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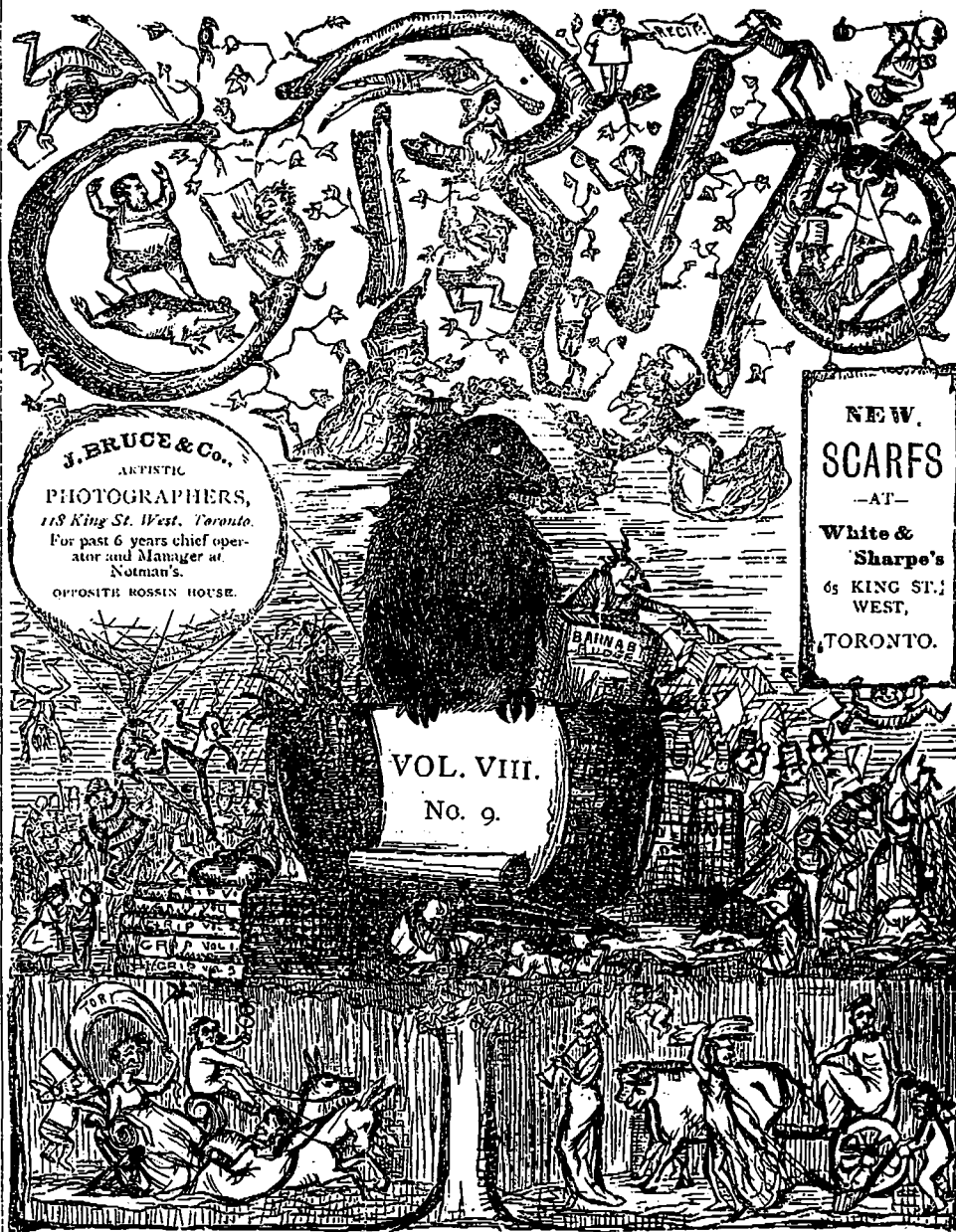
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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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, 20TH JANUARY, 1877.

From Our Box.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The Phoenix, placed on these boards several times this week, is a good play. CARROLL GRAVES, a drunken young author, has a secret. Mr. BLACKBURN, an aristocratic Fifth Avenueite who has ruined him, wants to get the paper containing the secret, which would ruin him. Goes to buy the secret; but instead, finding things handy, drugs author, sticks a knife in the vital regions of a fellow-lodger, sets house on fire, and skedaddles. Grand tableau—house on fire in all directions—very comfortable to think the Grand has lots of escapes from being Brooklynized. Young girl, real heir, skips in, carries author off like feather, nobody knows; inquest follows—bones of lodger found—author supposed burnt. All serene—rascal gets property, injured innocence lives in poverty for three years, which pass by while audience go next door and examine cause of author's misery.

SECOND ACT.—Author has struck silver in California—millionaire—comes back—taken pledge—finds aristocratic rascal in his unsuspected private gambling house—his secret source of cash—wins all his cash—exposes him. Old man, who knows, finds real heir, is explaining to her her rights. Rascal drugs his wine—old man falls senseless—young lady runs away—rascal sticks cloth full of chloroform on old man's mouth—old man dying. Drunken ragged old fellow behind (author in disguise) picks off cloth, calls police. Final dodge, rascal bribes fellow to buy will that he may burn it—agrees to burn same time old forgery of author's—means not to burn last, though. Plan carried out, bribed fellow old friend of author's, burns forgery too—burns will which left rascal a fortune. All discovered—author, old lover of young lady heir, is engaged to her at once—all good characters happy for life—rascal, not wishing to shock audience, runs out with horse-pistol, blows his brains out behind scenes. Final Tableau. The entire piece was very well played. The actors appeared without exception competent to their parts.

The Banks.

Grip in his examining office. Enter the President of the Bumptious Bank.

GRIP.—Good morning, Mr. President, I sent for you to ask you a few questions. Pray, what are your reasons for considering your financial institution on a sound basis? What assets do you depend upon?

PRESIDENT.—Assets, my dear sir? Enormous! Enormous! Why, without mentioning the rest, see what securities we hold! Why, we've a whole lot of stock of the Dumptious Bank—an excellent institution.

GRIP.—And what makes it secure?

PRESIDENT.—The Dumptious Bank! My dear sir, next you'll be investigating the security of the Bank of England. Why, without mentioning anything else, see what a lot of stock it holds of the Flumptious Bank!

GRIP.—Oh! Ah!

PRESIDENT.—And of course the Flumptious is all safe. Why, it has any amount of securities of other banks—principally the Scrumptious Bank!

GRIP.—Oh. And it?

PRESIDENT.—Safe as the wheat. Piles of stock of the Gramptious Bank.

GRIP.—And the Grumptious?

PRESIDENT.—Well, in fact, it has a lot of ours, the Bumptious.

GRIP.—This is a round game. What if anything breaks? What is its object?

PRESIDENT.—Why, my dear sir, you see, in that case we must all stand together or break together, which gives general security.

GRIP.—What if a general panic occurred?

PRESIDENT.—Don't mention it! Hope we shan't have that!

GRIP.—That will do for to-day.

[Scene closes.]

Ald. Withrow on the Now Proposals.

Know you not me? I am an alderman,
One of the chief who did your last year's work,
A famous work it was. Yes, I may say
We did your business then, and left you what
You still will keep in mind. And here, here come
New, fresh, and un instructed aldermen
Wishing to make a change! My worthy friends,
Change is a good and a most pleasant thing,
But not that sort of change. I love the change
That clinks within my trouser pocket deep,
Acquired by saving blocks, or selling frames,
Or other profitable little jobs,
I keep a mill to do. But change like this!
This, which would all our precedents o'erturn
And spoil our ancient games—I mean our rules
Far be such change from us. Our laws are good
And strict, and firm, if we did them observe,
And would have kept us right. Ask you me why
They did not check extravagance last year?
I will not answer that. Or dare you ask,
About the York street job? It was my Board,
Not I, who that did do. Ask you me why
I did not to the citizens appeal
To stop such things—why I these laws did not
Enforce—these laws which I declare exist?
Why did I never threaten to resign
Or never try to bring to justice those
Who did those things and more? Ask me no more,
I will not answer you; and once for all
I tell you this: No change is needed here,
Who likes not this may leave and disappear,
My friends, be ruled, and this year, as the last
Shall be, and more abundant, ere 'tis past.

The Lament of the London "Advertiser."

Woes are fallen on me sorely; I am done and I am undone.
Here's a vile Protectionist now come and lectured here at London.
Grief and horror are my lot here, sorrow's flood is pouring o'er me,
Ever since the wretch audacious dared to come and speak before me.

Yes, within the hall where MILLS had oft in praise of Free Trade spoken,
In that hall he dared to tell us Free Trade yokes should all be broken,
Dared to say our sacred Free Trade was the cause of the depression,
And the roof forbore to tumble at the blasphemous expression.

Yes, before our Board of Trade he, in the heart of London city,
Tore my heartstrings in a manner which would move a tiger's pity.
Lacerated all my feelings, proved my strong belief a fable,
Midst the plaudits of an audience very large and fashionable.

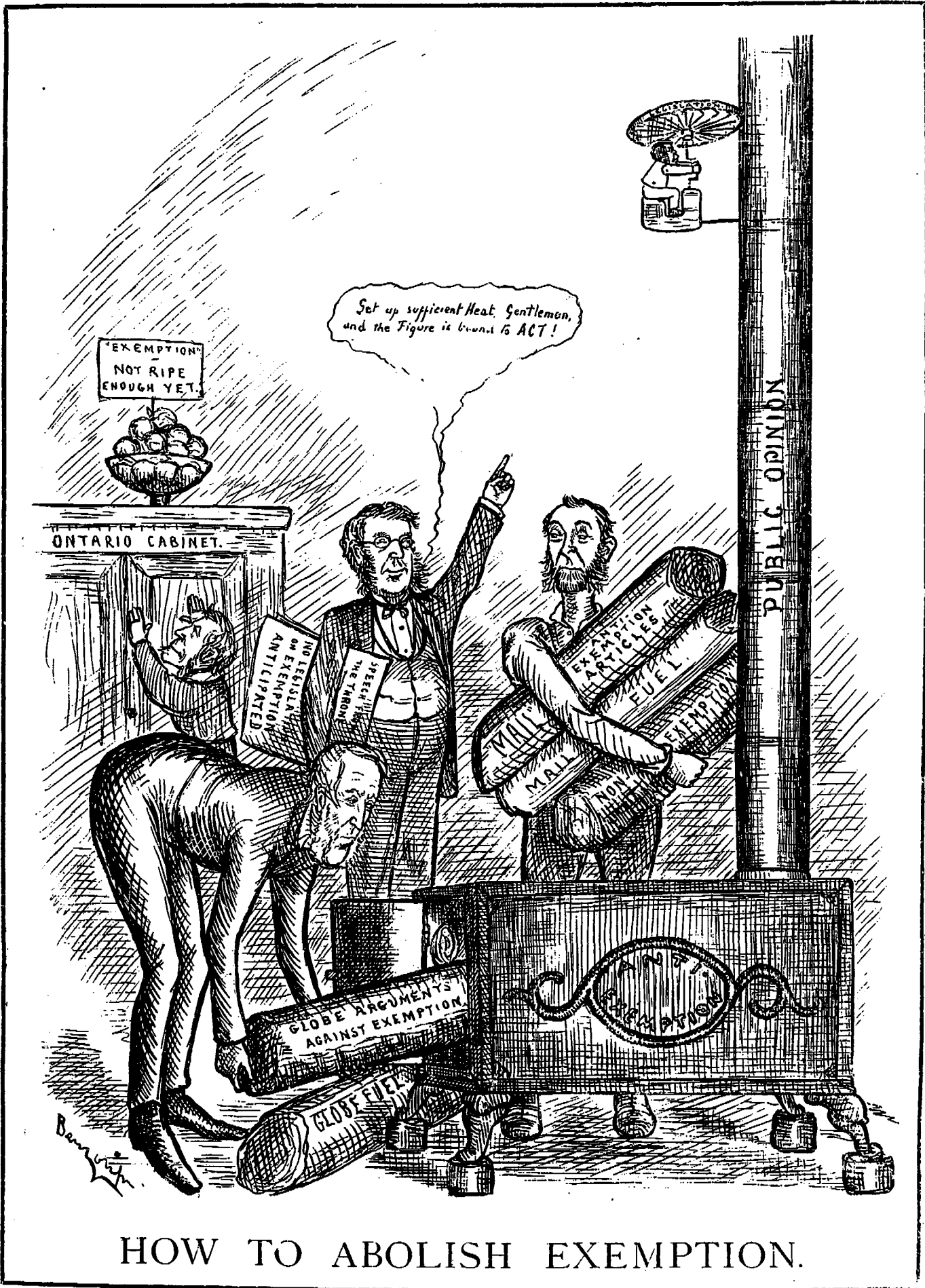
Oh, to think such doctrines awful should be preached this London town
in,
Which, alas, so many years here I have Free Trade laws laid down in.
Spirit of great ADAM SMITH come; shades of MILLS and COBDEN hear
me.

Out from dust and ashes lift me; with some kind relief come near me.

Not a soul a year or two back would have listened to his spouting,
Woe is me—they're now in hundreds for Protection loudly shouting.
BLAKE—MACKENZIE—being the good times which we swore you would
be fetching,
Bring them quickly, for the folks here say the truth we have been
stretching.

I would not have cared if JOHN A. had come here to mock and jeer us
No, nor even if ill luck had brought out TUPPER preaching near us,
But to see that awful WHITE here—he that did the Premier jaw so,
Asked to London—heard and praised here—that is what sticks in my
maw so.

Wouldn't either it have minded, in answer I could floor him,
But he's crammed with facts and figures, fit to carry all before him,
And the monster of the *Free Press*, which I take delight in hating,
In my weakness is exulting, and above me dominating.



HOW TO ABOLISH EXEMPTION.

Speech of His Excellency the Governor General.

With feelings of great gratitude, bedad, I rise to-night. That is, that I can rise at all; I thought I never might. And how those Scotchmen do stick out on freezing ice all day, And slide big stones, I can't make out; it's not the Irish way. When Providence makes days too cold for people out to go We don't fly in its face, 'twould be extremely wrong, you know. We sit by fires religiously, and let the whisky flow, Not raw, as those who love to curl upon the icy plain, But in the form of glorious punch, enlivening the brain. That's how we grow your Sheridans, and Governors, and such. Ah, mighty is its helping force—if you don't take too much. Where was I?—Ah, I'm nearly froze, and I've been sliding stones Till I can't tell which aches the worst of all my aching bones. Oh, hard it is on Governors who come along this way, And out of compliment have got these jolly games to play. What's this I'm saying? listen, now I'm meaning, in this speech To-night, the use of Governors unto you all to teach. Your government machinery, and cranks and wheels and cogs, He oils, and keeps out dust and things which would occasion jogs. You know,—I'm sure the last three years have given proof of it.— How things smash up when you by chance have let in any Grit. This might be thought ambiguous; so I'll just tell you all, Political significance it has none great nor small. Some of you think, perhaps, although you don't it say, that I, Do mighty little, and receive a thumping salary, I tell you what, there's no one knows the half the good I do. I don't myself; and mind me, now, you mayn't think it true, But all those Yankee chaps across the line, I understand, Would give me quite a rise if I'd take their affairs in hand. They'd millions give to grab me—faith, when I was passing through, I got a couple of police, and walked between the two, Or else I was a goner; but I'm back with you to stay, And nothing (till my time is up) shall make me go away. In vain shall TILDEN rage for me, and Mr. HAYES may squall For me to cut their Gordian knot, I shan't go there at all. I'll stick to you, if I have got to live at the North Pole. (I might, you know, for Captain NARES found out a seam of coal.) (On second thoughts, I won't, for there some Scotchmen would be found, As everywhere—and there they'd make me curl the whole year round.) No, not to be the Pasha of Bulgaria would I leave Especially as he will be hauged some day; you perceive. And to conclude, the health I give of this National Club, It's liquor I declare first-class, as likewise is its grub. To leave the Empire, I'm aware, you have a right good will As far as that's compatible with staying in it still. That is your scheme political, if I can make it out. If practicable it is grand, there can't be any doubt. And once again, your right good healths I here with pleasure give, I'd like to stop here always if I'd nowhere else to live.

The Municipal Franchise Act.

Oh, the *Globe* did right
To get in a fright
A bill like this to see.
"For as I live,"
Said the *Globe*, "they'll give
Some rights to property!"

The lowest class
Must govern, as
They govern here to-day;
For if the rest
Once get the best
The *Globe* don't see its way.

Low folks and such
The *Globe* don't much
Admire; it oft' has kicked 'em.
But still it knows
That only those
Obey the *Globe*'s-ite dictum.

We must Economize.*Scene.—Grand Trunk Office.*

1ST OFFICIAL.—We must economize. Peremptory orders from England. As fast as possible, introduce engineers who are willing to work for low wages.

2ND OFFICIAL.—But will it not be dangerous? Vast lots of property—lots of lives, depend on these men being first-class.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Must economize! Besides, can't let the Brotherhood run the thing. Probably come out all right. The new men will learn. Must economize! (*Telegraphs home*—"Am economizing.")

Same office, three months later.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Well, how do the new men do?

2ND OFFICIAL.—Oh, nothing very bad yet; more freight train smash-ups than the average; but of course we keep them out of the papers. Passengers all right yet; been some very near touches, though.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Oh, they'll learn. (*Telegraphs home*—"Economizing; saved \$20,000 already," *Receives answer*—"Highly satisfactory; shall raise your salary.")

2ND OFFICIAL.—(*receives another telegram*)—Good heavens! Awful collision, over a hundred killed, many wounded, two trains smashed to atoms!

1ST OFFICIAL.—What engineers were on?

2ND OFFICIAL.—Both new hands: I feared this. The damages against us will be half-a-million, besides the loss of property.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Accidents will happen. (*Telegraphs home*—"Am economizing. Send us a million.")

Letter of an ex-Alderman.*To the Editor of Grip:—*

SIR.—No longer a member of the Council, shall I see it exposed to unfair criticism? No, sir. I shall not, sir. The criticsers, sir, show more ignorance than the Council, sir. The Council knew a precious sight more than the criticsers did. Yes, sir. They did, sir. I was one of 'em, sir.

Wasn't there general dissatisfaction about the streets, sir? There was, sir. Were not the Council to meet the popular demand for expenditure? Yes, sir. It was a popular demand, sir. I am in a position to say that it was very popular in the Council, too. Then what were we to do but to pay an engineer a big salary, and give him a big staff and pay them big salaries, and stick lots of sand on the streets instead of gravel, and scrape it off again for mud; and lay cedar and gravel roads, and cut 'em all to pieces at once to lay drains through 'em; and build markets and police offices and morgues and lots of things that might have been done without; and lay sewers in lots of places and buy the tiles from aldermen; and build great fences elsewhere and buy the boards from aldermen; and buy whole avalanches of carpet, stoves, paper and painting for the City Hall; and set aldermen sawing blocks and making frames, and increase lots of salaries and stick on lots of new officials not wanted, and spend money generally and furiously? What else could they do? Was not expenditure clamorously demanded, urgently pressed for, literally bellowed for? It was, and with a promptness that did them infinite honour, my council hastened to grant it. They did it, sir. They expended money with such a good will and rapidity that you would have actually thought they were getting a commission on all they could put in the contractors' way. You really would, sir.

Why, sir, the Council before us left a big deficit. They did, sir. Did the people make a fuss, sir? No, sir, they elected most of 'em back again. Proof of confidence, sir, sign of approbation, sir, yes, sir. We, of course, try our best to emulate 'em, sir. We did emulate 'em, sir. We surpassed 'em, sir. Piled up four times as much deficit, sir. And what did the people do, sir? Did they carry us round in processions and things, sir, as we might reasonably expect, sir? No, sir. Turned most of us out, sir, frightened us into not running, sir. Gross ingratitude, sir?

And other things we did, sir. Worked a whole month to make the citizens pay their taxes six months sooner next year, sir—pay taxes twice within six months, in fact. In other words, we get a half-year's taxes more clear out of every one than he would else have paid. And you do not thank us, sir! I demand to know whether the article of gratitude is extinct or not, sir, in Toronto, sir!

Mistakes were undoubtedly committed, sir, in expending thirty thousand dollars on the Avenue and York street, by which it is very doubtful if either were rendered any better than before. But dear me, sir, what's thirty thousand dollars? If you only knew how little the Council thought of it, sir.

I do not hesitate to say, sir, that the new Council will have an easy task in comparison. They can't have so much to do, sir. I defy 'em, sir. They can't spend so much, sir. It isn't there, sir. Nor they can't borrow more, sir. No, sir. We took care to do all the city can in that line for some time.

Yours, sir,

AN INDIGNANT EX-ALDERMAN.

The American factories make 47,000,000 pins daily. They import 25,000,000 pins daily. Therefore, 72,000,000 pins are lost daily. It is astonishing that DARWIN, HUXLEY, and those fellows whose business it is to search the future are not aware of the awful fact proved by those figures, namely, that the day is rapidly approaching when the world will be nothing but a mass of pins, and the inhabitants will terminate their existence in prickly and prolonged tortures.

Toronto, Jan. 16, 1877.

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