

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Opster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1878.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—The pretty burlesquers of the COLVILLE Company are making a rare sensation with their singing, dancing, fun and frolic. The entertainment is certainly one of the most enjoyable that we have ever had in Toronto. It is refined enough to suit the "most fastidious," and funny enough to draw tears of mirth from the saddest of Reform committeemen. The *Babes in the Wood* will be given for the balance of the week.

THE ROYAL.—At this theatre Miss BUCKINGHAM is appearing in the attractive play of *Mazepa*, introducing her beautiful Arab horse. Good houses have greeted this popular actress, and her performance has given high satisfaction.

THE LYCEUM's bill of fare this week is below the average. There is not a performer on the list worth going to see, unless we except Mr. T. C. HEDGES, whose tenor songs and piccolo solos are very fair. Brace up Messrs Managers, or you will lose your well earned prestige.

Mr. THOMAS's Chop House, 30 King St. west, is now undoubtedly the handsomest establishment of the kind in the Dominion. It has been enlarged to thrice its original dimensions, and elaborately adorned throughout. This taken in connection with the fact of its landlord's great personal popularity, ought to secure the Chop House a fame equal to Delmonico's.

The Prophet's Complaint.

GRIP has no objection to the people of this Dominion expressing their opinion in a constitutional manner, but he thinks it rather ungracious of them to express it in such an outrageously emphatic manner as they did last Tuesday, just for the purpose of damaging his character as a prophet. GRIP foretold that MACKENZIE'S lease would be renewed; that forecast was not borne out but the ballot boxes, but the Ministry were. It is consoling to know that a prophet never is very successful in his own country. As for the event, GRIP is satisfied. He made fun of the National Policy because its variations appeared to him to have more of the ludicrous than of the serious in them, but the sovereign public evidently took a different view and perhaps the sovereign public is wiser than GRIP in this matter. Time will tell. SIR JOHN is back to his warm corner, and if he indulges in no more corruption than MACKENZIE has been convicted of, he will do very well, and many stay in as long as the country pleases. GRIP has often been severe on the Chieftain but never unjust to him. If he can be both just and tender in the future it will be much more pleasant in every way. Let both Government and Opposition act on the square if their members want to see themselves tenderly pictured.

The New Cabinet.

AWAY in advance of the other official organs (as usual) GRIP has pleasure in stating that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD (member for Sitting Bull Gulch, North West Territories) has succeeded in forming a government, having distributed the portfolios as follows:

Premier (with reduced salary),	Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Finance	Hon. S. L. TILLEY.
Treasurer and Assistant Finance,	Hon. D. L. MACPHERSON.
War (12th July &c.)	Hon. MACKENZIE BOWELL.
Receiver General (of milk &c.)	Hon. J. B. ROBINSON.
Public Works,	HON DR. TUPPER.
Customs,	(Abolished.)
Interior,	Hon. S. PLATT.
Post Office,	Hon. ROBT. HAY.
Marine and Fisheries,	Hon. MR. POPE.
Revenue,	(Abolished.)
President of Council,	Hon. THOS. WHITE.
Secret Service Disburser.	Hon. A. MACKENZIE.

The first meeting of the new cabinet was held shortly after its formation. All the members were present.

On motion the Treasurer was authorized to purchase a new minute book.

Hon. D. L. MACPHERSON enquired how steep he might go for said book.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD.—Not steeper than 75 cents; perhaps you could get a good enough one for fifty. We must have economy and retrenchment after MACKENZIE'S extravagance.

Hon. Gentlemen.—Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. TILLEY said the principal business before the Cabinet was the arranging of the tariff.

Hon. Mr. HAY suggested that the American tariff be adopted in its entirety.

Hon. Mr. POPE was of opinion that a purely free trade tariff would suit Prince Edward Island better.

Hon. THOS. WHITE said the 17½ per cent. tariff was just the thing for Quebec, excepting in the matter of sugar. A protective duty was needed on that article.

Hon. Mr. PLATT said Ontario demanded a duty on grain, flour, and agricultural produce generally, but would like free coal.

Hon. Mr. ROBINSON said he was opposed to free coal. He suggested that the United States tariff be abolished, as that we might make a slaughter market of that country, by way of retaliation.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER agreed with Hon. Mr. ROBINSON as regarded coal. Nova Scotia, however, had requested him to draw it mild on flour and other Upper Province productions.

Hon. Mr. TILLEY said he intended to put a tax on tea and sugar.

Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said he had promised the Upper Province people free tea and sugar. He trusted the Finance Minister would bear out all the pledges that had been given.

Hon. Mr. TILLEY said he would do so if it took him half a day.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE intimated that he had in his possession a large amount of Secret Service funds. He said he intended to use a portion of it to pay for re-gilding the wooden globe on the roof of Mr. BROWN'S newspaper office, but positively refused to state what he was going to do with the balance.

The Cabinet then adjourned for refreshments.

The Fall.

It is the fall, and now is past,
The sweltering by day.
Of roasting suns we've seen the last,
Which melted us away.

Once more can GRIP attend to biz.
Once more can sleep at night.
And large his satisfaction is
And large his appetite.

Once more, while he does happy read,
Flies Time on joyous wings.
And do not fly that other breed
Of skitters and their stings.

No ice upon his head he needs
Needs none within his tea.
As cool and cooler day succeeds,
A happy GRIP is he.

Soon comes the jolly period here
Of biting frost and snow,
When he on snow-shoes shall appear
Or off a skating go.

The Two Friends.

EVERY man has two friends—at some season. These two friends meet him on the street with so much effusion that you can see them lift their hat when they come in sight, and bow occasionally all the way till they meet you. They knew your family in the old country, were intimately acquainted with your uncle, and are tortured for fear your little boy won't cut his teeth easily. You are, though you don't know it, under obligations to them. At one time when your parent was prostrated with grief, they said "POGGINS, my boy, cheer up!" He cheered up, and replied, "I knew you would stand by me!" Ah, what a man he was! How well they knew him! By the by, don't your house want the road in front fixed?—doesn't the road want a bridge? They can get it done. And that little bill before Parliament? Did it pass? No. They can get it passed. It is a crying shame it was not passed! And for you! Why, they have heard of you hundreds of miles off. It would be well for the country if we had more like you. And what a family! That boy, now, a miniature Hercules! Why he holds that apple with the air of a king, Sir, a king! And you will remember the 17th? As a personal favour? Yes, you are right, you have guessed who your two friends are. They are the two candidates.