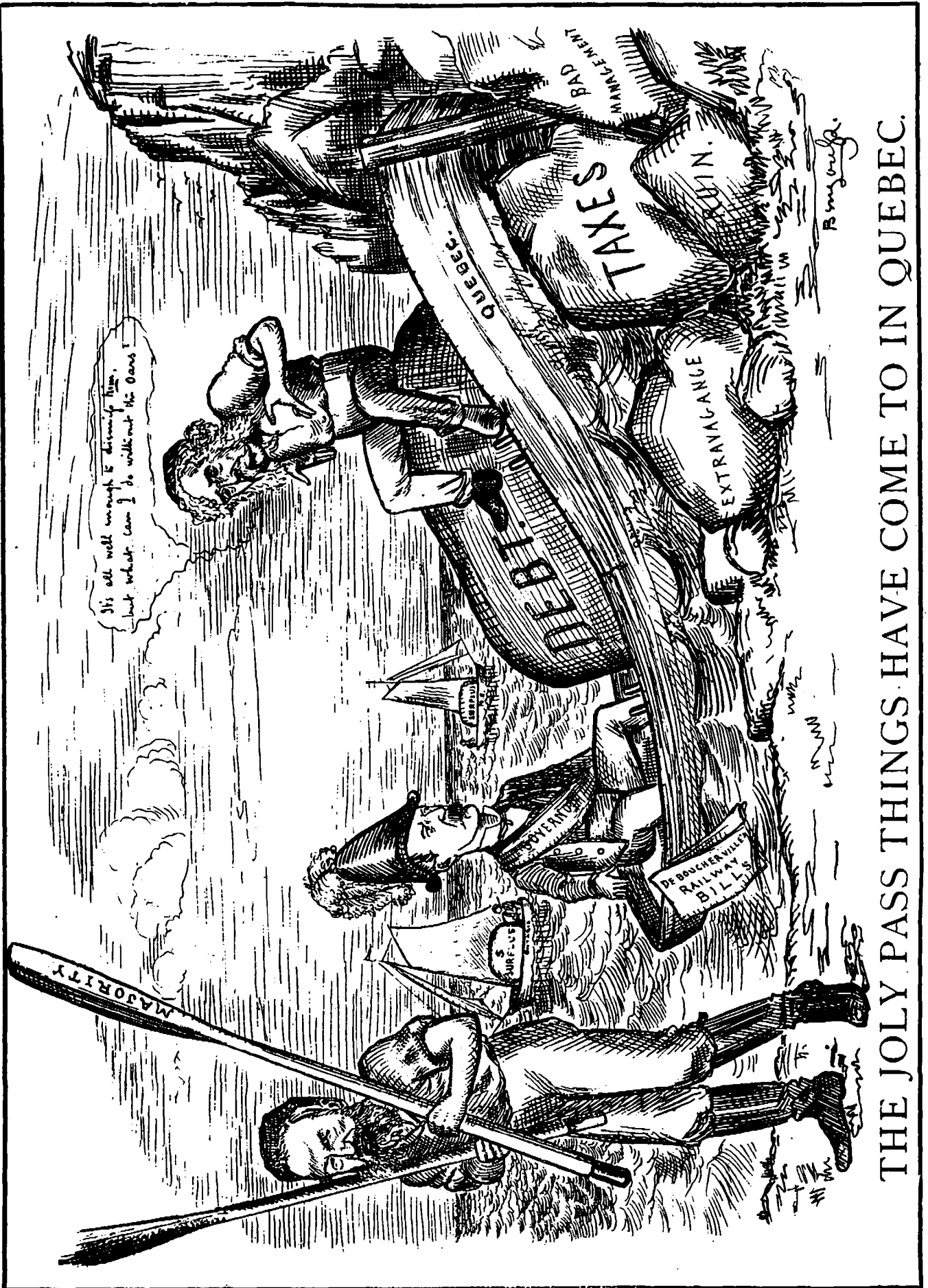
The bill is paid; the trees come on;
And deep will planted be,
But no fruit on their branches slim
Will the farmer ever see.

MORAL.

N.B.—This moral has been secured at a considerable expense and will be given to the readers of the above pathetic ballad without extra cost. Now is the time to subscribe for GRIP. This moral is worth hundreds of dollars to the farming community.

Now listen all ye farmers bold,
Who wish your peace to keep.
Go plant the agents not the trees
And mind you plant them deep.

THE London, England, *Times* is hard on JOHN A., but the times in Canada just now are harder.



THE JOLY PASS THINGS HAVE COME TO IN QUEBEC.

The Exile's Lament, or the Roar of Rossa.

(Sung by him with great applause from a select audience of O'Bralligans, Finucanes, and other rightful heirs to the Irish monarchy, in his back parlour).

Och, the devil a fut will I ever be settin'
Agin on the Quane's oogly Canady shore.
Wha' relafe did I fale whin away from it gettin'
I was safely inthrenched in my bar-room wance more.

Sure the thratment I met wid is past all repatin'
And has blotched ivermore the Canajian shield,
For they frickend the people from takin' a sate in
The hall, an' ixpintis my spache didn't yield.

Yis, an' then, the bist hall, which my agint was kapin'
For mysilf, an' had ped for av coorse, as I bid,
They reshumed, for the purposhe fresh insults av hapin'
On mysilf—Rory Oge's discindint—they did!

Thin the country is all populated wid vilyans.
Whin my hearers I jist had cominced to enthance,
There pours in a vile mob of some thousands av millions,
Full intindin' to tear us to paces at wance.

An' the panes they destroyed, an' the sashes they bate in,
('Twas VICTORIA's orthers, who sint thim the plan),
An' ixcept that in quick time I made a retrate in,
They'd have indid the chafe av the Donovan clan.

Yis, thim!—the rapsallions—the tyrants—the minions,
Base recayvers of gold wid enormity foul—
That they'd dare to touch Arin's bould aigle's bright pinions!
It's their impudence shockin' that burthins my sowl.

It's ingratitude, too, that the deepest I'm falin',
Whin I wint to enlighten the hirelings av Gullph—
Whin the grate truths av fraydom I plain was revaylin,
An' was tachin them how to resimble mysilf.

But it wasn't my thrayson that raised such a storum.
Sure Lord DUFFERIN's a thraytor far dayper than me.
Av I had him in Dublin mysilf wuld inforrum
Av well ped, an' delight his suspinsion to see.

No, it wasn't for that; but their invy was waxin'
Ixtrame, for I med the shuperior plan
From the face av the worruld to root out the Saxin,
Wid the power contained in a dynamite can.

But it's little they know what the omin predicted
Whin on landin', like CAYSAR, I fell on their strand.
To my mind the occurrence immayjit depicted,
Like himself, I'm intindid to conquer the land.

But let no wan suppose that I've any intintion
Of inroachin' on Canady's soil any more,
Till the time I've completed a noble invintion
To destroy thim while floatin' tin miles from their shore.

Oh, thiu with what joy shall each soldier of Arin,
On their frontier debonchin like haroes sublime,
From the disimbered corpses, wid heroic darin',
Take the watches and purses in double quick time.

Ah, it's thus a magnifiscent fund we'll be raisin'
For ould Oireland's brave sons, av all nations the crame,
Thin go back to New Yorruk, an' spind it in plaisin',
Divartin, and likewise enrichin' the same.

The Voices.

A voice was heard through the fields of Canada; it rung through Quebec; it resounded over Ontario, it reverberated across the Manitoban plains. It said in thunder tones "Give us protection to our Industries!"

And another Voice was heard—rather cracked—squeaking from the Mail office, and it shrieked, quivered, tininnabulated, and clattered from every Conservative printing shanty, "Give us Protection to our—" but no one knew whether the last word was Industries or Politicians.

And another sounded in a worn out sort of bass from the Globe, and choked, gurgled, growled, wheezed, and grumbled from every Reform paper-spoiler, "Give Protection to our"—here it hesitated, and a broad Scotch voice added "Pairty," and all the followers repeated the burden.

And still another voice roared from every importing interest in the land, and was caught up, and clamoured, bellowed, argued, pleaded, prayed for, and threatened for, by every member of parliament, railway man, drummer, retailer, middleman, cornerer, monopolist, and newspaper which could be influenced, "Give us Protection to our great Importing Interest, by which our foreign friends who pay us make money out of you!"

And they all screamed together; but among them the first Great Voice was loudest and would not be silenced, and it swelled louder and clearer, while the others dwindled into little tin-trumpet sounds. And the Great Voice would be heard, and was.

Soliloquy of One Obligated by Necessity to go in the Toronto Street Cars.

Oh, dear; Oh, dear; we're off the track!
This whole thing rattles—I must go—
My feet are thrilled—I'm on the rack—
I cannot stay it shakes me so.

Why do I ever set my foot
Within the things, I dread them so.
From feet to head I throb with pain,
This is a thing I should not do.

I start up. Why? Because—Oh dear,
I pull the bell. The noisy rout
Goes on so loud they do not hear—
I cannot stay—I must get out.

A kindly man says—"Never mind,
There is no danger. Do not fear;
'Twill soon be on again you'll find—
You must not go—indeed—stay here."

"Indeed I can't," I say in pain,
"Indeed I can't. Pray ring again."
I inly feel my ears will crack.

That's not the worst; *my back, my back.*

CONCLUSION.—The recollection of these daily, or rather ten-times-a-daily occurrences, so discomposed me that I could not go on rhyming any longer. In spite of several ringings of the bell the driver lashed on his horses till we were all rattled on to the track again; but even the placid people whose nerves were well packed in solid flesh had got more shaken than they liked.

END.—Can any one discover the reason of such a state of things? Is it owing to the age of the Cars—as some people think? That cannot be: because the new light ones go off as often as the older, heavy ones—nay, rather oftener. It seems to the writer, to be in the power of the drivers either to cause or to prevent this happening; having observed that those who do not use the whip to their horses don't run the car off.

TERMINATION.—Will the Society for the prevention of *Cruelty to Animals* take us, the passengers in the Street Railway under their protection, as the proprietors expect too much from our Guardian Angels.

Croaks and Pecks.

BLAINE is an ass braying at a lion.

TO SITTING BULL.—Please remain sitting.

A FARE TRADE.—The cheap fare to spring traders.

MALT-TREATMENT of the public—removing the duty.

ADVICE TO THE MUD AND BOOK PEDDLERS.—Dry up.

ARE those who support Mr. TARTE in Bonaventure Tarters?

HAIR-RAISING STORIES.—Those from the London hair factory.

INSTEAD of "hire a hall" it will be "Oh, rent a phonograph."

"DOWN THE R(H)INE."—Most of the papers are down on him.

MOST RINE Clubs are like old maids—they want to change their names.

TORONTO is like the prodigal son, it spends its substance in riotous living.

THE *Irish Canadian* forgets that Lord DUFFERIN is an Irish Canadian too.

THE deserted village—St. Thomas, when the R. R. offices are removed.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A RIOT.—Knock its "i" out and it becomes rot at once.

A SEASONABLE SIGN.—"Green Bushes" at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House.

JONATHAN dined on the European plan: He took fish for his dinner and now he hates to pay his bill.

THEY like to egg on a Minister at Ottawa, but the Rev. Mr. SVVRET wishes they would not use such ripe eggs.

IF half the accusations against that London torturer HAR-GRAVE, they lift his first syllable and send him to his second.

MR. RINE wants a suspension of judgment. All right—but if the charges are proven the public will want a suspension of RINE.

THEY say O'DONOVAN ROSSA is entitled to the benefit of Canadian law as much as any other man. Certainly he is. Many Canadians would be extremely pleased to see him get the benefit of the extreme penalty of the law.

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4
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 Byron W. Scott.

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