

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

FERN LEAVES.—Dry up—somewhere else. We cannot embalm you among our pages.

INJUSTICE.—We are not surprised at your being defeated in the spelling-match, taking your letter as a criterion. Where did you learn to spell "phool" in that way? You ought to be familiar with the word.

YONGE STREET.—We fully sympathize with you, and will drop a tear for you if you like. But we really cannot print those verses about the sewer.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, one of the most brilliant of living orators, speaks in Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House, on Tuesday night. No person who can enjoy a real intellectual treat should allow this opportunity to pass unimproved.

Centre Toronto.

An editorial article written for the Mail.

We are pleased to announce that the blank on the Centre Toronto Ballot paper has at last been filled with a name which is sure to command the united allegiance of the Liberal Conservative Party,—that of MR. R. M. ALLEN. The Grits had begun to give expression to their assurance of an easy victory for MR. JOHN MACDONALD, but the patriotic action of MR. ALLEN, in allowing himself to be put in nomination, greatly as that will interfere with a most lucrative professional practice, is likely to change their tune. We confidently predict a glorious victory for the Opposition banner. If Centre Toronto ever can return a Liberal Conservative member it must on this occasion. No candidate more admirably representing that great Party ever before presented himself for its suffrages. MR. ALLEN is, so to speak, a living embodiment of the political views he has with so much self-denial volunteered to champion. He is a man of great energy and determination, and has about him an air which commands the attention of all with whom he comes in contact. He is one of those strongly marked individualities whose presence amongst the common herd of men is immediately felt. To those of the electors of Centre Toronto who reside near the Seat of the Law Courts or the Order of the Beak, in Adelaide Street, a sketch of the personal appearance of this illustrious gentleman will be superfluous. No citizen of Toronto is more generally known or more deeply respected than MR. R. M. ALLEN.

A brief biographical notice, however, is *apropos* at the present time, and will no doubt be very acceptable to all. MR. ALLEN was born in the Gem of the Sea, in a small town between the City of Cork and the Giants' Causeway. When barely out of his teens he was called to the Bar and at once became its brightest ornament. Time would fail us to recount the cases in which he worsted JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, JAS. LALOR SHIEL, DANIEL O'CONNELL and other small fry in the fierce forensic battles which set the whole country by the ears, and made MR. ALLEN'S name a household word throughout the British Isles. His fame at length reached Windsor Castle, and the Queen insisted on knighting the learned gentleman, but with characteristic modesty, MR. ALLEN declined the honor, and when Her Majesty took steps to carry out her royal purpose towards this too bashful gentleman, he fled from his native shore and found a refuge in Toronto, where he started the *Court Circular*, a journal which circulates mainly in its proprietor's coat-tail pockets. Of MR. ALLEN as a Barrister, we need not stop to speak. He speaks for himself every time he can get a chance. Suffice to say that he is recognized throughout the civilized world as the *Eminent*—a term to which MR. M. C. CAMERON, MR. THOS. BARRY, or MR. WAR-MOLL do not so much as aspire. As an orator MR. ALLEN is equally great, but as it is likely all will have an opportunity of hearing him on the hustings in the course of a few days, we will let our readers judge for themselves.

LOST.—On Thursday last, a rat-and-tan Terrier Pup with a short tail answering to the name of "BOB" any person finding him will please return him to the subscriber.

BARTHOLEMW BINKS.

POSTSCRIPT.—Never mind; the Pup has returned home all right.
B.B.

"Excelsior!"

(Not, good reader, that you'll find a bit about "Excelsior" below, but that certain proceedings in Election Courts now, or recently pending, have given occasion to the following paraphrased rendering of LONG-FELLOW'S well-known verses.)

Election-day 'twas dawning fast,
And through Ontarian cities passed
A purist wight, on high who bore
A banner—This device it wore—
COME!

His face was flushed; and flashed his eye
With radiance such as shines from rye;
And loudly like a clarion rung,
The accents of that patriot tongue,
ALONG!

Forth as he marched a letter he
Dropt in the post, and I did see
Upon it plain as pike-staff writ,
(Just as it vanished through the slit)—
JOHN!

"Beware! Beware!" a lawyer said,
A hobby sternly shook his head,
"The Bribery Act is deep and wide!"
But loud that clarion voice replied,
WE'VE!

"Beware, O youth, of pu-ri-tee!
The awful Judge! The keen Q. C.!"
'Twas thus the Bobby's counsel rose;
A voice replied with thumb to nose,
LOTS!

All wet and tired at break of day,
The Bobby homeward took his way,
And as he weary trod the street,
A voice his startled ear did greet,
OF!

Quick stooping down, upon the ground
The Patriot on his back he found;
And from him—in the gutter lain—
A voice fell, rather thick than plain,
MONEY!

The Political Kaleidoscope.

"Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down; here we go backwards and forwards, and here we go round, round, round." Such a lot of fun! Cabinet dissolving views! Under which thimble lies the little pea? Now you sees it and now you don't. Walk up, walk up, don't breathe upon the glass. Here my children you see the Kaleidoscope shaken up and all the little bits of colored glass in new positions. That bit of glass painted like a Glengarry bonnet has dropped out, but a much bigger one has been put in instead. That's it, right up at the top, in the corner, marked "Justice". The piece of French glass that was there has gone down where the Glengarry bonnet used to be.—Doesn't it all look pretty, now? Talk about a transformation scene in a pantomime! Now, boys, you've looked at it long enough. Get out of the light and let the next lot come along. They want to pay their money. We'll give the old thing another shake soon and shew you a few more changes.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Out of kindness to the inhabitants we suppress the name of the township at a meeting of whose council the following occurrences took place: A letter having been read, from the Provincial Secretary, stating that there was no vacancy in the idiot asylum.

"The Reeve has sent an application to have him placed on the list for admission as soon as a vacancy occurs."

Can we wonder that after this terrible confession the "Council adjourned for an hour"? No. But we then read that "the Council resumed, the Reeve in the chair". Was it delicate regard for the feelings of their chief that prompted this, were they impressed with an idea that such a Reeve was no worse than the generality, or was it fellow-feeling which made them so wondrous kind?

We have often heard township councils and their leading officials called idiots, but we never came across an instance until now in which the sad fact was readily acknowledged and the aid of a public refuge desired for the unfortunate imbecile. Yet we would like to know why people persist in electing this class of persons. Is the Mahometan idea that they are specially inspired prevalent in Canada?