

Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

NO. 2.

My Dear ROBBY,—

It was not without a feeling of pride that I saw you peel off your jacket and face that blustering boy PATRICK when he squared up before all the fellows in the play-ground the other day, and, as it were, knocked the chip off your shoulder. I rejoiced in your pluck, and I was pleased to observe that you had some real science to back it up with. I witnessed the fight from an adjoining maple bough, and decide without hesitation that you whipped him badly—in fact he was plainly done for after the first round, although he did come to time in a sorry way once or twice afterwards. But after all I hardly think it was necessary for you to do more than cuff the little fellow's ears, especially as your chum ARCHIE DEACON and one or two other boys piled on to him at the same time. Besides, it is well known not only by the whole school, but throughout the entire town, that PATRICK can't fight, and to regularly enter a ring with him and begin what the New York *Clipper* calls "a battle" in sober earnest, is enough to fairly expose any boy of muscle to ridicule, if not to a charge of cowardice. I am afraid you have got your foot in it, for I observe fellows laughing behind their sleeves in all directions. Some of them look at it in the other light, and come to me expressing the greatest disapprobation with your proceedings. They say that you were not content with the victory to which I have referred, but have whalloped the poor little boy several times since. This is all the worse if it is the fact that PATRICK avoids fighting all he can, and peacefully amuses his spare hours building little mud men and calling them by the names of your forefathers. If it is a reproach to a noble boy to fight a fellow who hasn't any notion of boxing, what shall be said of one who would pummel such a fellow behind his back or after he had thrown up the sponge? I am informed—I hope not correctly—that you have made arrangements to thrash PATRICK again. I believe you first took off your jacket at the request of a number of your school-fellows. Very good. You accomplished all they requested in the first round; you fought you ought to should now the contract at an end. I am afraid some of those boys are only too fond of fisticuffs, and I have noticed that they especially delight in seeing PATRICK and all the other boys of his class, whipped on every possible occasion. My dear ROBBY, I don't think you are doing a wise, a useful, or a kindly thing in carrying out the wishes of those pugilistically-disposed boys. Your fights may pay those boys in some way that I know not of, but as a Bird of Sense I think myself safe in saying that it will not add to your reputation for prowess to conquer the boy PATRICK any more than it would if you succeeded in thrashing your great, great grandfather.

Believe me, my dear ROBBY,

Yours affectionately,

Grip.

The Defunct.

(With adaptations and variations from a well known Nursery Song.)

Ten little Politics sitting o'er their wine,
BOULTBEE thought he wanted rest and then there were nine.

Nine little Politics sat up very late,
HODGINS overslept himself and then there were eight.

Eight little Politics filled with Gritty leaven,
CROOKS soon got raised up and then there were seven.

Seven little Politics with Heathen Chinees tricks,
RYKERT soon got found out and then there were six.

Six little Politics playing in the Hive
A ballot-box stung little SMITH and then there were five.

Five little Politics standing round the door,
PRINCE, the martyr, caved in, and then there were four.

Four little Politics, in speculations free,
FAREWELL, my boy, the voters said, and then there were three.

Three little Politics; well! what could they do?
One stayed home to Cook his goose, and then there were two.

Two little Politics praised up in the Sun,
MACDOUGALL he got fizzled up and then there was one.

One little Politic playing all alone,
He'll soon get done BROWN and then there will be none.

GRIP, ever anxious to please his many patrons, has great pleasure in announcing that with an early number he will issue a cartoon the subject of which will apply all over the country. That subject is of course the Hon. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

THE London *Advertiser* concludes a short article in which, without giving any proof, it thinks it has smashed some Toronto writer, by saying that "general charges are much easier to make than to sustain." Well, what if GRIP adds—"much easier to deny than to refute?" *Advertiser*, if you don't do better than that in your *Liberal*, you'll be chewed up in Toronto.

THE Theatre Royal, Court street, Toronto, is to be re-opened for the coming season by Manager McNABB. We understand that the interesting drama of "Ten Lights in a Bar-room" will be given by the members of the Toronto Licensed Victuallers' Association. Mr. Alderman BAXTER will be a prominent member of the company, and that favorite Irish comedian, Mr. R. M. ALLEN, is also retained. The prices fixed by the management are somewhat high, ranging from one dollar (or thirty days) upwards, but the large company required for the increased accommodation necessitates this arrangement. A limited number of free admissions to drunken persons will be given by Mr. BAXTER. The new building will be well ventilated and good fires kept up. Sitting on the coal-box will no longer be allowed, and spittoons will be placed in the parquette.

AT IT AGAIN.—The *Globe* critic said, last Monday, of Mr. LEONARD, at the Royal, before that artist had appeared: "This gentleman is quite unknown in Toronto," but innocently added, "he is one of the finest actors ever seen on the stage in this city!"

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.—We don't know in what University the editor of the *Mail* learned the "art of speaking and writing correctly," as LINDLEY MURRAY calls it. Though he may be a Bachelor of Arts generally, and certainly is entitled to rank as Senior Wrangler in particular, it is more than questionable whether he ever took the Degrees of Comparison, or he would never have written in a leading article, last Tuesday, in allusion to the defeat of the Government in Toronto, that "its chiefest man has been ignominiously hustled out of a constituency of his own choosing." If that is the *bestest* way he has of expressing his ideas, GRIP would like to have an example of his *worstest*. The *leastest* he can now do for his readers is to give them the *mostest* number of examples of the same sort from current literature which by his *utmostest* efforts he can find; and GRIP promises to read them from *firstest* to *lastest*.

P. E. W. MOYER, alias PETER X., of the St. Catharines *Times*, occupied a Berlin pulpit on a recent Sabbath. But wouldn't it have been more appropriate if Peter had occupied a P. E. W.?

MERCHANTS who advertise goods at "fearful sacrifices" will please take a back seat. Mr. JOHNSON, of Belleville, deserves the thanks of the community for announcing that "From now until the 1st of February, no reasonable offer will be refused for any part of JOHNSON'S winter stock."

Great Natural Curiosity.

You've heard—and no doubt thought it strange—

Chameleons can their colors change;

And scarce believed what travellers said,

By turns 'twas grey—'twas pink—'twas red.

'Tis true—GRIP tells to all the town—

He's got one, and its name is BROWN.

Not that he's brown by night or day,

For neutral colours him dismay!

Just six months since, in GOLDWIN'S sight,

BROWN beamed on him like angel bright.

But late, if GOLDWIN happened there

Did black as thunder on him glare;

And now, opposed to GOLDWIN seen

BROWN does look most extremely green.

A Color-blind.

THE following puzzling conundrum is found in the Hamilton *Times*:

To the Mayor of the City of Hamilton.

Wo, the ratepayers largely of the city of Hamilton, do ask why there has not been, for a great many years, any of us chosen on the jury. Is it on account of our color? HARRISON HOX.

It is a shame that His Worship of the Ambitious City should have such posers relentlessly thrown at his devoted head, which has quite enough to occupy the brains within already. Now, GRIP has himself some conundrums to ask HARRISON. Who are the "ratepayers largely of the city of Hamilton?" And further, of what color are they? Is HARRISON a Milesian, and is it his *Hoy* color that stands in his way? Perhaps it comes from ardent liquors, which would account for his exclusion from a jury. Or are he and the "ratepayers largely" green, that they desire a duty which their unverdant fellow-citizens are only too glad to shirk? Answer us that, H. H., and quit *harassin'* His Worship with your enigmas.