

## A new Opera

MR. GRIP is pleased to be able to submit to his readers of lyrical tastes a portion of the Libretto of a new Opera, shortly to be produced at the Grand, or elsewhere, which has been handed in for his revision. The author, with the characteristic modesty of true genius, declines for the present having his name known to the world. It is intitled:

## H. M. CANADIAN SHIP BLUNDERBORE.

SCENE I.—Main deck of "Blunderbore," discovered at rise; Sir JOHN MCD—LD, First Lord; Captain PH—TS, Commander, (in his mind); DICK C—T—R—T DEADEYE, (Evil disposed seaman); Sailors, mariners, Globe reporters, bum-boat women, etc., in line front of stage.

CAPT. P.—I am the author of the great N. P.—

SIR JOHN.—And I am the ruler of the coun-ter-ree!

Chorus—ALL.—He is the author of the great N. P.,  
And he is the ruler of this countree!

CAPT. P.—(Takes stage.)

I think, Sir JOHN, 'tis very strange

You didn't send for me,

To teach your Cabinet to arrange

The Nation's Police;

I've never been to Parliament,

Of course you all do know,

But that's no reason why I can't

Have my portfo-lio!

Still, I am the author of the great N. P.!

SIR JOHN.—But I am the ruler of the countree!

And if you don't beware,

I'll settle you, I swear,

By making you an Ass-ignee, a butt for jeers and taunts,—

ALL.—And also your sisters, your cousins and your aunts!

DICK C. DEADEYE to CAPT. P.—

Ha! ha! you thought to make a strike,

And rise above your station,

And be Financial Minister

Of this Confederation;

You thought JOHN A. meant what he said

When he patronised you so;

But now you find your hopes are fled,

I told you so! I told you so!

CAPT. P. (to DICK.)

How dare you, sir, accost me thus

On my own quarter deck?

Oh! boatswain, there! Just recve a rope,

And quickly stretch his neck!

Just run him up to the yard arm,

I tell you I command it,

I'll teach him to be more polite,

For demmit! I won't stand it!

Chorus—ALL.—He said demmit! He said demmit!—(They all dance.)

Tableau—Quick curtain—End of Scene.

## An Open Letter.

Mister TELLY, Dear Sir, Minister of Finess, Ottawa:

SIR, would you be so kind as to send me word with regard concerning the tariff, as I wud like to know wat it is going to be. I don't wish to trouble you much known' as how you are ill and not afcelin' well jes now, but you kin rite it out onto a post card or git one of them clerks to do it for you which I hear you have appinted mosen a thousand of them wot aint got nothing to do. I am feelin' very anxious jest now in a bizness pint of view, bein' afraid that ef you don't let me know how things is goin' to jump party soon I will be busted. JIM SNATCHEM the feller you appinted a Fishel Assinee tother day is a keepin' of his eye on me lately very clus, and I can't go out of my shop door without findin' him sneakin' around an' lookin' as if he expected to git a job hand- lin' of my estate. He is aware ov the fact that I have been stretchin' myself lately gittin' in a big stock of goods threw the custom house and had to mortgage my place to raise the nessary funds, an' he seems to think that ef tariff ain't fetched down soon and prices don't go up as I expect 'em to, I am bound for to fall into his clutches. Deer sir, you may perceive that I am in a ticklish place with refrence to the forgoin', and I hope you will oblige me ef you have strength enuf left to articulate the information to that clerk. I am one of yur biggest frens and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD in this part of the country and allus votes the Con. ticket especally the last election. I went round and stumped Nat. Policy an' lost a lot of time and money over the same and I think it wud be nothin' but fare if you wud send me the information I ask fer. Hopin' you are in the enjoyment of good helth as this leaves us all to present, I remain the honor to be yours truly,

SIMON VERDENT.

P. S.—The Grits here is laffin' about the traif not comin' down, and asks me wot I have to say now about fly on the wheel. But I don't mind 'em.

## The Grit Caucus.

GRIP was there. How he got there; what he was doing; who they took him for, he will not say. Perhaps he was in a footman's livery, bringing cigars and liquids; perhaps he was the affable proprietor, concealed in the next room; perhaps he merely had a position up an unused chimney. But he was there. And the speakers spoke. And first said:

MACKENZIE.—Weel, noo, Maister CARTWRIGHT, whatna is tae be dune?

CARTWRIGHT.—Give it them on the Budget.

MILLS.—Friends, listen to the voice of the Philosopher. Let us adopt the Fabian policy. Wait till Protection has ruined the country, and then declare ourselves ready to save it.

MACKENZIE.—Na, na. Gin it be ruinait, there wull nae be ony thing warth saving.

CARTWRIGHT.—Gentlemen, the National Policy—though not ours—will have an effect. It will inflate. Prices will rise. Give the devil his due. It will make a change. As an alternative medicine, perhaps it may for a time answer. And let me tell you one thing. The country is wild for it, and will have it. Now, what is hurting the party is that the *Globe* will keep shouting Free Trade, which is unpopular. If it would but let up—

G. B.—Wad ye daur? Me deescaird na preenceples! I doot ye are nae soond, sir. Ken ye're place, sir!

MACKENZIE.—I am back whaur I was. What is tae be dune?—(enter a muffled figure.)

BLAKE—(disclosing himself)—I come to lead you on.—(General but doubtful applause.)

G. B.—Vava weel. But ye maunna spoot ony Canada First—

MILLS.—And you must not ruin us by adopting Protec—

CARTWRIGHT.—And you must not compromise us by attacking the National Poli—

MACKENZIE.—And ye maunna pit on ony overhearing—

BLAKE.—Let me to the front! Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. Like HENRY at Ivry, with his white plume, I bearing the white flower of a blameless life, shall lead the van. And if before the onset recoil not the rabble Conservative rout,

Then waft me to the harbour mouth.

Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky.

And I will seek before I die

The palms and temples of the South.



GUELPH is a city now, and feels just as big as London. England.

BEFORE the introduction of mucilage nearly all letter writers were *wafering* people.

THEY got into a sweat about electing a Bishop, and consequently elected a SWEATNAM.

THAT late unpleasantness in the Merchant's Bank at Owen Sound was an owin' (un) sound transaction.

A HINT to the Dog Catchers: When you are hunting for dogs on a moonlight night go to Bay Street.

MR. HAY condemns Mr. PATTERSON'S appointment. In this case a *strafe* shows which way the wind blows.

FROM the Finance Minister's delay in bringing down the Tariff he has fairly earned the name of Mr. TILLY SLOWBOY.

THE *Globe* calls Mr. HAY of Centre Toronto a political baby. It will next be insinuating that the Hon. gentleman is *feeding* at the public crib.

WHAT's the matter with the London *Herald*? Is the office boy doing the editorials? Here it has gone and referred to the other party as Kelom without putting the word between quotation marks or following it with the usual (?). Something has got loose up there!

It is with intense satisfaction that we welcome the London *Advertiser's* confession of continued loyalty to Lord LORSE and the PRINCESS. It is only for the "officials at Government House" who snub the press, that our valiant contemporary entertains a feeling of contempt. Now, who is the "boss" of those officials?

M. P.—"I tell you we never have vacancies."

OFFICE SEEKER.—"What, never?"

M. P.—"No, never!"

OFFICE SEEKER.—"What, never?"

M. P.—(Who don't go to the theatre)—"I think I told you two or three times that we didn't."