

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDEN.

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, 19TH 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.

From our Box.

THE GRAND—This week the light and gay rule at the Grand. The Misses FOY in their comedies and burlettas give a very pleasant performance. Remember the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Next week we are to have the ever popular Irish comedian, JOE MURPHY.

ROYAL—JOSH HART'S panoramic drama of *Chicago*, is a novelty which has made a hit, and is produced nightly to large audiences. Go and see it, and you can understand the true inwardness of Chicago without the trouble and expense of a journey.

An Aboriginal Story.

ON the broad political plains of the Dominion of Canada there once dwelt a tribe of noble red men called the Torees. Their chief was CLEAN HANDS, a very skilful and wily warrior. It happened that CLEAN HANDS bore a grudge against the pale-faces who had charge of the Canada Pacific Railway, and I am about to tell you how he carried out his revenge by Indian tactics. On the 17th of September he went upon the war path and collected all his braves at a place called General Election Gulch, at which point there was a sharp curve and a down grade on the railway track. He then placed a large National Policy log across the track (at nine o'clock in the morning) and retired into ambush to await the result. After a while the train appeared. It was the Reform express, but was not going at a very high rate of speed on account of a depression in the boiler of the engine. As it approached the curve, the engineer, ALEX. MACKENZIE, put his head out of the window and observed the impediment on the rails, but instead of stopping the train and having it removed, he merely laughed at it, saying to the fireman, DICK CARTWRIGHT, that it wasn't a log at all but merely some soft and transparent substance which would have no power to upset the train. In this opinion DICK concurred. "I see it all," said he, "it's another trick of that red-skin; he has often attempted to throw us off by attacking the steel rails, but his efforts have failed; and it will be the same now. That National Policy affair is as thin as possible." With that he crammed more coal into the furnace, and whistled off brakes, and the train started forward with increased speed. But alas! these worthy men had entirely miscalculated their chances. The moment the engine struck the log, it leaped from the track and went crashing into a bank, and of course the accompanying cars were demolished. The concealed Indians rushed out of their ambush with yells of delight that were distinctly heard from Halifax to Vancouver, and quickly butchered many of the helpless pale-faces. One young brave of the DOMVILLE wigwam made himself particularly conspicuous by his bloodthirsty conduct to Mr. BRYDGES, who was a passenger on the Reform train. BRYDGES fell into the hands of a rather benevolent warrior named TILLEY, and this young red-skin clamoured for permission to torture the captive and take his scalp, and would give TILLEY no peace until his appetite was appeased with clotted gore. Meantime CLEAN HANDS and his followers had gathered all the plunder into a heap, and it is related that the great Chief had all he could do to divide the good things so as to please all his people. Thus we have another proof of the well-known adage—"To the victors belong the spoils."

THE *Leader* has suspended. What's the use of going on with this country any longer?

FELLOW Orangemen! shall we stand calmly by and see MACKENZIE BOWELL take a Cabinet seat between two POPES?

THE American fifty cent pieces bear the figure of the eagle; Canadian coin of the same denomination ought hereafter to be stamped with the Phoenix.

PERSONAL.—Sir JOHN is loafing around the Windsor, Montreal. Mr MACKENZIE is living retired in Ottawa, waiting for the new Government and that \$50,000.

The Great Cricket Matches.

The Great Intercolonial Cricket Matches are finished, and our fellows have not maiden over-brilliant show. Victory as usual, has perched on the BANNERMAN of the Australians. It was a bowled thing for us to stump the famous team, so we needn't be put out about the result. There is no use balling over spilt milk. The Australians intended making a short-stop in Canada, and it would have been a pity to let the opportunity slip of seeing them play. Our defeat was mainly due to the bailful influence of SPOFFORTH, who is one of the wicketest men in the Antipodes. After all, our Ontario team made a grand stand. RAY of Whitby, was a ray of comfort. He is a game player, and made a batter score than any of the members of the twenty-two. We might also point to others who did well, though hit must be admitted that the second innings wasn't long on. Of scores we can't say much for the Montreal twenty-two, though we all field bad at the way in which they were handled. Well, the trouble is all over; overmuch over is the great trouble of cricket anyway. As we do not desire to pad out these remarks any further, we will bid farewell to cricket, and hope the young men of Canada will do the same.

Who'll be in the Cabinet?

"I," cries each old Conservative,
"For on the snary I will live,
And I'll be in the Cabinet."

"I," cries the Orange leader,
"For of the excitement I was a feeder,
And I'll be in the Cabinet."

"I," cries the wire puller Green,
"For my flag in the row was seen,
And I'll be in the Cabinet."

"I," each foggy old does roar,
"Must be there, for I was before,
And I'll be in the Cabinet."

Not a word of a single man
Who can help the National Policy plan,
Who will be in the Cabinet.

All of their talk was a swindling grab,
Every one went for what he could nab.
Let them make up their Cabinet.

Canada's eye is honest and true;
She will see the humbug through,
When she looks at the Cabinet.

Never her voice had asked for such,
She will give the house of cards a touch.
And down will come the Cabinet.

Too Hard.

To the Editaw of Gwip:

I muht thay, thir, that I conthidaw the way in which I am tweated mawst disgwaceful. I have been a life-long (supportaw of the Conthervative pawty. I have dwank moah beaww, wine, and bwandy and thodah, at the Club than moht fellahs of my age and expwience. I have newaw loht an oppawtunity of cwying out "Hoowyway!" when Thir JOHN thaid anything. I have even been excwvaciating civil to TUPPAW, who is a fellah of wathaw an infewiaw awdah, and hath been threen with a vewy old hat on. I have condethended to talk to MACPHEHTHON, though of courthe hith Thcottish attempt at mannows aw extremely dithguthing to the civiltithed mind, and no educatid perthon can underthand hith dialect. I have offawed any thivility in my powah to the leadaws of the Owange and Gween factiions, and gone to the extreme length of imbibing a haywid mixtuah denominated punch, which I pawmitted them to pay saw. And now, when owah pawty aw in I have thought my gweat athithtance to the pawty might and thould be recompenthed. I have athked to be made Collector of Cuthtoms—an eathy job wheaw the underlings do the labaw, and the remunewation ith vewy high. And I have not yet—I twemble with indignation to thay, weceived the appawtment. Thir, the countwy ith not only going to the deuth, but it ith actually theah.

Yours

FITZ FOODLE.

The Club, Oct. 15, 1878.

"Do we need more money?" asks *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*. FRANK'S creditors, who got only so much on the dollar lately, reply in the affirmative.