

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. HARNABY 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, APRIL 3, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

LUKE SHARPE.—Your last extremely good. You cannot come too often.

FINGAL, WEST ELGIN.—Your chances for obtaining a government situation, in our opinion, will not be lessened in the event of Mr. CASEY'S "Competitive Examination" Bill becoming law. A thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language, with perhaps a verse or two of Ossian's poems to translate into English will be the principal test. In former times when we were supposed to be under the rule of what the *Globe* used to call an "ignorant and besotted race," a bill was read to make a knowledge of the French language compulsory, but it failed to pass. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. MCKENZIE will help this measure through in *case he* (GEORGE ELLIOTT) flies off at a tangent Tycoonwards.

SWASHBUCKLER, SOUTH HURON.—You should read with more care the Parliamentary reports. It is only as yet rumoured that HON. MALCOLM CAMERON is to get the Governorship of the "great lone land" which rumour may be occasioned by that gentleman's well known military tastes and qualifications. It will be a *desideratum* to have an efficient and determined soldier to fill the gubernatorial in that region, for otherwise, should he be honoured by a surprise party of Sioux or Blackfeet during one of his levees he would be a "gone coon" indeed.

From Our Box.

MISS NEILSON departed from amongst us in a blaze of glory and shower of "floral tributes" commonly, we regret to say, termed "boketts." Her last performance as *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons" was perhaps the best of all her impersonations. And now the swells weep and refuse to be comforted. The divinity for whose sake they learned to throw bouquets and arrayed themselves in white ties and boiled shirts has gone from their gaze. By the way how strange it was so few ever knew when the bouquet-pitching ought to begin. It was fortunate the idea of presenting an actress with canary birds in cages only occurred to some one on the last night, or had some of the frantic occupants of private boxes hit on the notion they would doubtless have hurled the cages and their unfortunate occupants at her devoted head. That irrepressible humorist M-r M-f, who was present on the last night of the engagement, in reply to a question as whether Miss NEILSON had not created a perfect *furor* said he didn't know about that, he thought she made many roar. The end of the whole was a complete ovation in the honors of which Mr. BARNES deservedly shared, though he did use a cuss word to his friends. Mr. RIGGS again favors us with his Irish delineations, which commenced with "Suil Gair" of which pathetic drama GRIP gave his readers a faithful though brief account a few weeks ago. Mr. COULDOCK gave his ever popular representation of *Calib Plummer* in the "Cricketer on the Hearth" on Saturday. By the way we were labouring under some strange hallucination that night for the *Globe* says "Damon and Pythias" was played and we never saw it. And not only did it escape our piercing eye, but that of everyone else in the house. But it must be true—it was in the *Globe*, which, as is well known, is infallible on every subject. Was it a prophetic vision of the coming reconciliation of Hon. George Brown and Sir John A. into a political *Damon and Pythias* that danced before the eyes of the *Globe* critic and deceived him. Or was everyone else asleep and dreaming another piece was being performed? The conundrum is stupendous—almost insoluble.

At the Royal Opera House, *La fille de Madame Angot* in an English dress was nicely done and drew good houses. Recalls were plentiful and Miss SALLIE HOLMAN as *Clairette* was very successful. Mr. BOWLER and Mr. RYSE also distinguished themselves, while plenty of life and energy was infused into every part. On Saturday, "Cinderella" displayed some nice singing and Mr. BARTON made much of a good part as a comic servant. "Cherry and Fair Star" was produced on Monday. With his usual readiness to impart information, GRIP wishes to explain the plot to his readers, but after much deep cogitation, is driven to sadly own that he does not understand it himself. The sad event recorded above concerning "Damon and Pythias" may have partly unhinged him, but anyway he could not make out the story. But, as a spectacle, it was by far the prettiest thing he has seen in Toronto, and Mr. DRESSEL deserves a world of credit for his charming scenes, Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. BRANDISI and Mr. RYSE sang some very good songs, which doubtless were appropriate to the plot, although they did not appear to be, and earned several well merited encores. By the way the orchestra here are getting careless even in accompaniments, on some occasions getting altogether out of time and even out of tune. This is hard upon the singers as well as upon the audience. Let the offenders beware—particularly the gentleman who plays the—. We will spare him this time, but next week will name the instrument unless he improves.

The Pacific Railway.

'Twould be but fair if GRIP's friends here would calculate some day. How much they're going to be charged for this Pacific way, An awful price Ontario pays—a most tremendous haul, And now it seems, the road won't come near where we live at all.

The many millions they must pay are going to come down Full hard on them—each one of them, in country or in town, There's not a thing they'll use or wear—there's not a thing they'll eat, But will be taxed, and raised in price, ere they make both ends meet.

Ontario feared 'twould bankrupt her, yet did her promise give, She thought, that with the trade she'd get, she still might through it live But what's occurred? her cash, when raised, is all to go to pay For what wont give her trade, but will—take what she had away.

And up get's Bunster in the House, and tells us that B.C. Can get more from the States, if she cannot with us agree, Now what's to keep these bargainers, when we've their country made From going over to the States—just in the way of trade?

GRIP holds pledged word in high respect—but if they treaties make That he shall hang himself, why, GRIP those treaties means to break, And GRIP would to Ontario say, "Just think, good friend of mine, If you're not pledged to hang yourself with a Pacific line."

Grip on Adulterated Liquors.

If GRIP's numerous friends in the Legislature can't immediately give him a prohibitory liquor law, could not they oblige him with a little statute prohibiting drugged poison in the form of liquor? If GRIP's dear friend Mackenzie will, putting himself under the well qualified guidance or his dear friend Sir John, visit sundry of these fountains of strong waters known as bar-rooms, and scripturally forbearing to look on the wine when it is red, will gaze instead thereof on the beer when it foameth with chemical adulterations, and the whiskey when it mantleth redolent of high-wines and vitriol, and will also partake of the same and proceed to make merry therewith, it may well happen that if for lack of weapon they separate alive, John A. shall be by force of unsuspected drugs insane enough to try another Pacific Scandal, and Mackenzie to believe Ontario will keep him in office if he give her trade to Montreal.

Legislators, Total Abstainers, Moderate Drinkers, Confirmed Inebriates, —here is a plan to help you all—a proposal you will all rejoice to support. Malt and hops are cheap in Canada—let the old British law be enacted here that nothing else shall be used in brewing. Let all spirits sold be rigidly analysed, and let he who mixes and adulterates liquor and he who is found selling it when adulterated, be rigidly and heavily punished. For *Grip* telleth you that formerly in good truth men became drunk when they swallowed much liquor, which was bad enough. But now there is that in ale and spirits which is not of them, and which maketh the drinker not drunk but lunatic and frenzied, and destroyeth brain and stomach. *Grip* would like Prohibition. But he fears he will not get it. Yet he means to try for it. But, in the mean time, give him this,

How long is MR. MACNABB to be permitted to outrage justice in this way? Complaints against the high-handed jurisdiction of police and police-courts are rife everywhere. But when we read in the *Sun* of last Tuesday that an unfortunate man named JAMES HILL was charged with the comparatively venial crime of larceny and that "Prisoner was destroyed," we are lost in wonderment and horror at the barbarity of our local Draco. No black cap, no death warrant, none of the paraphernalia usual to the last sentence of the law. Prisoner was destroyed! We are certainly governed too much. But how was the sentence carried out? Did they cremate him?

"CANADA FIRST" has culminated in the establishment of the "National Club." Here, under the able superintendence of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, Mr. HOWLAND'S infant is to be taught what to eat, drink, and avoid. We understand that the *menu* of the opening banquet was of an unexceptionally national character, comprising fried pork, buckwheat pancakes, maple syrup and other native delicacies, the only foreign luxury introduced being Japan tea among the beverages, of which old rye formed the staple component, that the first lesson in eating and drinking proved eminently satisfactory to all present. The principal object to be avoided, as taught in the preliminary lecture, was the perusal of the *Globe*, the substitution for which of the *Nation* was urged on all patriotic Canadians.

At a *convocatus*, of the contributors to GRIP, it was decided to present a *crow-mo* to the raven lunatic who sends the largest number of correct solutions to the following queries: