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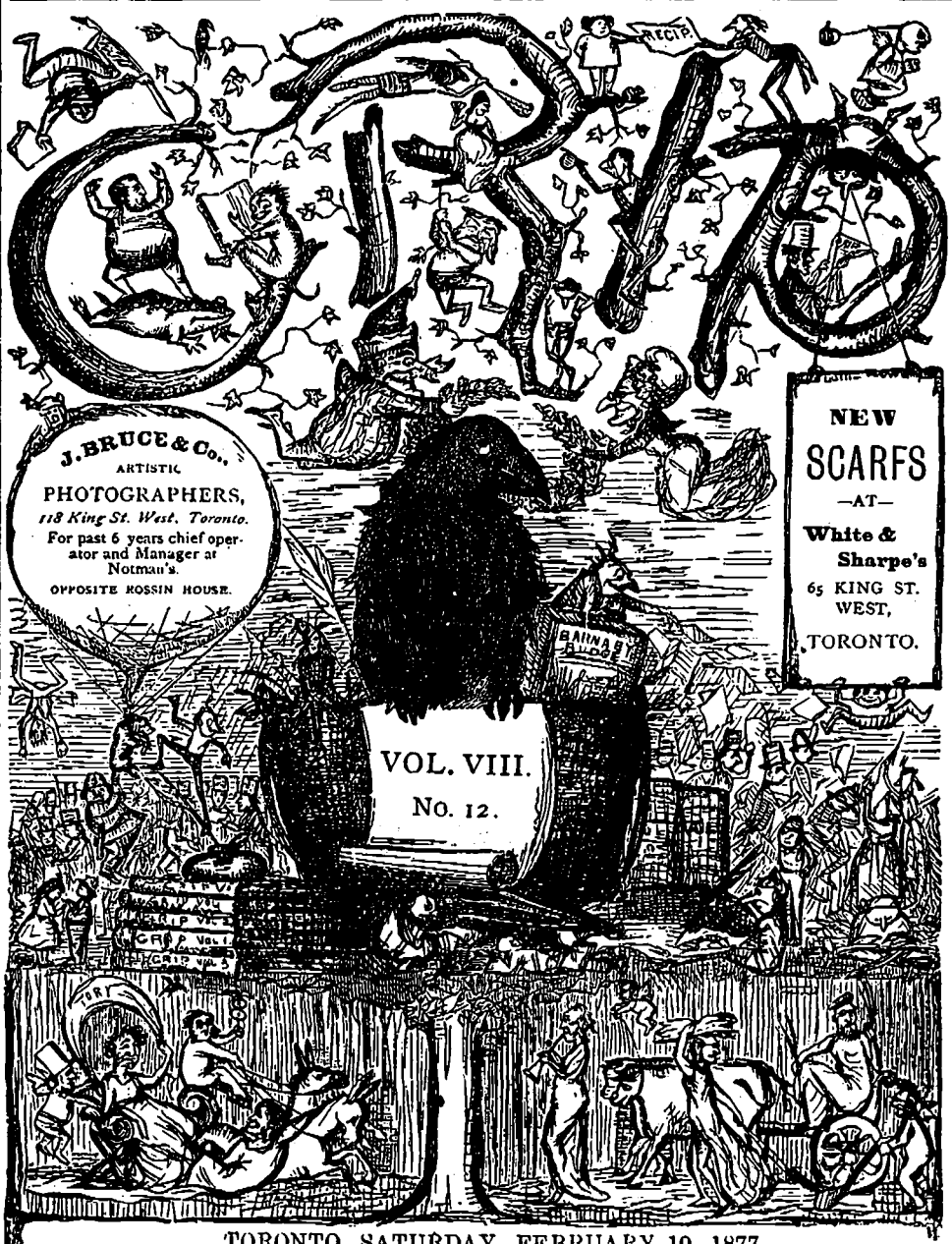
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

From our Box.

THE GRAND—QUEEN'S OWN.—"Ours" was played on Monday evening, with a strong party of the "Queen's Own" to represent the Crimean detachments. These military gentlemen, greatly to the delight of the audience, went through the bayonet exercise, an exercise which exhibits the bayonets going through an imaginary enemy in all possible positions. What astounded GRIP was to observe the unusual and even supernatural manner in which the said enemy evidently came on to the attack. Now he was crawling in all directions over the stage, and every rifleman gave point furiously downward, and no doubt spitted some of him; now he flew over in flocks like pigeons, and the Queen's Owners thrust upward with desperate perpendicular vigour, and probably bagged him in shoals; then again he did his level best on ordinary ground, but was impaled all the same. Then bayonet play ceased and the other play began. The hut scene in the Crimea was very good, and the way in which the white paper snow flew in at the door whenever opened had quite a chilling effect. MISS ANNIE WAREMAN, a young and pretty actress, gave its principal charm to the piece, which was accompanied by quite sufficient shell and platoon firing (outside) to do very great mischief indeed, though GRIP was delighted to observe, at the end, that all the characters had escaped injury, and that there was not even the usual necessity for putting to death the villain of the piece, this piece being destitute of a villain. GRIP rejoices to say that the house was completely filled. Such support is the best evidence of the high esteem of our citizens for this efficient corps.

CABLEGRAMS TO THE GLOBE.—"Canadian Railroads show but little change." That's what's the matter with all of us. Change is so awful scarce that there is little to show.

University Affiliation.

What on earth is all this chatter
About affiliation?
Is the humbug any matter,
To any in the nation?

LODON in three columns screameth.
"He length, no breadth, possesses,"
Cries GEIKIE, in a note which seemeth
To neither have, GRIP guesses.

Graduates are loudly yelling,
Under-graduates are writing,
Packs of nonsense both are telling,
All for nothing, all are fighting.

Don't you know, you stupid creatures,
No one cares which course pursuing,
Joined or single were its features,
So your work you were but doing.

But what speakers are you turning
Out, or writers educating?
If you busy were at learning,
Little time you'd have for prating.

Poor in art is our position.
Low our literary status.
Where the fruits of your tuition?
Proof of your divine affatus?

Earnest fount of knowledge drinkers,
Squabblers are not—are not coilers.
Are they poets—are they thinkers—
They, our city park despoilers?

Universities of talkers,
Canada is more expecting,
Some of you will soon be walkers,
If of faults still uncorrecting.

En Route.

Oh, it was the jolly Sir John, Sir John,
He must travel away, away,
So he packed up his little valise, valise,
And he stuck in his pockets a sandwich apiece,
And an article intended thirst to decrease,
And the cars he climbed on, climbed on,
And he said "I had much rather stay,
"Oh, indeed I had much rather stay.

"For 'to Ottawa now I must go, must go,
In the House for to sit, for to sit,
And all that last summer at picnics I said,
After drinking of beer, after breaking of bread,
There are fellows down there who have certainly read,
And their words as I know will o'erflow, overflow,
And they'll empty on me all their wit, all their wit,
It's one mercy they've little of it.

"And there will MACKENZIE rise hot, rise hot,
While I inwardly swear; yes, swear.
And he'll ask that this member wad joost joostify,
A' thae wards whilk last simmer he daured tae let fly.
And he'd wush for the proof o' sic statements! Oh, my!
To demand something one hasn't got, hasn't got.
I am sure it's extremely unfair, unfair.
Yes, I'm sure it's extremely unfair.

Never mind, at evasion I'm good, I'm good.
And at tactics I'm there, I'm all there,
So I'll rest till the word "dissolution" I see,
And I may have a chance of a majority,
And then let MACKENZIE come talking to me.
Ah, he'll get his reply if he should, if he should,
When I'm not in a bit of a scare, a scare.
When I'm not in the present queer scare.

Scene.—Education Department in the Moon.

(Reported by Our Private Lunar Telegraph.)

MR. ODDFISH.—(an official of the department)—CLERK, you have written out new programme.

CLERK.—Yes, Sir.

MR. ODDFISH.—How many subjects?

CLERK.—Thirty, sir. Teachers say they can't teach half of them, sir.
MR. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense. Must teach 'em. Shall educate this people, sir. What does my programme say?
"All subjects in the course must be taught; proper time to each." What else do they say? Idiots! What else, sir?

CLERK.—Say that they have to keep pupils working half the night, sir. Makes 'em sick, parents say. Don't know anything when through school, sir; all confused together. Half a dozen members of Parliament complained in last debate that the people are in a disgraceful state of ignorance of common branches, while we're cramming them with hydrostatics, pneumatics, drawing, music, vascular systems and grass families.

MR. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense.—Bring in a pupil here (clerk telegraphs, and buy is sent in). Now, boy. What are you learning?

BOY.—Lesson to-day, sir?

MR. ODDFISH.—Yes, what is it on?

BOY, (reads from paper).—Chemistry—Carbonic Acid, Carbonic Oxide, Oxides and Acids of Nitrogen, Ammonia, Olefiant Gas, Marsh Gas, Sulphurous and Sulphuric Acid, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, Hydrochloric Acid, Phosphoretted Hydrogen, Silica.

MR. ODDFISH.—Very good indeed, most useful study. Now see. This boy, at home, will be most useful to his parents. He can instruct them in the thousand cases in which such knowledge is required. Can you put them to practical use, my child?

BOY.—Them things, sir?

MR. ODDFISH.—Those things, say. How is your grammar so deficient?

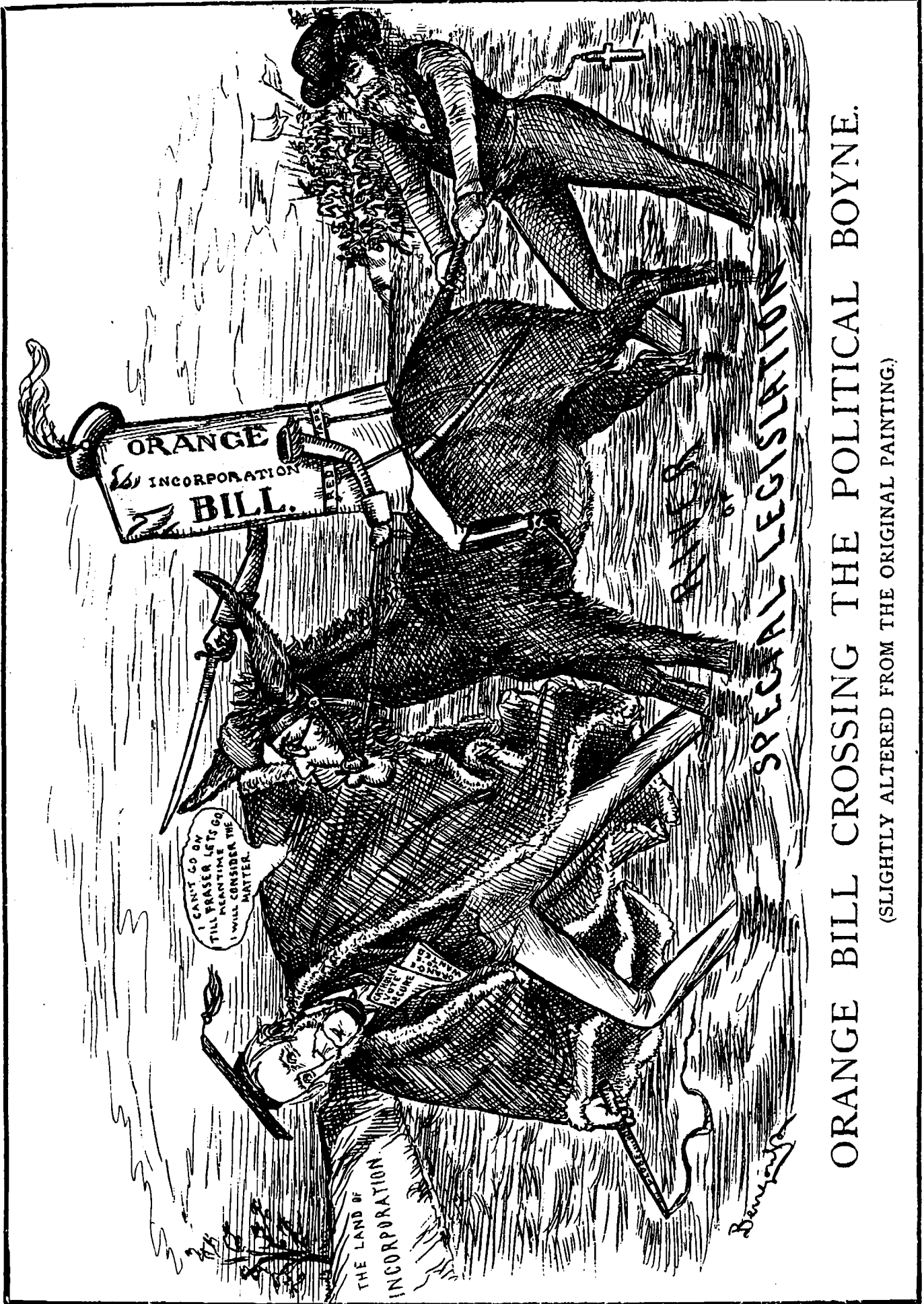
BOY.—Please, sir, we has too little time to learn it. Has to go at chemistry, globes, navigation, triangles, spheres, circles, eclipses, piles of things. I does things with chemistry, though. I giv some hydrochloric acid to our cat; and I had a bottle of ammonia. My! did'nt it smell!

MR. ODDFISH.—There, (to clerk) There, sir. See that. Boy of that age. Can already prescribe for animal disease, and is able to fumigate the premises. Splendid results! Now, to examine further. Boy, what is the cause of eclipses?

BOY.—The Gulf Stream.

MR. ODDFISH.—Eh, what! ah! Most curious fact. How did you find it out?

BOY.—Last lesson, sir. It was either that or the warm climate at the North Pole it caused, sir. But perhaps it was because two right lines continued to infinity never meet, sir. No, that's geometry.



ORANGE BILL CROSSING THE POLITICAL BOYNE.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.)

Mr. ODDFISH.—You are talking nonsense, sir. What is your next lesson?

BOY.—Algebra—(reads)—Factoring, Greatest Common Measure, Least Common Multiple, Square Root, Fractions, Surds, Simple Equations, Easy Quadratics, Proportion, Progression, Permutations and Combinations, Binomial Theorem, Properties of Numbers.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Excellent, Excellent. This is true instruction. And how will you use them when you grow up?

BOY.—Use 'em? Guess not. I'm goin' on a farm. Them blamed things is no good nohow.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Nonsense—Come now. You study history. Who was NERO?

BOY.—He invented printing, and died 3000 B. C.

Mr. ODDFISH.—No, can't be, surely. What was the cause of the second Punic War?

BOY.—Abraham Lincoln and the Abolitionists (sees *Oddfish frown*.) Well, if it wasn't that, it was because Napoleon Bonaparte conquered St. Helena.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Boy, do you not study history?

BOY.—Guess we do (reads), Canadian and English History, Elements of Modern and Ancient History, Tudor and Stuart periods, Roman History to End of Second Punic War, Grecian to Death of Alexander.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Well, why don't you remember it?

BOY.—Too much to remember, I guess. You try lessons all day and all night, and see how much you'll remember. I say, I wants to learn to read and write, and speak proper, and know somethin' of somethin'. I does, if you'd let me. Now, you cut all them things down to half-a-dozen, give us no night work, and we'll learn.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense! Go, go! (boy goes.) (To Clerk) Add six more subjects to new programme, immediately.

(Scene closes.)

The Debate on the Liquor Law.

Mr. CAMERON.—Illogical and vile. Your leader, too. Look down, O startled gods. What did he do?

Did he not tell from his place opposite,
Here, in this Parliament of Canada,
The tempter, not the tempted, was the one
Who should be punished?—and I do demand
Punishment on himself, for that he did
Offer and press upon, and did induce,
And beg and eke beseech, and tempt his friends
To make partake, and drink, and swallow down,
And to imbibe, and inwardly apply,
And put themselves outside of, certain drinks,
Glasses of wine, and such like awful things,
Which I much do abominate, and would
Not venture near—he did, my friends, he did.
Fine him, imprison him, put him in gaol,
Therein to break up stones, and weep and wail.
Oh, nothing but disaster will be here
Till Tories rule, and Grits all disappear!

There's not one gentleman this side the House—
(Who said "That's true?" Will not the Speaker see
Folks do not interrupt?) There is not one
I say, who's not more sound than any Grit
On temperance, and that's the whole of it.

DR. CLARK.—Who says, where is the man—
The man who on his two legs dared to walk
Into this House, and herein to proclaim
I helped my sons to start the liquor trade,
(The traffic in that vile and horrid thing
Which whoso touches is beyond the pale
Of Christianity) at Thunder Bay?
By Thunder, I did not; so thunder now
No more of Thunder Bay into mine ear.
Far from it, far, my friends; I sent to them
Letters of credit, and for eighteen months
They held them, and did untouched them return.
What is it that I hear?—who whispers there
That "unnegotiable" on their back
Was written? Sirs, unto those private things
No gentleman doth poke. And do not think
Though unto temperance bound, it doth extend
To language in my case, for know ye all.

If any member of this House do dare
To whisper Thunder Bay into mine ear—
Nay, let him but point at the lightning rod,
Or venture speech of an electric shock,
I will disgorge myself of such a mass
Of language strong and stories scandalous,
Shall make you Tories tremble, till the walls,
And strong foundations shake, and all the House
Pass the New Buildings Bill. I shall! Beware!
Thunder at me no more, or else despair!

Mr. CAMERON.—And go you say
Because my constitution is not good
That I teetotal am?—it is not true.
You, agriculturist of Norfolk, you
Are of a body sound; but if you were
As weak as I, you your teetotal bosh
Would cast unto the winds, and drink as deep
As ever in far Thunder Bay the fish
Do swallow water down. Think, think, I say,
Teetotal miscreant, think on Thunder Bay!

DR. CLARK.—Would'st mention it again?—then from me
far

Be moderation now. I say, your lips
Your tongue and mouth, your teeth and palate too—
Your epiglottis and your thorax base—
Your epigastris, liver, lights, and lungs—
Ha, do you shiver, knaves?—see what it is
To talk to doctors!—yes, and then your spine
Supported on your one leg, and your one
Which is not yours; I say you and the rest
Do utter scandals vile, adulterous,
Miserable and base! What's that? Sit down?
I will not sit, sir, and I will not stand
To hear such slanders low. Great heavens, I pray,
Why made you such a place as Thunder Bay?

Song of the Canned Beef in England.

We shall *meat* beyond the Ocean,
We shall land at *Liver*-pool,
We'll be *can*-did with those Britons,
And let them *meat* their full.

They sell our cans at *Ox*-ford,
They sell our cans at *Cowes*,
Our cans *Bull*-dose the English,
De bump, te bump, te browse.

N.B.—The poet gave out at the end of the 3rd line and our compositor had to fill up with the first thing that came handy.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE first Orange Bill.—WILLIAM III.

Will Mr. HARDY have the Hardy-hood to accept the Secretary-ship
REFORMERS met at Whitby on the 9th and they didn't gain a Whit—
by the meeting either.

PROBABILITIES FOR FEB.—Cold—with snow—slush—signs of thaw—
freezing—mild and warm with occasional flurries of snow, rain, hail, dew,
sleet, &c., warm showers, muddy roads, and snow blockades.

We hate to see these Orange Bills continually coming up before the
Legislature. Why can't the members pay for their oranges just like other
people, as they are cheap just now, and not have the Bills sent up to
the House all the time?

* ANOTHER SET BACK FOR THE GREAT EX-BREMIER OF CANADA.—
No Canadian SIR JOHN A-llowed on the Allan line!! Are we never to
hear the end of that ALLAN & MACDONALD business? Still, this is not a
Pacific but an Atlantic scandal.

Now winter will soon be gone. The Belleville *Intelligencer* of the
31st ult. says a piece of ice struck MR. FROST of that city and hurt him.
It does not tell whether or not MR. FROST struck back, but if FROST
will now challenge Ice, go to Delaware, and fight a duel, then we may
get rid of both FROST and Ice and have perpetual summer.

The steamer "*Northern Light*" is frozen in, and it will now be no
light matter to get her out. Although a slow steamer she is now fast—
in the ice—which is cold comfort for her owners. We hope that none of
her *beams* are injured, in fact we'd be re-joist to hear that this heavy
"*Light*" is unhurt, although prospects look dark at present. She is
not in an ice position, and if the temperature does not rays the *Light* will
be heavy.

THE Lambton Co. Council asks an immediate opening up of the In-
dian Reserve. Now we think if the Indians want to be reserved the
Council ought to let them alone. Generally the trouble with the Indian
is, he has not reserve enough. Look at the Sioux out west, what a
lack of reserve they have. We would council the Council to reserve any
further attacks on an Indian Reserve.

* Professor Bell, of Albert University, is preparing the annual address for the Dairy-
man's Convention, which is to meet at Belleville on the 14th February.—*Globe*.

Ding Dong Bell,
Press your subject well
And squeeze it,
All that's oc-"cured" he'll tell
About the Milky W(h)ey, the swell;
Oh, Cheese it!

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