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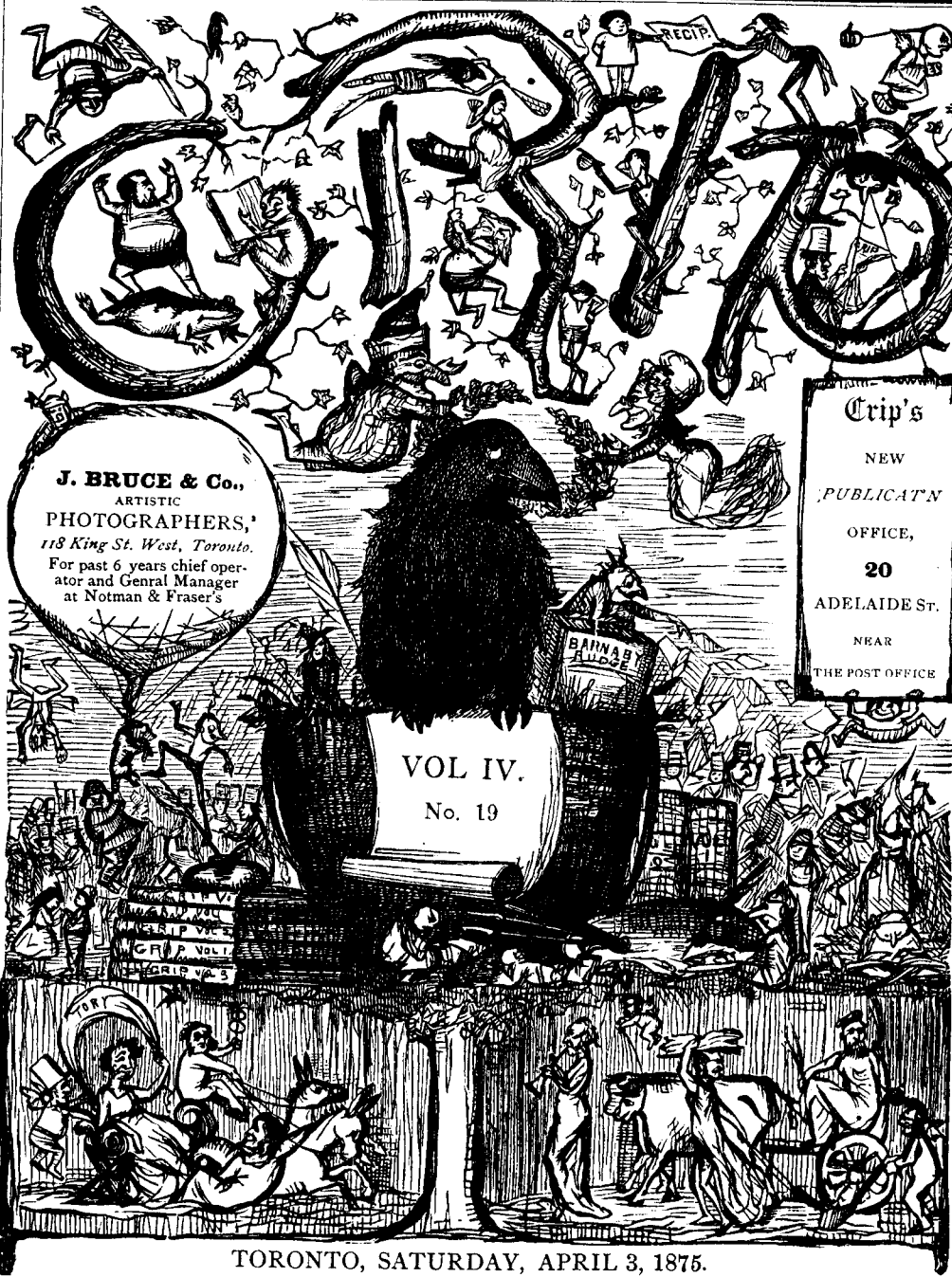
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. HARNABY 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, APRIL 3, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

LUKE SHARPE.—Your last extremely good. You cannot come too often.

FINGAL, WEST ELGIN.—Your chances for obtaining a government situation, in our opinion, will not be lessened in the event of Mr. CASEY'S "Competitive Examination" Bill becoming law. A thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language, with perhaps a verse or two of Ossian's poems to translate into English will be the principal test. In former times when we were supposed to be under the rule of what the *Globe* used to call an "ignorant and besotted race," a bill was read to make a knowledge of the French language compulsory, but it failed to pass. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. MCKENZIE will help this measure through in *case he* (GEORGE ELLIOTT) flies off at a tangent Tycoonwards.

SWASHBUCKLER, SOUTH HURON.—You should read with more care the Parliamentary reports. It is only as yet rumoured that HON. MALCOLM CAMERON is to get the Governorship of the "great lone land" which rumour may be occasioned by that gentleman's well known military tastes and qualifications. It will be a *desideratum* to have an efficient and determined soldier to fill the gubernatorial in that region, for otherwise, should he be honoured by a surprise party of Sioux or Blackfeet during one of his levees he would be a "gone coon" indeed.

From Our Box.

MISS NEILSON departed from amongst us in a blaze of glory and shower of "floral tributes" commonly, we regret to say, termed "boketts." Her last performance as *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons" was perhaps the best of all her impersonations. And now the swells weep and refuse to be comforted. The divinity for whose sake they learned to throw bouquets and arrayed themselves in white ties and boiled shirts has gone from their gaze. By the way how strange it was so few ever knew when the bouquet-pitching ought to begin. It was fortunate the idea of presenting an actress with canary birds in cages only occurred to some one on the last night, or had some of the frantic occupants of private boxes hit on the notion they would doubtless have hurled the cages and their unfortunate occupants at her devoted head. That irrepressible humorist M-r M-f, who was present on the last night of the engagement, in reply to a question as whether Miss NEILSON had not created a perfect *furor* said he didn't know about that, he thought she made many roar. The end of the whole was a complete ovation in the honors of which Mr. BARNES deservedly shared, though he did use a cuss word to his friends. Mr. RIGGS again favors us with his Irish delineations, which commenced with "Suil Gair" of which pathetic drama GRIP gave his readers a faithful though brief account a few weeks ago. Mr. COULDOCK gave his ever popular representation of *Calib Plummer* in the "Cricketer on the Hearth" on Saturday. By the way we were labouring under some strange hallucination that night for the *Globe* says "Damon and Pythias" was played and we never saw it. And not only did it escape our piercing eye, but that of everyone else in the house. But it must be true—it was in the *Globe*, which, as is well known, is infallible on every subject. Was it a prophetic vision of the coming reconciliation of Hon. George Brown and Sir John A. into a political *Damon and Pythias* that danced before the eyes of the *Globe* critic and deceived him. Or was everyone else asleep and dreaming another piece was being performed? The conundrum is stupendous—almost insoluble.

At the Royal Opera House, *La fille de Madame Angot* in an English dress was nicely done and drew good houses. Recalls were plentiful and Miss SALLIE HOLMAN as *Clairette* was very successful. Mr. BOWLER and Mr. RYSE also distinguished themselves, while plenty of life and energy was infused into every part. On Saturday, "Cinderella" displayed some nice singing and Mr. BARTON made much of a good part as a comic servant. "Cherry and Fair Star" was produced on Monday. With his usual readiness to impart information, GRIP wishes to explain the plot to his readers, but after much deep cogitation, is driven to sadly own that he does not understand it himself. The sad event recorded above concerning "Damon and Pythias" may have partly unhinged him, but anyway he could not make out the story. But, as a spectacle, it was by far the prettiest thing he has seen in Toronto, and Mr. DRESSEL deserves a world of credit for his charming scenes, Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. BRANDISI and Mr. RYSE sang some very good songs, which doubtless were appropriate to the plot, although they did not appear to be, and earned several well merited encores. By the way the orchestra here are getting careless even in accompaniments, on some occasions getting altogether out of time and even out of tune. This is hard upon the singers as well as upon the audience. Let the offenders beware—particularly the gentleman who plays the—. We will spare him this time, but next week will name the instrument unless he improves.

The Pacific Railway.

'Twould be but fair if GRIP's friends here would calculate some day. How much they're going to be charged for this Pacific way, An awful price Ontario pays—a most tremendous haul, And now it seems, the road won't come near where we live at all.

The many millions they must pay are going to come down Full hard on them—each one of them, in country or in town, There's not a thing they'll use or wear—there's not a thing they'll eat, But will be taxed, and raised in price, ere they make both ends meet.

Ontario feared 'twould bankrupt her, yet did her promise give, She thought, that with the trade she'd get, she still might through it live But what's occurred? her cash, when raised, is all to go to pay For what wont give her trade, but will—take what she had away.

And up get's Bunster in the House, and tells us that B.C. Can get more from the States, if she cannot with us agree, Now what's to keep these bargainers, when we've their country made From going over to the States—just in the way of trade?

GRIP holds pledged word in high respect—but if they treaties make That he shall hang himself, why, GRIP those treaties means to break, And GRIP would to Ontario say, "Just think, good friend of mine, If you're not pledged to hang yourself with a Pacific line."

Grip on Adulterated Liquors.

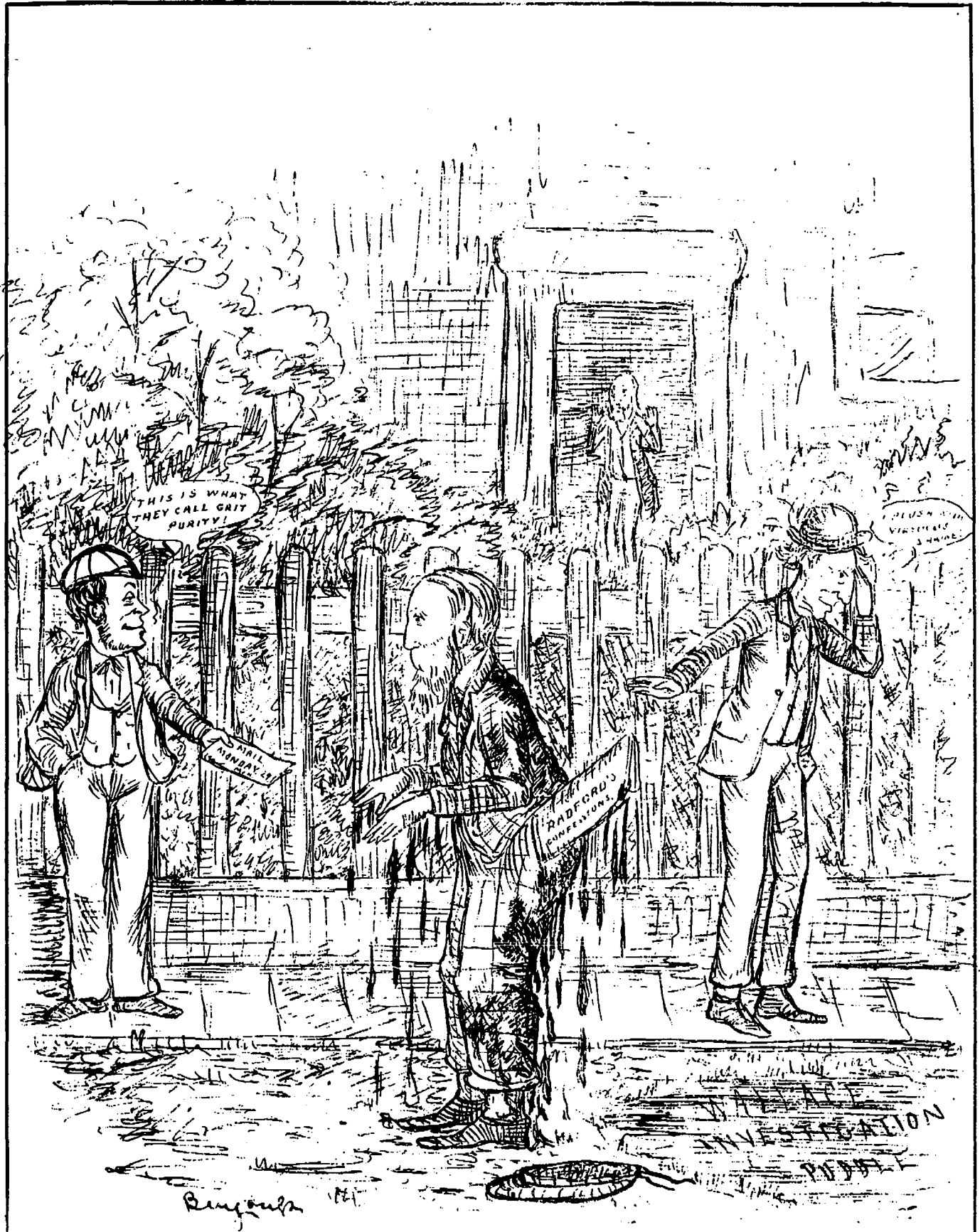
If GRIP's numerous friends in the Legislature can't immediately give him a prohibitory liquor law, could not they oblige him with a little statute prohibiting drugged poison in the form of liquor? If GRIP's dear friend Mackenzie will, putting himself under the well qualified guidance or his dear friend Sir John, visit sundry of these fountains of strong waters known as bar-rooms, and scripturally forbearing to look on the wine when it is red, will gaze instead thereof on the beer when it foameth with chemical adulterations, and the whiskey when it mantleth redolent of high-wines and vitriol, and will also partake of the same and proceed to make merry therewith, it may well happen that if for lack of weapon they separate alive, John A. shall be by force of unsuspected drugs insane enough to try another Pacific Scandal, and Mackenzie to believe Ontario will keep him in office if he give her trade to Montreal.

Legislators, Total Abstainers, Moderate Drinkers, Confirmed Inebriates, —here is a plan to help you all—a proposal you will all rejoice to support. Malt and hops are cheap in Canada—let the old British law be enacted here that nothing else shall be used in brewing. Let all spirits sold be rigidly analysed, and let he who mixes and adulterates liquor and he who is found selling it when adulterated, be rigidly and heavily punished. For *Grip* telleth you that formerly in good truth men became drunk when they swallowed much liquor, which was bad enough. But now there is that in ale and spirits which is not of them, and which maketh the drinker not drunk but lunatic and frenzied, and destroyeth brain and stomach. *Grip* would like Prohibition. But he fears he will not get it. Yet he means to try for it. But, in the mean time, give him this,

How long is MR. MACNABB to be permitted to outrage justice in this way? Complaints against the high-handed jurisdiction of police and police-courts are rife everywhere. But when we read in the *Sun* of last Tuesday that an unfortunate man named JAMES HILL was charged with the comparatively venial crime of larceny and that "Prisoner was destroyed," we are lost in wonderment and horror at the barbarity of our local Draco. No black cap, no death warrant, none of the paraphernalia usual to the last sentence of the law. Prisoner was destroyed! We are certainly governed too much. But how was the sentence carried out? Did they cremate him?

"CANADA FIRST" has culminated in the establishment of the "National Club." Here, under the able superintendence of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, Mr. HOWLAND'S infant is to be taught what to eat, drink, and avoid. We understand that the *menu* of the opening banquet was of an unexceptionally national character, comprising fried pork, buckwheat pancakes, maple syrup and other native delicacies, the only foreign luxury introduced being Japan tea among the beverages, of which old rye formed the staple component, that the first lesson in eating and drinking proved eminently satisfactory to all present. The principal object to be avoided, as taught in the preliminary lecture, was the perusal of the *Globe*, the substitution for which of the *Nation* was urged on all patriotic Canadians.

At a *con-cus*, of the contributors to GRIP, it was decided to present a *crow-mo* to the raven lunatic who sends the largest number of correct solutions to the following queries:



APPARENTLY IN A MESS!

Canada First Exclusivism in Toronto.

Canada First he rubbed his head,
I mean to govern the land he said.
I hav'nt the right material got,
But I'll take care you don't know I've not.

I'll build a club house high and deep
And there we'll quite exclusive keep,
Dinners we'll eat and healths we'll toast
And if not the land, we'll rule the roast.

We must keep ourselves out of the vulgar way
For they might find out we're no better than they;
There's a fable of pots down streams that go
And we're not quite sure of *our* metal, you know.

Mr. Jones to Mr. Brown

Oh! Mr. Brown
Why do you frown
Reformers down
In such a stupid fashion?
The Tories say,
'Tis just the way,
In a former day,
You plied to them the lash on!

Now for a Grit,
To make a split,
By bandying wit
Against his old Colleaguers—
Is quite too bad!
It makes me sad
To think you're mad,
Like other queer intriguers.

Repent and try,
To live and die,
With smaller fry,
In some congenial manner.

[Or if this modest request be incompatible with senatorial dignity.]

Lay on Mc.Duff!
We've read enough
Such paltry stuff—
REFORM is on *our* Banner.

Spring.

By a Sentimental Lawyer's Clerk.

Whereas on sundry streets and lanes
The ice and snow now turn to slush;
And gurgling streams, to sewer-drains,
Down gully-holes, impetuous rush.

Whereas fierce gales no more from north,
Or east—"Tocs, nose, or fingers nip."
While gay on sidewalks, and so forth,
Pedestrians roam, nor fear to slip.

Whereas the Robin *alias* Reel,
Is vocal now at early hour;
And male-fowls wake me in my bed
With strengthened rooster-doodle power.

Whereas my great-coat laid aside;
My clothes beneath I seedy see,
But vainly have my tailor tried
At replication, save for fee.

Whereas with whirling mop and broom
And white-wash brush, the women poke
Through all the house, and not a room
Is left me for a peaceful smoke.

These presents certify, that mild
And pleasing Spring doth now begin
Ejection suit 'gainst Winter wild
And putteth due appearance in.

Then come, sweet Jane! by *fieri fa*,
All duly stamped in Love's high Court,
Who nab'st thy Richard's heart away.
And lock'st up evc'y truant thought.

In pensive ramble let us go,
Where King-street's murm'ring gullies steal,
Thou art my Doe—and I thy Roe,
As witness here my hand and seal.

Church Exemptions.

1. Now GRIP was going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it.

2. And he came into a city, and lo, there was much land set apart therein, and vast churches erected.

3. And the stones thereof, and the carved work thereof and the cunning ornamentation thereof, were of great cost, so that much wealth was lavished on the same; likewise the land around, belonging to the same, was of exceeding great value.

4. And there was a man in black garments, even a preacher, standing by the same.

5. And GRIP said unto the man, even the preacher. How get ye so much land, and so great buildings, seeing that the times are exceeding hard?

6. And the man said, Son, the great cost of these things in cities, be the taxes thereon.

7. And it hath been enacted that these lands and edifices shall be free thereof, so that we now do hold much land, and shortly will be able to lease all the overplus at high rents.

8. So that it shall be for a perpetual endowment to our churches, and it may well be shortly thereafter that we shall be in the good condition of churches in the Old World.

9. For they have not need to depend on the voluntary principle, and they do even preach and do as they please.

10. And GRIP said unto the man, even the man standing by.

11. Tell now unto me this. Do not many men in these cities help to pay for these churches who do not believe in the same, nor in any, and is not the taxation thereof hard and grievous to bear, and are they not inflamed against all religion thereby, thinking it unjust.

12. And he said unto GRIP, Son, it is but a spoiling of the Egyptians, which is permitted unto the devout, and also the power and riches of the churches, and their freedom from the domination of the laymen therein, will be mightily increased thereby. And the man spake no more unto GRIP.

Au Revoir.

GRIP bids you God-speed Clandeboye
While on your trans-atlantic trip,
And hopes you'll find where'er you go
A friendly, warm, Canadian grip.

You won't forget "the girl you leave
Behind" as "gaily goes the ship;"
When in "high latitudes" your mind
Will oftentimes revert to GRIP.

"A life upon the ocean wave,"
Will be embraced by you with joy;
The winds will chant a welcome stave,
And whistle round you Clandeboye.

Tell "Emily" * when you get across
"We love her still," we'll ne'er let slip
The hand that nurtur'd us in youth,
But clasp it with a firmer grip.

God guide the bark that bears you on,
In speed, may she the winds outstrip;
May time pass merrily till you
Come back to Canada and GRIP.

* England, is what was here meant but our intelligent compositor *would* have it so.

ORO says tulips always makes him think of kisses.—*Danbury News.*
An 'Oro-ble joke.

WHY does a certain city in Ireland bid fair to become the largest city in the world? Because it's *Dublin* every year.

IN two consecutive paragraphs of a late issue of a contemporary we read that "match-making is a process especially dangerous in Sweden" and that the Grand Duke Alexis has made a complete success in his runaway wedding." Wherefore we would suppose that the process is less risky in Russia, though, to judge from the fact that the happy couple can't go home, there must be impediments even there. The Baltic would appear to have somewhat of a softening influence. Yet match-making is a hard business anywhere, as Brigham Young appears to have found by the result of his experiment in making not merely one, but a whole bundle of matches.

What is home without a mother—in-law?

If the moon is made of green cheese, was the cheese made from the milk of the cow that jumped over it, and how much of the Milky Whey was left?

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 Clam Soup Merchant.

MRS. MULDOON, a Fruit Vendor.

BILL RALTON, a New York Hack-
 man.

MATTEO MAZETTI, an Italian Pa-
 drone.

Mr.
 Thomas
 Grattan
 Riggs!

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OR THE

WICKLOW WEDDING.

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 ARRAH MEELISH, ... Mrs. MORRISON

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Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc-
 tors Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73

Scrap Appropriation to Policy-holders
 of 1874, on deposit in Royal Gana-
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\$25,486 13

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