

## 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, 7TH APRIL, 1877.

### From our Box.

THE friends of MR. ALEX. FITZGERALD will be pleased to hear that he met with a severe accident at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House on Monday evening, by falling through a trap door. They will be still further delighted to learn that on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings he met with the same mishap, and that he will be equally unfortunate for the rest of the week and at the Saturday matinee. He deserves it, for a more *Darvly* mean heavy villian never interfered with the affairs of EARL WALCOT or any other English nobleman. This trap door the murderous FITZ. had arranged for the purpose of destroying the life of Mrs. WALCOT, who is a most estimable lady, and one of the very finest actresses Toronto has yet seen. GRIP was terribly agitated as he sat in his box and saw the whole job put up on the unconscious lady, and it was with the most savage joy that he saw the wretched *Fitzdarvly* tumble through his own trap (on to the feather bed behind the scenes.) He deserved this fate, moreover, for having shot good old BEN ROGERS, and thus choked off the man who was making all the fun of the piece. No—not *all* the fun, for SEMBLAR was the author of a large amount of laughter with his fantastic monkey-shines and Fredvokesisms. There were many other delightful things in the play besides the collapse of Mr. FITZGERALD. There was the acting of Mr. WALCOT, which deserves hearty praise; and the gorgeous scenery; and the magnificence of QUEEN ELIZABETH SAFFORD'S pageant—and her collar; and Her Majesty's brass band—the one you read about in *Kenilworth*, the Queen's Own band; then there were crowds of young ladies marching in endless variety—some square and some round and many pretty; and lastly there was any quantity of good new music. Everybody ought to go and see the splendid play of *Amy Robsart*.

### The Contracting Man.

This grabber's the worst of the grabbers for tm,  
Who to rob our poor treasury think it no sin,  
Now listen a moment, if listen you can,  
While I tell you the dodge of the con-tracting man.

The con-tracting man he walks out in the street,  
With his hat all so new, and his coat all so neat,  
And his eyes all around him are carefully bent  
Looking out if more cash cannot somewhere be spent.

And proceeding along with air jaunty and free,  
He accosts certain aldermen, one, two, and three,  
And remarks, if they could such a job about bring,  
That perhaps they might find there was cash in the thing.

And it's odd that the job of which that day they spoke,  
Just as lightly as if the whole thing were a joke,  
Soon comes up in the Council; the vote shuffles past,  
And the con-tracting man gets the work at the last.

One don't know if the members go shares in the plan,  
And get bonuses each from the con-tracting man;  
But the voice of the people will not be forbid,  
From declaring it last summer seemed that they did.

Now, GRIP'S just got a small proposition to make,  
Just a trap in which some of these gentry he'd take,  
Let some citizens offer some hundreds to pay  
For conviction of those who make cash in this way.

A good solid reward paid for evidence such  
As exposure secures, sometimes will bring out much.  
It is needed, or something is needed that can  
Narrow somewhat the scope of the con-tracting man.

### Startling but True.

WE have no Established Church in Canada, thank fortune; but we have something worse—an Established Newspaper. \$2000 worth of stock in the *Mail* came out of the public purse, via the Northern Railway. This is what troubles our venerable friend JAMES BEATY.

### Grit Tyranny and Injustice.

GRIP is a bird of no special political party. Like SHAKESPEARE he is for mankind in general; and his wing is spread to shelter the objects of tyranny and injustice wherever they may be found. Just now he feels called upon to stretch that royal pinion over the Ottawa Correspondents of the Conservative papers of the Country, who are evidently suffering the most unwonted ill-treatment at the hands of MACKENZIE or some other minion of the party in power. Probably it is the door-keeper of the Secret Service and Northern Railway Committee Room, because the particular act of Grit tyranny to which GRIP refers is the exclusion of these Conservative newspaper representatives from the meetings of the committee just named. There can be no reasonable ground for this action on the part of the government. If the investigations going on are public, as they ought to be and professedly are, it is a piece of gross and criminal favouritism to let the Grit reporters in and shut the Tory ditto out. This is what MACKENZIE is doing, apparently. GRIP judges so from the fact that the correspondents of the Conservative papers do not send up anything at all about the Secret Service and Northern Railway business, whereas the Grit correspondents send whole columns. Now, these reporters are all vigilant and industrious fellows, and to say that the Grit ones are able to find a great deal of deeply interesting matter to report that the Tory ones never hear of, is to make a comparison untrue as well as "odorous." GRIP is certain it is not the fault of the reporters that the Conservative press is deprived of so much good reading matter. Then it must be MACKENZIE'S fault; and the only conclusion we can come to is that, as already intimated, he is crushing the freedom of the press beneath his despotic heel, and keeping the Opposition reporters out of the committee meetings. Either that, or else the Opposition Editors think the reports of these investigations "unfit for publication," and keep them out of their papers themselves. It is between the Premier and the Editors. After all, very likely it is the Editors.

### April the First.

IT is high time that the license should be taken away from the first day of April. This thing of playing off cruel practical hoaxes on unsuspecting people, under the protection of abarbarious mislabeled Custom, should be stopped. It is evil in its tendency, and particularly demoralizing to the parties played upon whenever the trick succeeds. This year, All Fool's day fell on Sunday, but veneration for the Sabbath did not abate the universal nuisance of practical joking. GRIP advocates the expunging of April First from the Christian Almanac, and to prove that this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, he submits to his readers a brief account of a few specimens of the foolishness indulged in last Sunday. The perpetrators of the following tricks intended "fun" they say, but the victims quite failed to discover anything of that sort about them:—

From Sarnia we learn that our esteemed friend McVICAR, editor of our esteemed contemporary the *Canadian*, was seen going to church with a huge bundle of *Boiler-Tubing* pinned to his coat-tail, and a large pasteboard tag fastened thereto, bearing the superscription "*Rule Nisi Granted.*" This is commonly supposed to have been the work of the editor of the *Observer*, done at the instigation of Mr. MACKENZIE or some other "Friend at Court."

From Whitby comes the intelligence that Mr. W. H. HIGGINS received per express, bearing the Toronto mark, a very choice keg of O'KEEFE'S Sparkling Ale, accompanied by a letter through the post saying that the present was sent in recognition of the manly stand taken by the *Chronicle* against the Dunkin Act. The keg was tapped and a pitcher was held under the faucet for several hours—in vain. Something aled it. On removing the hoops and lifting off the head, it was found that the keg contained a bat with a brick in it, and an assortment of Dunkin editorials clipped from the *Gazette*. Mr. FERGUSON, the license inspector, is suspected of this.

From Ottawa we have word to the effect that a party of five, consisting of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Dr. TEPPER, DALTON MCCARTHY, MACKENZIE BAWELL and Dr. ORTON, all disguised as Farmers, waited on Mr. CARTWRIGHT, the Finance Minister, and petitioned him to put a protective duty on Indian corn. The gentlemen enacting the Farmers of course intended this merely as a joke, but to their dismay CARTWRIGHT promised he would. And now the question which agitates the Capital is whether he will have the hardihood to carry this threat out practically in his next tariff, and thus ruin the *bona fide* farmers of the country. This sufficiently shows the wickedness of April Fooling.

One more case has come to light in Toronto. The victim was no less a personage than GEORGE BROWN. That gentleman was just finishing an article on the "Secret Service Corruption," when a messenger arrived with a package addressed in the handwriting of Mr. DYMOND, apparently. The messenger said he had come straight from Ottawa, and that the package contained "the latest revelations." Mr. B. in his impetuous manner, pitched his all but finished article into the fire, and got clean paper to commence a more timely one. Then he opened the package, and found it to contain a long affidavit made by TOM WHITE JR., in the Case of the HUNTINGTON Copper-Mining Co. The messenger will probably recover.

GRIP demands that April fooling be forthwith prohibited.