

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

SIMPLE SIMON.—Very good. Shall be pleased to hear from you often.

EXCURSIONIST.—GLADSTONE had no hand in christening the new steamer EMPRESS OF INDIA. The name was suggested by a party named DISRAELI.

READER OF 'GLOBE'.—You find that your mind is getting painfully narrow, do you? Well, skip the theological editorials after this, and take more out-door exercise.

COUNTRY READER.—You are wrong in your impressions that Mr. MACDONNELL was tried for burning a church. The real charge against him was—but we never talk about what is incomprehensible.

CLERICUS.—We cannot publish your letter on the "heresy" case. We are not the General Assembly. Why don't you stand up boldly in open meeting and declare your belief that they all have doubts more or less?

SOUTH ONTARIO REFORMER.—We do not know that Mr. J. D. EDGAR's second cousin's brother-in-law was gentleman in waiting on Prince Teck, but it is a fact that a relation of Mr. GIBBS' was once tutor to the Prince of Wales. Elect Mr. GIBBS, by all means.

Paid to Stay Away.

It was the Mayor
Who made them stare
At the Water Commissioners' meeting.
Their men to pay
To stay away,
He thought it the city was cheating.
For twenty-five days,
The Mayor he says,
Their own pet engineer had been shirking;
While the city pays
For all these days
Just as much as if he had been working.
Now GRIP will swear
That this here Mayor
Talks as if he'd been honestly brought up;
And GRIP shouts "Go in,
You're safe to win,
If you only take care you're not bought up.

Grip has a Vision.

GRIP had condescended to dine, and afterwards to repose in his arbour. It occurred presently with him that he fell asleep, and hereafter a vision appeared to him, wherein two beings did hold converse together. And the appearance of one was fat and pompous, like the appearance of an alderman; but the second was thin, and seemed suspicious, and also irritable, wherefore GRIP considered him an assessor.

And the first said to the second that he himself never did notice his assessment, neither that of his neighbours, but that the city was in debt and the assessors' salaries were too high, and cheaper men could be got.

And the second remarked that he had put it at but three-fourths of the next lot.

Then the first made reply that people could not live on nothing, and that perhaps they were not too high.

When to him answered the second that he had put it at one-half that of the next lot.

To which the first did rejoin that assessors' wages should be a little higher.

And the second said that he had made it one-third that of the next lot.

Now the first remarked that the present men did very well.

Then the vision disappeared, and GRIP knoweth not what it meant.

Murray Street.

Now, why in such a hurry
Do they mend the street of Murray?
And lay down logs of cedar, and pile on gravel deep,
When it's but a little byway,—
Nay, it's scarce a public highway,—
While streets of more importance in a horrid state they keep?

The reason why it's gravelled,
Though precious little travelled,
Seems this, that there's two aldermen do vegetate close by,
And a magnate influential.
So they leave the roads essential,
And they grade it, and they pave it, and they make it high and dry.

Now GRIP advice expounding,
To the citizens surrounding,
Would wish to have a black mark put against these aldermen.
And at the next election
You shall see them change complexion,
When you tell them that you think you'll have no use for them again.

Our Canine.

GRIP has a dog, a dog which has been a mine of wealth, not to GRIP, but to the Corporation in the shape of taxes. This dog has also been a special constable, and has kept thieves away from GRIP's yard, and nobody knows from how many adjacent yards; the city being in indigent circumstances, and not able to establish a beat up there. Now this dog should be paid, instead of being taxed. But now GRIP hears he must pay a further tax of 75c yearly for his ticket on registration. This is adding desperation to injury. Now all this time there are sixteen million dogs who don't pay taxes, their owners being tenants who are not assessed at all. If corporations had any souls, they would consider the registration fee sufficient, enforce it generally, and do away with the other. So should they make much money, and merit a little praise, which is a little more than they generally merit.

A Delighted Sportsman.

To the Editor,

SIR.—Few are aware of the delights experienced by the amateur fisherman; but that your readers may to some extent appreciate them, I send them my experience:—

Behold me enjoying pulling a heavy boat for two hours up a boiling stream on a red-hot day, under a molten sky. I began, however, to suspect it was not a chief end of existence; also to suspect that it would be, if it lasted much longer. It was to about one third of me, at least. Got into the shade, and commenced. The principal difficulty consisted in the number of bites. Being presently so covered that I could not see myself, I paddled off for fear I might lose myself; and found a less lively situation where I caught a great catfish, which had so thoroughly gorged the hook that he seemed to have taken most of my line in also. On my attempting to release him of this, he obligingly ran two inches of his spikes under my thumb nail. I incautiously roared with the pain, and a ploughboy on the bank, hearing this dolorous sound come from the reeds, supposed it to proceed from some overgrown bullfrog, and hurling a large stone in my direction, sunk the boat. I waded to the shore, a perfect heap of slimy weeds, while my head, swelled with mosquito bites, looked like a pumpkin lying on top of it. The boy took me for the devil, and took to his heels. I took the road home. This is the most delightful fishing excursion of my life. I never had another, and don't think I ever will.

Yours,

PISCATOR.

Too Late.

THE *Globe* has discovered, extremely to its horror, as it never did anything of the sort before, not by any manner of means, that it has been garbling Mr. MACDONNELL's speeches. It was quite accidental; the reporters didn't know the speech was to be made, so they didn't take it down, only the end of it, as they only got there then. Isn't it a little remarkable that they couldn't get it from the other reporters who were there, according to a very common practice? Isn't it rather more remarkable that it wasn't published with apologies till all the harm was done that could be done, and the vote given? GRIP must seriously remark to the *Globe* that political tricks are misplaced in religious matters, especially in view of the warning fact that the Assembly have not abolished eternal punishment.

"Thou art so dear, and yet so far," as the dust-choked tax-payer said when the expensive new water-cart didn't come near him for two days.