

## 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, 18TH JANUARY, 1879.

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

## Grandfather Grip to Little Oliver.

My dear little boy:—

I have lately heard something about you which has given me great uneasiness, because it has almost made me doubt whether you are really so good a youth as I have always thought you to be. You know how much I have loved you ever since you were a little toddling thing in petticoats, and you know that it has always been my custom to hold you up as a model of what a little boy should be. Indeed I have believed you to be a most worthy child, not only free from the glaring wickedness of other children in your outward conduct, but far above them in the graces of your mind as well. Many a time have I boasted to my neighbours that in respect of fairmindedness, and ingenuous honesty of heart, no little boy that I had ever seen could compare with OLIVER MOWAT. And is it possible that I have been mistaken in this generous admiration? Is it possible that I must be compelled to join with Master MORRIS and Master MEREDITH in voting a want of confidence in you, my dearest OLIVER? If what I have been told is true, I am afraid I must. I have been told this: that a great big man named MACPHERSON brought certain accusations against you, declaring that the same were true, and challenging you to shew that they were not so; that a friend of yours, one Master BETHUNE, advised you to examine these charges and shew that they were false, as he believed they were. Now, if my OLIVER were really the noble, straightforward fellow I have always believed him to be, I should have expected that under these circumstances he would have slapped Master BETHUNE bravely on the back and said "Good! that's just what I shall do!" But what do I hear? What did my OLIVER really do? Why, I am told that he twisted around impatiently in his seat, and got in a pet at what his friend BETHUNE said, and instead of doing the very reasonable thing thus recommended, he only gave a short and unbecoming grunt, and said the man MACPHERSON wasn't worth paying any attention to! I cannot tell you how much shocked I was to hear this. I would scarcely have believed it had it not been told me by a most worthy and reputable neighbour of mine who happened to be in the gallery of the House at the time. This is very unlike my OLIVER, and I am afraid that evil communications in the great city have corrupted his mind sadly. Yet, I do not doubt you believe the charges brought against you to be unfounded; you have the consciousness, I am sure, that you could easily disprove them. I do not join with those who are against you, but I do say, that in my opinion it would be more honourable, frank, and courteous in you to calmly examine and refute the charges—yea, and if I mistake not, it would be more profitable for you to do so, in view of the coming general election.

Your affectionate Grandfather,

GRIP.

The Rookery, Jan. 14.

## Advertisement.

HER Majesty's Loyal Administration at Ottawa beg leave to invite tenders for the following information to be delivered at Ottawa before the thirteenth of February, the aforesaid Administration being in great need thereof:

- 1.—What the National Policy was.
  - 2.—How to base a Tariff on it.
  - 3.—How to make a Protective Tariff that will be only a Readjustment.
  - 4.—How to satisfy Ontario without Protection.
  - 5.—How to please Manitoba and the Maritime Provinces with Protection.
  - 6.—How to keep our majority from voting against us.
- Tenders will be received from all Post Offices. The lowest, nor any tender, rejected,

By Order.

Ottawa, Jan. 16, 1879.

## Scene at Ottawa.

TILLEY. SIR JOHN. TUPPER.

SIR JOHN.—Can't express how glad I am to see you back, old fellow. TUPPER.—More than I am. Heap of chaps yelling at me for N.P. Told 'em "Wait, wait, wait till the Hon. Finance Minister and General Diplomatic Borrowing Agent at London gets through with his loan (the first financial operation of the age)—and you don't know, nor can't imagine how cheap he is getting money, nor how many millions he is offered more than he wants. Why, sir, cabs, waggons, carts, trucks, dragged by bankers, brokers, everybody who had gold, crowded the streets with it offering it to TILLEY, pressing it on him, forcing it on him, throwing rouleaux of guineas at his head—he had to use over a gallon of arnica for the lumps—nearly killed him. Yes, but such a loan. Oh, when he comes back all will be right. All! all! all!" And now here he is, and I've no more excuses.

TILLEY.—Really, TUPPER, don't you think stretching had better be abandoned now?

TUPPER.—Stretch-h-h-h! Dooooo you-u-u da-a-a-are? I!!! You got in-n-n, Sir-r-r, on my-y-y probity and modera-a-ation!

SIR JOHN.—Probity! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Tumbles back on sofa in convulsions*).

TILLEY.—Moderation, ho, ho, ho. (*Falls over in ditto*).

TUPPER.—(*Rather weakening*).—Well, whatever suspicion might be entertained of the thorough honesty of expression of others surely, I—Why, you both know that—you certainly know that my good faith is—is—proverbial. No one ever saw the least hint to the contrary, in paper, journal, magazine, speech—no one—no—

TILLEY.—Come, come, that's another. What's the good? Why, you know that even when you used to hook that chap's pieces out of the *Mail*—discarded chap who wrote pamphlet—and speak 'em in House, you couldn't help twisting 'em edgewise from mere habit. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR JOHN.—(*Recovered from laughter*).—Business, business. Here really is the deuce to pay. Bank stock falling. Houses vacant. Workmen shouting for work. Farmers yelling ruin. No sale for anything. What are we to do? Help us, TILLEY, that's a good fellow.

TUPPER.—What's the good of asking him? I told you, Sir JOHN, when you made an N.P. Cabinet with all the N.P.'s crossed out. If you wanted N.P., why didn't you go the whole hog? Majority would have backed you. Tell you what, I hear very sealy stories. Our own fellows talk of pitching us all out, and bringing in the real N.P. lot. Why not have done it?—all smooth sailing then.

TILLEY.—I must say I coincide, Sir JOHN. Why not have done it? SIR JOHN.—My friends the two T.'s, here with me *tete-a-tete*, listen to what I say. Good rhyme that, by jingo. Well, do you think you can fool your uncle? Do you? Now? (*Sticks his head on one side and grins diabolically*).

The two T.'s.—What do you mean? *Si habes aliquid*—Split! Come, Honour among—

SIR JOHN.—Well, if I really—But you're too gray-headed Dalilahs. Well, if I tell you where my strength lies, you won't cut my hair?

T. and T.—No. No! No!!

SIR JOHN.—Well, here you are. Take the unit—the atom—the being JOHN A. What did it want? National Policy? No; what would it do with it? Premiership? No; had it often before. Money? Well, no, the being didn't; perhaps it had saved more than it let on. What then? Why, Rehabilitation. The atom JOHN A. was smirched; its escutcheon was stained; it had been Pacific Scandalized; it couldn't be set at the Home Government Privy Council Board till it was purified. Well, it was voted in again. Then the atom JOHN A. diplomatizes. It says. If I don't bring in the other Pacifics Britain will say Canadian Public hasn't condoned the Pacific. Now Canadian Public would see the atom particularly annihilated before they'd condone the Pacific. Well, is the atom stuck? No, it brings in all the old Pacifics, shouting N.P. Then Public, wild about N.P., votes 'em all in without question, not forgiving 'em, but just putting up with 'em so's not to lose time. All right. Atom floats back to Britain, explains Canada's took 'em all back, says P.S. all right—glorious rehabilitation of atom. British Public says all right if Canucks say so; no morals there anyhow; atom good as rest; perhaps better; P.S. quite right over there. Magnificent result. Atom, being, unit JOHN A. takes seat as Her Britannic Majesty's Privy Councillor. Hooray!

TUPPER.—Well, all right, but why not run the N.P. in the meanwhile?

SIR JOHN.—Very simple. My dear fellow, I want to have a clean record over there—want to be able to say—"As long as I am in charge, no Protection to injure the Mother Land, Whose Flag has waved a Thousand Years, and whose Morning Drum beats, et cetera, et cetera. Well, I come back, full fledged Privy Councillor. Then I resign, take the fattest judgeship—let in TUPPER—

TILLEY.—(*Strikes attitude*).—What!

SIR JOHN.—Oh, that's as you settle it. Then, myself shelved, you can dive in N.P. as much as you like. You can run the thing.

TUPPER and TILLEY.—I can. Certainly I can.

SIR JOHN.—Bless you, my children!