

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDER.

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, 12TH OCTOBER, 1878.

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

Miss Canada to Mr. Punch.

My very dear Mr. GRIP—Please publish the enclosed letter, a copy of which I have sent to Mr. Punch of Fleet Street, London.

The Dominion, Oct. 7.

Mr. Punch, Sir.—

My attention has been drawn to a recent number of your *Charivari*, in which there appears a cartoon representing me bidding farewell to my beloved DUFFERIN. I appreciate the kindness which prompted you to draw that picture, sir, and I have no doubt his Lordship does also; but both of us, I think, have good grounds for complaining of your artistic treatment of us. I shall not dwell on the terrible injustice you have done the handsome features of my friend the Earl; I believe him to be quite capable of defending himself, and you need not be surprised, sir, if he calls upon you for satisfaction immediately on his return to England. As for myself, I have nothing to say against the figure or the features, but I do most vehemently and indignantly repudiate the squaw's costume in which you have dressed me. I think I could bear anything but a reflection upon my taste in dress, and for you to deliberately fix me up in ridiculous leather jacket, feathers, beads and moccasins, is altogether too much. Do you mean to say that I am an aboriginal, or that I don't know any more about fashion magazines than the daughter of Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind loves a short dress that has no train behind? Let me tell you, sir, that I am, no more a red-skin than you are, and, for that matter, I venture to say I speak my native language (English) rather better than you do; and with regard to costume, I have yet to learn that I am any more absurd than Mrs. BRITTANNIA, my mother. I would naturally be inclined to attribute this irregularity of yours to the profound and disinterested ignorance of me and my affairs which is the mark of a superior London mind, but I think I detect another cause for it. You dress me up as a squaw just to pay me off in advance for the step I am about to take towards excluding British goods from my markets. You see, Mr. Punch, I understand your tactics!

I am, sir, &c.,

MISS CANADA.

BUSINESS ITEM.—JOHN A. was dead stock in Kingston, but they found a marquette for him in Manitoba.

An Exposulation.

MR. MACKENZIE has always announced himself opposed to the policy of Retaliation, but it would appear that the result of the 17th has materially changed his views on this subject. In a recent speech at Ottawa, he is reported as saying:

"By the will of the people of Canada I am likely to have more leisure in the future, and can only endeavour to make myself as comfortable as I can, and certain other people, whom I need not name, as uncomfortable as possible."

Now, ALEXANDER, this is wrong. You should return good for evil and not determine to make "certain other people" uncomfortable, just because they acted so with you. GRIP hopes you do not intend to stoop to the execrable tactics of putting crooked pins on the Ministerial benches, or to divert the energies of the great Reform party from the noble work of preparing legislation, into the miserable business of throwing chewed paper at the Government. This sort of opposition is only worthy of such funny statesmen as Mr. RYMAL; you cannot imagine how very ridiculous you would look "making people uncomfortable" in this way. No, ALEXANDER, there is a greater work before you than securing your own comfort and destroying that of your opponents. The country looks to you for dignified behaviour; don't disappoint its faith. Sit calmly in your seat; watch the unfolding of the National Policy with a steadfast eye; observe its peculiar developments with a smiling countenance—and at last, when poor Sir JOHN is hopelessly enmeshed in its confusion, and turns a piteous and beseeching face to you for a word of sympathy, don't withhold it,—rise in your place and say, "What did I tell you?" Let us hear no more of "making certain people as uncomfortable as possible."

The Yarn of the Island Boy.

Air.—THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL.

'Twas on the Island in our Bay,
To which the ferries ran,
That I found quite well in a small hotel,
A young aquatic man.

His face was comely, his form was fine,
And tough and wiry was he,
And I heard this wight on the Isle recite
In a singular minor key:

"O, I am HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."

And he smole a curious little smile,
And slightly shook his head,
Then says I, "Explain yourself, my boy,
For I don't understand you, NED;

"Of course it's little I know of the spruce,
And the shell is a riddle to me,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once big HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."

Then he coolly spat on his hands—for that
Is a trick all oarsmen learn,
And taking a seat he hoisted his feet
And spun the following yarn:

"'Twas in the great Centennial year
That in Philadelphia town
A single scull race was 'bout to take place,
And I thought I'd just go down;

"And HIGGINS was there and all the rest,
And they thought my chance looked thin,
I was cheap as dirt—but I made a spurt
And scooped those scullers in.

"Then Ross, the big New Brunswick boy,
Who's got a pile of pluck,
Next challenged me and said that he
Would like to try his luck;

"We met, and in my little shell,
So light and small and trim,
The stakes I seize—for with great ease
I quickly gobbles him.

"Then PLAISTED from the other side,
A sculler of renown,
He toes the scratch, he rows a match,
And he goes likewise down.

"My appetite was gettin' sharp,
So I hollered out for more,
And MORRIS came, the chap was game,
But the struggle soon was o'er.

"Then pretty soon, when he was gone,
Again I hungry feel,
So I swallows MCKEN and other men,
By way of a luncheon meal;

"Then only me and COURTNEY was left,
And the delicate question which
Of us two goes to the kettle arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"I didn't want to cram, but UNCLE SAM
Had buttered his man with praise,
So at Lachine I swallows him clean,
And that's the reason I says,

"O, I am HIGGINS and all the rest
Of the great Centennial crew,
And PLAISTED and ROSS and "FRENCHY," the boss,
And MORRIS and COURTNEY too."