

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH JULY, 1878.

Leo and Leo.

The British LION not the Roman LEO
We own as lord and master of our land,
Not by the will of potentate or faction
But by just laws our liberties shall stand.

The Pope may be our *soul* proprietor
If our *religious* interests lean that way,
But for our rights within the civic law,
LEO of England must and shall hold sway.

Our glorious constitution knows no sect,
All men are free and equal in its sight.
And for the humblest citizen's just cause,
The power of England to the end shall fight.

More Treason!

To the Editor of the Mail:—

SIR,—The other day I wrote you asking that our Chieftain might be expostulated with for damaging the Conservative cause by speaking about the "prosperity of the country" at Weston. I presume you attended to the matter. And now I have to drag into your outraged presence another traitor, in the person of the London *Free Press* editor, who, in his paper of last Wednesday, coolly said:

"The people have been taught by the dearest kind of experience that change of government, without a cause sufficient to justify the act, is a most serious and dangerous step, and an experiment that may cause regret from one extremity of the country to the other."

Is it possible, sir, that the *Free Press* has turned Grit just in our hour of need? Has the atrocious Col. WALKER already begun his work of bribery and corruption?

Yours,

AN INDIGNANT CONSERVATIVE.

Letters to the Household.

MINNIE asks the best way to induce children gradually and by degrees to love useful and entertaining works rather than dime novels, *Ledgers*, &c. I have found it very effective to take the latter, throw them in the fire, and whip the children steadily with a willow switch till they are of a bright-red colour.

MILD-EYES.

TWINEY wants to know how to keep black silk dresses new and glossy. There are two methods, either very simple and effective. One is, do not wear them; but the fashion gets old, and renders this mode awkward. The other is my favorite. Just make some one (your husband will do, or any one else if you have none) spill lemon juice or some stain on it by accident. Then get very angry, cry, be inconsolable, and they will buy you a new one.

WEASEL.

Mrs. JONES wishes to know if there is really any process that will keep eggs sound for a year. I have tried a very simple one, and they did not change in the slightest. I packed them in saw dust for a week, took them out, and after that they laid round in the open air, and even outside in a very severe frost, and were not in any respect injured. Try it.

P.S.—They were china.

WICKED.

INJURED AFFECTION wishes to know what to do with her two grown up daughters, who will persist in going out at nights. I have found, in such cases, a universal panacea. Encourage certain persons (who will be found round, at the gate, behind the ash-house, or in the cistern) to come and see them at home.

OLDBIRD.

JENNY wishes to know the best way to procure old china, on which she dotes. Very simple. Get a new set; smash it up, and get a fellow to rivet and cement it together. It will only cost half the price of that bought in stores, which is made the same way.

CUNNING.

The Press Excursion.

In the course of human events it became necessary for GRIP to forego the pleasure of accompanying his brethren of the Press Association on their excursion to Chicago, this week. The elections are going to sprung upon the country suddenly some time next fall, and it is necessary that one of us should stay at home to protect the people. GRIP consoles himself, however, with the reflection that he knows precisely what will take place on the journey, and has the advantage (by virtue of this prescience) of being able to write up an account of the trip without undergoing any of the fatigue incident to it. He will thus be at least a week ahead of the papers whose editors are absent. There is the editor of the Guelph *Mercury* for example. After a week of trouble and anxiety, he will return to his sanctum, and having piled ice upon his head and ordered the office boy to keep the fan going, he will produce a narrative something like the following:

OUR TRIP TO CHICAGO.

The Press Association met in Guelph on Tuesday last, to tie up their bundles in view of a trip to Chicago. The usual business meeting was held, at which I, as President, delivered a brilliant oration on "Twenty five years of Journalism," in which I showed that the challenge of the *Herald* about their having the largest circulation in Guelph was all bunum. After the meeting we were driven over to the Model Farm, where we were shewn the ghost of ARCHIE MCKELLAR, and enjoyed a luncheon of raw turnips, grown in accordance with Scientific Reform principles. That night we left for Detroit, where we spent next day in sight-seeing. Of course we visited the *Free Press* office. Here Brother JACKSON tackled Mr. LEWIS, the funny man, for stealing jokes out of the *Newmarket Era* without giving credit. That evening we attended a meeting of the Lime Kiln Club, being introduced to the members by Mr. R. BARR, the financial or Currency editor of the *Free Press*. Of course most of us spent an hour also at the Central Police Court, where Bijah paid us every attention. His Honour said he would let us go, on condition that we would leave for Chicago within a specified time; though he said nearly every hard case that came before him pretended he was a traveller on the way to Chicago. In due time we embarked upon the steam boat. The trip by water occupied Thursday Friday and Saturday. On board the boat we amused ourselves with concerts every evening. I am sorry that I did not preserve a copy of the regular programmes, but I recollect that part of one of them was as follows:

INSTRUMENTAL OVERTURE..... "Wandering Refugees"
PLAINITIVE DITTY... "No place like home"... MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.
DEPRESSION SPEECH..... "Hard Times"... MR. J. B. TRAYES.
COMIC SONG..... "Come along, JOHN"... MR. J. CAMERON.
SOLO..... "The minute Gunn"... MR. J. SHANNON.

Brother JACKSON presided on this occasion, occupying the Captain's chair at the head of the table. During our intercourse, brilliant flashes of wit prevailed to such an extent that the Captain ordered the hose to be kept in readiness on the quarter deck. For example it was very hot, and I walked up to Mr. CAMERON and remarked casually, "This sort of weather is good for the reputation of my paper, because it makes the *Mercury* stand high." No party tunes were played, though the members marched in their usual regalia. Everything passed off smoothly, especially the victuals at meal-time. On one part of the voyage Mr. SHANNON of the *Kingston News* was observed leaning over the rail in a melancholy manner. We approached and enquired if he suffered from *mal de mer*. He said no, he was only thinking of the Chieftain's chances in the approaching election. Brother PATULLO kept shady throughout the tour, being afraid of getting his shoulders sunburnt, and no almond lotion at hand. The usual business meeting was held on the hurricane deck. It was moved and seconded that all subscribers in arrears be permitted to pay up, and that a better quality of paste be used in getting up editorials. In due time we arrived in Chicago, where we were met by a deputation of Press men, who drove us around the city in cabs. Chicago is a place larger than Guelph. We were shewn all the curiosities of the city, embracing the Water Works, the Palmer House, and the honest official. We spent Sunday there, for which we humbly apologise, hoping to be forgiven on the ground that it was a work of necessity. Leaving Chicago on Tuesday we returned home by rail, having spent a most enjoyable time. Our thanks are due to the gentlemanly conductors of the street cars of Chicago for favours received, also to the Communists of that city, who were especially kind to Brother TRAYES after he had explained to them Sir JOHN'S newly discovered plan for making everybody rich. They intimated their intention of coming over in large numbers to vote for the National Policy.

THE London *Advertiser*, though published in a rural village, don't know much about Farming. The editor has been reading the *Globe's* recent Short-horn article, and rises in a dazed manner to enquire: Does the *Globe* seriously advise Canadian Farmers to go into Short-horns at \$2,000 a head? Of course it doesn't. It only advises the farmers to purchase cattle of that sort. The *Tisler* understands the "true inwardness" of JOHN A. better and oughtn't to wander from that prolific subject.