

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Gtater; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH JUNE, 1877.

### From our Box.

THE GRAND.—The HERBERT-WARDE Comedy Company composed of well known and prominent actors, occupy Mrs. MORRISON'S this week, and are presenting a series of most successful comedies of the day in capital style.

### Sir John's Will and Testament.

In the name of Union and Progress, Amen.

1. To my dear friend and fellow pilgrim, CHARLES TUPPER, I give and bequeath that portion of my personal and private property known as the Liberal Conservative Party.
2. To my faithful attendant, TOMMY GIBBS, I give and bequeath my opinion of his dignity. It is but a small bequest, yet I hope he may find it valuable.
3. To my dear companion in distress, MATTHEW C. CAMERON, I give and bequeath the Conservative Reaction.
4. To my life long friend, WM. MACDOUGALL, I give and bequeath, let me see—permission to ride behind DR. TUPPER on all public occasions.
5. To the party who can get it I give and bequeath that portion of my property known as the Secret Service Money.
6. To the Grit party of the Dominion I give and bequeath my intellect, and my blessing.

### The Shamrocks and the White Eagle.

A Lacrosse Fable.

Once on a time there were twelve young men, who were famous throughout the whole world for their cleverness at playing a game called Lacrosse. They each wore a blue ribbon, with gold letters on it; and though, as I must confess, those letters did not spell RING, still they were all very good and respectable young men. As you will readily believe, they were very proud of their skill, and whenever they went forth to play in the sight of their girls they wore raiment more gorgeous than circus-men wear, and walked around with a more lordly step than that of Chanticleer. By and by the report of their great dexterity came to the ears of twelve little Irish shamrocks that bloomed together at the foot of a beautiful mountain in a distant part of the land; and the little shamrocks at once conceived a great ambition to play with and if possible defeat these twelve proud young men. You will smile at the presumption of these puny plants, but they had faith in a certain good fairy named LUCK that lived near by, and they asked her to aid them. Then they sent a message to the twelve young men to know if they might play a game with them for the great prize; and the young men, smiling at the idea, immediately replied that they might. On a certain day therefore, the little shamrocks left their secluded home and went to the play ground of the twelve young men, all ready for the trial; but when the young men cast their eyes on them they observed one of the shamrocks—the strongest and freshest of the lot—and their countenances fell. They said they would not play with that shamrock because it had not three leaves like the rest, but only a ticket of leave. Thus the play was burked, and it seemed as if the poor little shamrocks had travelled all their journey in vain. But their good fairy LUCK had not forgotten them, but had gone and related the matter to a certain White Eagle that had his nest near the foot of the mountain, and when the noble bird heard it he said he would avenge the little shamrocks. So he flew swiftly to that part of the land where the young men lived, and in the afternoon when they were unsuspectingly playing on their ground, in the presence of their friends, the White Eagle darted down all of a sudden and scooped up those young men, and carried them away. This fable should teach all proud young men to keep on the right side of LUCK, and not fool with White Eagles.

### Judging Others by Himself.

The following comes from the *Leader*:

"LONDON, June 12.—The grand torchlight reception given to the Right Hon. JOHN A. MACDONALD and Hon. Dr. TUPPER last night is in everybody's mouth."

This correspondent shouldn't judge all the other Londoners by himself. GRIP ventures to say that Mr. JOHN CAMERON didn't feel as if he had a torchlight procession in his mouth that morning, because J. C. didn't take too much strong stuff in honor of the Chieftains the night before.

### The New Idea—By a Male Righter.

It is said to be proposed that in future the taking off the hat to ladies in the street shall be dispensed with, and a mere bow substituted.—*Exchange.*

Yes, say I,  
Tell me why  
I should my beaver doff to female creatures  
On the way?  
What if they  
Are of a weaker frame and smoother features?  
Why, if she  
Sympathy  
And protection needs, why then, I'm blest, it  
Isn't me  
No, but she  
Who should take her hat off, and request it.  
They more hair  
Than we wear,  
So a sun-stroke can't as well get through it.  
So, it's flat  
If the hat  
Is still to be lifted, they must do it.

### The Eastern Legend.

IT came to pass in the reign of the mighty potentate DUFF-R-IN whose wisdom was as the waves of the sea, that the discharged vizier, SURJ-ON, said to the favourite Mollah of former days, named TUP-UR, whose knowledge and stomach, and statements, were allowed by Allah, to exceed those permitted to man, "Let us go through the land and try to conquer it, and it may be that Allah will deliver it into our hand."

Then answered TUP-UR the Mollah, looking at SURJ-ON, with a doubtful expression of countenance:

"Surely my lord knows that there is no war in the land. Will not my lord take a composing draught from his servant?" For he said to himself, "The loss of his seat of honour, even the place of dominion at the great city Ot-awah, has driven my lord mad." And he wrote on his tablets certain figures of mystery known to physicians, and said to a slave, "Take this to LE-MAYT-UR, who selleth drugs in the street called Queen, and bring what he giveth thee." And the slave went, and TUP-UR took the wrist of SURJ-ON, and was feeling the pulse of the same, when it came to pass that SURJ-ON was angry, and smote him between the short-ribs in front with his fist, so that TUP-UR was doubled up even as a caterpillar, and fell on the floor, and groaned there. Then SURJ-ON rose on his toes, and did likewise clench his hands, and wave them before him, and stepped backwards, and also forwards, and cried with a loud voice "Time!"

Then TUP-UR rose and said, "Surely I will not fight with my lord, whose hand is as that of GOLIAH the Philistine; also my heart is beaten into my backbone." And the slave entered with the medicine from the booth of LE-MAYT-UR, and TUP-UR took thereof divers spoonful and drank the same, and sat on the divan and groaned.

And SURJ-ON said to him, "Listen, slave, I surely intend not to conquer the land by war, seeing that I have no quarrel with the same. But it is my purpose of a truth to win the souls of men by sweet songs which I shall sing to the same, and to play before them on the lute, and on the hackbut, on the lyre and on the great drum. And it may be that their hearts may be turned to me from the wicked vizier MAK-N-ZEE, and they shall put me in place thereof, even as I was in former days."

And TUP-UR ceased to lament, and he arose and said "Surely I was a fool and a silly person before my lord. May it please my lord to tell me the manner of our journey, and the companions thereof."

And SURJ-ON said, "The manner of our journey shall be this.—" We will go from town to town. And I myself and thou, and EMSEE-CAM-ERON the scribe, and it may be others, will journey so. And thou shalt beat the great drum Protection, and EMSEE-CAM-ERON shall use the lyre, even the lyre of Better Administration, as is the wont of his tribe, and I shall play on divers instruments of Purity, and sing sweet songs of the glorious days to come, when I shall sit on the vizier's seat. And we shall inflame the minds of the people of the land against the vizier MAK-N-ZEE, and his foolish servant KART-R-ITE, and his unwise poet BLAKE. And it shall be, that the people will arise in their anger, and will thoroughly make an end of their government, and will set us in the stead thereof. And we shall rejoice and live happily in the land, and eat of the fat thereof, and drink the sweet."

Then TUP-UR was exceedingly glad, and hastened, and got all things in readiness for their journey. And they went thereon.

The Presbyterian Church down South has prohibited dancing, and remarks that balls are worse than private parties. If it would apply its endeavours to cause the disuse of another description of ball, which is continually injuring "private parties" down there, it might do more good. *Nec tu choreas sperne, puer.*

REFLECTION BY MR. RINE DOWN ON THE WHARF.—Now if I could only see the *City of Toronto* transformed into a *Watertown*, I would be ferry happy!