

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The grubest Beast is the Ass: the grubest Bird is the Owl;
The grubest Fish is the Oyster: the grubest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 5TH JANUARY, 1878.

Twinklings.

Reporters do a credit business—they take notes.

"To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, essayist, geographer, statistician and encyclopediac," says TALMAGE. He might have added that one must have a fair knowledge of the shear-manipulating art and be able to brew good paste.

The Vision.

There is a period to all things, and there was to GRIP'S Christmas dinner. If you will take roast beef, and turkey, and celery sauce, and rabbit pie, and plumb pudding, and trifle, and cheese, and port, sherry, claret, Roman punch, and coffee, in sufficient quantities, there will be one to yours, and it is not unlikely that what happened to that renowned individual may happen to you. What Was That?

He Went to Sleep.

He Had a Vision.

This Was It:—

The people of the Earth deployed before him as they would do, or as they should do, during the New Year. At first, it was a dreadful picture. Quarrels, riots, disturbances, wars, famines, miseries of every kind mingled with horrid uproar. Turks and Russians slew one another in the region of the great war; Austria and Prussia, France and England, each fully armed, stood with hand on sword, expectant each moment to join the fray. Republicans and Democrats, Hard Money and Paper Base. Men in the States were ready to fly at each other's throats. In Canada, Free Trader and Protectionist were tooth and nail; Orange and Green were anxiously waiting to pitch in. Everywhere was nothing but clamour, bloodshed, spite, hatred, and destruction.

He Looked Again.

A mighty change had occurred. Turk and Russian had made it up, sworn everlasting friendship, buried the dead, fixed up the wounded, and were rebuilding the villages. The Great Powers had given up all thought of war. Something had occurred which put them in such good humor as rendered combat impossible for a length of time. The Great United Statesmen had united in earnest and were having a gin cocktail. Archbishop Lynch was giving his benediction to the Grand Master, and JOHN A. was clasped in MACKENZIE'S arms, while CARTWRIGHT and TUPPER were frantically drinking each other's health in the distance.

What Was the Cause?

The Nations Looked at GRIP.

He Had Done It.

"I will agree to do it regularly," said that distinguished personage, "for \$2 a year each."

He Had sent them his last volume.

The Vision Closed.

The Skating Rink.

At last a look of happiness
Comes on a face which you may guess.
It needn't take you long to think,
The man who owns the skating rink.

November came; upon his knees,
He prayed for frost; it wouldn't freeze,
December—still there was no ice,
He made remarks which were not nice.

In vain his hose did nightly pour
The water on the level floor,
While at thermometer he stared,
With eye in which a fury glared.

Last night there came a little snow,
And frost—it surely will not go.
But if it should, and then again,
Oh, woe to the rink-owning men.

In his wet rink will each him drown?
Or will he mudily leave the town,
And desperate off on railway roll,
To open rinks at the North Pole?

The Novelist.

Amelia:

How thrilling are the tales
The glorious fiction-carpenter turns out!
A spring that never fails
Is he—a most entrancing waterspout!
I sit and quaff and dream,
And revel in his conjurations bright—
He brings on sentiment by steam,
And is, in fact, intoxicating quite!

MOURNFUL NOTE BY GRIP:

Ah, couldst thou see him now, confiding maiden,
Mixing his cock-tail in the gay saloon,
In truth, though with less romance, couldst thou say then:
He is a most intoxicating coon.

A Hymn of Fire.

What the Insurance Promoter said to his Conscience.

"Tell me not, with dire prediction,
Mine is an ill-fated scheme,
Shares subscribed a pleasing fiction,
Prospercluses not what they seem.

Cash is real; notes are earnest
Of the cash that shall come in;
To contributors returnest
Surplus cash?" Nay—that's too thin.

Not security, not surplus,
Is our destined end or aim,
But to swell returns, get business,
Part stock, part mutual is the game.

Cheek is strong, and dash is sweeping;
And if hearts are hard and brave,
Agents bold, the risks up-heaping,
For a while we'll dodge our grave.

In this land the field is ample;
Fame's my first aim—second, pelf;
No man shall be my example,
I'm a law unto myself.

Future, say you? Shun the subject,
You'd chill a furnace with your dread;
We're a-goin' to gain our object,
Let dead comp'nies bury their dead.

The Stadacona was a jumble—
Its forerunner strained its luck—
And, before one fire to crumble,
The Provincial folks lacked pluck.

Don't remind me of the Beaver—
The Niagara's dying roar—
Canada Agricultural either—
Cease your croaking, you're a bore.

Ours shall live, shall soar like Eagle,
(Till I sell my shares, whate'er),
Make its title something Regal,
Hoist the Ensign in the air!

Lives of reckless men remind us
We can clear our skirts of crime,
Or levanting, leave behind us
In the annals of the time,
Hoofprints"

(The shade of his departed conscience gloomily here takes up the unfinished strain.)

Yea, Hoofprints in the dust that smothers
Whole communities in flame,
Which, forlorn and fire-wrecked brothers
Seeing, execrate your name.

Companies! be up and doing,
For no fair Utopia wait,
Rivalry excessive rueing,
With its evils still accruing.
Wise rules obeying, right pursuing,
Labour to maintain your rate.