

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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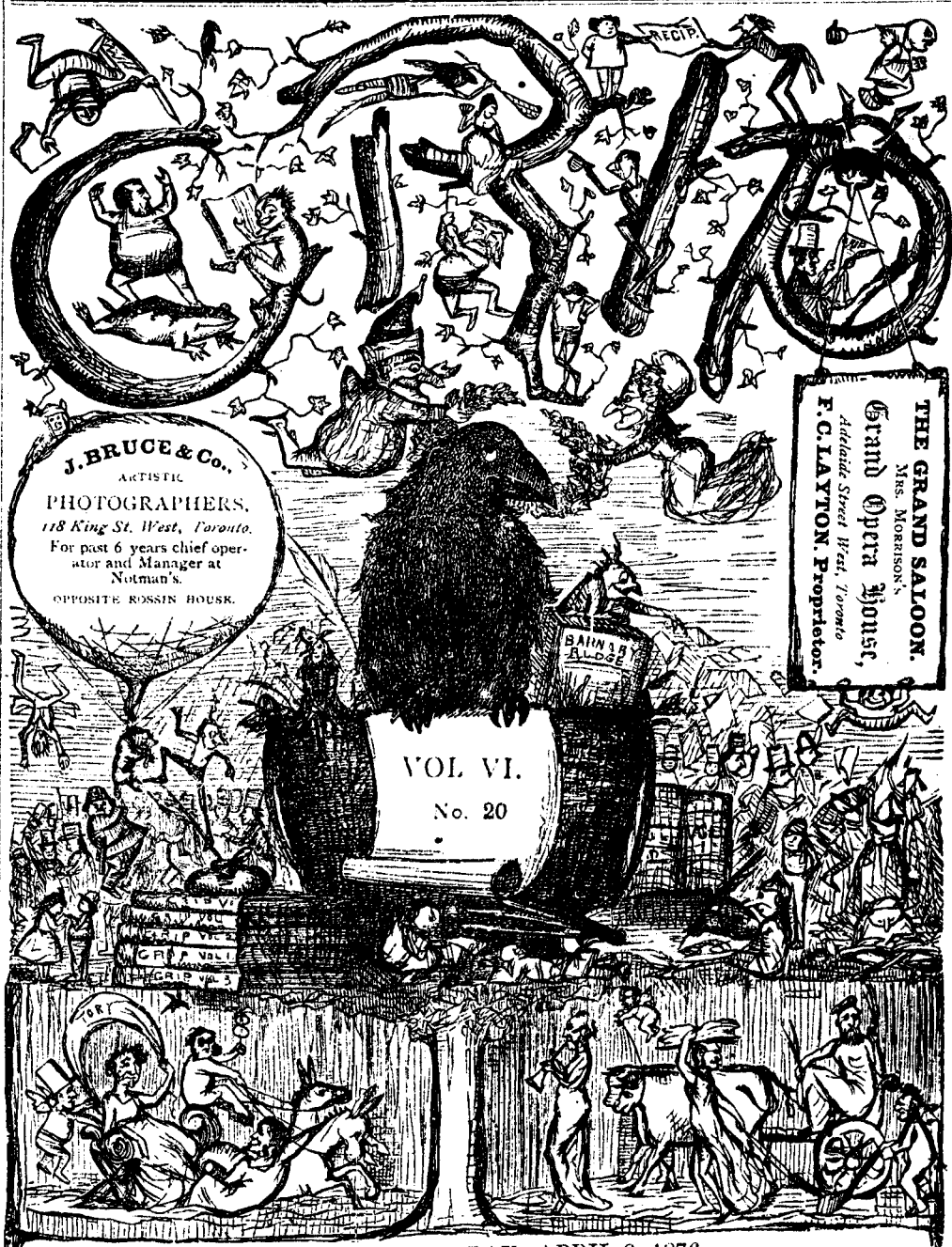
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VOL. VI.
 No. 20

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1876.

GRIP OFFICE, 20 ADELAIDE ST. E. The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; 5 CTS. EACH.
 The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. \$2 PER ANNUM.

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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

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1876.

Eating the Leek!

When swaggering *Ancient Pistol*,
At the theatre last week,
Was brought down on his haunches
And forced to eat the leek,
The audience roared with laughter
And cheered with might and main,
But the unobliging actors
Didn't play it o'er again.

However, in the Commons,
Since then, there's haply been
(In answer to the *encore*)
A re-acting of that scene.
The *Dramatis Personæ*
You'll find in this week's plate.
And, for those who don't read *Shakespeare*
GRIP would just elucidate:

No more will *Pistol* TUPPER
Of *steel Rail* stanches speak.
For *MAC's* stuffed club has felled him
And he's had to eat the leek!

"One Hour with Theo."

ON the first mild day of spring, which was yesterday, a bench in the sunshine supported the majestic form of ALONZO, and the graceful figure of IMOGENE, which latter personage, being in the interrogative mood, at that moment demanded of her companion at what he was looking. (She was fishing for compliments.)

"I was admiring," said that gentleman, (who had been thinking that her nose was growing too red) "the heavenly blue of your eyes."

From those cerulean orbs flashed a glance of affectionate contempt. "Sky-blue," she said, "Milk and Water." Not complimentary by three and a half shades."

"Nay," he replied, "as the ethereal atmosphere, colourless in itself, is translated in clear azure to the observant eye. so—— (Here he was utterly bewildered by this mixture of natural philosophy and metaphysics.)

Her observant eye saw it. But what a ministering angel a woman is in a moment of difficulty (if she likes.) With a look of deep approbation, she murmured softly, "That is a beautiful thought. But tell me, ALONZO, will your love for me survive this life? Will you cling to me through the everlasting, and pass with me through the infinite: shall we together traverse the boundless continents of immeasurable space, and through the incalculable future will you still remain my guide, my ever constant companion? (She was spiritualistic and spenserian.)

"I will," he said, "D. V." (He was Shaftesbury Hall.)
"But," she pensively remarked, "while we remain on this terrestrial ball, I had rather roll around it in a carriage. Do you intend to keep one, if—(her gaze became doubtfully critical) you succeed in keeping me?"

"That is my decided intention," replied ALONZO, ("fulfilling it," he remarked mentally, "is another matter." He was also somewhat of Loyola.)

"And a residence?" she sighed. "I am not fastidious; but I should like bay windows on the east for sunrise, and on the west for sunset, and on the north for summer, and on the south for winter. and in every story. And a mansard roof, and a conservatory, of course." (She knew he could as easily have bought the moon.)

"All this," said he, "my unflinching love will certainly provide. ("That is," he thought, "should your father's purse prove similar.")

"And servants, and new dresses, and diamonds?" she said, smiling ineffably.

"I hope to be able," he answered, solemnly, "to supply all." (But added, "from the same source.")

For the next half hour they did nothing and said nothing, but sat still and loved one another. This, if the reader is not aware, has been said to be an absorbing occupation. Then they parted with eternal protestations, and she went in, wondering if she didn't like another fellow better; and he went home, calculating how long IMOGENE would take to break the Montreal Bank.

A Reasonable Demand.

(To the Editor.)

MR. GRIP,—I am an honest farmer who lives by the sweat of his brow, and would prefer to live by that of some other party. Therefore, I wish to secure your influence in getting Toronto to build a railroad past my farm. It may be said that I am better off than most of your townspeople, and that I and my neighbours should build the road if we want it. Sir, we are the bone and sinew of the land, and should be encouraged. What could you do without us? It is true that the road will greatly increase the value of our property, and will only lower yours by adding to your present heavy debt. But, Sir, what of that? God made the country, and man made the town, and the townspeople to build roads for us. I think, Sir, that your citizens fully appreciate this, and know their duty. In fact, we are thinking, round here, of having regular squads of Toronto men sent out weekly, through the summer, to work on our roads, such men to be chosen by lot from the citizens. They will not object, as they never object to borrow money for the purpose, which is just the same thing. Yours,

HIRAM HARDFIST.

To the Toronto M. P.

Robinson Jack, Robinson Jack,
Might you not just as well come back,
As do all you do there?
Do you think you were sent to Ottawa town
In your seat like a dummy to sit yourself down
And round at the members stare?

Such quietness looks remarkably queer,
When you did such lots of talking here
In trying the seat to win.
This is no time for members to shirk,
So if you don't feel fit for the work,
Why, let some better one in.

WHY is a very high wind blowing on the sea-shore like discontent amongst the Russian hordes? Because it causes a rising of the serf.

WHY cannot a wasp suffer death by decapitation? Because it cannot be beheaded.

Going to the Matinee.

Would you go to the Matinee?
GRIP has been; and this is the way:
Get into the entrance hall
Near the closed-up portals tall.
Pretty girls a dozen score,
Ugly ones as many more,
Young and old men here and there,
Children packed in everywhere,
Squeezed as tight as they can squeeze,
Getting tighter by degrees,
As the people in the rear
Will push nearer and more near.
"Sir, I wish to let you know
You are standing on my toe,"
"Very sorry, but you see
'Nother fellow's top of me,"
"Oh! Dear me! Oh! oh! Oh my!
Sir, your elbow's in my eye!"
"Can't remove it, madam, but
Would suggest you keep it shut."
Now they open every door,
In the struggling masses pour,
Footing lost, but borne along,
By the onward rushing throng,
Banged against the little wicket,
Where you fight to get a ticket,
Young and old, and great and small,
All at once for tickets bawl,
"Two!" "four!" "one!" "three?" "seven!" they shout,
Every hand is holding out
Halves and quarters, tens and fives,
Pushing as if for their lives.
When your ticket's got at last
And the entrance door is past,
Feel, when you have got a chair,
If you're broken anywhere.
If you're not, why then you may
Take your breath, and see the play.
Come in happiness away.
You've been to the Matinee.

X



EATING THE LEEK;
 OR, "HENRY V." AS LATELY PLAYED IN THE COMMONS.

Fluellen--MR. MACKENZIE. Pistol--DR. TUPPER.



Dedicated to the Brighton Ghost.

"Honest DAVE" has left the town
Where head-light ghosts at midnight wander;
Tho' loved by all to whom he's known,
He's gone to be a Michigander.

Manners at the Theatre--No. 2.

RULES FOR THEATRE-GOERS (GENTLEMEN).

Rule 1.—Make it your invariable practice to come in as late as possible. It makes an agreeable diversion, and of course all your friends will be glad to know when you arrive. Besides which it looks as if you might be somebody.

Rule 2.—Make your *entree* as noisily as "a dozen mad dogs, or a couple of boys," it makes every one look away from the stage which is of course just what want to do—they don't go there to see the play.

Rule 3.—In selecting seats be careful to choose those marked "taken" and if the boys in charge offer any objection, answer with "chaff" but on no account allow yourself to be bullied into resigning them merely because they belong to others, your money is as good any other man's if not better.

Rule 4.—During the progress of any specially touching or thrilling scene do not fail to make frequent remarks in an audible undertone such as "Oh now! draw it mild," "Come! that's a little too spoony," "Glory what an ankle," "Oh, I say now! just look at that smile, grins like a basket of chips," &c. These comments add greatly to the interest of the play and serve to amuse your immediate neighbors particularly if they are ladies.

Rule 5.—If you, or your brother, or your mother's uncle, or your great-grandfather's second wife's cousin, ever happened to see any star actor performing in the same part, you have of course from that circumstance acquired a more direct interest in the play and a more intimate knowledge of it than any one else can possibly possess. This will justify you in forestalling each scene by describing it in full, for the benefit of all who may be within hearing. It is much pleasanter to hear your description of the *coming* scene than to listen to that actually going on.

Rule 6.—On no account neglect to draw comparisons between the present actors (to their detriment) and former players you may have seen in the same character, and be sure to ridicule the performers, sneer at their dress, gait-unciation, looks, &c., and point out each defect as it becomes apparent (audibly of course,) this encourages the actors and shews your own great experience and judgment in theatrical matters and that you only go there to kill time, not to find amusement, and is also an evidence of refined taste and gentlemanly feeling.

Rule 7.—The instant the curtain falls make a frantic dive for the saloon, but be careful in passing through the door (especially on a cold day) to hold it open as long as your *overpowering thirst* will permit—this for the benefit of any ladies who may sit in a direct line with the door—every lady likes a strong draught on the back of her neck—it is good for sore throat and neuralgia—and besides, ventilation is necessary to health.

Rule 8.—When you return, be sure to come in wiping your lips and sucking your moustache—it shews where you have been.

Rule 9.—When you see preparations making for the final tableau seize your hat and coat, *put both on*, and make for the door, talking loudly as you go. Who cares for the last words! you don't, any way, and it is no matter about other people.

Rule 10.—Step on as many ladies dresses as you conveniently can and push against them and elbow your way through them as rudely as you please—they have no business to be in your way.

Rule 11.—When you get outside stand at the door (obstructing the way if possible) and stare in the face of each lady who passes you—it is a pleasing way of shewing your admiration and they like it. Also make remarks (loud enough for them to hear) as to their personal appearance—the more flattering the better all women are susceptible to flattery.

Rule 12.—Having rigorously fulfilled all these rules, you can (after a couple of drinks) go home and to bed with a quiet conscience—you have done your duty.

WHY are the suppressed confabs of King-street "belles" like the sounds of the sea in a late reflux? Because they are murmurs of the backward (tied) tide.

Galt's Manifesto.

Venerable ALEXANDER,
Of our flock he is the gander,
Spying through the fence.
"See," he cries "he is appearing.
See his hateful form uprearing,
Full of false pretence.
'Tis the Popish fox, by thunder,
Coming here, intent on plunder
Of your goslings all.
Need'nt let it, though, unnerve you,
While I live, I shall preserve you
By my warning squall."

Grip to the Opponents of Rev. D. J. Macdonell.

Now should not you be glad of your mistake,
If it were proved right Biblically true,
That none shall suffer in the burning lake
For ever, though it hath been taught to you?
You know the texts that bear on it are few,
Their meaning much disputed; why not, then,
Hope that the truth you never fully knew—
That God will not forever torture men?
Come, turn your Bibles o'er, and search them once again.

See what the Greek text says,—the Hebrew see.
Who has the word of God can need no more.
But spare to quote each old Consistory—
What other men have said and thought before.
Against the trick of Rome shut fast the door,
That trick which says "We shall interpret all;
Not for yourselves ye may these things explore."
Once introduced it soon would sap the wall
Your fathers built; no art could stay your church's fall.

But more; know chiefly this: it is not fit
That Christian man should seem to take delight
In thought of the unfathomable pit—
Of millions plunged in everlasting night.
Far better hope that later, milder light,
Shall give true meaning to these texts of doom.
Search well, ere you deny that mercy bright
Shall ever pierce the dark eternal gloom
Which bigots seem to *hope* whole myriads shall entomb.

Remember this—this one piece of belief
Has plunged most minds in infidelity.
Has struck from them the joy—of joys the chief—
The hope in future worlds to live and be.
Who loves his church should well to these things see.
For know, this day, spite of these outsidings fair,
These clustering spires of high and low degree,
Seldom to God the Christian makes his prayer,
But unbelief is near, and scowling on him there.

WHY is a crack boating crew on the Thames like the highest ecclesiastical dignity in England? Because it is a prime-eight (Primate.)

WHICH member of the Canadian Parliament would be the most appropriate to carry the corn-laws through session? Why a (rye-cart) Rykert of course.

WHY is the talented Premier of England an objectionable member of society from a temperance point of view? Because he is known to be so (dissipated) dizzy-pated.

Lines Written in an Album.

This virgin page I pleased resign—
Let prud'ry blame not the design—
To all concerned, or high, or low,
Or formed for shade, or formed for show,
Their ruling passions to rehearse
In sober prose, or glowing verse;
But one restraint I would impose,
Whilst each a faithful transcript shows,
Nought enters foul in virtue's nose.
I'll thus possess a simple table
Whereby 'tis plain I will be able
To take the measure, and the weight,
In mental, or in moral freight,
Carried by those who may pretend
To be my Husband, Beau, or Friend:
But of the three it stands confest
A H——d answers much the best.

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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. **TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

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 20 Adelaide Street East.

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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"The Beatty Pianos, Grand Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tone."—Middleton, [N. Y.] *Mercury*."

"Mr. Beatty is a responsible business man."—Washington [N. J.] *Star*."

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