

## 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, 19TH MAY, 1877.

## The "City of Brussels."

"The ship is safe!"  
So speaks the flash along the magic wires  
Swift message to the universal heart!

"The ship is safe!"  
The flash that speaks the word,  
As if it played in native summer sky,  
Blesses the fevered evening of our watch  
With peace and rest.

"The ship is safe!"  
And while it speaks, the flash  
Ligh's up the dark horizon of the deep,  
And there, emerging slowly from the fog  
That palled upon and overbore our hopes  
Like mantle of despair, we see the ship—  
Our staunch and gallant *Brussels* toiling on!—  
Nor care to mark how slow and full of pain  
That toiling seems;  
How, like a patient giant shorn of strength,  
She bears the buffets of the mocking winds,  
And does unwonted battle with the waves—  
We heed not this;  
We have no eyes to mark or swift or slow,  
We have but eyes to see she's toiling on,  
And ears to hear that all on board are well,  
And hearts to say—"The ship is safe!"  
Thank God!

The ship is safe!"

## The Changes in the Cabinet.

The Ministers discuss them.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—What can be done? Folk cry out for dissolution, makin' clamours to the effect that we, wha pit out Sir JONE'S people on account o' corruption, noo being involvit in siclike oorsoelves, suld deesolve. But I doot—I doot.

HON. MR. HUNTINGDON.—Allow me. My mining business has imparted some chemical knowledge. If we dissolve, we shall not again solidify. Looking on the country as a chemical body, there is, I must say, a great tendency to precipitate—us out of power. Our experiment is a partial failure. We made our party of bodies innately repulsive to each other—we attempted to create satisfactory fusion—we have achieved confusion. But the experiment was not conducted at our own expense; nay, we have been paid—remarkably well paid—for conducting it. We did not find the soil which turns all to gold, but we found the use of debentures very productive, and of what was produced, we have—I am happy to say,—turned a good deal our own way.

HON. MR. MILLS.—There spoke the philosopher. And what matters? What are we here to do? To benefit the country? What will most benefit the country? Union—union political and commercial—with the States. How shall we obtain it? Make Canadians disgusted with their present system. In doing this I challenge competition. I have worked on strictly scientific principles, those principles Ann Arbor taught, and WELLS delights in. Turn me out when they like—discharge me when they choose, I have been blest. I have driven a nail in the coffin of the colonial system, and as sure as wages, rents, and profits constitute a total, I look for my reward.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—I also. But consider. Be slow; be circumspect. We have indeed worked to this end. But why proclaim it openly?

HON. MR. MILLS.—Openly? This is a council. Surely, none here ever divulged private conversation, or turned his back on his friends!

HON. MR. CAUCHON and others (*rather nervously*)—No, no! Couldn't think of it.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Nevertheless, rather express it thus—We have faithfully carried out the wishes of Imperial politicians. We have strenuously, in accordance with their wishes, advocated and supported Free Trade principles. If these principles tend to connect us commercially, and finally politically, with the States, if they render us the weakness of the Empire, and make Annexation a logical necessity, the Imperial politicians have themselves to blame. We are not to blame—theirs the rule—the results—the loss (Aside.—Serve 'em right too; snubbed my

international law; only for them might have kept at least *that* much reputation).

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Bless my soul? What do I hear? Free Trade promote annexation! Impossible!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Shut oop? If ye kenna that, ye ken naething. But the question is tae keep oor places. I wad propose to dae it by strategy—tae keep them by resigning them.

ALL THE MINISTERS.—Never! never! Resign \$7,000 a year! No, no, no.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ah, but ye dinna sec inuillt. Resign them tae ane anither.

ALL THE MINISTERS.—Oh! Ah! Very good! Excellent!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye hae seen the kawledscope?

ALL THE MINISTERS.—The what?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Gin I could hae had them, I wadna hae pit in ane tae the Cawbinet wha didna understan English. The Kawledscope—a wee boxy wi' coloured glass in't, and each shake gies a new combination.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Ah, the kaleidoscope. A new combination, eh? Insert any Tory glass, this time!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Na, na, I hae ower nickle o't noo. Na. The country, ye see, isna pleaisit. Weel, they say we are no doing richt, and tell us tae gae oot. We dinna want tae gae oot o' salary, though we dinna care frae whence it comes. We wull mak an exchange. What if I am no a gude Minister o' Public Works? Hoo can they tell I suldna be a gude Minister o' the Interior? Maister CARTWRIGHT has playit the oence wi the tariffs, but he may be varra fit for some ither job. Sae wi ye a'. The gran feature in the scheme is it will tak twa three years tae tell whether ye are fit or no. Then, if unfit, we'll a' change again. Dinna ye see? Perpetual pooer—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Carry it out, and I renounce my philosophy in favor of yours.

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Grand, wonderful idea! A series of non-terminable and perpetually renewable annuities, payable to ourselves!

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Prove it practicable; let it be executed, and there is some hope for my country. Yes, if it be but possible to—in the language of my school days—to run this rig upon her—again there is a chance that she will again believe in me as a philanthropist, a patriot, and an international lawyer, and I shall have the opportunity again—once again—many times again—of letting her in for it as sweetly as in the past four years I have done.

(Scene closes.)

## A Journalistic Hint.

The newspapers are too much given to repetition in the matter of war news. In most cases the reading matter is entirely superfluous, being merely an echo of the caption lines. Why mightn't the battle of Batoum have been put in this shape:—

The Turco-Russian War!  
The Russians Attack Batoum!  
It is defended by Bashi-Bazouks!  
Who Repel the Assailants!  
Russians Mowed Down Like Grass!  
The Russians Retire.  
Great Rejoicing of the Turks.

(By special cable)

LONDON, May 14.—The above is so.

## Suggested by a Walk Down Yonge Street.

GRIP has been greatly impressed with the artistic beauty and delicate wit of certain banners conspicuously displayed before certain stores on Yonge Street, and in the interests of art and wit, as well as of business, he would be pleased to see the example of the enterprising proprietors thereof copied by many others. The idea is to impress the merchant's *name* upon the public mind, by giving a pictorial representation of it, and certainly, in GRIP'S opinion, nothing can so thoroughly impress a name, or anything else, as a well devised picture. Of course every merchant is not so fortunate as to possess a name that is capable of illustration in any form of still life or figure drawing. For instance, Mr. BROWN, or Mr. GRAY, could do nothing in this way beyond writing their names in brown and gray letters respectively. But if a merchant is so lucky as to rejoice in the name of CHANTRELLER for example, what could be more appropriate and effective than a picture of a woodcock? And so forth: for the name SPARROW, picture a chicken-hawk; for the name PIPER, a bass-drum; for the name LYON, a lamb; for COOPER, a stove maker. If there are any of our Toronto merchants so luckily named, they will no doubt thank GRIP for the suggestion and proceed at once to act upon it.

## Scientific.

The Halifax *Citizen*, an able Reform paper, has begun writing scientific articles, thinking, and quite sensibly, that such effusions will be more acceptable than "hashes of stale politics." Its first article is on the Sun. The Conservatives down that way are anxiously awaiting the *Citizen's* ideas about the *Hobs*.