

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Hun is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH DECEMBER, 1878.

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

Lament of the Press Correspondent.

The English press representatives were invited to luncheon at Rideau Hall, but their American and Canadian brethren were passed over.—*Ottawa despatch.*

Comrades, come with me a little,
While as yet we feel so sore;
Come with me, I think that it'll
Cheer us up to talk it o'er.
Such a 'stand off,' friends Bohemian,
Did we not get one and all;
Canadians are not at a premium
Just now up at Rideau Hall!

When I think of favoured fellows,
Who have come across the seas,
Asked up there so they can tell us
(While their hunger they appease)
Of the sayings and the doings
Of the 'high joints' great and small,
I mourn alas! at our tabooing
By the swells at Rideau Hall!

The *Globe* man, who a gentle wag is,
Says they've run short of "burgoo,"
Which, with the time honoured haggis,
Chiefly forms their *grande menu*;
That the *Chef* is now compounding
For "natives" to the manor born,
A dish to suit us—it abandoning
With sassafras and "Injun" corn.

But happy thought! we'll very soon have,
A seat in the reporters' pen,
When those from Thames or Bonny Doon have
O'er the seas gone back again;
Some member then may take compassion
And ask us down into the *Salle*
A *Manger*, sometimes it's the fashion
With those who dine at Rideau Hall.

Oh, how is this? why are we slighted,
Neglected, left out in the cold?
Is it because we're so benighted,
And of the New World not the Old?
Oh, my country, fickle hearted,
"Wooden country," mine no more,
I think it's high time we departed
To find some more congenial shore.

An Illustrated Story.

The following interesting narrative we copy from the catalogue of water colour sketches put into our hand by the Ontario Society of Artists in connection with their annual auction, which took place last Saturday:

On "A misty morning" certain "Indian Horse Thieves," from "Ogibbeway Wigwams on Rainy River," went "A duck shooting," "On the Ottawa," "Near the Parliament Buildings." Having "Shot" "A Herd of Buffalo" near "A Canadian Home," they came to "A Hunter's Shanty" "Near Pigeon River," "On the Antrim Coast," where they witnessed "Hanlan's three great races." "After the race on Toronto Bay" they proceeded to "A Watering Place" "In Fairmont Park," "Under the Cliffs, Port Stanley," where they saw plenty of "Wild Swan" "On the Lake Shore." It turned out to be "A Squally Autumn Day" so they didn't get any "Mallard Ducks," but as it happened to be "A Warm Evening," they joined a party of "Buffalo going to Drink," and the following "Evening" were entertained with "Hockey on the Ice" and "Tobogganing near Montreal."

The Spirit of the Times.

SCENE.—*The sanctum of the editor of the "Spectacles." Enter an ambitious Contributor.*

CONTRIBUTOR.—Good morning, my dear editor.

EDITOR.—(Taking out of his mouth a fifty-cent cigar for a moment).—Good morning. I am very busy. (Resumes work).

CONTRIBUTOR.—Just give me one moment. I have a new idea—perfectly new, 'twill take you may depend.

EDITOR.—(Tears himself from his cigar again).—Well, be short.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Listen. The paper doesn't go ahead as well as it ought to do. Now, I have wit. I propose to get up a series of articles—descriptive—of parsons, first; then parsons' wives; next deacons; then deacons' wives; prominent ones, chiefly; then the children, all round—down to the babes. I sha'n't be sparing. I shall pitch into everybody before I've done. Now, will you take them? That is the question.

EDITOR.—Would they take? Wouldn't that be treading on peoples' toes a bit too heavy—and! spoil everything? People would be apt to begin and cant about "the sacredness of private character and home," and that sort of thing. They're getting rid of the idea of the sacredness of the church and the pulpit pretty well, I know, but this would hurt their own skin. I don't know about it. I know your style.

CONTRIBUTOR.—Well, you know it's our mission, generally, to mix up things—godliness and devilry—to do good, you know. Things have been too flat by half, you must be racy at any cost, that is your motto, I understand. Isn't that so?

EDITOR.—Well; I am not responsible for the sentiments of contributors. Fire away.

Exit CONTRIBUTOR soliloquising: "Parsons are not perfect, no more are their wives nor their children. People say, 'just human, that's all.' Very well, we take broad views of things. From the one class we may expatiate and generalise in after numbers of the series. It will do, people like to be shocked. Get up a church social for instance. Have goody, goody things, of course, but let somebody take part who will sing a low song: "Simon the Cellerer," or some thing of that sort, or some foolish girl who will read or recite a cynical piece on woman-kind; why, people are shocked; but it pays! That's the main thing these times. We will go on till people will think nothing of theatricals in a church."

The Malignant Spirit who had (unseen and unsuspected) been the companion of the enterprising contributor here soliloquises—"My work is done for this time.—alas! I must away. I like errands to this side the Atlantic. It would have been almost impossible to set that agoing on the other. This is a land of liberty! Now, this sect used to be noted for its backbone, but here its arms are open; any bold, dashing fellow with a glib tongue or a brazen lace can get a pretty good place,—as good as they have got to give,—a fine city church—a position in the front, somewhere—the command of the press—well, our work will flourish! *An revoir*—thou free country!

The Coming Session.

When Parliament meets (as it will, perhaps, some day—
And let it be soon, the depressed people pray)—
We suppose there'll be more than the usual display,
On account of the Marquis and Princess so gay;
Then beauty and fashion in tartan array
All the galleries shall throng to look at the play,
And the members in broadcloth and tiles black and gray,
Shall the glories of free institutions pourtray
By showing how great representatives may
Meet to waste public time and draw public pay;
Then the Elephant white, the N. P. (so they say)
Shall be trotted out sure and performed by JOHN A.,
Then DECOSMOS his inwardness true shall betray
By making a law all the Chinese to slay;
But the best scene of all will be the affray
When CARTWRIGHT on finance brings TILLEY to bay,
And the fight grows so hot, and so loud they both bray,
And the figures are handled in such a queer way,
And so muddled and mixed and twisted astray,
That the people, half frenzied, shall all run away.

Skeleton of an Article for the "Mail."

OUR recent articles on the Dictatorship of GEORGE BROWN over the Grit Party have caused a great stir. The Grit papers declare there is no truth in the statement that the great *Globe* man is in the habit of browbeating the Parity, but we know better. They also affirm that there is just as much dictatorship in the Liberal Conservative Camp. No such thing. Electors of East Toronto, vote for MORRIS, and show these benighted Grits that you can have a candidate of your own, without the interference of the U. E. Club or anybody else.