

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 20TH APRIL, 1878.

The Parliamentary Condition.

From the Globe.

"Never in the annals of ages have the howling fiends—otherwise Conservatives—so conducted themselves. Drink! Drink is no word for it. SIR JOHN MACDONALD, ever prominent in evil, was drunk all the time. He is a person whose utter reprobation, imbecility, uselessness, ignorance, malice, and generally abominable disposition unfits him for anything. It may be said that on that night he made a long speech, evincing more historic and Parliamentary knowledge than any other given this session. Well, what if he did? Is it not clear that when a statesman incapable of such things, does such things successfully, he must have been beside himself, with liquor? Of course. But we shall stop his abilities when we pass the Dunkin Act, with special clause that he is not to have any. Drunk? Of course he was drunk, or how could he appear to know more than BLAKE or MACKENZIE? And all the rest of the crew of Tory Miscreants? Yes! The most disgraceful scenes were enacted! Vile! Outrageous! Horrible! They drank! they danced! they hooted! they yelled! All of the Conservative wretches! Yes! It was them. We hope the country will rouse to a supreme effort and throw them out. The next elections shall purge the land of the fiends who dare to pollute Parliament with their orgies. Let all Reformers rally, and vote in a Party of Sobriety whose Sobriety shall be as Sober as the Party of Purity proved Pure."

From the Mail.

"Of course the disgraceful scenes at Ottawa—entirely created by the Grits—are credited to the Conservatives by the wretched and iniquity-soaked sheet of the pairty. MACKENZIE, struck paralyzed by the fear the country should know the way he mismanages things at Ottawa, telegraphed that the rumpus must all be put down as the act of the Conservatives! But it wasn't them. They didn't do it! Why, the speakers who were being interrupted were Tories! All the Conservatives in the House sat perfectly quiet all the while, and when the noise became too great for human nature to bear they occasionally went out to the refreshment room—not to drink; not at all—merely to read a few verses of the Scriptures, and repeat a short prayer in the passage, and come back to their seats. Noise? Oh, they didn't make any at all. What if the excellent CAMPBELL tore round and brandished his stick? His manner is exciteable, but is that unparliamentary? And the slander about Sir JOHN is a slander most foul, concocted by a literary ghoul, who was probably himself as drunk as a biled owl. Let MACKENZIE tell his teetotal friends if he dares how he fortified himself for that debate with half a cask of pure brandy, (imported at a low duty, which is what he wants Free Trade for). And all the rest. Oh! Monstrous! Hideous! Terrible! The Grits are falling over the precipice of infamy into the abyss of destruction, but they should fall over quietly, decently, and not in their present style. The spectacle of Grits blowing on penny trumpets, creaking desks, howling like flogged hounds, and hurling blue books like buckshots at one another's heads, while going over the cliff, is not correct."

GRIP has carefully read the account of the disgraceful proceedings at Ottawa. It appears by the Reform account that the Conservatives generally were drunk, incapable, and boisterous to a most unparliamentary degree. It also appears by the Conservative account that the Reformers generally were in the same condition. GRIP is therefore of opinion that the evidence is well sustained by both sides, and he gives judgment accordingly. His intention is at the next election to put in new men altogether, and the first measure his new Premier will get passed shall render forfeit the sessional allowance of any member found misbehaving himſelf during the session.

Appropos of the Times.

A WHOLESALE dealer in Tobacco and notions of German nomenclature received a customer at his warehouse the other day with his accustomed urbanity and blandness.

MERCHANT—(shaking hands warmly).—Good morning, good morning.

CUSTOMER—(with half stifled sob).—I am sorry, I have come to compromise my debt to you.

MERCHANT—(with a changed countenance, as he mentally sums up his customer's indebtedness).—How much can you pay?

CUSTOMER—(with exemplary caution).—I don't know exactly. About how much is the boys paying now?

(MERCHANT with indignation shews customer out of his warehouse and completely collapses).

A Safe Guide.

AS RURAL postmasters may be in want of some enlightenment as to the new duties of their office, GRIP respectfully submits the following marks for their guidance in detecting immoral letters. All letters should be opened, (1) that are addressed to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; (2) addressed to the U. E. Club; (3) addressed to N. F. DAVIN; (4) addressed to anybody who is not a member in good standing of the Reform party; (5) that threaten the life of the Premier; (6) addressed to parties whose affairs the postmaster may feel interested in.

The March of Folly.

ONCE on a time there were two little boys called SMITH, who lived in a country called Ireland. Now the little SMITHS had a father and a mother, who agreed to live apart because they could not live together. Now SMITH *ater* was Protestant, and SMITH *mater* was not. So dividing the children, one was brought up as one, one as the other. And away to Canada, this is what follows:

17TH MARCH.

Enter SMITH senior, with a deal of green color disposed about him, something like a revolver in his pocket, and a great green flag on a pole. To him GRIP.

GRIP.—Pray Mr. SMITH, why are you dressed up so? And you seem very tired. What have you been doing?

SMITH SENIOR.—Doing? I have carried this banner ten miles, and stood two hours listening to a speech.

GRIP.—What for?

SMITH SENIOR.—For? St. PATRICK'S day! Nationality! Holy Mother Church! A great many things!

GRIP.—Does it do them any good?

SMITH SENIOR.—I fear not. We should certainly be more loyal to Canada without it. But it is custom. Must keep up old customs—do as our fathers did, you know.

GRIP.—Why don't you live like a mediæval, then, or like a savage.

SMITH SENIOR.—That's a puzzler. But I must go. Hurrah for St. PATRICK. (Exit shouting).

12TH JULY.

Enter SMITH junior, with a deal of orange color about him, and a big flag and revolver also—the latter concealed.

GRIP.—Good morning, Mr. SMITH. So you have been parading too. I saw your brother at it a month or two ago.

SMITH JUNIOR.—Oh! Him! Poor fellow—regularly priest ridden, you know. Strange that grown men should let themselves be ordered about so.

GRIP.—Very strange. By the way, do you think your parade does Protestantism much good?

SMITH JUNIOR.—Well, I fear not. In fact, we have so many obligations to our party that we cannot attend much to other things.

GRIP.—What have you done?

SMITH JUNIOR.—Why, we have been very busy for years getting our charter fixed. Then we have lectures, parades, and so forth.

GRIP.—It does not, however, seem to me that the strongest opposition to High Church, confession, rituals, and all that, comes from your body.

SMITH JUNIOR.—No, that work is mainly done by the Low Church English. But so many of us are Dissenters that we have not much to do with it now. But there is no doubt ours is an excellent institution—the pillar of the State. But I must go. Hurrah for King WILLIAM! (Exit shouting).

Enter DISINTERESTED PARTY. To GRIP.—Sir, I have just arrived in this country, and would like to know which party I belong to.

GRIP.—Well, much depends upon your religious views.

D. P.—I regret to say that they are unsettled. Geology and all these things have disturbed my old ideas.

GRIP.—Well, fall back upon your ancestors. If Catholic, walk on St. PATRICK'S Day, and wear green. If Orange, on the 12th July, and wear Orange.

D. P.—My dear sir, my ancestors differed. In fact, they were on opposite sides.

GRIP.—Well, you have all the better chance. Walk on both days, and have two different suits of clothes and two flags. You will be quite as sensible and patriotic as the others.

D. P.—But what makes them do it?

GRIP.—Would you really like to know?

D. P.—Very much.

GRIP.—Well, then, it is not a what, but a who. People who want to get office, and humbug these good fellows on each side into being stepping stones for them.

VERY PROBABLE.—The *Mail* relates a serious accident, and one which may result fatally; the case of a brakeman who, it says, was badly injured, taken to the hospital, had amputation performed, but died about midnight.