

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNADY 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, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1876.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—By the horns of the sacred bull we swear that we have never had our imagination tickled so thoroughly as by *Around the World in Eighty days*. We love a Brahmin and dote on a Punka Wallah, and a Byadere fetches us completely. The way *Phileas Fogg* slaughters those Choc-taws and rescues the lovely princess from the insurance agents, exclaiming, "Ah Widdah! I'll see you through!" throws us into the wildest excitement. But when the Brahmins attack the Pacific Railway and pitch all the passengers into the Suez Canal, we can contain ourselves no longer. The train, which was of the fashionable "pull-back" style, was as well up to time as a Grand Trunk midnight express.

The ocean-steamer puffs and blows like a Canadian politician, and as frequently happens to such gentlemen, busts up in mid-sea. But you can't beat *Phileas*. Seizing the wheel and rudder he leaps on a whale's back and steers himself to Liverpool, while the lovely princess and her sweet sister arrive there a few moments before him by telegraph. *M. Passepartout* is a lively valet and his capital acting is accounted for by the fact that he was born in the dramatic atmosphere of Toronto.

We wish we lived at Borneo. The dancing of the girls there is a caution to snake-charmers. Legs there are made of India rubber, which has the double advantage of making you limber and keeping out the wet. And then there is that lively Nock-her-hair off! We would like to have such a slave to fetch our slippers in the evening, even if it were necessary to be Ah-widdah to secure the privilege. We have determined on one thing and that is to join the eccentric club. It is far ahead of the U. E. Club. They have no ballet girls there. We have our eccentricity to secure our admission. If you doubt it, *aspice supra*.

New Nursery Rhyme.

A. was *Anglin* and sat in a chair,
B. was a *Brown* whose grand stand made us stare,
C. was a *Cauchon* unpleasant in smells,
D. was the *Dollars* bought toga for *Wells*.

E. was great *Edward*, no more ill at ease,
F. as a *Fraser* too "loud" was to please,
G. was a *Grit* full of cardinal prin.
H. was a *Huntington* "zactly akin!

I. was an "In," tarred with stick of an "out;"
J. was a *Jenkins*, his biz. sent about.
K. was a *Kingston*, to Johnny inclined,
L. was the *League*, in which "patriots jined."

M. was *Muskoka*, don't want to be there;
N. was the *Nation*, at "pairty" did swear,
O was the "O!" which we all did exclaim,
P. at the *Push* made in purity's name.

Q. was a *question*, for answer did call,
R. why they *robbed* us by salary haul,
S. was "Hon." *Simpson*, of Bowmanville ilks;
T was a "*Thalberg*," discovered by *Wilkes*.

U's *Ultramontane*, and played a bold game,
V. as *Vancouver*, to *Buister* lent fame,
W. was *Wentworth*, and joyed in it's *Joe*,
Xtensively phunny phellow you know.

Y. was a *Young*, of whom better be mute.
Z. was a *Zaney*, but *Wilkes* was a "cute,"
Alphabet's over, Diphthongs be blest,
R. DE DICKE now from rhyming does rest.

"Pity the Sorrows of a Poor School-Marm."

DEAR GRIP;—I am a school teacher; and if ever poor creature stood in need of sympathy and advice—I do.

I cannot tell why it is, but I have always found it difficult to keep good order, and of late matters have grown worse and worse, till I'm fairly at my wick's end—in fact, help I must have or else I shall have to give up.

The suggestions made to me, as to the reason of my failure, have been as varied as—as—the weather nowadays. It is not, I am sure, that I lack knowledge, "my extreme youth and inexperience" is a defect I am remedying day by day. "I have not a sufficiently commanding and awe-inspiring aspect—no presence." I do not know—thankfully would I see the aspect or presence that could strike terror into the minds, and awe-inspire the hearts of the set of pupils nominally under my control. Ah! GRIP, if you only could see "those boys." They are the most downright troublesome, impudent, noisy, idle, mischievous, quarrelsome, "pesky lot" that ever lived. I've alternately coaxed, punished, bribed, scolded, flattered, praised and withheld praise—all to no purpose—I'm head and heart weary. We have the following rule posted conspicuously up in the school-room;—"Pupils are required to be respectful and obedient to their teachers, and to all persons in authority. To speak the truth on all occasions. To be kind and obliging one to another. To refrain from mocking and nicknaming their schoolfellows and others. To strive as far as possible to promote the general well-being of the others, and in fine to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them." That's the rule, it reads well, does it not? Now for the reality. The school is divided into two sections, which follow respectively—the leadership of the two worst and most troublesome boys in the school, MACDONALD and BROWN. It is scarcely possible to imagine the little animosity there is between these rival parties. They carry their partisanship into the most trivial actions. Whatever MACDONALD does, his followers uphold him in his course of action, while those of BROWN do the same for their leader. I shouldn't care if they only wouldn't bother me with their squabbles, but they will and do. In return for their allegiance, the two boys work the sums and do the exercises of their faithful adherents. This again causes the most bitter contention. Just let BROWN obtain an inkling of the method MACDONALD is going to employ in order to solve a difficult problem, and he instantly determines to follow some other. If his way takes him twice as long and involves ever so much more work he doesn't care a bit so long as his plan differs from MACDONALD'S. When I call for the solution, such a hub-bub as there is, it's far better imagined than described. To add to the confusion, a few new pupils have recently entered the school, professedly independent, who, affecting a great contempt for all this party feeling, work their own problems themselves, generally in a different way altogether from either BROWN or MACDONALD'S, infinitely superior (so they think) and of course I am expected to take theirs as the correct method.

One of this class, SMITH by name, gives me no end of trouble. He and RYERSON together, RYERSON is one of the old boys, never let me have a moment's peace. I used to be glad after SMITH first came when these two were quiet for a short time, but now I only feel more anxious, for I know they will soon break out worse than ever. I feel like I do when I see a man with a loaded rifle, aiming at a distant object, or like the people must who live in the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius, something dreadful is coming, and the sooner it comes and the worst is known the better. These two have outgrown (so they think) the moral contained in the well-known lines

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

"Children you should never let your angry passions rise."

I do not know whether they act on the principle and rule of "Doing unto others as they would have others do unto them," if they do, all I can say is that "there's no accounting for taste"—as MEDCALF said when MORRISON was elected.

At any rate if they do not do as they would be done by, they certainly get done by as they do. There are a few who by a little skillful manœuvring appear to profit by all the commotion. They skirmish about among all parties. Now they are with one, now the other. You are never sure where they'll be. They generally succeed in obtaining, both the BROWNIITE and MACDONALDITE solutions, gaining also a little insight into the methods of the Independents, and so come in for *kudos* which ever way I decide.

It is almost a waste of time though, to be talking about problems, etc., especially difficult ones, in connection with these boys. They do not come to school with the intention of learning anything and if they can help themselves they won't. For instance—A question has just been propounded—"What in your opinion is the cause of the present financial depression in the country?" And instead of the answer or even an attempt at one, I am greeted with something like—"Please the BROWNIITES are shoving and I'm nearly off my seat." "Please we never." "Please they are, I saw BROWN give SIMPSON a big push just now, and heard him say—'Pass it on.'" "What in your opinion —?" "Please MACDONALD'S hands are dirty." "Please they ain't, they're as clean as his." "What is the cause of the present —?" "Some one's got my books." "Please I never touched his books" (RYERSON.) Full chorus—"CROOKS is late." "Please I couldn't get in." I'd like to know who could teach or learn anything in such a racket as they keep up. Sins of omission or commission seem to be going on all the time till I feel like a culprit myself. I don't know I'm sure what they'll be good for. If they were only a little quieter they might make good detectives. I believe the sole object of their separate existences is to torment each other—and me. Dear GRIP, what would you advise me to do,

Yours in suspense,

CANADIA.