

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

"Here He Comes."

"COMING events cast their shadows before," and the long looked for N.P. Elephant is now upon us. His shade may be described on the dead wall in GRIP's cartoon, but the incredulous people mustn't run away with the idea that they will never see any more of the animal than that. If they wait long enough they may witness the veritable critter himself, lumbering along on his way to the House of Commons. The mischievous Grit boys in the picture are waiting for him, and they are evidently preparing to give him a warm reception. There will be a lively time when the fusillade commences, but certain doctrinaires say that it sometimes takes an Elephant like this months to put in an appearance even after his shadow has become visible. GRIP hopes it won't be so in this case.

From the Speaker's Gallery.

How pleasant to think, after all the hard feelings
Arising from hints of unscrupulous dealings
By one side or other, while ruling the nation,
Engendering wrath, and provoking vexation,
Mutterings of MEREDITH, harpings of HARDY,
Frothings of FRASER, there's none of them tardy
In giving broad hints and sly innuendoes
That straight to the deuce his opponent will send us,
So much that the Honourable from East Toronto
Regretted the length that the members had gone to,
In the long drawn out talk on the Governor's speech, for
They abused one another like TILTON and BEECHER.
These high words, I fear, is only their "policy,"
To think them in earnest I doubt is a fallacy;
Their bold accusations go off like sky rockets,
But they quickly subside when it touches their pockets.
Yes, 'tis pleasant to think as I sit in the gallery,
They agree upon one thing, and that is their salary.

Through our own Medium.

MR. BROWN,

My Dear Sir:—I write to thank you for the very lengthy and kind notice you gave me in the *Globe* the other day. This goes a great distance to prove that the Millenium is at hand, for, as you will recollect, you did your part in driving me out of public life when I was amongst you. I am delighted to observe that you deem my character worthy of the imitation of public men in general, though I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise that you yourself do not endeavour to copy it very closely. As you kindly remark, I was noted for my liberality of sentiment; now may I ask if this feature distinguishes you? I understand that you are in the habit of discontenancing all who aspire to prominence even in your own party, unless they are willing to acknowledge you as the Great Mogul.

By the way, the party to which you now belong you call the Liberal Party. How comes this? What has become of the Clear Grit Party which you formed with MALCOLM CAMERON and those other friends of yours? You professed certain principles to which the Liberal Party could not assent. What has become of those principles? Have you brought the Liberal Party up to them, or have you laid them aside and only adopted the regalia of Liberalism? Before closing let me say that I quite agree with the remark made by Dr. CAMERON in his lecture the other evening in London—namely, that no Reform leader since my time has been a success excepting Mr. BLAKE, and I would counsel you to get that gentleman into the harness again as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

THE SHADE OF BALDWIN.

It is rumored that the Government will adopt a system of life insurance for Civil Service employees. Those of the employees who are Reformers would much rather have their places insured.

Grip's Ride.

It was GRIP, who flew in his chariot through and past each sea and land,
Winged grampusses drew him two and two, and he drove 'em four in hand.
And he passed where rolled the waves of gold in the track of the rising sun;
As Aurora dashed in view and splashed, another day begun,
On her car of light with her maidens bright, and she winked at her old friend GRIP,
While she flicked a fly from her nigh steed's eye with her diamond handled whip;
And he shot right through dry Timbuctoo in Afric's burning clime,
And the elephants fell on their knees with a yell in an attitude sublime;
And the lions grand who sat on the saul a crunching the niggers' bones,
With each other did fight in pure delight when they heard GRIP's comic tones;
And the snakes spun round till they fell on the ground completely out of breath,
And the rhinoceros gave his horn one toss, and laughed himself to death
When GRIP made a grimace. He left that place, and over ocean flew,
While the great big whales they danced on their tails on the top of the rollers blue;
And the sharks grinned bright in huge delight from the sides of each tumbling wave,
And the sea-serpent he laughed loud in glee till he shook his ocean cave;
And the wind did roar in joy and tore in tempests vast around,
Till GRIP left there in his cautious care lest the sailors should be drowned;
And with furious pace in fiery race through clouds and darkness rides,
While the storm-fiend grim looked out at him, and straightway held his sides;
And through space on high in riding by, near the silver moon he goes,
And the Man one look from the Moon he took, and tell where no one knows,
And the planets all gave each fiery ball a merrier spin as he passed,
And the big Great Bear did wondering stare as he flew to earth at last;
Then GRIP he reined his coursers trained and homeward turned them fleet,
Till the crowd did shout when he got out at his office on Adelaide street.

The Educational Department Variety Store.

SOME time ago the booksellers of the country protested against the competition kept up against them by the Department of Education through the Book Depository at the Normal School. The issue of that battle went in favour of the Government, and apparently encouraged by this success, the Depository people have begun to extend business in other directions. They have added sheet music to their stock in trade, and, as might be expected, are underselling the regular dealers. What connection five-cent music has with our boasted school system perhaps Mr CROOKS may be able to explain, but to GRIP it a hidden mystery. Of course GRIP doesn't wish it to be understood that he objects to the Government going into the music line. By no means; not at all. He merely records the above as a matter of news, and takes this opportunity of suggesting to the Local Ministry the advisability of adding groceries and liquors, dry goods, cigars and playing cards to their increasing business. The Assembly might have a friendly chat over this before dissolving.

Criticism in the Mail.

GRIP was astonished the other day when he picked up his *Mail* and read the following anti-ministerial sentiment, which closed a leading article:

"When the state of the nation comes to be revealed there may be little disposition to laughter, and little desire to do other than condemn with all possible constitutional severity the reckless and unprincipled men who brought the nation into its unfortunate state."

What does this mean? We won't feel disposed to laugh, eh? and what are we laughing at? Why, at the beautiful predicament Mr. TILLEY is in, between the millers and the lumbermen, and at the humorous situation of things in general. GRIP instantly grew serious when he read this, and repeated to himself, What does it mean? "When the state of the nation comes to be revealed." Wonder if this refers to the state certain parties are bringing the Civil Service into? or are we going to hear terrible revelations of corruption in the contract department, as the *Globe* alleges? Or is somebody going to bring to light a few more cases like that of the Toronto Postmaster, who is to be superannuated (in good health) on \$2,500 per year, to make room for some more needy patriot? Verily, some unwashed Grit has got into the *Mail* sanctum. It can't be our scholarly friend NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, lately of the *Globe*, surely?