

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, 11TH JANUARY, 1879.

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

The Opening of the Local House.

"The business of Ontario can as well be conducted by the different County Councils, as by the Local Legislature."—*Country Paper.*

Don't tell me of abolishing, and totally demolishing
The "Local," we'd look smallish when each winter we would miss
The Guards on gay steeds prancing, the Artillery advancing,
And the riflemen and redcoats! It's just splendid, so it is!

We would miss the Gov'nor's carriage, which the vandals would dis-
parage,
And the coachman in his livery, and the footman all so grand,
It's a sight to see him driving up His Honour and contriving
To guide the fiery horses, as he holds them four in hand.

We would miss the smiling faces and the charming airs and graces,
Of the ladies in the "Chamber" when the Gov'nor makes his bow;
And the Colonels and the Majors, and the rest of the old stagers,
And the *Aide de Camp* so dashing, we can't do without them now.

We would miss the noise and bangin' of Major GRAY'S big cannon,
And the gunner in his Busby with the rammer in his hand,
And Colonel OTTER mounted and officers uncounted,
And we'd also miss the music of the gallant Queen's Own band.

Then away with false economy, crude notions of autonomy,
Don't speak of County Councils, of your village Solons wise,
Your Municipal Meetings with their little frauds and cheatings,
Your cross-road school house caucuses I totally despise.

A fig for the depression, we yet will have our session,
"The heart that ne'er rejoices" is like that of frightened mouse,
You can bet your bottom dollar, I'll take off my hat and holler,
Till I burst my paper collar at the opening of the House!

The Rencontre.

It happened—(the lakes between the Dominion of GRIP and those of UNCLE SAM being frozen over)—which is of annual occurrence, as every London editor or other equally educated person knows—that GRIP, who is an adept at all exercises, ordered his attendants to bring his skating apparatus. His skates, his fur boots, his seal-skin pelisse and sable cap (the one with the \$5,000,000 diamond in front) being brought on four large silver salvers by four gorgeous footmen, he was soon equipped, and parting like a flash from Northern shores, soon found himself half way across Ontario, when he was aware of a personage approaching.

The person was tall, of an aquiline nose, keen eye, and long swinging arms. He wore no furs, but a swallow-tail coat, plug hat, trousers too short, and top boots. In his mouth was a cigar of amazing size. He skated towards GRIP with great rapidity and stopping suddenly, remarked without removing his cigar,

"Wall!"

"Sir," returned GRIP, executing an amazing figure on the ice to avoid overturn.

"Yew," returned the stranger, "air GRIP. I know yew by yeur pictur."

"You, Sir," flashed back GRIP, with the instantaneous rapidity of that Great Personage, "are my BROTHER JONATHAN, and my UNCLE SAM. I know you by the similarity to the drawings I have made of you."

"Let us liquor," said U.S.

"I have no vices," replied GRIP.

"Then heow in thunder dew yew give so many ad-vices? asked B.J.

"In my capacity of Viceroy, Sir," replied GRIP.

"Jest so, the Murkis late arrove bein' only for shew, like," answered the other, "I am here, Sir—"

"I allow it," answered GRIP, gracefully.

"Don't be so all-fired quick," retorted the interlocutor. "I am here ter send ter Canady my Christmas congratulations. That young Dominion hez come out. She hez made a step. She hez stepped out from the

effete monarchies: she hez snapped inter fragments the crumblin relics of Eu-ro-pean tradishun, she hez splintered into eternal kindlin the rotten fabric of Eu-ro-pean free trade. She hez done well. Her name shall shine like the everlastin galaxy deown the path of centries yet ter cum, and she shall take her stand on the lofty pinnacle of American exaltation, side by side with the glitterin bird of freedom and the blazin genius of liberty, and scream in thunder sounds, echoin from peak ter peak tu all eternity her mortal defiance of the nations yet unborn. Here is a glorious futur—her tremenjis path flashes threw the storm and hurricane like iled lightnin threw a knot-hole. She shall be a success, if—"

"If what?" asked GRIP.

His expression sank, his eye was less bright, his high hat drooped. "If," he said in subdued tones, "if she knocks caucuses, nominations, wirepullers, and all that derned lot sky-high, kicks party sappeads outer office and puts her knowin one ter the front, she shall."

He turned and skated off with such velocity that—but description fails.

Paddocks and Preserves.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

SCENE. *Mansion on Crescent—Time 1 a.m. Tuesday Morning. Mrs. JOHN FITZ BEVERLY BUDGE sitting in parlour in front of expiring fire, en dishabille.*

Mrs. B.—Dear me, what possibly has become of FITZ BEVERLY? Where can he be? If he were not one of the domesticated and strictly regular of men, I would entertain fears that he had joined that horrid U.E. Club, which he was almost persuaded to do by that odious Mr. LARKYNS, and possibly would have done so had I not unildly admonished him for thinking of such a thing. Heigh ho! (*Yawns*) but business I suppose, business must be attended to. He told me last week they were about to take stock in the warehouse. Poor fellow he must be almost—Hark! what's that? (*Rises, goes to window and sees three men staggering up steps singing "It's a great institution that's over the Don"—Whoop la! Two of them go away—the third is J. F. B. BUDGE.*)

FITZ B.—(*Outside*)—"It's a great institut—Open the door! I—whoop!—can't find the (*hic*) handle.

Mrs B. opens door. Enter FITZ B.

FITZ B.—H'lo MARIAR, 's that you? thought you was in bed—(*hic*)—It's a great insti—(*hic*)—was a mazzer, old girl? go (*hic*) to bed, don't want supper—had supper—bet yer life—had good supper—(*hic*)—It's a great Institution that's over the (*hic*)—whoop! was a mazzer wish me? hooray.

Mrs. B.—(*Aghast*)—Well, upon my word, Sir! If any one would have told me—but never mind! (*Tearfully*) JOHN FITZ BEVERLY BUDGE if you have a gleaming ray of self respect left in you, if you do not want me to fall at your feet a hopeless maniac; nay, if you wish me not to return to my father's house in Yorkville—happy home which you induced me with your false flattering tongue to leave, and become your wife, and the wretched and blighted being you now behold, explain your disgusting, brutal and most infamous conduct to-night!

FITZ B.—H'lo, was a mazzer, M'RIAR?

Mrs. B.—Explain, monster! explain, or I leave this roof this night for ever!

FITZ B.—Needn't get mad M'R. 's all right. Ye see (*hic*) to-day 'slection day—not this day (*hic*) you know—yesterday 'lection day—went to the polls like a (*hic*) man. (*Fiercely*) I go in for 'semption! BEATY, you know—CLOSE told me that (*hic*) MANNING said paddocks and lawns sh'd be 'sempted, I go in for paddock 'semption' (*hic*) church 'semption, (*supraoiously*) I tell you I go in for 'semption of (*hic*) everything. Say M'RIA you ought hear JOE BANKS at the R'yl. It's a great institution that's over the—Hoop! Hooray! (*Tumbles through fire screen, kicks aquarium into fernery as he falls, and goes to sleep on a cactus plant.*)

Mrs. B.—My father's a Q.C. By all the powers,

He'll move for my divorce e'er many hours!

Tableau—Curtain.

A Proclamation.

Whereas Our Parliament of Canada stands Prorogued to the Eighth day of the month of February next, NEVERTHELESS, for certain causes and considerations, We have thought fit further to prorogue the same to THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of the month of FEBRUARY next, so that neither you, nor any of you on the said EIGHTH day of FEBRUARY next at our City of Ottawa to appear are to be held and constrained: for WE DO WILL THAT you and each of you, be as to Us, in this matter, entirely exonerated: commanding, and by the tenor of these Presents, enjoining you, and each of you, and all others in this behalf interested, that on THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of the month of FEBRUARY next, at Our City of OTTAWA aforesaid, personally you be and appear, for the DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our said Parliament of Canada, by the Common Council of Our said Dominion, may, by the favour of God, be ordained.—*Canada Gazette.*

All, every and the whole (*hic*) of which verbosity, circumlocution, and stilted redundancy, means, implies, indicates, intimates, proclaims, and gives notice, that Parliament is to meet on the Thirteenth of February for the despatch of the N.P. Elephant and to do the usual treating.