

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Ogster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Theatrical.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—MR. F. W. ROBINSON, the distinguished English Actor, is the star at this house the present week. His acting is very graceful and finished, and all who desire to spend an evening of pleasantry should take this opportunity of seeing him.

Good as Ever.

BELFORD'S *Magazine* and the *Fortnightly Review* for the current month have reached GRIP'S table, and insure a delightful feast of reason as usual.

Little Stories.

I.

There was once a funny old person,
Named Senator D. L. MACPHERSON,
Who a pamphlet did write
So learned and bright
That it set the Grit party a-cursin'.

But this great man felt taken down rather,
When 'twas found that he wasn't the author,
But he got the job done
By some humbled one,
Thus taking the praise without bother.

II.

There once was a sheet called the *Mail*,
Which alleged that fraud did prevail
In the "Central Committee,"
(Supposed to be Gritty)—
But when challenged for proof, it turned tail.

New Drama—"The Unfortunate Citizen."

SCENE—*The backwoods. CITIZEN ruralizing for benefit of his health. COUNTRY URCHIN detailed from farm to take CITIZEN out shooting.*

CITIZEN (*who has done about four miles of steep mountain climbing in the bush*).—Do you think, my boy, there is any chance of our seeing partridges?

BOY.—Lots of 'em somewhar. I always skeers up heaps of 'em round here. Queer as none of 'em shows to day. (*Noise heard in distance.*) Thar's one drummin' on a log. Come along, mister. (*Rushes off.*)

CITIZEN, (*greatly excited, tumbles off slippery log into mass of hemlock stubs, emerges from thicket of underbrush with scratched face.*)—Where? where? where?

BOY.—Here, here, (*Citizen runs panting after, catches him, and they presently approach partridge on log pluming its feathers, CITIZEN goes to cock the gun, hits the hammer with back of his hand—Bang!*)—partridge exit with loud whirr.)

CITIZEN.—Bless my soul! Never did such a thing before! What a fine bird! Let's go after him.

BOY (*rather tired of the hill*).—He's flewed to the low lands. They always does go thar about noon, (*they travel two miles down hill and get into big swamp.*)

CITIZEN (*who is now perched on hammock among elder bushes*)—Do they ever come here?

BOY.—Lots and lots? Very skeerce to-day. Thar! I sees one. (*Skips over bog; Citizen dashes furiously after; sinks deep in black swamp muck; splashes through it, trips on root and tumbles; gets up with face and hands covered.*)

BOY (*staring up*).—Look, look!
CITIZEN (*Sees on branch above big bird astonished at fuss; takes aim—Bang!—bird falls.*)—Splendid partridge!

BOY.—Young howl.
CITIZEN (*throwing it away*).—So it is. Beastly place. Let's get back to dinner. I'm all mud (*wipes his face with great bunch of leaves.*)

BOY.—Snakes alive! Whatyer doin'? Them's nettles, Lor you'll hev a face tomorrer!

CITIZEN.—Hang it all! (*Washes his face in black pond.*) Hullo! (*jerks his head up*). What—What's that? Damn 'em! Pull 'em off!

BOY (*pulls two good sized leeches off Citizen's face*).—Horrid creeters them blood-suckers be; they aint pyson, though.

CITIZEN.—Come along! Let's get out of this! (*Splashes off followed by boy.*)

ACT II.

NEXT DAY—FISHING.

CITIZEN (*Holding out big fishing pole under shade of tree; boy scaring off mosquitoes with branch*).—If you had not to waive that thing, I might catch a fish, if there ever was one in the river!

BOY.—Carn't stop waivin' we'd be bit to all tarnashun. Thar's a bite! Pull!

CITIZEN (*Gives tremendous pull and hauls up awful looking open-mouthed object*).—A great catfish! Beast! Here, he's swallowed the hook and half the line, (*Spears his finger on sharp fin.*) Darn it! (*Breaks line and throws fish squash against a tree.*) Give me the other hook! (*fishes again.*)

BOY.—Gosh all spiders! (*jumps away*). Look, mister!
CITIZEN (*Hears a peculiar rattling "Zip, zip, zip!" on bank; looks and sees very full-grown rattlesnake—starts back, falls into six feet of remarkably muddy water, gets hold of branch pulls himself out; snake crawls off*).—Guess we'll go home, I don't think there is much fish in this river.

BOY.—We ketches lots. I knows a place a little furdur in the—
CITIZEN.—Yes, "a little further." Don't want to go there. I'm bit to death with mosquitoes; burn't up with nettles; can't see how much clothes I have left for the mud, and am so stiff with walking I can hardly stand. If this is amusement, I want something serious.

(*Exit boy carrying pole.*)

The Water Rate.

It was a worthy citizen
Of credit and renown,
Who long had been well known within
Our big Teronto town.

Who had a lot of houses got
On both sides of the way,
And much did hate big water rate
Upon them all to pay.

And cast around with thought profound,
And exercised his wit,
With labour great to cogitate
How he might lower it.

With heart elate he thought him straight
Upon a certain clause,
A clause unwise, which dead now lies
Among the city laws.

Who never got, and needed not
The city water, he
Would make to pay as well as they
Who used it steadily.

But people say another way
The thing will have to go,
For this would be clear robbery
As honest men do know.

Letter of an Indignant Lady.

TO MR. GRIP:

SIR, Observing that you are the friend of our sex, I write to you in a tone of astonished remonstrance. Why cannot my husband get me all I want?

My desires are moderate. A handsome house, a few horses, two or three carriages, sufficient servants, a seaside residence for summer, and a bank cheque weekly, are all I need—at present.

I am sure you would agree with me that my life would be much more comfortable with these concomitants, and that my husband should see that I could also render him more agreeable, did I possess them.

He will not give me them!!!!
He says he is not able!!!!!!

This is, you will agree with me, utterly unreasonable, when many in no better circumstances do even more for their wives. And he agreed to cherish and protect me!!!!!!

He is in business, and he says the expense would bankrupt him. I agree with him, and tell him that is the very thing necessary. But he will not agree with me!!!!

Now, Sir I am sure you read with pleasure the charming disclosures made in a late bankruptcy case—how the husband didn't know what the entries were, or how much money his wife had had, or what her houses cost, or what the household expenses were, or anything but that she had everything fine, and spent a very charming lot of money indeed. Now I want my husband to do that, and then if necessary begin again, and afterwards do it, and if required do it some more. And he will not!!!!

I am the most injured, the most persecuted the most wretched of women. I sign myself

AN OUTRAGED FEMALE.

Toronto, Oct. 2, 1877.