

GRIP.

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, 10TH AUGUST, 1878.

The Guardian and His Boys.

GRIP has made a picture this week of an affecting little incident which lately transpired in the political world, viz., the venerable Reform Guardian gently but firmly leading his little boys away from the evil association of the National Amphitheatre.

It appears that these little M. P.'s, DYMOND, BLAIN, MACDONALD and METCALF, had witnessed some of the performances of the great wizard, Prof. JOHN A., and had expressed a large amount of contempt for the same, saying that they could go up on the platform and easily show how the tricks were done. This came to the ears of the manager of the show, and he sent those little boys word that they would be welcome to come before the audience and expose the professor's illusions, if they thought they could do so. But when their guardian, the *Globe*, heard of it, he at once forbade them to accept the challenge. "Na, na," said he, "dinna' hae anything to do wi' yon wicket Wizard, an' his abomeneable treeks. See to the fate o' my puir bairins JURY an' VENNEL, wham I allooed tae gang on the platform! When they gaed they were baith braw workin' men, wi' clear heeds an' common-sense, but the Wizard an' his imps transformat them intil dolts, by speerin' at them wi' questions an' howlins an' interruptions an' a' that! They wad do the same wi' you. They woul'dna gie you a hearing, ava."

Then the little boys meekly and dutifully walked away hand in hand with their guardian, and left the big crowd in the Amphitheatre to indulge in laughter at their timidity. And GRIP, who perched upon the flag-staff over the chairman's head, couldn't help joining in the chorus of reproach, for he thought the boys and their guardian had no right to come to such a conclusion without giving the matter a trial.

Grip Moralizes.

Which should I blame—our manners or our men?
Which lies most open to the critic pen?
If tyrant custom force poor mortals wrong,
Who do but stray where others wandered long—
What then?—they made the custom you deplore.
Not they, good sir, but those who lived before.
Change it, you say; but who should teach them so?
Those who decry the path upon it go.
MERCATUS seizes all he can in trade,
It was the way his firm their money made,
LEXATOR of the courts ne'er tells the truth,
A former lawyer trained him while a youth,
To preach, not to practice BLANCHECRATTE is known.
What then?—he does not wish to stand alone,
Say JACK the Alderman has money won,
In Council—they would laugh if he'd made none,
The member takes the bribe that others do,
The Speaker thinks that he must do it too,
'Tis but a step—in Parliament shall stand
The fat contractor—purchase in his hand,
Another step—the judge shall soon decide
In favour of the better paying side,
What's honour?—do the right and keep your word,
But custom says, "Those things are never heard
Of now, or heard, are thought to be the rules
Of obsolete or antiquated fools.
Nay, use the habit of the present day,
Get all you can, and never mind the way,
Keep faith if it be politic—if not,
Let truth, and faith and honour go to pot."
GRIP will not say the thing he'd have you do,
But thinks the times are rather bad—don't you?

EVERYBODY has read that Lord BEACONSFIELD lately spoke of Mr. GLADSTONE as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." It is not so generally known that GLADSTONE was going to reply that DISRAELI was a "Pragmatical plenipotentiary obfuscated with the phantasmagorical demonstration of his own superabundant unconstitutionality and the Bedlamitic effervescence of superficial Charing Cross acclamation," only he had a gum boil and thought it better to restrain himself.

Telegram Tactics.

THE *Telegram* has worked itself into a rage over the Separate Schools troubles. At present it feels quite in the humour of beheading Archbishop LYNCH, but being restrained by fear of the police from carrying out this murderous passion literally, it contents itself with decapitating the Archbishop in print—it calls him Mr. LYNCH. Thus, with one masterly stroke of the pen, the *Telegram* man annihilates all the dignities which it has cost its victim the labour of a life time to earn. Arch-bishop, bishop, Vicar-general, dean, priest,—all these gradations are swept away in an instant, and Mr. LYNCH is set back to the humble position he occupied when a mere school-boy—at least thirty years of his life ruthlessly chalked off. GRIP protests against the *Telegram* man taking people's lives, or parts thereof, in this manner. Plain Mr. LYNCH! How must he weep at seeing all his titles vanish! And it was only done to make him feel bad, but the *Telegram* man should not do to others as he wouldn't be done by. Now how would he like it, if GRIP lopped the ornamental JOHN ROSS off, and always alluded to him as FIFTEENCENT SO-AND-SO?

The Excursion.

Oh, let us now some pleasure take,
And let us go upon the lake,
Where white-topped waves so gaily break,
Along with the excursion.

The breeze is blowing brisk and fair,
And everyone is crowding there,
That in the pleasure they may share
Proposed by the excursion.

What luncheon baskets heave in sight,
Crammed reticules of black and white,
They're bound they'll have an appetite
Along with the excursion.

The time is up—the whistles blow,
The cable's loosed, and off we go,
They beat the drum—the bugles blow
Aboard of the excursion.

They cleave the waters sparkling bright,
And every heart is beating light,
Alas, they may become ere night
Quite sick of the excursion.

Returning, oh, the sea is rough,
And dulcet tones grow rather gruff,
Alas, they think they've had enough
Of going on excursion.

No more the steamer smoothly glides,
She rolls, she pitches, and she slides,
And plays the deuce with their insides
Who went on the excursion.

Behold them coming back at night,
Damp, draggled, pale, a woeful sight,
They're all in miserable plight
Who went on the excursion.

It's odd but true, they feel next day,
The better for it, and they say
They'd like to go again away
Upon a fresh excursion.

A Frank Confession.

In the local column of the Markham *Economist* (a clear Grit journal) we read:

"Drifting with the Tide," a very popular song, at the *Economist* office."

Now, this is what we Conservatives have been saying all along, that these Grits, with the outrageous CARTWRIGHT at their head, are sitting on their miserable Free Trade plank, and drifting with the tide of hard times to the great ocean of ruin. But we didn't suppose they gloried in their miserable indolence until we learned that "Drifting with the Tide" was a very popular song amongst them. No doubt it is sung at all the Grit newspaper offices throughout the Dominion.

THE *Globe* chronicles the fact that a certain cat (name unknown) was pelted to death by hail-stones while scooting across a yard last Sunday, —literally killed before she knew what hailed her.