

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 8TH JUNE, 1878.

The Doctor's Cartoon.

GRIP scrupulously instructed the young man who does his cartoons to write *invit.* by TUPPER, at the foot of the present one, and that young man has obediently done so. This signifies that the whole credit of conceiving the idea is to be given to the hon. Dr TUPPER. In a recent debate in the House that distinguished gentleman said that if he were able to draw, he "would represent Mr. CARTWRIGHT as General Distress giving the people the word of command—Starve!" The Dr. not being in the habit of drawing anything but long bows and inferences, didn't feel equal to the task of executing a cartoon, so GRIP has, with his customary kindness, come to the rescue. He hopes he has correctly caught the Doctor's idea, and thrown a sufficient amount of heartless cruelty into the face of the General. There's no doubt that this cartoon will exert a powerful influence in favour of the Opposition in the coming campaign. If there are any other statesmen in the country that have brilliant ideas they would like to have worked off, let them speak up, and GRIP is at their service.

Ye Newspaper Boye.

It is ye gaye newspaperre boye,
Comes whistlinge uppe ye waye;
And straighte I doe mye thoughte employe,
Which I shalle buye to-daye.

I shall notte buye ye *Globe*. G. B.
Seekes Communystic grounde,
And fyre and sworde wee soon shalle see
Hym rushinge wythe arounde.

Norre shalle I purchase mee to-daye
Ye organne callèd ye *Mayle*,
Who cries Protectionne, for he maye
Notte keepe hym in ye tayle.

To reade ye *Telegramme* I stoppe,
Because hee dothe notte aime
From column's bottomme untoe toppe
To holde hys minde ye sayme.

Ye *Leaderre* from mye house I throwe,
Strayte frome ye windowe oute,
Because its writerres do not knowe
Whatte theye doe talke aboute.

And thenne religious sheets there bee,
And papers polemick,
Which would for Christianitee
Knyves in each otherre stycke.

And sheetes commerciale—one, two, three,
Which in ye univerrse
Of earthe and heavenne can nothinge see,
But howe to fylle a purse.

I doe notte purchase themme at alle,
I dryve ye paperre boye
Awaye, and for ye *GRYPPE* I calle,
Whereinne alone is joye.

And pyctures of oure countrye's sonnes
Who rule this noble lande,
But whye we choose such funnye ones
I doe not understande.

Above alle otherres itte I choose,
For wytte and wysdomme deepe,
And it I carefulle wylle peruse
And afterre goe to sleepe.

LET any man who pooh-poohs JOHN A's claim to the title of a "working" man, take it in hand himself to oust the present "corrupt and incompetent government," and then say conscientiously if he wouldn't rather saw wood for 50 cents per day.

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

They are relieved by one of those incidents so common in the lives of American youth. The storm not being over, and thunderclouds gathering above, a flash of lightning is attracted to strike the phosphorescent body of the shark, which drops from the young lady into the sea, and is immediately swallowed by his fellows below. BENNY and Miss SQUIGGERS then proceed to the deck. The vessel has shifted off the rock, and is none the worst for her accident—an occurrence which only happens in the lives of Young Americans, but is very frequent then. The crew being gone, and the mainsail needing to be set, (a job which previously required thirty men), BENNY calmly does it himself, and goes below to the breakfast Miss SQUIGGERS has prepared, the vessel, though under sail on a lee shore, miraculously steering herself. But this often happens.

They now proceed to improve their opportunities, and no time is lost. They consider it best to get married at once, but there is no clergyman. However, just at this juncture a knocking is heard at one of the cabin panels, which being opened, a South American priest enters, informing them that he is the real owner of the vessel, confined there against his will by the previous pirates. This is opportune, and as the lovers, like all Young Americans, are intimately conversant with all modern languages—and ancient, too, for that matter—they are married immediately. The priest then accidentally falls overboard at once, and does not rise to the surface. BENNY guesses the old chap came in pretty handy. Miss ADELINA says she never did kee much about religious fixings, but anyhow it will look better in the papers.

They now see a strange sail approach, full of men and having a suspicious appearance. She runs up the black flag, and opens fire on our hero's ship. He, however, immediately gets the weather gauge, Miss S. steering, and takes up a position where he can rake her decks with a long gun. This he does so effectually that there are, in five minutes, none of the enemy alive but the captain, who is saved to fight a ferocious combat with BENNY. BENNY is a match for a number of Captains, but this one gives him chloroform during their struggle, and while senseless binds him, puts a gag in his mouth, boards his ship, and seizes ADELINA, who is at once struck by his romantic appearance, and falls gracefully into his arms. They take the other ship in tow, and proceed on their course, having left BENNY on an island. ADELINA looking out of the cabin window and telling him, now recovered from the chloroform that she does not think they air affinities, and that her sphere calls her elsewhere.

Left alone, bound and gagged on a torrid island, in the vast Atlantic Ocean, our hero never despairs. He rubs his cords in two on a stone, takes out his gag, takes a drink of water (it being always fresh round that island, owing to a spring coming up from the bottom at the spot), and considers the situation. He thinks there is no hope, but resolves not ter cave in. Seeing a rope tied to a post he hauls or it, and finds attached to its end, as it comes out of the sea, a large chest. He opens this and finds a complete sailor's outfit, a quantity of provisions, and an Indian rubber boat, which he at once opens out, launches, and fills a rubber water cask. Of course, as it is an American seaman's outfit by the brand, there are several large revolvers. He loads these, gets in and sets the sail. The pirate's bark is hull down in the distance, her lights shine over the waters, the faithless ADELINA is on board. But BENNY, the pride of Young America, *atat* nine, is on the track. His left hand has grasped the helm, his right a revolver, he is reading a Sanscrit work by the boat's lamp. There is a deep and sullen fire in his eye, and a cigar in his mouth.

(Continued next week.)

Quebec "Liberals."

GRIP rejoices to see that since the advent of the JOLY government in Quebec, that Province is waking up and going ahead. The cause of Education, as one of the chief factors in a country's prosperity, is being looked after, especially by the school trustees at Avoca, P. Q. Just gaze upon this advertisement, published the other day in the Montreal *Witness*:

NOTICE.

A Female Teacher wanted immediately for No. 2 School, of Municipality No. 3, Grenville County, Argenteuil; salary \$14 a month, and must have a first-class diploma from the Board of Examiners, Montreal. No application received but from a first-class teacher. Board convenient to the school-house. Application to be made to JAMES REID, Avoca P. O., Que.

We presume there is also a Bank "convenient to the school house," in which the first class teacher may deposit the surplus of her salary after paying board, washing and other necessary expenses.

GRIP is assured in the most emphatic manner by the press of both parties that they are each sure of winning at the next election. Glad to hear it; everybody will be satisfied.

WHEN a man comes home late at night and somewhat unsteadily seats himself in the pan of batter his wife set to raise, his thoughts naturally turn to "The situation in the (yeast)."