

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS are reſpectfully reminded that "brevity is the ſoul of wit," and GRIP deſires to be a whole-ſouled Raven.

MR. BROWN.—It was kind of you to go to the trouble of copying one of TOM HOON'S poems for us, but it was naughty to try to deceive a conſiding bird like GRIP as to the authorſhip.

More "Accommodation" Demanded.

THE comfort and convenience—nay the crying neceſſities of our citizens are being utterly neglected. GRIP has received reliable information of ſeveral aggravated grievances which ought to receive immediate attention and redreſs at the hands of the authorities. For inſtance it is alleged that at a certain point on Queen ſtreet weſt, a new row of buildings has been erected and excluſively devoted to ſtores! There is not a ſingle ſaloon under the roof, and the neareſt eſtabliſhment of that character is at leaſt ten yards away. A reſpectable gentleman reſiding upon one of our private ſtreets writes to ſay that there are only ſix ſaloons within a radius of fifty yards of his houſe, and that a place near by, ſuitable for a bar-room, is at preſent actually ſtanding unoccupied. GRIP has reaſon to believe that there are ſeveral other caſes of deſtitution equally diſcreditable to the Inſpector of Licences and the Police Commiſſioners. MR. OGLE R. GOWAN, the Inſpector, ſeems to be a thorough going prohibitioniſt in his way, making it an invariable rule not to permit the opening of more drinking dens than an average of one to every three houſes on a ſtreet. By this courſe he is ſadly reſtricting the number of thoſe places of accommodation which are eſſential to the proſperity of the city and beneficial to the public morals. It is alſo charged that MR. GOWAN actually waits in his office until his ſervices as Inſpector of Licences are formally invoked in each particular caſe. This, if ſo, is too much for the people to bear. Toronto muſt have the requiſite "accommodation," and the intereſts of all demand that MR. GOWAN ſhould make it his buſineſs to ſee that plenty of licences are granted. True, the number of applications, always large, is conſtantly increaſing, and an application is rarely if ever rejected by the authorities; but the deſirable conſummation would be brought about ſooner if MR. GOWAN and the Police Commiſſioners would go perſonally in ſearch of looſe characters and little rookeries to licence. Let them not feel themſelves debarred from this plain duty by any raſh promiſe made to a Temperance deputation. The Temperance people know nothing of the amount of public accommodation required by a city of 60,000 inhabitants. We cheerfully and confidently anticipate the iſſuing of ſeveral hundred additional "licences to ſell" before the end of the year.

The Canadian Walton.

A "MIGHTY PISCATORIAL" ECLOGUE.

SCENE—Near the weſt end of Front Street.

PISCATOR—VIATOR.

P.—Good morning, ſir. I ſee by the fiſhing-pole in your hand you are bent on the ſame errand as myſelf.

V.—I am, ſir. But being a ſtranger in theſe parts, and unacquainted with Canadian fiſhing, I would, if you will allow me to do ſo, place myſelf under your guidance, as I am unacquainted with the places where fiſh may be taken.

P.—I will gladly undertake the taſk, and would recommend the Queen's Wharf as the ſcene of your firſt eſſay. It is not far from where we are, and indeed I was journeying thither myſelf. But ſep! here is an honeſt ale-houſe. Have you ten cents about you?

V.—I have. (They enter a tavern.)

P.—Rye. Here's fun. (They drink.)

V.—I did not think you Canadian whiſkey had been ſo good.

P.—Why, ſir, it is what we claim to be famous for—next to our lumber trade. Let me tell you a man may drink worſe whiſkey in Ireland than he gets at this houſe. But let us proceed on our way.

V.—Theſe lakes be very beautiful. But were it not better they were drained ſo that the land might be uſed. In England we are draining all pieces of water, inasmuch as they occupy land, and as perſons may be drowned in them.

P.—I do not know whether the engineers could drain theſe lakes. Nor would I willingly ſee it done, as without the element of water where would the earth be? If the water were removed, how could you croſs to yonder pleaſant Island, much leſs to the State of New York? And then, think of the creatures which inhabit theſe waters.

V.—There are whitefiſh and ſalmon-trout ſold daily in the ſtreets. Shall we catch any where we are going?

P.—No, thoſe are brought from a diſtance. But there are perch, which are a bold-biting fiſh, and afford excellent ſport to young anglers; and I purpoſe to ſhow you how to catch ſome. But look, here we are at the wharf, and we are betimes and can ſelect a good place. There are not more than twenty anglers here yet.

V.—What kind of tackling ſhall I uſe?

P.—The hooks you have there are too ſmall. I will give you one of mine in exchange for them, and if you fail to catch fiſh with it, it will be by your own fault.

V.—This is a very large hook.

P.—That ſhould ſhew you it is for very large fiſh, and you ſhould rule your baiting accordingly.

V.—Is this water deep where we are ſitting? For I cannot ſwim, and if I am pulled in I may be drowned.

P.—I have never ſeen an accident of that ſort. Yet I have taken ſome marvellous huge perch here, as much as ſix inches long. And a brother angler of mine did the other day take a catfiſh. But theſe things are of rare occurrence.

V.—Oh maſter, a fiſh, a fiſh! Oh maſter, he is gone.

P.—'Twas through your precipitancy. You jerked him out ſo hurriedly he flew over your head and into the water behind you. But like enough he will return and bite again. What, another!

V.—And you have one, I ſee by the movement of your float. Why, ſir, this is ſport indeed.

(They continue to catch ſmall perch for about two hours.)

V.—This has been glorious ſport. I have caught nearly two dozen perch, beſide this little white fiſh, of which I know not the name.

P.—It is called a ſhiner, and I have known pike caught with them in the river Humber and Aſhbridge's Bay.

V.—Oh, maſter, will you take me with you? I ſhould like to catch a pike.

P.—You may go often and catch none. Yet I would have you perfect your education in fiſhing ere you go there. Come with me to the Island next Saturday and I will ſhow you how to catch ſunfiſh. But you muſt have a care, for they be large and exceedingly ferocious, and there you may peradventure take a catfiſh or ſo among them. There is alſo a ſcarce fiſh in theſe parts called a baſs, which I have ſeen grow to the bigneſs of a man's hands. But let us return to the hoſtelery, if ſo be that you have any money upon you, and we will drink to the proſperity of anglers.

(They retire accordingly.)

A Diamond from Collingwood.

THE banqueters at the Toronto Club, and other appreciative people who toaſt LORD DUFFERIN with ſo much truth and gracefulness as a nobleman of amiable parts, might make a good point by ſpecifying His Excellency's exemplary patience under trial, and, by way of illuſtration, ſubmitting the following poem, which was produced after a ſpecial invocation of the Muses by the bard of Collingwood, and published in the *Enterprise* of that town:

"The loyal men of Collingwood
No more they ſhall be ſad
Since LORD DUFFERIN, and his Lady
Viſited them in an Iron Clad."

It ſeems the loyal men of Collingwood—and let us rejoice to think it was only the men who were afflicted—have by ſome means had their boſoms rent with the pangs of ſadneſs. Reaſon not ſtated. It may have been cauſed by eating unripe fruit, or indigeſtion, or it may have been the rooted ſorrow of unrequited love; but whatever induced it, henceforward ſadneſs ſhall be ſuffered no ſettling-place in their ſouls ſince "LORD DUFFERIN and his Lady viſited them in an iron-clad." Had they gone in a veſſel of any other diſcription the effect is left to conjecture. It might have been truly awful. But—

"Soon as their Feet touched the dock
A beautiful ſight they ſeen,
The town was decorated
With yellow, blue, and green."

The Bard tells us "their Feet touched the dock" and were at once ſhedered into a bower of exquisite lovelineſs, and "ſeen" a beautiful ſight. Why he ſpells Feet with ſuch a big F is not ſtated, and how the ſaid Feet managed to ſee is alſo a myſtery. Theſe are probably mere eccentricities of genius and do not invite cloſe ſcrutiny. We do not know where the "yellow and blue" came in, but it is eaſy to imagine what conſtituted the "green." There was doubtleſs a crowd at the dock.

"The firſt arch that they went under
Was the Shamrock, Roſe and Thiſtle,
When the proud engine came along,
It had to ſtop and whiſtle."