

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl,  
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1876.

## Amusement Bulletin.

LACROSSE.—Everybody is of course going to witness the great match between Toronto and Montreal on Saturday afternoon. GRIP merely wishes to remind the millions that play begins at 3 o'clock sharp.

ROYAL OPERA.—MR. McDOWALL'S admirable company performing at this house are well worth visiting. Lovers of good acting should not fail to see MR. NEIL WARNER, long the great favorite of the Maritime Provinces, who appears with the company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—HARTZ, the great magician, is performing at MRS. MORRISON'S. His name is redolent of Black Forests and haunted glades, and his exhibitions do not discredit his cognomen. The chilly Fall breeze reminds us that it is time once more to go to the theatre. Let us go and see his "Favorite Illusions." The world is but an illusion, and the more such we witness, the less chance shall we have to see those of an opposite character.

## The Latest Inadvertence.

SUNG BY G. B.

What if Speaker ANGLIN got  
Certain money he should not?  
Clear eight thousand—was it not  
Just an Inadvertence?

What if not a Clear Grit sheet  
In the country thought it meet,  
To remark?—was it deceit?  
No, just Inadvertence.

Speakers certainly must know  
Governments should not do so,  
Ask you why he took it, though?  
Oh, by Inadvertence!

Why he is not on the way  
Back his ill-got cash to pay,  
Silent keeps—I cannot say.  
Must be Inadvertence.

Cash goes carelessly about  
To supporters, there's no doubt,  
Don't tell this—I let it out  
Just by Inadvertence.

## Grip Reminds the Corporation.

GRIP was aware that a sense of their misdeeds had for a moment penetrated the city fathers. He has been made acquainted with the fact that, struck by the remonstrances of GRIP, they had ordered a proper number of suits of sackcloth, and had given directions to MR. COATS-WORTH to deposit a few loads of dust and ashes in the Council Chamber, in readiness for the next meeting. But they have again backslidden. Nearly every one of them, though considering his neighbour's grab must be stopped, is trying to get his own little project through. Now GRIP would simply say to these dear friends of his that word is going round the city that no man in the Council of '76 must ever get in again; and he would also inform them that legal opinions are being obtained as to whether they cannot be indicted, not as a corporation, but as citizens, for waste of money intrusted to their charge, with a view to have it *recouped* from the pockets of those who have squandered it.

## Difference of a Letter.

The London *Advertiser* calls each picnic the political orgy of the week.

"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee small difference we see,  
But it's odd how every "organ" does come down on each "orgy."  
And there's no doubt the picnickers are causing quite a panic,  
For each they hold is followed by disturbances "organic."

## Scene at Ottawa.

## The Meeting of the Ministers.

MR. MACKENZIE:—(solus)—He suld be here the noo. He aye suld be where he isna (*Enter Blake from journey.*) Gude day, Maister BLAKE. I am happy to see ye arrivit. Ye're name ower early, considering the condection of affairs.

MR. BLAKE:—I trust all is well. Opinion in England is strongly in favour of our Administration.

MR. MACKENZIE:—Opeenyan in England! Nae doot! They'll shout for a' folk wha'll let their gudes in by a Free Trade system. I was gowden opeenyan there mysel'. Ye suld hae heard the chiefti ap-laudin' awa' at Dundee. But opeenyan here's anither affair.

MR. BLAKE:—I hope the Opposition do not find Protection so very popular.

MR. MACKENZIE:—Popular, mon! The country's joost red-wud to hae it. Sir JONE and a' these ither Tory creatures do naething but rin about tae picnics, mak speeches, and tak ovations! A pairlect treecum-phil tower he's gane through the lan! Baith Ontarios gane, notwithstanding I yellit mysel' clean out o' a' poor o' speech during the week preceding. I haena been sae hoarse since I hault stane wi' oxen. Majorities in Glengarry an' Sooth Wellington reduct by thousands! Think o't, mon; think o't.

MR. BLAKE:—Under what circumstances can he hope a majority?

MR. MACKENZIE:—In case a deesolution occurrit.

MR. BLAKE:—And is such an event probable?

MR. MACKENZIE:—Mon, the Yerl wad grant ane on the slightest pre-tense. He wad hae likit gey weel tae hae keepit Sir JONE in, scandal or nane. He kens Sir JONE willna protect against England, gin he can but descreeminate.

MR. BLAKE:—It is, my respected colleague, at such supreme moments as these that we feel the consolations which reason gives, and philosophy bestows. Doubly and trebly consolatory, in such a time, is our ability to rejoice that we have followed the beautiful admonition of the poet—the bard of your native land:—

Tell aye your story fair and free  
In terms baith kind and canny—  
But keep a little to yerse!  
Ye never tell to ony.

MR. MACKENZIE:—(aside)—I never yet kennit him quote poetry but he chaingit his course and swallowit his words next morn. What deebolic manoeuvre can he be plannin' the noo?

MR. BLAKE:—Yes, sweet as the shore to the tempest-tossed, as the brooks to the thirsty, now flows over my grateful mind the soothing remembrance that I have never opposed Protection!

MR. MACKENZIE:—That's it. Ye deevil! I kennit! I knew! Ye wad throw us over an' coalesce! Ye wad—ye, the Coalition de-nouncer!

MR. BLAKE:—My friend, the grand course of time stands not still; the spheres of the universe check not their destined career. They advance; we also advance; following still the path of light, gaining knowledge ever as we go. At a former stage I opposed Coalitions; now, in the broader day of later time, my purified vision beholds their uses, and acknowledge their excellencies. What is life but a Coalition—a succession of Coalitions?—from the time when the bread and butter Coal-escences in our infantile list, till we agree to Coalesce, till death do sever, with some Sweet Being of the opposite sex! And why not with some powerful member of the opposite party? No, should the vain scoff, or the shallow object,

"Then wait me to the harbour mouth  
Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky."

MR. MACKENZIE:—Eh!—hark to that, noo! I tell't ye. And what do ye propose for me, Maister BLAKE?

MR. BLAKE:—With all intentions to oblige—all wishes to accommodate—I doubt, unless you could accept Protection—

MR. MACKENZIE:—Na! I stiek to my colours, Master B. But ye wad see me providit for?

MR. BLAKE:—The Conservative needs are many, and the spoils are few. But from the steel rails, you know, it is requir'd that—

MR. MACKENZIE:—Steel rails! No a penny, sir. Ye ken't weel, ye fause heepocreet! I'll gar ye as gude! (*rushes forward in a pugil-istic style*)—

MR. BLAKE:—(in his most terrific attitude; his eye glaring; his voice resounding)—What!—Is it me, fresh from the winds that cool me native Donnybrook? Get out o' that, ye shpalpeen, or I'll be shwapin' the floor in two seckinds wid your Scotch carcass! Whoo-o-o-o-o-o!—(*rushes forward, chases out Mackenzie, locks door and sits down*)—[In calm tones.]—Thus from his way the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Statesman thrusts the Forgotten Obstacle of the Past, and revolves in calm seclusion the Glorious Course of the Future! What shall we say to Sir JOHN?

[Scene closes]