

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 2ND MARCH, 1878.

The Weather.

It is certain—if there is anything certain—that VENNOR'S predictions are uncertain. Everybody had confidence the first year or two, that he would be right—now everybody has confidence in him that he is wrong. What are we to do for a weather-wise, correct, impartial, particular, exact, calculating, foreseeing, prognosticator of the weather?—is now the universal cry. And GRIP, ever ready to be of service, rushes forward like CURTIUS to precipitate himself into the gap. He will explain with that undoubting confidence which forms the solid basis of his remarkable character, that a warm February makes a cold March. That March coming in like a lion goes out like a lamb. That the average of cold has to come some time in the winter. That it has to come this winter. That there will be no time for it except in one of two ways. 1st. If it is all put into March, it will have to be 300 below zero, at least, to make up for lost time, a degree of cold which will freeze people, fires, houses, cattle, street railways, steel rails, Pacific Scandals, and all the mixture of Canadian society into one undistinguishable mass, which will take a thousand years to thaw. Or, 2nd. The cold weather must extend right through April, May and June. Already GRIP sees himself clad in furs, listening at an ice-crack in the garden for the music of his favourite summer rivulet, and picking nothing but snow-balls off his June rose-bushes. He sees long vistas of farmers watching their ice-bound fields, and considering whether they can do a little spring ploughing in August. He sees the people clamouring for bread, and the ships arriving from southern regions with rice to feed the starving Canadians—secured, alas, only by a fresh issue of debentures. He sees the cattle searching for fodder, and the Grangers screaming to the middlemen they have driven away to come back and fetch some oats. He sees, in the possible future, a great many other terrible things, but hopes they are not coming to pass, and would remind the people at large that they should endeavour to avert calamities by the exercise of the various Christian virtues, one of the chief being gratitude, which should bring them at the rate of at least a million a day to subscribe for GRIP'S inimitable volume—\$2 a year.

The Bottle.

The M.P. for Centre Toronto has done something in Parliament—which is—is—something. He has, being the representative of a great commercial constituency, screwed up his mind to the fact that he should do something proportionate to his office, his promises, his wealth, and the calibre of his abilities. He has done it! Hooray! He has brought, introduced, and advocated in the legislature of Canada in session assembled a most important measure, before which PITT, BURKE, and WILBERFORCE must pale their ineffectual fires. He has introduced a Bill to regulate the sale and disposal of Bottles used in the manufacture of mineral water and other drinks. GRIP congratulates the member for Centre Toronto on his effort, and Centre Toronto on its member. GRIP will do more for him. He will wed him to immortal verse, which shall be sung before Orion in the mansion of the Pleiads (as soon as they will be kind enough to send their address to this office).

When a bottle ('twas empty) KING WILLIAM had seen
On the table, he cried "Take away that marine;"
But unto a sea-soldier he deigned to explain,
"It has done duty once, and may do it again.
It may do it again."

But when members who sometimes to Ottawa go,
Stand inactive down there in a dummy-like row,
GRIP must say that the rule don't appear to be true,
For they little have done, and they little will do.
Oh, they little will do.

What a pity the name of the member is JOHN,
For it spoils the addendum we might have slung on.
If his name were but WILLIAM, why then we could still
Have our member described as The Great Bottle Bill.
Oh, The Great Bottle Bill.

LORD DURBY has resigned again. He is evidently an old gentleman of great resignation.

THE Porte finds himself unable to sign the Treaty. Perhaps the Porte has been at the Sherry.

The Demand of the School Trustees.

We are the Board of School Trustees in session who array us,
And now we tell Toronto folks the cash they'll please to pay us.
What's that you say?—that cash is scarce?—why there's no doubt about it.

And ain't that just the reason why trustees can't do without it?

We don't tell you new schools to build—tain't that which we're commanding.

We say you'll please improvements do in those which now are standing.
We'll mention to you what they'll cost—if you don't please to pay it,
We'll send the bailiffs to your house—we the trustees do say it.

Niag'ra street—just four new rooms—to hold a few mere scholars.
What will they cost?—Oh, nothing much, just SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Winchester street wants just the same—we couldn't come it nearer,
And if Niag'ra's right, you see that this is no ways dearer.

There's Borden street wants just two rooms, and George street wants the same too.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS each—don't scream; you haven't any claim to.

Don't dare to sneeze!—for School Trustees, the law says shall compel you

Just as they say your cash to pay, so out your money shell, you!

FOUR THOUSAND more for John street school—five thousand for some others,

Just forty thousand is the whole—please fork it out, good brothers.

So that the whole we want this year to teach your city scholars,
A HUNDRED—yes, and rather more—and TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

You needn't say these changes need not cost one-eighth the money.
To give you any right to speak *would* be extremely funny,
For ancient RYERSON has fixed that this Canadian nation,
Has quite resigned to School Trustees the whole school legislation.

Another thing—as soon as you pay out that little sum, folks,
We'll add a good few dollars more, though you may think it rum, folks.
We'll raise the teachers' salaries, though you think they require
Just now to fall—not so, it pays far more to make 'em higher.

Hurrah to be a School Trustee! there's nothing in all natur
That you can see as near as he to being a Dictator.
Hurrah to have the spending from the pockets of your neighbour!
There's none who know how nice that is but those who in it labour.

An Eastern Incident.

(Special cablegram to GRIP.)

The Grand Duke stood, with his generals around him, viewing the minarets of Constantinople. A boy with the Montreal Telegraph Co's badge on his cap approaches and hands him a telegram. The Grand Duke tears it open: "Ha—from Old GORT.—Due 25c: Wish he would pay his telegrams—Ah, 'England asks if we are going to occupy Constantinople, told them none of their business. Of course we are going to occupy it—Bully for GORTSCHAKOFF; What did we come here for if not to occupy Constantinople.'" Another boy with another telegram. Grand Duke—"What, Austria is getting her back up—wants to know our intentions eh? Well we intend to go through old Constant., you bet. Give the marching order." Wildly bounding across the plain comes a boy on horseback waving aloft a special per Dominion line. He flung himself from the jaded animal and pantingly offers the 'gram on bended knees to his Highness. The Grand Duke reads, strikes his hand to his brow, gasps: "Heavens, do my eyes deceive me—No! It is indeed true—my worst fear is realized!"—Shows signs of fainting. His generals crowd around. "Generals" he faintly murmurs—"Order back the troops, turn from the city of the Bosphorus. It must not be. Canada has begun to arm her forces and this message confirms the report." The noble generals BLINKENHOOF GRUBBINSKI and others turned pale and instantly countermanded the order to advance on Constantinople.

Oh VENNOR, dear VENNOR, please give us some snow.
Snow matter if only a few
Flakes, to go sleighing, you Vennorable man,
And we'll do as much some time for you.

A "BACKWOODSMAN" writes to ask how it is that Mr. and Mrs. DUFFERIN have a son Lord CLANDEBOYE and another Hon. TEMPLE. He wants to know if the family name of DUFFERIN isn't good enough for these uppish young men.

QUEBEC is trying to rush on the millenium by abolishing its city council for three years.