

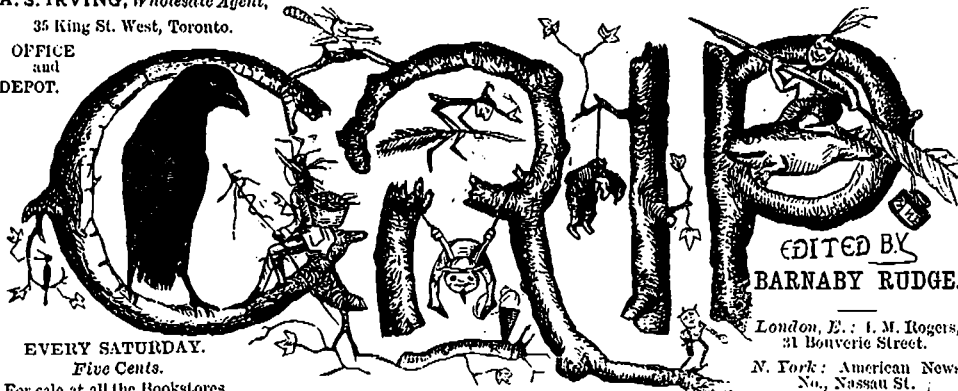
PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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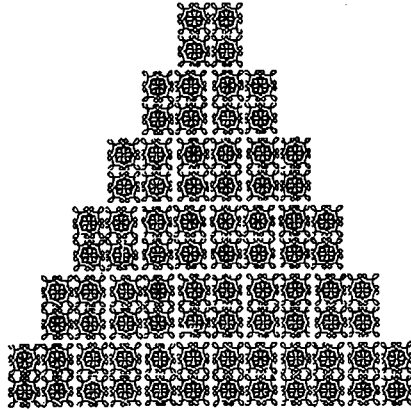
TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1874.

No. 17.

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

WOT'S RIGHT'S, RIGHT.

(SCENE—A group of Mechanics during dinner hour.)

JOHN SMITH—Say, Bill, have yer read them papers
About them chaps wot's cutting up such capors
In Parlyment, concerning bills and wages
And Acts so weighty that they comes in *stages*?
I'd like to know, but s'pose it's no use talking,
Wot these chaps takes us for. They're always balking
Us in wot is right and proper,
And never backward, either, at a "wopper."
They never say it's *that*, but calls it *tact*;
But I call it a lie, and that's a fact.

BILL BROWN—Aye, Bill, but don't yer know
That them same chaps, wot runs the national show,
Ain't used to havin' their weak nerves afflicted.
To calling woppers *lies*, they're interdicted
By Act o' Parlyment—a meal they term *collation*,
And what *you'd* call a lie 's *exaggeration*.

DICK GREEN—I guess it's all the same, mates, the world over,
It's very well for them wot lives in clover.
When they come round and beg for 'lection votes,
How very quick these chaps then change their notes;
And tell us we're "the bone and sinew of the nation,"
And talks of "progress" with much animation.
We votes and loses time, and then they holler,
And cuts our wages down a half a dollar.
Our time's *our* money, ain't it, boys? I guess!

JOHN SMITH—O' course it is, and I must confess
I never seed so mean a trick afore.

BILL BROWN—Mean ain't no name for it, I'm werry sure.

DICK GREEN—Now, mates, look here, I'd like to know
If these here chaps is giving us a show?
At 'lection times we're "smart" and "sons o' toil"—
Their ways, and speech, and tongue's as smooth as oil.
When once we've voted—they don't care a cent;
So long as *they* can get in Parlyment.
When they get *there*, such chaps as we
Are no where; but I'd like to see
A dif'rent state o' things, 'tween you and me.

JOHN SMITH—Wot I propose is—to make matters square—
We only pays them chaps *their* lawful share.
The House adjourns its business very soon,
By doing *this*, they'll quickly change their tune.
If it's right to stop us just for half a day,
It's right to stop them too, *that's* wot I say.
Right's right, and, boys, I've got to learn
If *we* get's paid for wot we doesn't earn.
It's just such chaps as us *their* wages pays—
It's a queer rule, boys, that *doesn't* work both ways.

[Bell rings, *Exeunt.*]

NATURAL CAUSES.

A PARAGRAPH at present "going the rounds" of the country press sets forth the sad intelligence that

The celebrated cow, the "Eighth Duchess of Geneva," better known as the \$40,000 cow, died last week at the owner's farm.

And in the brief biographical notice accompanying the announcement it is stated that

At the sale of Mr. Campbell's stock at New York Mills, on the 10th of September, 1873, she was, after some little excitement, knocked down to a Mr. Davis, for the sum of \$40,000.

It would seem that death resulted from the blow, and all that money is lost.

Grip's Political Parodies.

"THE VICAR OF BRAY."

(Adapted to Canadian circumstances, and dedicated to the Council of Public Instruction.)

In Governor Metcalfe's golden days,
When piety no harm meant,
A zealous Methody I was,
And so I gained *preferment*;
To teach my flocks I never missed,
Kings are by God appointed;
And cursed are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatever King shall reign,
As "Leonidas" I'll *bray*, Sir.

As guardian of the people's rights,
I was a staunch Reformer,
Till Metcalfe, with "revolving lights,"
Converted mine to "dormer."
"Unsolicited" I've toadied
To successive powers that be,
As a guardian Vicar so did,
Not so unsuccessfully.
And this is law, &c.

An Elgin or a *Duffer* in,
A Bagot or a bigot;
I've plasters thin for every shin,
For every leak a spigot.
I downily trooped to Downing Street
On a reforming mission,
"Iscaariot" flew mine ears to greet,
In that "*casual*" position.
And this is law, &c.

I flounder like a cuttle-fish
In science, art, and story,
Hopes terrestrial relinquish
For "*Thermopylae*" and glory.
Like the *Spartan*, I've contended
With hosts of armed men,
Though 'tis hard to say I've mended
Aught else except my pen.
And this is law, &c.

The illustrious House of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And Vic. my lawful Queen shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

Grip in Council.

Present—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q.C., WILLIAM SPAREQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Never say die! Never say die!

RUDGE.—I should think not. True patriots are plenty enough in this Dominion not to let a thoroughly Canadian bird like you give up the ghost. And what would become of them all if they had to depend for their fun on the lively columns of the newspapers?

TONGUEGRASS.—Who but yourself is ready to furnish fun for the legislators? Here have they been hammering away at the Central-Prison-half-holiday-to-the-working-men job, by which some twenty odd thousand cents were thrown away—so much to the disgust of the true friends of the working man, who think half-holidays are bad for him unless his pay be stopped; and as to the Public Accounts, and all the mare's nests found in them, there is no telling if any one but the WANDERING JEW would have outlived the discussions had it not been for the flood of illumination from GRIP's electric light, which has penetrated even the dim chambers where M. P. P.'s do congregate.

SLOWCUM.—But still, nevertheless, you must admit, at least, I think, there's a good deal in the Public Accounts—



A QUESTION FOR PAY DAY;

OR, "CENTRAL PRISON" LOGIC APPLIED.

GRIFF (log.)—"GENTLEMEN, IS THERE ANY 'SCANDAL' ABOUT YOUR DRAWING A FULL SESSION'S PAY FOR—NO WORK AT ALL?"

TONGUEGRASS.—So there is, MACGREGOR, so there is; but to see double is generally considered a pretty sure sign of being fuddled. LAUDER and his friends—MAT. C., don't you think, plays only a sort of second-fiddle—see things in ten-fold magnitude; 'tis but a mathematical calculation to determine the enormousness of their state of fuddledom.

SLOWCUM.—You did not let me finish. Sharp's always the word with you, TIMOTHY. I was going to say, if you had not interrupted me,—eh, where was I? There, I have lost the thread—

SMALLWIT.—Was it wound upon a spool?

SPEAKEQUEER.—Let us put this perpetually punning PATRICK into Parliament. Just punishment it would be for him, the sinner; while a thorn he would be in the sides of some more slow than SLOWCUM to see a joke.

TONGUEGRASS.—Have you reference to the Local House? In it no man was ever put to the test as to his apprehension of wit, small or large.

RUDGE.—Into Parliament PATRICK undoubtedly must go. There is a round hole there, and he is the round peg turned in nature's lathe to fit into it.

SMALLWIT.—My sin hath found me out. Pardon, I crave; or, if not full forgiveness, at least a more merciful sentence.

TONGUEGRASS.—Then would I suggest he be made schoolmaster to the School Board.

SMALLWIT.—You are making bad worse. I should be more bored there than even in—

GRIP.—Bind the wretch, and quickly gag him, and cast him into the den of—

SMALLWIT.—Stop, for mercy sake stop! Do not, do not order me to be thrown into the den of Aldermen. Never would I emerge alive.

SLOWCUM.—Why should you all be so hard on PATRICK? I scarcely ever enjoy myself so much as when I have an opportunity of listening to his drollery. Some people make what they call jokes, but I have to get them explained, and even then I can't always see the point; but SMALLWIT is a very prince of jesters, and if I can only take a little time to it, I always find out for myself where the laugh comes in.

TONGUEGRASS.—Well, well, we won't be hardhearted. SMALLWIT, you are not pardoned—you are too hardened an offender—but your sentence is commuted. Hereafter, your sole audience shall be SLOWCUM: on his ear alone must you hereafter dare pour out your baby jokes.

SMALLWIT.—Now am I forever dumb. Good heavens! live only to make jokes for SLOWCUM!

SPEAKEQUEER.—I am on the side of mercy. Give us, PATRICK, a story that shall make us laugh, and I for one will be ready to cry quits.

OMNES.—Agreed, agreed.

SMALLWIT.—No; you are too deficient in appreciation of the Funny. Even DON QUIXOTE would not tickle you into a right-down hearty cachinnation.

TONGUEGRASS.—You would have a poor chance, then; but I thought, you know, fools might be found to rush in—; you know the proverb?

SMALLWIT.—Thank you for nothing! But it seems to me you are becoming personal, and I must call you to order.

GRIP.—No personalities permitted.

SPEAKEQUEER.—Of course not. Leave them to parliamentarians and the journalists, who have jointly secured the Canadian patent for any personalities that are worth the name. Hawks must not pike out hawks' con—and abuses are abundant for us to fall upon.

TONGUEGRASS.—By the way, did you hear that LAUDER—this is strictly confidential—is going to introduce a bill looking to the union of the constituencies of Silver Islet and Algoma? The member for the latter is to give him all needed information.

SMALLWIT.—LAUDER's geography is not on a par with his descriptive powers, and the way the Algoma man opened on him was not bad. I call it primo Cumberland cut. If any of you are wise in the mysteries of pork-packing, you will appreciate the joke.

SLOWCUM.—I am ignorant, and unless you explain I shall never see it.

SMALLWIT.—Don't you see, when they anatomize hogs with a view to subsequently furnishing salted delicacies for the British palate, the packers follow certain boundaries in cutting up the slain animals to produce what is technically known as Cumberland cut. But, how it spoils a joke to make it legible to you! I thought you said my efforts did not need explanation?

SPEAKEQUEER.—Have you any idea, SMALLWIT, how tiresome you are growing? Some people might be willing to enlighten you on that point.

GRIP.—You are all dull enough to-night to qualify for the staff of any one of the leading dailies. So leave this, all of you. Get out, get out.

THE JOURNEY OF DR. SYNTAX JR., IN SEARCH OF THE ORIGINAL.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN the world was wise—in the latter day light—
Came the matter to pass whereof I would write;
(And whereof you may tell to your children by'moby
With a quivering lip and a moistening eye.)

CANTO I.

To begin this small narration in a systematic way
I must picture his appearance on that interesting day.
When, with sneer and imprecation on all "stale" and "hackneyed"
things,

He set out upon his journey owning no one's leading strings.
Anticipating wisely many dangers on his course,
He had borrowed for the service old *Don Quixote's* rawbone horse;
And, lest speed should not avail him, and his horse be brought to bay,
He had *Rip Van Winkle's* bull dog for to keep his foes away.
From his shoulders hung a mantle which had been the *Wandering Jew's*,

And one *Gulliver* had supplied him with a pair of well-worn shoes;
Rob'son Crusoe's rusty pistol was suspended from his neck
And good old *Doctor Syntax* had contributed his spees.

CANTO II.

The sun was shining brightly as he set upon his way
And the Mayor and Corporation had proclaimed a holiday,
With an edict vowing vengeance on that citizen who should
Refuse to bear him company as far as "Jones's wood."
So he slowly, sternly, rode away—nor looked around nor spake,
Though the whole population followed sobbing in his wake.
In reverie profound he passed full many a gaping throng,
Nor deigned a look—but merely punched his horse and said "g'long!"
Where pleasure had her votaries, where vice her victims stung,
Where sorrow bowed the sufferers down, echoed the lone "g'long."
His goal was in a far-off land—a real Utopian shore
Where things were said it every day, and never hackneyed o'er.

He reached that clime, in lapse of time,
Weary and travel-stained and weak;
Fed his horse, then took his course
To find what he had come to seek.

CANTO III.

Arrived where, through a lovely dell
Sounded the solemn Sabbath bell,
And saints went up with glowing face
To worship in the holy place,
He heard the sound and joined the throng
And with them meekly passed along;
And thus devout, began his search
Within the portals of the Church.

The sermon, on the Human Race,
Was very good, but commonplace;
And tho' it pleased the people well,
On one who heard it failed to tell.
For he passed judgment, as they fell
Upon each sentence in detail.
And muttered as he took his hat
There's nought original in that."
(To be Continued.)

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

To Mr. MOWAT, Premier of the Dominion of Ontario.

Dear and Respectful Sir,—

I hop you will pleas exkuse me me a writin this letter to you as you been a grate man an i am ony a servant girl but sir i want to givo you and the other kind gintlem wich was with you my best thanks for you makin a law to make liens of gittin married cheeper i will also consider your doin of that a favour to me myself as JAMES—my fellor—he is goin to fix our matrimonel business right away wich he wodent do it before on account of the six dolers. Dear Mr MOWAT sir you can bot yer bottem doler on Jrs's vote wile you want it an he wil have a good vot becaus we are agoin to tak up hous on Queen street if you call to see us wen you have time we will be glad to see you From

yours respectbly

MARY ANN HOPTON.

P S if you like you kin show this letter to Mr FRASER.

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 GENERAL AGENTS,
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