

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, 19TH AUGUST, 1876.

TORONTOS vs. ONTARIOS.—At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon Greck will meet Greek on the Lacrosse Ground, corner of Wellesley and Jarvis streets. This match will probably eclipse any ever played in Toronto. It is for the Championship of the world. Don't fail to go early and get a good place.

Theatrical Foreshadows.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE opens, under the management of MR. JOS. GOBAY, on Monday evening next. MR. JOS. MURPHY, a very clever comedian, well known here, leads the star series, with his new Irish Drama *The Kerry Gow*, which, being interpreted, means The Kerry Blacksmith.

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE will open on or about the 4th of September with a new stock company. We are to have a sensation at this House early in the season, in the appearance of a live English baronet, SIR RANDAL ROBERTS, who has adopted the profession *bona fide* and made a very successful *debut* in London some time ago.

GRIP heartily wishes both managements a prosperous and pleasant course.

The Satisfying Picnic.

MACKENZIE:—

Cast care awa!

Wha wants some Treasury Pic? Let's share it oot.
The morn may place the sharing o't in hands
Nae cleaner than oor ain. BROON, warthy BROON,
Ye're head, whilk isna' what it was, may turn,
If long that flask ye drain, Gude Maister BLAKE,
Beware the soda-water; ower much
O' frothiness ye're speeches hae o' late.
CAUCHON, ma dearest frien', a glass o' wine?
'Twill wash away the odours that abound,
Around this place, and do to heaven arise.
But wha comes here? That pawky, ssee Sir JONE,
His weel-swallowed kyte bent oot like ony drum.
Wi' d—d reaction picnics! Hence, awa!

SIR JOHN (*in distance to Rykert.*)

See how those rascals stuff. Ah, RYKERT, ah!
Had I but served my country as I served
That hoary-headed ALLAN, she would not
Have left me naked here, while such as those
Do gorge my heritage. Say, RYKERT, say,
Hast thy first syllable?

RYKERT:—

'Tis here, great sir.
(*Gives flask; they drink, and wander away disconsolate.*)

The City Council.

GRIP presents his compliments to the people of the city of Toronto. He had a number of medals, intended for presentation to the greatest fools of the season, but he has unfortunately lost the box containing them, which untoward accident has prevented his sending one to each property holder. In every various method of impression, by picture and pen, by verse and prose, with the incisive wit, the pleasant good-nature, and the serene affability which are his chiefest characteristics, he has endeavored to make them aware of what was going on. He has pointed out the money thrown away on useless excursions, spent in unnecessary bonuses, squandered in ill-done jobs which have to be done afresh. He has pointed out sewers dug to be redug, roads torn up, laid down, torn up again; streets improved at vast expense because aldermen lived thereon, every opportunity taken of spending money, not one of saving it. He has pointed out that anything is considered sufficient to warrant appointing new officials, or increasing the salaries of old. He has pointed out all this, but the citizens have stood quiescent, and the result is that in the hardest times which have ever existed in Toronto, her citizens are coolly informed that they will have to pay, to meet the current expenses, a sum which will almost double last year's taxes. GRIP congratulates them.

The Duel Decided.

Cries GOLDWIN, "PEEL he wouldn't fight;
DISRAELI was too low."
Cries FLOOD, "You say what isn't right,
Because he was 'nt so."

Cries GOLDWIN, "LINCOLN this did state—
Who was in all the row;
And though your letter's 'laborate,
It isn't civil, now!"

Cries GRIP: "Forbear to bark and bite,
I here the truth have got,
The reason why PEEL would 'nt fight
Was 'cause he might get shot."

Current Events.

No. 1.

Mc Darlint Grip.

I now take up my pin to indite you me furst article on Currin' Evints. Fwihin ye engaged me to contribute to your collums av coarse ye wor aware av the fact that Oi'm only a Sarvant av the Corporation, and makes no pretintions to writin lethers. Worrkin on the streets av Toronto is not plwat makes MR. GOLWING SMITH and his imminuit successor MR. RATTERY so spry wid the pin, and ye'll hould yer timper av moy lethers wuddint be so foine as thim in the *Canajan monthly*. Ye said yerself, fwihin ye made the bargain wid me, that ye jushit wanted aich wake a few remarks from the shtand av a common citizen on the Evints av the day, and ye wor right in thinkin Oi'm in a good position to keep me eye on the world around me. Av I only had the edication, now—

Spakin av edication, fwhat's all this we hear about the schools av Toronto bein too small to hould the childern? Wan av the Trustees was tellin me the other day that the school rooms (which the law says shall hould no more nor 50) are packed wid over one hundred poor little gos-soons. Is this the case, me darlint GRIP? Becase av it is, I would be afther sturrin up thim aldermin SHEARD and SANDY HENDERSON to take the mather into their consitheration. The by-law for more school extinshun was defayated at the polls, an I don't know at all fwat the poor childer will be doin this hot weather.

Bedad! Hot! Well, av yez had seen me this last wake or two. Divil a dacint dhry stitch an me at all, and the amount av liquid nurishmint (water av course) I tuk wud schwim a stame boat.

Spakin av stame boats brings me to the sad fact that the *Countiss av Dufferin* was bate in New York. But I dunno av it's anny av our consarm afther all, for didn't thim New York newspapers say befor the races that av she bate the Yankees' boat it wud be ony an American victory because she was a Yankee modil? And isn't she a Yankee modil now? Bedad, I'm thinkin that's fwat's the mather wid the poor *Countiss*. Av she had been a Canada modil she wud have run away wid their cup in wan round.

I hope this evint will make no depression in the spirits av the other Countess av Dufferin, who is at the prisint time aff wid her noble husband in the far west—both av thim winnin golden opinions av coarse, more power to their excillencies! Wid respect to this thrip av the Governor's, d'ye see thim splendid lethers in the *Mail* and *Globe*. I do be radin' thim to Norah, me wife, at nights, and she agrees wid me that Mистер HORTON, the *Mail's* man, will be a Lord RUSSELL av the *London Times* av he keeps on loike that. I suppose Mистер DUFFERIN will be afther makin' some av his valed illoquent Irish speeches to the Columbians beyant, and they tell me its the expectation av some av the sore-headed wans out there that he will mawl MICKENZIE wid ririfrance to thim Terms. Hould a fwihite! See how me Lord DUFFERIN 'll lay out their annexation talk fwihin he gets up.

Mister GRIP, couldn't you infloonce the Council to let some av us hard workin' min on the sthreeets have a holiday, till we'd go to some av thim great consarvatif pecknecks? I always vote for Sir JOHN and it wud do me heart good to hear the ould boy makin' a spache. Bad cess to the Grits an' the *Globe* wid their ould Pacific Scandal howlin. Begor, its Sir JOHN can bate thim on that subject. Sure, didn't he welt the subshtance all out av it more than wanst lately. I see ye have a picture av thim all this wake, an' I'm glad to see the chatetin' is gettin' fat on the pecknecks. It's not long the dirty Grits will be havin' all the swates av office as ye ririprint thim there. I'm towld the consarvatif reaction goes bravely on all the fwihite. Sure, whin our Party gets its fish on the money bags, its not dull times we'll have; and its not workin' in your smotherin' ditches I'll be thim. Av there's air a saft shtivation in the Posht Affs, or the Cashtom House, Sir JOHN 'ill not go back on the loikes av me.

But I'll say nothin' more at prisint, til' nixt wake.

TERRY TIERNEY.