

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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, 28TH DECEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

The Lay of Beaconsfield.

On a dizzy seat am I,
I have climbed up very high,
Dukes and Lords they jeered at me,
Lords and Dukes below me see!

I have foiled the Russian Bear,
BEACONSFIELD he cannot scare;
Didn't mean to fight him though,
Better trick than that I know!

There by Afghanistan wide,
Bear and I on either side,
Play a game—the niggers do
For shuttlecock between us two.

When the shuttlecock's worn out
We'll divide the land no doubt,
But that Afghanistan clime
Will delay him for my time.

Far Canadians, tell me, pray,
How's that dodger, old JOHN A.?
He and I, of all that live,
Most can promise, least can give.

How is that Professor wild,
Whom with nickname I exiled?
By by, can't sing any more,
Here's the Queen. Quick, you, the door!

An Imaginary Conversation.

1ST REFORMER.—Well, what do you think of JOHN A.'s Cabinet?

2ND REFORMER.—Why, rather scandalous, I fancy the country will think it.

1ST.—Yes, JOHN A. has returned to his—I beg his pardon, I was nearly betrayed into a most unsavory simile; but I was merely intending to remark that Canada's Greatest Statesman has given us a great instance of the tendency of great deviators to make great deviations when they get a great chance.

2ND.—What will come of it?

1ST.—What you may expect from the former proceedings of the men he has determinedly chosen, with no necessity whatever, mind you, for his great National Policy majority would have backed him in selecting the most able and pronounced National Policymen in the country. He would not have any such; though to such (especially to one of them) he absolutely owed his party's success. What will the country think? Why just this—that to the men she discharged for corruption her "greatest statesman" has given the greatest chance to be corrupt any men ever had in the world. Why, with the changes in values and such, these men are going to have more money to handle than all the Cabinets in the country ever had before. Don't you think there's lots like Sir HUGH at that already?

2ND.—What are Reformers to do?

1ST.—Adopt Protection.

2ND.—What!

1ST.—You are a reasonable man. I will give you three good reasons. 1st Because many of us think it right. 2nd Because right or wrong Canada will have it. 3rd Because all countries are taking it up, and if we don't we lose on all sides. Now, as to our success. The country will rather trust us, because we always had the most solid men; and next, because Lib. Cons. ingratitude shows them dishonourable, and dishonourable people are dishonest, and it is unsafe to trust dishonest folks with great monetary transactions.

2ND.—But can we change our principles?

1ST.—You do not need. To change your principles of right and wrong is without defence. To change from one method of trading to another when the first does not pay, is common and right. And that is all you do when you change Free Trade for Protection.

2ND.—You have hit the right nail on the head!

Number Nine.

The knocker is muffled on JONES's door,
But not on the door of BROWN,
But BROWN he regards his own knocker no more
With relief; but with rather a frown,
While the quieting sign with no discontent
Views JONES; but with something of joy,
For to him hath his Number Nine been sent,
And that number it is a boy.

And the opposite BROWN hath never a one,
And that opposite liketh it not,
But a word of his feelings he telleth to his wife,
But the rather he praiseth his lot,
For children, saith he, (Mrs. BROWN doth agree),
Are as nothing but toil and care,
And they would wish none in their house to be
A' tearing everywhere.

Now for Number Nine let us shout Hooray,
Likewise for the eight as well,
And we'll hope that BROWN get his wish in his day,
The wish that he never will tell,
And that olive branches may round him spread,
As they flourish in the bower of JONES,
And that both may jollily live till they're dead,
And peace be with their bones.

A Friend in Need.

Affectionately dedicated to an old Pipe.

'Twas in the joyous month of May
Neath Italy's clear sky,
That first I did with careless glance
My now dear friend descri.

For three long years in Egypt's land
An exile had I been,
And since I'd left my childhood's home
Strange nations had I seen.

Strange lands surveyed, strange customs known,
Strange sentiments had heard;
And strangely learnt how sad and true
The adage: "Hope deferred."

But now no longer had I cause
"Sickness at heart" to know,
For as I wept—not tears of grief,
Tears of joy, did flow.

For now I fast in very truth
My senses were homeward bound,
One thing I needed, and it was
The one thing that I found.

I found a friend, to whom I could
Pour out my joyful heart,
To whom I could all trustfully
My inmost thoughts impart.

That friend was constant to the end,
He cheered me on my way,
He never wearied though my tale
Ne'er changed from day to day.

All through each day to comfort me
To cheer, he did his best,
And soothed me kindly when I hid
My weary head to rest.

At last around my neck I felt
My mother's fond embrace,
Upon that mother's breast again
Once more I hid my face.

And that first night—when all was o'er.
Who was it that did send
To my full heart a perfect calm?
Oh! was it not my friend?

Who was this friend who ne'er divulged
The secrets of my heart,
To whom I could all trustfully
My inmost thoughts impart?

That friend was but a meerschaum pipe,
He soothed with but a weed,
But silent, faithful, honest, true,
He proved—A Friend in Need.