

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, 15TH MARCH, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

To Correspondents.

LORD LOVEL—Please favour us with your address.

"The Wake."

NOT having NED FARRAR on his staff, GRIP makes no attempt to supplement this week's Cartoon with a letter-press description of a rare old Irish Wake. Comment is unnecessary, anyhow. The picture tells the story of how the "corpse" of the beloved TEDDY BLAKE began to manifest symptoms of new life, and the joy which that revival spread amongst the members of the party. GRIP has only to crave the pardon of the light-hearted genius of Hibernia for having desecrated her great institution of the Wake with the presence of so many alien Scotchmen and other outsiders.

The Destruction of the Opposition.

Written after BYRON and to be read after the Budget Speech.

The Budget came down like a wolf on the fold,
And TILLEY was gleaming in purple and gold,
And the House was as crowded a crowd as could be,
As he grandly unfolded the graceful N.P.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT that morning were seen;
But the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown
Were more like those Grits when great TILLEY was done.

For the Tariff announced had been planned with such art,
That it pleased every Province and interest apart;
And the hopes of the critics waxed deadly and chill,
And their tongues failed to wag, and forever grew still!

And there lay D. MILLS, with his speech by his side,
And his figures and facts scattered 'round far and wide;
And ANGLIN sprawled too, like a whale in the surf,
And gasped out despairingly, "Thunder and turf!"

And the *Globe* and the organs are loud in their wail,
For G. B. is "bust" in his temple of Baal;
Thus the critical acumen we were to see
Has found not a flaw in the glorious N.P.!

The Gulf which has Opened at Bow Park.

Enter the Hon. G. B., to him the Hon. Mr. MILLS.

HON. G. B.—How are ye the day? Have ye heirit o' the awfu' occurrence at Bow Park?

HON. MR. MILLS.—No. What has happened?

HON. G. B.—Mon, ye are to ken I was, as but natural, disappointit a wee wi the deesenclenation o' the Council tae pass the Frontage Act, whilk is a maist necessary measure. Sae, I happenit tae stamp ma foot wi some vehemence doon on the soil, and lo, a hail acre o' land sank near a hunner feet, giein me bare time tae win aff't. Mon, I was ne'er sae slevit in ma born days. Gin I had deesappereit whaur wad the country hae gaen?

HON. MR. MILLS.—My dear sir! Oh, my dear sir! Eureka! I have found it! Oh, Eureka!—(Strikes attitude and holds up both his hands.)

HON. G. B.—What does the donnert creature mean? Ye hae fand it? Gin ye mean the acre, ye haena, for it lees at the bottom o' the pit, sauf and soond, only we canna get doon till't, and faith I wadna like tae for fear it wad drop through wi' me. Ye may gang doon gin ye like.

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, think not of acres. Consider the calamities of your country, bleeding under a Protective administration—the defeat of Reform—the woes of CARTWRIGHT—the miseries of MACKENZIE—the multitudinous wrongs of oppressed and injured Grits. Sir, not for one moment denying that if I had been Premier, all had been safe, I scorn to recount private griefs, when such public woes occur, as might well drive me to bring the whole resources of Philosophy to my aid, rush dreadful on my foes, and the whole extended landscape incarnadine with

their sanguineous and expiring gore. That I could do it is easily demonstrated. As X plus Y squared to the extracted parallel of B cube, any school boy can see that; and then remembering the defeat of SYLLA and MARIUS by the Trojans under ALEXANDER THE GREAT, shows also I have history on my side.—(G. B. stares, but is rather impressed by the parade of authorities.)—Yes, my dear sir, what I have said irrefragably proves that the great moment has arrived,—the day of prophecy has come. A second gulf has now opened at our Capitol—or the residence of our real leader—the same thing. What does it mean? What? What? The eye of the philosopher at once sees that another CURTIUS is demanded—the point of opening shows it is yourself. My dear sir, the woes of Canada shall not cease till our CURTIUS leaps into the gulf!

HON. G. B.—Me! Prawcepceitate mysel doon the— Mon, ye are meestaken. I dinna deny the apparent seemelarity. But I dinna consider mysel ca'ed on—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, in the name of Philosophy, in the name of History, in the name of Metaphysics, I conjure you to save your country. You are not a knight—*eques*—but as a noble rustic, sir, were it myself, I would mount the best animal in my herd—your most magnificent bull, sir, and armed with a file of your trenchant weapon the *Globe*, I would dare the frightful leap, and as the gulf closed, my voice should be heard chanting my loud contempt of the annihilation which brought salvation to Canada. Do it! Great sir, I implore you, do it and save us all!

HON. G. B.—I alloo some ane suld perhaps—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, I rejoice you perceive, in the name of Canada I rejoice!

HON. G. B.—But it suldna be mysel. That wad be flecin' in the face o' heestory. CURTIUS was'na the leader; moreover, he was a younger mon o' great acquisitions, and well acquaint wi heestory and feelosophy. A' things, Maister MILLS, declare ye the mon. Come wi me tae Bow Park this constant, (*seizes the Philosopher in giant hand.*)

HON. MR. MILLS.—(trembling.)—No, sir. It is not I. Besides I have an engage.—(*breaks loose, and was last seen running like mad toward Bothwell.*)

The Session is Done.

A Monologue: after LONGFELLOW—(a considerable distance)—spoken on the evening of Tuesday March 11th, 1879.

The Session is done, and the members
Fly from the city to-night;
When each man has grabbed his allowance
He takes to a speedy flight.

I see the desks all empty,
Each well-known form is missed,
And a feeling of dryness comes o'er me
That I know I cannot resist;

A feeling of dryness and longing
That never comes on in vain,
And resembles sentiment only
As lager resembles champagne.

Come, read me the Votes and Proceedings
In a simple and touching way,
Just to soothe my restless feelings
While the waiter is filling the tray.

Read me the buncombe amendments,
That formed so large a part
Of the Opposition thunder,
And almost broke my heart.

For through afternoons of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
I heard the left propounding
Their schemes for Paring Cheese.

I knew that each vote was a humbug,
Each motion was only a snare,
But I had to call in the members,
And put clap-traps from the chair.

Then order again our refreshments,
The fluids of thy choice,
And lend to the call of the bell rope,
The music of thy voice.

And this night, at least, we'll have leisure,
For buncombe is over to-day:
We have done with the Cheese Paring motions,
Whose echoes are dying away.

If the reporters at Ottawa occupy the gallery, we presume the members are in the Perquette, and the ladies in the Dress Circle, while the N.P. Elephant is in the Pit—and not likely to get out either.