

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Amusement Bulletin.

THE GRAND.—Mrs. MORRISON'S new company is now fairly at work, and has made a most satisfactory impression. Mr. FITZGERALD, the leading man, is one of the best stock actors the Toronto stage has yet had, and his popularity is a foregone conclusion. Miss ALLAN is a pleasing and careful actress, and the other new members do their work well. Mr. DOMINICK MURRAY, one of the cleverest comedians of the day, is starring at this House this week, and we are to see Sir RANDAL ROBERTS, Bart, in *The Great Divorce Case* next week.

ROYAL OPERA.—Manager GOBAY goes on prosperously, as he deserves. A good evening's entertainment for all who delight in German character acting and clever musical performances is provided this week by the KEEN and ADAMS combination, in the play of *The Cut Glove*.

The Boy with Too Many Fathers.

Little Can-a-dian Con-fed-er-a-tion was such a very fine lit-tle boy that every body want-ed to be his fa-ther. And one day he was go-ing down the street.

And an old gen-tle-man from Mon-tre-al, who had been at the Wind-ward Is-lands, came up and wanted to em-brace little Con-fe-de-r-a-tion, and said, "My dear lit-tle son, do you not re-mem-ber your pa-rent who gave you all the pret-ty sil-ver twen-ty and ten cent pie-ces, which used to wear out so soon? And the store we kept, where I sold cham-pagne?"

But the little boy said, "Get out! I'm Prohibition!" And he went on.

And there met him a tall gentleman, who threw himself into an at-titude and said very loud like a speech at a pic-nic "My child! My own particular offspring! Come to my arms! Don't you know me! Your name's McDUGAL. I taught you to tell fibs!"

But the boy said "You just be off; My name's Con-fe-de-ra-tion. Tell fibs! I'll bust your nose!" And he went on.

And an-oth-er tal-ler one met him, and scream-ed "Ken ye na me, ma bairn. Ma ain bairn, as I'm a see-ner! Leuk noo! Is he na ma leev-in' picture? Leuk at the a-moont o' jaw, and the world o' dee-see-sion an' Push in his coon-te-nance!"

But the boy said "You clear! You're the chap that ad-ver-tised BEECHER'S show, and told folks sly-ly not to go to it!" And he went on.

Then came up a pleasant-looking gentleman, and said, beam-ing on Con-fe-de-ra-tion with a kind eye, "Never mind those fellows! Of course you re-mem-ber your pa-pa? JOHN A., you know? Re-mem-ber Kingston?"

But the boy said, "You can't fool me! You sold your own Char-ter!" And the boy went home.

Must be an Alderman.

To the Editor of Grip.

MY DEAR SIR.—The golden opportunity has arrived,—the very flood on which men sail into greatness when they have the wit to seize opportunity. I shall be rich; you also shall be rich. I know you despise riches; so do I; but consider how delightful to be able to relieve the suffering poor. I must be an alderman. It is now understood to be correct that they should supply materials. Only think, they buy materials now to the amount of I don't know how many hundred thousand dollars per annum. Do you think they would do this if they did not supply them? Watch how many sewers are wanted, now aldermen supply tile. My dear sir, the glorious principle is established that when we elect alderman we simply elect city purveyors, who are to have a monopoly of purveying. Think of it! Next-year, not a load of stone or gravel, not a stick, not a carpet, not a keg of paint, but shall be furnished by an alderman, or one who pays bonus to aldermen. Don't fear peaching; those who gain won't tell; those who lose won't tell, for they hope to win next time. We're all going in. Why, even the patriotic HALLAM has been accused of supplying wool, and the Mayor, who is an excellent judge—of liquor—has declared there was nothing improper in the transaction. Granted, but only consider, how many improper actions may swing by this link. It is the principle that we want—the haul of '76 shall be as nothing to that of '77—next year shall be even as this, and much more abundant. My pockets shall swell with cash; your column enlarge with city advertisements. Give us a chance!

FRANK FLEECHEM.

Toronto, Sept, 27, 1876.

Down on Beecher.

THE "GLOBE"

We want the whole religious vote,
And so in paritane note
We shout at fullest pitch of throat,
That we are down on BEECHER.

THE "MAIL."

Religion, tush, send that to pot,
We've no more than the *Globe* has got,
But catch the churches it shall not;
So we are down on BEECHER.

THE ENVIOUS.

We hate him, that he good has done,—
That he has power, and we have none;
That he great praise, we none have won,
So we are down on BEECHER.

THE HONEST MAN.

I see false ancient friends now try,
To fix some unproved slanders sly
On one whose life gives them the lie,
Which goes to favour BEECHER.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Each fellow of the baser kinds
His choicest joy and pleasure finds
In slandering superior minds,
They may 't have done with BEECHER.

Obituary.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI MALUM,

Died this week, at the residence of its parents, Church Street, in this city, TORONTO NATION, at an early period of life, deeply lamented by all who had not the pleasure of its acquaintance. This interesting youth was ushered at birth with high promise into a delighted and expectant world. At his coming the President of Canada First laughed with fatness, and all the Morning Stars (C. F.'s on their way to bed) sang together for joy. It was an infant of promise—of promise of magnitude unequalled—save by lack of performance. It was to proclaim colonial independence of thought and speech—alas, no sooner could it speak than it squeaked unmistakable London snobbery. It was to promulgate reliance on Canadian honesty of manner and the plainness and vigour of Canadian life; but it from earliest infancy chattered subservience to British clubbism, and the desirability of similar vulgar-removing associations in Canada. It was to point out a bold free course to the Young Canadian party; it groaned plaintively of what had been done in England. Its friends hoped the ringing sentences of Hampden; it lisped for them the platitudes of GLENELG in the caricatured periods of JOHNSON. It was, at least, expected to speak in the pure robust English of a Saxon colony; it jabbered French, grumbled Latin, chattered of Greek meanings, and hinted that it knew Sanscrit, which it didn't, nor very much else. It was given out to nurse to the *Telegram* man, and he baby-farmed it, and it died. Expected to be a lively, bold, good-tempered and entertaining child, it wasn't. "Fretful and wayward was its infancy," morose its manner, gloomy its life, nothing in which became it like the leaving of it, and nothing in the leaving of it being so much regretted as that it hadn't left it before.

It is gone nor shall we ever
Look upon its like again,
Nature kind a second never
Would allow to humbug men.

The Weather.

In July we were sweltered, in August were baked,
And could get not a shower at all;
It destroyed all our hopes that on harvest we'd staked,
But that done, it does nothing but fall.

And just now, when we'd get out of doors if we could,
But are staid by the down-falling pour,
Still one more bitter drop is the thought of the good
'Twould have done but a little before.

But it's always the way, what we're wishing to-day,
Does not come, though it's coming; but fate
Has decreed that whenever we get what we want
On this earth, we shall get it too late.