

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY 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, 20TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

John A's Trouble.

Oh, Hard Times, do not go away!
Stay by me till election day;
Thou art my tactics and my friend,
My hopes for Power on thee depend!

Mem. for Candidates.

"There is no royal road to learning," but that don't make any practical difference so long as there is a royal road to the examination papers prior to the competition for certificates.

Aquatic Anthem.

(a la Charles Lever.)

There was a young fellow called Ross, d'ye see,
Who said in a boat none was boss but he;
Till a fellow called NEDDY
Cried, "WALLACE, I'm ready
To prove that you ain't, to your loss, that's me!

For I'm an Ontario man, Beware!
The king of the rowlock I am; take care;
I'm ready to meet you,
And likewise to beat you,
I'll stake my last copper I can, I swear."

Then WALLACE, arrayed in his best, Heigho!
Jumped on the cars to the west to go,
With his pockets well lined,
(For Toronto was kind)—
To put this proud boast to the test, that's so.

But NEDDY sustained his proud boast, I say;
There assembled to see it a host that day;
By four hundred feet,
New Brunswick was beat,
Long life to NED HANLAN's my toast, Hurray!

Now though my short story is done now hawl
Three cheers for New Brunswick's stout son, so tall;
For though not the boss,
A good one is ROSS,
So give him a bumper each one and all!

How Children are Trained in Canada.

MOTHER.—WILLIE, go fetch a stick of wood.

WILLIE (*Boy of twelve*).—I've a sore finger. SAM, you go.

MOTHER.—Go, SAM.

SAM (*Ten*).—I wunt. He can go well enough.

MOTHER.—You go, ANDREW.

ANDREW (*Eight*).—I wunt. They was told first.

MOTHER.—If you were any good, MINNIE, you'd have brought some sticks.

MINNIE (*Girl of twelve with dirty face, sitting on chair*).—I can't do everything.

MOTHER.—Can't you fetch a stick of wood, JOE?

JOE (*Fourteen, whittling stick*).—There's a knock at the door (*escapes into street*).

MOTHER (*Who has high notions of her children, and has let them have their own way from birth*).—Well, must the fire go out?

FATHER (*Roughly, in loud voice from corner where he is smoking*).—Be off some of you for wood, or I'll thrash you all round! (*And the youngest boy goes crying*).

N. B.—This sort of thing is far from uncommon, and Canadians wonder why old country children—who if saucy generally have their ears boxed as soon as they know they have ears—get on better in the world, and possess more force and vigour of character than their own.

The Beef we Eat—What Should be Done.

FARMER.

Say, boy of mine, who helpeth me
To harrow and to plough,
What thinkest can the matter be
With that big brindle cow?

BOY.

That cow its head it hangeth down,
And milk it giveth not,
It swelleth up—I bet a crown
A fever it hath got.

FARMER.

That cow is very fat to-day,
And is not very well,
E'er she get worse thou must her slay
And to the butcher sell.

BUTCHER.

Those quarters thou hast brought to me
Have but a flabby feel,
The animal was sick, I see,
Straightway the truth reveal.

THE END.

That farmer to the justice stern
They straightway did convey,
In prison, when the truth they learn,
He lies for many a day.

"Black Sheep."

GRIP desires to congratulate the editor of the *Globe* on that excellent sermon of his against filthy newspaper writing, preached on Thursday morning. But how comes it that he didn't point his moral by referring to the Hon. DAVID MILLS, instead of the Apostle of Rib-Stabbing.

The article by YATES, in the *London World*, he describes, and quite properly, as "probably the coarsest and most vulgar composition to which any London editor for these fifty years has put his hand." That article was directed against ROBERT BUCHANAN, the Scotch Poet, and the substance of it was that, some years ago, R. S. had good practical cause to "bless the Duke of Argyle." That was certainly nasty and creepy language, but is it any worse than that of the Hon. Philosopher, who the other day, in a public speech, said that JOHN A. was infested with vermin? Let the *Globe* editor preach again, and tell us what he thinks of Cabinet Ministers who go for inspiration to the dirty slums of London journalism.

The School Trusteeships.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR.—I am visiting in the country, and would like your opinion as to the best means of obtaining a very agreeable sort of situation I find is common here—I mean a School Trusteeship. A great many good things frequently go with it. You can hire your female or male relatives to be teachers at a deal higher salaries than they are worth, and there is nothing to prevent you getting a little bonus from each. You can employ your friend to paint the school-house, and he will paint yours for nothing, and make well by the job. You can get another friend to plant trees, and another to build the school shed, and renew the fence. Sometimes you have the building of a school, which may prove the erection of your fortune. No learning is necessary; in fact, it is considered rather a hindrance, while the possession of principles is a complete bar to success. Not having either, I know I am competent, and would solicit your advice.

Yours truly,

Muddy Hollow, Oct. 17, 1877.

EMIGRATUS.

Where Do They Go?

GRIP is in a moralizing mood, and sitteth in the corner of his study devoted to that purpose. What he is considering may be briefly stated as follows: If there be a future state—if it be divisible into happy and otherwise, and if from the first division are banished the spirits of the untruthful. Reflection No. 1.

What he next propounds to himself is this. When a number of politicians, editors, members of Parliament, placeholders, placewisshers, and partyists, continually report, state, and declare matters in which one half of the declarants necessarily state that which they must know untrue, so public are the facts, and so widely do the statements differ. Reflection No. 2.

In successive order of consideration it occurs to him to ask, seeing that this is the case, whether these politicians, editors, members, placeholders, placewisshers, and partyists, can possibly escape being consigned to the most disagreeable division of the future state. Reflection No. 3.

Following it up he considers it were well if a civil enquiry by post, prepaid, were sent to each of these individuals, demanding "Do you know where you are going?" Reflection No. 4.

GRIP ceaseth to moralize, and proceedeth to dinner.