

**GRAND  
ODD FELLOWS'  
CELEBRATION.  
—  
TORONTO,  
Tuesday, May 25**

**PROGRAMME.**

**EL'EVEN o'clock, a. m.**—On the arrival of our distinguished guests from Whitty, they will be met at the railway station, and taken charge of by the Reception Committee and escorted in carriages to see the principal places of interest in our city.

**FOUR o'clock, p. m.**—A reception will be held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Yonge and Albert streets, in order to give all Odd Fellows and their ladies, an opportunity of a personal introduction to our esteemed American friends.

**SEVEN FORTY-FIVE o'clock, p. m.**—An

**ORATION**

Will be delivered by the **Hon. Schuyler Colfax**, of Indiana, ex-Vice President of the United States, in

MRS. MORRISON'S

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

ADELAIDE STREET WEST.

Bro. Colfax is one of the most eloquent American platform speakers. He is the originator of the **KE-BEKAH** (or ladies) **DEGREE**, and author of a most elaborate work on Odd-fellowship.

**TEN o'clock, p. m.**—A COLLATION will be given in the Queen's Hotel in honour of our distinguished guests. The following distinguished guests will be present:

Hon. M. J. Durham, of Kentucky, Member of Congress, and Grand Sire of the Supreme Grand Lodge, I. O. F.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, ex-Vice President of the U. S.

Hon. J. A. Stephens, of Rochester, M. W. Grand Master of the State of New York.

J. Han Perry, M. W. P. Grand Patriarch of Ontario, Chairman of the Whitty Celebration Committee.

The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of the Dominion; The Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B.; The Hon. O. Mowat, Premier of Ontario; The Hon. M. C. Cameron; The Hon. George Brown and other prominent public men have been invited, and a number have already signified their intention of being present.

**PRICES OF ADMISSION:**

To ORATION:—Private Boxes, \$6; Floor of House, 75c.; Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.

Tickets to the Collation at Queen's Hotel, \$3 each.

Tickets may be had at the Box Office of Grand Opera House, and Nordheimer's Music Store; and from the members of the Order, and of the committee.

Reserved Seats may be secured during the three days previous to the Oration, at the Box Office of Grand Opera House, or Nordheimer's Music Store, without extra charge, and parties at a distance can do so by telegraphing to Box Office, or addressing the Secretary, Bro. F. T. Barker.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; chair will be taken at 7.45 precisely.

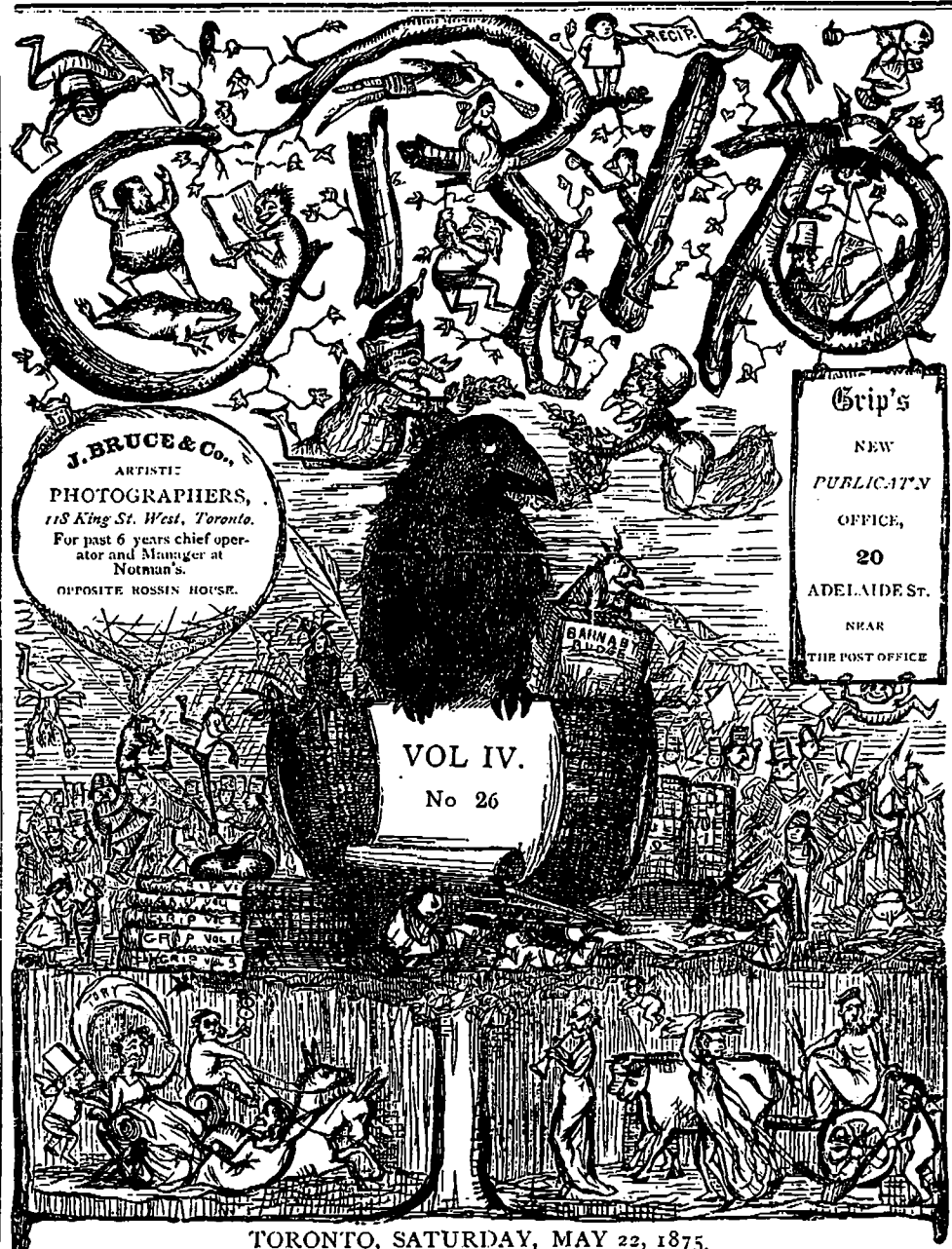
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References:—J. Stevenson, Quebec  
Bank; Dominion Bank, Toronto

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Quater; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**FERN LEAVES.**—Dry up—somewhere else. We cannot embalm you among our pages.

**INJUSTICE.**—We are not surprised at your being defeated in the spelling-match, taking your letter as a criterion. Where did you learn to spell "phool" in that way? You ought to be familiar with the word.

**YONGE STREET.**—We fully sympathize with you, and will drop a tear for you if you like. But we really cannot print those verses about the sewer.

**SCHUYLER COLFAX**, one of the most brilliant of living orators, speaks in Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House, on Tuesday night. No person who can enjoy a real intellectual treat should allow this opportunity to pass unimproved.

#### Centre Toronto.

An editorial article written for the Mail.

We are pleased to announce that the blank on the Centre Toronto Ballot paper has at last been filled with a name which is sure to command the united allegiance of the Liberal Conservative Party,—that of MR. R. M. ALLEN. The Grits had begun to give expression to their assurance of an easy victory for MR. JOHN MACDONALD, but the patriotic action of MR. ALLEN, in allowing himself to be put in nomination, greatly as that will interfere with a most lucrative professional practice, is likely to change their tune. We confidently predict a glorious victory for the Opposition banner. If Centre Toronto ever can return a Liberal Conservative member it must on this occasion. No candidate more admirably representing that great Party ever before presented himself for its suffrages. MR. ALLEN is, so to speak, a living embodiment of the political views he has with so much self-denial volunteered to champion. He is a man of great energy and determination, and has about him an air which commands the attention of all with whom he comes in contact. He is one of those strongly marked individualities whose presence amongst the common herd of men is immediately felt. To those of the electors of Centre Toronto who reside near the Seat of the Law Courts or the Order of the Beak, in Adelaide Street, a sketch of the personal appearance of this illustrious gentleman will be superfluous. No citizen of Toronto is more generally known or more deeply respected than MR. R. M. ALLEN.

A brief biographical notice, however, is *apropos* at the present time, and will no doubt be very acceptable to all. MR. ALLEN was born in the Gem of the Sea, in a small town between the City of Cork and the Giants' Causeway. When barely out of his teens he was called to the Bar and at once became its brightest ornament. Time would fail us to recount the cases in which he worsted JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, JAS. LALOR SHIEL, DANIEL O'CONNELL and other small fry in the fierce forensic battles which set the whole country by the ears, and made MR. ALLEN'S name a household word throughout the British Isles. His fame at length reached Windsor Castle, and the Queen insisted on knighting the learned gentleman, but with characteristic modesty, MR. ALLEN declined the honor, and when Her Majesty took steps to carry out her royal purpose towards this too bashful gentleman, he fled from his native shore and found a refuge in Toronto, where he started the *Court Circular*, a journal which circulates mainly in its proprietor's coat-tail pockets. Of MR. ALLEN as a Barrister, we need not stop to speak. He speaks for himself every time he can get a chance. Suffice to say that he is recognized throughout the civilized world as the *Eminent*—a term to which MR. M. C. CAMERON, MR. THOS. BARRY, or MR. WAR-MOLL do not so much as aspire. As an orator MR. ALLEN is equally great, but as it is likely all will have an opportunity of hearing him on the hustings in the course of a few days, we will let our readers judge for themselves.

**LOST.**—On Thursday last, a rat-and-tan Terrier Pup with a short tail answering to the name of "BOB" any person finding him will please return him to the subscriber.

BARTHOLEMUE BINKS.

**POSTSCRIPT.**—Never mind; the Pup has returned home all right.  
B.B.

#### "Excelsior!"

(Not, good reader, that you'll find a bit about "Excelsior" below, but that certain proceedings in Election Courts now, or recently pending, have given occasion to the following paraphrased rendering of LONG-FELLOW'S well-known verses.)

Election-day 'twas dawning fast,  
And through Ontarian cities passed  
A purist wight, on high who bore  
A banner—This device it wore—  
COME!

His face was flushed; and flashed his eye  
With radiance such as shines from rye;  
And loudly like a clarion rung,  
The accents of that patriot tongue,  
ALONG!

Forth as he marched a letter he  
Dropt in the post, and I did see  
Upon it plain as pike-staff writ,  
(Just as it vanished through the slit)—  
JOHN!

"Beware! Beware!" a lawyer said,  
A hobby sternly shook his head,  
"The Bribery Act is deep and wide!"  
But loud that clarion voice replied,  
WE'VE!

"Beware, O youth, of pu-ri-tee!  
The awful Judge! The keen Q. C.!"  
'Twas thus the Bobby's counsel rose;  
A voice replied with thumb to nose,  
LOTS!

All wet and tired at break of day,  
The Bobby homeward took his way,  
And as he weary trod the street,  
A voice his startled ear did greet,  
OF!

Quick stooping down, upon the ground  
The Patriot on his back he found;  
And from him—in the gutter lain—  
A voice fell, rather thick than plain,  
MONEY!

#### The Political Kaleidoscope.

"Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down; here we go backwards and forwards, and here we go round, round, round." Such a lot of fun! Cabinet dissolving views! Under which thimble lies the little pea? Now you sees it and now you don't. Walk up, walk up, don't breathe upon the glass. Here my children you see the Kaleidoscope shaken up and all the little bits of colored glass in new positions. That bit of glass painted like a Glengarry bonnet has dropped out, but a much bigger one has been put in instead. That's it, right up at the top, in the corner, marked "Justice". The piece of French glass that was there has gone down where the Glengarry bonnet used to be.—Doesn't it all look pretty, now? Talk about a transformation scene in a pantomime! Now, boys, you've looked at it long enough. Get out of the light and let the next lot come along. They want to pay their money. We'll give the old thing another shake soon and shew you a few more changes.

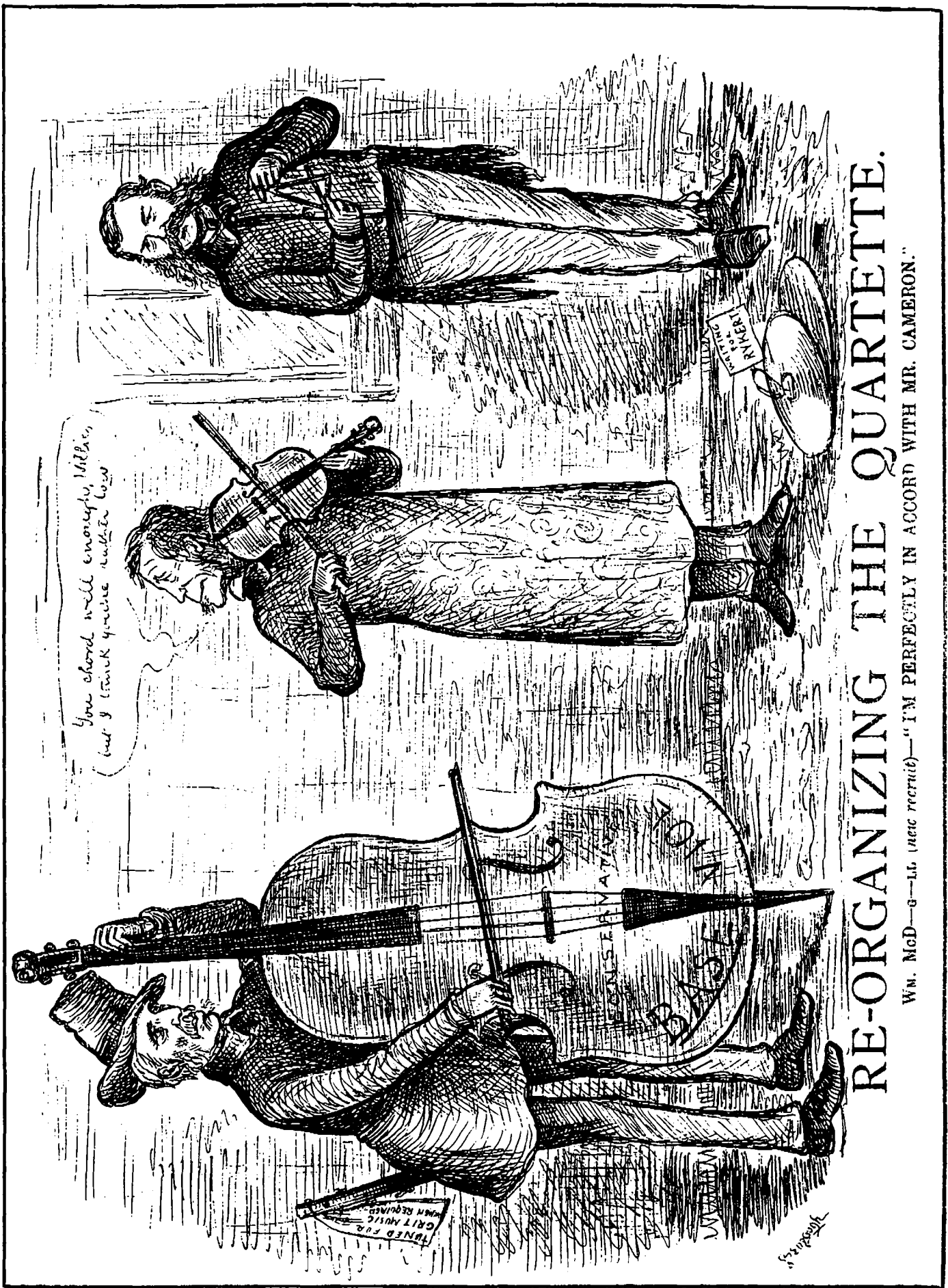
#### A Sad State of Affairs.

Out of kindness to the inhabitants we suppress the name of the township at a meeting of whose council the following occurrences took place: A letter having been read, from the Provincial Secretary, stating that there was no vacancy in the idiot asylum.

"The Reeve has sent an application to have him placed on the list for admission as soon as a vacancy occurs."

Can we wonder that after this terrible confession the "Council adjourned for an hour"? No. But we then read that "the Council resumed, the Reeve in the chair". Was it delicate regard for the feelings of their chief that prompted this, were they impressed with an idea that such a Reeve was no worse than the generality, or was it fellow-feeling which made them so wondrous kind?

We have often heard township councils and their leading officials called idiots, but we never came across an instance until now in which the sad fact was readily acknowledged and the aid of a public refuge desired for the unfortunate imbecile. Yet we would like to know why people persist in electing this class of persons. Is the Mahometan idea that they are specially inspired prevalent in Canada?



# RE-ORGANIZING THE QUARTETTE.

Wm. McD—g—ll. (*new recruit*)—"I'M PERFECTLY IN ACCORD WITH MR. CAMERON."

**The Wall of the Unseated.**

How pleasant were the good old times, when votes were bought and sold,  
And some would come up for a drink and some looked out for gold,  
When we got supporters places in the service of the nation,  
And there really was some meaning in the word intimidation!

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow  
There's nothing but vexation in the world just now.

Oh, those were glorious times! Now please, compare them with the present,—

Political *economy* is making things unpleasant;  
Cheap seats our members look for, to increase their plunder's pile,  
Not contented with allowances per session and per mile.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

You may have a lot of money and it matters not a jot  
To you, nor to the voter, be he venal, be he sot;  
How can a man be liberally minded when he thinks  
He may bust up his election by just setting up the drinks.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh! what promises we used to make in those good days of old,  
Of places and all sorts of things from postage stamps to gold!  
And we kept them too, *sometimes*, I am ready to avow,  
But why talk of all these pleasant things, we mustn't do them now.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh, what a set of fools we were of Purity to talk,  
When we knew that if it got around we must take our hats and walk,  
And to raise about corruption such a senseless lot of jaw,  
That the public they believed us and made us pass this law.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh those wicked, wicked judges, their behavior it ain't fair  
To men who've bribed and treated (by their agents) on the square;  
But it is worse to think that they a man, however high,  
Who pays out his own money, will just disqualify.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

The *Globe* sticks to us still as it did in ancient times  
When bribery wasn't counted among the list of crimes;  
It goes for those base judges, be it spoken to its glory,  
For not doing of their duty and unseating every Tory.

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh, how we wish we'd never brought about these days of shame,  
But confined ourselves to Purity as just an abstract name!  
How pleasant it would be if the people we could fool  
Into bringing back such times, e'en if we brought back Tory rule!

*Chorus.*—Bow wow wow  
We've sold ourselves most awfully we must allow!

**A Dog-mat-tial Ode.**

*Prelude*—

AN edict has lately gone forth which proclaims  
That all puppies a ticket should wear.  
Like old Saxon Gurth, their collars the names  
Of the masters who own them should bear.

'Twere better a millstone were hung round each neck,  
Than trust to the treacherous aim—  
Of their vigilant foes, who would put a full check  
To their foolishly played little game.

Then what will become of the crowd who have gone  
In a mass long ago to the dogs?  
Which were plunged in the black shiny flood of the Don,  
That flows past the dwellings of hogs?

Tho' they cannot succeed their own bacon to save—  
Which always is not G—D—HAM—  
Their corpses, inflated by gas on the wave,  
Will rise like a bright oriflamme.

Like otto of roses that perfumes the gate,  
That is wafted from East e'en to West,  
From dwellings so crowded there rises a wail  
That may not be longer suppressed.

A surplus of wisdom 'tis said there exists  
In counsellors hoary with age,  
With action and voice may they enter the lists,  
And battle against the dogs wage.

Then peace to their shades, (though a more shady lot,  
'Twere hard for one ever to find.)  
All useless in life till they're laid 'neath the spot  
To darkness and dead cats consigned.

*Antistrophe.*—

Then let us hope all pups will meet—  
An equal fate this Summer,  
The pampered pug in Jarvis Street—  
The half-starved cur in Dummer,  
Let every worthless cur that roams  
With limbs so slim and taper—  
Who neither owns a friend nor home,—  
Succumb to friend CHIEF DRAPER;

Who surely will interrogate  
Each wanderer in doubt,  
The homely maxim plainly state—  
"Does your Mother know you're out?"  
Nor suffer'd be on steps to lie,  
All basking in the sun.  
To snarl at every passer-by  
Who must the pathway shun.

That sleepy folk will keep awake  
Until the hazy dawn,  
Who fain an extra dose would take,  
Woke by the nigger-horn.  
The farce again we truly hope  
Will be no more repeated,  
But round each scraggy neck a rope  
By subtle hands be pleated.

The S. P. C. A. will receive,  
In this material aid,  
When starving curs the byways leave  
And 'neath the sod are laid;  
All equal by a common fate,  
They rest there side by side,—  
The feline race they did so hate,  
Whom death could not divide.

**On the American Centennial.**

Ring out, wild bells! the tale report  
Of many a bloody fray,  
When we chased the flying British, or  
'Twas we that ran away.

Let factions cease their valiant strife  
To celebrate the route  
Of mercenary foes, and then  
Go back and fight it out.

Remember glorious Lexington  
That spoke a nation free;  
Careless of life, in firm array,  
Each fought behind his tree.

But once they turned with dread intent,  
The lion brought to bay,  
From throats of steel a volley flashed,  
Our men, O! where were they?

Then publish loud the struggle where  
The eaglet left her nest,  
She soared on high,—she's soaring still  
Where shall her pinions rest?

**Croaks and Pecks**

JOHN BULL from a Lower Canadian point of view. See the *Canadian Illustrated*. The old man looks very unhappy.

"Toronto by Gaslight" has found believers. The *Canadian News*, published in England, says it is all true and that Toronto is a very wicked place. It must be. For the future we travel with an escort.

We congratulate the prophets and special correspondents on their universal failure to hit on the right man for Lieutenant Governor. The old pun on *telegram* and *tell a cram* will have to be revived.

The wise legislators of British Columbia have disfranchised all Indians and Chinamen. Well, the heathen Chinese and his capacious sleeves might be dangerous round a ballot box, but why deprive "Lo" of his rights? We wait to hear from that citizen of the world DE COSMOS.

**ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.**  
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**ONTARIO SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**

By the kind permission of the Ontario Government, the Committee are enabled to announce a Grand

**CONVERSAZIONE**

In aid of the funds of the Society,

**AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL,**

On **THURSDAY, the 27th May, at eight o'clock.**

The Hon. W. P. Howland, C.B., President of the Society, will occupy the chair.

The following ladies and gentlemen have in the kindest manner volunteered their assistance:—Mrs. Beard, Miss Maddison, Miss McCutcheon, Messrs. Pernet, Mumford, Goldie, Bengough, Murray Scott, Dr. May, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, Prof. Wilson, L. L. D., and Goldwin Smith, M.A. Mr. Torrington, Accompanist.

The entire building will be thrown open on the occasion. TICKETS FIFTY CENTS, and may be had at the principal Music, Book, and Jewellery Stores, and of members of the Committee and the performers, after Monday, 17th inst.

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The steamer leaves the Niagara wharf at 9 a.m. Excursionists have five hours in Toronto. Returning leave Toronto at 3 p.m., and Niagara at 7:15 p.m.

Excursion tickets from Niagara and return good for two days. \$1.00. Children half price.

Tickets can be purchased at the office before leaving wharf. For further information apply to

G. H. WYATT, 48 Front Street.

**J. B. GOUGH.**

Having secured twenty lectures from this world-renowned orator, J. B. Gough, for the month of January next, I wish to give notice that I have five lectures not engaged. Any Y.M.C.A. or other Societies wishing to engage him will please write me before the 15th of June. Terms \$250.

J. P. SAMUEL,  
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**Financial Statement for the Year ending Dec. 31, 1874.**

**REVENUE.**

Cash Premiums and Interest	\$25,486 13
<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>	
Claims under Policies paid	\$8,348 95
Claims Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof	750 00
Agents' Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c.	6,192 73
Scrap Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent.	10,194 45
	<b>\$25,486 13</b>

W. H. HOWLAND, *President.*  
 HUGH SCOTT, *Manager & Sec'y.*

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 ERNEST G. PELFORD, } Auditors.  
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