

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, MARCH 13, 1875.

Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR.—We think you are correct. Shakespeare must have referred to a woman at a mangle when he said, "For she can turn and turn and still go on."

CONSERVATIVE SUBSCRIBER.—No, the paper you mention is neither spelt nor pronounced Lie-beral.

Orip's Advice to Mills.

HEAR the sober voice of MILLS,
DAVID MILLS,
How the buildings parliamentary at Ottawa it thrills,
As he tells to all within it
The shortcomings of the Senate,
And how useless the position that it fills.
Oh, MILLS! MILLS! MILLS!
Think a moment on the ills
That may happen any minute
To those grave folks in the Senate,
By the reading and the passing of your
Bills, bills, bills,
By the seconding and moving of your bills.

But retribution waits upon you, MILLS,
And many bitter pills
About your Senate Bills
You will find yourself compelled to swallow down.
For you counselled not with BROWN,
With BROWN, BROWN, BROWN,
You know you never mentioned it to BROWN.
And he fiercely foldeth round him his senatorial robe,
And straightway up he goeth to the office of the *Globe*,
Of the *Globe*, *Globe*, *Globe*,
And he writeth and inditeth to the *Globe*;
With blackest ink he fills
His editorial quills,
And he writes a fiery article—MILLS.

Oh DAVID, DAVID MILLS!
Care you not for him that kills?
Care you not a globule for the *Globe*,
Nor yet for BROWN?
Why don't you knuckle down
At his frown?
If to you your life political is sweet,
Own up beat,
Call't your treat,
And throw yourself for mercy at his feet,
At his feet, feet, feet,
At his world-wide celebrated feet!

By our Brockville Mentor.

There is no truth in the report that the rev. gentleman appointed to St. Paul, K., applied to the "Propagation Society" for a grant and that the Secretary informed him that they had ceased to send the gospel to the heathen.

There is no truth in the report that the congregation of St. Paul, K., having petitioned the bishops of Ontario to send them a mocking-bird, he, trusting to their ignorance of ornithology, sent them instead one of Mother Carey's chickens.

There is no truth in the report that some of the people of Brockville have commenced the worship of Moloch. The report must have originated in the appointment of Canon Mulock to St. Peter's in that town.

An Ancient Park in Mesopotamia.

Hebrew Manuscript relating thereto, discovered and translated by GRIP.

1. And it came to pass in the days of the great king, even the King of Mesopotamia, that he did cause to be prepared a place for a university in the city, which is by the great and mighty river, even the river Donnus.

2. And he said, seeing that the land is cheap and barren, and also that it is a waste of sand,

3. Inclose ye enough thereof, and fence the same, from the south limit even a mile to the north limit thereof.

4. And it shall be that in the time to come they shall build a university therein, and the land, even this land, shall be for a park around the same; and the grass shall be green there in the season thereof, and the pleasant trees flourish after the manner thereof.

5. And the students, and the people of the city, even the sickly people whose delight is in the fresh air shall walk therein; and it shall be that they shall bless the name of the king who gave the same, even my name.

6. And the king died, and was gathered unto his father. And the rest of the acts which he did, and the houses which he builded, and the number of his wives and of his concubines, are they not written in the First Book of GREVILLE, even the Book of the Memoirs of GREVILLE the Sybarite.

7. And it came to pass that a university was built on the land, and the land was given into the hand of a Senate, and also much other land.

8. Now the Senate were wiser in their generation than the children of light; and had more cunning than any beast of the field.

9. And the Senate said, Go to, are not the people of the city fools? Surely we will sell all the land.

10. For it is meet that the morrow take care of itself, and that we in our day should secure the shekels, and should also make merry with the same,

11. But we will say to the people, even the unwise people of the city:—If ye will build roads in the park, and light the same, and spend money on the same.

12. Then ye shall use the park, ye, and your wives, and your little ones.

13. But the park we shall give them shall be smaller than the park which now is, inasmuch that it shall cost them more than the value thereof.

14. And as they said, as did they do with the foolish people, even the people of the city.

15. And the people mourned, and refused to be comforted; and they said,—Surely we have no portion in MOWAT, neither have we any inheritance in MACKENZIE, that this thing should be done unto us.

16. And there was joy in the Senate, and exceeding great delight.

Ode to the Editor of "Church Chimes."

O weak *Church Chimers*,
In truth you seem to be,
In knowledge scarce adepts, in speech too free,
A little nest of acrobats and rhymers!
You snarl and bite,
And vote yourselves the real Simon Pure;
Not even Trinity secure,
For nothing but the Sayer street show is right.
Exclusive few,
Who leave old pastures to subsist on now,
You chatter now in print about a worthy Saint
Who to a pig the spark of life brings back,
A story quaint:—
The porker's head alone remains
Alack!
To furnish subject for the mighty wonder;
But lo! the power of faith, when found without alloy!
Each pettitoe its kindred ham regains;
The curling tail its place assumes;
Ecstatic glee the porcine eyes illumines;
And all the hog stands forth, complete in grunting joy,
That once a wolf had rent asunder!!!
In mammoth type, and extra-double-leaded,
Should such a tale as this be told—
Nay, graven all in gold!
Our tears fall fast
To think that now "the age of miracles is past."
O that the saint would visit earth once more,
Perform a wonder greater than before,
And make you less pig-headed!