

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Trust is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 7TH DECEMBER, 1878.

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

"Clamouring for the Fancy Doll."

GRIP has depicted a domestic scene which he imagines to be going on just now in the humble dwelling of Mrs. BROWN, the guardian of the little Reform party. Judging from the general tone of the Liberal newspapers, the wee lassie has begun to grow tired of the little everyday doll she calls MACKENZIE, and to clamour for the more gay and beautiful one known as BLAKE. Mrs. BROWN, however, like a good, faithful guardian as she is, reproves this fickleness of temper, exclaiming "Hoot-toot, ye hizzie, be content wi' this ane; yon's only for ornament!" The fact that the BLAKE doll is kept in a glass case proves that it is intended to be admired but not handled; and Mrs. BROWN knows very well that if she allowed the youngster to have her will, that rare doll would soon be broken up. The MACKENZIE one is far better adapted for scuffing around with; it has stood rough usage now for many years, and proved a good, serviceable plaything. Let the newspapers of the country support the good old lady in this unhappy crisis, and assist her to impress upon the mind of the discontented little party that it will be better to keep Mr. BLAKE as a brilliant ornament in the House than to put him into the place now occupied by Mr. MACKENZIE.

Home from the Ball.

Well, thank goodness, it's a blessing that we're all safe home again, Railway travelling's so distressing, especially by the midnight train; When I think of all it cost us, since the time we took the cars Till your blessed father lost us on that wretched *Champ de Mars*, Seeking for the railway station taking us from Montreal, It makes me cry with fair vexation thinking of the Governor's Ball!

When we landed such a crowd was in the city from all parts, Our baggage seized upon by rowdies and dragged despite us into carts, Loud *sacres* of French cab drivers did effectually drown Our voices,—these with shouts of divers, savage "Greeks" from Griffin-town.

In course of time we reached the Windsor to find it full in every flat, The porter said "You can't come in sir," to poor papa—just think of that! When asked by pa if he could show us the way to find some good hotel The brute (of course he did not know us) then told papa to go to—well

An awful place, a vulgar tavern, I won't forget it to my grief, A "free and easy" cave or cavern—the hostelry of one JOE KEEF. Of course we couldn't think of staying in such a house;—at last we found A place of refuge, we conveying our trunks four stories over ground.

All these mishaps we suffered calmly hoping in the "festive scenes And halls of dazzling light" a balmy solace, so in happy dreams, Dreams that shewed us in perspective pleasures we'd have one and all, We slept contented, waived invective, looking forward to the ball.

I little thought of what we'd suffer from your father's *gaucheries*, Taking some old liveried duffer for the charming young Marquis, "Duffer": yes the word is horrid, but when pa made him his best bow, I felt my very face grow torrid—I see him with that funkey now!

AMANDA JANE soon got the dolefuls sitting by the frescoed wall, Called the men who passed her "old fools"—the ladies frights and minx's all;

For myself I was neglected altogether, 'twas too bad! And I thought my ears detected someone call AUGUSTUS "cad."

When 'twas over and we started pale and weary in the morn, Mourning for our hopes departed to be *en famille* with LORD LORNE, And take position in high places, also our hopes had such a fall, Departed with our airs and graces lost upon the Gov'nor's Ball!

Partridges are among the things that whirl—*Boston Transcript*. Yes; and ventilators are among the things that air.—*Graphic*. Yes, and horns are among the things that be.—*Detroit Free Press*. So are hogs among the things that 'am.—*London Advertiser*. And pork is amongst the things that should have bean.

Political "Go Bangle."

We quote this from the London *Free Press*:

The London *World* invokes attention to a new game for winter evenings. It is played by three people. She sits in a big arm chair opposite the fire, divides the whole dozen of little silver bracelets she wears, and then holds up one white arm—finger pointing to the ceiling. You and the other fellow take half a dozen circles apiece, retire to opposite corners of the fireplace, and throw them, quoit-like at the up-lifted finger. A good *discobolus* sends them rattling down on the arm with a pretty musical clink, and a duffer sends them on the floor and has to pick them up; and she laughs. Of course the best man wins; and there are prizes—I saw it played beautifully last week, says the editor, and it is called "Go Bangle."

Delightful! Now, why can't we adopt this in a political sense? Let Miss CANADA hold up her beautiful white arm, with finger pointing to high prices, and let the Manufacturers' Association (every member would be a first class *discobolus*) have fun throwing their "rings" into position. We might call it the N. P. Bangle.

Our Little Lamb.

Toronto has a little LAMB,
Whose word is white as snow,
And every time contractors fleece
This LAMB is sure to know.

He followed up a case one day
On Yonge Street Avenue,
And soon before the County Judge
He'll make some folks look blue.

Scene at Ottawa.

SIR JOHN. TUPPER.

SIR JOHN.—Well this is jolly. Come, TUPPER; do be sociable. Draw up to the fire. This port is splendid.

TUPPER.—That port's no safe harbour for you, SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN.—Nonsense. After winning such a victory, can't a fellow enjoy himself? \$7,000 a year! Only think of it!

TUPPER.—Come, come. Can we keep it? We didn't win the victory. You know who got us our majority and how you wouldn't give him anything.

SIR JOHN.—Rascal wouldn't take anything but a hand in managing—told me so. Now, you know the fix we're in; what things we've got to do. Could I let a fellow like that, who won't budge an inch from his cussed path of honour, in to see all our tricks?

TUPPER.—Well, if we had to do anything tough to please some one who might tell tales (and there's plenty) I suppose he'd have resigned.

SIR JOHN.—That minute. No, no. But don't you suppose he won't hit us hard, for he will. Don't care. May take Ontario from us; don't care. Run the Administration in spite of Ontario many years in my time, TUPPER, my boy. Do it again.

TUPPER.—Don't know. Mind SHAKESPEARE:

"Many a battle have I won in France,
When that the enemy hath been five to one."

But he couldn't do it in England, and you can't run Canada as you used to. Where you will stick, SIR JOHN, is here. There are clever fellows—smarter than any of our crowd—starting up here and there, fellows willing to spend time and money for the good of their country, hang 'em. Will TILLEY get us any cash?

SIR JOHN.—TILLEY? Wait till he gets it! Long time to wait, my boy.

TUPPER.—Then why—

SIR JOHN.—Why send him? A biind, my boy. It was part of our discarded friend's policy. I sat behind him and listened to a speech he put it in—didn't tell the plan for getting it—know he had one. Never mind—sent TILLEY—tell folks have to take English opinion—get word back lend us money if we give up Protection—N. P. knocked on head then—no more bother. Or if not, gain time—get a session over—king may die, ass may die, I may die. Hooray! Take some more wine.

TUPPER.—I suppose we're safe for a year, anyway?

SIR JOHN.—(*drinks*).—Look here, old fellow. If I don't know National Policy, I know a thing or two anyway. There's a Conservative House (*drinks*) coming here, (*drinks*) Conshervative Howsh, I shay, Conshervative Howsh. Comsh to shport Shir JOHNS MACDONALDISH. Shposh I bringsh in Billsh compellingsh all Canadiansh (except Howsh) to get alsh their backs teethsh drawsh, shposh Howsh not shport me?

TUPPER.—No, they wouldn't.

SIR JOHN.—Conshervativsh Howsh! They wouldsh; they wouldsh (*itches TUPPER out and goes to sleep on sofa*).

GRIP is sorry to lose Mr. M. C. CAMERON from public life, not only because that honourable gentleman has an easily drawn face and a characteristic goatee, but also because he is one of the limited number of our public men whom GRIP sincerely respects. May he live long to adorn his new position.