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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, 28TH APRIL, 1877.

From Our Box.

Moved by the the pathetic appeals of the Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE on the subject of Civil Rights, Mrs. MORRISON has given up her stage this week to her colored brother, *Uncle Tom*, and a good deal of attention has been bestowed on his reception. The vocalism of SLAVIN'S Cabin Singers is superb, and all who fail to hear them will miss a rare treat.

The Turk.

What is he and what was he? Was he not
A robber and a murderer from the first?
Where through the East left he uncrimsoned spot
Since MAHOMET assuaged the desert thirst
With blood of all who would not live accurst
Beneath the impostor's creed? What was he since?
What ravages wide-groaning Europe bore
From his far-ranging hordes, ere that stout prince—
Hungarian true—to Danube's further shore
Drove back the gashing pack, to trespass nevermore.

What was he in Algiers, and Palestine,
Or Missolonghi?—ever but the same—
The stern oppressor of the Christian line,
The worker still of deeds unworthy name.
What honest Saxon blood but rose aflame
At what he lately wrought on Christian land?
And shall we now our stout Old England see
Unminding right, at policy's command,
Her warships launch in aid of tyranny,
And to strike down the cross let loose her armed band?

Mr. Mackenzie and Hash.

PRÉMIER MACKENZIE, in his great speech in answer to Dr. TUPPER'S four hours oration, characterized that statesman-like effort as "a general aggregation of all the particular charges, just in the same way that certain boarding house people, who, having used the joint of meat warm, serve it up as hash next day."

The extent and variety of our Premier's knowledge has long been the boast of his friends and the terror of his foes. His resources of illustration seem to be inexhaustible, ranging from the sacred groves of classic poets to the anything but sacred recesses of modern kitchens. It has been generally thought that Mr. MACKENZIE accumulated this vast stock of learning by poring over the volumes of the Parliamentary Library, but GRIP doubts if he got the brilliant and apposite simile above noted from any such source. Reading certainly "maketh a full man," as old BACON says, but hash also maketh a full man, and GRIP is inclined to the opinion that Mr. MACKENZIE came by his extensive knowledge of that mysterious compound by his experience in the hotel where he boarded before he took up house in Ottawa. The illustration was unhappy, however, if he meant it in disparagement of Dr. TUPPER'S subject matter, for no boarder even objects to hash. He must know that the dish is one dear to the heart of boarders, even in the city of Swells; and perhaps he could recall blissful memories of how, many a time when he had left his harassing duties in the House, his own step was made elastic by the magical inspiration of the thought "Hash for dinner!"

THE *Farmers' Union* speaking of the unfairness of charging as much for a small egg as a large one remarks that all vegetables should be sold by the pound.

MR. CARTWRIGHT was asked whether "in the multitude of counsel there is safety," applied to the proper number to send on an embassy. He replied that others might have had different experience, but to him there had never occurred anything more pleasant and profitable than negotiating a loan.

LORD DUFFERIN has a politically interested negro coachman, whom, lately, he asked to give him the true solution for the present ministerial difficulty, "Massa," replied the darkey, "put dis before him, and you has him."

Grip's Symposium.

The *Nineteenth Century*, a London magazine, has inaugurated a new feature in journalism. The editor fixes on a subject, and submits it to some prominent *literateur*, requesting his views upon it; this is returned and sent out again to some other great man, who adds his observations. Thus it is passed around to half a dozen, and finally the whole matter is published in the magazine under the title of a Literary Symposium.—*Exchange.*

GRIP, determined to keep pace with the *Nineteenth Century*, resolved to adopt this brilliant idea, and thus secure a number of our truly great statesmen as contributors to his columns, *gratis*. The idea worked admirably. Not one of the distinguished persons applied to seemed to suspect GRIP'S object, and all wrote their little essays with willingness and even alacrity. The question of the hour, "What is to be the future of Canada?" was selected as the subject of the *symposium*, and the complete manuscript was in due time laid upon our editorial table in this shape:

"WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF CANADA?"

1st Essay.—My opinion is that it will be peaceful annexation to the United States. All the forces seem to be making for that. Canada has thrown away her chance of ever becoming a Nation, and she cannot always remain a Dependency; her fate is morally certain to be annexation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

2nd Essay.—I am amazed that you should have the audacity to ask me for one moment to discuss such a question. The subject who is truly loyal has no right to look beyond the present. Give a good and faithful support to the *Globe* and the Clear Grit Government, and never mind the future. As for that man SMITH, he is a base hound, and the subject who is truly loyal ought to give him a proper reception with tar and feathers on his return to this country.

GEORGE BROWN.

3rd Essay.—I agree with BROWN as regards the impropriety of discussing any question as to the future of Canada, but I dissent entirely from the infernal advice he gives as to supporting the Grits. The future of this country, it seems to me, depends on who holds office. If the Grits continue in power, annexation is sure; MACKENZIE would pass a bill to accomplish that end this session if it wasn't for us—the Opposition. But if we get back to office, the future will be brilliant. Northern Railways will be milked in sweet security; Secret Service money will be disposed of where it will do most good, and Pacific Scandals will be unknown and undiscovered. I quite agree with BROWN as regards SMITH, only I think BROWN rather the worse fraud of the two.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

4th Essay.—The future of Canada has nothing to do with the Independence of Parliament Act; my own future is what I am troubled about just now.

JAMES NORRIS.

5th Essay.—The last writer has fully expressed my views on this important subject.

SPEAKER ANGLIN.

6th Essay.—I feel a good deal like that myself.

MACKENZIE BOWELL.

7th Essay.—So do I, though I am resigned to my fate.

T. CURRIER.

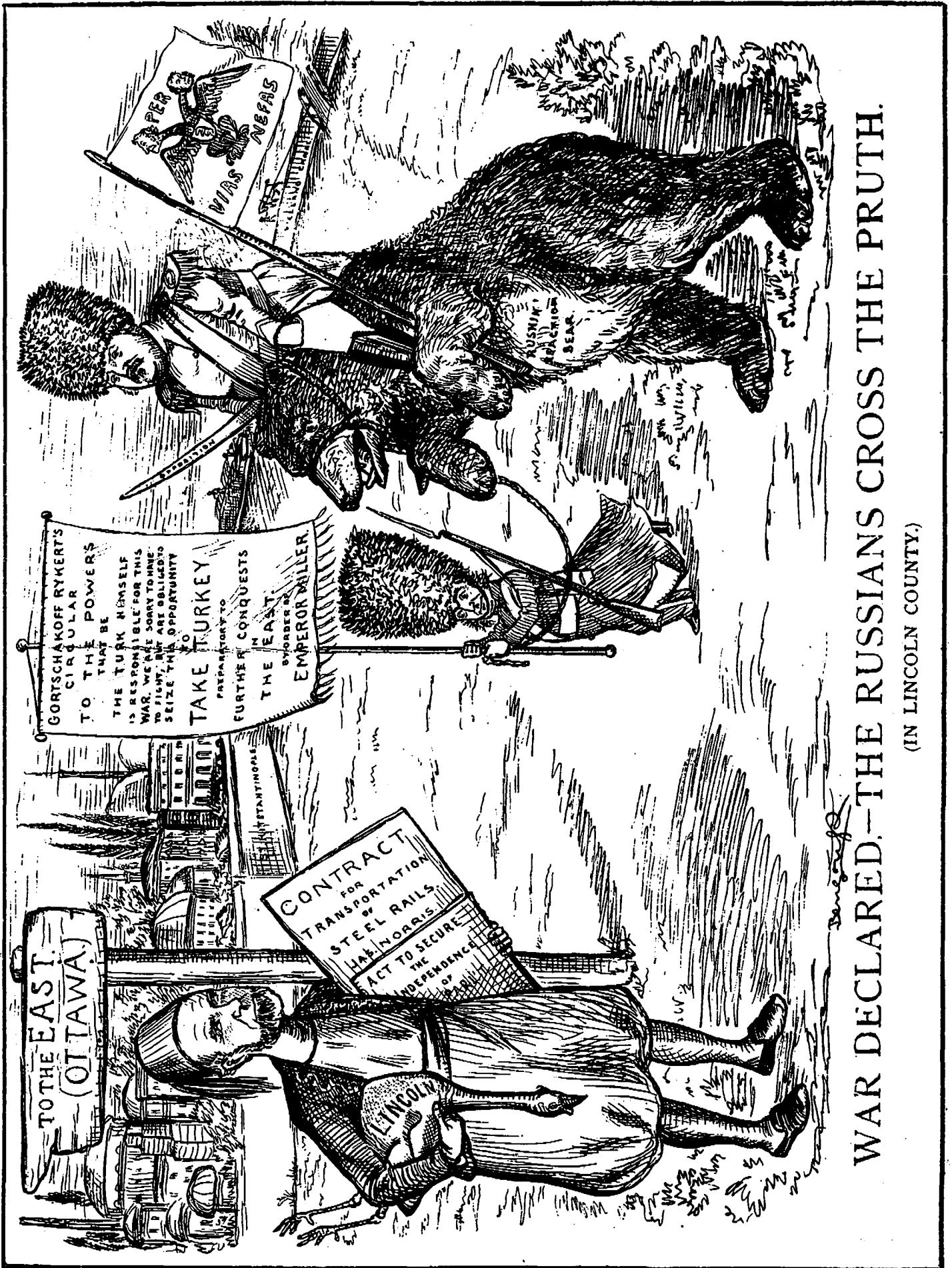
8th Essay.—I think it a waste of time to discuss the question of Canada's future. She won't have any. The political parties will demolish one another with the Independence of Parliament Act, and then the remaining citizen, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, will sell out and go to the States.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Mind Reading Extraordinary.

"The religious fraud is perhaps more plentiful in Toronto than in any city of its size on earth. The people who join the Church with an object, an earthly, money-making, hypocritical, friend-securing, influence-drawing object in view, their name is Legion. These don't attend Church to hear the Word, but to advertise themselves as professing Christians whose notes of hand may be accepted for a large amount, and into whose minds the base thought of cozening a customer or swindling a creditor never enters. The bulk of this class goes to Church to secure good rating from the commercial world; and I here declare to you on the authority of one of the leading dry goods merchants in the city, himself a devout Christian, that of bankrupts who cheat their creditors, the vast majority are Christians of the genus I have attempted to describe. This merchant tells me that he has known of men, scores of them, who have joined the Church of which he is a pillar, specially and altogether with the intent of obtaining his countenance and securing a line of credit at his warehouse, and with the *pretense* of ultimately swindling him. He has been in business here for nearly half a century, and in an hour's talk with him the other day, he counted on his fingers full half a dozen of cases like this."

This eminently Christian dry-goods merchant ought to be engaged as a detective. He beats Prof. LINDER all hollow as a Mind Reader. He must have some receipt for "spotting" the hidden designs of his fellow creatures—for of course a "devout Christian" would not be guilty of wickedly imputing motives.



WAR DECLARED.—THE RUSSIANS CROSS THE PRUTH.

(IN LINCOLN COUNTY.)

The Recalcitrant Pupil.

Now, all you young folks, hear this story of GRIP'S.
Which may keep you from making scholastic slips;
And parents, who've brought up their children as fools,
May learn thence not to meddle with them at our schools.

There is a school-teacher,--MISS MATHESON,--she
Had a pupil, who would disobedient be,
Till the teacher, who vainly had warned her before,
By the shoulders this pupil turned out of the door.

Then MISS GEORGINA WESTBY, this pupil, you see,
Got her parents to come before PETERS, J. P.--
Who is magistrate somewhere that's called Petersville--
Where he put the thing straight through his justice's mill.

And dismissed the complaint; but proceeded to say,
That \$3.50 of costs the defendant must pay,
Or go straightway to gaol. GRIP would much like to know
Into whose pouch this fine, if secured, was to go.

But the teacher don't like it, and therefore she looks
To our new School Board Minister, which it is CROOKS,
Which causes his anger with fury to glow,
And he publishes straightway a manifesto.

And the pupil he calls quite unsubordinate,
And her actions, he fears, she did premeditate,
Says the teacher did what was both proper and fit,
And regrets that the magistrate meddled with it.

Now approvingly GRIP on this Minister looks,
And he shouts out "Hurray for the judgment of CROOKS!"
And he hopes that some more of such Ministers round,
And less of such magistrates, soon will be found.

The War of Disqualification.

From the "Globe."

BOTH parties down at Ottawa seem determined to fight the battle over Government contracts and the Independence of Parliament to the bitter end. In the abstract it is all right. We beg our readers to remember particularly that we declare this sort of thing--this attempt to secure the Independence of Parliament--to be all right, quite correct, praiseworthy, almost laudable, in fact--that is--in the abstract, you know. The independence of Parliament is an excellent thing--in the abstract. So far good, and we hope that, in future, Canadians will not tolerate any proceedings which make the thorough independence of their representatives even doubtful--that is, in future, and in the abstract. But coming to the present, the actual state of the case, speaking as a practical journal, (never forgetting that we are also a pure patriotic newspaper--in the abstract)--has not this lesson already been given with sufficient distinctness and significance as to act as a wholesome deterrent, and a useful lesson to avoid the very appearance of evil? (We stop a moment to remark that, of course, it hasn't so acted, and hasn't deterred from anything of the sort, for there appears to be more corruption than ever, and the very Speaker seems to be involved pretty deeply; and when the shepherd's astray the sheep are seldom in the path; but still, we will suppose the House purged, deterred, and all that--in the abstract.) It has not even been insinuated that the Parliamentary conduct of a single member has been sensibly swayed by the transactions into which he has been drawn with the Government of the country. (This is the biggest *Globism* we ever told, for it has been declared everywhere. Yet declaration isn't insinuation, so you see we're all right--in the abstract.) So far again good, and you must allow that the lesson is sufficiently impressed, not only on the present members, but on all who may succeed. (This is a bigger one, for it hasn't been impressed at all so far as the discontinuance of jobbery is concerned. No matter: the lesson has been impressed, whether it was regarded or not, so you see we were right again--in the abstract.) And now, consider this, a proposition we are about to put to you. Might it not be as well to let bygones be bygones, without requiring every one who may be compromised to vacate his seat? In other words, if any members have accepted bribes from Government, let it just be never minded, and nothing said about it. Let it stand. Say nothing; it might involve many constituencies in the expense of a new election. (It's queer that this didn't occur to us at the Pacific Scandal time; but there is no doubt we were correct--in the abstract.) We say this from no fear that the result of a general sweep of all compromised will tell more against Ministerialists than against the members of the Opposition. (This is bigger yet, for no one supposes Government has been paying the chaps who vote against them; but if they don't they should if they were pure and impartial, so you see we are right again--in the abstract.) But we think the end to be desired has already been gained. Parliament is pure enough--in the abstract. Its independence is secure for all future time--in the abstract. The good times--the morality--public honesty--prosperity--we promised MACKENZIE should bring are here--have long been here--in the abstract. Fine word--abstract. Palladium of our liberties--polestar of our destiny--legend on

our coat--device on our shield. In the thought of that glorious word we struggled for office--in the hope of full fructification thereof we--as the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE beautifully expressed it in his last speech--acceded to power. Deny us not its use; it is the food we love. One after another of our party has used it to more or less purpose--one after another we have defended them--and last of all, we hereby declare Mr. ANGLIN right, patriotic, and fully justifiable--in his--his--his--abstract.

War All Round.

Two great political events happened this week, viz: the culmination of matters between the Russians and Turks in Europe, and the ditto of ditto between the Grits and Tories of Lincoln county. Each of these occurrences was of sufficient importance to demand a cartoon at *Grip's* hand, and the question as to which should have the preference troubled him exceedingly. In fact he found it impossible to decide; and so, having noticed a remarkable similarity between the two subjects, he finally determined to split the difference and make a picture which would do justice to both. The accompanying cartoon, therefore, is what Mr. M. C. CAMERON would call a Patent Combination, and gives an idea of the movements at both seats of war up to the hour of going to press.

In Europe, the Russians had crossed the Welland Canal and were on their way to meet the terrible Turk; meantime, in Lincoln, the aforesaid Turk, whose surname is NORRIS was trembling beside the wall of his capital city St. Kistaninople, awaiting in terror the onslaught of the Emperor MILLER and GORTSCHAKOFF RYKERT, who had crossed the Pruth, and were marching toward him. The Turk trembles in both hemispheres, because he knows that he has been violating the independence of Parliament act, and outraging the Bulgarians; and the Russians in both wars feel that Providence has called upon them to punish him. The object of the invaders in both cases is to capture Turkey and then go on to further glories in the East. The only difference is that the Conservative Russians who are invading Lincoln, plainly declare their designs, whereas the European Russians try to cover them up.

Bill of Fare for Printers.

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"Turtle."
FISH.
"Pike"-a.
ENTREES.
"Devil"-ed Kidneys.
ROAST.
"English."
MEAT.
Anything "fat" or "solid." Veal "cut-lets."
GAME.
"Hare" spaces. Anything killed in the "chase."
VEGE-"TABLES."
Ear-"ly(e) pot" atoes.
PASTRY.
"Pi" of all "sorts." "Sponge" cake.
EXTRAS.
"Condensed" milk. "Print" butter.
DRINK.
"Roman" Punch with a "stick" in it.

This meal may be served up in "old style," if required; in any "case" it should be served on "plates." GRIP would recommend this Bill of Fare to the Canadian Press Association for their next Annual Excursion.

A Sample of Blank Verso---By Nemo.

To Grip.

See: from out the depths of the
Unfathomable empyrean, a form appears.
Nearer, nearer, how majestic, yet serene,
Oh, still on, and a countenance benign,
Proclaims a sympathiser with humanity,
Listen: like ocean's murmurings in placid mood
A voice, musical and rolling, meets the ear;
Silence retires submissive and expectant man,
Thrilling with emotion hears these words,
My name's Protection, to the intellectual eye
My form's familiar, whilst the honest and
Sincere in heart are ever conscious of my presence,
I come in partnership with such, to loose the bands
That bind frail man to error; to scatter to the winds
The fallacies with which he is afflicted,
And to Protect the Many against the
Scheming, sordid, and unscrupulous Few.

