

## 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, 20TH JANUARY, 1877.

## From Our Box.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—The Phoenix, placed on these boards several times this week, is a good play. CARROLL GRAVES, a drunken young author, has a secret. Mr. BLACKBURN, an aristocratic Fifth Avenueite who has ruined him, wants to get the paper containing the secret, which would ruin him. Goes to buy the secret; but instead, finding things handy, drugs author, sticks a knife in the vital regions of a fellow-lodger, sets house on fire, and skedaddles. Grand tableau—house on fire in all directions—very comfortable to think the Grand has lots of escapes from being Brooklynized. Young girl, real heir, skips in, carries author off like feather, nobody knows; inquest follows—bones of lodger found—author supposed burnt. All serene—rascal gets property, injured innocence lives in poverty for three years, which pass by while audience go next door and examine cause of author's misery.

**SECOND ACT.**—Author has struck silver in California—millionaire—comes back—taken pledge—finds aristocratic rascal in his unsuspected private gambling house—his secret source of cash—wins all his cash—exposes him. Old man, who knows, finds real heir, is explaining to her her rights. Rascal drugs his wine—old man falls senseless—young lady runs away—rascal sticks cloth full of chloroform on old man's mouth—old man dying. Drunken ragged old fellow behind (author in disguise) picks off cloth, calls police. Final dodge, rascal bribes fellow to buy will that he may burn it—agrees to burn same time old forgery of author's—means not to burn last, though. Plan carried out, bribed fellow old friend of author's, burns forgery too—burns will which left rascal a fortune. All discovered—author, old lover of young lady heir, is engaged to her at once—all good characters happy for life—rascal, not wishing to shock audience, runs out with horse-pistol, blows his brains out behind scenes. Final Tableau. The entire piece was very well played. The actors appeared without exception competent to their parts.

## The Banks.

*Grip in his examining office. Enter the President of the Bumptious Bank.*

**GRIP.**—Good morning, Mr. President, I sent for you to ask you a few questions. Pray, what are your reasons for considering your financial institution on a sound basis? What assets do you depend upon?

**PRESIDENT.**—Assets, my dear sir? Enormous! Enormous! Why, without mentioning the rest, see what securities we hold! Why, we've a whole lot of stock of the Dumptious Bank—an excellent institution.

**GRIP.**—And what makes it secure?

**PRESIDENT.**—The Dumptious Bank! My dear sir, next you'll be investigating the security of the Bank of England. Why, without mentioning anything else, see what a lot of stock it holds of the Flumptious Bank!

**GRIP.**—Oh! Ah!

**PRESIDENT.**—And of course the Flumptious is all safe. Why, it has any amount of securities of other banks—principally the Scrumptious Bank!

**GRIP.**—Oh. And it?

**PRESIDENT.**—Safe as the wheat. Piles of stock of the Gramptious Bank.

**GRIP.**—And the Grumptious?

**PRESIDENT.**—Well, in fact, it has a lot of ours, the Bumptious.

**GRIP.**—This is a round game. What if anything breaks? What is its object?

**PRESIDENT.**—Why, my dear sir, you see, in that case we must all stand together or break together, which gives general security.

**GRIP.**—What if a general panic occurred?

**PRESIDENT.**—Don't mention it! Hope we shan't have that!

**GRIP.**—That will do for to-day.

[Scene closes.]

## Ald. Withrow on the Now Proposals.

Know you not me? I am an alderman,  
One of the chief who did your last year's work,  
A famous work it was. Yes, I may say  
We did your business then, and left you what  
You still will keep in mind. And here, here come  
New, fresh, and un instructed aldermen  
Wishing to make a change! My worthy friends,  
Change is a good and a most pleasant thing,  
But not that sort of change. I love the change  
That clinks within my trouser pocket deep,  
Acquired by saving blocks, or selling frames,  
Or other profitable little jobs,  
I keep a mill to do. But change like this!  
This, which would all our precedents o'erturn  
And spoil our ancient games—I mean our rules  
Far be such change from us. Our laws are good  
And strict, and firm, if we did them observe,  
And would have kept us right. Ask you me why  
They did not check extravagance last year?  
I will not answer that. Or dare you ask,  
About the York street job? It was my Board,  
Not I, who that did do. Ask you me why  
I did not to the citizens appeal  
To stop such things—why I these laws did not  
Enforce—these laws which I declare exist?  
Why did I never threaten to resign  
Or never try to bring to justice those  
Who did those things and more? Ask me no more,  
I will not answer you; and once for all  
I tell you this: No change is needed here,  
Who likes not this may leave and disappear,  
My friends, be ruled, and this year, as the last  
Shall be, and more abundant, ere 'tis past.

## The Lament of the London "Advertiser."

Woes are fallen on me sorely; I am done and I am undone.  
Here's a vile Protectionist now come and lectured here at London.  
Grief and horror are my lot here, sorrow's flood is pouring o'er me,  
Ever since the wretch audacious dared to come and speak before me.

Yes, within the hall where MILLS had oft in praise of Free Trade spoken,  
In that hall he dared to tell us Free Trade yokes should all be broken,  
Dared to say our sacred Free Trade was the cause of the depression,  
And the roof forbore to tumble at the blasphemous expression.

Yes, before our Board of Trade he, in the heart of London city,  
Tore my heartstrings in a manner which would move a tiger's pity.  
Lacerated all my feelings, proved my strong belief a fable,  
Midst the plaudits of an audience very large and fashionable.

Oh, to think such doctrines awful should be preached this London town  
in,  
Which, alas, so many years here I have Free Trade laws laid down in.  
Spirit of great ADAM SMITH come; shades of MILLS and COBDEN hear  
me.

Out from dust and ashes lift me; with some kind relief come near me.

Not a soul a year or two back would have listened to his spouting,  
Woe is me—they're now in hundreds for Protection loudly shouting.  
BLAKE—MACKENZIE—being the good times which we swore you would  
be fetching,  
Bring them quickly, for the folks here say the truth we have been  
stretching.

I would not have cared if JOHN A. had come here to mock and jeer us  
No, nor even if ill luck had brought out TUPPER preaching near us,  
But to see that awful WHITE here—he that did the Premier jaw so,  
Asked to London—heard and praised here—that is what sticks in my  
maw so.

Wouldn't either it have minded, if in answer I could floor him,  
But he's crammed with facts and figures, fit to carry all before him,  
And the monster of the *Free Press*, which I take delight in hating,  
In my weakness is exulting, and above me dominating.