

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the *Jas*; the greatest Bird is the *Owl*;
The greatest Fish is the *Oyster*; the greatest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 8TH, 1876.

DON'T FORGET IT.—The Knights of Pythias Moonlight Excursion to-night (Friday) on the steamer City of Toronto, leaving Yonge street wharf at 8 o'clock.

A BIG TUSSLE.—For the Championship of the Dominion, between Ontario and Toronto Lacrosse Clubs, on the grounds, Jarvis street, Saturday (to-morrow) afternoon. Play begins at 3 o'clock.

Lord Dufferin on Pet Names.

My countess "KATE"
They call. I'd state,
"Her Excellency," she is.
And publicly,
Of my glass eye
To speak, it far too free is.
Next, "KITTY dear,"
They'll say, "come here;"
And little boys will cry out,
As I pass by
In dignity,
"Ah, there you go with your eye out!"
Now girls, you know,
To schools who go,
And clip your appellations.
Pray don't it do.
It puts me through
Great inward perturbations—
There's JULIET,
You don't forget
To what sad end she came, now,
Who that mistake
So gross could make,
As ask, "What's in a name, now?"
Oh, let that vile
Columbian style
Come not across the water.
How sad to tell—
They call her "NELL!"
Miss GRANT!—their ruler's daughter.
Don't say it's slight.
It isn't right.
The thing's extremely vital.
Just think if they
In slipshod way,
Should ask, "What's in a title?"

The Grangers.

GRIP would respectfully intimate to his good friends the Grangers that they have slipped on to the outside track. In fact, they have gone in to lose. They have, to speak dental metaphor, not cut their eye teeth. They are not there. They are backing the wrong horse; they are betting on the wrong square; they are shouting the wrong color. Now, does any Granger really think that he is able to manage a dozen businesses that he has never learnt? If he does he thinks himself wiser than SOLOMON. Most people find it hard enough to keep straight with their eyes open, but the Grangers seem to think they can go it a deal better blind. Let GRIP put the whole matter in a nutshell for the Grangers. The Grangers cannot sell to better advantage than they do; because those who sell their grain for them, with all their experience, seldom make money. The exporting business has been a losing one. Farmers can buy cheaper, if they have the money to buy in advance of their wants, and always could. The rich farmer always could buy cheaper than the poor one. But the rich farmers will soon tire of the poor ones' company, and will buy wholesale in the cities for themselves. The poor farmers will still have to buy in the villages, and will find fewer there to sell to him—less competition, higher prices. That will be the end of the Grangers, and will always be the end when the crockery kettles attempt to float down stream with the brass ones. Grangers, GRIP has spoken.

The Ontario Elections.

REFORM CAMP.

TALK ye no more of your panics—speak not again of depressions. All of the panics that were—all of the panics that shall be—All the depressions that pile on the commercial man agony—Nothing are they to the fear—nought to the deep consternation Now in the ranks of the Grits—now in the tents of MACKENZIE. Since from the telegraph out flashed the Ontarian losses. Back to his home goeth CURRIE—he who to Free Trade stuck steadfast, He who would stand or fall by it—and hath most floppingly fallen. Better will he and the rest know than to shout it in future. Back cometh EDGAR in calmness; also with coolness delightful. Not to him is it surprising—never was eel to the skinning Better accustomed than EDGAR by this time to being defeated. Well were it now for the leaders could they like him take it easy. Truly it is not in mortals—truly it is not in Clear Grits. How shall we paint the deep gloom that on the *Globe* office hath fallen How picture GEORGE in convulsions—two yards and over of agony Stretching in grief on the sofa which he had specially lengthened. How paint the troubles of GORDON, rolling his optics in fever, While to his temples an ice-bag his principal devil applieth. Who is that figure behind them, careless of any expenses. Beating against the brick wall the glistening top of his cranium? Is it not DYMOND, the great Free Trading light of the Houses? There in a corner is MILLS, uttering groans of contrition. Where are his satellites gone?—where are his Board of Trade backers? Fainth the power of pen to depict the collapse of MACKENZIE. Also the horror of HUNTINGTON is far beyond all description. Neither is any one able to tell the confusion of CARTWRIGHT, Doubly increased that the former two do continually jaw him, Saying that he and his tariffs have their majorities ruined. Saying a little Protection might have avoided the trouble. GRIP hath no heart any longer to look at a scene so depressing.

CONSERVATIVE CAMP.

Turneth he then to the other—even the camp of MACDONALD. Here there is feasting, and joy, here there is pleasure and gladness. Here there is mirth and delight, and manifold pouring of flagons. See in Ontario now rampantly strutting the GIBBSES. Lo, in the *Mail* office where predominant PATTESON pranceth. Lo, where Sir JOHN from the Club House happily promiseth all things. Lo, all the faces delighted, also unwashed, believing. Promising sometimes is rapid—sometimes performance is not so. See in the far looming distance now vaunteth loftily TUPPER, Knowing that his oratory has secured both the elections. WHITE too in grandeur severe certainly knows that but for him All had been lost, and destruction had overtaken the GIBBSES. So is MACDOUGALL aware that there is nothing much surer Than that he charmed all the folks even with the voice of the chamer. Great is the noise and the clamour—loud is the blowing of trumpets. GRIP would remark to the heroes that there is fighting to do yet.

Abroad with the Editors.

(By our own Commissioners.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.

DEAR GRIP:—The editors are on the wing! You probably noticed that the *Stratford Beacon* of last week did not express its usual hankering for the scalp of the *Dundas Banner*; you will not be surprised therefore, to be informed that Mr. MATTHESON and Mr. SOMERVILLE were sleeping in the same bunk in the Erie Railroad's Pullman Car, and were buzzing along in peace towards Philadelphia while their papers were being issued. Even more touching scenes of reconciliation, however, were occasioned by the Press Excursion; for, it might be truly said by the poet:—

The sights were millennial
On the way to the Centennial.

CLIMIE, of the *Bowmanville Statesman*, drank out of the same soda water bottle with CREIGHTON of the *Owen Sound Times*, and TOM the Lion of the *Newmarket Courier*, lay down with JACKSON the lamb of the *Era*. From the moment the *Southern Belle* left her wharf in Toronto, political differences were buried out of sight and pipes of peace would have been literally passed around only somebody stole them out of the pockets of BUCHANAN'S long linen duster. Cigars were thrown around in prodigal generosity, however, by MATTHESON, the London Bursar, and were accepted and smoked to within half an inch of the mouth by Grit and Tory without distinction. But the loveliness of seeing brethren dwelling together in unity was perhaps most affectingly displayed when the excursionists reached Buffalo and sat down to dinner in the Continental Hotel. There was an absolute laying aside of personality and party lines, and the manner in which victuals disappeared from the tables as fast as the troupe of waiter girls could furnish them, was a demonstration of the Power of the Press which the landlord