

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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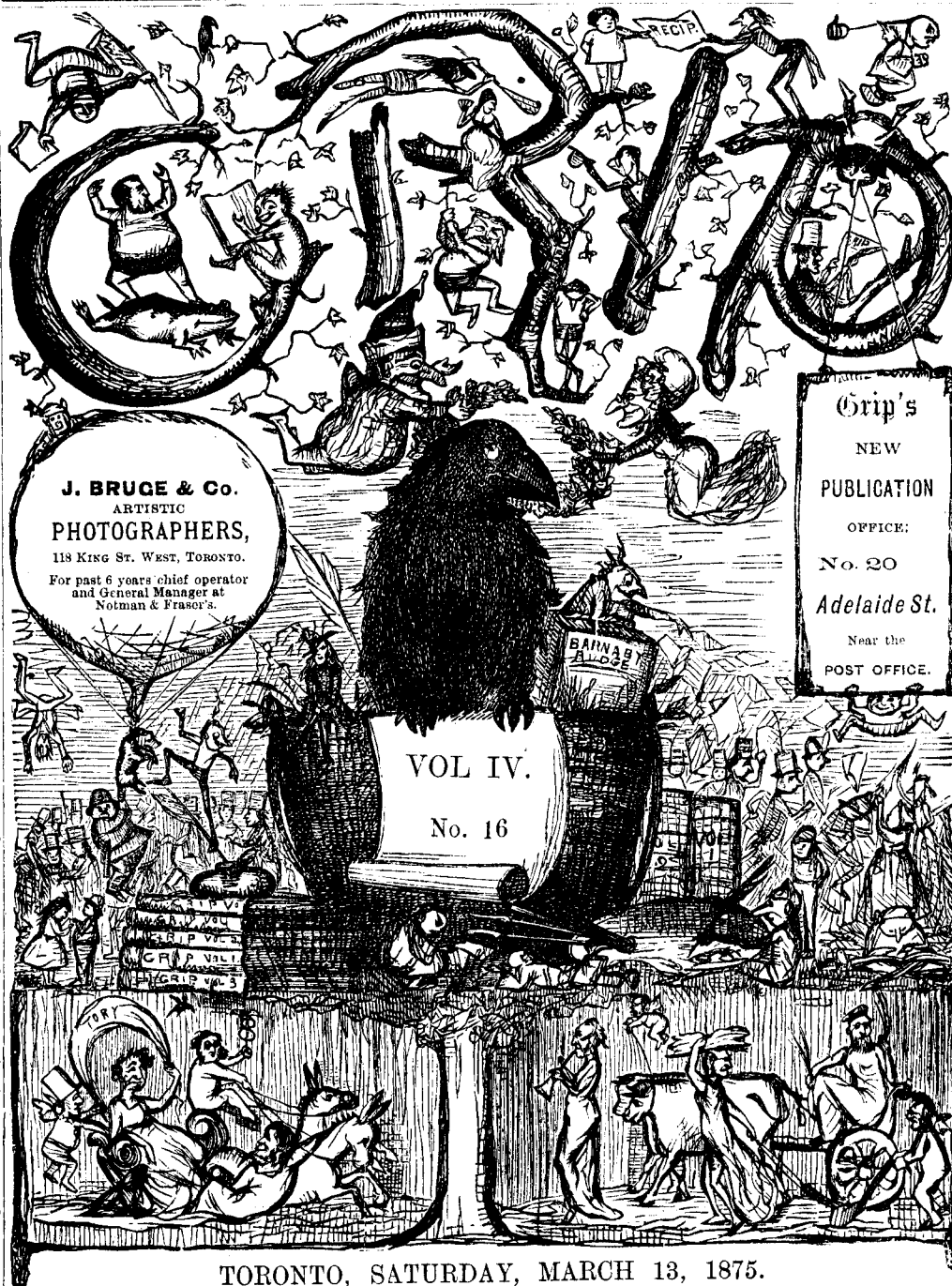
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

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

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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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Back Numbers of Grip.

VOL. I. Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21.

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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, MARCH 13, 1875.

**Notice of Removal.**

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

**To Correspondents and Contributors.**

UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR.—We think you are correct. Shakespeare must have referred to a woman at a mangle when he said, "For she can turn and turn and still go on."

CONSERVATIVE SUBSCRIBER.—No, the paper you mention is neither spelt nor pronounced Lie-beral.

**Orip's Advice to Mills.**

HEAR the sober voice of MILLS,  
DAVID MILLS,  
How the buildings parliamentary at Ottawa it thrills,  
As he tells to all within it  
The shortcomings of the Senate,  
And how useless the position that it fills.  
Oh, MILLS! MILLS! MILLS!  
Think a moment on the ills  
That may happen any minute  
To those grave folks in the Senate,  
By the reading and the passing of your  
Bills, bills, bills,  
By the seconding and moving of your bills.

But retribution waits upon you, MILLS,  
And many bitter pills  
About your Senate Bills  
You will find yourself compelled to swallow down.  
For you counselled not with BROWN,  
With BROWN, BROWN, BROWN,  
You know you never mentioned it to BROWN.  
And he fiercely foldeth round him his senatorial robe,  
And straightway up he goeth to the office of the *Globe*,  
Of the *Globe*, *Globe*, *Globe*,  
And he writeth and inditeth to the *Globe*;  
With blackest ink he fills  
His editorial quills,  
And he writes a fiery article—MILLS.

Oh DAVID, DAVID MILLS!  
Care you not for him that kills?  
Care you not a globule for the *Globe*,  
Nor yet for BROWN?  
Why don't you knuckle down  
At his frown?  
If to you your life political is sweet,  
Own up beat,  
Call't your treat,  
And throw yourself for mercy at his feet,  
At his feet, feet, feet,  
At his world-wide celebrated feet!

**By our Brockville Mentor.**

There is no truth in the report that the rev. gentleman appointed to St. Paul, K., applied to the "Propagation Society" for a grant and that the Secretary informed him that they had ceased to send the gospel to the heathen.

There is no truth in the report that the congregation of St. Paul, K., having petitioned the bishops of Ontario to send them a mocking-bird, he, trusting to their ignorance of ornithology, sent them instead one of Mother Carey's chickens.

There is no truth in the report that some of the people of Brockville have commenced the worship of Moloch. The report must have originated in the appointment of Canon Mulock to St. Peter's in that town.

**An Ancient Park in Mesopotamia.**

Hebrew Manuscript relating thereto, discovered and translated by GRIP.

1. And it came to pass in the days of the great king, even the King of Mesopotamia, that he did cause to be prepared a place for a university in the city, which is by the great and mighty river, even the river Donnus.

2. And he said, seeing that the land is cheap and barren, and also that it is a waste of sand,

3. Inclose ye enough thereof, and fence the same, from the south limit even a mile to the north limit thereof.

4. And it shall be that in the time to come they shall build a university therein, and the land, even this land, shall be for a park around the same; and the grass shall be green there in the season thereof, and the pleasant trees flourish after the manner thereof.

5. And the students, and the people of the city, even the sickly people whose delight is in the fresh air shall walk therein; and it shall be that they shall bless the name of the king who gave the same, even my name.

6. And the king died, and was gathered unto his father. And the rest of the acts which he did, and the houses which he builded, and the number of his wives and of his concubines, are they not written in the First Book of GREVILLE, even the Book of the Memoirs of GREVILLE the Sybarite.

7. And it came to pass that a university was built on the land, and the land was given into the hand of a Senate, and also much other land.

8. Now the Senate were wiser in their generation than the children of light; and had more cunning than any beast of the field.

9. And the Senate said, Go to, are not the people of the city fools? Surely we will sell all the land.

10. For it is meet that the morrow take care of itself, and that we in our day should secure the shekels, and should also make merry with the same,

11. But we will say to the people, even the unwise people of the city:—If ye will build roads in the park, and light the same, and spend money on the same.

12. Then ye shall use the park, ye, and your wives, and your little ones.

13. But the park we shall give them shall be smaller than the park which now is, inasmuch that it shall cost them more than the value thereof.

14. And as they said, as did they do with the foolish people, even the people of the city.

15. And the people mourned, and refused to be comforted; and they said,—Surely we have no portion in MOWAT, neither have we any inheritance in MACKENZIE, that this thing should be done unto us.

16. And there was joy in the Senate, and exceeding great delight.

**Ode to the Editor of "Church Chimes."**

O weak *Church Chimers*,  
In truth you seem to be,  
In knowledge scarce adepts, in speech too free,  
A little nest of acrobats and rhymers!  
You snarl and bite,  
And vote yourselves the real Simon Pure;  
Not even Trinity secure,  
For nothing but the Sayer street show is right.  
Exclusive few,  
Who leave old pastures to subsist on now,  
You chatter now in print about a worthy Saint  
Who to a pig the spark of life brings back,  
A story quaint:—  
The porker's head alone remains  
Alack!  
To furnish subject for the mighty wonder;  
But lo! the power of faith, when found without alloy!  
Each pettitoe its kindred ham regains;  
The curling tail its place assumes;  
Ecstatic glee the porcine eyes illumines;  
And all the hog stands forth, complete in grunting joy,  
That once a wolf had rent asunder!!!  
In mammoth type, and extra-double-leaded,  
Should such a tale as this be told—  
Nay, graven all in gold!  
Our tears fall fast  
To think that now "the age of miracles is past."  
O that the saint would visit earth once more,  
Perform a wonder greater than before,  
And make you less pig-headed!



ARTEMUS WARD MILLS AND BETSY JANE SENATE.

**Immoderate Driving.**

In the Toronto *Sun* we read:—

George Brown was charged with driving immoderately. A policeman stated that on the afternoon of the 25th ult. he saw the defendant driving at a very rapid rate.

The above meagre report is now extended from our Reporter's notes:—

**FURIOUS DRIVING.**

(Before JUSTICE GRIP.)

GEORGE BROWN, *alias* "Dictator," *alias* "The Ambassador," *alias* the "Great Impossibility," etc., was charged with furious driving, and bad language.

POLICEMAN X deposed that the defendant, who had many aliases, was a prominent member of the political swell mob, and a very troublesome and disorderly character. He frequented a noted flash house called the *Globe* Saloon, on King Street—the resort of sundry notable characters, among whom were the "North York Chicken," the "Highland Bishop" JOHNNY GORGAN, and one DAVIN, *alias* "DELUGE NICK." They were in the habit of driving furiously about with an old horse called *Grit*, which had been a fastish animal in by-gone days, but was now getting used up by overwork and poor feed. They also got up sham fights with other flash men, headed by "JOHNNY, the Kingston Nobbler." He saw the prisoner on the 25th ult. driving at a dangerous pace near King Street, when he stopped and cautioned him; the defendant used very bad language.

DEFENDANT (excitedly) You're a base and villainous hound, sir. It is one of my cardinal principles, as I can prove by hundreds of witnesses, always scrupulously to avoid bad language. (Laughter.)

Justice GRIP told defendant he must behave decently, and not interrupt the witnesses.

After some other evidence, the defendant being called upon for his defence, admitted he was driving very fast, as he had a right to do, and meant to do. His old horse needed constant exercise, and if it didn't get it would lose condition, having always been accustomed to go at 2.40 speed. He (defendant) had made this Dominion, and Province, and city what they were, and considered that, properly, everybody and everything belonged to him and must give way to his inclinations, as he was the greatest person in the land, and real King of the country. (Laughter.) If people got out of the road when they saw him coming, no harm would ensue. He had always had his own way, and intended to have it to the end of the chapter. Those who interfered with him must look out for squalls. The *Globe* was a highly respectable house. (Laughter.)

The MAGISTRATE said he was afraid prisoner had been drinking, or was not quite right in his head. Years ago when the Province was thinly settled, and Toronto a very small place, people might drive about furiously, or profess to arrogate the whole road to themselves, with little danger to those about. But things had greatly altered, there was no place now either for monopolists of street traffic, or dictators in public affairs. Defendant must learn to know his place, and not suppose he could impose his own headstrong will on a community, every member of which had equal rights with himself.

DEFENDANT.—You are the most contemptible duffer I ever saw; your language is quite treasonable; (laughter) as treasonable as that fellow SMITH'S. (Laughter.)

Mr. GRIP. Well, you're fined \$1.00 and costs, and mind you don't come here again.

**The "Mail" to Mr. Blake.**

Ah! EDWARD, wert thou but Conservative,  
How should the *Mail* admire thee? As a man  
Fit for a public model! Ah, how high  
Thine aspirations. What nobility  
Had in thine instincts shown! Impossible  
That strictest scrutiny should find a flaw  
In all thy deeds—thy public deeds, we mean,  
Not those for clients drawn. Would'st thou cast off  
Thy patriotic rubbish, and apply  
Thy mighty mind to getting in SIR JOHN  
(Or any one—Turk, Pagan, Greek, or Jew,  
That needs a half-cracked organ, nearly new)  
Think then how we should praise thee! Think, oh think  
That if the fiery LUCIFER himself  
Lent his red-hot assistance, we should paint  
Him as an angel—what an angel, then,  
We soon should make of thee. But now, ah! now,  
(Not that we do believe it), we must swear  
That thou began'st most ill, and did'st remain  
Most infamous, and also did'st seduce  
Poor E. B. WOOD, and him a justice made,  
Which was an injustice; and now would'st bribe  
With seven millions, Nova Scotia broad!  
Deceiver! Briber! Rascal! Traitor! Wretch!  
Most Horribly Dishonest EDWARD BLAKE!

**On Boarding Out.**

Mr. GRIP, Sir:—I want to know from you why it is a fellow can't get a rest. I have changed my quarters thirteen times since the first of the new year, and still, strange to say, I'm not satisfied. It appears to me the last one is worse than the second last.

The girl—the help—the bureau duster—or whatever else you may call her—bumps my trunk against all manner of things, until there are so many dinges in it as to make it look a hard case. I would not so much mind this, only she has red hair, and it takes an awful lot of oil to make it shine. The oil is mine. Even that would not be so bad, only when I meet her on the street with her fellow, (a store clerk,) she lifts her nose towards the constellation of the Great Bear and ignores my presence, because I am simply 'a cove wot works.' I wish she'd ignore my hair-brush as well, and I would not have so many long carrotty hairs to weed out every morning.

The mortar falls from the ceiling into my eyes and mouth, and sometimes in such quantities that I have to cart it away in my hat. The mistress is always a-praising of salt pork, and saying it is best for young men who work hard. I've seen a piece on the table eleven days in succession, and notwithstanding that to-day she puts one side up, another to-morrow, and lays it on its back the day following, I'd know it a mile off through my nose. When I grumble, she tells me I hadn't as good in the old country, and calls me a Sybarite, epicurian, and other hard names, whereas I am merely a Stoic.

On Sundays we have pickles. They leave the bottle uncorked during the week and flies and necessarily spiders find their way in. Spiders may be good insects enough in their way, and were no doubt created for some wise purpose; still, I don't think they're much when taken with preserved cauliflowers.

If you don't publish this, I'll put it in *The Leader* as an advertisement, and as a warning to lash manufacturers.

A CITY BOARDER.

**The New (Mounted) Policeman.**

Fording the rivers and tramping the plains,  
Facing the north while its snowing and hailing,—  
Scorched by the sun and soaked in the rains,—  
Spurring his tired horse, whose strength is fast failing,—  
Cleaning accoutrements after the march,  
Drying his clothes wet in creek and swamp wading—  
Completely washed out is his soldierly "starch,"  
When the poor wretch "falls in" for his daily parading.

Hunting for Yankees with contraband goods,  
(Villainous rum and forty-rod whiskey,)  
Cachid in prairie or hid in the woods,  
Business out there has always been risky—  
But a generous country will give him his pay,  
And when he returns he can live at his ease, man,  
On what he's saved up on two shillings a day,  
Pampered, luxurious Mounted Policemon!

**Croaks and Pecks.**

If you send a twenty-five cent note in a letter is that a *post script*?

Our Irish editor says that if he ever turns cannibal he would like to eat a coloured man and his children, because it would be *Hann an' nigs*.

COULD GEORGE BROWN be disqualified because of his Treatying?

Do you think oarsmen would make good kitchen maids because they are adapted to the *scullery*?

CASES FOR OCULISTS.—We know of a politician who has a fat office in his eye. We know a clergyman who has a nice church in his eye, and we know a dear young lady who has got a bank clerk in her eye.

A NEW theological question has arisen, as to whether man or woman was first created. Heretofore, the priority has been assigned to ADAM; but some of the boldest and most distinguished modern investigators unhesitatingly affirm that EVE was the first *maid*.

AMHERSTBURG is going to give \$15,000 bonus to manufactories established in that town and a native writes to us and says:—"Is it right to give a bonus and then *bone us* for the money?" Well, we wouldn't like to say whether it is right or left, but if the \$15,000 is left we have no bones about saying we would cheerfully be Buenos Ayres. (Bonus heirs.)

WHEN MILLS will have *cent* the Senate to the right about, won't such hard *dimes* make the Senators feel *dol(t)erous*?

ARITHMETICAL.—If ten mills make one cent, how many MILLS will it take to *un-make* one Sen(a)te?

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OPERA HOUSE**

ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

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Immense success of the eminent English tragedienne,

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MISS JULIA SEAMAN,

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March 13, 1875,

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MADAM VINE, }

Saturday evening, March 13, 1875, the intensely interesting drama of

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Her last appearance.

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**MILKY WHITE.**

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King street entrance, from east corner of Thomas' chop house.

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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  
Sertp Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent..... 10,191 45  
.....\$25,486 13

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