

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. - Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned

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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, 1ST 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.

"H. M. S. Pinafore."

MR. PITOU is going to produce this most funny of operas at the Grand the week after next, with a first class company from New York, and GRIP, an equally enterprising manager, produces it to-day, *vide* his Cartoon. Let everybody go and see the opera, and then say if Mr. CARTWRIGHT does not make as excellent a Sir JOSEPH, as the gent from New York will be.

The Middle of Next Week.

BY JOHN A.

Only put us in—all right,
This depression we will fight,
Meet it, yes, as Greek meets Greek,
'Bout the middle of next week.

Stocks shall rise like any kite—
Business prospects glowing bright—
Poverty fly like a streak—
Just the middle of next week.

Farmers get more cash than in
In their sleighs can haul away—
Masters shall for workmen seek,
When?—Oh, middle of next week.

MR. CARTWRIGHT asks of me
When the Estimates will be
Ready, yes, confound his cheek,
I say—Middle of next week.

When they're through, if people should
Ask when the ensuing good
Will appear, I calmly speak,
"In the middle of next week."

Standing order it will be,
For all things but salary,
As for that, I fear we'd squeak
"Now, not middle of next week."

The Way the (Canadian) World is Governed.

BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

Present—The leader of a party, Honourables DOLDRUM, FUDGE, Sir CLEVER HUMBUG, GRAB, OILY, GAMMON, GREEDY, and others.

Hon. Mr. DOLDRUM.—Well, how are things to be this time? What's the cry?

Hon. Mr. FUDGE.—Oh, Protection this time, of course.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—What! But you know we used to be Free Traders. And my Province is emphatically Free Trade. Sir, I once roared for Free Trade till I materially injured my thorax. Yes, Sir. Had to go to Europe, Sir. Protection! How can I?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Allow me. My dear fellow. Allow me. All the clever fellows are going for it. Let me put to you a little fable—nursery fable. There were a lot of robbers. There were a lot of honest men. Public opinion turned against robbers. Lot of honest men killed lot of robbers, and were bringing all their heads to city in triumph. What do rest of robbers do? Run away? No! Lay wait, kill honest party, cut off heads, fetch both lots of heads home to city, get reputation of very honest men, killed immense lot of robbers; live happy ever after! See!

Hon. Mr. OILY.—My Province is Free Trade. I have in my time been Free Trade. How can I act contrary to it now? That is—well, what should I have to do?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Do? Finance Minister. Handle lots of money! Borrow vast quantities of cash! Have the spending?

Hon. Mr. OILY.—Considering all things, I believe that my Province can be best served by—if we must run Protection—my having the F.M. department. Done! Consider me a Protectionist.

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—I am quite willing to be one. But I must have my full \$8,000 a year. But I don't see—

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—I am also willing. Want \$8,000, and leave to appoint three hundred relatives and friends to office. But I don't see—

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—WHAT don't you see?

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—How to talk Protection.

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—How to speak on National Policy.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—What! Look at me (to Sir CLEVER)—What is my job?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Railways.

Hon. Mr. THUNDERMUG.—Give me the management of the Pacific—giving out contracts—handling cash—appointing friends—I'll undertake to shout Protection—or Greek—or Sanscrit. What have you to do? You need not talk. Myself, HUMBUG, and OILY, will do all the Protection talking. \$8,000 a year and pickings, and we will talk any policy the country calls for.

Hon. Mr. SOFTSOAP.—Gentlemen, we are all agreed on the propriety of talking anything, and doing anything, rather than let running the country slip out of our hands. I, myself—though policies I never could understand—will undertake to make folks believe I have been fed on them since childhood. But let me speak easily, softly, quietly to you. You know we never had luck in governing. The country always was very ill-managed under us. How are we to get a Policy, and to run it, who never could run anything successfully, as we know very well? Of course we'll do it. But how? My dear Sir CLEVER, the Prince of HUMBUG family, how is it to be done?

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Nothing more easy. I would suggest we keep to the old rule—"keep sharp men out." Ourselves will do the trick, and bag the salaries. I tell you beforehand there's no hope we shall run the policy successfully; but who's to know that, if the others get no chance? Not a cute individual shall get a show; not a sharp chap be brought forward. Good reason, they'd soon be too sharp for the old stagers. Here's our plan. Get as much out of them before the elections as possible, set 'em adrift after. Get a few of the lower order of 'em, who can be bribed with small places, to come down and tell us anything they know after we're in. Ask all the members what their sections want. Ask everybody what he wants. Then out of it all, we'll make a sort of policy. Between that and contracts, places, pickings, and so on, I guess we can keep in long enough to—retire on fat places.

All.—"Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

Hon. Mr. GAMMON.—I have not yet spoken. But I agree. My friend, Sir CLEVER, between whom and myself is the cordiality of fellow spirits—(Sir CLEVER smiles cordially), will agree with me in one thing. Whatever the real N. P. men might do, we only know our old road. The Ontario cow is to be milked for the general benefit, is she not? (All nod). Then I should advise that none of her knowing commercial fellows are let near the stable.

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—Trust me. Not one of 'em. Wouldn't elect me—lost hope for anything from me. Tell you what, didn't we used to suck her dry in old CARTIER's time?

Hon. Mr. GRAB.—But I must have my \$8,000—

Hon. Mr. GREEDY.—And I my—

All the rest.—And we our—

Hon. Sir CLEVER HUMBUG.—You shall, you shall, you shall. Only wait till we get the chance. You'll see the money fly. But mind—talk about economy now—talk it strong. But once in, if you don't see fat places, high salaries, big balls, grand dinners, uniforms, expenditure, then never trust Sir CLEVER HUMBUG!

The Manufacturers' Disinterested Petition.

To the Hon. the Minister of Finance,

WE, the Woollen Manufacturers of Canada, having observed that much inferior, poor, rotten, decayed, unhealthy fibre is, under the name of "shoddy," mixed with and incorporated in cloths imported into Canada, whereby the poor man is cheated into buying an inferior garment which lasts but a short time and gives little warmth, hereby beg, pray, request, demand, and entreat that the importation of all such cloths may be checked, stopped, and put an end to.

And, as the incorporation of worn out material with new cloths is highly economical, and gets the poor man his clothing at a less price, your petitioners, being aware that there are several shoddy mills in Canada, that can furnish them all the shoddy they wish to mix with their own cloths, at a low price, and save your petitioners the cost of buying pure wool and cotton, beg that any shoddy mills existing or hereafter to exist in this Dominion may not be interfered with.

And your petitioners will ever pray, and never make pure cloth.

Feb. 24, 1879.



SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL OPERA, "PINAFORE."

LORD CARTWRIGHT, K.C.B.—"I'M THE MONARCH OF FINANCE,

AND WHEN I GET A CHANCE, (WHAT'ER IT BE) WITH TAUNTS—
"I'LL ASSAIL TILLEY'S TARIFF (HIS COUSINS AND HIS AUNTS!"
Chorus of Political Relations—"AND SO WILL HIS SISTERS,

Illustration

Parliament Boiled down.

Thursday, Feb. 20.—Mr. CHARLTON agitated for Protection against the Plague. Sir JOHN MACDONALD assured the gentleman there would be a strictly prohibitory policy enforced so far as that was concerned. The worthy Commons occupied the rest of the day in asking for returns, refreshments, and things to be brought down.

Friday, Feb. 21.—An address of condolence to Her Majesty on the death of the Princess ALICE was carried. Mr. CARTWRIGHT asked when the Budget Speech would not be delivered. Sir JOHN MACDONALD replied, next week. CITARLEY RYKERT said he smelt a rat in the Paymaster's office of the Welland Canal, and moved for papers to be brought down which would incriminate the Griets. The House arose at 4.50, having laboured without refreshments for nearly two hours.

Saturday, Feb. 22.—The Commons, exhausted with their labours on Friday (nearly two hours in duration) took a holiday.

Sunday, Feb. 23.—The Ministerial members attended Church; the Griets loafed around their hotels and boarding houses.

Monday, Feb. 24.—Mr. MILLS introduced a bill about the administration of law in the North West. The Ministry were put through their catechism again, and the House adjourned after working a whole hour and fifteen minutes.

Tuesday, Feb. 25.—The Speaker took the Chair at 3 o'clock. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he wanted some work to do. He asked when the Budget Speech would be delivered. Sir JOHN MACDONALD said he didn't know. The House then adjourned at 3.30, and members' pay going on as usual. Several members were prostrated by overwork.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.—Being Ash Wednesday the House took a holiday, but about as much business as usual was done.

The Weathercock.

Sir JOHN he went just in September to cure
The depression, all duly and truly;
But the weather was terribly warm just then,
And he wished to cure it—coolly.

October, November, December came on,
As if missioned our people to kill off;
"Oh yes, the depression," said old Sir JOHN,
"I'll cure it—with the chill off."

And another new year is now rolling along,
The depression still unintermitting.
"Oh, give us some time," quoth jolly Sir JOHN,
"I'll cure it—weather permitting."

But GRIP says to Sir JOHN—"It is plain you'd no plan,
Though a pian you loud swore you did know,
Now, get out for a weathercock, give us a man
Who will cure it—weather or no.

"The Ball."

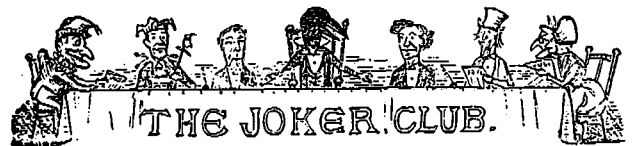
It has always been the custom of GRIP to send a representative of the most prosaic order of mind to report any festivities of note, which, in our country's present state of social transition, may be held. Acting upon this rule, we selected a young man of native birth, whose youth and incipient manhood had been passed on the "old homestead"—(this was of course before he entered the Law Society). He styles himself, BLANK BLANK, B.A., Oxen. We at one time mixed him up with an obscure school in England of that name, but find, in accordance with and prompted by the divine uncertainty (and subtlety) of the Law, he chooses to assume the "style" from the fact of association with a homely and Saxon animal of his childhood days. We regret to say, that being carried away by the scene, he has disappointed us, so we merely give his notes, instead of the elaborate and minute report with which we had hoped to entertain and delight our readers. The following are the main particulars of his observations:—

"Arrived at Ottawa P.M. train. Queer place; look of expectancy on everybody. Irish hackmen, French ditto, and all importunate. Secured by F.H.M. Told him to drive to Russell House. Drove there. Satirical shouts and reflections from opposition cabmen. Russell House fine, but reception not. Porter says to other porter, "Here's another of 'em." Wonder what he means? Takes me for office seeker; mistaken for once, ha! ha! Evening—prepare for ball. Find hands too big. *Mem.*—Never buy cheap gloves. Get carriage, and join *cortège*. Every one anxious, overpowered, and all that, by future honours. and so forth. Just the same as calling on the Queen. Mothers particularly anxious as to "make up" of daughters; everybody nervous; nervous myself. *Arrive at Hall.* A vast vista of claw-hammer coats, necks and shoulders. Floral wreaths and bouquets. "Gold chains" (as *Mail* friend observed at time). Atmosphere laden with perfumes, somewhat complicating; inharmonious contrasts; jockey club, brandy, essence of cinnamon, (from Western ladies) bergamot, graduated tones of musk, and hints of patchouli from all. Found atmosphere rather languorous, music

voluptuous, yet at times brassy. Try to find and take notes of swells from old country. Can't distinguish. Always on reference make mistakes—give it up. *Midnight.* Study up points of Ghillie Gallum, (spasmodic dance; think it G.G., don't know). Go to refreshment room; refresh. *Mem.* Must take notes of ladies dresses—*must*. Not up in technicalities; think of getting married to get up some;—go back and refresh. Think I have some idea now. *Mem.*—Leave names blank until revision, if get stuck put in Mc something. Try and describe. *Mrs. MC*—looked beautiful—maroon tartan overskirt, cut low and bias with high joint Jemissette with number one cotton duck, rope yarn insertion, trimmed with soldiers' buttons. *Miss Mc*—gorgeous! radiant! panier frill, and diagonal of Lisle thread, frescoed saque, with running gear leading aft. *Miss MC*—boss brunette, shell jacket, gold chain, overflowing skirts of pale *Compte de Juna*, havresaquos and cross belts of blue and silver. Here find myself a little out;—refresh. Call *Mail* man to assistance. *M.M.* says "unfortunately" nothing on necks and shoulders but gold chains. Can't see it. Anxious for description. Ask *Globe* man. *G.M.* refers me to milliner for detail. Good! Just the thing! smart fellow that *Globe* man. *Mem.*—Call on milliner in morning. *Later*—Go to refreshment room, find champagne and claret-cup, bowls depleted. Ask waiter for wine; get it. *Mem.*—Where did I drink wine like that before? recollect; never mind. Enter festive scene again. Heaviest swells departing. Notice a relaxation of stateness; mothers forget syntax, daughters ejaculations hardly *comme il faut*. Aristocratic fathers touch upon respective "interests," talk timber, teas, sugars and agriculture. *Mem.*—One aristocrat takes a private chaw of tobacco. Go to refreshment room. Waiter's eyes glassy. Ask for wine, gives me brandy; brandy better, much. Would like to talk to the Princess now, or His Nilbs—I mean the Governor. Now is my time to get acquainted with Royalty. Start; confronted by a man in Windsor uniform. Obstructs my passage; call him a pampered menial, and "go" for him. Man in uniform calls Governor. Inadvertently display note-book. Gov. sees it. Am forthwith kicked out of Hall. *Mem.*—Gov. doesn't believe in newspapers. Wind cold from Rideau to Russell House.

Reform!

We have been given to understand that the country is at present in the hands of a Government composed of very bad men, but we can't believe it after this. In fact we are convinced that the present Ministers are unusually good and proper persons, especially the Minister of Customs, who is so exceptionally pure-minded that he has ordered the destruction of a number of Dr. Fowler's books on *The Science of Life*, under the act for the suppression of Immoral Literature.



MR. CARTWRIGHT is anxious to attack the Elephant, (S)TILLEY can't Budget.

CHICAGO has a new paper called the *Editor's Eye*. The proprietor is probably a gentleman like Mr. BRAY, and intends writing his articles in the first person.

It is all very well for the Opposition at Ottawa to pretend to be loyal, but when they scoff at the very first speech Lord LORNE makes, and call it meagre, thin, etc., appearances are against them.

The Glasgow Bank directors get eighteen months each, and yet not long ago a young man in the same city was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment for a much less offence. Still they talk about justice in Britain!

The Editor of the London *Advertiser* has initiated a new and wicked practice—that of writing fictitious sentences and crediting them to the Conservative leaders, by name. Give it up, JOHN; it is neither witty nor honest.

It is stated, ironically perhaps, that the Government desires to protect the iron forging industry. The fact is there is too much forging in this country now, and it is bringing our most accomplished penmen and forgers to the penitentiary.

The Detroit *Free Press* says, "DAVID N. MURRAY called at this office and furnished us with a manuscript copy of 'Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die,' which was found among the papers of his father-in-law, the late THOMAS HORSEMAN, of Malden, Ont." Wonder if the old gentleman intended the verses as his own elegy.

"CROOKED-EYED CREIGHTON," said the St. Thomas *Journal*, referring to a respectable and well liked member of the Local House. Then the *Journal* waited for somebody to laugh. At last accounts not a preliminary snicker had arrived. The Editor ought to move out west with this sort of writing.

Grand Trunk Railway Co.

NOTICE.

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Feb. 22, 1879-
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General Manager.



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OTTAWA, May 15th, 1878.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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An Ideal Children's Magazine.

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Over 50,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day **ST. NICHOLAS** stands

Alone in the World of Books;

The *New-York Tribune* has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The *London Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

"A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts;—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in **ST. NICHOLAS**, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Doilman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of **ST. NICHOLAS**, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-Box" and "Riddle Box."

The November Number.

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject,—History, Travel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-life, Sport, and lively narrative,—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thanksgiving story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

There is a fine portrait of **FRANK R. STOCKTON**, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

Terms \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a Number.

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