

## 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, 12TH MAY, 1877.

### From Our Box.

GRAND.—On the 8th inst., a new play by a clever young man named SHERIDEN was performed for the first time, and proved a great success. It is called the *School for Scandal*. (We clip the above from a London contemporary dated May 9, 1877. It says us writing a critique, as history repeated itself at Mrs. MORRISON'S this week). Mr. FITZGERALD takes his benefit on Friday night.

ROYAL.—The inimitable SOUTHERN has taken the Royal for a few nights, and is appearing in his comedy masterpieces. His acting of *Dundycary* is only excelled by the personation of Mr. CARTWRIGHT, as pictured in GRIP'S cartoon. Go and see him.

### The Solemn Initiation Ceremonies.

"Sir JOHN MACDONALD and Dr. TUPPER are to be initiated into the secrets of the Conservative Workingmen's Association to-morrow evening."—*London Free Press, Monday.*

IN accordance with the above announcement, GRIP sent his invisible reporter to the lodge room of the Secret Order of Conservative Workingmen on Tuesday evening, thinking that a short account of the ceremony of initiation might be acceptable to the Conservative Party and the country at large. We do not vouch for the credibility of any portion of the narrative furnished by our deputy, but merely say that, to us, it does not appear untruthful. Here it is.

"The Conservative Workingmen's Association, or, to speak more correctly, the Awful Order of Secret Conservative Workingmen, met in grim conclave on Tuesday night at—but the place of meeting must not be divulged. Their lodge room is a most solemn and mysterious chamber, lighted with coal-oil torches, and adorned with the anti-ministerial cartoons of GRIP. The brethren are called Lambs, an appellation which I believe is intended to imply, figuratively, their disposition on trying public occasions, such as Grit processions of Victory, etc. The presiding officer is known as the Grand Handy Tool, a title which is meant to express firstly, the idea of *Work*, and secondly, the nature of his duties. His power is merely administrative; he is supposed to be only the agent or *tool*, so to speak, of an imaginary being called the Chieftain, whose will he expresses and obeys on all occasions. Of course this is merely a mutually understood fiction, for, as I have just said, the Chieftain is an imaginary being, and really has nothing to do with the business of the Order either one way or another. Nevertheless, the *idea* of his supremacy is nourished with the most scrupulous care in every matter that comes before the Grand Handy Tool, and that it may never for a moment be forgotten, an image of the Chieftain occupies a pedestal immediately behind the chair of that officer. This image and the fiction associated with it form the most striking peculiarity of the Order. I thought I saw, in the image, a strong resemblance to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, but that was perhaps only my fancy. This brings me to speak of the initiation of that Right Hon. gentleman and his friend Dr. TUPPER, which formed the principal item of Tuesday night's meeting. Promptly at nine o'clock, the distinguished candidates were brought in, seated on a cow. Immediately on their entrance the lights were put out, a proceeding which I learned was typical of Conservative faith. Then all the Lambs and the Grand Handy Tool laid themselves prostrate on the floor and permitted the cow and its riders to make half a dozen circuits over their bodies. After this performance, the torches were again lighted, and the candidates were dismounted and had their eyes bandaged and their hands and feet firmly bound. Then the Grand Handy Tool came before them and demanded an absolute and unqualified avowal to the following effect:

1. That they would use every lawful and legitimate means to destroy the printing business of the BROWNS.
2. That they would hate the Grits with the most unmitigated fury, and love the Opposition under all circumstances with a perfect love.
3. That they would implicitly obey the mandates of the Conservative Chieftain, without gainsaying, questioning, reasoning or doubting; and that they would follow him through thick and thin, justifying every deed he did and adoring every word he uttered.

The candidates having given unreserved assent, the Grand Handy Tool produced a black bottle, labelled "The Oath," and applying it in turn to the mouths of the candidates, emptied its contents down their throats, saying: "Thus bound and blind, you shall hereafter swallow many a bitter dose without wincing."

After this the candidates were unbound and placed in the centre of the room, the members forming a circle around them. Then the Grand

Handy Tool approached on tiptoe and said in a solemn and sepulchral voice: "Now I'm going to impart to you the secrets of our Order. Keep them sacred to your death; if you betray them we will kill you like snakes. They are two in number. Listen!"

The candidates were trembling. The Lambs were holding their breath. "Listen!" repeated the Grand Handy Tool.

"*First Secret*: The claims of the Conservative Party on the workingmen are no better than those of the Reform Party.

"*Second Secret*. Workingmen are easily gulled by politicians."

The candidates, staggered at these disclosures, were now led away to an ante-room, the Lambs meantime singing, in a rousing manner, a chorus of which I could catch but this verse:

"Selling charters ain't no harm;  
ANGLIN jobs is awful;  
Northern cash don't us alarm;  
Goderich harbor's awful;  
Secret Service was kecrect;  
HUNTINGTON is awful;  
To Ordnance fees we don't object;  
CARTWRIGHT loans is awful.

At the conclusion of the singing, Sir JOHN and the Doctor reappeared dressed in the costume of workingmen, the former as a millman, and the latter as a road-paver. The Lodge assumed a kneeling attitude, and Sir JOHN delivered a brief address. He said he had always been the friend of the workingman, and in fact had made a good reputation as a working man himself. He had finished more *jobs* than any other workman in his line. Dr. TUPPER also made a few remarks for three hours, and then, after the usual closing solemnity of cursing MACKENZIE, the Lodge adjourned.

### The G. T. R. or G. W. R.'s Soliloquy.

To join or not to join, that is the question.  
Whither 'tis nobler in this road to offer  
The compromise that will amalgamate us:  
Or take up arms against their freight exactions,  
And by opposing reveal them.  
To jaw;—To fight; no more;—and by that fight  
To say we end the competition—  
And the thousand ills that opposition's heir to;  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.  
To fight—to win!—to win? perchance to lose!!  
Ah there's the rub.\* \* \* This is the respect that  
Makes our present griefs of so long life;  
For in that fight for freight what loss may come  
When we have fairly launched into the war,  
Must give us pause, and make us rather bear  
The ills we have, than fly to others that  
We know no: of.

### Stop the War! My Dog's Stolen!!

**STOLEN—MY DOG(TOR) JAMES (JAYMES) WAS STOLEN (THIRD time) from my carriage while visiting a patient on Mon Douat, Saturday April 1st, 1877. Description.—A medium sized, good looking setter (of limbs) with soft curly hair, a few white medals on his breast, long tail (to name), wearing on his neck a chain with "Medical License Check" attached, and answering readily to calls. Peculiarities: Will obey the following orders:—Close, i.e., Sew up cut; die, i.e., roll on one side and stretch out advertisement; sit up like a gentleman, i.e., sit up on the highest chair. He is a great hunter of birds, and strictly scientific, having a great fondness for honours, barking when they are presented to him. Reward.—\$3 and \$20. Any person bringing him to my address will receive \$3, and any person giving information which will lead to the detection of the thief will receive \$20. The Scientific Society of Great Britain is suspected. Address COLONEL KERNEL, M. D., care of Grip Office.**

### Open that Street!

SIR:—I am a resident of John Street, who delight in water scenery. I had a view of the Bay. I could go there by a short cut, to fish, to walk to enjoy the lake breeze. I demand redress of a grievance. For years the railway company have had a big shed across the Esplanade. It is opaque; I cannot see through it. It is tangible; I cannot walk through it. To look at the bay I must walk half a mile, to get to it a mile. Sir, I want the railway directors who did this brought to an infamous end, unless they bring their shed to a speedy one. I demand their nuisance be abated, or they be suppressed. Why should my water privileges be cut off while I pay my rate? It is unfair. It is tyrannous. Respected GRIP, tell me what can be done. I propose that the Toronto Field Battery which it is evident has nothing to do, be set to blow a hole through the shed—a shed over which I shed many tears. Help us, Oh GRIP!

Yours,

AN OBSTRUCTED ONE.

### An Unquestionable Grievance.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain, that I'm thrown out of work, and seek washing in vain. Let those Chinamen stick to male labour, and give me a chance, I remain,

A WIDOW.