

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. HARNABY RUDOR.

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 19, 1875.

From Our Box.

The farewell benefit of Toronto's veteran favourite, Mr. C. W. COULDOCK is announced for Monday Evening, 28th inst., at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House. The plays announced are *The Feas of Frankfort*, or *Payable on Demand* and *Milkey White*, in which Mr. COULDOCK appears in two of his most telling characters. We hope our citizens will give adequate expression to the esteem in which we know they universally hold Mr. C. as an actor and a gentleman, and as this will be probably his last appearance on our boards, let a packed house testify how sincerely sorry we are to lose him.

The Coming Man: or "Something for the Boy!"

Some people call me BILLY—
Some call me Wand'ring WILLIE,
And in my time, in faith, sirs,
I have wandered much and far—
But never, never yet
Have I once forgot, I bet,
To keep in steady view, sirs,
My life's bright guiding star—
Which is:—"Something for the Boy!"

Tory, Liberal, and Rad. sirs,
By turns I've been.—Egad! sirs,
I am anything, or nothing,
As I judge the turn may serve;
But in one thing I ne'er change,
Wherever else I range—
Through kicking, or through cuffing,
I never from it swerve,—
Namely:—"Something for the Boy!"

My capital in biz,
My tongue, I trow, it is,—
In oily-gammon style, sirs,
It can wag per hour, or day;
Upon each "situation"
'Tis aye ready to oration
By the yard or by the mile, sirs;
But the sum of all it's say
Still is:—"Something for the Boy!"

The Fatal Chromo, or the Bride of Gerrard Street.

A NOVELLETTE.

EDWIN and ANGELINA were young, beautiful and wealthy. The course of their loves ran smoothly, they got married, and lived in a gorgeous house on Gerrard Street, with a mansard roof to it. Till EDWIN joined the National Club, all was bliss in their happy home.

But he joined it and fell in with wild roisterers. His downward progress was rapid. He learned to play short whist and talked of Canadian Independence.

He gave up the *Globe* and took in the *Nation* and *National*. Often was ANGELINA'S pillow wet with tears, when her EDWIN would return to the once blissful residence at hours unknown to industry and virtue.

One day ANGELINA went into IRVING'S bookstore. There she saw a chromo which had just arrived with an American periodical.

It represented a guilty looking being stealing in at the door with his boots in his hand, and a grave, determined, sad and weary-eyed woman awaiting his arrival in mingled sorrow and anger. The legend below read as follows:

"The old, old story was told again at three o'clock in the morning."
A ray of hope gleamed over ANGELINA'S exquisitely chiselled features. That night, instead of retiring to her lonely couch, she replenished the coal-oil lamp and sat sternly in her chair, with ears nervously alive to the faintest sound.

Twelve! clanged the newclock at the Post Office. One! Two!
And still he came not.
The coal-oil lamp burned dim and smoked its chimney.

She sat there, lost in reverie, and heedless of the lamp till her head drooped, her pretty eyes closed, and slumber claimed her for its own. Just at this moment part of the tableau was realized.

The wretched EDWIN, bearing his boots in his hand, and with an imbecile grin on his countenance, stole softly into the room as the clock struck THREE!

He beheld his slumbering wife and a fiendish expression came over his features.

Gently he glode—no, glided to the lamp, removed the chimney and transferred the soot to his handkerchief.

In a few seconds ANGELINA'S charming face was disfigured by a number of hideous black streaks.

Then the wretch crept chucklingly to his room and went to bed.

Four! went the clock and she slumbered on.

Five! day had dawned and the balmy breezes of the far off Yonge Street sewer were wafted by the zephyrs through the open casement.

ANGELINA awoke and started to her feet.

"The wretch! He has not come home at all. Oh, this is intolerable. Why did I ever, ever, leave my m-m-mother?"

A flood of tears relieved the pent up feelings of her bosom. She blubbered like a whale—we mean wept like a walrus. That sounds prettier.

Slowly and sorrowfully she sought the bedroom where the guilty EDWIN lay snoring the snore of triumphant vice.

"Monster!" she said to herself on perceiving that perfidious creature.

With the customary instinct of womanhood ANGELINA stole a glance at her pallid and tear-swollen features, in the mirror, previously to arousing her husband.

She perceived the hideous disfigurements occasioned by the miserable practical joker and recoiled in horror from the sight. Every nerve in her body vibrated, as with eyes dilated and hands thrown back she surveyed the hideous spectacle.

"Fool, insensate fool!" she cried.

EDWIN informs us that he was aroused by the contents of the water-jug, from a dream that he was the Canadian Beaver, kept at the National Club to take part in the proceedings on Dominion Day, and that Mr. BROWN was chasing him round the hall of the Club with uplifted boots.

Their eyes met.

EDWIN dressed hastily and said he was going for an early walk, whilst ANGELINA commenced a letter to ask her mother to come and stay a week or two, as her home was far from happy.

All efforts at healing the breach have hitherto proved vain and the once happy bride is now in Chicago, seeking from the laws of Illinois a release from the bond that links her to a hated monster.

Meanwhile EDWIN goes round darkly scowling on his friends and absorbs the counsels of the gloomy GOLDWIN and the artfully devised cocktail with equally dangerous avidity.

He says he is hostile to all constitutions—especially his own, it would appear.

Oh, Mr. SMITH, Mr. SMITH, think on what you are doing. You once resisted the trammels of effete British institutions. Yet now you introduce the worst of all amongst us—the Club fiend. How many happy homes may be ruined for the sake of your little bowl of vermicelli.

Singular MSS. Discovered.

AS RICHARD DE DICKE telegraphs to us that he is in the land of Assyria, at present, helping Mr. SMITH, of the British Museum, to decipher the inscription on the stones, we suppose it must be so; notwithstanding an impression we had that we saw him yesterday on Yonge street. Anyway he sends us a singular MS.—printed below—which he says he abstracted from Mr. SMITH'S pocket—a "plagiarism" (as he calls it) which he justifies on the ground that "SMITH came here to look after stone-work, and has no right to go into the paper line." We accept the MS.—but the ethical question must "stand over."

1. And Queen BOADICEA reigned from everywhere to everywhere.
2. And she had riches, and honour, and power, and a Dolly Varden of exceeding great costliness, spangled with precious stones; and lords, judges, counsellors, and Right Reverends; and provinces, and annexations, and offshoots; over which she appointed governors, teachers, pastors and masters to boss things all and sundry.
3. The fairest of these offshoots was it not a region on a scale of matchless magnificence called Regemmelech—discovered in 645, A. D. by CHRISTOPHER J. WHELLAMS, and by him converted to Christianity, and wherof he afterwards became first apostolic Vicar-in-extraordinary. And did it not come to pass that in process of time Queen BOADICEA appointed deputy-ruler over this land the high and noble LISGARISSUS, under whom, as chief Vizier, was the famous and virtuous JONNYMACDONILECH! Yea verily.

[NOTE.—There's no answer given in the MS. to these two questions but I suppose one is to assume they are to be responded to in the affirmative, so I have taken on myself to do so as above.—R. DE D.]

4. It fell out one day when JONNYMACDONILECH was in council with his Sachems he heaved a deep sigh, and presently cried—"Let us elevate the Standard!" About two hours afterwards all the chiefs took