

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, JULY 22ND, 1876.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Large audiences have greeted the VOKES Family during the week, notwithstanding the excessive heat. If you have not seen them, gentle reader, by all means do so. Life is too short to miss such a treat.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—The HOLMANS are still attracting the masses to these beautiful grounds. Their performance cannot fail to draw when given in the manner of the present engagement. Those who have never seen them should go to see them, and those who have seen them should go again. The coolness of the gardens and the pleasures of the entertainment together induce the spectators to consider life endurable after all, notwithstanding the awful weather.

### Yorkville in Reply to the "Globe's" Offer to Annex her to Toronto.

I'm extremely obliged by the offer, you know,  
And you think you're quite right, or you wouldn't say so:  
The charge of intended deception's a thing  
That no one against a *Globe* writer would bring.  
Quite uncivil, you know, to suppose such could be,  
So we'll call you "extremely mistaken," you see.  
Don't be angry, I beg, that I speak in this way,  
For those who write nonsense must hear what folks say,  
And your language left reasoners no choice at all  
But to fancy your sense or your honesty small.  
Just think, my good sir, what your own columns say—  
What you've preached in them long, and still preach there to-day.  
Don't you tell us your streets, (spring and fall of each year)  
More like deep muddy quagmires than streets do appear?  
Don't you say that this three years, in trying to get  
Deep lake water, you've only got deeply in debt,  
While your Water Commissioners (deep fellows they)  
Make your shallow-pates drink shallow mud from the bay?  
Don't your paid engineers stay away when they choose?  
Don't the pipes that they sink to stay under refuse?  
What is your great filtering basin, I pray,  
But an engine to filter your dollars away?  
Why, you've thrown more cash into that hole, it appears,  
Than would keep us in water for fifty long years;  
And you think that you'll give that up! Quite right; so do;  
But take my advice, and give Yorkville up too.  
Then your salaries! Why, you have hundreds down there  
Getting wages which make us Yorkvillians stare.  
You could get better men at rates lower, you know,  
But year after year still increasing you go.  
Pitch cash right and left, like a parcel of fools,  
For new stations, court-houses, dead-houses, and schools.  
All very good things; but we'd have you to know,  
Up here, we'll want them ere in debt we shall go.  
Why, what's coming on you, in a year or two, pray?  
Your taxes will drive all your business away.  
Money's flush while the process of borrowing lasts,  
But when pay-day arrives all the flushness is past.  
Do you think men of income with you will remain,  
While for half of the cash they can elsewhere obtain  
Better houses? No, friend, take this lesson from me,  
Turn a new leaf quite over, and then we shall see,  
And just leave the business of Yorkville alone,  
Till you prove yourself able to manage your own.  
The fact is, my good sir, all your contracting rings  
Believe that in Yorkville some very good things  
Might be got. They've squeezed you till you're very near dry,  
And they'd like their compressors on Yorkville to try.  
But we really think that perhaps we may do  
Without them, and also, dear sir, without you.  
What's your fancy, I'd like, too, extremely to know,  
In remarking to Yorkville, a few days ago,  
That if she annexation with you should not choose  
You all future "extension" to her will refuse?  
Now, my friend of the *Globe*, though the Bench you can jaw,  
And suppose yourself pinnacled over the law,  
I'm not in your dominions. If I choose to spread  
I'll not ask your permission. Good-bye. I have said.

### From Hon. E. Blake to Hon. Mr. Mackenzie.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

London, July, 1876.

My Dear Sir:—

THE mail just received brings news of the extremely severe strictures Mr. Judge WILSON has considered fit to pass on the conduct of our highly respected supporter Hon. Mr. BROWN of the *Globe*, and of the manly outburst of honest indignation with which Hon. Mr. BROWN repelled the unauthorized attack. However anxiously I shall watch over, however carefully guard, the full prerogative of the judiciary, it shall never, while under my superintendence, degenerate to a channel of personal antipathy, or an exhibition of partizan rancour.

Accept, sir, the assurances of my highest consideration,

E. BLAKE.

N.B.—(Very private and confidential)—I suppose we must punish WILSON—reduce salary, superannuate, or something. You know what G. B. is. Have to. By the way, will these elections do harm? What are the prospects?

E. B.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE TO HON. MR. BLAKE.

Ottawa, July, 1876.

Ma Dear Sir:—

Ye'll understand in a word, the outlook is as bad as possibly can be. Protection carries a' before it. We hae committet oorselves ower deeply to try the Protection dodge, and I fear we maun resign shortly. We maun be content. For my part, I never even handlet previously the amount o' cash whilk has come honestly my way since takin' office. Ye yoursel' needna' grumble. Ye're salary has been decent, and the countingt advantages to ye're connection simply enormous. Consider, ye wad gang back to practice wi' a vastly adverteesed name. Or, if ye wad choose a judgeship, there wad be time.

Ye'res varra truthfully,

A. MACKENZIE.

HON. MR. BLAKE TO HON. MR. MACKENZIE.

London, July, 1876.

Sir:—In the light afforded by additional information, I now consider it my duty to inform you that the extremely gross attack by the person BROWN on His Honor Justice WILSON is a direct assault on the known privileges of the Bench, and a blow, the more aggravated that it is unprompted, levelled against the most sacred outworks of that glorious constitution of which I have ever been the expounder and defender. It is utterly impossible that I should remain in a Ministry numbering among its chief supporters a person capable of such presumption.

Yours,

E. BLAKE.

N.B.—You will be good enough to remember that I have never committed myself on Free Trade.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE TO HON. MR. BLAKE.

Ottawa, July, 1876.

Ma Dear Sir:—

It is no sae bad. We hae wan South Wellington, and we may still hae a gude working majority.

Ye'res vera respectfully,

A. MACKENZIE.

HON. MR. BLAKE TO HON. MR. MACKENZIE.

London, July, 1876.

My Dear Sir:—

It will be judicious, with that contingency in view, to allow all to remain in abeyance. With every feeling of respect and sympathy, sir, believe me,

Yours,

E. BLAKE.

Comment by A. M. on last.—"Ye'd be for making tairms wi' the ithers. But they'd no have ye."

SELDOM COMES A BETTER.—The last *Mail* Centennial man was rather too well informed; the new one is not so troubled. Here he is on ordnance:—"Immediately within the entrance of the door is a model of the Barbette gun; it is planted within a miniature fortress, and is generally called a siege gun, it being too heavy for field manœuvring." GRIP need not inform his readers that guns on the upper parapet or upper deck are said to be *en barbette*, and that any gun so placed is a barbette gun. Then follows a cock and bull description of a fort, which proves neither more nor less than that some old soldier has been "stuffing" the correspondent. Where is General FLOOD? Ah, whin he and GRIP, amid the roar of cannon, and the air as thick as porridge wid screechin' bombshells, grenades, round and grape, shrapnel and musket bullets, sthormed the Malakoff along wid Pelissier, wouldn't he have laughed while radin' that paragraph to beguile the ascint? Bedad, he would.