

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the *Jas*; the greatest Bird is the *Stal*;
The greatest Fish is the *Ogater*; the greatest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

VARIOUS.—As TURNER is not elected, notwithstanding your anticipations, we cannot publish your communications. The worthy alderman would not like his name to be made the subject of jest, nor would it be fitting in us to allow it. The only thing that we can suggest in re-TURNER is that it is a long road that has no turning, and if like WHITTINGTON he will turn again, he may be re-turned, and what is now a loss will turn a gain.

VARIOUS OTHERS.—ROBINSON is elected, but why you should wish to state it in doggerel we cannot conceive. To remark

All hail, great ROBINSON!

Thou standard bearer of the U. E. Club.

may be poetic, but is not practical or truthful. To be a ROBINSON may be to be a bird of fine feather with whom the family may compact together, but the excellence of the rhyme between 'feather' and 'together' does not justify the publication of a fact so unimportant.

From Our Box.

They say that things are not looking well at the Royal Opera House: that in fact they've got down to ZERA. But the quick-silver has been below zero for some time: so much so that it has been hardly visible. Having reached the point at which it now is we may hope for a steady rise through the winter season, even though that may be contrary to a law of nature.

Mr. MCWADE has been entertaining the public with *Rip Van Winkle* at the Grand, and a sad *Rip* he is, when he wakes up after his twenty years slumber. For a sketch of the play with the author's name, age and place of residence see the *Mail's* dramatic corner. By the way we notice an improvement in the *Mail* critiques since our last issue. Perhaps the young gentleman who applied to us for a situation has found a berth on that staff. *Apropos* of WASHINGTON IRVING's story, Mrs. MARROWFAT says that if GEORGE WASHINGTON wrote that mellow grammer called *Grip Van Winkle* she will never cease to wonder, and young as he was too. She prefers dromedaries to any other sort of play, she says though a really fine operator is her weakness, she having a soul for armories beyond any lady she knows.

What I Know About the Election.

I never did take much interest in politics. Last Saturday night a brass band was making a row in the street, and stepping to the door I asked the first man I saw passing what the matter was. He seemed a little excited, slapped me on the back and said,

"351, By Thunder!"

"How many?" said I.

"Yes, sir-ree," he said, "we've scooped 'em—knocked 'em higher nor a kite."

"Scooped who?"

"Are you a TURNER man?" said he.

"I'm a journeyman joiner," said I.

"You're a fool," said one of the crowd who had gathered around.

Going back to my wife, I told her I thought something political was going on. She asked me why I thought so. I said, because there was a great deal of strong language being used outside. She said, what a pity that wasn't confined to the newspapers. Later in the evening I had to go to the grocer's. An intoxicated person ran against me.

"Rah for Robinson, said he.

"Don't mention it," said I—my name being ROBINSON.

"Gimme yer hand, old man," he said, "let's holler for ROBINSON."

"Don't, I beg of you: ROBINSON is here."

"Yer a liar," he said, "ROBINSON's at the top o' the poll."

So I knew that somebody of that name had been elected Mayor, or School trustee, or something.

"Fighting the Beasts of Ephesus."

BOTTOM, the Weaver (J. B. R-B-N-S-N.)

"Let me play the Lion too, I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the people say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again,—I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an t'were any nightingale."

—A *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Nonsense Verses.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

There are some divines in Toronto,
Who to keep us in blazes all want to.
MACDONELL says "No!"
They cry "Here's a go!"
"Why where would our business be gone to!"

There lives a young man in Toronto,
Who gets himself up all ataunto,
To the yacht club he goes
'Till he's painted his nose
And his tailors can't get what they want to.

There was a young maid of Toronto,
Who used much of ROWLAND'S Odonto,
Till her teeth grew so white
That she died in a fright
And no one knows now where she's gone to.

There lived once in Nottawasaga
A youth who was fond of his lager.
He drank all he durst,
And, for fear he should burst,
He tapped his inside with an auger.

Humours of the Stamp.

The reason that JOHN A.'s speech on Saturday night pleases us is, because it shows how much life and spirit there is in the old man yet. JOHN A.'s wit is evidently an unknown quantity: we might add that it is not constant in quality. "Beasts of Ephesus," applied to his opponents, evoked "cheers and laughter," possibly on account of the implied comparison between the Right Honorable gentleman himself and the Apostle to the Gentiles. The joke about TURNER and Cabinets dates from a period anterior to the aforesaid beasts, and has been offered to this Journal in 37 different shapes, and unhesitatingly rejected. The fact is Sir JOHN, having established his character as a humourist, has only to assert that it looks like rain to send any Liberal-Conservative worthy of the name into convulsions. If poor Mr. ROBINSON had ventured on half of his humorisms the other night, people would have said with SHYLOCK,

"Repair thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To careless ruin."

West Toronto.

Grip's oracular prediction.

I GRIP foretold
In language bold,
That man would be
The next M. P.

Who gained a big majoritee.

The public voice
Has proved it true;
The ballot threw
Three-fifty-one
For ROBINSON,
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

"Spittoonerie."

TO OLIVER:—

I have waited patiently for overtures of placation; see to it that you dally no longer. From you *per se* I have nothing to expect, nor from Ontario's trumpety Municipal Council anything worth insidious effort. But why so dull man? write to him who leads "the beasts at Ephesus"; to ALICK,—tell him to settle my little bill on which a balance still is due;—and say also that I fain would again perambulate the European continent in visits few and short, and burrow deep in London archives for a consideration: say I'm sick of "MAT," whose chill companionship I hate, and the whole batch who look askance upon me as one among them but not of them; in short tell ALICK anything you please so that "Backshesh" may result.

You know me, ALICK knows me, I am as ever open—very open; secure me and you secure tranquility during the coming session; "MAT" will hold to his briefs and all will be peace.

Deposit your reply in the spittoon at the desk nearest the speaker's chair on the left, a trusty henchman has instructions to look out for it.

"Hear it not, DUNCAN, &c."

W. WANDERER,

14 days before your fate.