

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

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, MARCH 25TH, 1876.

## Answers to Correspondents.

BAXTER.—The Hon. J. B. ROBINSON, has not yet made a ſpeech. His attention is entirely devoted to the duties of (iron) ring-maſter.

ANGELINA.—*Humbold's Kosmos* is not the member for British Columbia. He is one JOHN SMITH whoſe name is no doubt familiar to you.

ON DAUST-NT!—TASCHEREAU, did his beſt trying to bake a Daust-nut in the Houſe at Ottawa. Daust is the member for Two Mountains. "*Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus*".

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.—We cannot insert your poem. It is pretty but perſonal. The jokes you ſend us are too old. They have already appeared in forty-five other papers, and are ſomething muſty.

EDWARD BLAKE.—We know of no means of improving the Premier's manners. You had better leave the cabinet. We will gladly give you ſomething to do on the ſtaff of this journal. We want ſome fellow to make jokes on the bonus queſtion.

Hon. J. B. R-B-N-S-N.—We muſt reſuſe to insert your elaborate epic on the Snowdon mine. We have no doubt your objects are perfectly juſtifiable on perſonal grounds, but we cannot allow this journal to be made the advocate of private projects for your own emolument. You muſt be content with the *Mail*.

## From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—BAKER and FARRON will appear again to night and to-morrow night, and ſing their ſweet ſongs and dance their funny dances. We are pleaſed to find they have been Farr-on well during their ſtay. Good houſes have applauded their humouriſms every evening.

ON Monday next the glorious drama, SHAKESPERE'S *Henry V.* will be played. Mr. RIGNOLD, who has made a reputation by his representation of the gallant ſoldier-king, will bring his own fiery ſteed with him. The ſtage will be crowded with actors. Fifty ſpirited hackmen have been engaged to ſupply the cavalry. The gallant ſtock army which has won meritorious victories on countless bloody fields, will be re-inforced by a well diſciplined phalanx from BOOTH's theatre. The audience therefore need have no fears about the reſult of the battle of Agincourt, for the Engliſh are ſure to win. Mrs. SIDDONS read the courtſhip ſcene between King Henry and the fair Katharine, and managed with her feminine treble to make a pretty good imitation of the maſculine baſs. Every one who heard her will be anxious to ſee that charming ſcene preſented on the ſtage, with the part of "the warlike Harry, like himſelf" played by a man, whoſe perſonal advantages enable him to "aſſume the part of Mars" with great ſucceſs. Imitations of the armour, weapons and banners worn and uſed on the actual field of battle have been made for this play, and the ſcenery will reproduce the faithful pictures of the places in which the ſtirring events of the drama occurred. Cannon alſo which was firſt heard on the field of Agincourt, will rouse with timely roar the martial ardour of the hoſtile armies. A real French lady will ſpeak the delightful broken Engliſh of the Princess KATHARINE. Altogether there will be few imperfections in the play which cannot be pieced out by the imaginations of the ſpectators. "And now ſits expectation in the air," until we ſee the mettlesome ſtuds "printing their proud hoof i' the receiving earth" and the learned Welchman forcing ancient PISTOL to devour an objectionable leek. "Got pless you, ancient PISTOL, you ſcurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you."

## The Jabber-Wocky and Thersites.

THE *Mail's* Ottawa correſpondent does not often ſay a good word for DYMOND, and when it tells us that the *Globe's* terrier ſpoke a "few happily choſen words," we ſhed a tear over the edifying ſpectacle of the two great rivals in partiſan vituperation, peacefully patting each other on the back. Theſe "few happily choſen words" were ſpoken to aid the ingenious Bill which THERSITES C. is trying to work through the Houſe. The *Globe* is crafty enough to know that there would be no market for its own wares if the *Mail* were extinguished and ſo it inſtructs its terrier at Ottawa, to help on the Bill with a few favourable barks.

## The Political Samson.

In ancient days there lived a man  
Famed for his wondrous ſtrength,  
Until his foes the Philiftines  
Reduced his force at length;  
They cropped his magic hair and ſo  
Brought low his ſtubborn will,  
And then they ſet the Giant  
A-grinding in their mill.

In later days a ſtateſman lived,  
A man of powerful mind,  
Whom Party walls could not confine  
Nor party fetters bind;  
But, like the old time Giant,  
He uſed his muſcles free,  
And ſhook the mighty pillar  
Of the temple of G. B.

But the Philiftines enſnared him,  
And his jaw-bone now is ſtill,  
For they've got him, grim but docile,  
A-grinding in the mill.

## Shakesperean.

TO LORD DUFFERIN (*apropos* of the Supreme Court wigs:)  
We muſt not make a ſcarecrow of the Law.

—*Measure for Measure.*

Motto for THERSITES C. P.—T—S—N Eq.

Thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe nothing but *Mails*.  
—*Macbeth.*

## Go ye and Do Likewise.

Once TUPPER was a Free Trader,  
Of credit and renown,  
Now he's a ſtout Protectioniſt  
As any in the town.

And GRIP tells all Free Trading chaps  
In Ottawa who fight,  
They ought to be Protectioniſts,  
(If they think that ſide is right.)

## Admitted into Mr Mackenzie's "Sanotum Sanatorium."

Now Alick, I ſaid; and he gave me a look of the moſt intense diſguſt. Now that the miſt hanging over your Free Trade Policy has ſomewhat cleared off; what are your intentions in regard to the Canadian Pacific Railway; do you ſtill perſiſt experimenting in amphibious Railroads? I admit that it's ſomething new in this era of progress but it is rather coſtly you muſt remember: in times paſt experiments were not carried on in ſuch a ſlipſhod manner. Why not cut a canal across the continent and at once ſettle the "North weſt Paſſage" problem?

Your Correſpondent at Ottawa.

## The Lay of the Lonely Ladies.

Gentle GRIP, who in thy office worketh good the livelong day,  
Help us poor deſerted females, who at home a' lonely ſtay.  
While our brothers, while our lovers, ſtraying from the path of right,  
Now in cluſhiſh diſſipation ſpend the day and waſte the night.

Pleasant was it in Toronto, ere thoſe fatal clubs were known,  
Homeward came each weary huſband, to a dinner of his own,  
He might grumble at the cooking, but he muſt take that or none,  
Now he's off, if cook's been ſtupid, where things "are correctly done."

Came our ſweethearts of an evening; they had nowhere elſe to go;  
Now, along the club-room ſofas, there they lie, a ghſtly row.  
Smoking all their faces yellow, drinking all their eyelids red,  
Like ſo many logs, next morning, cabmen wheel them home to bed.

Little wonder no one marries, with the men all down in town,  
There they ſtay, alike unheeding ſweeteſt ſmile or fierceſt frown,  
Well, if celibacy ends our race, as it ſeems like to do,  
When it's ended, and it's over, club-life will be ended too.

What's the uſe of cloſing taverns, when the horrid clubs may keep  
Open all the hours of waking, open all the hours of ſleep.  
Mr. GRIP, in pity help us; have MACKENZIE cloſe each door.  
Let him make all clubs illegal; ſend the clubbers home once more.