

July 19th 1879 - W. B. B. B.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
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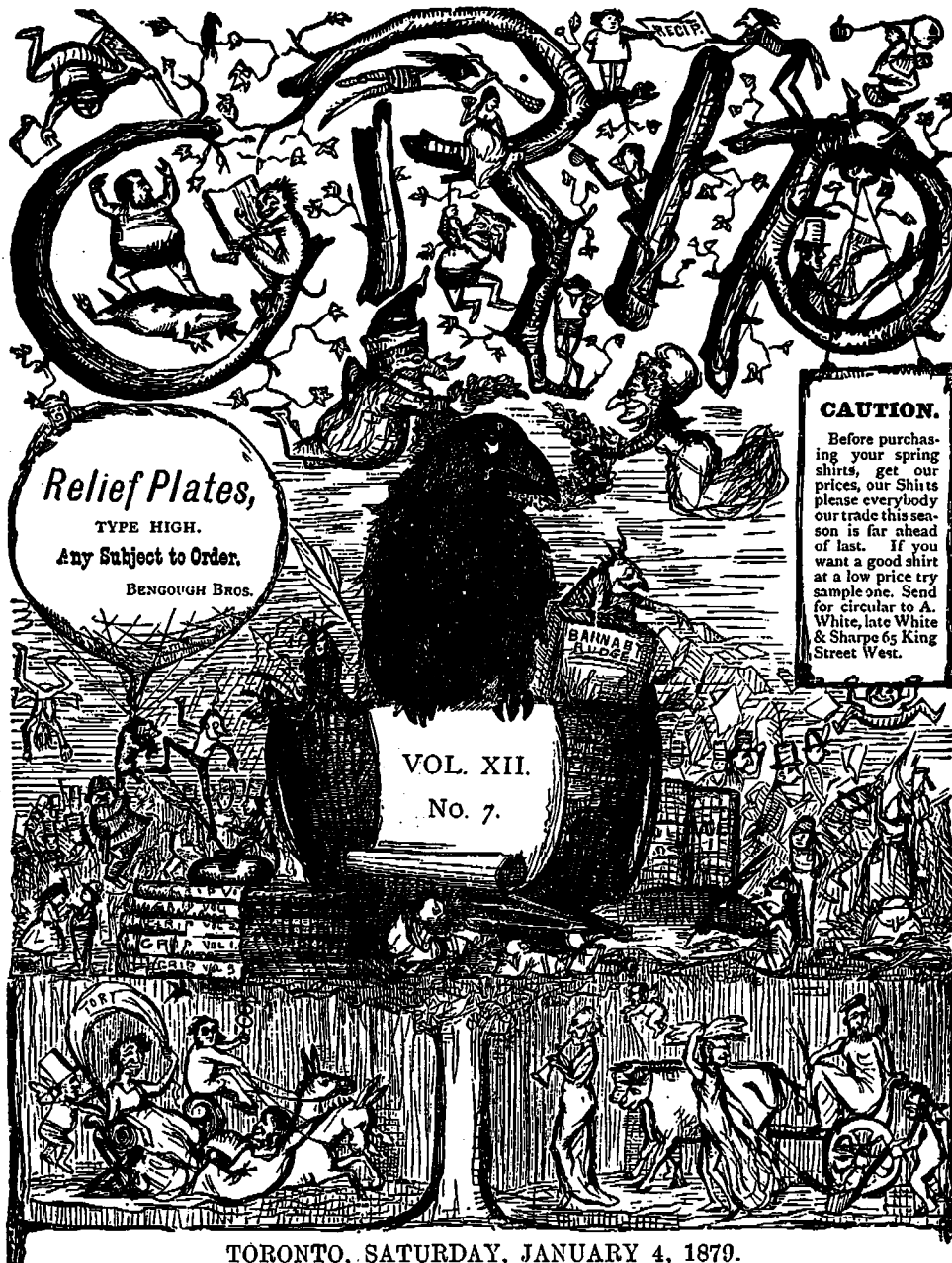
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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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, 4TH JANUARY, 1879.

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

A Happy New Year.

With singular originality of expression GRIP wishes his readers a Happy New Year. It is his intention to do all he can to make it happy for them, and if they don't thwart his efforts by backing notes, taking their wives' maternal relatives to live with them, or by otherwise stultifying themselves, he has confidence that the year will prove really to be a very joyful one. Of course, the commercial outlook is bleak, but then Parliament is to meet soon, and *Hard Times* will be shewn the door. GRIP admonishes his friends to take heart and look forward with faith to a realization of his good wish—A Happy New Year.

A Ballad of Quebec.

Monsieur LETELLIER DE ST. JUST,
Was a seignor of high degree,
He wore a long sword in its bright scabbard thrust,
And his silken breeches came down to his knee;
A plumed cocked hat he wore on his head,
A finer one never was seen,
And stockings of silk like a true thoroughbred
In the court of the old *regime*.

Monsieur LETELLIER DE ST. JUST,
In his gubernatorial chair,
Soon found—and that to his great disgust,
That he'd hardly one *confreere*.
That would work with him in harmony,
So he says I'll just come down
And give all the members the *grande conge*
And teach them respect for the Crown.

The *Bleus sacred* and the *Rouges* cheered,
When they found the House dissolved,
And soon all homeward their courses steered,
But the *Bleus* were fully resolved
That they would soon in a quiet way
A policy hostile announce,
And they shouted hooray, when they heard that JOHN A.
Was to give the Grand Seignor the bounce.

So take warning by Monsieur DE ST. JUST
Ye Lieutenant Governors all,
Don't in your prerogative put too much trust
When you on the country call;
You'd better forbear with your *coup d'etat*
Till you know well the party that reigns,
And get your advice straight from Ottawa.
Or perhaps you'll get bounced for your pains.

Dialogue—A Fact.

CITY REPORTER.—(To alderman).—Now that the municipal elections are approaching the public spirited journal with which I am connected desires to point out the candidates entitled to support at the polls. Will you therefore tell me the names of the present Council addicted to drink?

CITY ALDERMAN.—No sir, I dare not. To do so would render me liable to an action. Besides, the Council expelled Ald. HALLAM for making a similar statement about one Alderman. However, in the public interest, I have no objection to give you the names of the *sobber* Aldermen.

The people of Whitby are struggling with a great constitutional question, strictly analogous to that which agitates the Province of Quebec. The Town Council—LETELLIER-like—arbitrarily dismissed, not a Government, but a proposal to purchase the Harbour. The Conservatives of the town should call upon JOHN A. to come forward and decapitate the Council now.

Ye Roarynge Game!

[That SPENSER was an ardent admirer of curling is evident from the following ancient stanzas.]

With spiritte rapte ande buoyante with delighte,
Once more gay laddes! thys seasonne I doe see—
Once more from morne to too swyfte comynge nighte,
Do I disporte uponne ye glorious tee,
Saye! who canne speake thatte houre's delirious jollitee.

My trothe! thys wynterre itte is somethynge likee
Whatte wynterre shoulde bee—yea ye O.K. thynge!
With joye I heare ye whyrrynge stons which strike
Delicious music inne ye scorynge ryunge—
Whiles inne my ansverynge hearte sweete melodye dothe sprynge!

This counrye faire of oures itte is a grande
And a favoured bitte of earth's most wide expanse,—
A figge, blytte chiefl! for everye other lande,
(Except olde Caledon)—a figge for France
Ande Italye, ande Spaine—where dames do brightlye glance!

Offe flowerres and bowerrres, ande alle thatte kinde of flusse,
'Bout which ye poets dasfte doe rhapsodye,
I holde such talke is addle-pated stuffe,
Duste throwne by fooles into ye people's eyes,
With curlierre's awfull funne who nee'r didde sympathise.

Oh! wha woulde bee a puire, stove-huggynge slave;
With caittiffe cowarde, catarrh-runnynge nose?
Oh! wha woulde bee a shyverynge losel knave
With chillblanes sore upon hys traitorre toes?
Base wretche! Ilke pawkyc chiel shall spurne hym as he goes!

But wha briske laddies! ime ye roarynge game,
'Mid zero zeyhyrres blowynge faire and free,
As though hys verry soule were inne ye stave
Bigge-pushe ande standynge grende dothe make withe mee—
Ye properre Callante is—ande evermore shall bee!

Ye noodelles wrapt inne villaine politeekes,
Doe o'er ye paperrres pore ye daye alle through,
Aye deepe inne manye circumventynge treeke
Ye partye oppositte therebye to "doe,"
Ye politicians alle maye hange—forre me and you!

It is ye moone—fu' welle herre horne I knowe—
Wha's blynkynge o'er the rivers Donne so hee,
She blynkes, I calleulate to make us goe,
But by my trothe from here we wille notte flee
Untille we close ye game—(ande gette wee drappe in ee).

We arre notte fou,—not we, na! na! hooray!
Curle inne ande wycke, ande garde, ande lye, and dra!
Ye ice is cleare—ye stanes theye aire O.K.
Ande life no higherre charme he's got ava!
Thane when my shottes, deare friende, than yours are betterre farre!
—RYCHARD DE DYCKE.

Grip's Calls.

GRIP made a large number of New Year's calls on Wednesday. He didn't get out his horse and cutter, and dash about the streets as he saw his wealthy neighbours doing, nor did he put on his overshoes and foot it from door to door, as he observed many of his brethren of lower degree doing. To make the sort of calls GRIP made, it was not necessary to move out of his own comfortable basket.

He simply rose in the dignity of his ravenhood, and with heart expanding toward the whole human race,

He called upon the Government to give us immediate relief from the financial depression.

He called upon the *Telegram* man to apologize to the people for having inflicted on them a verbatim report of Mayor MORRISON'S speech at the nomination.

He called upon the Christian people of the city to put their hands in their pockets and do something for their poor and wretched fellow citizens who are suffering more than many are aware of.

He called upon Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to go to, and take something that would remove a portion of the bile from his stomach.

He called upon Mr. GEORGE BROWN and Senator MACPHERSON to begin the New Year by showing a better example to the youth of the country, by conducting their financial discussions without importing violent personal abuse into them.

He called upon the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE to rise and let an anxious public know what he is going to do about it.

He called upon Mr. BRATY and Mr. MANNING to step aside and allow Mr. CLOSE to be elected Mayor, and thus secure to the city another term of delightfully high taxes.

He called upon everybody to send in their subscriptions for 1879.



A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

WEEPING REFORMERS.—O, SIR JOHN, DO BRING ON THAT NATIONAL POLICY!! DON'T YOU KNOW THE COUNTRY IS FAMISHING?
 JOHN A.—GENTLEMEN, I FULLY APPRECIATE YOUR TEARS; I SHED OCEANS OF THE SAME SORT MYSELF, LAST SUMMER.

Confession of a Politician.

I am not a great politician. You may know that by this—that there are very few great politicians, while there are, as you all know, very many of me. We are of all sorts too; but of whatever sort we are, we work in a way, which is, to get a tail.

I don't mean one of the monkey, lion, cow, or tiger kind. What we call (for we have a private understandidg, the fraternity) a tail, is the number of people we can bring up to a polling-place.

We may do it in fifty ways. We may pretend to be very vehemently Orange, or very furious for the rights of the working-man, or very strong in favour of any religious body, or vary determined against all religion of any kind. Get with the peculiar lot you side with, puff them, speak to them, write about them, be very civil to the leaders, lend the weight of your assistance to any movement in the favour of your clique, and then before an election, go to a candidate. He'll know what you want. If he gets in, you'll get something.

It sounds very simple, but it's the way the country is ruled, for there are thousands of us, and really it's not half so simple as the folks we run up to the polls.

Hard Lines in Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Jan'y 1st, 1879.

Dear GRIP,—

Happy New Year, old boy, and many returns! Hope you're all right. I, alas! have no turkey, not even goose—plum pudding out of the question—all eaten up by strangers—(fact!) What do you pay for your weekly hash in Toronto?—I must leave here; can't stand the racket. My landlady informs me to-day that "by reason of the number of travellers" she will be obliged to raise the prices. Now, as a resident of the Capital I can bear with this state of things during the session, in modest stillness and humility, but at this season of the year it is really too bad! From the rising of the sun until the setting of the same, each train brings in its legion of carpet baggers. MICKS and mendicants from Montreal; high-toned hairpits from Hamilton; la' de da loungers from London; confident coves from Kingston; quasi quality squirts from Quebec; Trinity College tramps *en grande tenue*, from Toronto; queer customers clad in coon-skin coats from Muskoka; and hardy habitants in hairy habiliments from Hochelaga—all are herding here—and each expects a Government situation excepting therout those who are seeking a contract. Now, in the name of the Continental Congress, what are they all going to do? The Body Guard is full, and no other recruits for the army are wanted as far as heard from, but yet they still keep pouring in, raising grub up to "hotel prices" to the detriment of poor fellows like me. However, the general *tout ensemble* denotes a want of shekels, and I judge their time here will be short, especially as I hear that JOHN A. has organized a force armed with stuffed clubs to prevent their admission to the lobbies.

Kindly answer, send hash card if possible.

Yours in hunger,

SPUD EATER.

Poloteccian.

A Fragment.

Scene—Political headquarters. Politicians sitting around table. Pipes, cigars on table. "Refreshments" in cupboard.

FIRST POL.—The time goes slowly on; I would 'twere five o'clock. I doubt not but the Election's quite secure, But would 'twere over.

SECOND POL.—Wilt take a smile? Although in this we contravene the Act, Let's have a bowl!

FIRST POL.—Well said; now let us drink A flowing bowl to the success of LEYS.

THIRD POL.—Marry, good Sirs, I'll join with you in this.

Thrice have ye both unto that cupboard gone

And never asked had I on me a mouth;

Think you, my countrymen, that you alone do feel

Anxiety? Come pass the ruby round,

I now propose a toast! (*Glasses filled*).

FIRST and SECOND POLS.—A toast! a toast!

THIRD POL.—(*All rise*).—Confusion to MORRIS,

He's not the man for us;

Let's wave in the breeze

The standard of LEYS!

ALL.—(*Drink together*).—Hooraay!

Enter Scout.

SCOUT.—Good gentlemen, I rode here in hot haste!

I bring news from Ghent—I mean from Cabbagetown,

They say the Count himself is up in arms

And mustering his fierce Cossacks of the Don;

These are no Volga fellows to despise,

If so we must look sharp!

FIRST POL.—Oh, he be hanged! I fear none such as he, for I have heard That he is likened to a barber's cat—all wind, Away with you again for further news.

SCOUT.—All right!

Exit Scout.

FIRST POL.—'Tis almost five; we soon will have the news; And we must win if everything is square; The disappointed workingman has said That he no longer will in patience brook The insolence of upstart U.E. swells; And then the lawyers, all partic'lar friends, "A fellow feeling makes them wond'rous kind," Besides the cry "Non Resident" will tell And thus will tend to make success more sure.

Clock strikes 5.

Enter Agents, Scrutineers, &c., from all quarters.

CHORUS OF AGENTS &c.—Oh woeful day! oh sad, oh woeful day! We're short, we're busted!

FIRST POL.—Beaten, do you mean?

CHORUS.—Yes, beaten!

POLITICIANS.—(*All together*).—Hades!

FIRST POL.—Well, let the Opposition have their fling, We'll make them tell a different tale next spring!

Curtain.

New Year's Resolves of Grip, and Reasons therefor.

1.—That he remain in Toronto from this time henceforth and become a Paddock Holder.

For verily he shall be exempted.

2.—That in spite of the earnest requests of his friends innumerable he will not run for Mayor this year.

For he cannot find time to expend in refuting charges already insinuated that he was at one period of his life a clothes line stripper and hen roost invader, besides he does not care to become a seventh "Richmond in the field."

3.—That he will not go to Ottawa to seek a Government situation "because Sir JOHN is now in power power you know."

For he knows he couldn't get it.

4.—That he will send his war correspondent no further East than the Don (Ont.), that river being somewhat healthier than the Ganges, and the surroundings almost as cold as the Hindoo Koosh, nor will he let the said correspondent ingratiate himself with any of the Royal Dukes, that he may in an underhand way find out the ideas as to DIZZY's policy or the climate of Cyprus.

For it's mean, that's what it is. It's mean.

5.—That he will still continue to guide his fellow colonists in the way they should go with all zeal, and with as thorough a knowledge of their requirements as if he were a veritable "Old Country" journalist who erstwhile has wept for the unfortunate soldier of the line plodding his weary way up Lake Ontario on the ice.

For in obeying the bequests and following the advice of Mr. GRIP (let the people take cognizance at once) they and their families will flourish like a green baize tree, for his words are words of wisdom and the true National Policy is contained therein.

Log of Yonge Street Tram-Steamer.

BILLY BUSTER, MASTER.

Toronto, Jany. 1st, 1879.

6 p.m.—Weighed anchor, King corner: ran 14 yards, and hove to or three minutes.

6.03.—Went on again for one minute.

6.06.—Off HARRY PIPER'S: hove to three minutes for steamer sailing south.

6.11.—Sailing easy at half-knot an hour.

6.15.—Sighted Queen corner, hove to for four minutes to rest engines.

6.17.—Forward again at fair snail's speed. Hailed several coal barges.

6.19.—Hove to for schooner No. 2: went on cautiously at half-knot.

6.25.—Off Park gate estuary. Navigated thence at quarter-knot to Fire Hall Promontory. Hove to for two minutes.

6.35.—Sighted punt of rheumatic old woman who left City Hall pier when we were off HARRY PIPER'S. She signalled derisively.

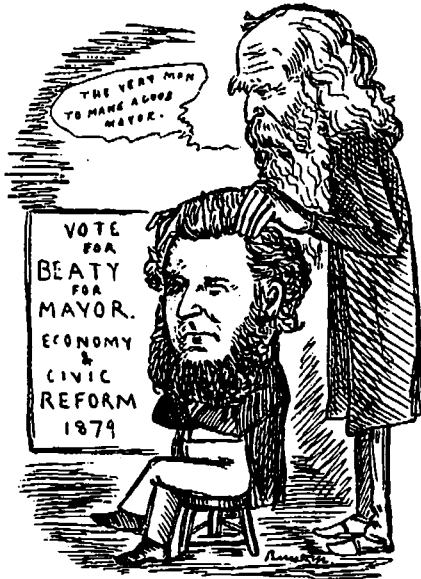
6.37.—Hove to three minutes for schooner No. 3, and to oil machinery.

6.40.—Clover Hill bay, accidentally progressed at five knots for twelve yards. Hove to and rested engines.

6.45.—Unloaded freight at Bloor point.

7.00.—Ran into Yorkville harbour after fair voyage of two miles. Such is life!

C. WILY,
Chairman of Navigation Company.



1879. MAYOR. 1879.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN.—In response to a numerously signed requisition, and the general demand of citizens interested in economy and improved administration of civic affairs, I place myself before the public as a candidate for the Mayoralty. As I hope to meet my fellow-citizens in public meetings and otherwise, I will hereafter more fully explain my views on the financial and general interests of the city.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY, Jr.

1879. MAYORALTY. 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential Ratepayers of the City, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for 1879, I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured, by the signatures to the Requisition (which I shall publish at an early day through the press) that I shall receive your hearty support. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

xii-3-4t.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

ALEX. MANNING,

AS

MAYOR FOR 1879.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

Your vote and Influence are Respectfully solicited for

WM. DIXON,
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1879.

The Election takes place on Monday, January 6th, 1879.

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50 " " " " 50 "
100 " " " " 75 "

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2
William Richardson

3
Miss Maggie Thompson

4
George Augustus Williams.

5
Mrs. Thomas James.

6
William Arthur Crawford.

7
Miss Susie Wade.

8
Spton W. Scott.

9
William Shakespere.

Chromo Cards:
(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type) \$1.50.
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25 " " " " 75.

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50 " " " " 75 "
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The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
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AT GRIP OFFICE.

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Sermons by Talmage, (cloth).	\$1.00
Sermons by Cochrane, (morocco).	\$1.50
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Lectures & Sermons by Funshon, (morocco).	\$2.50
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