

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.*

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, 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1876.

The Member for West Toronto.

GRIP is astonished at the extremely rapid administration of justice Mr. ROBINSON has introduced. He thought the *Telegram* man had done wrong in copying an item; he goes and thrashes him. It is very simple. Anything Mr. ROBINSON dots people don't like, he will no doubt expect to be treated in the same manner. Now, a good many people are dissatisfied at him, after making a great many promises at election time, going to Ottawa, taking their pay, and never speaking the whole session in favour of Protection, on which ticket he was elected. Of course they have their legal remedy of electing another, but Mr. R. don't apply for legal remedies. So, to suit him, it is necessary immediately to appoint a committee to thrash Mr. ROBINSON for every time he shirked speaking. There are also a good many others who think that as City Solicitor his pay is a good deal more than is earned. Well, we must not reduce it legally; that's played out. We must pick out some powerful citizen to thrash Mr. ROBINSON with sufficient frequency and sufficiency to make it square. In fact, any one who has any thing against Mr. R. will be thought justified in taking it out of him with his fists. We fancy Mr. R. will soon find out he had better have stuck to the civilized way of doing business. And as the *Telegram* man has really got an undeserved beating, and got small legal redress, we will tell him, that in GRIP's opinion, he has lately been doing a right good work in ferreting out city abuses, and it is by no means unlikely that the very people who sympathized with his assailant in the court were folks whose toes he had properly trodden on. As to the assault, it must be remembered that if settlement by fist be introduced, big men will thrash small men. An appeal will then be made to the pistol. Now, if this be done even in its fairest form, duelling, remembering that in this country it could not be confined to classes, as in others, we ask Mr. R. is he prepared for the event?

The Watchman

The St. John *Watchman* says the liquor traffic is "enough to freeze the blood of Satan." GRIP wishes to know whether the *Watchman* considers this advantageous or otherwise or whether he has interest in the preservation of his acquaintance's "circulation."

The Australian Commissioner.

Of all those little jobs that every one goes fishing for
The jolliest is to be made a travelling Commissioner,
And if you like to gull the fools around you at your ease,
Oh, travel as Commissioner among the colonies.

You with them dine,
You drink their wine,
And while its fumes are mounting,
What dreams of gold
You do unfold
Oh, riches past all counting.

I'm blest if one could make a speech the creatures would't swallow,
Sir.

Quite without criticism you may beat Munchausen hollow, Sir,
If there's a country cheaper near, they'll think, if you them tell,
Their dearer goods, in foreign lands, would its goods undersell;

And like a flash
Away they dash
And print it in the papers,
Till all the land
On end does stand
With cutting joyful capers!

Good heavens, why, the railway cars, which we're from Yankees
taking now,

I told them they could undersell with cars of their own making, now,
In spite of what's before their eyes, that as their way they take
Through Canada, each second car they'll find of Yankee make;

They're puffing full,
Each silly gull;
With gas I've filled 'em gaily,
Their tongues all wag
I'll pack my bag
And sail for far Australy.

Pagil Redivivus.

Sing, O goddess, the wrath, the terrible Robinson's anger,
Who doth not know him?—who knows not the member for Western
Toronto?

He who in Parliament lately sadly and silently sitting,
Pleaded the cause of Protection by his appealing expression,
Forcibly Free Trade attacking with the fierce roll of his eye-balls,
What had they been and done to him?—who elevated his dander?
Had not the base *Advertiser*—is it not published at London?
Said that he took certain moneys—moneys he should not have taken?
Paying therewith his expenses?—did not the *Telegram* careless,
Copy the same—all unmindful that they were the lion arousing?
Mindless that Robinson has been a bruiser and beater of faces,
Mauler of ribs and of jawbones, likewise a puncher of noses?
Then did the lightnings of fury flash from his rubicund visage,
Then did he hastily swallow less than a hundred of raw beef;
Then did he swing all the morning several fifty pound dumb-bells;
Then did he beat all to pieces many stuffed bags in his wood-shed;
Then did he run a long distance, patiently getting his wind up.
Then down the street paced he slowly, great in magnificent grandeur,
Fiercely regarding the sidewalk, hoping his journalist foe man,
What was the editor's horror, who standing taking it easy,
Suddenly horrent before him saw the stern crest of the member?
Pale to his heart all his blood quite on a sudden receded,
All the ill-deeds of his life-time flashed in a moment before him,
All that the *Telegraph* did—all that the *Telegram* meant to—
Wildly and vacantly stared he everywhere round him for succour—
Looking out nine ways for Sunday, and finally failing to see it
What would he then have bestowed, had the tall figure of GOLDWIN
Borne him away to The Grange, even as Venus *ÆNEAS*.
What time *ATRIDES* ferocious pressed through the conflict against him.
No; there was no one to save him; calmly the Parliamentarian,
Balancing firm in his posture, shot out his fist from the shoulder.
Stunningly straight went his mauley—neither Deaf BURKE nor TOM
SAVERS

Ever put in his right with more delicate feeling of distance.
Where in its bony surrounding rolled the scared editor's optic,
Crashing it came, and the skull sent outward a resonance hollow,
Such as you hear when the clapper smites the great bell in the town-
hall.

Far through the street went the sound, and the firemen rushed to their
hose-reels.

Fireworks many and bright ROBERTSON often had looked at.
All of them now, with some more, which he had not known existed,
Burst on his sight in a flash, forming a vision of glory,
Prone in the gutter he sank, meaning to view it at leisure.
Puzzled looked upwards to see it, like as a fish out of water
Lies in a crack of the wharf-top, ignorant where he has got to.

"Thus," said the victor triumphant, viewing the body before him,
"Thus may it ever occur to the maligners of members!
Thus have I proved that I gobbled nothing of money unfairly.
Thus have I proved that I did not hook any cash for expenses,
No one can doubt it henceforward; or if he venture to doubt it,
I all his doubts will resolve just in the very same manner."
Proudly he turned from the field where he had glory acquired.
Shaping his course for his home, shortly was lost in the distance.
Slowly the editor riseth, even as one on a door-step,
Sleeping off fumes in the morning, getting up rubbeth his eye-lids,
Wondering where he had been to, also how he had come back.
Nothing he knew, but his headpiece did in a manner inform him
That the locality round must be extremely unhealthy.

Suddenly flashed it upon him, filling him solid with horror,
What it was to him had happened—all the abuse he had suffered.
He, who had lately appeared, bearing a flaming prospectus—
He, the chief friend of the city, come to reform all its evils—
He, the proprietor known—eke as the publisher also—

Publish it never in Gath—tell not on Askelon's housetops—
He of the *Telegram* had been flattened and left in the roadway—
Rolling in dust, and contracting divers most horrible odours.
Straightway like *Pistol*, he swore that he would have horrible vengeance.
For there in Gilead was balm—also McNAB in Toronto.

Instantly thither he travelled, and savagely took out a summons,
Then did they meet in the court—then did the lawyer harangue them,
Namely the erudite FOSTER, calling for damages grievous,
Getting but paltry five dollars, whereat in woe and in sorrow,
Straight from the presence out started he of the *Telegram* paper,
Sadly resolving that this one was not a world fit to live in.
Grimly determined that some one never again should be member,
Also convinced that there greatly was a new Magistrate needed,
Now will GRIP finish this canto, tired of classical metres.

GRIP hears by cable that Her Majesty, in consideration of Mr.
ROBINSON'S silence at Ottawa, and his exploit in Toronto, has been
graciously pleased to grant him a new heraldic device. The shield is to
bear a dummy rampant.