

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, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1877.

Matrimonial.

At the Church of the Ancient Lineage, Ambitions City, Ont., by the Rev. Rector, JOHN SMITH, Esq., late of England, to SOPHIA BRIDGET MARIA daughter of JOHN JONES, Esq., and granddaughter of MICHAEL FITZTIMOTHY, Esq., late of BallyKillbeg, Co. Antrim, Ireland, next house but one to Lord DUFFERIN'S, and niece of the late Surgeon Major FITZTIMOTHY, of the Horse Marines; also niece of the Surgeon Major's brother, of the Royal Navy, formerly assistant surgeon on H. M. S. *Waterloo*, and niece of this distinguished gentleman's other brother the Captain of the Royal County Down Blazers, and also and moreover cousin of WM. FITZTIMOTHY, of England, and several others that might be mentioned only we don't want to make a parade of our pedigree.

Warned!

If Mr. Justice GWYNNE will take GRIP'S advice, he will go immediately and put on a metal plate in such a position as to protect his fifth rib. He has incurred the wrath of the *Mail*, and at the present moment the gentleman editor is grinding his knife. With reference to the charge of the Justice in the WILKINSON case, in which severe words were spoken against slanderers, the *Mail* says, "We shall have something to say at another time." Let Mr. Justice GWYNNE take warning. He knows that slander is the policy of the *Mail*, for so it has been declared by the proper authority, and his language is therefore equivalent to an attempt to suppress that organ by taking away its bread and butter. Is it to be expected that high toned journalists will submit to this? Never.

The Tramp.

The Terrible Tramp is infesting the land,
And his number is more than the country can stand,
And the clack of his tongue never stills at the door,
Where his place when he's gone is refilled by some more.

The bailiffs have sold all he had on the earth,
For endorsing a friend's note who nothing was worth,
Or he begs for his children of succor hereaft,
Or his family's dead, and he's desolate left.

He's a merchant compelled by misfortune to fail;
He's a sailor whom no one will hire to sail;
He's a carpenter who has just pawned his last tool;
He's a schoolmaster who somehow can't get a school.

He's a man whom the world combined to smash,
And they did it by help of the last panic crash;
He's a broker who with best intention was short;
He's a banker to stoppage who had to resort.

He has married a helpmate for better or worse,
Who turned out all the last, and ran off with the purse;
He'd her morals reclaim and his treasure regain
If you'd lend him a dollar to pay on the train.

There's a good situation to get down the street,
The requirements of which are just what he could meet,
But appearance! How grateful he *would* bring it back,
If you'd lend, for two hours, your best coat of black.

Not intending to travel to Canada cold,
His large outfit of flannels he carelessly sold;
Not a shirt has remained, and his money all gone,
But no doubt you could spare a superfluous one.

But one child he has left, and of fever he dies,
Oh, so many miles off, and if only his eyes
Could again on him rest! In two hours he's there,
If you'll but with benevolence pay out the fare.

She's quite destitute here, though her townsmen all know
She is wealthy—has letters which prove it is so;
And she knows that your gallantry will not stand still
While she suffers abuse for a small hotel bill.

They are hungry and thirsty, three fellows out there,
And we entertain angels, you know, unaware,
If to smoke, chew, and swear be an angelic sign,
They've a right to assistance extremely divine.

They arrive in the morning, at noon, and at night,
They are always just fainting; but if they'd a bite
It would do them; but woe to your table if you
Give them chance to show what that one bite will go through.

They will talk by the hour; by the day they will preach;
You your business and that of all others they'll teach,
They'd be happy to spend all their life time with you,
If you'll only just offer them—nothing to do.

Through the country in summer by fancy they're led,
At the farm-house their meals; in the barn is their bed,
But in winter each city their refuge is made,
Where they ply the "soup kitchen" and "Friendless Home" trade.

But in summer or winter he's never away,
He's with you at night and he's with you in day,
Whether wealth may surround you or poverty cramp,
You must lodge and must feed him—the Terrible tramp.

But GRIP thinks that thing is now almost played out;
That from country and town we the nuisance should rout,
And that workhouse and prison should crushingly stamp
Out this terrible torment—the Terrible Tramp.

The New Method.

SCENE.—Room in Boarding house. Present, RICHARD JOLLY and JOHN STEADYGO, students working up their papers for teachers' certificates.

MR. STEADYGO.—Dick, you will never be ready. Why don't you study?

MR. JOLLY (*smoking in arm-chair*).—What's the use?

MR. S.—Why you'll be plucked. You won't get a third-class.

MR. J.—You're a goose. That's not the way we do things now. Old way was to do as you are doing—cray with globes, integral calculus, algebra, quadratics, natural philosophy, problems, Euclid, and all the rest of it. New way is to smoke, go to plays, row, fish, walk, amuse yourself, and take the highest certificates after all.

MR. S.—Nonsense.

MR. J.—Fact. Often done. You know the education papers are printed, don't you? Well, buy a set of some of the printers, or somebody. Get 'em, learn off the answers, say 'em, and there you are!

MR. S.—Heavens! You must mistake.

MR. J.—Don't deal in mistakes. Should have heard JONES tell about it last year. He and DOBBS had bought papers. All the other fellows had studied. DOBBS and JONES didn't know a blessed word. All went off like smoke. JONES and DOBBS first-class certificates, compliments of examiners, "Really very creditable," said the old fellows. Awful disgust of other fellows, some of 'em plucked, some only third-class.

MR. S.—Abominable! But about schools. Who employs them?

MR. J.—Bless you, the certificates do all that. What do trustees know? When is a School Inspector able to examine a teacher? Or when does he, if able? They teach their schools off book, and this is an end. Get on just as well. DOBBS and JONES got good schools.

MR. S.—Horrid! Why can't examiners do without papers?

MR. J.—Why, not capable, possibly, probably, in fact. Besides, (*whisper*) might want to sell 'em themselves.

MR. S.—Impossible.

MR. J.—My dear JACK, have not some of our Canadian Education chaps been accused of what is morally as bad—of fostering monopolies of school-books for their friends? What is the difference? Both dishonesty. Surely, this thing has not gone on so long unknown. Why was it not stopped. Take the world as I do. Buy your papers.

The Way to Make it.

Are you very hard up, literary fellow?
Straightway write a pamphlet, bind it up in yellow,
Want to get the matter?—that the way to reach is,
Gather up some member's old forgotten speeches.

Trim 'em up, collate 'em, make 'em short and spicy,
He'll make no objection—print it—in a trice, he
Will go running round then, all the people telling,
"I've got out a pamphlet—everywhere it's selling."

You will get some money; be it much or little;
He'll get all the credit—you no jot or tittle.
Still *sic vos non vobis*; HORACE said; it's funny,
How some folks have brains, and—others have the money.