

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 16TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

Our Coming Aristocracy.

THE *London Advertiser* and other dangerously democratic papers are ridiculing the proposed establishment of a native aristocracy in Canada on the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess LOUISE. In doing so, they not only expose their own plebeian origin but they also justify the suspicion which we of the upper classes have long entertained—that they are annexationists in disguise. The republican slang, "all men are born free and equal," "JACK is as good as his master," etc., etc., may do well enough for the Yankees, as it has done well enough for us up to the present time, for we have never had Royalty actually residing in our midst. But the moment has arrived for a radical change of our social and political ideas. The advent to power of the Conservative party, which is, as everybody knows, the party of gentlemen, and monopolises the blue blood of our population, affords us an excellent opportunity of bringing about the desired change in a smooth and natural manner. The introduction of the National Policy is also opportune just at this moment, for by its operation shall our aristocracy be called into existence—to be composed of manufacturers grown rich on Protection duties. We would prefer an aristocracy of birth to one of mere wealth, but as we cannot have the former we must put up with the latter. In the course of a few generations this objection will disappear, however, for the immediate descendants of our National Policy manufacturers will need neither to toil nor spin, but can afford to turn their minds entirely to the matter of choosing aristocratic names for their children. Gradually the vulgar names of ANDREW, DICK and HARRY will give way to MONTAGU, FITZGERALDE, and ALGERNON FREDRICK. The other addenda of aristocracy, such as the discarding of the letter "r," the artistic wearing of eye glasses, and the correct pronunciation of "By Jove," will all come by practice, and the Canada of the future will realize our proudest dreams.

What Dame Rumor Says.

DAME RUMOR says that certain Gaelic supporters of Sir JOHN are quite confident of securing good posts as soon as the son of Argyle arrives in the land.

DAME RUMOR says that the *Mail* editor really does know what the National Policy is, but doesn't like to tell.

DAME RUMOR says that "Bank Clerk" has recanted his vile heresy, given up his 'sit,' and married a widow with six children. He now adorns her hostelry as a mixatur of tipulars.—No cards.

DAME RUMOR says that JOHN A. has rejected the offer of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN to accept a portfolio in the new Cabinet, GEORGE'S ideas on the N. P. being a shade too pronounced. GEORGE takes back all he said in reference to their first meeting in the States, and is down on JOHN A. like a *Globe* editorial.

A Card to Good Society.

PROFESSOR SHODDY presents his compliments to the upper classes of Canadian Society, and begs to state that he has just returned from Europe with a choice assortment of new Bowings and Scrapings, imported expressly for the benefit of those who desire to win the respect of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne. The stock has been selected from the leading wholesale Establishments of Aristocracy of the United Kingdom and the Continent, under the immediate supervision of PROFESSOR SHODDY assisted by JAMES YELLOWPLUSH, Esq., of Belgravia, to whose kindness the Professor was indebted for admission to the aforesaid establishment through the kitchen door. The importations embrace not only all the staple lines of genuflections, but also a great many new and approved varieties, such as the slunkey glide, lickspittle bend, etc., etc. The Professor also begs to intimate that he is prepared to take contracts for fitting native Canadians for presentation to Royalty. Democratic ideas washed completely out of the most confirmed radicals, or no pay. Also, a large stock of Argyle tartans to suit every complexion, kept constantly on hand, together with eye-glasses, haw-haws, and every article pertaining to the upper classes. Tradespeople fumigated at short notice. Terms moderate. References by permission to ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, Esq., Civil Service Lodge, Carlton County, Ottawa.

The Canadian Vendetta.

GRIP had been reading the *Globe*. Every one reads the *Globe*, for since the elections the *Mail* is so dull that no one but undertakers can bear to look at it. It did, indeed, revive the Marriage Question from the London papers of 1857, copied a lot of the ideas, set all its young men writing imitation letters, and dragged the whole red herring across the National Policy track, which it is awfully afraid of anyone following now. But that's played, and so GRIP reads the *Globe*, and there he read of the Vendetta, and how it is necessary, and proper, and right, and honest, and comfortable, and convenient, that the party of the first part having slain the party of the second part, it is now the duty of the party of the third part to destroy the party of the second part, which being done it is then in order for the party of the fourth part to annihilate the party of the third part, and so on *ad infinitum*. Then GRIP, being absorbed in reflection on this pleasant custom began to wonder how they kept any population in that island, and in the midst of his reverie he was interrupted by the entrance of the Hon. G. BROWN, who always consults with him on important matters.

"Maister GRUP," said G. B. "this is an awfu' state o' things."

"What?" asked GRIP, "I wasn't asleep—just going off, though."

"I dinna mean that," said the ONONTIO. "Dinna ye no ken that the Vendetta is proclimit sae far as relates to the auld and new Cawbinets? It is awfu'! Cairtwreet has just noo rippit up MACKENZIE BOWELL wi yon muckle knife ye hae in ye're picture o' him."

"Good heavens!" cried GRIP. "Is the murderer arrested?"

"Nonsense," said G. B., "the law is suspensid, as I tauld ye. They hae joost buryit the deed mon, that's a."

The discourse was interrupted by the entry of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, quite happy apparently. "Good morning," he said, with *empressment*, "jolly thing this. Polishing em off rapidly. TUPPER has just dropped CARTWRIGHT with a Derringer from a window. Clean through the gizzard. Never kicked."

"It is a maist coardly assawinsation," cried G. B.

"Not at all," said JOHN A. Then there spoke a voice down the pipe from the tower of observation GRIP has above his office. "Please, Sir, Mr. MACKENZIE has caught Dr. TUPPER and hanged him from a barber's pole."

"Monstrous, I shall run and cut him down," cried the knight.

"Stop where ye are!" roared G. B., placing his vast foot on JOHN A's big toe, which was held as if a mountain were over it. "Cry up the pipe for mair news, Maister GRUP."

It came down—"TILLEY and O'CONNOR have drowned MACKENZIE in a water-trough. The mob applaud."

"I maun gang tae help him at ance," yelled G. B.

"No you don't," shrieked JOHN A., coolly locking the door and throwing the key out of the window—three stories. "Besides, GEORGE, he's dead now, and they'd kill you." G. B. sat down. JOHN A. looked out of the window. "By Jove!" he said, "Bless my—majority! It's too awful! That scoundrel MILLS has skivered 'em both with a pitchfork! Everybody seems pleased. What shall I do? There goes my Finance Minister and my Catholic pillar."

"It saivres them unco reet," remarked G. B. Then there came a voice down the pipe.

"Please, sir, the two POPES are persecuting Mr. MILLS. They have pulled him in two, sir, and thrown him away."

The two honourables received the news in consternation. Then came word of the assassination of the POPES by a former Minister, and soon there was nothing left of the Cabinet but Sir JOHN, whom G. B. now flew at. Words cannot depict the terror of that confict, nor the smashing of GRIP'S furniture; nor the agility with which GRIP took refuge on the top shelf of his book-case. How he presently found himself in his arm-chair he knows not. But there he was. But where was Sir JOHN and G. B.? GRIP pulled his bell and demanded of his footman, who, in a rich livery, came to the door, and declared in amazement that no such people had been there.

"Scoundrel," cried GRIP. "They have killed one another. What have you done with the bodies?"

"Bodies! Sir?" said the slunkey.

"Bodies, idiot!" answered GRIP. "And what was the result of the murders in the streets? Reply, sir!"

The terrified menial did not reply. He ran precipitately down stairs. GRIP has not heard any more about the murders, and fears he must have dreamt it all. He is sorry. He will not say why he is sorry.

New Novels.

THE following are to hand:—"Soft Money," by the author of "Hard Cash;" "Stray Locks," by the author of "The Wandering Heir;" "Rough on Bruin," by the author of "Hard to Bear;" "A Tramp on Foot," by the author of "A Beggar on Horseback;" "The Finding," by the author of "The Sea-King."

THE GOLDEN AGE—Marriage on \$300 a year.

AUNTY FAT seems to be making an extended tour through the country just now. Let her relations look out for her.