

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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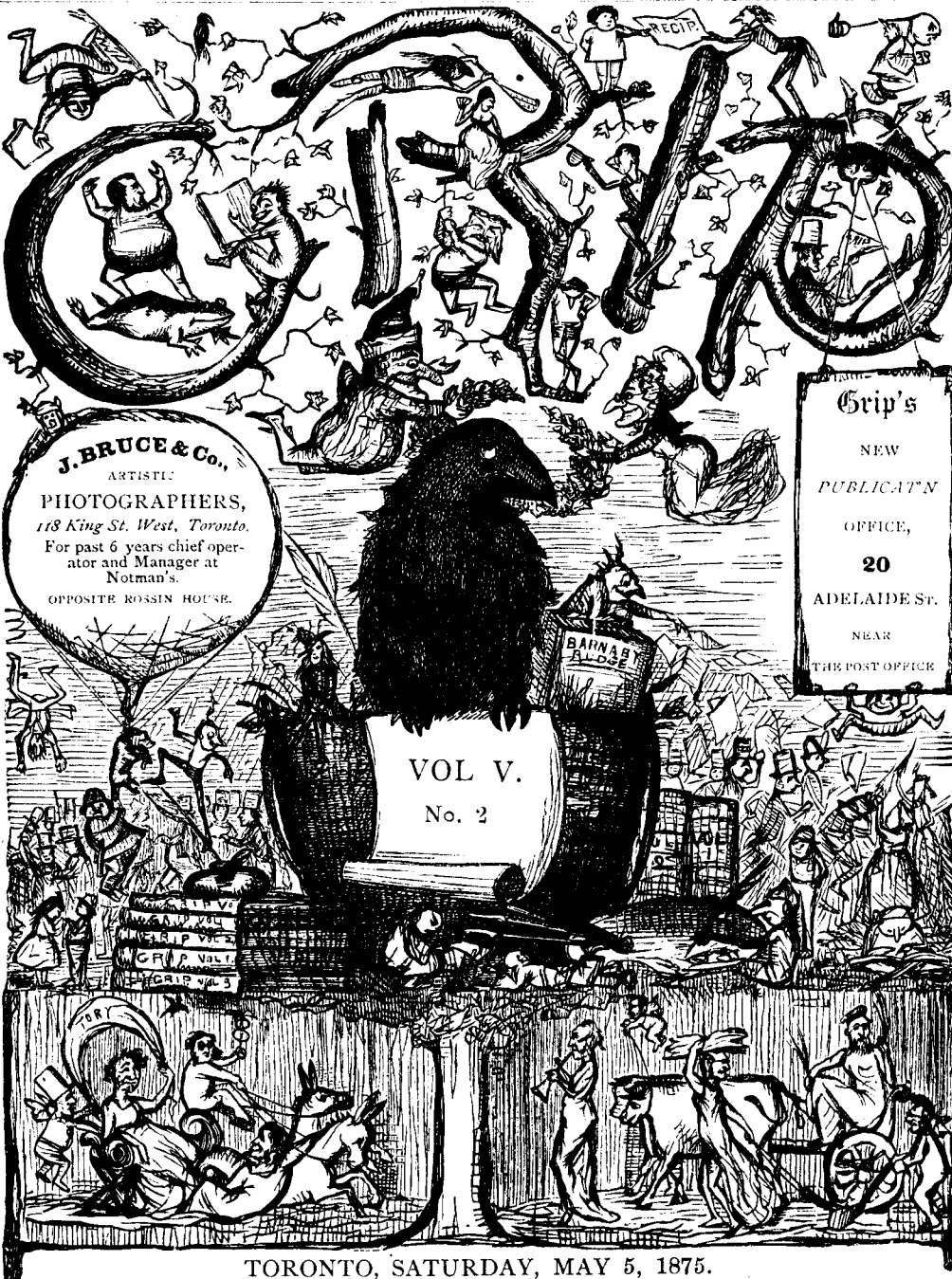
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, MAY 5, 1875.

## From Our Box.

GRIP thinks Toronto people might have done a little more in the way of turning out for MR. and MRS. HARRY RICH's benefit on Monday. Serve them right, they missed a good thing, for "Meg's Diversion" was very well played. MRS. RICH as the heroine tormented *Fasper Pigeon* in a provokingly natural manner, and in her turn was tortured by *Roland*. It was a great pity that her most telling scene in which CALDERON's picture of "Broken Vows" should have been realized was spoiled, and the *tableau* effect destroyed by some clumsiness in setting the scene. MR. RICH himself as the simple, rough and goodhearted carpenter *Fasper*, shewed a power of evolving the deep paths that lurks behind the outward absurdities of the part. MR. CLARKE "created, so to speak" a very fair *Ashley Merton*, and the *Eyton* and *Jeremy Crow* of MESSRS. HERBERT and ROGERS were well acted, particularly the former, who was "not to be trifled with", and whose collapse at the end, when he found he had been, was very ludicrous. MRS. MORRISON looked and acted as well as ever in her favorite part of *Lady Teasle* in a scene from the "School for Scandal", and we were delighted with MR. ROGER'S *Sir Peter*. But, if young gentlemen persist in playing *Charles* and *Joseph Surface* in big black moustaches, something will have to be done. GRIP felt like ordering a tonsorial artist (modern African for barber) to be sent for, and having the delinquents shaved on the spot, as a fitting prelude to the jolly little farce of "Who killed Cock Robin?" By the way, they say that the importation of English sparrows will probably result in the demise of many robins. Can't be helped—nothing like changing the face of nature.

ERIN and the BRENNANS at the Royal. MR. BRENNAN expounds his panorama of the Emerald Isle with clearness, and the scenes depicted are further illustrated by specimens of the

"Finest pisantry on a fruitful sod,"

who go through the national pastimes of whiskey drinking, fighting, love-making and dance the national jig with reckless enthusiasm and wild shrieks. J. H. BANKS, its yourself that's the broth of a boy! As *Dublin Dan* you seem just in your element. For friend JOE in this part has full license to dance, sing, make faces, and play the fiddle, which last he does well, so well that it is almost a pity his performances are varied by sundry gymnastic feats, such as playing behind his back and over his head. In fact he seems to be able to play wherever he holds the instrument. MRS. BRENNAN sang several songs very well, as did also MISS REILLY and, the latter lady's jig with MR. BANKS was worthy of *Donnybrook* itself. MR. EDWARDS is sure to please those who like "Dutch" comedy. We fear we are not judges, or that there is something wrong with us, for we never had much affection for even *Hans Breitmann* himself. Altogether the show is a very pleasant one and well worth going to see.

Lots more shows coming along and the walls covered with gorgeous posters. The Humpty Dumpty troupe at Mrs. MORRISON'S, a circus and a wild beast show on the road, and goodness knows what next. "After that" as Paddy would say "comes a pig to be shaved."

## The Coming of Ontario Ministry.

SCENE: King Street. Enter GRIP. To him MR. M. C. CAMERON, smiling joyously.

GRIP. (loq.) Good morning, MATTHEW. Let me congratulate you, if it is a little late, on the triumphant return of a good Conservative for South Simcoe.

MR. M. C. C.—(Hesitatingly)—Ah, th-an-ks—th-a-n-ks.

GRIP—Now, between you and MAC. I look for an early defeat of that corrupt administration of MOWAT'S. The country has its eyes on you. It expects your accession to the benches.

MR. M. C. C.—(Impassionately) We'll attain them, too, by the Jingo —we shall, by the Living Jingo!!

GRIP—Come now, no quoting from TOOLE in my presence. But I hope you may, old fellow. By the way, have you given the subject of a Cabinet any thought, in anticipation of being called upon to go to the wheel?

MR. M. C. C. You're shouting, I have! You bet I've got the thing all cut and dried. (Patting his vest-pocket significantly.)

GRIP—I am shocked to hear you speak in such a slangy manner. I am afraid you are already beginning to suffer from "evil association." But let us have the names, old boy.

MR. M. C. C.—(Confidentially) Come in here.

(They enter a private parlour of the Rossin House. MR. C. locks the door, closes the shutters, puts down the window blinds, peers carefully under the sofa, and finally seats himself behind an arm chair in a dark corner. GRIP perches on the table.)

GRIP—Come, hurry up,—I'm sincerely anxious to learn what you're "going to do about it."

MR. M. C. C.—Here they are. (Producing a piece of sheep-skin from his vest pocket.)

GRIP—(Faciously)—Sheepskin? Ah, quite appropriate. Proceed. MR. M. C. C.—(Reluctantly, and with a slight blush, reads).—"Attorney General—MR. M. C. CAMERON."

GRIP—Very good, so far; he's the best and purest man in your Party.

MR. M. C. C.—I think so, sir. (Reads)—"Provincial Secretary—HON. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Good again. Immense improvement on MACKELLAR, who is so shockingly inconsistent and artful. By the bye, WILLIE held that office before, didn't he, when he was a Grit? Now, when he goes in, I hope we'll have no canoe couch extravagance, although I think the Province would pardon his purchasing a coat-of-many-colours and a stuffed chameleon, as emblematic decorations for the wall. But proceed.

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Premier—MR. M. C. CAMERON and MR. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Better still! I see you don't propose to sacrifice your professional practice, and WILLIE can run the House while you're in court. Very sensible. You understand each other, I believe. He'll bring in the Radical measures while you preserve the old ones. A sort of marriage compact, with two worse halves. Go on.

MR. M. C. C. (clears his throat) "Treasurer"—(An awkward pause —GRIP rings for the waiter and orders ice-water for MR. C. MR. C. moistens his lips and resumes)—"Treasurer—(ahem!)—MR. A. W. LAUDER." (MR. C. looks furtively towards the table and observes GRIP flopping around in a paroxysm of mingled mirth and distress.)

GRIP—(Recovering his composure) Pray proceed!!

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works—MR. CHAS. RYKERT (?)." (Explains) You see, I put his name down with a note of interrogation in brackets after it.

GRIP. Very thoughtful of you. Shows your capacity for the Premiership. Put another note before it, and one above and below.

MR. M. C. C.—Well, of course, if it comes to that, MR. MACDOUGALL can easily take that Department too.

GRIP—Of course, capitably! you'll find him an excellent harrower before long. Talk about MACKELLAR'S "fall ploughing." Why, old ARCHIE never could turn over his sods or hoe his own row as MAC has done. By all means, let him go to grass! Go on.

MR. M. C. C.—"Commissioner of Crown Lands—MR. BLANK—"

GRIP (interrupting) Excellent, my dear Sir! that's the best of the lot. If the others were all as competent as "BLANK" they would have a clearer record! If—

MR. M. C. C.—(Interrupting) You misunderstand me, I'm afraid—I merely put MR. "BLANK" to indicate that that space is waiting to be filled up!

GRIP—Wherein it resembles my crop at this moment, for I haven't had my dinner yet! Bye-bye, and lots of luck to you!

(Exit through an open window.)

## Croaks and Pecks

A TEXT FOR HALTON. "Swear not at all."

WANTED, for chemical purposes—A lady dissolved in tears.

SINCE politicians' lie—abilities are so great, need we wonder that they sometimes fail?—(to keep their word.)

Why should a candidate for a seat in Parliament go and stop at the Queen's Royal Niagara Hotel? Because that's the way to WINNETT.

THE *Globe* seems to think that DR. CANNIFF ought not to write on "Canadian Nationality,"—but we are of the opinion that the DR. CANNIFF he likes.

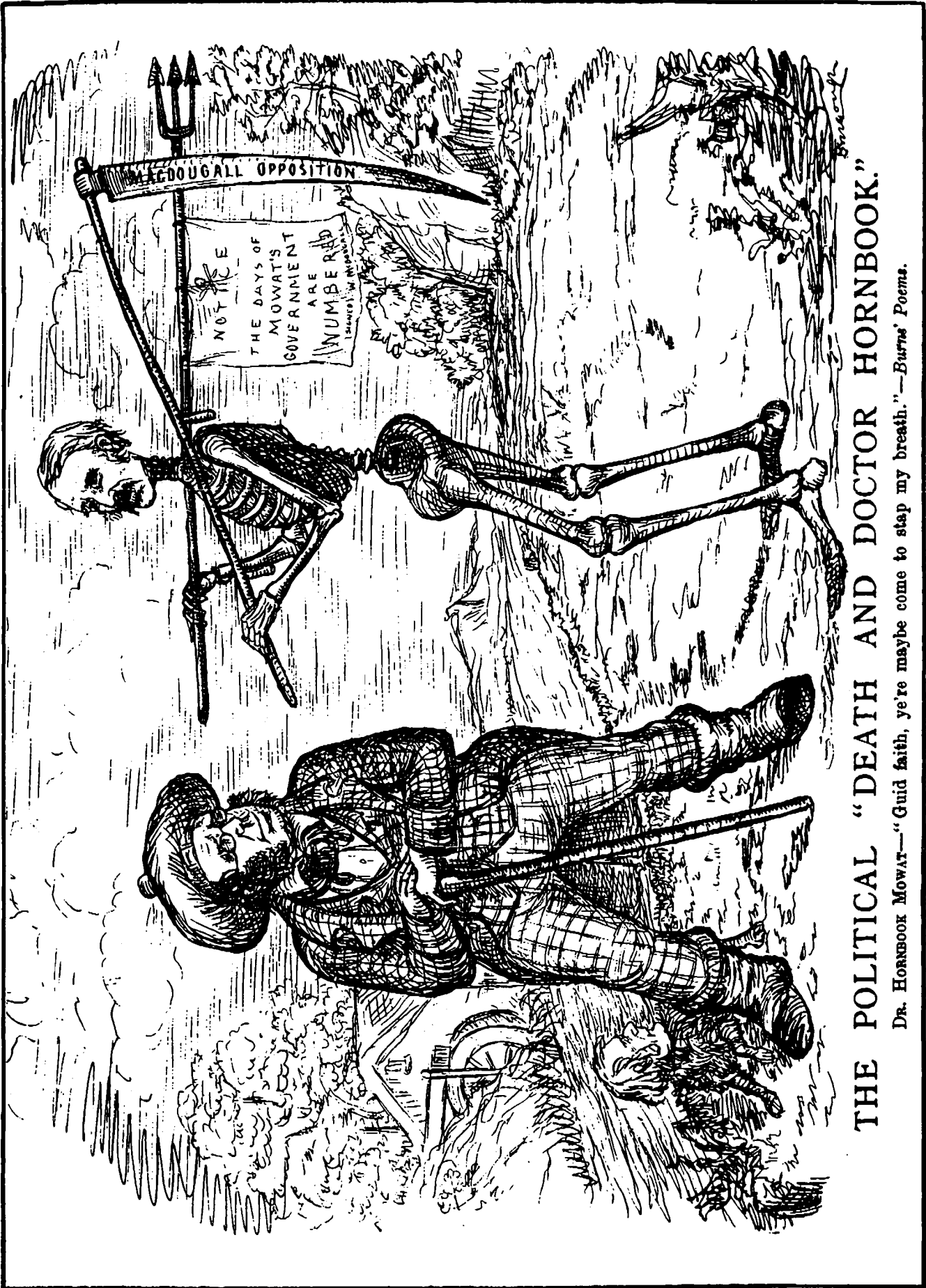
SUMMER is here, and the Old Sol makes it hot for this globe of ours. N. B. We don't mean the Toronto *Globe*. The *Liberal* makes it hot for it.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—If the Reformers of Centre Toronto serenade their member they would transform him into SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD—SIR-and-A-ed him,—don't you see?

THE Peterborough *Times* announces the *Annual Monthly* meeting of the Game Preservation Society of that place. An excellent object, but how often are their meetings held?

"CANADA FIRST" has scored a glorious victory, proving that it has not departed this life as its detractors assert. It is a Keenansville baseball club, and beat an Athlone club by ten runs.

THE *Aylmer Paper* records a singular case of precocity on the part of one of our great public men. It informs us that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH was born in 1853 and called to the bar in 1847.



THE POLITICAL "DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK."

Dr. Hornbook Mowat—"Guid faith, ye're maybe come to stap my breath."—Burns' Poems.



"MR. MACKENZIE left for ENGLAND yesterday. HON. GEO. BROWN sails for the same destination shortly."—*Daily paper*. "He can't allow MAC. to get out of his sight"—*Sm.*

ALEX.—I thoct tae hae a quiet time  
Across the broad Atlantic,  
But losh! the fellow in yon tub  
Has spoiled my dream romantic!

I micht ha' known I couldna' fly,  
Beyond the globe's dominions,  
Nor hope while livin' on the *Globe*  
To 'scape frae his opinions!

JOHN FULL—Go back, both of you!!

#### Ode to Vulcan—After Horace.

ARGUMENT:—The Hon. GEORGE BROWN prays VULCAN for the safety of ALEX. MACKENZIE, departing by train to Quebec, *en route* for England; and moralises on the dangerous pace of "things" generally, in these fast times:—

GREAT VULCAN! look wi' favourin' eyes  
On yonder train whilk roarin' flies  
To where Quebec's old housetops rise!  
An' thou, guid driver! quaff  
Nae potent rye, wi' drunken crash  
Lest thou 'gainst ither engines dash  
An' hurry to immortal smash  
Dear MAC.—my souls best half!

Yon chieks maun hae, without a joke,  
Limbs made of iron, hearts o' oak,  
Wha in yon coaches hold do poke  
Themselves, nor e'er alarm  
Their souls to think from slumber wakin',  
Roused by a muckle dreadth' shakin',  
They'll find, down some embankment taken,  
They're minus leg, or arm!

But ah! what danger does he fear  
Wha, when election time is near,  
An' mobs inspired by rye, or beer,  
Tumultuous round him pour,  
On platform perched beholds from high  
The sticks whilk wave, the stanes whilk fly,  
(Meant, perhaps, to hit *him* in the eye)  
Nor trembles at their roar!

Hech! aften as aie walks the streets,  
Fu' fearfu' sights ane's vision greets;  
Yon *Liberal* placards whilk aie meets,  
They tak ane's breath awa';  
Yon *Nation* too, an bad, bold *Mail*,—  
Eh! terrors sair my mind assail,  
Lest judgments on us het should hail,  
See wicked noo men are!

Some think J. A. is quite a god;  
Some thousands bow to GOLDWIN's nod;  
In fact ilk hour new marvels odd  
To mortals is displayin',  
Great JUPITER! for mercy's sake,  
Me to some ither planet take,  
For at this rate we soon will make  
This world too hot to stay in!

#### "Death and Doctor Hornbook."

(As related by Dr. HORNBOOK MOWAT, who vouches for the truthfulness of the matter, but acknowledges his indebtedness to ROBBY BURNS for most of the words.)

(See Cartoon.)

The aie o' Power had made me canty,  
I was na' fou, but just had plenty,  
I stachred whyles, but yet took tent aye  
To free the ditches;  
An' Opposition slanders kenn'd aye  
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The session moon began to glow'r  
The fair Ontario hills out-owre,  
To count my force wi' a' my pow'r  
I set mysel',  
But whether I had less or more  
I couldna' tell.

I was come round South Simcoe's hill,  
Late scene of Wandering WILLIE'S mill  
Wi' our DINWOODIE, (wham said BILL  
Made even sicker  
Than men are made wha test their skill  
At drinkin' liquor.

I there wi' *something* did forgather,  
That put me in an eerie swither:  
An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther  
Clean dangling, hang;  
A three-taed leister on the ither  
Lay, large an' lang.

An' frae this in a drooped position  
A flag hang, wi' this proposition:  
"MOWAT, this coming Local session  
Shall see thee fae!";  
The scythe—"MACDUGALL'S opposition"  
Bore on its blade.

It spak—"My name, to you, means *Death*;  
You'll find it so!" Quo' I, "Guid faith,  
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath,  
But tent me, BILLY,  
I red ye weel tak' care o' skaith,  
See, there's a gully!

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,  
I'm no design'd to try it's mettle,  
But if I did I wad be kittle  
To be mislear'd,  
I wad na' mind it, no that spittle  
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;  
Come, gie's your haun' and sae we'er gree't;  
We'll ease our shanks an' tak' a seat,  
Come, gie's your news,  
This while ye hae been many a gate  
At mony a house!"  
"Ay, ay," quo' he, an' shook his head—

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We haven't room for any more of this interesting narrative: besides, everybody knows the history of the strange person's wanderings.

"KING CHARLES walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off." But this is nothing to a Windsor baby, who has had his little head amputated and yet it survives. It is true he had two to start with.

SOME of our contemporaries are recommending each other a fish diet, which is said to be excellent brain-fool. To judge from the way some of them make use of others' ideas, we fear that "suckers" have mainly constituted the diet of those who tried the experiment.

THE May number of *Church Chimes* is received. We are somewhat doubtful of the success of this venture, as the field for comic journalism is a limited one. Our contemporary is a sprightly, sparkling little sheet, however, brimful of good things, but we are afraid it is too much given to treating upon subjects which hardly fall within the especial province of a humorous publication. The monthly burlesques of the saints are in the worst possible taste. We are not actuated by anything like jealousy of the notoriety of our little neighbour, in a sphere which in these days of the multiplication of newspapers we can hardly hope to monopolize, but we do think that its writers might find an ample outlet for their flow of brilliant humor and sarcasm without the frequent allusions to sacred things which are calculated to lower an otherwise excellent publication in the estimation of the respectable portion of society.

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**HUMPTY DUMPTY**  
A Full at A Grand Corps  
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**REVENUE.**  
Cash Premiums and Interest ..... \$25,486 13  
**DISBURSEMENTS.**  
Claims under Policies paid ..... \$8,348 95  
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof ..... 750 00  
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c. .... 6,192 73  
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent. .... 10,194 45  
..... \$25,486 13

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