

## 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, 5TH MAY, 1877.

### From Our Box.

THE KUNKEL party and SLAVIN'S Cabin Singers remain at the Grand, and during the early part of the week presented the *Octoroon* in a pleasing manner. A piece entitled *The Planter's Home*, written specially for this company will be presented at the matinee and on Saturday night. The coloured troops sing nobly.

### The Reception of John A.

GRIP carried a torch on Wednesday night, and proudly marched in the procession which welcomed the Right Hon. Sir John A. MACDONALD back from his glorious victories at Ottawa—a procession which truly represented the enlightened sentiment of the Country at large. The Reception was gorgeous, but had it been twice as gorgeous it could not have fitly symbolised the splendour of our Chief's Parliamentary triumphs during the term just ended. No blazing of mere benzine torches could adequately typify the blazes he gave the corrupt and incompetent ministry on their financial policy; no amount of mere blaze and nauseous torch smoke could fairly represent the lucidity of the Protection policy he advocated in its place; and no clanging of brass bands and shouting of small boys could properly convey an idea of the noise he made in the House at the head of his faithful followers throughout the session. The grand torch-light procession therefore, in its purely figurative aspect, was far from a complete success. But as a recognition of a brilliant campaign it was worthy of the occasion. As a tribute to the veteran—Canada's greatest—the United Empire Club's only—statesman, as an attestation of the memorable triumphs he has just achieved it was as imposing as the triumphs themselves. GRIP joined the procession because he wished to honour Sir JOHN for his masterly handling of MACKENZIE and BLAKE on the Secret Service Question; his overwhelming defeat of them on the Ordinance Lands Question; his statesman-like vanquishing of them on several votes of want of confidence; his patriotic and glorious victory over them on the subject of granting an amnesty to the Fenian O'DONOHUE; his signal conquest of them on the Northern Railway Question; and his humiliating exposure of them in connection with several high crimes and misdemeanors which he had first ventilated at picnics. For these and other splendid achievements of the session—too numerous to mention—GRIP showed his appreciation by carrying a torch and enduring a good deal of fatigue and annoyance.

### Spring.

By the Business Manager.

What tho' no balmy breezes blow,  
And VENNOR says, "Look out for snow,"  
The little bird seems well to know  
'Tis spring.

And now his little nest he rigs,  
With bits of chips and tender twigs,  
And grass, and hair, and wool and sprigs,  
And string.

And there he settles down to biz,  
To chirp and twitter, croak or quiz,  
Or,—if that kind of bird he is—  
To sing.

Now GRIP, of birds the first and best,  
Has taken up a fine new nest,  
Beside the P. O.—one door west—  
This Spring.

There he will ruminate and croak,  
And all the politicians poke,  
And have his little timely joke  
At everything.

And if neat Printing you do prize,—  
(Of any sort beneath the skies)—  
To GRIP your orders, if you're wise,  
You'll bring.

### The Agricultural Carol.

There's good and ill in every cup,  
Which is amazing queer,  
When armies blow each other up  
It keeps bread rising here.

What awful slaughter there will be!  
But what a great relief  
To think that thereby comes to me  
A higher price for beef.

What cutting up with scimeters,  
And sabres will be round,  
But then, folks can't be limiters  
Of price of pork per pound.

When borne upon the wind shall come  
The thunders of the war,  
That ill wind shall of good bring; some,  
For wheat shall rise therefor.

Then let us merrily compare  
The situation clear:  
Hard knocks will keep agoing there,  
Hard cash a coming here.

They'll sepulchres and tombs erect,  
And various grassy mounts:  
We in the same time do expect  
To pile up bank accounts.

They into poor-houses shall get,  
Deprived of legs and arms;  
We shall build finer mansions yet,  
And much improve our farms.

Now bring me here a quart of beer,  
I'll drink unto my lot,  
That I have got my senses here,  
Which foreign chaps has not.

### What is to Come.

*Scene at a fire.—Row of buildings in flames; other buildings in jeopardy; citizens running with goods; women screaming; firemen taking matters coolly.*

CHIEF ENGINEER.—Hello! Hello! What are you about? Why don't you bring along the hose? Run up those ladders! Get on the roof! Look sharp!

FIRST FIREMAN.—Boss, are those houses brick, or only shells? We don't mean to be crenated; we don't.

CHIEF ENGINEER.—How do I know? Guess they're all right. Come along! (*Wall tumbles from house and kills Chief Engineer.*)

SECOND FIREMAN.—See 'em all hanged before I'll climb on 'em. Corporation knew this long ago, and let folks coat wood with brick all through the city. Citizens let 'em too; kept on never minding, Toronto fashion. Now let 'em climb on 'em themselves. BILL, will you come if I do?

THIRD FIREMAN.—JACK, if I was red-hot-brick proof, or even half-and-half plated, as it were, I would. But why did they let things be built no man can go near?

CROWD OF CITIZENS.—Shame! shame! Why don't you run up and work? (*Citizens seize ladders and advance; wall tumbles and kills citizens.*)

FOURTH FIREMAN.—Look here. All the pay the city could give couldn't uncook us. Send up the men who built the houses round here. Let them tell us which it is safe to go near. (*More walls tumble.*)

The fire spreads, desperate attempts are made: more men are killed; much damage is done; and when some millions of property have been sacrificed, some day, if they have time, and feel like it, and there's nothing else to be done that evening, and nobody has any objection, they will make a law prohibiting the encasing or fronting of old wooden houses with brick shells, which are sure to fall *en masse*, and will, as soon as the peril is understood, prevent firemen from doing efficient duty at all. But when they have made it, they will not enforce it. Then a few more millions will be destroyed. At last, the thing will be done.

### Medical.

De-Dear *Gr-Grip*, Be-before I c-consulted Dr. QU-QUACKEMBOSS I st-stuttered fr-frightfully; but after ta-taking only thr-three of his cel-celebrated p-pills, I ca-can spe-speak as we-well as any ma-man; s-sing like a n-nightingale or a b-bull frog and sw-swear like a Wh-Whiskey Informer. I have also c-cured all my nei-neighbours r-roosters of c-crowling at unt-untimely h-hours by the s-simple ap-application of fo-four fin-fingers and a th-thumb to their wi-windpipes at night time, and am will-willing to tr-try the same rem-remedy on s-some of our Al-Al-dermen for a fa-fair con-con-sideration.

Yours,  
JA-JA-JAM BONES.