

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Jaa; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyster; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

Lines Written at the Request of a Friend.

Be ſure and ſee the Royal Yeddo Japs.
Royal Opera Houſe next Thursday night—moſt clever chaps.

Mrs. Caudle in Canada.

LETTER NO. 2.

Sleep indeed! sleep! eh Mr. CAUDLE? as if you had not enough of it every night of your life. Nine full hours, as you express it, of most delightful and blissful ignorant existence, and in the face of this, you positively endeavor to refrain from listening to the organ of speech of me, your true and lawful wife, and have the impudence to say you wish there was an impediment to check its rattle, but as long as I've breath in my body there will be no such, and you must and *shall* listen, and keep your ears open, to your wife's sayings and doings. But I alarm and frighten you, do I, Mr. CAUDLE, by my loud vociferation. Marm indeed! Is there not a verification, in the general statement, that many domestic animals—not that you are one by-the-bye—have in some country or other, drooping ears, and that, as in your case, you somnolent wretch, in consequence of disease of the muscles of the ear, such animals are not at all alarmed by danger. Alarm indeed, I repeat, at a woman's tongue. Why should you be, or pretend to be, frightened in this or any other country by the soothing eloquence of a distressed and loving wife? But I am digressing, what I wanted to talk to you about is the living here, the existence as you would perhaps denominate it, of ourselves. To speak plainly and unreservedly, I mean our meals and the vast number of them. Breakfast, yes Mr. CAUDLE—breakfast—and a jolly good breakfast the fast it is you say—*meat*, potatoes, bread and butter, tea or coffee—as if the *four, last mentioned* were not amply sufficient, but you must create disease and increase your corpulency and dullness of comprehension with *meat* for breakfast, *meat* for dinner, and *meat* for tea, as if eating it once a day was not amply sufficient and nourishing for one's constitution. It is the over feeding in the country, that is one of its greatest banes I tell you, and while I rule this house, must and shall be put a stop to within it—it is frivolous, vexatious, expensive, and in my opinion absolutely wicked and wrong, and when I Mr. CAUDLE, say, and do say it, that it equals the vice of dram drinking, I think I am not far wrong. Meat once a day is nutritious and wholesome, beyond that, it is gluttonish, and the frequent partaking of it, the seat of many, ah, very many an incurable and painful disease—ending alone in death—I, yes I, Mr. CAUDLE feeble woman as I am, plainly tell you, that, in this new country of ours, this over-feeding is a subject to both of us of the most vital importance and demands to be treated first as a matter of principle, and next of justice, to ourselves. I alluded to dram drinking, and suppose I did, Mr., for once wide awake, CAUDLE, is not that a most deplorable vice? You don't consider it so eh; As if you were entitled or possibly could form any idea, or deliver an opinion, on any possible subject whatever. What's that you called me you unfeeling human pyramid, "A Splenetic Diatribist" oh! for mercy's sake don't, oh! don't, expect it, or I shall die outright, you villainous, ungrateful, slumbering contortion of humanity. I drink whiskey twice a day, do I, Oh! CAUDLE, what will become of you for uttering such falsities. Do I though, explain yourself, if you possibly can, or retreat, retreat I say, from such a malicious unfounded falsehood. What! I take milk with tea twice a day, supposing I do, what then? Contains alcohol and whiskey does it, oh what diabolical thoughts you must have. The cows of the city are fed and kept alive six months of the year on the refuse and swill of the distilleries, are they, indeed! and if the lactary obtained from these animals, miscalled milk, was analyzed I should find a table spoonful or two of intoxicating spirit in every pint. Should I indeed, Mr. CAUDLE and this is how, you villainous wretch, you bring home to me the atrocious crime of being a dram drinker, oh! gracious goodness me, what is the world coming to, when I hear of such wickedness. But I don't believe it, I cannot, and will not credit it, that in any christian country, such doings should be and are countenanced—why man alive, wake up and listen to me! What hundreds of infants must yearly perish by it, if it's true, as you say, but I don't believe it—you do, do you, and what! it's given to the poor dear animals, fresh and hot from the distillers,—and the creatures enjoy it, and more so, than you would a tumbler of hot grog on a cold winter's night, because they won't even touch it when it is cold. Oh, CAUDLE! Oh, CAUDLE! is this truth you're uttering or is it said only to annoy and tease your poor miserable wife. I feel so indignant though, at what you've told me, that I'll rest myself a while, and leave you alone, till to-morrow night, to your nasty somnolency.

"That Blessed Baby!"

Auspicious now be every Muse!
Canada's Baby claims my verse.
Oh were I chin-deep in the blues
That name must make them all disperse.
A babe so various that—not one—
But e'en a neat epitome
Of every babe beneath the sun
This blessed baby seems to be.

There's JASON, THESEUS, HERCULES,
And AEDIPUS who went for SPHINX—
But oh! my CLIO what are these,
Or others, when compared with GINX?
'Bout heroes ancient well I know
Enormous yarns you're wont to tell—
But GINX where'er he makes a show
To GINX alone is parallel!

There's nothing GINX doth fail to touch
And all he touches he adorns,
He's fairly what folks call non-such,
But ah! his path is set with thorns.
Around him every little frog
With envy swelled is like to burst,
And malice doth his footsteps dog
Because in all things he is first.

Oh! GINX thou shepherd of the band
Who here from bondage do repair—
Thou MOSES of the promised land
(Thyself alas! not entering there!)
It was a true report I bet,
Which to us made thy glory known
Before it was our lot to get
Great GINX entirely for our own!

Howbeit want of faith I ween,
Possessed us many a time and oft;
But now that thee we've heard and seen,
We gladly throw our caps aloft!
And own 'tis plain unto the view,
Not half the truth those tales conveyed,
And that thy wise belongings do
Put every story in the shade..

Happy this land—this people—which
Has got thee for its own I wis:
Happy the statesman who did pitch
On thee to do our English biz,
But happier they whom Fortune dear
Doth for thy service high prefer—
Who stand, and all thy wisdom hear
Within thy court at Westminster!

RICHARD DE DICKE.

Wanted to Know, You Know.

1. How it is the Ontario Registrar-General takes a whole year to prepare his statement of vital statistics for the year preceding?
2. Whether there is any probability of the Dominion or Ontario "Progressionists" giving the country "vital statistics" worth a bad cent, in the next fifty years?
3. Whether Mr. MACKENZIE, or Mr. MOWAT thinks that, while—according to the London Times—every foot of advance in sanitary progress in Britain has been due to the valuable (and reliable) statistics emanating from Somerset House—the following is a good statistical show for a "Reform" Government for the capital of Ontario? "Deaths registered in one week in July—five!" Number of interments, same month, in the city cemeteries, 1911!"
4. Or this?—"Toronto deaths registered in 1871—452; enumerated in census report for same year, 834; estimated deaths, (Registrar General,) 1177; interments in cemeteries 1,911!"
5. How much longer the political, social, sanitary, or educational investigator, will find himself brought to a dead stand almost at the threshold of his inquiries owing to the utter lack of reliable statistics?
6. What our Dominion and Provincial executives unitedly, or singly think of the statement in a New Brunswick paper, that in the important point of vital statistics "the Canadian Dominion is at the bottom scale of civilized nations!"
7. How it is when Mr. ADAM CROOKS is away electioneering, no one is left in charge of the Department of the Treasury of Ontario with authority to discharge the duties of that office?

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