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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1876.
GRIP OFFICE, 20 ADELAIDE ST. } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
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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.

Ontario Society of Artists.

Fourth ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Open daily in the Society's rooms, 14 King-street West, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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, JUNE 24TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

SIMPLE SIMON.—Very good. Shall be pleased to hear from you often.

EXCURSIONIST.—GLADSTONE had no hand in christening the new steamer EMPRESS OF INDIA. The name was suggested by a party named DISRÆLI.

READER OF 'GLOBE'.—You find that your mind is getting painfully narrow, do you? Well, skip the theological editorials after this, and take more out-door exercise.

COUNTRY READER.—You are wrong in your impressions that Mr. MACDONNELL was tried for burning a church. The real charge against him was—but we never talk about what is incomprehensible.

CLERICUS.—We cannot publish your letter on the "heresy" case. We are not the General Assembly. Why don't you stand up boldly in open meeting and declare your belief that they all have doubts more or less?

SOUTH ONTARIO REFORMER.—We do not know that Mr. J. D. EDGAR's second cousin's brother-in-law was gentleman in waiting on Prince Teck, but it is a fact that a relation of Mr. GIBBS' was once tutor to the Prince of Wales. Elect Mr. GIBBS, by all means.

Paid to Stay Away.

It was the Mayor
Who made them stare
At the Water Commissioners' meeting.
Their men to pay
To stay away,
He thought it the city was cheating.
For twenty-five days,
The Mayor he says,
Their own pet engineer had been shirking;
While the city pays
For all these days
Just as much as if he had been working.
Now GRIP will swear
That this here Mayor
Talks as if he'd been honestly brought up;
And GRIP shouts "Go in,
You're safe to win,
If you only take care you're not bought up.

Grip has a Vision.

GRIP had condescended to dine, and afterwards to repose in his arbour. It occurred presently with him that he fell asleep, and hereafter a vision appeared to him, wherein two beings did hold converse together. And the appearance of one was fat and pompous, like the appearance of an alderman; but the second was thin, and seemed suspicious, and also irritable, wherefore GRIP considered him an assessor.

And the first said to the second that he himself never did notice his assessment, neither that of his neighbours, but that the city was in debt and the assessors' salaries were too high, and cheaper men could be got.

And the second remarked that he had put it at but three-fourths of the next lot.

Then the first made reply that people could not live on nothing, and that perhaps they were not too high.

When to him answered the second that he had put it at one-half that of the next lot.

To which the first did rejoin that assessors' wages should be a little higher.

And the second said that he had made it one-third that of the next lot.

Now the first remarked that the present men did very well.

Then the vision disappeared, and GRIP knoweth not what it meant.

Murray Street.

Now, why in such a hurry
Do they mend the street of Murray?
And lay down logs of cedar, and pile on gravel deep,
When it's but a little byway,—
Nay, it's scarce a public highway,—
While streets of more importance in a horrid state they keep?

The reason why it's gravelled,
Though precious little travelled,
Seems this, that there's two aldermen do vegetate close by,
And a magnate influential,
So they leave the roads essential,
And they grade it, and they pave it, and they make it high and dry.

Now GRIP advice expounding,
To the citizens surrounding,
Would wish to have a black mark put against these aldermen.
And at the next election
You shall see them change complexion,
When you tell them that you think you'll have no use for them again.

Our Canine.

GRIP has a dog, a dog which has been a mine of wealth, not to GRIP, but to the Corporation in the shape of taxes. This dog has also been a special constable, and has kept thieves away from GRIP's yard, and nobody knows from how many adjacent yards; the city being in indigent circumstances, and not able to establish a beat up there. Now this dog should be paid, instead of being taxed. But now GRIP hears he must pay a further tax of 75c yearly for his ticket on registration. This is adding desperation to injury. Now all this time there are sixteen million dogs who don't pay taxes, their owners being tenants who are not assessed at all. If corporations had any souls, they would consider the registration fee sufficient, enforce it generally, and do away with the other. So should they make much money, and merit a little praise, which is a little more than they generally merit.

A Delighted Sportsman.

To the Editor,

SIR.—Few are aware of the delights experienced by the amateur fisherman; but that your readers may to some extent appreciate them, I send them my experience:—

Behold me enjoying pulling a heavy boat for two hours up a boiling stream on a red-hot day, under a molten sky. I began, however, to suspect it was not a chief end of existence; also to suspect that it would be, if it lasted much longer. It was to about one third of me, at least. Got into the shade, and commenced. The principal difficulty consisted in the number of bites. Being presently so covered that I could not see myself, I paddled off for fear I might lose myself; and found a less lively situation where I caught a great catfish, which had so thoroughly gorged the hook that he seemed to have taken most of my line in also. On my attempting to release him of this, he obligingly ran two inches of his spikes under my thumb nail. I incautiously roared with the pain, and a ploughboy on the bank, hearing this dolorous sound come from the reeds, supposed it to proceed from some overgrown bullfrog, and hurling a large stone in my direction, sunk the boat. I waded to the shore, a perfect heap of slimy weeds, while my head, swelled with mosquito bites, looked like a pumpkin lying on top of it. The boy took me for the devil, and took to his heels. I took the road home. This is the most delightful fishing excursion of my life. I never had another, and don't think I ever will.

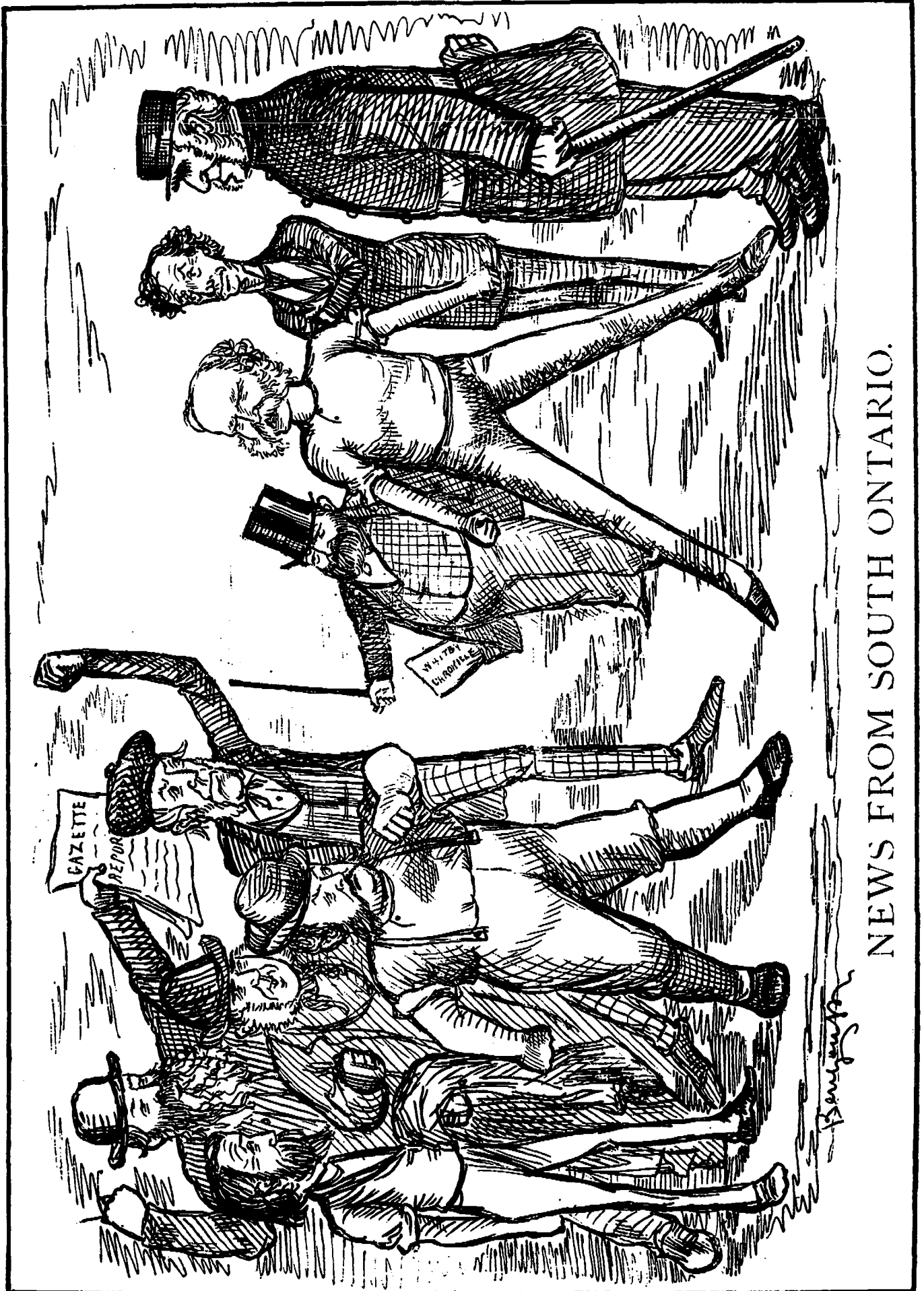
Yours,

PISCATOR.

Too Late.

THE *Globe* has discovered, extremely to its horror, as it never did anything of the sort before, not by any manner of means, that it has been garbling Mr. MACDONNELL's speeches. It was quite accidental; the reporters didn't know the speech was to be made, so they didn't take it down, only the end of it, as they only got there then. Isn't it a little remarkable that they couldn't get it from the other reporters who were there, according to a very common practice? Isn't it rather more remarkable that it wasn't published with apologies till all the harm was done that could be done, and the vote given? GRIP must seriously remark to the *Globe* that political tricks are misplaced in religious matters, especially in view of the warning fact that the Assembly have not abolished eternal punishment.

"Thou art so dear, and yet so far," as the dust-choked tax-payer said when the expensive new water-cart didn't come near him for two days.



NEWS FROM SOUTH ONTARIO.

† *A conversation overheard at the Toronto Lacrosse Grounds, Sunday June 17th.*

JONES—Can you tell me, SMITH, why BROWN's moustache resembles the Toronto Club to-day?

SMITH—Give it up.

JONES—Why, you perceive it is waxed at both ends.

Remunerative Delusion.

GRIP, frequently noticing the unexplainable absurdity of some otherwise sensible papers advocating Free Trade, broke into an epigram, entirely original, especially the first line:—

Great wit to madness nearly is allied,
But then, advertisements come from that side;
Besides it would seem most impertinent,
To be more sane than is their Government,
MACKENZIE in, how many write Free Trade:
MACKENZIE out, what sudden change were made?
Sir John is in—what Tories everywhere!
He's out—where are they? Vanished into air?
Oh, no, but into Grits, who always thought,
He didn't build Pacifics as he ought,
And quick as changes still the public sky,
Changing again we'll these chameleons spy.

The Public Health.

From the Telegram.

Death! Despair! Confusion! Zymotic diseases! Germinating sicknesses! Decaying matters! Stench! Filth! Smells! Poisonous gases! Where are the Police—we mean the Corporation? Encouraging tastes for the æsthetic by building parks. What madness. How can we taste the æsthetic or anything else when they're dying in the East by a thousand a month, and only stopped for a short time on account of the weakening influence of the heat? What are the magistrates doing? Trying little niggers for breaking branches! Why if the little niggers annoy them what will they do when the black plague comes? What business had they to let the municipal machine run by itself during the hot weather? Why, at least did they not buy it a collar and ticket? Why don't they give us pure water, good roads, and effective drainage, instantaneously? Where have they got 'em? What is the use of keeping 'em in boxes? What will DENISON say at the Centennial, when the furious Yankee tourist takes him by the throat, and demands if 'Tee-yon-to air healthy? Is'n't it true that the Council charge the people for sewers to carry their sewage away, and then send it back up their water-pipes, and sell it to 'em again? Are not the city authorities poisoned with pestilent odours under our very noses, and refusing to show signs of alarm? And they go off on Mysterious Missions! Ha, the *Telegram* is awake. Plank down the cash! Plank the lanes! And the grates! Is the grate nuisance a small evil? Let the Council show they have a higher object! Let them drain the vaults; let them get into the sewers. Beware!

Grip's "Reasons of Dissent."

GRIP begs most respectfully to submit for the consideration of the Fathers and brethren of the Presbyterian Assembly the following reasons why he dissents from their action on the case of Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL:

1. The decision has been rendered rather to sustain the teaching of the Confession of Faith than that of the Bible.
2. The Assembly has not so much as asserted that there is no ground for difference as to the meaning of certain words and passages on this doctrine in the original scriptures.
3. That the Presbyterian Church holds the Bible to be the *supreme* standard, and professes to believe in that Bible being open.
4. That to force Mr. MACDONNELL to accept any merely human interpretation of a doubtful passage, against his conscience, is Popery in its worst form.

Let us have a committee to answer these.

Go it, Gentlemon!

The City Council are sure they will never have another chance, and they will immortalize themselves this year. They intend that their fellow citizens shall remember their services, for many a day. If he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, Toronto should have a most melancholy Council. A quarter of a million for paying, half a million for sewers, eighty thousand dollars for schools; all the lanes to be paved, all the streets to pay for sewers whether they want them or not. All this notwithstanding that the revenue is three-quarters of a million yearly! GRIP has two questions to ask, first, why the investigation on the late city engineer business was closed without a report, and next, why two or three other matters are not investigated.

The Russian Intentions.

We could not help the rebels; no, of course, Russia to rebels never lends her force,
That is, not openly; though strange to say,
Some men, some weapons do get every day
Past our frontier; the sinews, too, of war,
Are getting there, and what it may be for,
Perhaps we guess. Well, let, down in the front,
Servia and Montenegro feel the brunt,
Let our hot voluntaries forward press
The loss of such no empire need distress.
The weather's far too hot to interfere,
So Russia shall take matters coolly here,
Till fall, when what with cholera and steel,
They won't so ready for more fighting feel.
Then is the time for Russia. In we go,
Constantinople's ours without a blow;
And if the English like to make a fuss,
Why, let them come and settle it with us.

Yankee Notes.

THE Republican Party in the States will put up no longer with positive darkness in their political atmosphere, but, as they cannot hope to get perfect clearness for a while, they will split the difference and accept a HAYES.

Mr. BLAINE has succeeded in proving his right to rank with the cleverest of the tricky statesmen of the Union. He was therefore serenaded in Washington the other night.

"Ship Ahoy, What Ship's That?"

THE Philadelphia correspondent of the *St. Catharines Journal*, June 13th, in writing of the Centennial has the following:—"B. T. Mosher of Port Nelson has on show a full rigged ship about 6 feet long made by himself out of a jack-knife, which is also on exhibition." We have been asked to explain this for the benefit of the excited citizens of Port Nelson. Our theory is that the correspondent had, just before seeing Mr. MOSHER's exhibit, indulged in a drink of brandy, and as brandy is \$2.50 per drink in Philadelphia just now, one drink will upset a man if he is allowed to measure it out for himself.

Wanted.

A few active loafers to run from here to Jericho, and stop there.
A treatise on the Social habits and morals of Potato Bugs, and the best way of inducing them to emigrate to the North Pole.
A Bull Frog to play upon the barrel-organ and lead the singing at an Elementary Music Class—One with a tenor voice preferred.
A man who has never heard anything about the Centennial (no deaf person need apply.)

Croaks and Pecks.

There's a shaving shop proprietor in Toronto keeps his carriage and pair. This is mere barbarous magnificence.

Toronto is going in for solid block pavement. This material is chosen in compliment to the heads of the Corporation.

It's all the same to EDGAR when he goes to South Ontario whether they return him or not. If they don't, he'll return himself.

THE *Telegram* shrieks a column at the unhealthy lanes. But why be so far-fetched? Because it's sickly at Bagdad is no reason for our giving our city fathers the sack.

The Secretary of Cruelty to Animals writes to the papers to ask why folks who grumble at overcrowded street cars don't prosecute. Folks say they're not paid for it, and ask, "Why don't he?"

The Congregation which exodized from St. George's, lately, have established themselves over a store on King street. They reach their place of worship by a high flight of stairs, and therefore, very properly, call themselves the Church of the Ascension. But when they in addition call it a Low Church, they make a mis-statement GRIP cannot pardon in a religious body.

A point in favor of the Presbyterians is that it seems that Mr. MACDONNELL didn't know what the Scripture meant till he had joined the ministry. A point against them is that they let him join, in this benighted condition. Another against them is that it looks as if, after joining, he thought he had got among an odd set, and commenced looking in all directions to find what they really did believe in.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Proposals For Construction.

The Government of Canada expect to be able, on or before

JANUARY, 1877,

TO INVITE

Tenders for Building and Working

the Sections between

Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean,

Under the provisions of the Canada Pacific Railway Act, 1874.

This Act, (after reciting that it is expedient to provide for the construction of the work as rapidly as it can be accomplished without further raising the rate of taxation) enacts that the contractors for its construction and working shall receive *lands*, or the proceeds of *lands*, at the rate of 20,000 acres, and cash at the rate of \$10,000 for each mile of railway constructed; together with interest at the rate of four per cent, per annum, for *twenty-five years* from the completion of the work, on any further sum which may be stipulated in the contract; and the Act requires parties tendering to state, in their offers, the lowest sum, if any, per mile on which such interest will be required.

Copies of the Act, Maps showing the general route so far as at present settled, the published reports of Engineers, and such information as is now available, can be seen at the Canadian Emigration Agency, in London, England, and at the Public Works Department Ottawa.

This intimation is given in order to afford to all parties interested the fullest opportunity of examination and enquiry.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary,
Dept. Public Works.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 29th May, 1876.



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Decline and Fall of Keewatin; or,

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Commissioner of Customs.

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