

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

"Speak Now!"

(Reflections which led Grip to this week's Cartoon.)

IN Egypt's dreary sands, a solemn sight,
Old MEMNON'S statue rears its awful head,
In days of yore 'tis said it uttered speech,
And that at dawn of day its stony lips
Spoke oracles in more than human voice.
Expectant travellers listen for it now
But all in vain—the oracle is dumb.
Though stands the statue yet, as then it stood,
Facing, as then, toward the rising sun,
Alone and awful mid the desert sands.
So the Canadian MEMNON stands unmoved,
No matter what his votaries require.
We ask him what this means. Great Mystery,
Please to explain thyself. Awaiteſt thou
The riſing of the ſun of Premierſhip?
Or doſt thou merely play the ſtatue thus,
Being vexed or ſulky? All that man can do
Thy votaries have offered. Firſt they gave
An office with no duties, 'twas no uſe.
Next GOLDWIN SMITH and JIMMEL BRIGGS & CO
Offered thee lordſhip over Canada Firſt,
Thou ſpurneſt their party and themſelves alike.
A poſt was made for which all lawyers longed,
'Twas thine if thou haſt ſpoken but the word,
And all MACKENZIE had to give was thine.
What though the Tory papers round thy baſe
Rave ceaſeſſly? Thou deigneſt not a ſign;
Were our fair Canada an earthly maid,
We ſhould do well in aſking "your intentions."
Art dumb, or, like the celebrated bird,
Art dreaming? This can be no more endured,
Speak now, at once, elſe haply men ſhall ſay
Like the old MEMNON, thou haſt loſt thy gifts!

Dot's Domestic Discourses.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

III.—THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

It is bad enough to hear men preaching and talking about women not being fit for lawyers, voters, etc. etc. but when they get up, and try to make out they are not suited for doctors either, I lose all patience. If there is one thing in this blessed world that women are fit for more than another it's just that. If I were a man, I should say it was their vocation, but as I am not one (and don't intend to be what's more) I won't. A man is no more calculated for a doctor, than he is to fly. Look at our old tiger for instance. Poor Mrs. Smith was telling me last week, about the scandalous manner in which he treated her when she was sick last winter. He came in one morning when they were not expecting him, and because the nurse was doing some little trifling thing or other contrary to his ideas—shaking the medicine bottle downside up instead of upside down I think it was—he set to and raved like a madman for about ten minutes, swore he would not answer for the consequences, and that from that moment he gave up all hopes of the patient's recovery. "What did Mrs. Smith do?" What I or any other sensible woman would have done in her place, listened till she could bear it no longer then looked him straight in the face, and told him she would not die, just to please a whim of his—and she didn't either.

"Women could never pass the examinations."—I'd like to know who wants to—A parcel of nonsense, nothing else. You make up a lot of long unpronounceable words, just to mystify folks, and try and make them believe you know something out of the common.—If I've broken my collar bone—I've broken it, and for the life of me, I don't see that it mends matters any to pull a long face, screw my mouth up with that peculiarly learned twist of yours and announce to all enquiring friends that I have had the unavoidable misfortune to fracture my clerical, clavic, clavicle. Bah—pass the examinations. I would never try to. Not because I couldn't but because I discountenance them on principle. I would learn everything that was really necessary—the different treatment, for different diseases and such like, but as for sitting down, wasting time,

trying to get the important fact into my bra-- I had almost said brain, but I forgot that now-a-days people have cere--something's or other. They need them too, poor things, and nerves of iron as well, to stand all your medical nonsense. For my part I always feel rather queerish every time I hear the word cerebo spinal meningitis, and if I were sick, and the doctor told me that was what was the matter with me, I should order my coffin at once, no rational human being could get the better of such a disease. The name is enough to send one into a nervous fever; I don't know anything to equal it, except our school teacher's manner of breathing, she met me yesterday on the street, and greeted me with "Oh Mrs. Jones, this beautiful spring weather! Is it not glorious to expand your chest, and inhale the oxygen?" I told her I should be afraid it might make me sick.—It sounded dangerous. "A woman's constitution could never stand the work"—What tender delicate creatures women are to be sure. They should be kept under glass cases, so they should and never be up half the night with crying babies, nor have to sew and patch and mend till their eyes and fingers both were tired and aching, nor have to scrub, or sweep, or cook, or wash. Oh no, couldn't stand it. It would kill 'em right off.—If you don't want to make me angry, never raise that objection again. It's as bad as old Grumps, who only found out how unhealthy it is for women to wash since he was appointed agent for those washing machines.

Young Knight called here the other day. He said he would like a woman doctor for if a fellow was sick and wanted his head raised she would do it so gently and carefully, while a man comes in and salutes him with, "Here old fellow hold up your top-knot, and stick out your tongue."

"Young Knight is a fool."—

So is everybody I suppose who doesn't agree with you. I'd like to know if you are going to stay dawdling around here all the morning. It must be an hour since breakfast and you are not gone yet.

"You are waiting for me to finish talking" That's pretty rich. And I've not said a word except to answer your questions.—I wonder—but there if you are waiting for me to stop by all means go.—

Supreme Court of Judicature.

Before Lord Chief Justice Gurr

His Lordship took his seat for the purpose of finally settling a number of cases between rival newspapers which had occupied the court of PUBLIC OPINION so long as to become a perfect nuisance to the whole Dominion.

The cases consisted mainly of the use of slanderous and abusive language calculated to provoke breaches of the peace. Of these the first called was

The *Nation* vs. the *Globe*. Both alleged that they had used no stronger expressions than were absolutely justified by facts. His Lordship said he regretted he could believe neither plea. He ordered the *Nation* to abstain from future interference in party quarrels which did not concern it, and cautioned the *Globe* that the use of any stronger epithet than "base bound" would in future be severely punished.

The *London Advertiser* vs. the *National*. His Lordship in giving judgment remarked, "This case affords a singular parallel to that of *Tilton* vs. *Beecher*. The defendant appears to have perverted an expression of the plaintiff's, which the plaintiff swears he never used, and, in another plea, justifies by a forged text of Scripture. The latter offence is too grave a one for a court of law to deal with. Our judgment is that the editor of the *Advertiser* be condemned to subscribe to the *National*."

Hamilton Times vs. *Spectator*. "Perhaps these are the two most habitual offenders of their class. The chief cause of complaint either side seems to be the circulation of imaginary news items by one or the other, and their subsequent denial in coarse terms by the rival journal. They are both hereby condemned to print in each issue for one month from this date the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and the early life of the late George Washington."

The *Sun* vs. the *Port Hope Guide*. Addressing the litigants his Lordship remarked sternly. "Such petty abuse as that constantly thrown by you at each other is perfectly childish. The defendant has evidently no control over his temper. Our judgment is that he be entirely refused the use of such an argument as is described by the figure "tu quoque" or "you're another." It is to be hoped that when the plaintiff sees his adversary thus reduced to helplessness he will cease to annoy him."

A number of minor cases, several of which were between French papers, were let off with severe reprimands. The Lord Chief Justice in dismissing them observed that he supposed they thought their squabbling and throwing the dregs of their inkbottles at one another amused the public. It might entertain the editors of their exchanges but he believed it even palled on them. Any future cases would be severely dealt with. He had his eye on several old offenders, such as the *Mail* and one or two others who had not appeared in court on this occasion. Let them take warning from what he said.

HIGHLY THEOLOGICAL.—Were a ticketless puppy taken up by the city authorities, in referring them to his Mother, how would he resemble the Pope? Because he would refer them to his dog-ma!!