

## 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, 24TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

**METROPOLITAN CHURCH.**—The concert given Mr. TORRINGTON on Tuesday evening was a great success. A large and highly appreciative audience attended, and were well pleased with the manner in which the different pieces were performed. Mr. TORRINGTON is an excellent artist, and is deservedly popular in the city.

### The Tycoon and Chief Cook.

**TYCOON.**—Whaur is the soonril, whaur.  
I sent tae bring me food?

*Enter the chief cook Dymond.*

**CHIEF COOK.**—Lord of the Universe,  
Two dishes I have brought—(two, only two,  
All I could find, or borrow, beg, or steal,  
Of kind to suit thy taste. My lord, accept  
Two JOHN A. scandals, cooked in style which I  
Did in far London learn. Digestion wait  
Upon thy appetite. *(Presents two dishes.)*

**TYCOON.**—It is the food I love—*(looks in them)*—Maist abject  
knave  
Thy dishes are as empty as thy wut,  
As bare as is thy heed,

**DYMOND.**—*(tremblingly)*—Great sir, they seemed to me  
Two scandals good. What can be wrong with me?  
Is it that coming dissolution casts  
Its shadow, and has all my senses froze? *(faints)*

**TYCOON.**—Deesolution! *(Faints likewise. Tableau.)*

### Mr. Cartwright's Budget Speech.

**MR. SPEAKER.**—I am happy to inform the members here  
As finance man I've been a great success, or very near.  
You know the times have been this year extremely hard and tight;  
But then, to say that's *all* our fault, you know it isn't right.  
Our exports now will average with those south of the line.  
If our trade balance still keeps wrong, it is no work of mine.  
The imports we might decrease by Protection, very true,  
But we've a Free Trade government, and so that course won't do.  
I'm sure you'll all be glad that I can publicly make known  
I made no private profit on my last big London loan  
The horrid accusations of the other side ain't true.  
Oh, I assure you 'taint the case; such things I never do.  
Though you'll allow temptation strong I had a grab to take,  
For well I knew 'twould be the last loan I'd be sent to make.  
No, neither I nor BARING cheated you a single rap.  
If you still won't believe, why next time send some other chap.  
My friends, your imports still keep big, and I must tell you that  
While they keep big, you're doing well, I say it's so; that's flat.  
The Yanks by tariff cut theirs down, and make their things at home.  
What folly; send your cash abroad, and widely let it roam.  
Ask you why Yankee factories thrive while to the deuce yours went?  
I cannot listen to such talk—it's most impertinent.  
We'll take the other course, and from the stuff which you can make,  
Petroleum for instance, we the duties off will take.  
Let in the Yankee stuff, and throw your oil wells out of gear;  
For that's Free Trade—tea you can't grow, we'll stick on taxes here.  
Tea's bad for nerves, and so that you shan't drink it, we will do  
What soon will make it very bad, you'll find, for pocket too.  
On British beer we'll stick more tax, and likewise upon thread,  
Things you can't make, and all such things we tax as I have said.  
We've borrowed quite a lot of cash, and each year we'll want more;  
And that you shall feel no surprise, I let you know before.  
This borrowing's the nicest job of all, I that must say.  
We borrow; our successors though will have the bills to pay.  
Considering everything, and to the hard times taking heed,  
You must admit you're doing well: yes, very well indeed.  
I say, concluding, keep us in, and then I tell you true,  
We'll do some more things just like those which we have done for  
you.  
You give us but another term when our four years are through,  
And you'll be quite surprised to see the state we'll bring you to.

### The Weather Grumblers.

Gentlemen who swear at VENNOR  
Be so kind as tell us when or  
In what place you find the weather  
Same as others, altogether.

VENNOR down at Montreal lives,  
And predictions unto all gives  
And it seems that this here VENNOR  
Is a fair prediction peinner.

Yet some one down at Truro calls,  
"VENNOR, look here, here's some snow squalls  
You don't mention." West, where bright 'tis,  
Folks say, "See, he always right is."

Some one shouts "You don't say freezing!"  
Some one "Dampier; we're all sneezing;  
You said 'twouldn't;" all are bawling.  
Everywhere on VENNOR calling.

If one's weather-wise, and know it;  
Moral is—he'd best not show it.  
If he minds what each one says, he  
Has a chance of going crazy.

### The Street Railway Bill.

**CITIZEN** *(to street railway stockholder)*—Oh, I see the House gave  
you some things you asked. How eloquently some members spoke for  
you. None of them had any pecuniary incentive, I suppose?

**STOCKHOLDER** *(who is pious)*—Pecuniary incentive! Alas, my friend,  
there is a tendency to think evil in this mortal path, which it should be  
the effort of our lives to overcome. Did not these excellent gentlemen  
declare in the House they would scorn such a thing?

**CITIZEN.**—Yes; but then I couldn't—well, in fact,—at a loss to  
suggest other motives you know—thought I'd mention it—happy to be-  
lieve them, of course, if—

**STOCKHOLDER.**—Disbelief, unfortunately, is the prevailing evil of the  
age. Many, too many, alas, though one from the deal testified, would  
not believe. Let us have charity, let us have faith, and let us consider  
that these excellent gentlemen always act and speak as should pilgrims  
to a better land, to which we all journey.

**CITIZEN.**—I'm afraid the street railway won't help some of 'em on  
that road.

### The Song of the Local Member.

Oh, how happy the fate of a wise legislator,  
Who full eight hundred dollars for four weeks can get.  
Fifteen dollars a day! The most liberal rater  
Never thought me worth daily but two dollars yet.

But I've chosen my course, and there's nought shall deflect me.  
It has served me so far, and it shall serve me still.  
'Tis to see that the lowest class (those who elect me)  
Have the spending, while t'others must settle the bill.

Populations which float are the ones which now choose us,  
Mere tenants—to day here, and gone the next day.  
But in numbers they rule; and lest they should refuse us  
Their votes, we must take care to give them their way.

Let it go; what care I who the country may rule, sir,  
Whether CAMERON or CROOKS, whether Christian or Turk.  
So long as I'm given the chance it to fool, sir,  
Out of eight hundred dollars for six weeks of work.

### Toronto Post Office.

Sixteen people wanting all to pay in money  
Waiting for their turn, don't seem to think it funny.  
Sixteen people all there, money orders needing,  
Grumbling at their waiting—none their grumbling heeding.

Sixteen folks presenting different money orders,  
Waiting till fatigue quite on madness borders,  
Is it any wonder these sixteen are waiting?  
Two clerks only for the work—truth it is we're stating.

Why need the boss postman be a cruel Turk on  
Underlings—why can't he put another clerk on?  
People who of time suffer frequent loss there,  
Say, why if he won't, put another boss there.