

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.  
Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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ALEX.

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13

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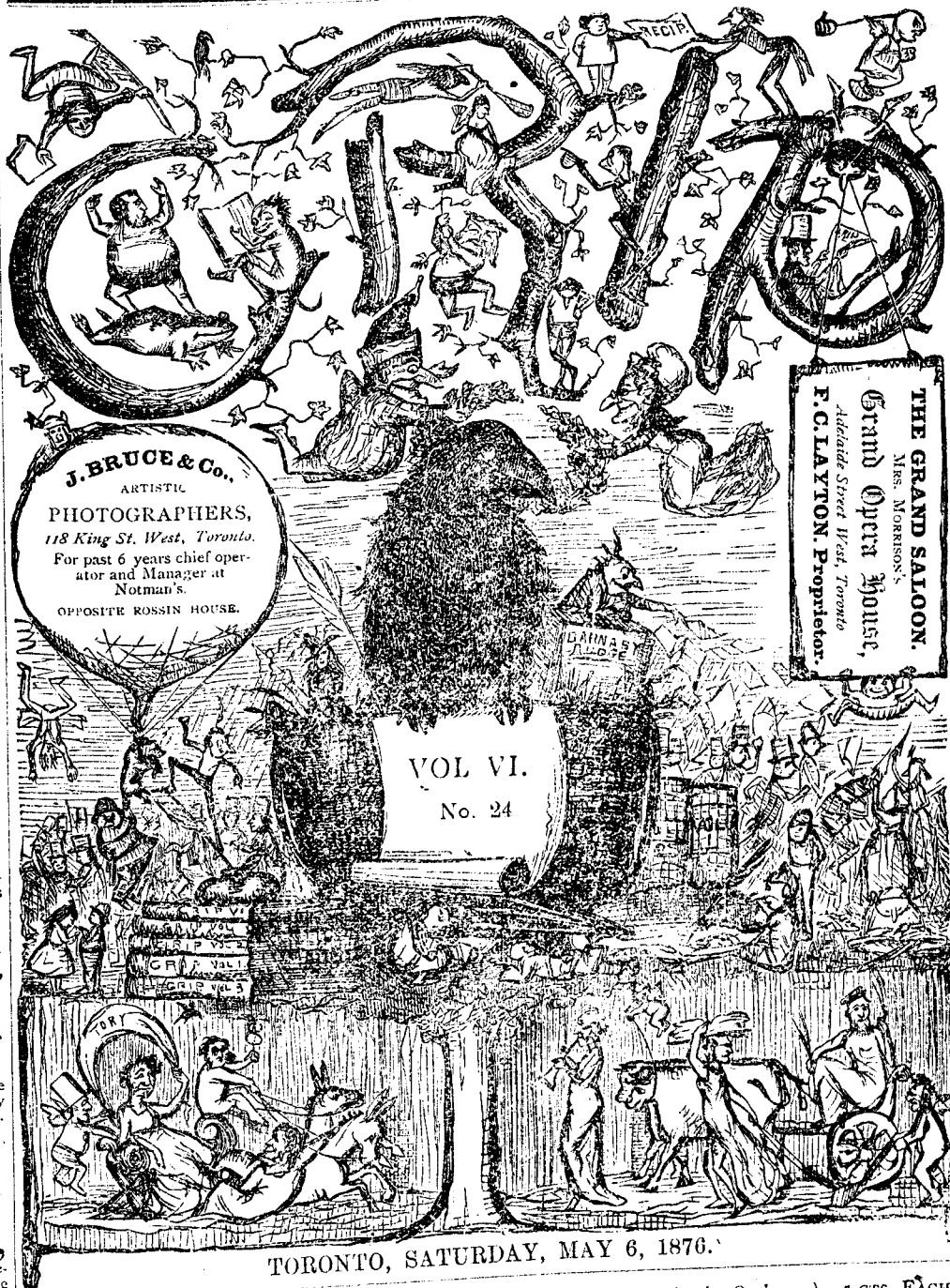
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

**RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS**

**BOUND VOLUMES Are Now Ready.**

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## 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, MAY 6TH, 1876.

## From Our Box.

MRS. CARRE'S Opera Company gave a very enjoyable performance before the patients of the Lunatic Asylum, on Monday evening. GRIP commends Mrs. CARRE'S disinterested kindness in thus contributing to the amusement of these unfortunate people.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. GOBAY, late of the Grand Opera House, has, we understand, become lessee of the Royal for next season, having associated with him in the management an experienced gentleman of Detroit.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The thanks of our city are due to MRS. MORRISON for the last week's engagement of Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, and we trust a commensurate amount of that "something more tangible" was found in the Grand Opera House treasury. The performances were great in every respect and will remain a joy forever to all who witnessed them. Once more it has been demonstrated, in the large and enthusiastic SULLIVAN audiences, that the people of Toronto will heartily patronise first class dramatic performances, and GRIP sincerely hopes, for the benefit of all concerned, that future seasons will be signalled by many such engagements.

This week we have Miss LUCILLE WESTERN, an emotional artist. Miss Western is a lady of fine presence and considerable force, but rather too "heavy" for the leading roles in such a piece as *East Lynne*, which was presented on Tuesday night.

EDWIN BOOTH and his company appear at this House shortly.

## "Off with His Head."

HON. A. CROOKS has for some weeks past and is still on a starring tour through this Province, appearing in his own adaptation of *Richard III.* His greatest hit is when he speaks the line "off with his head!" referring not to *Buckingham* but to *Boniface*, and on each occasion the appropriate action on the part of the executive raises a terrific howl of indignation in the pit. For downright practical usefulness, CROOKS' acting is far ahead of SULLIVAN'S.

## A Consultation.

Scene—Back room of a druggist's shop.

Present—Mr. SCALPEL, M. D.; Mr. PESTLE, F. R. P. S.

Mr. SCALPEL—Well, and how are you prospering commercially?

Mr. PESTLE—Fairly, but a very bad look-out for the future. New drug-stores opening all over the city; three close by me.

Mr. S.—This is not necessarily ominous, many physicians have of late years commenced to practice here, but doctors do not despair.

Mr. P.—Well, I must admit that business, in our line, enlarges as the number of chemists increases.

Mr. S.—My good Pestle, Toronto is the very Paradise of doctors and apothecaries—our happy hunting ground, I may say. Corporation and people perpetually work into our hands with a self and relative-sacrificing energy beyond all praise.

Mr. P.—Our sanitary regulations are indeed excellent. That long lane in the rear has been a mine of wealth to me. The people throw their rubbish there; it putrefies for a week, poisoning earth and air, before the scavenger removes it. The law says they must cover it in boxes, but they don't; this way's easiest; they don't mind; the Inspector don't mind. Pray Heaven he never may! I never have less than ten good low fevers there in the season besides contingent putrids incessant and innumerable.

Mr. S.—I must acknowledge the receptions of many professional *douleurs* from the same source. It is not, I am delighted to say, the only such source. You know the citizens have been using the Bay water; you know what flows into it. Pestle, I have twenty-nine excellent paying typhoids already by it; don't tell them; what's the use? Toronto people wouldn't believe what they die of, if reliable dead people rose to tell 'em.

Mr. P.—The sewer-gas, I think, is better, if anything, still. I, who keep my house clear of it, can smell it, though it's breathers can't. One half the houses smell of it. Why, a house properly infected with sewer-gas is a fortune. Best of all is, it isn't fatal; you keep your patients. But the amount of aggravated sores, ulcers, bad coughs, protracted

colds, bad headaches, bad everythings, bringing me money from even one such house is most astonishingly remunerative.

Mr. S.—Why, considering that, according to statistics, Toronto loses yearly one-third more than should die if the health of the city were even tolerably looked after, and remembering the vast amount of illness not fatal which this suggests, there *should* be work for some of us.

Mr. P.—Work, sir! The effluvia from the Bay alone, during the heated term, would occasion work for fifty doctors—and druggists.

Mr. S.—I doubt we talk like ghouls, but really it is not our fault. I have in my time, with more than Roman virtue, proposed sanitary measures which, if adopted, would have decreased my income one-half. But they were not adopted, or adopted so as to do more harm than good. People will, I find, please themselves, and since it pleases them to be poisoned, and to pay us for attendance and drugs twice the money which would have, well spent, kept them healthy, all we can do is to humour them, and to take the fees the Gods provide us, eh?

Mr. P.—And the cash for prescriptions. [*Scene closes.*]

## The Winslow Case.

So it seems there's a dead-lock on all extradition.

And WINSLOW'S allowed to go free on his way.

But doesn't this place in delightful position,

Those pets of the period—the rogues of the day?

John Bull may grab cash, and at once cut his lucky,

For a refuge secure in the land of the free,

While Jonathan, mixed up in ventures more plucky

Than honest, we'll straightway in Liverpool see.

What an opening for talent both foreign and native,

Till a new treaty's made, if they make one at all.

What a chance for all sorts of schemes appropriative.

For some safe operators to make a big haul.

NATURAL SELECTION.—That a Reform hotel-keeper should get the preference over a Tory ditto, in the matter of licence, other things being equal.

## The Unlicensed Milesian.

Shure ivery man a right to life and liberty may claim.

And to purshoo his happiness, if not to catch that same.

But here they've saized my manes of life, and liberty to sell,

And confisicated my purshoot of happiness as well.

Shure now the aquil of thim Grits for lies was never made,

That calls thimselves free thraders, and won't lave me free to thrade.

Not like Sir John; it's him would not have dacint min oppresht.

Our thrade made money in his time, and so did all the resht.

Is not my vested intherests quite ruined and desthroyed?

My capital locked up, and all my property employed?

Decanthers—five, quite illigant—the one that's cracked made six,

Nineteen whole tumblers, and the pump that in the counther sticks.

Six painted barrels, beautiful, wid letters all in gold,

Expressing various liquors which thim vessels didn't hold.

For I'd kape no adultherated foreign wine nor gin,

But made thim up of whiskey, wid some chemicals put in.

Thim my commercial bargains, too, all knocked to olds and inds.

Six bids and bidstids I could lind to tavern-keepin frinds,

Before inspectin' time, that they should seem to have enough.

Whin my turn kem, I'd horry back the other bid-room stuff.

And thim the drink: I did invist in influential min,

To shpake for me whin it was time for licansin' agin.

All thim investiments swallowed up complete, and no return.

St. Patrick! but it makes my blood wid indignation burn.

But soon we'll make thim comprehend their blunder is'nt small.

Sure Local Legislatures had no right wid us at all.

That honourable gentleman that WHELAN did defin'd

Shall now defin'd the whiskey cause to a successful ind.

See this now; just on GLADSTONE'S fate let little MOWAT think,

That intellectual giant, when he meddled wid their drink,

About his business he was sint; and soon the MOWAT gang,

May hear each big Department door shut on thim wid a bang.

Thim maybe soon we would'nt need no license great or small,

But dhrink and ate, and buy and sell, widout their lave at all.

And thim, as Scripture does remark, none shall make us afraid,

Whin we beneath our figs and vines sell whiskey in the shade.



OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

"RICHARD III" AS PLAYED BY MR. CROOKS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

### "Grip's" Congratulations to the Presbytery.

WITH HIS FATHERLY ADVICE.

GRIP heartily congratulates the Reverend Presbytery on their course with regard to the MACDONNELL matter, and the stand they have taken concerning the Confession of Faith. That any member of the church should be allowed, for merely Scriptural reasons, to dissent therefrom, would be most monstrous. Their position is, GRIP delights to observe, exactly that taken up by the excellent Papal dignitaries, and other members of the One True Church, presided over by undoubted infallibility at Rome, when their Confessions of Faith were, for Scriptural reasons, assailed by such inconsiderate people as LUTHER, CALVIN, KNOX, and others. "No," said the learned priests, with determination worthy of Toronto Presbyters, "believe our creeds without regard to Biblical reasons, or leave the Church." One slight difficulty to-day is, however, that MACDONNELL won't exactly leave the church. On the contrary, the church—that is the new one—will leave with him. But GRIP, with a view to please all parties, suggests this: As the statements in the Confession of Faith seems more important than those in the Bible, would it not be well to abolish the latter, and thus greatly simplify the course of future Presbyteries? Before it is abolished, GRIP would quote from it one passage, "No man can serve two masters," which he recommends to their learned and reverend consideration.

**SHOCKING MURDER.**—It is with the deepest regret that we inform our readers of a horrible occurrence which took place yesterday. Mr. BARRETT, a newspaper proprietor, whose office is nearly opposite to our own, deliberately killed his only Sun. The unhappy parent, who has hitherto borne an excellent character, has not yet been arrested.

### The Patient Fisherman.

*Scene*—a very muddy and stagnant river; a fisherman fishing from a rather leaky boat, with "Cabinet" painted on the stern, moored securely to the bank. Enter on bank a traveler.

TRAVELER—Bless me! Surely I cannot be mistaken. It is Mr. BLAKE. My dear sir, what are you doing?

FISHERMAN—(with annoyed dignity)—Your eyes, sir, which have informed you of my identity, cannot have left you unaware of my employment.

TRAVELER—But my nose, sir, makes me aware of something else. The stream is rank; positively a mass of corruption. And look at that abominable pig close to your boat!

FISHERMAN—Gently; though unsavory, his usefulness is undeniable. He is intelligent, and is called CAUCHON. Concerning the stream, you are exceedingly in error. This is the great Reform River—the very source of purity—the cleanser of the land.

TRAVELER—By smell and look, it might have cleansed much; and hath wondrously befouled itself in so doing. What is that vile floating thing?

FISHERMAN—A dead fish of the Grit variety. My colleagues used him for bait, and threw him away when they had taken sufficient of his flesh. He struggled much.

TRAVELER—How cruel! But how loathsome he is now!

FISHERMAN—I had once felt as you; but habit reconciles. Pray proceed on your journey. (Sleepily) I wish to fish.

TRAVELER—But allow me to undeceive you. This is not the Reform river. That great stream flows elsewhere. It passes onward through the territories of Patriotism—through the golden borders of Protection—past the colonized Saskatchewan—past the completed Pacific railway—ever tending to the shores of Honest Government. There you may catch the bright fish Honour, the flashing dolphin Fame, the great salmon Prosperity. BALDWIN in his day loved that noble river, and ELGIN delighted to float on its surface, and prophesy its course.

FISHERMAN—(with sudden enthusiasm)—That is the river! It flows through the land of Federation, rapidly, towards the country of Canadian Independence. I have dreamed of it; nay, when the bright beams of Aurora dispersed the dark visions of night, surely, I saw its illumined surface, resplendent with the rising sun.

TRAVELLER—Umhoor, and away for it! You shall not lack followers!

FISHERMAN—(timidly)—My dear sir, this boat is not mine. It belongs to a Scotch party named Mackenzie, who I fear is listening.

VOICE FROM REEDS—Blake, ye daft poetic gomeril! See ye' na what's pu'ing ye're line?

FISHERMAN—(pulls in a great fish)—(to reeds)—Excuse me. (to Traveller)—You see, Sir, we do catch superb fish here. This is the Quarter Salary Gudgeon, a very valuable fish indeed. (pulls up another.) This is a Chancery Suit Mullet, almost as good as the other; no means, though, for cooking it at my house at present, so I throw it where some friends of mine—partners once—will find it. Sir, you are extremely in error. This is the true Reform river—the true fountain of political purity—the only source of political profit. Once more I beg you to leave me! I wish to fish!

[Scene closes.]

### Wanted.

An independent Statesman, on his muscle, to help give a "big push" to Canadian Commerce.

A piece of the wick of the Pacific's Candle, with an estimate of its cost, and a receipt for its manufacture, in order to shew a light at the next Election.

A smart, active politician who can swallow his own or any other person's words, and turn his own or any other person's coat, and generally make himself useful.

A strong team of horses to draw the writer out of a mud puddle on Yonge street.

A corkscrew with which to trace the sinuosities homewards of the man who was detained late at his business, and dined out.

A pair of forceps with which to survey the "Achers" of mine enemies, and stub up the roots.

To know what price the man who has got the blue devils will sell them for, C.O.D., and whether they will run well in harness, and are warranted free from staggers.

N.B. An order for six weeks board and medical attention at a Lunatic Asylum will be presented as a token of respectful appreciation to any gentlemen who can furnish the above items.

### The Immortality of the Soul.

BY G———N S———II, M.A.

The learned Professor wanted to descant on this subject in our columns, but, of course, we could not have him drag his length along to the extent he does in the *Canadian Monthly*. So he had to do it up short in rhyme, which we present to our readers:—

The clergy's fix is this—they must preach truth to great and small, From creeds which don't bring any proof of being true at all.

No doubt it's clear your human's but an evolved brute;

Or will be clear, when DARWIN finds some missing links to suit.

He ought to advertise for 'em—I know if more folks don't,

There's nought will save my *Telegram*—it's plain its writers won't.

As for the soul, folks formerly did whisper that they'd none,

But now they act as if they'd not—that PATTESON for one—

Who me vituperated. Next, the Bible scribes, we find,

Were not in points of science wise as later-lived mankind.

All ghosts are humbugs; so are all the table-rapping crew.

BUTLER's Analogy's unsound, so he's a humbug too;

(Beg his ghost's pardon.) Next, is there a God; and is He good?

This some deny, who think He don't compensate as He should.

Some say, next world shall equalize. Of brutes opinions clash.

What of the horse, who bears through life unmerited the lash?

Yet there's some compensation here. I and Aeneas found—

*Multo jactatus*—Didos and their tributary ground.

Next comes the moral evidence—the wish we have to die

Like Christians, though we lived like Turks—a mere expiring lie.

MILL thinks the clinging love of life suggests the future state.

But MILL is wrong; these Free-Trade chaps will blunders perpetrate.

The scientific evidence of immortality

Is only this—there's nothing known that proves it could not be.

Science is evidence from sense—we've higher thoughts, you see,

Than lower animals, who can't their senses use as we.

The next world may advance us all in what we've here begun,

And even them—which gives some hope for BROWN and RYERSON.

The Pagan thought he had no hope of any future state.

Our wise men doubt the proof of it—the difference ain't great.

Yet Christians have a vital force which all depression mocks.

(This thought gives hope of better times, and of a rise in stocks.)

I'm quite prepared to evolve, and an ethereal range.

In fact, I've been most everywhere, and want another change.

To close, I'll say, don't be too sure that there's no future state.

For if you got into one your confusion might be great.

MACDONNELL, now, thinks disbelief in burning lakes no sin,

But if there is one, he may be most sadly—taken in.

### Medical.

The recent alarming Epidemic commonly known by the name of "License Commissioners" has had a tremendous run among the Tavern keepers, operating principally upon the "Jug'lar Vein" and producing "rye" necks with such extraordinary severity that large numbers of them are completely prostrated by the suddenness of the attack, and are entirely given over by their afflicted friends. So far as is at present known no remedial "measures" even though taken by the "bottie" appear to have any effect in staying the fearful progress of this "Whiskey strain." This terrible pestilence—Did you say another glass? Certainly, with pleasure: right away I feel rather faint.



**Canada Pacific Railway.**

**TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACKLAYING, &c.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this Office up to Noon of Monday, 22nd May next, for the EXCAVATION and GRADING required to be executed on that section of the Pacific Railway extending from CROSS LAKE eastward to RAT PORTAGE, LAKE OF THE WOODS, about 37 miles in length; also for the GRADING required from the WESTERN end of the 13th Contract to ENGLISH RIVER, a distance of about 80 miles; also for tracklaying and other works of CONSTRUCTION west of Fort William.

For PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, APPROXIMATE QUANTITIES, FORMS OF TENDERS, and other information, apply to the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa.

No tender will be entertained unless on the printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 27th April, 1876.



CLEAN-HANDS.

**"Decline and Fall of Keowatin."**  
From the London Advertiser.

Bengough's promised satire, the Decline and Fall of Keowatin, or the Free Trade Redskins, has been published at Grip's office and is now in the hands of the booksellers, price 15 cents. The manuscript was found in the deserted country north of the great lakes, written on tanned buffalo skin, and it tells why the former inhabitants, the Kanucks, left their hospitable land and cast in their lot with the southern neighbors who maintained a high wall about their territories to protect their own basket makers. The argument is a first-class protectionist manifesto, and the illustrations are in the highest style of the art. We find, ornamented with feathers and armed with bows and arrows, Big-Push, the chief of the Purites; Clean-Hands, head of the Tories; Goldwing-Arrow, a skillful marksman; Crity-Sand, Chief of the Council; Rib-Stabber, a treacherous and remorseless brave who loved to get at the fifth rib of an enemy; Cartwheel-Dick who sat on the money-box; Shifting-Aurora, a speaker of sweet words; White-Quill jr., a voluble young brave; the Early-Duffer, chief of all the Kanucks; Smooth-Scalp, a servant whom Big-Push gave to Crity-Sand; Wild-Wind, a Toerece Medicine Man; Ban-Sir, a Toerece Brave, and some others. Besides the ones who are presented with their feathers, reference is made to numerous other historical characters, such as Grinding-Mills, Working-Ox, and Steamboat-Hugh in Keewatin, and Slippery Fish who belonged to the Spread Eagles. An extract would not do justice to this witty brochure, which must be read and seen to be appreciated. When we say unhesitatingly that it is Bengough's best, there can be no doubt that it will attain a very wide circulation. A glance at Clean-Hands standing on a stump, or Big-Push with his legs doubled far up toward the knee is alone worth the price of the book.

Sent Postage Paid to any Address on receipt of Price.

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Ottawa, April 22, 1876.

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J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs.

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Extract from the Canada Gazette, of March 11, 1876.



**MILITARY COLLEGE EXAMINATION.**

Another examination of Candidates for admission to the Military College at Kingston will take place in several Military Districts

**On TUESDAY, the 2nd day of May next.**

Those desirous of competing at such examinations are requested to forward their applications to the Adjutant General, Ottawa, before the 15th April. Information relating to the conditions may be obtained from the Deputy Adjutant-General of the District in which any candidate resides.

The regulation requiring candidates to obtain a minimum of one half the total number of marks in each subject is to be modified by substituting forty per cent. as the minimum in each subject.

In other respects the regulations relating to the examinations on the 2nd day of May will be the same as those prescribed for the examinations held in January last.

By command,

**WALKER POWELL, Colonel.**

Adjutant-General of Militia,  
Canada.

Headquarters,

Ottawa, 14th March, 1876.

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