

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

TEMPERANCE.—Your suggestion that the steam fire engines should be called out to repress riots, next Sunday, is a good one. Let the plan be tried by all means. Plenty of water would be abhorred by the unwashed.

WEST TORONTO.—If Mr. CAMERON come out this time he will probably go to the polls, that is, if he do not retire.

CONSERVATIVE.—Yes, half a loaf is better than no bread. Bring out Mr. CROMBIE. We promise him our support—in fact we support all the candidates.

IMPUDENCE.—The inevitable "working man" like the irrepressible nigger is to be out again in West Toronto. All the candidates claim to be that famous individual.

LEX.—Mr. LAFLANME is a bright and shining light of the Montreal Bar. He declined to accept a judgeship as he thought it would be hiding his light under a bushel.

ANXIOUS.—Mr. Mayor METCALF did not, so far as we know, dance the waltz in London. It was unkind for Mr. BAXTER to hint that he did.

REV. DR. R.—Perhaps you have been maligned, but we cannot undertake to publish in these columns your 1006 pages of MS. It would take us several years to get through them. The public know you well enough to justify future silence on your part.

OLD MAID.—Write to the *Nation*. That journal has taken up the cause of that estimable class of ladies who have past their meridian splendour. The fact is there are too many old maids and old bachelors, and our legislators should devise some means of abating the evil.

MATILDA.—There are a great many nice, well-mannered, and fairly educated young men, in the city, who would go out into society more frequently if it were not that they are terrified when they go to visit by having to talk to three or four young ladies at once—not to speak of the mother of the house. It requires no ordinary conversational power to entertain half a dozen sisters of ages varying from 35 to 17, at one and the same time. When the mother has likewise to be talked to, it becomes very painful. The only plan is, for those sisters over twenty-five years, to keep to themselves when the male visitor is not over twenty years.

From Our Box.

GRIP croaks his compliments to Mr. KENNEDY on the large and enthusiastic audiences that have greeted the singer of the "Auld Scotch Songs" during the week. Mr. KENNEDY with his mirth-provoking mimicry and mellifluous music, is a host in himself. The entertainment is heightened by the addition of five members of his family, whose performances, while less rare, are more appreciable by those who cannot understand the "braid Scotch" of their father. The glees of five voices—three male and two female—were rendered with exquisite taste, and strictest regard to time and tone. The solos were good, notably that of Mr. RICHARD KENNEDY, "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale." Miss HELEN KENNEDY and Miss MARJORY KENNEDY sang and played with grace and modesty. Of course the great features of the whole were the songs and stories of Mr. KENNEDY, and it is sufficient compliment to him to say that he fully maintained his long-earned reputation. The entertainments close on Friday of next week.

THE GOURLAYS appeared in the first of a series of entertainments, at the Royal Opera House on Wednesday evening. Notwithstanding the counter attraction at the Music Hall, the audiences were good. Mr. GOURLAY himself is good; but his son, Mr. JOHN GOURLAY, is undoubtedly the star of the Company.

MISS MINNIE PALMER is the latest attraction at the Grand Opera House. She assumes the title role, in a sensational play, called "Bob, the Modern Puck." She has been greeted by rather slim houses. We anxiously await the appearance of FECHTER.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—Naked assurance was personified,
In London once, by ADA ISAACS MENKENS.
Who represents it now that she has died?
Both rhyme and reason bid us answer—JENKINS!

The Bank Clerk who Couldn't Learn "The Boston."

A LAMENTABLE BALLAD

A Teller's tale I fain would tell,
Of one who did his duty well;
For though in boundless wealth he rolled,
His riches never were untold.

His was an enviable lot—
His shirts were ironed without a spot,
His coat and trousers always new,
And to his persons strictly true.

He went to kettledrums and hops
And smiled at girls from doors of shops,
And on the weather held discourse
With much sagacity and force.

And yet with all his gifts and show,
Was this gay Teller happy? No!
There was a canker in the rose
Which I, with tears, shall now disclose.

Though singularly graceful, yet
The "Boston dip" he could not get:
"This Boston gets me," he would say,
All in his easy, sparkling way.

To learn he tried him every plan:
He subsidized a dancing man,
A man who flung as light a toe
As ever moved to fiddle-bow:

He practised with the girls he knew,
And with his male companions too:
With chairs, with waiters at the club,
Behind his counter, in his tub.*

But all in vain. Do everything,
He could not get the "Boston" swing.
Again he tried, and still again,
But all in vain—but all in vain!

The dreadful strain, you may be sure,
No mortal man could long endure.
His cheeks grew hollow by degrees,
His trousers baggy at the knees:

Till he at last, a shrunken ghost,
Resigned his income and his post;
Five hundred dollars by the year,
And all that once he counted dear.

And in a village grocery now,
He hides his ever darkling brow,
And there, without a gleam of hope,
Dispenses tea and Windsor soap.

And sometimes in his walk he halts,
And moves his feet as if to waltz;
And then, with sudden grief oppress,
He groans aloud, and beats his breast.

He never smiles, they say he drinks,
As to an early grave he sinks;
But never doth this Teller tell,
The pangs that in his bosom dwell.

MORAL.

Young men who, in the Teller's place,
Distribute bills with easy grace,
Cease thinking, as these lines you glance on,
This world was merely made to dance on:
And learn that these new steps from Boston,
Aren't always worth the pain they cost 'un.

* Not a bad place for a "dip" either.—[Ed.]

The Professor's Paradox.

Now he's finished his writings, permit me to say,
All his rancour can't take my reputation away,
But my Teacher constituents, (no doubt with surprise)
Will be able to judge, themselves, where the truth lies!