

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Benst is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oynter; the grabeat Wan is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 18TH AUGUST, 1877.

**The Fisheries Question.**

I know not if I saw in truth  
Or saw it in a dream;  
But there there was a fisher youth  
Who fished beside a stream.

The sport should give the fisher joy.  
The day was bright and fair;  
Yet wore the little fisher boy  
A look of grievous care.

"Why look so doleful and so dull?"  
I then to him did say.  
"The stream of sturdy fish is full,  
Your work is only play."

Says he, "You wouldn't think it fun,  
Nor such a jolly play,  
If you'd an uncle came and run  
With all your fish away.

"And then, perhaps, you'd not get mad  
Not by a precious sight,  
If always by was your old dad  
And said the fellow might."

He pointed, and I noticed where  
A lathy Yankee stood,  
Beside a sturdy Britisher  
With corporation good.

"That tall one's Uncle JONATHAN  
And t'other Papa BULL."  
There was a bite; the boy began  
A salmon up to pull.

It was the most surprising thing  
That eyes did ever see—  
The fish which he to shore did bring  
Was labelled "Fishery!"

Says JONATHAN to BULL, "Vew ought,  
In proof of amity,  
That fish the little critter's caught  
Right straight bestow on me.

"If so the youngster likes," Says BULL,  
"His interests I don't call—  
So's you and I together pull—  
Of consequence at all."

They took the fish away; and vexed,  
The boy threw down the line,  
"No use," he said, "on some pretext  
He takes each fish of mine.

My trout in Oregon he grabbed,  
My muskinonge in Maine;  
My compensation fish he nabbed  
And now there's this again.

Dad helps him every time, I can  
Do nothing anywheres.  
I'll hire out to old JONATHAN  
And fish for him on shares."

THE END HAS ARROVE.—The *Globe* of yesterday tells us that really the Canadian manufacturers have got through the late depression very well indeed. They don't say so themselves; but what GRIP is delighted at is to know the depression's over. Nobody would have known it was gone if the *Globe* hadn't discovered the fact.

**Addresses to the Orators.**

SCENE: A railway station; the faithful assembled to receive the great statesman MACKENZIE; QUIDKINS and SNIGGLES, patriotic Committeemen (very unsteady) armed with "the address."

MACKENZIE (on platform of car, coming in, *solus*):—Are they still the faithful sheep for the shambles, as BROWN would privately say; or is this small gathering of welcome a mere mockery of those halcyon days of yore? (*Aside to the lesser Premier*). Did I speak aloud, OLIVER? You are not disheartened now? It's a goodly gathering and every vote solid for us. We must stop and hear their glorious words of welcome and fidelity, so old and yet so sweet.

SATANIC TORY EMISSARY (*Watching the train come in, solus*).—They come; I have filled the stupid Committeemen well; base-born usurpers of our Chieftain's chair. (*Vanishes*).

QUIDKINS (*aside to Mr. SNIGGLES*). Can yer read it, ole (hic) boy? Good voice—steady—not over-loud—yet not (hic) in a whisper! Don't make a mule of yourself, and a jack (hic) ass of me by stopping to spell out the big words—'n, besides, I havn't got my glasses, (hic) ha! ha! I guess we swallowed 'em—but I say, I havn't got 'em and can't help you out. Don't disgrace the Polliwigville Reform Club—don't (hic).—

SNIGGLES.—My dear friend, (hic) and future constituents, or post-office patrons, assembled—I mean QUIDKINS, don't imagine me a fool. I am flurid and bashful sometimes, but to-day, I beg to—(*Train stops; the Premier is surrounded, and amid much hand-shaking assumes a listening attitude. The crowd cheers.*)

SNIGGLES (*approaching, with profound salaams; reads*):—To the most honorable ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Premier of the United Provinces of Prince Edward Island, etc., etc., greeting: Dread sir, it is with the most reverent feeling that the assembled multitude of your warm-hearted friends, and especially the Polliwigville Reform Club, greet your arrival upon this holy ground, sacred to the teachings of Reform. (*Applause*). A devoted people always show their sympathy by turning out *en masse* and hailing the greatest statesman of Canada, (*hear, and applause*). The people of this town are solid in Reform, and have determined to kill off the Tories at the next election—by voting very often as becomes a patriot. (*Applause, P. S. more applause as the idea strikes home*). We desire to give you a proof of our affection, not only here but at the polls. We are prepared to risk all for thee, who hast stood like the unflinched oak in the hurricane of Ministerialist calumny which overwhelmed thee; who hast shown us what shade the chops of the hypocritical Premier and the goggles of his haser colleagues; who hast demonstrated that the greatest stretchers in creation are thy opponents who torture a mole-hill into a range of Himalayas; who hast shown up the dirt which lies at their own door; such as Harbor jobs, Fort Frances locks, steel rails, and hundreds of other infamous— (*Interruption by howls of rage; hisses, and several stones*).

QUIDKINS.—(*Pulling his brother Com. man by the coat*).—For your wife's sake stop! (*hic*) You are uttering rank treas—

SNIGGLES.—(*Aside*).—Silence! Am I not reading aright and after the same address which we copied from the *Globe's* report of another reception? (*Aloud*). I am not drunk!

SATANIC TORY EMISSARY (*In crowd. Hear! hear!*)

MACKENZIE.—What inimitable baseness! The insulting—

SNIGGLES.—"Other nefarious impositions on the fair yeomanry of Canada. The people now see their mistake in hurling the bravest man in Canada from power. Rally and let us wrest the stewardship from the infamous and ranting MACKENZIE."—(*Stares at paper, and swoons. A riot ensues; infuriated Reformers tear the luckless SNIGGLES to pieces.*)

CONDUCTOR.—All aboard!

MACKENZIE.—This is the reward of my honest! We will not speak before the wretches who insult us. thus—and I am glad to see a few among them who avenge us most nobly on that mouth-piece of infidelity. (*Train leaves.*)

**On the Square.**

1ST BURGLAR.—Guess the boss has squared the Gas Company. They're to put out all the lamps at three.

2ND BURGLAR.—Guess he's squared the police too. They're all to leave their beats and go home at three.

1ST BURGLAR.—Hooray! Then we will sail in.

2ND BURGLAR.—Squared BLAKE too.

1ST BURGLAR.—What?

2ND BURGLAR.—Don't you know he's passed a law nobody's to carry a revolver? What does that come to? Practical, nobody 'cept us.

1ST BURGLAR.—Jingo? it's so. Do you know the garrote dodge? We'll try it on any cove as looks 'spectable. Hooray!

GRIP won't say where this conversation was overheard; but he must remark that, what with Mr. BLAKE's non-hanging course and his non-arming Bill, on our Corporation darkened and police unguarded nights we may call, with Hamlet, on the Angels and Ministers of Grace to defend us, for that angel the Minister of Justice is on the other side.

OUR journals in Canadian London must employ centipedes as reporters. One of them lately recorded that in a street car accident he had one of his legs severely, and another slightly injured.