

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDER.

The grabeat Beast in the Zss; the grabeat Bird is the Ohl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Wan is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1876.

The New Sewer.

GRIP congratulates the Council on the rapidity with which they have rushed at the project of the new sewer along the bay. But he would just like to remark that they appear to want rather a large sum for doing it. Quarter-millions, GRIP would inform them, do not grow on trees, at least not in his garden (unless some alderman has picked 'em). GRIP thinks he could dig two or three such ditches for the money. He is glad to observe, however, that the city is fully secured of a good job, as when Alderman WITHROW, in Council, was interrogated by some Alderman who thought four foot per mile was a poor fall (as most outsiders think) he was informed by that gentleman that the City Engineer was satisfied, and was responsible for it's success. GRIP is glad to hear this, as, of course if it be not, the Engineer will pay for the lost money, and Ald. WITHROW, as his endorser, will help him to do so. How wealthy they must be—these engineers and aldermen, and how patriotic. GRIP says, let them give security, and go ahead at once. By the way, had'nt they better build it themselves, and the city need not accept it if not workable, in which case the engineer and the alderman could have it all to themselves as a cool retreat, excellently adapted for such cool customers.

A Typographical Welcome.

"J. B. BOURGEOIS, of St. Hyacinthe, to be a Puisne Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec."—*Official Gazette*, June 4.

Bourgeois is now a *minion* of the law, and no doubt the *English* statutes will be his *great primer* in every case. We hope the learned gentleman will make a good *impression*, and give a clear *proof* of the wisdom of his appointment. It is a *picauliarly* onerous position; we trust his judgments may be of such a *type* that we may pronounce them *nonpareil*.

Grip's Receipt Book.

CEMENT.—Having been applied to by several ladies for a reliable cement for glass, GRIP obligingly communicates the following:—Procure a piece of pure cut glass as large as a walnut, boil it to a pulp, which mix with half its weight of tartaric acid. Dilute with water, and apply with a feather. This is the only cement which has never been known to fail.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—By far the best contrivance known is what is called the deceptive nest. This is a nest so constructed as to allow the egg, when laid, to drop into a receptacle below. The hen, not being aware that she has laid the egg, immediately proceeds to lay another. It is necessary to arrange the nest so as to stop at the third egg, for fear of exhausting the hen.

TO CATCH FISH.—Our readers are well aware that where one sheep leads the rest will follow. If we observe the movements of the finny tribe, we shall notice that with them, also, the leader invariably goes first, and the rest after. All that is necessary, therefore, in a clear stream where the fish can be seen, is to select some gently shelving bank, drop your bait quietly before the leading fish, and on his biting, jerk him, without splashing, on to the bank. The rest will immediately take the same leap, and if you are dexterous, and gather them before they think of leaping back, a large quantity may be secured. It is strange that this simple plan is not generally adopted.

TO PLUCK FOWLS.—By far the simplest method is to let them pluck one another. This is done with an ease quite unimaginable. A stationary glass, before which a few dead birds are placed, is curiously arranged so as to give them the appearance of being covered with oats. The live birds, picking at the fancied oats, pluck the exposed side of each dead fowl perfectly clean of feathers. They will not swallow them, and in half-an-hour you can turn the other side. Try it.

The Bear, with the most bare-faced bearing, tried to bear off the Turkey. But the Lion said, "Bear, Turkey is not for Bear, therefore, Bear, forbear."

The Great Battle.

"I have no doubt or difficulties in accepting that doctrine (Eternal Punishment) except that my poor wicked nature sometimes rebels against the will of God."—REV. PRINCIPAL CAVAN.

I can believe and do, that, at the first,
God made all men and built the universe
For His eternal glory; that, 'twas his will—
Thrice holy be it said in earth and heaven—
That man, His imaged Self, should creep,
Through pain and trials in a bounded life,
Back to the bosom of his Father
Only in one prescribed, straight, narrow way,—
So barbed with thorns against the wayward will
He carried in his nature, warped from good,
That, of the family holding breath of life,
So many bore such monstrous warts of ill,
Of downward disposition and rank mind,
That few of all should know the given way,
And fewer enter in. This hold I true,
And how my will to further verity,
In that the Father, at creation's morn,
Smiling upon the image of Himself
New crown'd the king of Nature's fair domain,
Beholding all things, saying "It is good,"
Did, for the glory of his Holy name,
Decree a sentence of eternal woe
Upon the souls of myriads in his sight,
And many other souls bespoke to joy:
The conscious lives enchain'd in endless flames—
Whose scorching breath shall never know surcease—
Must send a wail up to a deafened ear
Through ages that shall creep like deathless worm
In sinuous slowness past the gate of woe,—
Issuing from the eternal smoke of wrath,
And losing in the depths of black despair
It's ever passing, ever coming folds.
This, with no form of doubt or disbelief,
I give my faith to as the will of God,
And could with comfort and right conscience bless,
But that the nature I hold in my heart—
This human nature breathed into my soul
By Him who made me differ from the brutes—
Rises a rebel 'gainst the thought of it,
And, with a voice I cannot choose but hear,
Blasphemes this faith I've fixed as will of God,
And, with a pride to match lost LUCIFER,
Proclaims itself a thing of holier cast
Than Him I worship, were his will indeed
Of such complexion as I fashion it!
Down! impious tongue of Satan-lodging heart!
I know thy wiles! wicked past finding out;—
Even now, thou would'st assume a seraph's face,
And front the throne of Reason with the plea
That, having come from Heaven, thou art good;
And that the insurrection thou would'st head
Against the tenets of my firm-locked faith
Is warfare welcomed and inspired of God,
And does God's glory honour! but away!
Hence, sprite of evil, subtle tool of hell!
I'll listen not to thy insidious words!
Let's slay these emissaries of the Evil One,
These children of deformed nature's brood,
REASON and CONSCIENCE, traitors to the Lord,
And hold our faith against their clamorous war,—
The citadel we keep is't not God's will?
Then let us hold it 'gainst these foemen still!

The Indignant Mills.

A writer in the *Monthly* wrote—
(A fearless man was he,)
He would support with hearty vote
A national policy.

Then savage grew indignant Mills—
(A member eke was he,)
And columns four he straightway fills
Against that policy.

But GRIP must to that member say
(Though angrier he be,)
Broad Canada is sound to-day
Upon that policy.

We know that member's policy,
(A Yankee one 'tis known,)
But Canada would like to see
Just this—one of her own.