

# 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, 3RD AUGUST, 1878.

## Prof. John A., the Wizard.

GRIP takes pleasure in announcing the opening of the National Amphitheatre, the coolest place of amusement in the city. It is situated on James street, and has seating capacity for several thousands of persons, and standing room for thousands more. The great card of the management for the ensuing season is the engagement of the world renowned political wizard, Professor JOHN A., who is announced to appear in a series of his wonderful illusions. It is not our intention here to expatiate upon the cleverness of this great artist, as that is already well known to our readers—and, besides, this puff is not paid for. We may, however, say that he professes to be able to perform all the standard tricks of the sleight of hand business; besides many never before attempted or even thought of by anybody in the profession of state-craft. His programme embraces, (1) the well-known hat-trick, in which the professor takes an empty hat, and by merely giving it a shake, fills it to overflowing with promises, which he distributes indiscriminately throughout the audience to merchants, manufacturers, millers, farmers, ship builders, coal owners, etc., etc. These promises are produced without the slightest trouble, and the supply can be kept up to an indefinite extent; (2) the great money trick, in which the professor by the simple twist of the wrist can snatch money out of the empty air, or out of contractors, railways, etc., the only condition being that he is permitted to occupy a seat in a cabinet; (3) on this easy condition he also professes to be able to perform the mystifying flower-trick of the India jugglers, i.e., by the word of command to make a barren and broken down country blossom like the rose; to transform a miserable, languishing plant into a beautiful and fruitful tree; (4) the bewildering and astounding trick known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which the professor pours all sorts of Tariffs (to suit all tastes) out of one and the same National Policy bottle. This feat is so truly remarkable that we have thought it worthy of illustration in our cartoon. These are but a few of the illusions that will be presented, and we advise all who can possibly do so to attend every performance given at the National Amphitheatre. Admission free; Grips half price, if they behave themselves. No encores allowed; parties with bouquets admitted at back gate.

## Mayor Beaudry's Reply

TO THE REPORTER WHO ASKED FOR THE NAMES OF THE SPECIALS.

Vat! you vant ze names of my men?  
Ze names, sare, I shall not tell!  
Vat good is it? Vat is to gain?  
No, sare, you can quick go to—vell,  
I shall not gif *vous* ze names!

I will gif *vous* ze taste of my fist—  
I vant not ze *Vitness* to sell;  
If you must haf ze constable list  
You can't get it here—go to—vell,  
Go to ze books in ze prisons!

## Long Ago.

It was many thousands of years back, that a learned pundit of the East, calmly pacing in his garden, smoking an enormous chibouque, his head decorated with a fez of surpassing brilliancy, and wearing a magnificent caftan of silver-laced cloth of gold, espied in the path before him a lizard, whom he at once knew to be a transformed prince. "Alas," he said, "is this the fate of the once magnificent Ali-dbn-Alexarxis? Has his greatness sunk to this? How often in his father's courts have I gayly inhaled the odoriferous breath of the winds of Araby, and the air heavy with perfumes? How often has he—even the prince himself—loaded me with favours? And to think that it is in my power to restore him to his former condition, and in some measure to prove my gratitude! But that would not be fashionable." He then killed the lizard and continued his meditations.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE has been appointed Governor General, to succeed Earl DUFFERIN. This is the result of the machinations of GEORGE BROWN and MACKENZIE for the further extension of their atrocious system of Scottish Ascendency, isn't it Brother BOYLE?

## Whether Wise, Weather Wise, or Otherwise?

—Old query.

"There will be snow at the end of July."—*Venor's Almanac.*

MISLEADING prophet, one who much perspires,  
Fainting 'neath cloudless Sol's persistent fires,  
Drank of iced-mild and griping lemonade,  
And sought in vain for comfort and for shade.—  
The blithe mosquito, his untiring foe,  
Sang in his ears wherever he might go,  
The mangy cur, what time he found to spare  
From scratching fleas, howled from his secret lair—  
The wakeful T. cat, boot and bottle proof,  
Put up his back and yowled upon the roof,  
While quickly to the scratch with eyes aflame,  
And angry spit, his jealous rival came,  
While Tabby, so demure and sleek by day,  
With horrent far rushed in to join the fray.  
All things that buzz, or hum, or fly, or creep,  
Conspired to banish ease and murder sleep.  
By day no comfort and at night no rest,  
One hope alone brought solace to his breast,  
He bought an almanac at trifling cost  
And there he saw predicted "look for frost."  
Panting and faint he dreamed relief was nigh,  
And blessed chills should cheer him in July;  
Expectant thus, tho' baffled oft', he bore  
The thermal wave, the mercury's boiling score,  
The melted collar and the dripping brow,  
Alas! alas! all hope is melted now!—  
What shall the seer's betrayed believers do  
When they have found his promises untrue?—  
The useless struggle and revolt is o'er,  
Helpless we yield—the glass marks ninety-four—  
And thus in mute despair accept our fate,  
Since VENNOR we no longer venerate.

July 31.

## Property Owners' Association.

FIRST PROPERTY OWNER.—The Council are rascals—(applause)—thieves—(hear)—scends—(hear, hear)—villains—(Hooray, that's so.) They have taken your substance—(so they have)—and appropriated it to their own purposes—(Yes)—and now would by a twenty-six mill rate squeeze from you the last drop of your life-blood, which they had overlooked before. (Hear, hear). They would rob you, plunder you, waste the plunder, and destroy in vile and midnight orgies the proceeds of the robbery. (Hear, hear). (\$600 at the saloon). They are worse than assassins—(hear)—desperadoes—(applause)—braves—(hear)—buccaneers, pirates, Malays, infidels, Turks. (Hear, hear, hear). We must make a beginning—(hear)—we must put an end to it. (Applause). Our living and our lives are at stake—(hear)—and the reptiles of corruption must be driven from the City Hall which they have profaned. (Applause).

SECOND P. O.—They are worse than our fancy painted them; they're horrid, they're malign. (That's so). They never committed a good action. (Hear). They lie awake in the night planning wickedness. All their imaginations are utterly evil continually. (Yes). They are the bloated consumers of a thousand bonuses; the pampered feeders on rates, the fattened gobblers of appropriations. (Tremendous applause). Let us have 'em out! Let them leave the edifice they have profaned, and abandon the office for which they have proved themselves unfit. Down with 'em even to the dust, and let the place as knew 'em know 'em no more. (Hear, hear, hear, hooray).

THIRD P. O.—We had better now discuss what measures had better be taken to remedy these evils, and bring our finances to a better state, how to economise in various points, and so on—(Interruption)—Why, is not this?

FOURTH P. O.—No, no, no—Abuse the present ones all you like; never mind suggestions; the object is to get 'em out next time. Some of us want to get in—

FIFTH P. O.—And to have a good time.

SIXTH P. O.—And not too many suggestions of economy.

SEVENTH P. O.—Nor statements about particular salaries—abuse 'em in general.

THIRD P. O.—I understand, gentlemen. I must say that a more vile and degraded race than the present misguided habitues of the City Hall never drew the breath of life. Corruption stinks in all their ways; it is odorous in all their walks. Vice has been dwelling within their gates, and all the evils which follow incapacity will follow this misguided city until she drives them from office, and fills their places with honest men.

NINTH P. O.—Like some of us. (Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear.)

MR. MOB, the popular governor of Montreal, has excommunicated GRIP. History repeats itself. Wasn't the Jackdaw of Rheims also cursed with bell and book because he had the right grip about him?