

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

Unfounded Rumors.

THAT since the vacancy occurred in the shrievalty of Wentworth, Mr. ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR has changed his jolly expression for a hang-dog look.

That Mr. MACKENZIE has been around all the London newspaper offices congratulating the editors on their profound knowledge of Canadian affairs.

That BARNUM'S Hippodrome was an exhibition in which people of good sense could delight.

That the writer of the *Sun*-skits has nearly exhausted himself on the subject of Mr. CROOKS: and that Mr. CROOKS refrains from securing a constituency merely to prolong the enjoyment he gets from reading the "skits."

That Mr. MCKELLAR'S speech at the Monk nomination was a polite, gentlemanly and eloquent effort, and that his allusions to Mr. MACDOUGALL strictly concerned the political issues of the day.

That Mr. GORDON BROWN dined at the National club the other evening with the editor of the *Nation*, and expressed himself well pleased at being called "the ability, candour and truthfulness of Toronto journalism" in the last issue of that paper.

That Mr. T. C. PATTESON is very much displeased because Mr. R. B. BLAKE'S great picture of the English gentlemen's cricket match, just published, has been dedicated to him.

That Mr. BARNUM interviewed the Ontario Ministry to negotiate for the purchase of a few of the seats which Mr. CROOKS "could get if he chose."

That Mr. MOWAT was asked a question regarding some of the Departments, the other day, and did not reply that he would "take it into consideration."

A Glorious Political Alliance.

GRIP offers his congratulations to Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH on the sudden realization of his cherished dream of an amiable amalgamation of the two great political parties. Any person would have excused the few tears of joy which the anxious Professor would probably have shed had he seen what was actually to be seen last Monday week—Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE on their way to the city hall figuratively arm in arm and literally cheek-by-jowl. This would immediately have struck the learned gentleman as "linked sweetness" no doubt; and it was "long drawn out" too, for immediately following these great representatives of Toryism and Gritdom, and in the same delightful and refreshing relations, marched Mr. W. S. FINCH and Mr. GEO. MICHIE; Mr. JOHN MORRISON and Hon. G. W. ALLAN; Mr. ROBERT WILKES and Mr. D. B. READ, Q.C.; while the presence of Rev. J. G. ROBB in the honorable van, would have meant to the mind of "Current events" that such a union deserved the loftiest sanction. Now if that pilgrimage to the city hall had been for political ends, the great Dreamer's cup of bliss might have overflowed; but as it was not, GRIP is painfully obliged to dash it from his lips. Perhaps it will console Canada First, however, to know that the mission thus undertaken had a higher object than even political reconciliation; it was to give expression to the wishes of the citizens of Toronto respecting the Queen's Park. GRIP is heartily glad to know that the sentiment of the city council evoked at the conference of Monday afternoon is strongly in favour of retaining the Park for the use of the sons and daughters of toil, as well as of that numerous class in our midst who neither "toil nor spin"—including amongst others the city aldermen. We are bound, now, to have and to hold the Park at all hazards. The municipal RIP VAN WINKLE wakes from his parsimonious snooze to find a batch of great, tastelessly shaped brick houses blocking up the best portion of our civic inheritance, and is on his way, feeling as he deserves very rusty in the joints, to lock the stable door. "Better late than never" says Mr. CHAS. READE; and so says Mr. D. B. READ, Q.C.; so said the deputation on Monday, and so say we all! The man who cuts down another tree or builds another house in the Park, GRIP promises to lampoon out of all earthly enjoyment!

It is now stated that the visit of Hon. GEORGE BROWN to England is connected with the coming retirements of Mr. DELANE from the chief editorship of the *Times*, and Mr. TAYLOR from that of *Punch*, which two positions it is not unlikely the honorable gentleman will undertake to combine. This statement is at all events equally probable with many other suggestions on the same subject.

The Fly! The Fly!

BY RICHARD DE DICKE.

Oh! Canada!
Thy legion fly,
It makes me fume,
It makes me sigh.
From morn to night
'Tis everywhere,—
On hands and face,
And in my hair,
And on my nose,
And in my eye,
Thy fly, thy fly,
Thy legion fly!

Vainly I strive
To stop its capers;
Catchems alive,
Or poisoned papers,
Alas I are still
A sheer delusion—
Fast as they kill,
In fresh profusion,
In doors and out,
New flies are coming,
And gad about
With restless humming.

Their titillation
All o'er me creeping,
It drives me wild,
I'm nearly weeping,
I cannot sleep,
I cannot think,
They're on my food,
They're in my drink,
They're on the butter,
They're on the bread,
They're in the milk,
Alive or dead!

Still on the move,
The walls they soil,
And paper spot,
And pictures spoil.
Incessant snap
My dog is making
As down his throat
Stray flies he's taking.
At 5 a.m.
They bob around
And wake me up
From slumber sound.

Around my head
The sheet I wreath,
With just a hole
Through which to breathe,
But through the gap
They quickly pop,
In vain I try
Asleep to drop.
Creeping, titling—
Tittling, creeping—
Vanished, alas!
All further sleeping.

Oh! BARNUM bring
Thy big balloon,
And hoist me up
Towards the moon.
Safe in my tub
Delightful ride!
With three month's grub,
I'll joyous glide,
Nor in the lake
Descend so gay—
Till every fly
Has gone away!

An Oration for Dominion Day.

DEAR GRIP,—

Having been refused the privilege of delivering the enclosed address on the 1st of July celebration, I request that you will permit me to give it the yet wider circulation of your columns.

Patriotically yours, CAPT. BLACK.

MEN OF CANADA,—

It is now eight years since you awoke to the consciousness that you were a Nation, and unfurled the Maple Leaf Banner to the breezes which sweep over your inland seas. Standing as I am in the Queen's Park, I see on all sides evidences of the growth of national enterprise, in the magnificent villas which arise on every hand. Well was the Beaver selected as the national emblem of the most architectural people in the world, who sacrifice their frivolous amusement ground to useful buildings. Toronto may be proud of her buildings and Canada of her builders. I see before me a population of mixed origin. The bold Briton, the stalwart Scot, the independent Irishman are all represented here and all united with the Tuscarora Indian and the U. E. Loyalist in the common bond of Canuckdom. I hear the music which a swarthy son of Italy's distant clime is evolving from his melodious hurdy-gurdy, and my bosom swells with the glorious thought that he too is one of ourselves. I look upon those around me with pride, as I see our political leaders joining with the Council of this city in doing honor to our national birthday. What Canadian does not regard with pride the honored name of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, and who does not wish that ALEXANDER MACKENZIE were present to share with him in doing homage to our country? Think of the mighty roll of names of those whom Canada has given birth to, or who have made a new home here. When I think of ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR, J. C. RYKERT, JIMMIE BRIGGS, GOLDWIN SMITH, ALFRED BOULTREE, JOE RYMAL, and the innumerable host of scarcely less illustrious politicians and others who swell that list, my tongue fails me to give utterance to my thoughts. Canada's sons are distinguished alike in arms, in arts, and in song, wherever the Canadian language is spoken or the emigration agent sets his foot. I blush with shame at the failure of our lyric bard to obtain a seat in the Legislature. Had he but come forward and recited his magnificent poem of "Fair Canada" before the constituents, all might have been saved. But I drift into politics. On this day, to borrow from the language of the turf, our politics should be placed thus, "Canada First, second, and third, and the rest nowhere." I hear the distant fire-cracker and my soul leaps for joy. I see the expectant baseball and lacrosse players and I hail with delight the national holiday and national pastimes. Bless you all. (Here I intended to be overcome with tears and conclude abruptly. Your printers might put in "applause," "tremendous enthusiasm," "cheers" &c., &c., here and there, as the *Globe* does when DYMOND makes a speech.)