

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGH.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1878.

From our Box.

THE GRAND.—MR. PITOU apparently scores another financial success by the engagement of Miss ADA CAVENDISH, an English actress whose name is familiar to the Canadian public. Miss CAVENDISH is supported by the new Stock Company of the Grand, which is decidedly superior to that of last season. The great play of *Fane Shore* is announced, and no one should fail to see Miss CAVENDISH in her famous representation of the heroine.

ROYAL.—SALLIE HOLMAN and her *Follies* amuse the patrons of this theatre nightly. The sprightly young lady has lost none of her charms, and the rest of the Company are as good as ever.

The Real Leader

Where now MACKENZIE'S platitudes, and where
The fancied force of BROWN? All overthrown.
On earth, with JONES and CARTWRIGHT grov'ling there,
So late with power full puffed; now lying prone.
Now is the force of that to G. B. known—
His "childish thing"—our Nation's Policy.
Now, huge in elephantine bulk and bone,
He sees how strong that child has grown to be.
Be wise—seek distant climes—this lists no more to thee.

There was a child—'twas ages long ago—
There was a nurse—the story all have read—
Who wished to work the sturdy infant woe,
And placed the serpents twain within its bed,
Full hoping soon to find the youngster dead.
So here—the one the *Globe*—the one Free Trade,
Were coiling round; but 'neath each fatal head
The child has sudden grasped—and see them laid
Pale, lifeless, needing nought now but the hiding spade.

The fight is won—who won, what name most proud
Gleams in the list right well Canadians know,
For few of those whose names are shouted loud
Were heard of but a twelve short months ago,
Nor were they fit to give nor parry blow,
But stood aloof right timorous and weak.
Now loud, and strong, and bold their voice does grow,
And now the fray is done the spoils they seek
For though full weak in arms, they matchless are in cheek.

TERRIBLE NEWS FROM OTTAWA!

THE MINISTRY REFUSE TO RESIGN!

MACKENZIE MURDERS A MAN!!

(By telegraph from our own correspondent).
[a la London Free Press].

OTTAWA, 24th Sept.—It is reported here that the MACKENZIE Ministry refuse to resign; at all events, they *haven't* yet resigned, so I presume they don't intend to. It is also reported that MACKENZIE murdered a man here lately. At least there is a man missing from the city, so I suppose MACKENZIE murdered him. (Note to the night editor—Put good strong heading on this despatch, so as to spread it out).

DURING a recent thunder-storm a Boston man went into a drug store and requested the privilege of talking through the telephone to his wife, who had agreed to be at the other end of the line at the same hour. The two passed words, but the husband couldn't believe that his interlocutor was really his better half. He finally asked her to say something known to themselves only. Just then a rambling streak of lightning came on the wires, and the husband was knocked across the office. As he sadly gathered himself up he remarked: "Correct, that's her."

It is Over.

The expected elections have come and have gone,
And our blood can once more in some calmness flow on,
And the nuisance of anticipation is past,
And the pleasure of certainty's got here at last.

But it's awfully sad that there's scarcely a chap,
Grit or Tory, but now gives the beaten a rap.
For MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT who loudst would squall
Just of late, have no reverence for them at all.

Kick them hard when they're down—it's the way of the times,
Which too GRIP had intended when starting these lines,
But had time for reflection while fetching the ink,
And he'll tell you the thought which he happened to think.

Let the Ministry leave for the home or the farm
If they've erred, why in future they cannot do harm,
And let GRIP say a word to the incoming crowd,
Who are now moving round with such promises loud.

Prosperity's wanted—prosperity can
Be assured to the country—if you have a man
Fit to plan the right measures; but if you have not
You will hardly be in till we oust the whole lot.

Do not think that this time you will play the grab game
Which have given past administrations a name
Most disgraceful to Canada—that day is past,
Of the old way of ruling we've now seen the last.

There are calm minds to wait—there are keen eyes to see
That our government's not what those wish it to be,
Who throng thither for spoil—that way's finished and done,
There are those who will see it is no more begun.

Your majority's strong, and full clear, if you choose,
Lies the broad path of honour—but if you refuse
To be guided thereby, and turn to the old way
There are none of you shall draw a second year's pay.

Not in vain has the heart of the country been stirred,
One is crushed—and she will crush a second and third,
If they try to deceive her—until she gets to
Her a Government honest, and able, and true.

At the Levee.

None of the daily papers in the city have done full justice to the levee held by His Excellency the Governor General at the City Hall on Thursday afternoon. A complete report ought to embrace not only what was said to His Excellency by the gentlemen who were presented, but what each would like to have said. If the City Hall had been a Palace of Truth on this occasion, and the reporter had been near enough to take notes, we might have had something like this in the account of the affair:

Hon. GEORGE BROWN, on being introduced, congratulated His Excellency on his speedy departure from a country that was about to be cursed by an incompetent and corrupt administration.

Mayor MORRISON, after shaking hands with the Earl, remarked that this was the room where the worst set of aldermen in Canada met. In reply to an enquiry by His Excellency, His Worship gave him a list of the members of the City Council, blushing violently at several of the names.

Mr. ROBERT JAFFRAY hoped His Excellency would bring such influence to bear upon the Home Authorities as would cause them to disallow the late election, which was the most disastrous thing that had yet occurred to the Dominion.

Mr. JAMES BEATY asked His Lordship to assure the Queen of his continued and undiminished loyalty; and also to let Her Majesty know that subscribers were still coming to the *Leader* from the east, west, north and south.

Hon. Mr. MACDUGALL on being presented, came up smiling. He pressed the Governor's hand warmly, and told him he might assure the people of Europe that at last he was happy.

Mr. J. ICK EVANS begged that His Excellency would explain to the Queen that the disloyal utterances of certain speakers at the Amphitheatre didn't mean anything, being merely made for political effect.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON hoped His Excellency would enlighten the Old Country people on the present position of the *Telegram*, if possible. He also desired that Lord DUFFERIN would get WILKIE COLLINS to write him a novel for 15 cents.

Hon. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON on being presented, remarked that he owned the City Hall, and had appointed the present civic authorities to office. He further assured His Excellency that the (J. B. R.) would have no scruples against accepting a Knighthood, if Her Majesty ever mentioned the matter.