

# 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, OCTOBER 23RD, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

THEODORE TILTON.—By all means.

BALD HEAD.—Your best head-gear would be a bear skin.

JOSH BILLINGS.—We can't accept your contribution as your orthography is not good.

SOUTH SIMCOE.—Dr. SNELLING is still alive. He has been out for your Constituency for a long time.

ROSE HANNAH.—We would advise you not to take to heart the denial by the *Whitby Gazette* man the authorship of those beautiful verses on "Shuniah Mine." It is a way newspaper men have. He will doubtless write to you shortly and explain matters. He has spent many sleepless nights since you parted.

### From Our Box.

BLIND TOM, the wonderful negro boy, said to be the greatest natural pianist of the present day appears to-night in the Music Hall.

MR. JOSEPH WHEELOCK is the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. He takes his benefit to-night, when *Romeo and Juliet* will be placed on the boards.

CALLENDER'S Georgia Minstrels played to crowded houses at the Royal Opera House, last Friday and Saturday nights. Their performances are artistic, unique and free from the vulgarity too often mistaken for wit.

### Song of a Board (A Great Deal Bored.)

We're a board, we're a board, of Toronto the pride,  
We lay down the roadways and walks at the side,  
We see to the workings with skill and with care,  
And keep this fair city in thorough repair.

Engineers never fail us, and what if they do?  
We care not one jot, for between me and you,  
We do as we like, and we claim all the praise,  
So what should we mind what an engineer says!

And should he turn rumbustical we know how we can have him,  
His helps are private friends of ours, so there's nothing there to save  
him,

His orders are neglected, or we alter what he's planned,  
Then sack him as incompetent, so keep the game in hand.

Job, job, job,  
We make a scapegoat of him, while we job, job, job.

What matters it if things go wrong, as some folks say they do, sirs!  
And artists about us write that surely can't be true, sirs;  
We treat such scoffers with disdain, their letters with derision,  
And say that they are suffering from "obliquity of vision."

Job, job, job,  
We spend the public's money, while we job, job, job.

And if we sometimes disagree,<sup>o</sup>

And have a verbal fight,  
It's all between ourselves you see,  
And safe to come all right.

With resolutions, laws (a few),  
And motions grand and riders,  
The only thing we've got to do,  
Is keep clear of outsiders.

So we job, job, job,  
We keep the ball a'rolling, while we job, job, job.

And should the public still complain,  
And try their utmost to restrain  
Our spending of their dollars.

We let such noodles have their bent,  
Their muddy, maudlin sentiment,  
For upon works we are intent  
And we are all apt scholars.

We know where we can have them too,  
We will pick out some avenue  
Where there is nothing much to do,  
And lay a side-walk all way through,  
With oaken planks and gravel.  
Then send forth gangs with pick and spade,  
Right down to where the sidewalk's laid;  
And there we'll have a sewer made,  
So none can up there travel.

And when it's finished all complete  
We will again pick up the street  
For water pipe must surely meet  
And join into it's main, sirs.

Then when that small affair is done,  
The houses emptied one by one,  
We will in glee inspect the fun,  
Then lay it down again sirs.

And so, hurrah! for Boards of Works, for they are awful jolly,  
They never do a thing that's wrong, nor e'er commit a folly;  
They only ease the public mind by taking all the care sirs,  
Some say they ease the public purse, but that is their affair sirs.

So they Job, job, job,  
To Erebus will go sirs, while they job, job, job,

### Horatian Fragment.

ON THE CANDIDATURE OF REMIGIUS ELMSLEY, ESQ.

Ad Rem Publicam.  
*To Remy a public man.*

O navis referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus. O quid agis? Fortiter occupa  
Portum. Nonne vides ut  
Nudum remigio latus?

*Weak vessel, you essay a dangerous tide.  
Stick to your porter. Why desert it thus?  
Do you not see how few are on your side  
Remigius?*

E(s)t malus celeri saucius Africo,  
Antennæque gemunt, ac sine funibus  
Vix durare carinæ  
Possint imperiosius

Æquor.

*The lively African has "sass" in store,  
The polls shall groan. Unless you know the ropes,  
Of bearing up against the surge and roar  
Forego all hopes.*

Iactes et genus et nomen inutile,  
Nil pictis-timidus navita puppibus  
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis  
Debes ludibrium, cave.

*You'll boast your family, and empty name,  
As if such getwags timid votes could save!  
The windy orators shall slight your fame.:  
Be warned in time and—cave.*

### Election Notes.

HALTON.—CLAY is in the *field* recently *soiled* by Mr. BARBER's exploits.—He is believed to be the strongest man in those *diggings*. His dearest friends call him a *brick*. A brighter future *looms* in the distance.

MONTREAL.—The *WORKMAN* candidate dodge is being tried here with success.

WEST-TORONTO.—Mr. REMIGIUS ELMSLEY an enthusiastic yachtsman, will soon spread his *canvass* in the West. His crime will be obstructed by the HAYES which just now prevails in that quarter.