

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genet is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 27TH JULY, 1878.

The Loyalty Cry.

GRIP's cartoon represents what is now going on in the Canada division of JOHN BULL's school. The old gentleman, overcome by the heat of the weather and the BEACONSFIELD jubilee, has dropped off to sleep, and left the Grit and Tory youngsters to take care of themselves. For some time they contented themselves with calling "names," and throwing ink and chewed-up *Mails* and *Globes* at one another. Then that rascal JACK MACDONALD got up on the floor and began making an outrageous speech on Protection, showing how everybody could be made rich by the simple twist of the wrist. By way of illustrating his remarks he seized the master's ferrule and undertook to cut it in two with his jack-knife. This was too much for the loyal, good boy of the school, GEORGIE BROWN, who immediately jumped up and shouted that JOHNNY was severing British rule. He is still shouting that alarm, and the old gent is still snoozing, and the bad, rebellious JACK is still hacking away at the ruler, but after a while there will be a change. JOHN BULL will wake up with a start and take in the situation; then the wicked boy will be severely punished (at the general election), and GEORGIE will go up head as the lad who saved the Empire.

At the Gardens.

THE series of concerts now being given at the gardens by Mme. DE MURSKA and her concert company are delightful, but their direct effects are sad to think of. GRIP hasn't any doubt but that hundreds of our promising young lady amateurs are suffering from dislocated necks all along of trying to do the *Shadow Song* as DE MURSKA does it; and thousands of our city tenors—who think BRIGNOLI'S voice isn't much, don't you know—are terrifying their respective neighborhoods by reaching for high notes from the top of a step ladder in the back yard two hours per day.

Let all who've never been there, go for sure,
And all who have been once, now go once more.

Daft.

GRIP regrets to be called upon to chronicle the fact that Finance Minister CARTWRIGHT has gone out of his head. It is thought that the cares of office, coupled with the prospect of another deficit, have led to this melancholy result. The unfortunate hon. gentleman's malady takes the form of a delusion that he is still the candidate for Lennox, and that the general elections have not yet come off; and yet the *Belle-ville Intelligencer*, (a reliable journal) says:

"Our information from the Riding from various trustworthy sources is that Mr. Cartwright is a beaten man, and no one knows it better than himself."

The Subject of the Conference.

"It is most extraordinary," said BEACONSFIELD.
"Astonishing," said BISMARCK, "More," he added. "Tausend devils! It is terrible."

The Turk in his fez was allowed to say very little. But he might speak on this. "Allah?" he said. "It is grand!"

"Ja wohl say," remarked FREDERICK JOSEPH, "there has not been seen its equal."

"I have been too busy lately to look at it," said ALEXANDER, "but before I was so pestered with gunpowder, I was in the habit of looking over it. It is excellent."

"And to be the product of a distant land!" said DIZZY.

"And a barbarous!" said the Prussian Emperor.

"Altogether uncivilized!" said BISMARCK.

"Not even a 30-ton gun!" said ALEXANDER.

"Or an ironclad!" said BEACONSFIELD.

"Allah," said the fez, "has given to one land the treasures he denies elsewhere. Who shall question his will? The subject of our discourse is wonderful, wise above all others, learned more than a thousand, rich in treasures beyond rubies, eloquent, witty to the bursting of sides, persuasive above the tongues of the pundits. To a distant land has this prodigy been given—it is his will. Allah! Allah! Allah! Mahomed resoul Allah!"

What were they talking of?
Of GRIP.

A Delightful Pastime.

GRIP goes in for recreation. He is above all things partial to moonlight excursions—church choir moonlight excursions—but especially Metropolitan church choir moonlight excursions! Nothing known to the doctors is half so healthy as one of these outings. Here pent up in the city, a man has hardly enough room for a game of base-ball; it is simply slow torture to be obliged to sit in an office 12x12 these hot days. But look at the moonlight excursions! There you have comfort, and nothing to trouble you—not even the moon. There you enjoy the felicity of breathing the fresh air of the lake—after it has passed through the lungs of your delightfully near companions, and when it is properly flavored with the smoke of the good mannered young fellows' bad cigars. There also you can enjoy a promenade on the corns of your neighbours all around the boat; there you may listen to sweet singing, if you can make it convenient to perch on the funnel; or, if you have no ear for music, but delight in mathematics, you can sit on two inches of bench all night and calculate how much enjoyment it is possible to get out of an excursion when there are at least four hundred persons too many on board.

A City Council.

O there was a Council, a Council of fame,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
And higher and higher they ever did name
The rate which of naming was theirs to say.

But there was a restraint on this Council of might,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
For to go beyond twenty mills they had no right,
And so they contrived a cleverish way.

For they knew bills were passed, did this Council of wit,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Both for railways and schools which might much exceed it,
And might call out for thirty mills just any day.

And so quiet the House had passed all of the bills,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
That the citizens thought that the old twenty mills
Were the whole the collectors on tax bills could lay.

And the never a warning from Parliament came,
Which ever sings merrily taxes to pay,
To the folks of Toronto of this little game
Which a thirty for twenty should on to them lay.

And the good city members in Parliament House,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Did both each one and all sit as still as a mouse,
And they never a word to the city did say.

And the House passed the bills, and the members all round,
Who ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Said "We guess in Toronto some howling will sound
When they climb to the thirties at some early day.

And then did that Council—that Council of fame,
Which ever sung merrily taxes to pay,
Laugh aloud, "Hooray boys, won't we have a good game,
And a royal good haul while we legally may.

"Let it be twenty-six, let it be twenty-six—
Ever sing merrily taxes to pay,
And then we shall put in our jolly big licks,
In the sun of high taxes the time to make hay."

And the people with taxes are crushed to the ground,
Ever sing merrily taxes to pay,
And the fat Corporation go jollying round,
For their fortunes are made if they in but stay.

But the folks think it time that this humbug was done,
For they don't think it merry such taxes to pay;
And as for the Council, they'll do without one
Altogether, if there's to be no better way.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.—Editors ought to be very careful. There is our friend TRAYES, of the Port Hope *Times* let in for \$3.49. He said in his paper that the consumer paid the duty, and a young lady who confided in editors bought some Canada goods and undertook to get them through the Chinese wall of Uncle SAM, but they charged her \$3.49 admission. And now she threatens to rob Mr. *Times* of what little hair he has on his pate, if he doesn't immediately square up the account.