

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeest Beest is the Ass; the grabeest Bird is the Owl;
The grabeest Fish is the Oyster; the grabeest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH JUNE, 1877.

The Circus Season.

JOHN A's New and Greatest Show on Earth began its season at Kingston yesterday, and GRIP learns from the *Belleville Intelligencer* that "London follows next week, at which place arrangements are being made on an extensive scale, including the running of special trains." Whence the organization proceeds on a regular tour through the Province, with its two gigantic tents and all its attractions as depicted on the bill board in our cartoon. The Grit showmen have been struck with envy at the success of the veteran manager JOHN A., and it is rumored that they are now organizing a company to follow him around and damage his business as much as possible. They are going to adopt the pic-nic feature, and will advertise the largest buses ever brought to this country. It is said the managing director of the concern, MR. GEORGE BROWN, has secured a rare lot of attractions, amongst which might be enumerated a duplicate of Barnum's automatic lion. This clever piece of mechanism is made to resemble the Conservative Chief-tain, and roars like a real lion, although it is perfectly hollow. Another feature is a wax-work group, representing several down-trodden Irish citizens eating haggis; then they will exhibit MR. CHAS. RYKERT, the smallest politician living; and a plaster cast of the Brain of MR. DALTON MCCARTHY. In the Circus department, many brilliant stars will appear, amongst these, MR. DICK CARTWRIGHT in his celebrated figure muddling act; Signor BLAKE in his contortions; MONS. TOS. McCROSSIN in his Highland sling; GEO. BROWN, the man with the powerful muscle, in his Big Push Act; Signor MACKENZIE in his marvellous feat of swallowing his own promises &c., &c. The celebrated clown, MR. JOE RYMAL, has been engaged, and will deal in wit, warranted not to offend the most fastidious. Further particulars hereafter.

The Blue Ribbon.

GRIP don't think it's fibbin' to say the Blue Ribbon
Will save the "boys" many a dime,
Some say it looks "turfy" this ribbon of MURPHY
Distributed here now by RINE.

Now some funny fellow (perhaps rather mellow),
May laugh when he sees on the vest
Of one with clothes "seedy" (by whiskey made needy)
The Blue Ribbon pinned on its breast.

But perhaps the poor "bummer" who wears all the summer
His winter clothes, (lacking a change),
Don't laugh when he thinks had it not been for drink
His toilet he still could arrange.

The poor wretched wives who struggle and strive
To drive the grim "wolf from the door,"
Will be glad when they view this ribbon of blue
Where it should have been worn long before.

The unfortunate "vag," who wears scarcely a rag,
And goes over the Don for a trip,
Can't help well to know, what has been his dire foe,
So long wave the Blue Ribbon, says GRIP!

Impromptu.

"Why would that building be easy for burglars to git into?" conundrumed a newsboy to his chum, as they stood in front of the new Insurance block on Church street.

"I give it up," was the response.

"Why, 'cause its *busted* in so many places, don't you see?"

"Yes," says No 2., "and there's another reason."

"What's that?"

"'Cause de heads of de establishment are all on der outside."

Ambiguous.

"The *Mail* wants Mr. MACKENZIE to dissolve Parliament. Did the *Mail* ever know of a man digging his own grave?"

The above is from one of our thorough-going Conservative exchanges, but nobody would suspect it. As a specimen of writing carefully balanced to suit either party it is worthy of the *Evening Telegram*. The Grits consider it a hard rap at the *Mail*, and the *Mail* is delighted because it hits MACKENZIE. Let our bretheren eschew conundrums.

G. B. to the Grangers.

An' ye wad turn
Against me in ma age! Maist abject hounds,
Grangers an' fairmers, an' clodhopping things
Wha turned the rigs o' yearth, an' na ane kent
Ye frae the muddy soil whaurin we hae
Allooted ye preevilege that ye suld grow
Wheat, bairley, an' a wheen o' coarser grain,
Tae sell tae Breetain an' thae ither lan's
O' mair refined intelligence, an' mair
Emportance in the warl', wha reetly do
Apportion ye the rougher labour, fit
For min's inferior, an' pry ye back
In manufactured goods, an' sic like things
Wherein lies mair emolument, to whilk
Ye hae nae reet; an' also lies the main
Foundation o' that greatness national
Whilk ither lands possess, but which is no
Permittit tae sma' creatures sic as ye—
Wha made ye what ye are? Did I no teach
Ye a' tae organeeze, an' tell't ye hoo
Tae vote, an' mak' up strang consteetuencies,
An' ca yeerselves Clear Grits, an' sic like names.
Whilk had nae meaning under Heeven but aue,
That ye suld for my Pairty vote, an' gie
It pooer tae pit its leading members whaur
They suld their pooches fill? An' wasna that
Sufficient honour for the like o' ye?
What wad ye mair? Yet noo—yes, every morn—
Or rather every nicht (nae wunner that
Ye choose it for sic work) ye daur tae meet
In Granges, as ye choose each place tae ca,
Where ye do shoal and congregate aboot
The kintra-side, and treason daur tae spoot,
Against what I hae bid. Ye daur tae say
Ye want Protection—ye! Ye want tae hae
Factories built aroond, an' wish tae see
A mairket for ye're products nearer haun'
Than deestant Europe gies! Ye ask tae hae
The pooer, an' wealth, an' commerce, an' the chance
Tae celevate in life yeerselves an' sons
That manufacturing gies! Ye'er brazenness
Surpasses a' that is. Thae things, ma men,
Belong tae nations mair advanced than ye.
Ma friens in Scotland, an' in Breetain, an'
In the Uneeted States, sic work may do,
As born superior; but for ye, ye may
Drive oxen, dig the soil, an' never daur
To think o' aught beyond. Protection? He
Wha speaks it shall na mair a Clear Grit be.

The True Story of Barnum's Life.

It is generally believed that PHENIX THE BARNUM, the subject of our present biography, was born young, although he has been before the public longer than the oldest inhabitant can recollect. When quite a child he organized a show, and he has been travelling round with it ever since. His show was at first the only greatest show on earth, but now it is a good deal greater. Before he established this organization—that is, shortly after he was weaned, he built a menagerie, and went over to Africa with his nurse to look for a hippopotamus, and a few South Sea Islanders. He met with a great many wonderful adventures on this journey—such as—but we refer the reader to the new book by BARNUM himself, entitled "Lion Jack," in which a full account is given. He brought the hippo. home, and has had him ever since. The South Sea Islanders he had to sack on account of their Fenian proclivities, as it is one of BARNUM's rules to have a moral show. By dint of perseverance, adjectives, and printer's ink, Mr. B. has in his brief career accumulated a fortune of \$970,000,000,000.25, besides several insurance policies and consumed buildings. He will be here in town to-day for the purpose of distributing this wealth—for which he personally entertains a thorough contempt. Editors and others who may not be afflicted with such a prejudice, have only to apply at the ticket waggon and ask for as much as they think will be required to carry them over the dull season. The rest of BARNUM's life has not yet come to pass, and there isn't anybody on earth who hankers to write the old fellow's obituary.

Horace as a Prophet.

Dear GRIP:

I was indulging, during an idle hour, the other day, in a re-re-perusal of the charming Odes of old Horace, when I chanced upon the following line:

"Cras(h) ingens (engines) iterabimus aquor."

Carminum Lib: I. Carm: VII. l. 32.

Do you think he was under the influence of a prophetic vision of Steam when he penned it?

B. A.

Esteemed B. A., that's WATT we think.—ED.