

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Jaſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH SEPTEMBER, 1878.

From our Box.

THE GRAND.—Mr. PITOU'S next attraction is the Colville Folly Company, in burlesque opera, with Mlle. EME ROSEAU as prima donna, supported by a corps of fifty artistes. This ought to make a decided hit, and no doubt it will. The prices will be slightly raised, on account of the unusual expense involved. Go and see them.

The Nomination Speeches.

THE VARIOUS CLAIMS OF THE VARIOUS CANDIDATES.

West Toronto.

J. BEVERLY R.—

Gents: I don't found my claims to rule on brains or moral worth, But on that higher Tory ground—the ground of blue-blood birth, Though that I am a clever man I'll prove by showing how I voted for a tax on coal and milked the Northern cow; This fellow HODGINS, gentlemen, I ask you who is he? Merely a book-worm legal Grit, who works to earn his fee, Now my "opinion" ain't worth much, but I will give it here, That on next Tuesday you'll elect yours truly, J. B. R.

THOS. HODGINS.—

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, please elect me, If fitly and well represented you'd be, Though my blood isn't blue, but like yours simply red, Yet I've got a true heart and brains in my head. I'm too honest to do what JOHN BEVERLEY'S done. And if you elect me his tricks I will shun; I'll support the Grit cause for a clear Grit I am, And the "National Policy" cry is a sham; JOHN A. is a mass of political sin, And I'll be a good boy if you'll please put me in.

Centre Toronto.

ROBBY HAY.—

Kind Gentlemen, I am a Grit, at least I used to be, Until I saw 'twould suit me best to work for the N. P. Whereby we'd get protection on furniture and sich, And I would soon grow happy, contented, fat and rich; At present I'm not prosp'rous, I'm suff'ring from hard times, And am not hauling in much wealth nor salting many dimes; My fortune's only so so, not half a million quite, And till I make the million I never can feel right, I therefore humbly ask you to aid me in my plan, Return me for the Centre and make me a rich man.

JOHN MACDONALD.—

Dear friends, I'm independent, and do not care a straw, Whether you re-elect me or your confidence withdraw, But this I'll say, that if you want a man that's true and good, You'd take me for your member, and no one else, you would. Now ROBERT HAY'S a decent man, though perhaps o'er fond of self, And if you send him to the House he'll represent *himself*; I'm dead against Protection, and ditto 'gainst Free Trade; The present tariff is correct, I'd have no changes made; As to JOHN A. poor fellow, he's a wicked man I fear, I like MACKENZIE better, he's more honest and sincere, But I'm neither Grit nor Tory, I will blindly follow none, But will go on in the future as in the past I've done.

East Toronto.

SAMUEL PLATT.—

O gentlemen you surely won't
Go back on SAMUEL P.
Who's given to your charities
All his big salarie!

Who while he's been your member
Has been quiet as a mouse,
And never wasted public time
With speaking in the House.

For whose vote the noble chieftain
Has never looked in vain,
Even to support the motion
To put a tax on grain.

O gentlemen you surely won't,
You can't go back on me,
In fact I won't allow it,
Yours dumbly, SAMUEL P.

T. GALLEY.—

I am the workman's candidate,
I haven't much to say or state,
I only would remark right here
That living shouldn't be made dear,
And as JOHN A. would make it so
I'll vote 'gin him from the word go.
I think you're tired of SAMUEL PLATT,
Who though a decent man, is flat,
And can't do for you half the good,
That I believe I really could,
So that is all I have to say,
Vote for me on election day.

The Board of Bad Health.

A MEETING of this body was held lately, very much on the quiet. Reporters of the press were carefully excluded, the only representative of that palladium of our liberties present being GRIP, who fluttered in unobserved through a broken window and perched upon a bust of AESCULAPIUS, just above the chamber door.

MR. SICKLIE, the President, occupied the chair, and having called the meeting to order, he requested the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting.

The SECRETARY replied that he could not do so, as the writing had been rendered illegible by the hand of time.

The PRESIDENT said in that case they would omit the minutes. He proceeded to state the object of the meeting, which was to take steps for inviting a couple of distinguished visitors to come to Toronto.

MR. SQUALOUR interrupted the chairman to remark that it was the business of the City Council and not of the Board of Health to make arrangements about the DUFFERIN reception.

The CHAIRMAN begged Mr. SQUALOUR'S pardon but that gentleman was astray. He didn't refer to the Vice-regal visit at all. The parties it was proposed to invite to visit the city were even more distinguished than Lord DUFFERIN, though by no means so well liked. They were respectively called YELLOW JACK and CHOLERA. (*Sensation on the part of GRIP.*) He thought it would not be difficult to induce these parties to come, if they took the right course of action. He would like to hear what members had to say on the subject.

MR. RUBBISH said he approved of the proposition. The poet had said "Variety is the spice of life," and that was true. Too much health was monotonous, and a visit from a couple of epidemics would be a change, at all events he thought he could claim that his part of the city was now prepared to give both YELLOW JACK and CHOLERA a fitting reception. It was as dirty as could be desired.

MR. GARBAGE thought the present policy of the Board of Health commended itself to all who desired a visit from the epidemics named. They had simply to go on as they were, letting filth accumulate, and keeping the scavenger carts at a distance.

MR. CARION said he did not know whether YELLOW JACK would be likely to come to Toronto, but he thought they could depend upon a visit from CHOLERA, for it was predicted by scientific investigators generally, that northern latitudes would be visited about this time, and he saw in the papers that it had already made its appearance in Sweden. He agreed with Mr. GARBAGE that the present policy of the Board of Health was the one best fitted to secure a visit from this distinguished and deadly epidemic. He was proud to say Toronto was at present as filthy as any one could wish for.

MR. FILTHY LANE thought they could hardly hope for a visit from YELLOW JACK as that personage couldn't stand our climate, but they could secure TYPHUS instead. The citizens of Toronto would undoubtedly approve of their action in extending an invitation to TYPHUS and CHOLERA, for they evidently abetted the present policy of the Board, by throwing their household refuse on the streets and lanes, where it was soon converted into poisonous gases, instead of putting it in boxes and barrels as the law directed.

MR. STENCHI would advise the dismissal of the City Commissioner, not because that individual was doing anything to discourage TYPHUS and CHOLERA, but just for the sake of appearance.

MR. DIRT arose and began speaking to the same effect when GRIP overcome with indignation and disgust, rushed through the window to alarm the decent public.

"Yes," said she, "a dish of ice cream relaxes the muscles of my heart; but two dishes—oh, two dishes!" And he made it two.