

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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, 4TH AUGUST, 1877.

Orange and Green.

"Raise aloft the Orange banner!
Follow on in long array!
Flaunt it in their traitor faces
Who would frown upon the day."

"Down with every Orange emblem!
Heretics by God accursed!
They would rob us of religion,
They for Papist blood athirst."

"Boyne! thy waters they are crimson
With the blood our fathers shed;
We their sons have hearts as loyal,
In our veins have blood as red."

"These the men who robbed our fathers,
Triumphing in CROMWELL'S cause,
Drove them from their homes and acres;
Kept them down by penal laws."

"Shall we e'er forget the slaughter
In the barn at Scullabogue?—
How the divils piked the children?—
Down with every thief and rogue."

"Raise the Green!" "Unfurl the Orange!"
"God and Erin!" "King and Creed!"
"We have bled before, and we are
Just as ready now to bleed."

"Peace," says one above the clamour,
"Listen children to my word,
He who takes the sword of battle
He shall perish by the sword."

I have made you both, redeemed you
By the water and the blood,
Which from out my side commingled,
In a sin-destroying flood.

God is Love! In peace together
Live as children loved by me,
Green and Orange blend together
In a wreath of charity.

Let the dead past bury its dead;
If ye love me keep my laws;
Fire and sword and words of hatred
Never once advanced my cause.

Both have sinned, let both forgiven
Only strive to love the most,
Then shall be your triumph greater
That ye willingly have lost."

National Egotism.

ENGLISHMAN.—English, French, German—e. f. g.—naturally and alphabetically our nation is ahead, then comes the French, and then the German.

TEUTON.—Ah, mine frient. Shust vait von leetle. Dat arrangement all right mit amongst you Englishers, but we *sprechen Deutsch* at home; dis vay; *Deutsch, English, Frangosisch*—d. e. f.—you see! Virst we, denn you, and denn the frog-eating Frenchman, yaw, yaw, *schr gut, eh?*

FRENCHMAN.—Ze diable! Ze grande nation last? No zar, not by ze pottle full. Out from your own mouth, Mister BULL, by gar, we shall you show what is not in it—ze truth. French, German, and Henglish—f. g. h.—dat is ze way you pronounce it, by gar, Mister BULL you now come last.

AN Upper Canada Catholic paper commenting on the murder of HACKETT says:—"The Catholic Union of Montreal have washed their hands of it." GRIP doubts it, and with the help of his friend SHAKESPERE, ventures to express the opinion that "these hands will rather the multitudinous sees incarnadine—making the green—one red?"

The Drummer Drama.

Scene in Toronto Wholesale Warehouse.

PROPRIETOR.—Now, MR. CHATTER, I mean biz. Note what I say. Either pay; you pays this house or not. If it don't pay this house, this house has decided not to continue paying you. Either you get orders for \$10,000 next circuit, or it is your final for us.

MR. CHATTER.—Really, sir, with business so dull, I don't see—
PROPRIETOR.—No, and we don't see—the way of keeping you on. You have your list and your samples. Start, be pushing; be energetic. Make 'em buy, sir. (*exit MR. CHATTER.*)

Scene in country store.

PROPRIETOR.—Really, MR. CHATTER, I have goods on hand I should sell, and should pay for, before bringing in more.

MR. CHATTER.—But these are better.

PROPRIETOR.—No matter; can't take 'em.

MR. CHATTER.—(*tries a desperate expedient*)—Now, how will you sell anything when the store opposite has all these at such and such a price? I've sold them \$1,000 worth (*he hasn't been there*).

PROPRIETOR.—What?

MR. CHATTER.—Fact. Come now. Absolutely we will never press you.

PROPRIETOR.—Can't be beat by them. (*gives order for \$1000 worth*).

Scene in the store opposite.

MR. CHATTER.—Come, first-class goods; their equal not in Canada, got 'em ourselves by merest chance. You can't do without them. Look here, I've sold the store opposite \$1,000 worth. (*has this time*).

PROPRIETOR.—Can't be beat. You're sure your fellows will renew if necessary?

MR. CHATTER.—As often as you like. (*gets order for \$1000 worth*).

Six months later, copy of letter received by both storekeepers:—

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1878.

DEAR SIR.—

We shall be glad of your immediate remittance of \$1,000 as per order kindly given to our traveller, MR. CHATTER. We beg to say that we can grant no renewals, as consignees are pressing us for payment. Hoping to be favoured with future orders, we remain yours,

SHARP & CUTE,
Wholesale Dealers.

Which bankrupts one country store, and cripples the other. N. B.—If the first trick had failed, CHATTER had a dozen in reserve.

The Only Chance.

SCENE.—A path leading to Toronto, Enter SIR JOHN, carpet bag in hand.

SIR JOHN.—Back at last! Well, it may be for the good of my country, but by jingo it isn't for that of my bones. Since May I might have been as well—faith, I have been—a travelling drummer for the Conservative establishment. No salary, merely a commission if I get the rival business into bankruptcy. Pretty job, too. Talk all evening to supporters. Scream all day on the stump, jolt about infernal country roads all morning. Oh for something stationary. But it's no use. I don't believe MACKENZIE 'd give me even a lighthouse to keep; he'd be afraid I'd be throwing Tory rays over the situation. And G. B.—Talk of the devil, there he is.

G. B.—(*appearing from behind tree*)—Hech, fause coin's sauf tae fin the gate hame. I hopit ye were droonit.

SIR JOHN.—No, George, you and I are destined to a higher fate.

G. B.—Speak for yersel, sir. Ye will be hangit I hae nae doot; ye suld hae been executit years syne. What did ye no deserve for yere Pawceefic Scandal, Sir? Answer me, ye scoonril!

SIR JOHN.—I think I deserve a little gratitude, GEORGE.

G. B.—Grawteetude! Is the mon clean dementit? From wha?

SIR JOHN.—From a certain prominent editor who has been enriched, from his party who have made tremendous hauls, all in consequence of that mistake if you like, in policy. Blowed if you could have done better, though. But you should be grateful for what gave you—more than you're able to keep, as you will find, GEORGE.

G. B.—We'll keep it till ye'er deed, mon. (*Aside—Best tae brag.*)

SIR JOHN.—Come, come, GEORGE! Town and country are coming my way, as you know very well. You go feed bullocks; don't let them toss you, though; might remind you of what a good many constituencies gave you.

G. B.—Noo, ye contemptible deevil, gin ye aroose me, I'll pit ye past haim o' thegether. I'll take the win' oot o' ye're sails. I'll pass the ward tae the Fairty tae advocate Protection—tae threep that it's the true course. What will ye dae then?

SIR JOHN.—(*Aside—By Jupiter, the rascal might too*)—GEORGE, I am well aware that you are prepared to do anything. But to make your supporters admit that they have for years knowingly advocated a false policy—that they have been and are, in fact, either the greatest fools or knaves in existence—why, you should reflect, GEORGE, that other people have scruples.

G. B.—Scruples be hangit. I'll dae it.

SIR JOHN.—It's his only chance.

(*Scene closes.*)