

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The grabeat Benat is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyater; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 1ST MARCH, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

"H. M. S. Pinafore."

MR. PITOU is going to produce this most funny of operas at the Grand the week after next, with a first class company from New York, and GRIP, an equally enterprising manager, produces it to-day, *vide* his Cartoon. Let everybody go and see the opera, and then say if MR. CARTWRIGHT does not make as excellent a Sir JOSEPH, as the gent from New York will be.

The Middle of Next Week.

BY JOHN A.

Only put us in—all right,
This depression we will fight,
Meet it, yes, as Greek meets Greek,
'Bout the middle of next week.

Stocks shall rise like any kite—
Business prospects glowing bright—
Poverty fly like a streak—
Just the middle of next week.

Farmers get more cash than they
In their sleighs can haul away—
Masters shall for workmen seek,
When?—Oh, middle of next week.

MR. CARTWRIGHT asks of me
When the Estimates will be
Ready, sir, confound his cheek,
I say—Middle of next week.

When they're through, if people should
Ask when the ensuing good
Will appear, I calmly speak,
"In the middle of next week."

Standing order it will be,
For all things but salary,
As for that, I fear we'd squeak
"Now, not middle of next week."

The Way the (Canadian) World is Governed.

BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

Present—The leader of a party, Honourables DOLDRUM, FUDGE, Sir CLEVER HUMBUG, GRAB, OILY, GAMMON, GREEDY, and others.

Hon. Mr. DOLDRUM.—Well, how are things to be this time? What's the cry?

Hon. Mr. FUDGE.—Oh, Protection this time, of course.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—What! But you know we used to be Free Traders. And my Province is emphatically Free Trade. Sir, I once roared for Free Trade till I materially injured my thorax. Yes, Sir. Had to go to Europe, Sir. Protection! How can I?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Allow me. My dear fellow. Allow me. All the clever fellows are going for it. Let me put to you a little fable—nursery fable. There were a lot of robbers. There were a lot of honest men. Public opinion turned against robbers. Lot of honest men killed lot of robbers, and were bringing all their heads to city in triumph. What do rest of robbers do? Run away? No! Lay wait, kill honest party, cut off heads, fetch both lots of heads home to city, get reputation of very honest men, killed immense lot of robbers; live happy ever after! See!

Hon. Mr. OILY.—My Province is Free Trade. I have in my time been Free Trade. How can I act contrary to it now? That is—well, what should I have to do?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Do? Finance Minister. Handle lots of money! Borrow vast quantities of cash! Have the spending?

Hon. Mr. OILY.—Considering all things, I believe that my Province can be best served by—if we must run Protection—my having the F.M. department. Done! Consider me a Protectionist.

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—I am quite willing to be one. But I must have my full \$8,000 a year. But I don't see—

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—I am also willing. Want \$8,000, and leave to appoint three hundred relatives and friends to office. But I don't see—

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—WHAT don't you see?

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—How to talk Protection.

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—How to speak on National Policy.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—What! Look at me (to Sir CLEVER)—What is my job?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Railways.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—Give me the management of the Pacific—giving out contracts—handling cash—appointing friends—I'll undertake to shout Protection—or Greek—or Sanscrit. What have you to do? You need not talk. Myself, HUMBUG, and OILY, will do all the Protection talking. \$8,000 a year and pickings, and we will talk any policy the country calls for.

Hon. Mr. SOFTSOAP.—Gentlemen, we are all agreed on the propriety of talking anything, and doing anything, rather than let running the country slip out of our hands. I, myself—though policies I never could understand—will undertake to make folks believe I have been fed on them since childhood. But let me speak easily, softly, quietly to you. You know we never had luck in governing. The country always was very ill-managed under us. How are we to get a Policy, and to run it, who never could run anything successfully, as we know very well? Of course we'll do it. But how? My dear Sir CLEVER, the Prince of HUMBUG family, how is it to be done?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Nothing more easy. I would suggest we keep to the old rule—"keep sharp men out." Ourselves will do the trick, and bag the salaries. I tell you beforehand there's no hope we shall run the policy successfully; but who's to know that, if the others get no chance? Not a cute individual shall get a show; not a sharp chap be brought forward. Good reason, they'd soon be too sharp for the old stagers. Here's our plan. Get as much out of them before the elections as possible, set 'em adrift after. Get a few of the lower order of 'em, who can be bribed with small places, to come down and tell us anything they know after we're in. Ask all the members what their sections want. Ask everybody what he wants. Then out of it all, we'll make a sort of policy. Between that and contracts, places, pickings, and so on, I guess we can keep in long enough to—retire on fat places.

All.—"Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

Hon. Mr. GAMMON.—I have not yet spoken. But I agree. My friend, Sir CLEVER, between whom and myself is the cordiality of fellow spirits—(Sir CLEVER smiles cordially), will agree with me in one thing. Whatever the real N. P. men might do, we only know our old road. The Ontario cow is to be milked for the general benefit. Is she not? (All nod). Then I should advise that none of her knowing commercial fellows are let near the stable.

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Trust me. Not one of 'em. Wouldn't elect me—lost hope for anything from me. Tell you what, didn't we used to suck her dry in old CARTIER's time?

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—But I must have my \$8,000—

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—And I my—

All the rest.—And we our—

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—You shall, you shall, you shall. Only wait till we get the chance. You'll see the money fly. But mind—talk about economy now—talk it strong. But once in, if you don't see fat places, high salaries, big balls, grand dinners, uniforms, expenditure, then never trust Sir CLEVER HUMBUG!

The Manufacturers' Disinterested Petition.

To the Hon. the Minister of Finance.

WE, the Woollen Manufacturers of Canada, having observed that much inferior, poor, rotten, decayed, unhealthy fibre is, under the name of "shoddy," mixed with and incorporated in cloths imported into Canada, whereby the poor man is cheated into buying an inferior garment which lasts but a short time and gives little warmth, hereby beg, pray, request, demand, and entreat that the importation of all such cloths may be checked, stopped, and put an end to.

And, as the incorporation of worn out material with new cloths is highly economical, and gets the poor man his clothing at a less price, your petitioners, being aware that there are several shoddy mills in Canada, that can furnish them all the shoddy they wish to mix with their own cloths, at a low price, and save your petitioners the cost of buying pure wool and cotton, beg that any shoddy mills existing or hereafter to exist in this Dominion may not be interfered with.

And your petitioners will ever pray, and never make pure cloth.

Feb. 24, 1879.