

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 5TH AUGUST, 1876.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES Moonlight Excursion, on board the "Empress of India," takes place to-night. The boat leaves Church Street wharf at 8 and 10.30 p. m. Single tickets 75c.; double tickets \$1.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—Monday evening next, Madame MARIE SALVOTTI, the celebrated Soprano, will appear, supported by Miss MAY LINDSAY, pianiste, and Mr. BAUMANN, violinist.

Mrs. Squeers to the Boys.

Now, boys, come and be doped. No compulsion, only if you don't there is expulsion, and you wouldn't get any of the good things that are coming when we get our Treasury holidays. Swallow it at once; you'll feel much better when it's over. It's not so bad; that is, not very bad; I mean, not so bad as it might be. Think what you'd have to swallow at the other school, and if it stuck, G. B. would ram it down with a Big Push at once. Hold him up. Hang that boy; he's got it in his eye; all the better; he won't see what the next spoonful's like. Next boy! If you make a face, my good little fellow, I'll skin you alive. Next! Take it at once; no nonsense, we have an organization here, and want no independents fooling round this school. Next boy!

The Progress of Dufferin.

Oh, dull it is by Ottawa to see the river pass,
And duller on Quebec's old walls, to watch the ripening grass,
And dull to see the *habitan* his oxen drive to mill,
And all the newspapers but GRIP are getting duller still.

And dull among importers fat in Montreal to be,
And hear them after dinner praise the free trade policy;
And dull to hear sleek Monseigneur the priest the joys expound
Of his religion, and to hope that I am "coming round."

And dull 'twould be to travel through the broad Ontario land,
And see her factories unused, her workmen idle stand,
And dull to get addresses there, a dozen every day,
And make replies until one's breath is vanished quite away.

It's not so bad in winter time, when one can skate around,
Or glide on glancing sledges down to icy depths profound,
Or at the rinks with Scottishmen, to push big stones about;
But summer's day in Canada is dull beyond a doubt.

And dull to watch the daily sun still travel to his rest,
And sink amid the glowing clouds in yonder distant west.
How beautiful the sight! perhaps out there there's something new.
A happy thought! I'll go with him, I'll travel westward too!

Ho, tell Her Excellency there she's got to come with me,
For our Pacific border 'tis our duty now to see,
Tell Honorable LITTLETON to pack and come along,
And wake that lazy HAMILTON, my private aide-du-camp.

My secretary fetch straightway, and let the papers know,
The *Globe* and *Mail* may send a man if they've got one to go.
Don't tell the *Telegram*; and there, its no use telling GRIP,
Though, if he'd come, I'd pay the whole expenses of his trip.

Don't tell the *Nation*; on this trip we'd rather keep awake.
Minerve and *La Canadien*, they're civil chaps, we'll take;
But warn 'em all, it's not my fault if they should lose their hair.
We cross the plains, and there's no end of screaming Injuns there.

I'll try to fetch them with a speech, if they do for us go.
I'd beat old Talking Horse himself at that, of course you know.
And by-the-by, pack up my gun; I'm bound to have a crack
At buffaloes and such big game, before that I come back.

Now let them get their arches up on far Columbia's shore,
And ready be with three times three, and also one cheer more.
Get all their cannons loaded too; I'm coming over there,
And going to orationize until I make them stare.

To John A.

Out, JOHN; out, JOHN; what are you about, John?
There's a very useful proverb that you've forgot, I doubt, JOHN,
When you try that ancient Scandal to cover from the light, JOHN,
The proverb that no two blacks yet did ever make a white, JOHN.

You talk about G. B's. Big Push, and that's all very well, JOHN
You say he meant gross bribery, and it is truth you tell, JOHN;
But saying your Pacific job was nothing that was bad, JOHN,
Is trying a deception on which is extremely sad, JOHN.

And when you say our puritans were short of purity, JOHN.
And that the courts soon found them out, we all with you agree, JOHN.
But when you try to hide the fact that you were found out too, JOHN,
We must remark in confidence this sort of thing won't do, JOHN.

'Yet you're ahead of t'other chap, though not much after all, JOHN.
You "errors of the head" admit; he won't admit at all, JOHN.
So, though the errors of you both to GRIP are most vexatious, JOHN,
The longer party does appear by far most contumacious, JOHN.

It's not the fault of GRIP; he's spent a work of reformation, JOHN.
On both of you, sufficient to convert a heathen nation, JOHN,
The object lessons that he's drawn, and homilies he's read you, JOHN,
Would long ago have set you straight, if teaching could have led you,
JOHN.

But he has waited long enough; he can't wait any longer, JOHN,
He's made a resolution strong, and now it's getting stronger, JOHN,
If neither of you shortly show improving disposition, JOHN,
He'll try if sending both adrift won't better the position, JOHN.

Libel Suit.

GRIP would not on any account say anything about the case in which the *Telegram* man has been committed to stand his trial for libel. Of course GRIP could not think of prejudicing justice by the expression of his opinion, the slightest hint of which would induce any jury to do anything whatever. But when a trembling culprit is forced by numerous brawny policemen into the presence of the stern-eyed minister of justice, how bitter must be his remorse! What must he feel, deep within his loathsome dungeon, painfully contemplating the little patches of sky visible between his grated bars! Day after day, the brutal gaoler brings him his pittance of bread and water, and reviles him with language too harsh for utterance. Passers-by, pity the poor prisoner. How, in his inmost soul, he must determine, should the period of confinement ever end, to pass a better life. How he must envy the pure and high-souled course of GRIP, who never says anything about anybody! Perhaps he even weeps! And to think that this hard-featured man, on whose countenance is irrevocably stamped the fatal imprint, was once a peaceful and yellow-haired child. Well, perhaps he may repent. It may be good that he hath been afflicted.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious Jewel in his head."

Bye-the-way, if there are any toads in the dungeon, as is probable, he might make a good thing of it before he comes out.

Insane Murderers.

THE venerable Workman comes out strongly in favor of believing McConnell to have been insane. Now, there isn't the slightest objection to this, but that forms no reason why hanging him was not exactly the correct thing. A species of insanity like that, which allows a man to manage his business, mind his affairs, scold, beat, and abuse his wife, and finally transfix his landlord repeatedly with a butcher knife, is just the sort of insanity best suspended by suspension. The doctor talks of an epidemic of crime. GRIP can tell him that an epidemic of crime always follows an epidemic of commutating and insanity nonsense, which is frequently talked by those who should know better.

REMARKABLE EDITORIAL BULL.—The *London World* asks, "Has not the grave closed but lately upon poor TOM HICKERSTAFF, who, having no more imagination than Mr. JOSEPH HUME, looked in the glass and fancied himself SHAKESPEARE?"

GRIP has a problem to put to the Corporation. He possesses a canine which, these days, both on account of the season and the slaughter, it is in order to talk about. Said canine is worth perhaps five dollars, and nobody but GRIP would give as much. Now on this he is taxed two dollars yearly, and 75 cents for his brass ticket. That it, he pays each year more than fifty per cent on the value of the property. Now, why should'n't other people pay fifty per cent?