

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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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 Gyster: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH MAY, 1878.

**The Prize Poem.**

BY GRIP.

Utawas tide—they did things there two hundred years ago  
About which GRIP will now proceed tremendously to blow,  
And will describe how great DAULAC, who was an awful chap,  
Upon the buzzing savage swarms came down like a fly-flap.  
What though no obelisk of him does brazen storics tell.  
If GRIP can't get some good ones off, his office you may sell.

Beside a noisy river, nothing like our peaceful Don,  
A lot of Frenchmen stopped because that they could not go on.  
The river they had travelled up with feelings not humane,  
To take a heap of Injun scalps ere they went back again,  
And finding here some friendly ones, they said "Just come and kill  
Some chaps for us—firewater—heap"—the Injuns said "Me will."

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,  
When all those folks were waiting round in savage sort of way,  
And sharpened lots of spiky things, and vile saltpetre crammed  
In guns, and bragged about what piles of Iroquois they'd lammed,  
When loud and high a thrilling cry nigh split the sky in two,  
Three hundred Injuns screaming out all what they wouldn't do.

They'd carabines and tomahawks and lots of things for sticking  
Into the French, and yelled "Ah won't we just give you a licking?"  
Then cried "Kiwumpus wewiwo, O, Kamarashi bung!"  
And other things in Greek, which is to GRIP a foreign tongue—  
Sensation speech; but as the French stood imperturbed as rocks,  
And wouldn't throw their muskets down, it caused no fall in stocks.

Did you ever see when ladies gayly dressed fill streets in town?  
Did you ever see 'em skurry when the rain came pouring down?  
That's the way the Iroquoises piled upon the Frenchman's lot,  
That's the way they scooted off when they began to catch it hot.  
For a week they kept a fighting, never taking time to dream,  
Till the thing unto the Injuns quite monotonous did seem.

And besides the whole three hundred by this time were nearly dead,  
Having frequently been punctured mortally with steel and lead.  
So they called five hundred others down from Island Number One,  
Saying "Come and take the shine out of these Frenchmen, for we're done."

Answered to them that five hundred, "Is there anything to get?"  
And to them that worn out remnant mustered strength to say, "You bet!"

Down then came that next five hundred, squalling such an awful squall,  
Seemed as if the first three hundred hadn't learnt to yell at all  
In comparison, and such was now the sound which did outpour,  
That the friendly Injuns hooked it straightway from the fort's back door.

Careless said the French commander "Sacre! coquins, let 'em go.  
More of glory ours; le whiskey, too, is got extremement low."

Great Utawas! GRIP could tell you, if he was a chronicler,  
Of this fighting business, how on either side flew off the fur,  
How the scalp locks of the Injuns fluttered through the air as thick  
As the dust rolls past on King street when the water cart is sick,  
How the Frenchmen let 'em have it hot from every palisade,  
Cool as if in slaughter houses they had all took A I. grade.

Pouring cataracts of death from out of swelling musketoons,  
Cool as if upon the Island they were knocking over loons,  
Till the ground was spread with copper coloured people lying loose,  
Damaged quite beyond repairing, and unfit for future use,  
And the crows upon the branches squawked a jolly roundelay,  
Smelling quite a big bonanza when the crowd should go away.

On this earth all things must end though, so an end came to this fuss,  
Else they would have still been fighting, which would have been scandalous.

So the Injuns killed what Frenchmen they could find around inside,  
Then the Injuns went away and after that all of them died.  
This is GRIP his latest poem, which has won the prize no doubt.  
Hurry up and send it to him, or you'd better all look out.

**Spring Rhymes.**

In the spring time when the winter is quite gone away and dead,  
GRIP he goeth out and walketh down the street with merry tread.

Poketh he in distant garret, hauleth out his line to fish,  
Goeth to a pleasant river, catcheth him a pleasant dish.

He shall take his double barrel, dread of all the birds of game,  
Cometh back with many pigeons hanging heavy to the same.

On the bay shall he go rowing all within his shallop trim,  
Balmy breezes round him blowing, specially sent down for him.

Now shall come unto his table, radishes and lettuce young,  
Also cress extremely biting to the unaccustomed tongue.

In his place in Parliament he means a measure in to bring,  
Firm decreeing that in future there shall nothing be but spring.

**City Nominations for Candidates.**

1ST REFORM WIREPULLER.—I nominate our worthy friend the Hon. MR. GRABALL. He is an excellent man. Always votes for anything calculated to put our men in places, stands by his friends, if there's a good thing takes care we get it. Hooray for GRABALL.

2ND DITTO.—I second GRABALL. Fine fellow! Death on Tories. 1ST TORY WIREPULLER.—I nominate the Hon. MR. PUFFANBLOW. Never known to fail. Always round when anything is to be had for his supporters. Votes dead for the party every time.

2ND DITTO.—I second PUFFANBLOW! Splendid chap. Down on Grits every time. Hooray for PUFFANBLOW.

MODERATE CITIZEN.—But gentlemen, these men, though excellent politicians so far as getting places are concerned, are nothing else. They do nothing for Toronto. We are robbed by railways, taxed to death, humbugged in any way for want of members in Parliament to see after our interests. These men cannot do anything for us. Had we not better get some one who can?

CHORUS OF WIREPULLERS.—Traitor! Rascal! Humbug! Put him out. Down with him. He would crush us under the Grits. He would give us up to Tory domination. Do not listen to him. Interests of the city, indeed. Who would attend to our personal interests if we talked like that?

**Female Conversation**

ANGELINA.—Isn't it nice to have summer again? One can get out of doors.

LYDIA.—And one doesn't need such a load of things on.

A.—But it does keep so showery. Yesterday I spoilt my hat. But by the greatest chance I hadn't got my new one on.

L.—Well, one can be fashionable now. How could anybody wear those delightful close-fitting styles with a mass of flannel and cotton under?

A.—Of course not. And they are so lovely. I saw such a splendid ecru dress in the Park yesterday. You would hardly have known she wasn't a blonde at the Royal Opera.

L.—I must get something like that. What a superiority to the modes in which we walked the streets like muslin haystacks, and no one knew what we really were like at all.

A.—Yes, it's nicer now. I think what MR. DARWIN says is right, and that perhaps by-and-bye we shall get nearer to the original simplicity of costume.

L.—No, no; We don't want simplicity of costume. The less one wears the better if one's to be effective. But what one does wear mustn't be simple. It should be rich, brilliant, and fascinating.

A.—You are philosophising. Come out and walk.

**The Real Question at Issue.**

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am asked to state why, at nominations for city members, nothing is said concerning the various needs of the city, or the absolute necessity for government assistance in her railway evils, her aldermanic evils, her taxation evils; but simply the question debated as to what man the party can best depend upon.

Sir, the asker is a noodle. Government in Canada is not, and should not be, run by the public. It is run by politicians who want places. These people are a party. The question is who will get power to give the party places—and contracts.

What has government to do with the needs of the people? Government is for politicians to make a living out of. This is the reason we care nothing for measures, but for men—the men who will help us. Sir, I am a Briton. Hooray for the government, the Queen, the Parliament, our rights, our liberties, the flag that braved—the British lion, the unicorn, the Speaker, the Mace, and the places we get by shouting for them.

Yours,

WIDEAWAKE WIREPULLER.

Toronto, May 9, 1878.



"YOU SCRATCH MY BACK AND I'LL SCRATCH YOUR BACK."

**The Rich Man.**

How pleasant, in the merry spring,  
To see the grassy ground,  
An acre of enjoyment bring,  
To me my house around.

For I a jolly lawn do own,  
All smoothly shaven flat,  
To city taxes quite unknown,  
For they exempt me that.

My neighbour poor, a domicile  
Owns on a little lot.  
As much as I, this lengthy while,  
Each year to pay he's got.

From him who hath shall taken be,  
The Scriptures do define,  
So it is quite correct that he  
His taxes pay—and mine.

I sit within an arbour gay,  
Erected by my men,  
And very thankfully I pray  
For all the aldermen.

My neighbour very poor is he,  
Nor lawn nor arbour owns,  
That he should pay as much as me,  
He yearly maketh moans.

Now praise to each authority,  
Which makes the poor man pay,  
But leaves my lawn and garden free,  
Which is the proper way.

**True Religion.**

GRIP stood on an eminence, as was fitting to that distinguished personage. He had been, as is common to him, carried into a state of inspiration to see the future. That particular part of it he now over-looked was the entrance to the next world. Before him stretched, broad and glorious, the regions of celestial happiness. There were the gardens of ever-blooming verdure, the perfume of never-fading flowers, the delightful scenes of the second Eden. Multitudes of happy beings, beautiful as the morning, passed among its delightful groves.

"I will go in," quoth GRIP.

Proceeding to execute his intention, however, he was suddenly aware of an obstacle. This was an extremely impassable wall, in which was a gate. Presenting himself thereat, he was informed, in tones benign but determined, that he could not be admitted at present, it being necessary, in fact, that he presently proceed back to earth. For a short time, however, he was informed, he might look on. And then he was aware of a vast company requiring admittance.

"What," said the janitor to a confident-looking squad, very well dressed, and walking with airs and graces, "are your claims for admission?"

"Be so kind," answered their leader, a respectable person in black and white, the latter confined to his neck-tie, "to let us in."

"You must first prove your right to entrance," said the gate-keeper. "What have you done?"

A self-possessed lady stepped forward, "I thought," she said, "that they knew more up here. We are the congregation of the well known and powerful, the Reverend ZEDEKIAH SCREAMER. This is the Reverend himself, whose ministrations so greatly increased the numbers of our church, and even necessitated the construction of a new edifice. Surely everybody must have heard of it."

"I may have heard of it," answered the guardian. "Unfortunately for those who ask to pass this way, I have heard of too many such. What was it like?"

"Like?" said the lady, "why it was in all the papers."

"We only see one in the Empyrean, which did not mention it," said the janitor, graciously nodding to the delighted GRIP, who placed his hand on his heart, and bowed.

"It is of solid masonry and splendid brick-work," said the lady, "it is very large and high, has a magnificent steeple and splendid organ, and is finished inside with the most beautiful carving. It cost ever so many thousand dollars. We have a grand choir. The music is so superb that we almost imagine ourselves in heaven when we hear it."

"Ah," sighed the guardian, "unfortunately imaginations do not qualify for entrance."

"And on Sundays we all came there, and there were so many of us, and all so respectable and comfortable looking," pursued the lady, "and we sung and prayed, and heard the Bible read, and a very pleasing sermon."

"Pray," inquired the janitor, "what were the nature of the doctrines taught, and your method of practising them?"

"We must remark," said a portly member, "that we did not expect this delay in entrance, so religious and all as we have been."

"It is not at all correct," said another. "Undoubtedly this person is not the usual doorkeeper."

"Will you," asked the janitor, addressing the leader, "explain your and your congregation's general method and its results?"

"The reverend gentleman came quickly to the front. It appeared, in fact, there was something in the manner of the gate-keeper which compelled every one to tell the truth promptly when questioned. He said, "Certainly: I will explain my procedure, I succeeded in persuading my people to erect a magnificent church—"

"Do you pay taxes on it?" inquired the janitor, "No," answered the astonished cleric, "the laws do not enforce them. In fact, we considered we ought not—that, in fact, the temples of the Almighty should not be taxed."

"That Great Being," said the janitor, sternly, "likes not offerings procured by injustice; nor is dishonesty a sure foundation for religion. And what further?"

"We laid," answered the reverend, "very little stress on the performance of works. We find it most effectual. And it is so easy. If you once tell people to do disagreeable things, trouble comes in. But only say you have nothing to do but come here, take part in the exercises, and all will be right, a great many will come, and will pay well towards the expenses, salaries, and so forth."

"In fact," said the janitor, "a modern buying of indulgences?"

"Perhaps so, though we did not call it by that name," said the cleric.

"Very likely," said he of the wicket, "And what results did this precious teaching secure? Were there any bankruptcies among your flock?"

"A good many; but we always publicly told them it was wrong," said the reverend.

"But did not refuse their stolen money," said the gate-keeper.

"Were your flock moral in other respects?"

"I grieve to say some illicit matters occurred, but we hushed them up," said the gentleman.

"But continued to associate with their causers," said the keeper.

"Were your people's children reverent to their elders?"

"I cannot say they were," said the person asked, "the state of society in that respect is generally blameworthy."

"Probably the youngsters think it enough to believe too," said the gate-keeper. "Did you do any charity; send families free to Manitoba, or anything like that?"

"Unfortunately," returned the person addressed, "our expensive church was such a draft, and we had to pay so much for missions to propagate our tenets among the heathen—"

"It will be unlucky for the heathen who come here with them," returned the keeper. "You cannot come in. Take the other road."

Then those passed on a gloomy way, and disappeared from GRIP'S view, and presently another body not nearly so dignified craved entrance, and were asked their right as the other.

Then they replied "that they had very little right, having only had a rough wooden building for a church. For in fact there were other claims—"

"Nonsense," said the janitor. "What did you teach them there?"

"I taught them," said a grave man with a patched coat, "their duty to God and man."

"Did they perform it?" asked the keeper.

"If they erred intentionally and continuously they staid not with us," answered the other.

"Were your children obedient?" asked he again.

"Or their bones felt it," was the answer.

"And those other claims?" asked the other.

"We helped many poor people," was the reply.

"Come right in," said the keeper. And it all passed from GRIP'S view, and he travelled thence very sorrowful.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

GRIP meets Tory from Lower Canada in street, "Hullo, are you folks turning out the ministry because they're too Conservative?" "Conservative?" replies L. C., "No, because they're too confoundedly Con-grabative." Grit goes off, thinking perhaps our Local are a little the same way.

A. D. TURNER TO THE CITY.—Only \$500,000 for street improvements, my little dears, and \$200,000 for a railway to Ottawa which you want as much as the man in the moon, and \$150,000 for an exhibition you don't want any more, my little dears, and there we may rest till next time, my dears.

THE Earl of Dufferin and GRIP were talking of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, "He is a political Titan," said the Earl, "Yes, said GRIP, "and there were more political tight-uns there last week." Then his Lordship had to be taken home in a cab, and has never been able to sign a death-warrant since for laughing.



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**Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.**

About 1,400 tons soft coal, 20 tons hard coal, egg size, and 10 tons nut size.

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About 1,000 tons of soft coal, 75 tons to be delivered at the lake pumping house, and 60 tons of hard coal, stove size and chestnut.

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About 450 tons soft coal, and 100 tons hard, stove size.

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About 500 tons soft coal and 60 tons hard, stove size, and 20 tons nut.

The hard coal to be either Pittson, Scranton, or Leigh. Tenders to name the mine or mines from which the soft coal is to be taken, and the exact quality of the same, and if required to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered by the 1st September, in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions. Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract, or each of the contracts, as tenders will be received for the whole supply or for each institution separately.

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**Hints to Borrowers.**

"THE wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,  
Right welcome shall he be,  
To read, to study, not to lend,  
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth  
Diminish learning's store,  
But books, I find, if often lent,  
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves  
Who keep their treasures to themselves:  
I like to see them kept quite neat,  
But not for moth or worm to eat.  
Thus willingly to any friend  
A book of mine I'll freely lend,  
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:  
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations: the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

WE should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,  
If I it lose, and you it find,  
I pray that you will be so kind  
As to return it to me again,  
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,  
Wherein he should delight to look,  
And out of it to learn such skill,  
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Divradi.*

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A BOOK is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

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