

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

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, APRIL 29TH, 1876.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN has been attracting large audiences during the week. To-night that he takes his benefit the public will shew their appreciation of the greatest actor of the season by turning out *en masse*.

ALBERT HALL.—Mrs. CARRE'S Opera Company appears at this hall to-night. The English comic opera "*The Ship-wrecked Mariners*" and the laughable Extravaganza "*The Deluvian Dwarf*" will be the attraction. The latter has been lately published in England, and is now presented for the first time in Canada. It is said to be brimful of humour. We hope Mrs. CARRE'S enterprise may be rewarded with a large house.

**The Duplicate Premier.**

Oh! 'twas MACKENZIE, keen and close, a tough job had to do.  
Which did compel him morally to split himself in two,  
As in GRIP'S picture opposite you may perceive to-day  
The Premier talking to himself in quite a novel way.

The Trade Depression was severe in each Canadian town,  
The stores were shutting up; the factories were shutting down.  
And folks tore round and yelled to MAC, "This isn't what you said;  
You promised business to improve; you've made it worse instead."

"If this is the prosperity you were to bring with you,  
Just give us some adversity, like a good fellow, do;  
Or else let JOHNNY once again control the country's purse.  
He *might* make matters better, and he *couldn't* make them worse!"

"I'll see him first unto the de'il," cried MAC, "they'll no fool me.  
We'll lay these spirits wi' a spell they ca' a Committee  
Hech there! Wha waits? A Committee on Trade Depression bring,  
And pit Free-Traders thereupon enough to guide the thing."

"Pit DYMOND on, wha'd sell his soul to keep Free Trade ahoon;  
And Vankce Mills, wha thinks it will bring annexation sune.  
Add Grits sufficient, and explain to each that I expect  
He's no to lift his finger up but just as I direct."

They set the Committee in place, to do as they were bade,  
The evidence poured in—scant work in every kind of trade.  
Our markets piled with foreign goods—no market for our own;  
No hope, each honest witness said, save in protection, known.

The Committee pitched evidence straightway to left and right,  
Obedient to MACKENZIE, all controlling in his might,  
And so MACKENZIE'S proxy, which we call a Committee,  
Compounded a report, and brought it to himself to see.

So Committee MACKENZIE did report to Premier MAC,  
"We find, in this depression talk, of truth a grievous lack,  
And what depression does exist is owing, as we see,  
To this slight fact—we've not enough Free Trade in this country."

Then Premier MACKENZIE said to Committee-man MAC  
"It is with pleasure I perceive ye're on the proper track.  
Free Trade's the thing—my frens say sae in London, in Dundee,  
In Massachusetts also—and we'll have it yet, ye'll see."

**Grip's Counsel to the Medical Council.**

If the statements concerning the Medical Council are credible the conduct of the Medicos is incredible. We are told eggs-actly how the examiners were treated after the examination was concluded.

Judging by the ancient condition of the eggs used on this occasion the examiners must have been in bad odour with the students. We presume the latter imagined they were shelling the enemy while the rotten egg bombardment was going on. We think the whole matter a fowl proceeding; and all rightminded people will cry "Hens; rebellious students, hens; set not the yolk of oppression on the necks of your superiors."

The plea of the students that this is the Easter season in no eggs-cuse for their conduct. We hope each Medical Gentleman saw fit to duck when he saw an egg approach, while the students murmured "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

**New Motto:**

GRIP is given to understand that the proprietors of the *Globe* intend changing their motto to read "The subject who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate will never allow a protection duty to be levied against Old Country Shoddy."

**The Wants of a Rising Politician.**

I want to be a Member  
And in the Commons sit,  
To talk to Mr. Speaker  
And exercise my wit.

I want to be a Minister  
Of Finance, or of War;  
And all the country's ready cash  
To finger o'er and o'er.

I want to be a Minister,  
For many reasons great,  
I want to hold the patronage  
Both of the "Church and State."

I want to be a Minister—  
No matter what the kind—  
And follow Sir John A. or Mac.  
With equal willing mind.

I want to be a Minister  
And wear a "Windsor Coat,"  
To strut about "Vice Regal Halls"  
And o'er my fellows gloat.

I want to be a Minister  
Oh! yes! oh! yes I do;  
Oh! how I languish for that coat—  
Made up of gold and blue.

I want to wear that Windsor Coat,  
With trappings all so bright.  
Because I know that *unlike mine*  
*Its pockets ne'er are light.*

But, if this scene of my hopes,  
Prove a castle in the air,  
Still I must be a member  
Before the "Speaker's chair."

I want those little pen-knives,  
And foolscap all so blue,  
The sealing wax and tape so red,  
I want them all—I do—

I want to have that "little show"  
So certain every session,  
I want that stationery box  
All safe in my possession.

I want to be a Minister  
And on the right to sit,—  
Or else I'll tell MACKENZIE  
I'll cease to be a Grit.

**Quotation from Scott.**

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never has't lately said—  
"Ha! Spring is coming! ain't it grand?"  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As he at ease his footsteps turned  
Where late for ice he couldn't stand.  
If such there be, go, mark him well,  
High though his council vote he sell,  
Tall though his mansard, fast his cab.  
Big though his share of bonus grab,  
The wretch, concentrated in himself,  
Shall go to smash, and lose his pelf.  
Sha'n't have a moment's warning time.  
Sha'n't to his friends assign a dime.  
Living, shall be devoid of luck,  
And, doubly dying, shall be stuck  
Beneath a cheap and ugly stone,  
Unpuffed, unchiselled, and unknown.

Why are the members of the Dominion rather a *fishy* lot? Because there is always an angling among them.