

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, 4TH JANUARY, 1879.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

A Happy New Year.

With singular originality of expression GRIP wishes his readers a Happy New Year. It is his intention to do all he can to make it happy for them, and if they don't thwart his efforts by backing notes, taking their wives' maternal relatives to live with them, or by otherwise stultifying themselves, he has confidence that the year will prove really to be a very joyful one. Of course, the commercial outlook is bleak, but then Parliament is to meet soon, and Hard Times will be shewn the door. GRIP admonishes his friends to take heart and look forward with faith to a realization of his good wish—A Happy New Year.

A Ballad of Quebec.

Monsieur LETELLIER DE ST. JUST,
Was a seignor of high degree,
He wore a long sword in its bright scabbard thrust,
And his silken breeches came down to his knee;
A plumed cocked hat he wore on his head,
A finer one never was seen,
And stockings of silk like a true thoroughbred
In the court of the old *regime*.

Monsieur LETELLIER DE ST. JUST,
In his gubernatorial chair,
Soon found—and that to his great disgust,
That he'd hardly one *confreere*.
That would work with him in harmony,
So he says I'll just come down
And give all the members the *grande conge*
And teach them respect for the Crown.

The *Bleus sacred* and the *Rouges* cheered,
When they found the House dissolved,
And soon all homeward their courses steered,
But the *Bleus* were fully resolved
That they would soon in a quiet way
A policy hostile announce,
And they shouted hooray, when they heard that JOHN A.
Was to give the Grand Seignor the bounce.

So take warning by Monsieur DE ST. JUST
Ye Lieutenant Governors all,
Don't in your prerogative put too much trust
When you on the country call;
You'd better forbear with your *coup d'etat*
Till you know well the party that reigns,
And get your advice straight from Ottawa.
Or perhaps you'll get bounced for your pains.

Dialogue—A Fact.

CITY REPORTER.—(To alderman).—Now that the municipal elections are approaching the public spirited journal with which I am connected desires to point out the candidates entitled to support at the polls. Will you therefore tell me the names of the present Council addicted to drink?

CITY ALDERMAN.—No sir, I dare not. To do so would render me liable to an action. Besides, the Council expelled Ald. HALLAM for making a similar statement about one Alderman. However, in the public interest, I have no objection to give you the names of the *sobber* Aldermen.

The people of Whitby are struggling with a great constitutional question, strictly analogous to that which agitates the Province of Quebec. The Town Council—LETELLIER-like—arbitrarily dismissed, not a Government, but a proposal to purchase the Harbour. The Conservatives of the town should call upon JOHN A. to come forward and decapitate the Council now.

Ye Roarynge Game!

[That SPENSER was an ardent admirer of curling is evident from the following ancient stanzas.]

With spiritte rapte ande buoyante with delighte,
Once more gay laddes! thys seasonne I doe see—
Once more from morne to too swyfte comynge nighte,
Do I disporte uponne ye glorious tee,
Saye! who canne speake thatte houre's delirious jollitee.

My trothe! thys wynterre itte is somethynge likee
Whatte wynterre shoulde bee—yea ye O.K. thynge!
With joye I heare ye whyrrynge stons which strike
Delicious music inne ye scorynge ryunge—
Whiles inne my ansverynge hearte sweete melodye dothe sprynge!

This counrye faire of oures itte is a grande
And a favoured bitte of earth's most wide expanse,—
A figge, blytte chiefls! for everye other lande,
(Except olde Caledon)—a figge for France
Ande Italye, ande Spaine—where dames do brightlye glance!

Offe flowerres and bowerrres, ande alle thatte kinde of flusse,
'Bout which ye poets dasfte doe rhapsodye,
I holde such talke is addle-pated stuffe,
Duste throwne by fooles into ye people's eyes,
With curlierre's awfull funne who nee'r didde sympathise.

Oh! wha woulde bee a puire, stove-huggynge slave;
With caittiffe cowarde, catarrh-runnynge nose?
Oh! wha woulde bee a shyverynge losel knave
With chillblanes sore upon hys traitorre toes?
Base wretche! Ilke pawkyc chiel shall spurne hym as he goes!

But wha briske laddies! ime ye roarynge game,
'Mid zero zeyhyrres blowynge faire and free,
As though hys verry soule were inne ye stave
Bigge-pushe ande standynge grende dothe make withe mee—
Ye properre Callante is—ande evermore shall bee!

Ye noodelles wrapt inne villaine politeekes,
Doe o'er ye paperrres pore ye daye alle through,
Aye deepe inne manye circumventynge treeke
Ye partye oppositte thereybe to "doe,"
Ye politicians alle maye hange—forre me and you!

It is ye moone—fu' welle herre horne I knowe—
Wha's blynkyng o'er the rivere Donne so hee,
She blynkes, I calleulate to make us goe,
But by my trothe from here we wille notte flee
Untille we close ye game—(and e gette wee drappe in ee).

We arre notte fou,—not we, na! na! hooray!
Curle inne ande wycke, ande garde, ande lye, and dra!
Ye ice is cleare—ye stanes theye aire O.K.
Ande life no higherre charme he's got ava!
Thane when my shottes, deare friende, than yours are betterre farre!
—RYCHARD DE DYCKE.

Grip's Calls.

GRIP made a large number of New Year's calls on Wednesday. He didn't get out his horse and cutter, and dash about the streets as he saw his wealthy neighbours doing, nor did he put on his overshoes and foot it from door to door, as he observed many of his brethren of lower degree doing. To make the sort of calls GRIP made, it was not necessary to move out of his own comfortable basket.

He simply rose in the dignity of his ravenhood, and with heart expanding toward the whole human race,

He called upon the Government to give us immediate relief from the financial depression.

He called upon the *Telegram* man to apologize to the people for having inflicted on them a verbatim report of Mayor MORRISON'S speech at the nomination.

He called upon the Christian people of the city to put their hands in their pockets and do something for their poor and wretched fellow citizens who are suffering more than many are aware of.

He called upon Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to go to, and take something that would remove a portion of the bile from his stomach.

He called upon Mr. GEORGE BROWN and Senator MACPHERSON to begin the New Year by showing a better example to the youth of the country, by conducting their financial discussions without importing violent personal abuse into them.

He called upon the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE to rise and let an anxious public know what he is going to do about it.

He called upon Mr. BRATY and Mr. MANNING to step aside and allow Mr. CLOSE to be elected Mayor, and thus secure to the city another term of delightfully high taxes.

He called upon everybody to send in their subscriptions for 1879.