

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. HARNABY 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, SAUTRDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY, 1878.]

The Difference.

Good times, all said, would surely be
When BLAKE got in the Ministry,
Alas, that yet we've cause to shout
They may come, now we've got him out.

Mr. Blako's Retirement.

"He abandoned office,"—said the *Globe*.
"Lest it should abandon him," said the *Mail*.
"His associates finding themselves abandoned"—said the *Globe*.
"We always told them they were," said the *Mail*.
"I say," said the *Globe*, "he was obliged to retire from—"
"The company of a set of contracting members, place-hunting Ministers, promisers out of office, non-fulfillers in," said the *Mail*.
"From illness," said the *Globe*, "and finding himself utterly unable to—"
"Bear any longer with the greediness and incapacity of those who surrounded him,"—said the *Mail*.
"Unable to fulfil the arduous duties of a most responsible office," said the *Globe*, "in which he had been of the greatest service to the country—"
"To the amount of several candle ends," said the *Mail*.
"And finding it utterly impossible to—" said the *Globe*.
"Remain in the company of a gang of persons denominated a Cabinet, who had recklessly determined again to choose an illegal Speaker," said the *Mail*.
"Impossible to attend to Departmental management, and the carrying out of his splendid international law improvements,"— said the *Globe*.
"Which the British crown lawyers called all humbug, as no doubt they were," said the *Mail*.
"He has retired from public life until the period when—" said the *Globe*.
"When he can find more reputable associates," said the *Mail*.
"The period when he finds his health sufficiently re-established, and is able to join—" said the *Globe*.
"To join a Ministry all of whose sins he will not be compelled to bear the weight of on the strength of his own honesty and capability, which are very doubtful qualities in this case after all," said the *Mail*.
"To join again the greatest, noblest, most capable, most honest, most disinterested excellent, patriotic, and admirable government that ever existed—(because they support my friends the importers)," said the *Globe*.
"The most vile, worthless, corrupt, ignominious caricature of a simulacrum of a Government that ever was suffered to exist by a foolish people, (because they stand in my friends' way to office)" replied the *Mail*.
"But I have wandered away from BLAKE," said the *Globe*.
"On the contrary, it is he who has wandered away from you," said the *Mail*.
"But next year, it is to be hoped," said the *Globe*, "he will take office again, under—"
"Sir JOHN MACDONALD: "and we could make something of him," said the *Mail*.
At least they might have carried on such a conversation, if either of the humbugs had one-eighth enough wit in their composition, says GRIP.

A Medical Question.

"I guess stranger," remarked the Down Easter to the fervid Milesian by his side, "you haint no 'spepsy in Ireland?"
"And swhy shouldn't we thin?" asked PAT. "Do yez think yez have a patint av it?"
"Calculate they don't stuff much thar," returned Yank. "Ska'sity and 'spepsy don't travel together, not nohow."
"Och, thin, it's wondherful the ignorance av some folks, so it is," said PAT. "Sure in Eighteen Hundred and forty-sivin there was nigh a million died av it in ould Ireland."
"Of 'spepsy?" asked the D. E. staring.
"Av indigestion; the same thing, darlin'," said PAT.

REFLECTION.—Passing through Canada on R. R.—Still on the wings of steam I fly, from pincery to pincery.

The Weather.

Now, my love, let us into the garden repair,
And inhale the mild breath of the warm winter air,
That the age is progressing is easy to see,
When our summer's extending through February.

All the old style of weather is over and past,
And in future the summer all winter shall last,
And our grumbling old farmers shall grumble no more,
For they'll reap twice a year, 'stead of once as before.

How delightful will be all the new fashioned ways!
Hang the skates up as relics—put wheels on the sleighs,
And our furs shall all into a mission fund go
For the good of our friend the still-cold Esquimaux.

Some old men there'll yet be, who shall tell us aghast,
How there used to be ice in the days of the past,
"From the Indies we get it; but yet on my word,
We'd it here 'fore the great change of climate occurred."

And our land shall be tropic, and out-doors we'll rove,
And we'll pull down our houses, and live in a grove,
Have a nice open temple, perhaps, where you'll see
GRIP rejoicing in roses next February.

The Friend of Humanity.

He was tall of stature, large of frame, seedy of apparel, grim of visage, determined of eye, and the bearer of a satchel. He knocked at the door of GRIP, and in fact he entered it, and meeting the approaching lunkey with an air which thoroughly convinced that functionary that it was Dr. TUPPER come to save the country, or the Sultan of Turkey come to save himself, he calmly turned into GRIP's private apartment, and looking that potentate in the eye with a concentrated force which would have transfixed any other optic, gently elevated his right hand, waved it, and remarked, in a manner addressed to the world in general, but taking into especial confidence the bust of CICERO on the mantle, and culminating towards GRIP in particular:—

"You have it."
"Haben, hab'es," answered GRIP, "And in order to fulfil the Anglization or Africanization of the last word, hab yours. Take your ease. Sit down."

"I have not a moment," said the visitor.
"When you came in," said GRIP, reflectively, "you had several, which you have since lost. If you have, or which is the same thing, are going to have no more, which undertaker do you prefer?"

"Sir," returned the Unknown solemnly, "you treat the subject of my visit with too much lightness."

"I wish you would treat it with a little light," said GRIP, with that instantaneous flash of scintillating repartee which has rendered his name famous throughout Christendom, and even penetrated the interior of China, as the orthodox RAINSFORD remarked the other day when breakfasting with him. GRIP considered it a missionary experience, and was delighted. Alas, that incorrigible joker had only found a cartoon in the sugar bowl. But to the Visitor. He said again, "You have it!"

"Admitting a point on which you appear decided," answered GRIP, "may I ask in the words of BARNUM "What is it?" and in those of BULWER "What will I do with it?"

"Sir," returned the Personage, tragically, "the question at issue rather is, 'What will it do with You?'"

The woe of the celebrated GRIP is never to be annoyed, and his forte is never to be alarmed. But a sensation of chilliness seemed creeping down his spine, and he experienced a wavering of the knees. With a mighty effort he threw it off, and but that the Unknown went rapidly into explanations, he should have gone similarly out of the room.

"You have," he said, "the taint of Scrofula. That dreadful disorder is rooted in your system. Its symptoms, now almost unobservable, are yet as plain to me as the obelisk of CLEOPATRA sticking out of Knightsbridge Hill. As certainly as I see it, I know its course. It cannot stop. The fearful disease is in your blood. The monster is at work. Within a short time your whole surface will break into frightful ulcers, which will change your entire existence into a misery perhaps yet unexperienced—unequaled in the world. Your days will be of unmingled wretchedness—your nights unalleviated woe. The pains of the damned will rack your every joint. The tortures of Phalaris were nothing to it. Death alone can relieve you from its dreadful hand—Death, or I, I, in this satchel, carry the antidote. One gross of my unparalleled Scrofula Pills, and a thousand of my patent surface applications, and—"

GRIP rose, and left. In a moment he returned, rolling before him a small black cask, labelled "Gunpowder—Beware!" His eyes glared demoniacally. A small fuse attached, was burning brightly. "It explodes in forty seconds," said GRIP, leaving the room.

Though he re-entered immediately, the Unknown was not there. From the window, he and his satchel were visible, flying through the front gate. GRIP shut the door, pulled the fuse out of his cider barrel, and rolled it again into the pantry.