

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 5TH OCTOBER, 1878.

From our Box.

GRAND—Uproarious mirth holds sway at this house just now, the attraction being the Fifth Avenue Pantomime Company in "Humpty Dumpty's Dream." Mr. ROBT. FRAZER, the clown, is considered a worthy successor to the late Mr. FOX, while the other members of the troupe ably perform their amusing parts. Next week Miss KATE FISHER appears in *Maxepha*.

Waiting for the Elephant.

THE audience under the political canvas grows impatient. Signor MACKENZIE's act has thus far been performed in a very neat, clever and artistic manner, but the political atmosphere has become laden with the hard times particles, and a great depression has settled down upon the people. The announcement made a short time ago by the ring master, that he had in the dressing room a great novelty, the mere sight of which would revive their spirits and make everybody happy, only tends to increase the impatience with which they await the termination of the Signor's performance—his jumping through the Resignation hoop. The urbane master tries to calm the excited yells of "Bring on your Elephant!" But the people won't be calm; they paid their money expressly to see the National Policy Elephant, and if the manager don't trot him out at the earliest possible moment, there will be the greatest roar that ever took place in any tent; the centre pole will be pulled down, the clown will be murdered in cold blood, and the fate of the ring master and his partner JOHN A.—it is too terrible to contemplate!

The Weather.

GRIP praises the weather, and thinks altogether
That Autumn's the pleasantest time of the year,
When great apples and plums and that sort of thing comes,
And big bunches of grapes in rich clusters appear.

But he cannot help fearing the winter is nearing,
And rapidly bringing its cold and its ice,
And a foreboding shiver pokes right through his liver,
And he wonders if coal won't come down some in price.

When warm as to-day is, the country all gay is,
The atmosphere balmy, the sun shining bright,
It's extremely displeasing to think of it freezing
For six months that's coming and harder at night.

Examination in Biography.

- GRIP, *loquitor*.—First boy—Who is MACKENZIE?
FIRST BOY.—He was a mason, hired to build a Canadian edifice, but discharged because he wouldn't put any National Policy in his mortar.
GRIP.—Next boy,—Who is JOHN A.?
SECOND BOY.—Another mason who has got the job by promising National Policy Mortar, but fights rather shy of ordering any among his materials.
GRIP.—Next boy,—What is the *Mail*?
THIRD BOY.—An honest and consistent journal, which has spoken of MACKENZIE for five years as an incompetent man who has forced himself into a position which his wrong doing every day disgraced, and now declares he shall be paid a bonus of \$50,000 in addition to his salary on account of his honesty and ability.
GRIP.—Next boy,—Who is the Marquis of Lorne??
FOURTH BOY.—A gentleman sent out to take care of Canada.
GRIP.—Next,—Who is the Princess LOUISE?
FIFTH BOY.—A lady sent out to take care of the Marquis.
GRIP.—Next,—Who is GEORGE BROWN?
SIXTH BOY.—He is a cattle driver who has lost his drove.
GRIP.—Next.—What is the Conservative Party?
SEVENTH BOY.—People who have got into power.
GRIP.—Next.—What is their Conservatism?
EIGHTH BOY.—To keep it fall to themselves.
(Class dismissed).

The Day Before the 17th.

It was the day before the elections, and a knot of politicians were calculating the chances. Unfortunately for these politicians they based their ideas on the correct card of the race—that is to say the forecast of the polls—issued by the *Globe*. Not that our politicians were rash enough to swallow it entire. Too astute for that, they modified it—rendered it what they thought more probable. But they did not modify it enough. That was their error. Thus, therefore, ran the conversation:

"There goes Sir JOHN," said MOBUS, looking down the street. "Now there is something about that man I always despised."

"Who," asked JOBUS, "could feel otherwise, knowing his past record? Why, the Pacific—"

"Come," put in BOBUS, "don't bring that dead issue on the table again. There is plenty without that. When was he ever true to his friends? Why, he might be said to run the complimentary department, and that was all you could get out of him if you had shouted yourself hoarse at elections and attended caucuses for years."

"Very true," said GOBUS. "Look at BLAKE! No great figure in politics after all, but no man was truer to his friends. See how well all the anti-SANDFIELD combination prospered. That is what I like. And as for statesmen, Sir JOHN's no statesman. A mere bowing charlatan."

"What people can find in him to shout about," remarked VOBUS, "I cannot see. All know that in every transaction he has been engaged in he has sold Canadian interests, as in the Yankee treaties, and—"

"And," added LOBUS, "he was so openly corrupt—"

"And so abominably incapable of business," added JOBUS.

"And so shamefully extravagant," said VOBUS.

"To people who had no claim on him," chimed GOBUS.

"And knew nothing of governmental management, except to borrow," declared BOBUS.

"Well, to-morrow will finish him. He will never try again," said JOBUS, and they adjourned.

THE DAY AFTER.

It is the day after the elections, and where are our friends? All got down to Kingston, and have seen SIR JOHN. That is, he has passed them in the street, bowing as usual being performed. But the tune has changed. Here is our friends' conversation:—

"I say he did," cried VOBUS. "He did, he did. I saw him, I distinctly saw him. I will swear it, I noticed him particularly. He did."

"What did he do?" asked MOBUS, "What did that heaven-sent statesman? Gentlemen, I regard him as Canada's only hope."

"Noble fellow," roared JOBUS. "Air of a prince. Ah, now you will see times. I will call on him at once."

"And to think that people could calumniate him," sighed JOBUS.

"What did you say he did? Why, there never was such a Prime Minister since the world began. What did he?"

"What did that excellent man do, VOBUS," asked BOBUS.

"That greatest statesman of Canada," said, VOBUS solemnly, "winked at me, Sir!"

"It was at me," said to himself BOBUS, JOBUS, GOBUS, and MOBUS.

And they dispersed.

The Impecunious.

The Autumn does appear,
Why doth not my new suit? Alas, I know
The reason far too well. Deep in his store
The rascal tailor keeps it fast, and sends
His boy to me, to say it ready is
On payment of the bill. And this they call
A country free, the while that scissors chap
Has full a thousand suits, and I—myself—
Pine for a paltry one!

Another Mean Trick.

According to one of our exchanges, Mr. MACKENZIE and his colleagues are busily engaged in clearing up all the details of business in their various departments in order that their successors may find themselves unincumbered on entering office, and this accounts for the delay in handing in their resignation. Now this if true (and very likely it is true) is but another instance of the unspeakable meanness of the Grits. The object of thus cleaning up is plainly to put the Chief and his friends at a disadvantage. The St. JOHN *Sun*, a Conservative organ, lately promised that when the new Government went in, they would reveal unlimited corruption in all the departments, and the base MACKENZIE evidently means to thwart their design. How different this conduct from that of Sir JOHN! He didn't leave the incoming ministry without anything to grumble at—on the contrary he bequeathed to them the most profuse and abundant stock of troubles, jobs and "masterly inactivity" pigeonholes, out of which to make political capital. He dealt generously by his foes. MACKENZIE is too wicked to follow this magnanimous example.