

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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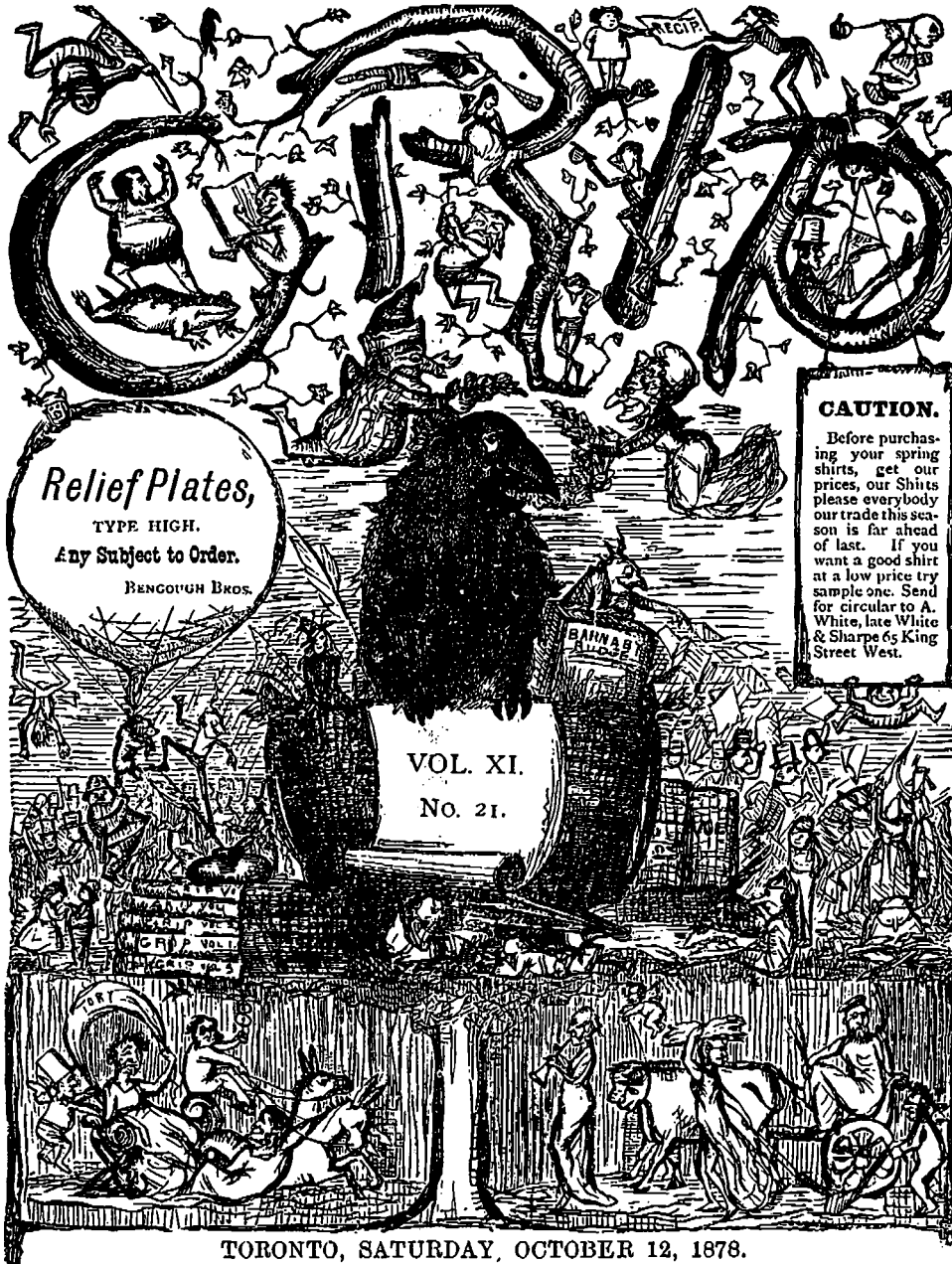


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HANLAN.—"Please sir, I couldn't help it; it's a habit I've got into."

May be had at GRIP office and all bookstores. Price 10 cents per copy. The trade supplied by the Toronto News Co., Jordan Street.

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 RUDER.

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, 12TH OCTOBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co., are our wholesale agents, any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

Miss Canada to Mr. Punch.

My very dear Mr. GRIP—Please publish the enclosed letter, a copy of which I have sent to Mr. Punch of Fleet Street, London.

The Dominion, Oct. 7.

Mr. Punch, Sir.—

My attention has been drawn to a recent number of your *Charivari*, in which there appears a cartoon representing me bidding farewell to my beloved DUFFERIN. I appreciate the kindness which prompted you to draw that picture, sir, and I have no doubt his Lordship does also; but both of us, I think, have good grounds for complaining of your artistic treatment of us. I shall not dwell on the terrible injustice you have done the handsome features of my friend the Earl; I believe him to be quite capable of defending himself, and you need not be surprised, sir, if he calls upon you for satisfaction immediately on his return to England. As for myself, I have nothing to say against the figure or the features, but I do most vehemently and indignantly repudiate the squaw's costume in which you have dressed me. I think I could bear anything but a reflection upon my taste in dress, and for you to deliberately fix me up in ridiculous leather jacket, feathers, beads and moccasins, is altogether too much. Do you mean to say that I am an aboriginal, or that I don't know any more about fashion magazines than the daughter of Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind loves a short dress that has no train behind? Let me tell you, sir, that I am, no more a red-skin than you are, and, for that matter, I venture to say I speak my native language (English) rather better than you do; and with regard to costume, I have yet to learn that I am any more absurd than Mrs. BRITTANNIA, my mother. I would naturally be inclined to attribute this irregularity of yours to the profound and disinterested ignorance of me and my affairs which is the mark of a superior London mind, but I think I detect another cause for it. You dress me up as a squaw just to pay me off in advance for the step I am about to take towards excluding British goods from my markets. You see, Mr. Punch, I understand your tactics!

I am, sir, &c.,

MISS CANADA.

BUSINESS ITEM.—JOHN A. was dead stock in Kingston, but they found a marquette for him in Manitoba.

An Exposulation.

MR. MACKENZIE has always announced himself opposed to the policy of Retaliation, but it would appear that the result of the 17th has materially changed his views on this subject. In a recent speech at Ottawa, he is reported as saying:

"By the will of the people of Canada I am likely to have more leisure in the future, and can only endeavour to make myself as comfortable as I can, and certain other people, whom I need not name, as uncomfortable as possible."

Now, ALEXANDER, this is wrong. You should return good for evil and not determine to make "certain other people" uncomfortable, just because they acted so with you. GRIP hopes you do not intend to stoop to the execrable tactics of putting crooked pins on the Ministerial benches, or to divert the energies of the great Reform party from the noble work of preparing legislation, into the miserable business of throwing chewed paper at the Government. This sort of opposition is only worthy of such funny statesmen as Mr. RYMAL; you cannot imagine how very ridiculous you would look "making people uncomfortable" in this way. No, ALEXANDER, there is a greater work before you than securing your own comfort and destroying that of your opponents. The country looks to you for dignified behaviour; don't disappoint its faith. Sit calmly in your seat; watch the unfolding of the National Policy with a steadfast eye; observe its peculiar developments with a smiling countenance—and at last, when poor Sir JOHN is hopelessly enmeshed in its confusion, and turns a piteous and beseeching face to you for a word of sympathy, don't withhold it,—rise in your place and say, "What did I tell you?" Let us hear no more of "making certain people as uncomfortable as possible."

The Yarn of the Island Boy.

Air.—THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL.

'Twas on the Island in our Bay,
To which the ferries ran,
That I found quite well in a small hotel,
A young aquatic man.

His face was comely, his form was fine,
And tough and wiry was he,
And I heard this wight on the Isle recite
In a singular minor key:

"O, I am HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."

And he smole a curious little smile,
And slightly shook his head,
Then says I, "Explain yourself, my boy,
For I don't understand you, NED;

"Of course it's little I know of the spruce,
And the shell is a riddle to me,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once big HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."

Then he coolly spat on his hands—for that
Is a trick all oarsmen learn,
And taking a seat he hoisted his feet
And spun the following yarn:

"'Twas in the great Centennial year
That in Philadelphia town
A single scull race was 'bout to take place,
And I thought I'd just go down;

"And HIGGINS was there and all the rest,
And they thought my chance looked thin,
I was cheap as dirt—but I made a spurt
And scooped those scullers in.

"Then Ross, the big New Brunswick boy,
Who's got a pile of pluck,
Next challenged me and said that he
Would like to try his luck;

"We met, and in my little shell,
So light and small and trim,
The stakes I seize—for with great ease
I quickly gobbles him.

"Then PLAISTED from the other side,
A sculler of renown,
He toes the scratch, he rows a match,
And he goes likewise down.

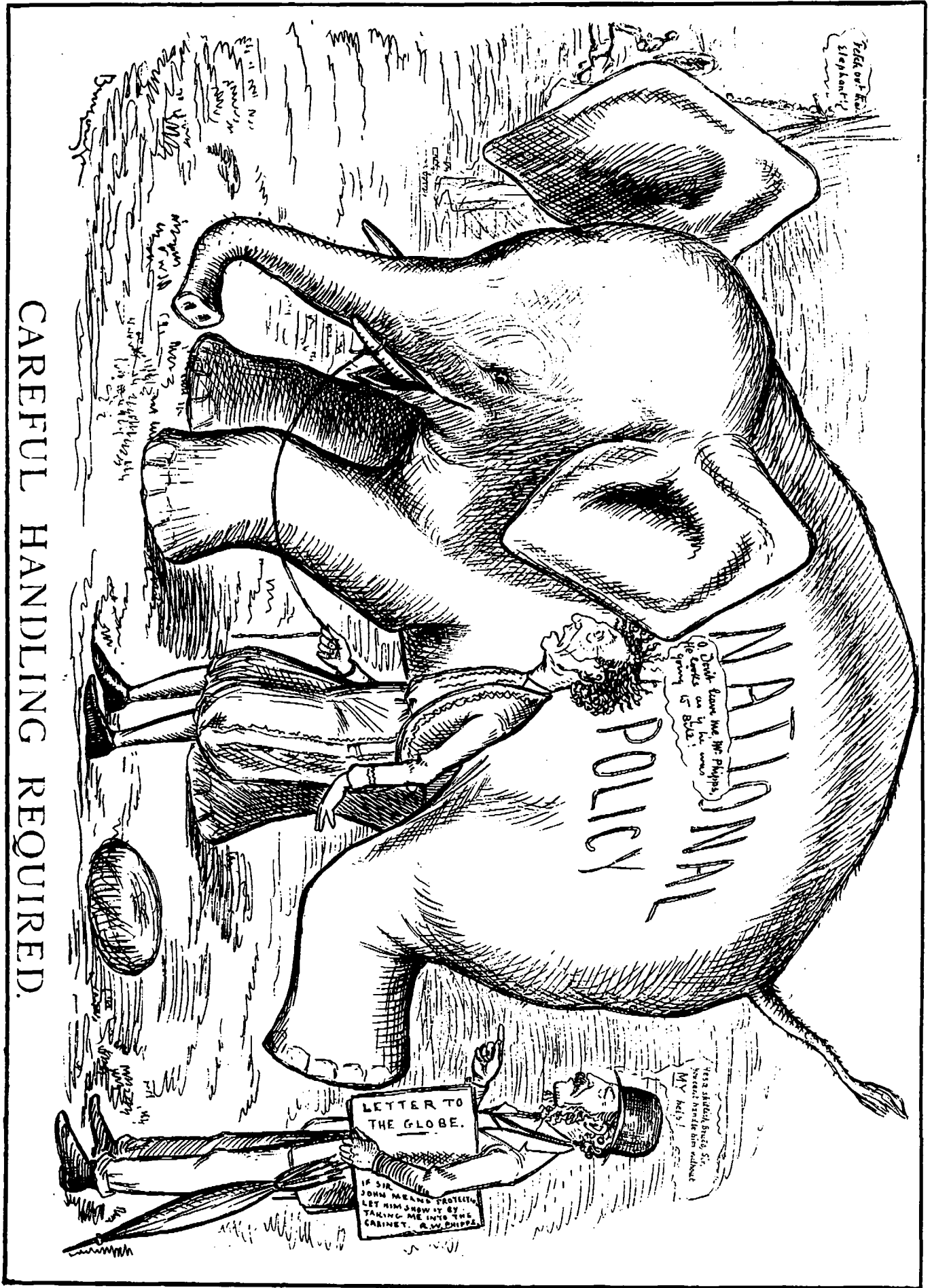
"My appetite was gettin' sharp,
So I hollered out for more,
And MORRIS came, the chap was game,
But the struggle soon was o'er.

"Then pretty soon, when he was gone,
Again I hungry feel,
So I swallows MCKEN and other men,
By way of a luncheon meal;

"Then only me and COURTNEY was left,
And the delicate question which
Of us two goes to the kettle arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"I didn't want to cram, but UNCLE SAM
Had buttered his man with praise,
So at Lachine I swallows him clean,
And that's the reason I says,

"O, I am HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."



Field of Mr. Stephen J. Platt

Don't blame me, Mr. Phillips, the cards are in his hands.

LETTER TO THE GLOBE.
IF SIR JOHN MEANS PROTECTION LET HIM SHOW BY TAKING ME INTO THE CABINET. A. W. PHIPPS

Hasn't anybody here, Sir, heard of the letter to the globe?
My hat!

CAREFUL HANDLING REQUIRED.

Touching Letter.

To MR. PHIPPS from the Conservative Party.

Dear Son:

It is with grief and pain, not to speak of terror, that I have just read your letter in the *Globe*, which I think it was very evil of you for to write the same. Haven't you got no instinct of common humanity left, that you should threaten to destroy and to murder your own mother? O, spare me. It is five long years now since I tasted of the sweet things in the Treasury, and it would be unspeakable cruel of you to snatch them away just when they are in my grasp. Of course I know you can put me out of office, because you put me in. You say so yourself and your letter in the *Globe* corroborates your statement. O, my dear beloved son, don't use the tremendous power you have, to smash me up. I will ax Sir JOHN to do something for you. He says you won't take nothink but a portfolio, and I know the portfolios are all spoke for before you. Now, won't you, for the love you natively bear to your own political mother, take something else? Do, please accept of a Lieut. Governorship or a village post office or summat like that, won't you? Poor Sir JOHN he weeps constant, to think you won't give him no more help to work up the National Policy, and I know if he could choke off TUPPER or TILLEY he would give you a seat in the Cabinet, but they can't be got rid of and so you see the poor Chieftain has his hands tied. O, beloved ROBERT W. have some compassion on me in my miserable state. Here is the starving people clamoring for the National Policy,—your National Policy, that you made up and carried out all by yourself—and now we don't know how to work it without you! O, don't leave us! We could bear anything but your displeasure. Try and get into a Christian frame of mind and act charitable towards

Your loving mother

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Typical Statuary.

The New York *Herald*, in an article on LORD DUFFERIN'S idea of forming a grand international park at Niagara Falls, suggests that the grounds should be embellished with "ornaments in keeping with a sincere attempt to restore the original picture," such as groups of Statuary representing Indian life and character. GRIP endorses the *Herald's* suggestion. It is a happy thought, and he will see that it is carried out so far as the Canadian side of the Park is concerned. Already he has made rough sketches for a few of the Canadian groups. One represents the noble Red Man, White Eagle, scalping the Toronto Lacrosse Club; another depicts a demoralized Onondaga very much under the influence of fire-water, reading the law on the subject of selling liquor to Indians; a third represents a squaw standing knee deep in snow with the thermometer 190 below zero. This is to be a typical figure of Canada, and will be executed in London, England. GRIP has an abundance of good ideas; if his American friends are at a loss for a few to embellish their side of the Park, let them consider the following: UNGLE SAM in the act of keeping a treaty with the Sioux; General HOWARD pouring blessings and bullets into the Red Man's wigwag; SITTING BULL caressing the American Eagle, &c., &c. In addition to these there might be an international group, representing a lot of unhappy Indians (American side) gazing across at a lot of happy ditto (Canadian side)—typical of the respective Indian policies of the two countries.

Private and Confidential Conversation.

Listened to by our invisible reporter through a key-hole in the Mail Office.

1st GRABBER.—Hooray! We're in at last. This now is really something like. I thought those Grits would stick there forever.

2nd GRABBER.—Why, they're not out yet. They won't go out. They ought to be punished! Yes. Severely! Isn't there an Act? There ought to be. See what they're taking from us. Count it up. What is the annual expense of the Dominion?—isn't it about—I don't know many millions—but I shall say there are a hundred millions paid out in offices yearly. Now, if MACKENZIE keeps office six months when he hadn't ought, isn't that fifty millions taken from the Conservatives—their own—just as much as if they'd mined it in a mine? I'm sure no miner ever sweated as I have at elections. It's robbery! MACKENZIE ought to be transported for life, and it's treason too, so all his property ought to be divided among—I mean it ought to go to the country.

3rd GRABBER.—And as we now represent the country, that's us.

MODERATE MAN.—Are you so sure MACKENZIE should resign at once?

1st GRABBER.—Sir, I am afraid you are here as a spy on honest men. What business have you here at all? Suppose you did give great help at the elections, what do you mean now? What are elections for, but to give cash to the party that wins? You will get an office, no doubt. What more do you want? Why are you taking the part of that swindler MACKENZIE, who is holding back our spoils—our proper earnings, I mean?

MODERATE MAN.—I don't want an office that I know of. I worked to get men in fit to run Protection.

2nd GRABBER.—Oh, of course, that was a very good cry, and got us in, and of course we'll do something in it, if we can, if opportunity and time and all that serves. But the chief thing is why don't MACKENZIE go out? You ask why should he. In the name of the millions he is robbing us of daily, why should he not?

MODERATE MAN.—When has a Premier to resign?

3rd GRABBER.—Why, everyone knows. When he's lost his majority in Parliament.

MODERATE MAN.—Is it in any way certain, considering the changing current of human events, that this very parliament might not support MACKENZIE when it meets? Consider how public sentiment has often changed. Surely MACKENZIE cannot say he will have no majority in the House till he knows it. These are official matters, and the first principle of government is not to act till you have official information. MACKENZIE cannot have official information that he has no majority in the House till he is defeated there on a motion. Come, now, is he so very wrong?

4th GRABBER.—It's plain you are a Grit, and a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a public spoliator, and more things I can't think of. Get out! (*They put out the Moderate man*). Now he's gone one can breathe freely. Now, what's to be done?

2nd GRABBER.—Oh, we must have an article in the *Mail* denouncing him as a thief, robber, traitor, villain, scoundrel, and anything else we can think of, if he don't fork over the swag at once.

3rd GRABBER.—Oh, we've been doing that for years. No, the traveller only folds his cloak tighter when the wind blows. Let's soften him into loosening his hold. Let's get the *Mail* to write an article saying he really is a good fellow, and should have fifty thousand dollars given him—if he'll only leave at once.

3rd GRABBER.—Make 'em leave the last out—he'll know what it means.

4th GRABBER.—But isn't it too broad? After abusing him so?

1st GRABBER.—Nonsense! Nothing's too broad. We've got a big majority, and mean to do what we please. JOHN A. is supreme—that's us. Why, didn't we give lots of places to our friends before we went out. What do we care? What did our *Mail* say to some one this week? "If you give so-and-so such and such a place, we are authorized to say his appointment will be cancelled." What can be broader than that? We're going to do as we like. I want a million.

2nd GRABBER.—I want another.

3rd GRABBER.—I want one, so does my son.

4th GRABBER.—You shall all have 'em. We're in Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Whoever would have thought it?

(*Our reporter left*).

The Change of Ministry

BY MRS JONES.

I'm sure as how I never did see no more use of changing And from those hold Grits to them Tories a back and hither and everywhere ranging.

For here we've been four years, a raging around the country and a burning To get some new Ministers in; and lo! it's just hold ones returning.

Whatever did them hold folks know as run it with Monsieur CARTEER, But run us in debt, and they shouldn't have never have had no more part here.

And now they comes poking in grandly, projecting their hugly hold noses, Which their himperence ought to get rapped now, which it is what I here now propos.

Protection some clever folks planned out and now it the best of all jokes is To hear these hold umbugs, "Hooray, to carry it hout we just the folks is;" What they wants is the pay which attaches; but has for them doin the work, sir, They'd do as they did, wich is nothink; they would, hevery jolly hold Turk, sir.

Wich I now tell the truth, as I should, for one may be approachin their last days,

It's clever and new chaps we wants, and not them old fogies of past days, The National Policy framers—its them as must come to the front now, And has to them hold-fashioned umbugs, why off of the track they must shunt now.

Let JOHN A. put new men—he knows—wich I mean, in is Had-ministration,

Wich knows ow to drive on with full steam, and build hus hup hinto a nation.

But if its the Compacts and U. E's, and Senators he's to rely on, We'll just jerk him hout in a crack, ere JACK ROBINSON once he can cry on.



St. Anne, Ottawa River.

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at St. Anne has unavoidably to be postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until **TUESDAY THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER.**

Plans and Specifications will be seen on and after **TUESDAY THE EIGHTH DAY OF OCTOBER.**

By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, }
OTTAWA, 21st September, 1878, }
xi-19-3t.

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Memorandum of information for parties proposing to Tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineers' Reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application at this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London.

Sealed Tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the 1st day of December next.

F. BRAUN, Secretary,
Public Works Dept., Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 20, 1878.

NOTICE—EXTENSION OF TIME.

The date for receiving proposals under the above advertisement is hereby extended to the 1st January, 1879.

F. BRAUN, Secretary,
Public Works Department.

Ottawa, and September, 1878.

xi-17-4t.

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J. JOHNSON,

Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

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