

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 2 Toronto Street, one door from King Street.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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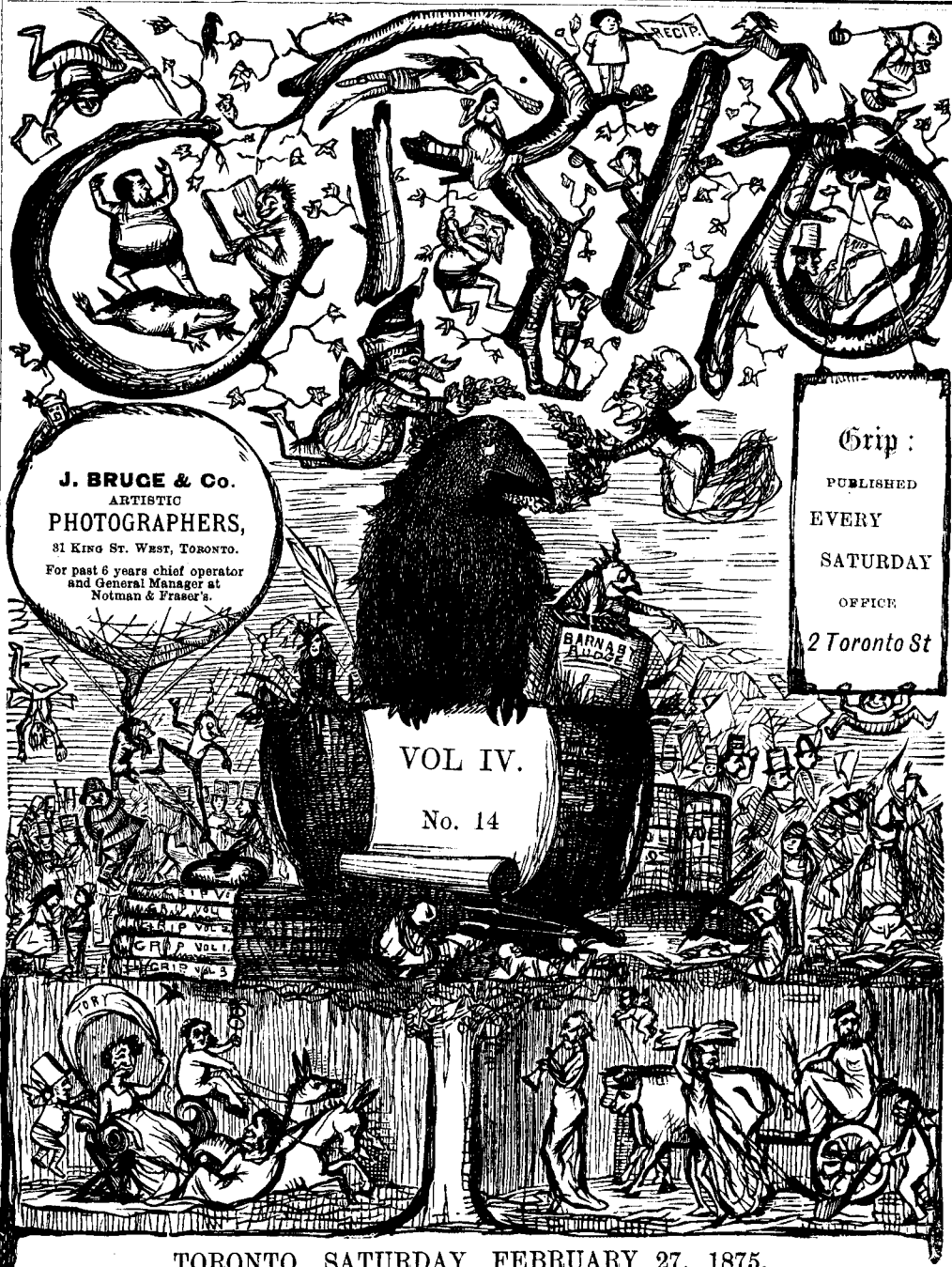
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PUBLISHED  
EVERY  
SATURDAY  
OFFICE  
2 Toronto St

VOL IV.  
No. 14

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

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The grubest Fish is the Oyster; the grubest Man is the Fool.

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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 grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyaſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

**Marc Brown's Oration Over the Body of his Friend Treaty.**

Friends! Townsmen! Countrymen! lend me your ears!  
I came to bury Treaty—not to praise him:  
The evil treaties do lives after them.  
My Treaty didn't do none! He is dead  
Before he had the chance. The noble JOHNNY  
Hath said my Treaty was injurious.  
When he said so, he told a grievous lie,  
And grievous mischief hath been done by it.  
Here—under leave of JOHNNY and the rest  
(JOHNNY is not an honorable man)—  
Came I to speak of Treaty's funeral.  
He did appear most fair and just to me,  
Though JOHNNY says he was injurious  
(But JOHNNY's a dishonorable man).  
My Treaty would have brought much money here,  
And cash had all our farmers' coffers filled:  
Did this in Treaty seem injurious?  
When that the poor wished work, my Treaty would  
Have sent them to the States to get it there.  
Did this in Treaty seem injurious?  
You all did love him once—till '64.  
Why don't you cry? He's dead! He comes no more!  
O judgment, thou art fled Conservatives!  
And Grits have lost their reason! Bear with me!  
My reputation went when Treaty died,  
And neither now is coming back to me.

**Things not Generally Known.**

That Toronto streets are lighted by gas on dark nights.

That the Hon. GEO. BROWN is well satisfied with the late Reciprocity negotiations; but (despising titles) has respectfully declined Her Majesty's gracious offer (sent by cable) to create him Duke of Dunderhead.

That the number of Sir JOHN MACDONALD's parliamentary followers would have been larger, but for a statement he lately made to them, to the effect that Mr. MACKENZIE was an excellent Premier, and that he himself had no desire for office whatever.

That Mr. BROWN, on arriving at Ottawa, at once interviewed Mr. BLAKE, who found it necessary, on pain of serious and immediate personal consequences, solemnly to abjure the further use of Aurora bombshells, Canada First fireworks, and all other incendiary articles he generally carries about him.

That Mr. MACKENZIE really does intend to have Toronto harbour—reported on.

That Mayor MEDCALF and Mr. McNABB have sat up all night for a week past, considering (with the assistance of a third party named Demijohn) how best to reduce the number of taverns.

That people were very sorry when the late delightful, clear, healthful, bracing cold weather changed.

**The Chances of Toronto.**

*First Toronto Wiscacre.*—We are tapping the Pacific by the Nipissing. Montreal is tapping it at French River. The route to the ocean *via* Montreal will be 150 miles shorter than that *via* Toronto.

*Second Toronto Wiscacre.*—Of course, the trade will all come our way!

*Third Toronto Wiscacre.*—Not the slightest doubt of it!

**A Very Gnaw-ty Trick.**

On opening one of the English mail bags at the Toronto office lately, it was discovered that a mouse had gnawed several of the letters. He came across the Atlantic sealed up in the bag.—*Exchange.*

Gnawing the letters was a very gnaw-ty thing for this gnaw-tical mouse to do. The steamer must have been going gnaw-gnaw-west at the time.

**Comedy--When Thieves Fall Out.**

SCENE—A Walk near Ottawa. Characters: SIR JOHN A., G. B.

SIR JOHN.—Good morning, Mr. B. Not Sir GEORGE yet, I believe? No matter; coming, no doubt. Your success at Washington, you know—distinguished services—fully entitled, of course. Quite well, I hope? They said the Washington air did not agree—or the people? I forget.

G. B.—(Ignoring all this).—Sir Jone, ye ken oor auld agreement?

SIR JOHN.—Certainly. Recapitulate with pleasure, my dear GEORGE. The heads of our two parties agreed to divide—all thero was. Alternately each party was to have power, office, advertising, contracts, etc.—the other meanwhile to have what it could make out of public sympathy by abusing the Government. Well, we had a long lease of power. Some of us got rich—you and others got rich in Opposition. Now we're out, you have got your turn. All right. Complain of anything, eh?

G. B.—I do. A' third parties were to be atthegither ignored and kept out. Why isna this Canada First party pit doon?

SIR JOHN.—My dear GEORGE, what can I do alone? My Tory papers pitch into them; but I regret that the Reform journals no longer follow your lead. Accept my sincere condolence. Your great age, and necessarily increasing weakness of mind . . .

G. B.—(violently excited).—Ma weakness, ye deleerit gomeril! If ye daur to repeat sic a word (*strides forward with uplifted fist*).

SIR JOHN.—(retreating by flank movement).—My dear sir, be calm; consider—deficiency of brain—possible insanity—your friends fear it. Must leave business—pay attention to diet: oatmeal is recommended, or your other national delicacy, a well-singed sheep's head. I hear they sing them well at Washington: possibly you found it so.

G. B.—Ye deevil! (*rushes at him like a galvanized windmill.*)

SIR JOHN from behind a tree delivers one from the shoulder into G. B.'s breadbasket. (Exit.)

G. B.—(Sitting doubled up on bank, clasping his central region, and groaning dismally).—Maist abominable insult to a Senator! Oh!—an Ambassador! Ugh! I sall hae him outlawed! I sall hae him transportit! I sall hae an immovable pain in my stomach! Ow!

(Scene closes.)

**The Soft Toronto Citizen, all of the Modern Time.**

I sing of that most patient man who lives in modern day,  
The only Job of present times, whatever folks may say;  
As all shall swear who once peruse this most convincing lay,  
Of the soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

He hands big bonuses around to every railway line,  
Who to reduce the price of wood do civilly decline,  
And lets them break their promises with patience most divine,  
Like a soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

Three members smart are by him sent—three members by him paid,  
Who don't object when roads are built to take away his trade,  
Which had not been if they for him had stout objection made,  
For this soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

His Council make a law that he, upon his hard-earned land,  
Shall build a house he can't afford, or none; and he doth stand  
And see their favorites break the law thus made on every hand,  
Does the soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

They raise each salary he pays, and raise his taxes too;  
His once good harbour's almost gone, with none to see thero to;  
It took a year for WILKES to ask what Government would do  
For this soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

**For Shame, Neddy.**

NED had sense, and NED had wit,  
T'others none too much of it;  
Public work he let them do,  
Legal fees pay best, 'tis true.  
For shame, NEDDY.

So to do, if so they could,  
Plenty round are none too good;  
Only—well, we didn't know,  
Never thought that NED was so.  
For shame, NEDDY.

Thought our hero come at last.  
Fooled again, as in the past.  
Private business likes him best,  
NED's no better than the rest.  
Good-bye, NEDDY.



"OTHELLO" BROWN'S APOLOGY BEFORE THE SENATE.

FEB. 15TH, 1875.

## From our Box.

GRIP, desirous of seeing the effect of his late warning, has made several visits recently to the theatres. In spite of Mr. KING's very clever acting, he was scarcely prepared for the Frenchification (good word, that) of his old friend *Mephistopheles* into a sort of *Diablo Boiteux*. And yet the fiend talked clever and wicked epigrams, and the actor gave them point most diabolically. Very pretty was the scenery, but GRIP was not enraptured with the musical arrangements. An *obligato* of hideous groans may have had some relevancy, but was exceedingly unpleasant.

It was with regret that GRIP heard the Royal was about to be closed, and it is with joy that he chronicles its re-opening until the close of the present company's engagements. Much as he likes both the leading theatres he is sorry to see them injure one another. Yet will he not cry with *Mercutio*, "A plague o' both your houses."

And once more Mrs. MONNISON herself returns to the scene of her triumphs. What a relief, after the inanities of burlesque and wasting by clever actresses and actors of their talents on the ditties and dances popular with the frequenters of the Academy of Music! By the way, GRIP hopes plenty of his readers went to see "The Advocate's Last Cause." It was the most unpromising piece at the outset, but the concluding scene amply repaid those who had sat out some of the early ones. In that Mr. COULPOCK was simply admirable, and was well supported too, as he should have been. If it had not been for some insane shouting behind the scenes in honor of Mr. PLATT and the Water Commissioners, the Lunatic Asylum, or the members for Toronto generally (for something of this description appeared to be going on), the scene would have brought down the house. As it was the interpolation gave time for every one's enthusiasm to cool down, and the "tag" was received tamely. There was a burlesque after this.

A special commissioner empowered to examine into such matters reports to us that since the appearance of our late warning the consumption of chewing tobacco has much diminished inside the theatres. Heel and toe music is also less frequent. No improvement perceptible in the galleries, whose occupants will have to be refused playbills if they only use them to pelt the parquette.

## Hey! Johnny A.

Hey, Johnny A., are ye wakin' yet?  
Or are ye sleepin', I wad wit?  
Wi' Clear Grit hosts,  
Frae Treasury posts,  
Mackenzie's no retreatin' yet.

Hey, Johnny A., can ye tell me noo,  
Hoo this Mackenzie displacit you?  
Naught frae *your* set  
The West could get,  
Sae to the deil we checked ye through.

Hey, Johnny A., can ye channels dig?  
Hey, Johnny A., can ye crib-works rig?  
For ship nor boat  
Can we keep nor float;  
And wark we want—not this talkin' big.

Hey, Johnny A., wad ye tell this Mac,  
Either to wark or to get him back;  
Then may be BLAKE,  
The job wad take:  
For the West maun hae the Atlantic track!

## Puns--Several of them.

GRIP has, after many fruitless attempts, succeeded in making the following puns upon the name of the ex-Premier. They are respectfully dedicated to all who can see the point. Country papers of all stripes are hereby forbidden to infringe upon the right which GRIP claims of being the original perpetrator of these puns:

Why are the Conservative party like the sea? Because they are bound to surge on.

Why was NELSON like the Conservative leader? Because he was the great surgeon.

When is a young lady like the Conservative party? When she has her serge on.

## Bravo B-rg-ss!

Nothing could more strongly testify to the ability of those "into whose hands *Hansard* has fallen" than the way in which their chief, through the *Ottawa Times*, has *hansard* the malignant and jealous article of the *Globe* on the subject of the Reports in question.

## A Little After Moore.

BY AN ILLIBERAL CONSERVATIVE.

Oft in the dull debate,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Memory, amid their prate,  
Brings other days around me.  
The quirks—the tricks  
Of politics—  
The words on hustings spoken—  
The "dimes" that shone,  
Now scarce or gone,  
Expenditure betoken.  
Thus in the dull debate,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Memory brings the state  
Of other days around me.

When I perceive the fact  
That friends for "progress" banded  
Are cruelly attack'd  
By Grits—"the red right-handed"—  
I feel like one  
Who views alone  
Some "caucus" room deserted,  
Whose "lights" are fed,  
And HE—their head—  
Alone and disconcerted.  
Thus, in the dull debate,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Memory, amid their prate,  
Brings other days around me.

## City Council--Baxter on the Position.

(Mr. Baxter intended this inaugural. He said something else by mistake. GRIP makes it all right.)

My name is BAXTER—BAXTER, d'ye see?—  
"BAXTER, and not another!" Couldn't be.  
No. Nature never turned two BAXTERS out.  
But—come to to think of last year—there's a doubt,  
They turned out out one quite easy. I don't care!  
I'm in—so's MEDCALF: Clear Grits now beware!  
Now shan't we spout in Council as we please?  
Now shan't we grab the perquisites and fees?  
Now shan't we pay off those Reforming chaps?  
Now shan't their knuckles catch some precious raps?  
WITROW I'll wither with my withering eye;  
And SHEARD I'll quickly shear of dignity.  
I'll soon make MURTON mighty sleepish show;  
And GEATING out of gear I'll quickly throw.  
This Council is Conservative to be,  
Which means, hold fast all place and salary,  
With this attending principle, no doubt,  
From all such things to keep the Clear Grits out.  
Clear Grits are folks who shout economy  
And pile the taxes on; but you shall see  
We'll bring them down, if it's in power of man;  
And if we can't, be sure no Clear Grit can.  
Good-by, my friends. One thing I mean to say:  
Don't interfere with BAXTER; so, good day!

## Crouks from Grip's Basket.

The trial of Mr. WILKES' case in the Election Court is postponed in order to enable him to get through with his Parliamentary business. We thought such trials were to decide whether people had any business to transact Parliamentary business.

The *Liberal* has a perfect right to differ in opinion from the *London Advertiser* as to Major WALKER's prodigality and its consequences. It is quite right to say so. Didn't the Siamese Twins take opposite sides in the late American War, and cannot the Two-headed Nightingale warble two different ballads at the same time?

A deputation of European statesmen propose visiting Toronto shortly for the purpose of learning from the City Council how the "balance of power" is maintained.

Mr. DISRAELI told the English Parliament that the day would come when they *should* hear him. Mr. WHITEBREAD, in the last century, announced his intention both of speaking and of being heard, with the addition of sundry awful oaths. We wonder what is the form of speech in vogue among our Aldermanic orators, when two or three claim possession of the floor of the Council Chamber at the same time. Fuller reports of their proceedings are required.

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