

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 18TH MAY, 1878.

A Bad Example.

CHARLES, aged 8.—"Villian, liar."

EDWARD, aged 10.—"Scoundrel, swindler."

CHAS.—"Thief, coward."

ED.—"Traitor, brute."

Their father suddenly appears.—"Boys, I'm dumfounded—Such awful expr—JOHN bring me a switch—I'll teach—"

CHAS. AND ED.—"Oh boo hoo—please don't-hoo hoo hoo we were playing parliament, I was Sir JOHN and he was Dr. SUPPER,—no, TUPPER and we—"

Sound of a switch is heard mingled with sobs, and quite right. Every father should take care that his children should grow up to be members of Parliament.

Conversation.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—When shall we hae the elections?

HON. MR. MILLS.—When? Immediately! At once! The great triumph of philosophic learning over the barbarous hordes of the Opposition (which I may almost hope will be equal in result to that of the venerable king COLE over ODOACER the Goth, 1291, B.C.) should no longer be delayed. How can they hope to oppose us? Take the plain proposition X square mines Y equals the logarithm of PLUMB multiplied by—Eh, where was I?—but it is certain we will beat them. Any one can see that the Americans are ruining themselves, which is the reason annexation would be a good thing—No, but I mean to say that, taking into consideration the cycle of the earth's revolution, the proximity of Saturn, and the aspect of the fixed—

HON. MR. BLAKE.—(who has for some time been listening open-mouthed).—Be so kind as to state the logical deduction of all this, if there be any. It is beyond my—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Altogether meaningless to the petry mind of the small law-mender are the grand views of the philosopher, and from them he gains no vestige of understanding. Neither he—

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Neither anybody else, which is the difficulty.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Whatna is the use of collyshanghie and sic? When sall we hae the—

HON. MR. HUNTINGDON.—The campaign? Why the elections are the campaign!

HON. MR. JONES.—Nonsense. Your copper mine has incusted your brain. The campaign against the Fenians! Glorious opportunity! I have saved the Government. I have issued orders. I have given out twenty rounds of ball cartridge per man, and set the tailors mending the officers coats. Splendid chance! Get up a Fenian raid—great excitement—danger imminent—volunteers out—money required—chance to give friends contracts—supplementary estimates—government must be supported—any factious opposition deprecated by all parties—get up elections quietly in midst of fuss—no use changing horses when crossing stream—we wade right into fresh lease of power through seas of imaginary Fenian blood and shrouded in terrific blank cartridge smoke and thunder. Hooray! Advance the banners on the outward wall! Cry Havock; and Let Slip the Dogs of War! JONES to the Rescue! Down with the — no, Up with the Flag! If the last British soldier had only cleared out we could do something— No! there was I; I mean Hooray! for the British Constitution, Queen, Lords, Commons and everything else in the great Ottawa grab game! Down with the Brit—, I mean the Fenian Flag; victory sits on our helms. This far into the bowels of the Treasury, here we marched on without impediments. I shall fight it out on this salary if takes all—

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—I must remind the hon. gentlemen that although I fully coincide in the desirability of the glorious prospect to open out, yet, something more is needed. The commercial question is running mad through the land; every farmer is yelling open-mouthed about Protection or Free Trade, — (Door opens, a tall figure rushes in, enveloped in Scotch plaid.)

FIGURE, (to staring ministers)—Fules, do ye nae recognize Broom? Hae, I sae failit? Creatures o' ma ain creation; hae I fadit from ye're thochts!

HON. MR. BLAKE.—You have been so long absent from our councils, Mr. Brown, that forgetfulness is venial; besides, you crushed so fiercely my poor Canadian or National aspirations, that I had half determined to repudiate you utter—

HON. MR. BROWN.—Ye dared na! Did I no croosth oot ye're silly *Leetbrat* wi ma maisterly policy o' ignorin a' I dinna like! Wha heard

o't? Mon, ye need na think I am getting auld; I am stronger noo than (sits down in chair and takes breath.) I tell ye a' my policy maun be supported, or I will pit ye clean oot wi ae wave of the *Glob*!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Wad ye tell us what is ye're policy?

HON. MR. BROWN.—SANDY MACKENZIE, I tauld ye when I made ye a Premier oot o' a mere lump o' stane and mortar, stickin' on a scaffold, as ye were, that a' ye had tae dae was tae obey. I dinna tell me adherents ma eemaginations. A' they do is as they are bidden. Wark, or leave. Wi' ae wave o' the *Glob*, which rules this kintra—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Of what use this vain discussion? As happened to the Imperial Constantine when invaded by the Tories under the Great Mogul, A.D. '76, so our counsels are distracted by the weak confictions of interested and unthinking men. Let us take the course of the Illyrian kings, trace the Areopagite pedigree, note the reasons of Confucius, examine the decrees of Alexander, and view with discriminating eye the calculations of Clopernicus and what is the result? Why, that, beyond all doubt reuts, profits and wages made of the same, and therefore, the consumer pays the whole amount of duty imposed. Let us hold meetings. I will address the populace.

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—True, True, Truc. Just what I said. The tariff is all right. There are no flies on the wheel trying to legislate successfully in this—

HON. MR. BLAKE.—But perhaps people will think it time to send people who are not flies.

HON. MR. BROWN.—Stay a wee; joost all o' ye min' ye're ain business, watch for telegrams frae the *Glob*, and I shall put ye through the crisis as early—

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Weel, weel; but I think we had better haud on to what we hae. Perhaps, wha kens? something micht turn turn up before October. (Scene closes.)

EXTRACT from a volume of history published A.D. 2878. "Some works erroneously state that the battle of the Boyne was fought in Ireland, but this is evidently wrong, as all records point to Montreal in Canada, situated somewhere east of the present metropolis of Toronto. Ancient documents point out the strange circumstance that the battle was fought on the 12th of July during several years although no reason is given for allowing an exact year to transpire between each engagement. Some works state that Montreal was situated on an island, although its name seems to indicate a mountainous location. It probably was among the mountains of Quebec."

The New Way of Saving.

I am a city alderman, and to you now I bring
My plan for saving city cash—you'll find it quite the thing,
And very new. There's nothing like it has been tried before.
I mean to make your debt much less by making it much more.

Six millions now you owe of debt—a most tremendous pile—
But I'm a great financing man, and you just listen while
I'll show you how we'll fix the thing, without the slightest doubt.
New way to pay old debts; in-lead, I'll get a patent out.

To England first, then to the States; nay, round the world I'll go,
And show them all what I've found out; won't they be glad to know
How they can add a precious lot unto their pile of debt,
And pay less interest for the same than any they've paid yet.

In private, too, each chap who owes, and finds the interest press,
Has only got to borrow more, and then have to pay less.
And so, say to each creditor, when once my plan he gets:
"Come, make no fuss; lend me enough to cancel all the debts."

My plan is this (and now I beg at it you will not smile)
It's just to make these fellows take less interest all the while
Than they can get elsewhere; and if you should ask how, you flat,
To make 'em, I've told you so much, you ought to find out that.

Now GRIP would say, he's seen such plans worked on before to-day,
And always found them work precise and square the other way.
The more of debt the more the tax, and creditors are not
So easy made to lessen what security they've got.

And GRIP would say, this latter plan contains a clause quite neat,
To make the city go to work and fix each suburb street,
But he would say: "The suburbs view, where aldermen reside
And see what they've had done, before such humbugging is tried.

There's but one plan—the system stop of borrowing to-day.
Don't put it off; to lower rates there is no other way;
It's plain and clear—no use the thing to make a fuss about—
What we can't pay for, why, we must just learn to do without.

THE insufficiency of Reform Govt is shown by the fact (let MACKENZIE deny it if he can) that TECUMSEH met a violent death on the banks of the Thames and as yet though over 60 years have passed the coroner's jury has not brought in its verdict, and we are still ignorant "who killed TECUMSEH?"