

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

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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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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, 28TH 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.

The Lay of Beaconsfield.

On a dizzy seat am I,
I have climbed up very high,
Dukes and Lords they jeered at me,
Lords and Dukes below me see!

I have foiled the Russian Bear,
BEACONSFIELD he cannot scare;
Didn't mean to fight him though,
Better trick than that I know!

There by Afghanistan wide,
Bear and I on either side,
Play a game—the niggers do
For shuttlecock between us two.

When the shuttlecock's worn out
We'll divide the land no doubt,
But that Afghanistan clime
Will delay him for my time.

Far Canadians, tell me, pray,
How's that dodger, old JOHN A.?
He and I, of all that live,
Most can promise, least can give.

How is that Professor wild,
Whom with nickname I exiled?
By by, can't sing any more,
Here's the Queen. Quick, you, the door!

An Imaginary Conversation.

1ST REFORMER.—Well, what do you think of JOHN A.'s Cabinet?

2ND REFORMER.—Why, rather scandalous, I fancy the country will think it.

1ST.—Yes, JOHN A. has returned to his—I beg his pardon, I was nearly betrayed into a most unsavory simile; but I was merely intending to remark that Canada's Greatest Statesman has given us a great instance of the tendency of great deviators to make great deviations when they get a great chance.

2ND.—What will come of it?

1ST.—What you may expect from the former proceedings of the men he has determinedly chosen, with no necessity whatever, mind you, for his great National Policy majority would have backed him in selecting the most able and pronounced National Policymen in the country. He would not have any such; though to such (especially to one of them) he absolutely owed his party's success. What will the country think? Why just this—that to the men she discharged for corruption her "greatest statesman" has given the greatest chance to be corrupt any men ever had in the world. Why, with the changes in values and such, these men are going to have more money to handle than all the Cabinets in the country ever had before. Don't you think there's lots like Sir HUGH at that already?

2ND.—What are Reformers to do?

1ST.—Adopt Protection.

2ND.—What!

1ST.—You are a reasonable man. I will give you three good reasons. 1st Because many of us think it right. 2nd Because right or wrong Canada will have it. 3rd Because all countries are taking it up, and if we don't we lose on all sides. Now, as to our success. The country will rather trust us, because we always had the most solid men; and next, because Lib. Cons. ingratitude shows them dishonourable, and dishonourable people are dishonest, and it is unsafe to trust dishonest folks with great monetary transactions.

2ND.—But can we change our principles?

1ST.—You do not need. To change your principles of right and wrong is without defence. To change from one method of trading to another when the first does not pay, is common and right. And that is all you do when you change Free Trade for Protection.

2ND.—You have hit the right nail on the head!

Number Nine.

The knocker is muffled on JONES's door,
But not on the door of BROWN,
But BROWN he regards his own knocker no more
With relief; but with rather a frown,
While the quieting sign with no discontent
Views JONES; but with something of joy,
For to him hath his Number Nine been sent,
And that number it is a boy.

And the opposite BROWN hath never a one,
And that opposite liketh it not,
But a word of his feelings he telleth to none,
But the rather he praiseth his lot,
For children, saith he, (Mrs. BROWN doth agree),
Are as nothing but toil and care,
And they would wish none in their house to be
A' tearing everywhere.

Now for Number Nine let us shout Hooray,
Likewise for the eight as well,
And we'll hope that BROWN get his wish in his day,
The wish that he never will tell,
And that olive branches may round him spread,
As they flourish in the bower of JONES,
And that both may jollily live till they're dead,
And peace be with their bones.

A Friend in Need.

Affectionately dedicated to an old Pipe.

'Twas in the joyous month of May
Neath Italy's clear sky,
That first I did with careless glance
My now dear friend descrie.

For three long years in Egypt's land
An exile had I been,
And since I'd left my childhood's home
Strange nations had I seen.

Strange lands surveyed, strange customs known,
Strange sentiments had heard;
And strangely learnt how sad and true
The adage: "Hope deferred."

But now no longer had I cause
"Sickness at heart" to know,
For as I wept—not tears of grief,
Tears of joy, did flow.

For now I fast in very truth
My senses were homeward bound,
One thing I needed, and it was
The one thing that I found.

I found a friend, to whom I could
Pour out my joyful heart,
To whom I could all trustfully
My inmost thoughts impart.

That friend was constant to the end,
He cheered me on my way,
He never wearied though my tale
Ne'er changed from day to day.

All through each day to comfort me
To cheer, he did his best,
And soothed me kindly when I hid
My weary head to rest.

At last around my neck I felt
My mother's fond embrace,
Upon that mother's breast again
Once more I hid my face.

And that first night—when all was o'er,
Who was it that did send
To my full heart a perfect calm?
Oh! was it not my friend?

Who was this friend who ne'er divulged
The secrets of my heart,
To whom I could all trustfully
My inmost thoughts impart?

That friend was but a meerschaum pipe,
He soothed with but a weed,
But silent, faithful, honest, true,
He proved—A Friend in Need.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE POLITICIANS.



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UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

How will it work? I call it governing winter, and my God! say it all along of the winter, and you'll get out and I'll get in!

The Cup of Tea.

Ho, bring me here a cup of tea,
The purest, strongest of Bohea,
And fragrant mix Souchong,
And add of cream sufficiency,
And let the sugar crystal be,
And bring it fast along.

Ha! Good! it fructifies amain,
And swelleth up to heart and brain,
In subtle vapour keen,
And rouseth the poetic strain,
And showeth to the poet plain,
Things after to be seen.

GRIP sees his own Dominion grand,
In all the earth the foremost land,
And views it high excel,
And sees a peerless couple stand
And hold therein the chief command,
Their names he will not tell.

For *scandalum magnatum* it
Might be to exercise his wit,
And prophesying might
On those who in such places sit,
So, as it is in Scripture writ,
His tongue he bridleth tight.

Their chiefest counsellor he spies,
Of hooked nose and piercing eyes,
First in the roll of fame,
But GRIP has reason here likewise
(A reason modesty supplies)
Why him he may not name.

The tea is gone; the grounds remain,
Alone, and GRIP no longer plain,
Can view the things to be,
But he will drink it yet again
Another day, and raise his strain
On what he then may see.

The Approaching Festivities.

New Year's Day—Young Mr. Steady and young Mr. Easy go out to visit. They arrive at the Misses Browns' hospitable mansion, and are received by the ladies, compliments of the season having been exchanged.

1st Miss BROWN.—Will you take wine or coffee Mr. EASY?

Mr. EASY.—Wine, by all means. (*Drinks*). To-day, when one expects to visit successively so many charming women, it is necessary to be able to say something, the wine furnishes the requisite inspiration.

Miss BROWN.—And you, Mr. STEADY? Do you wish inspiration?

Mr. STEADY.—Coffee for me, please. No, I do not—of that sort. I find in the presence my friend has referred to all the inspiration my duller nature is capable of receiving. (*Drinks*).

Both gentlemen leave, and the BROWNS agree that STEADY has something in him. The gentlemen pass on their rounds, and Mr. EASY soon begins to feel that he has. They call at Mr. JONES'S. The ladies come to the front as usual.

Miss JONES.—Coffee, tea, wine, punch, gentlemen? How rosy the cold air has made your face, Mr. EASY! Mr. STEADY'S not at all affected by it.

Mr. EASY.—I'll take a little punch, if you please. Oh, our faces are not so different as you imagine; it's only that STEADY'S of a different metal—he's at a white heat already. (*Drinks*). This is the thing. Wine is the dull element of ordinary life; but punch adds the exhilar-ar-ar (*Some difficulty in getting out the big word*) ar-ation. Yes, punch supplies 'zilaration. (*Sits down*).

Mr. STEADY.—A little tea for me, please. (*Takes tea*). No, I can't accept my friends' metallic methphor. I'm merely unimpressionable to the weather. I'm getting to be a case-hardened, unfeeling old bachelor. (*He's just twenty*).

Mrs. JONES.—(*There are five Miss Jones's*)—There are remedies for that, Mr. STEADY. (*General applause, and the gentlemen leave*).

A few more houses have been visited, they appear at Mrs. WHITE'S. Compliments pass' refreshments offered as usual.

Mr. EASY.—(*Whose apparel is not improved in pattern or variegation by a stumble on the splashy sidewalk. N.B.—It was entirely the cabman's fault*).—Jush leash taste pure wish-whish-whisksh, please. Belongsh t'party puritysh. (*Goes to sit down, but sits on floor*). Begsh pardnsh. Slight refraction visionsh. (*Stagger up and sits on sofa*).

Mrs. WHITE.—(*Who does not like it*).—The party of purity were turned out, Mr. EASY. Mr. STEADY, I am glad to see you in your usual pleasant an unruffled condition.

Mr. STEADY.—But I am ruffled. Cabman gave us quite a jerk. I think EASY hit his head against the lamp-post, (*True, but it wasn't that*). I must get him home. (*Which he succeeds in doing after some protests from Mr. Easy that he wont go home till morningsh, till daylight pearsh*).

Mr. WHITE.—(*Banker, and unluckily for Easy, employer of both*)—I am very sorry for young EASY. Though an excellent accountant, and showing promise of good business qualities, this weakness will totally unfit him. Of course he may reform; but I cannot give him the promotion I intended. STEADY is my man.

The Reformer's Lament.

It was a Grit who long had sworn by BROWN, and now, in deep dejection,
Wept bitter tears of biting grief, all on the fate of last election,
And dimly that Grit did groan, and utter terrible predictions;
And on his luck and on the *Mail* did pour alternate maledictions.

"Alas," he cried "this is a time of mourning and of desolation,
Since for our sins the Tories are permitted to afflict the nation;
I knew it was to come—I did,—yes, in the prophecies you'll find it,
An evil beast that was to rise—I know that must be him—you mind it.

Which was to be in latter times, and then a general outpouring
Of wrath and desolation, and his fellow beasts all round a roaring,
And they will put us—we—the ones of purity—to persecution,
I knew it—yes, the end of things is nigh, and gen'ral dissolution."

When I Marry.

BROWN.—(*Unmarried*)—I am distinctly opposed to the careless, lax, and disgraceful mismanagement of families in the present day. The wife is unacquainted with the divine inculcation of submission to her husband; the children are left in ignorance of the rod-recommending precept of SOLOMON.

JONES.—(*Married*)—Oh, come, we don't get along so bad. You're too hard on us.

BROWN.—Hard, Sir! I should be Flint, sir. I ought to be Adamant, Sir!

JONES.—You can't fall in love then—that's impossible. And no one can fall in love with you. You can't marry.

BROWN.—I can, Sir, I will, Sir. And my wife will receive proper instruction in a proper spirit, and know her place, and submit as she ought, or I'll know why.

JONES.—Well, my family are all right.

BROWN.—Right, Sir! Right! I assure you, Sir, that I saw, I most distinctly saw—I most distinctly myself saw—your boy JACK enter your hall door to-day without wiping his shoes! He did! (*Groans deeply*).

JONES.—Well, won't yours ever? If in a hurry?

BROWN.—Mine! If ever I have any, and they do so, I shall—I shall cut them into inch pieces. Then they are irreverent to their parents. Children should not be allowed to enter into conversation with their parents. It is destructive of that strict restraint which, broken, ever paves the way to licentious and pernicious habits of all descriptions.

JONES.—Well, we'll see. Wait.

TEN YEARS AFTER—HE IS MARRIED.

JONES.—Good morning, Mrs. BROWN. Mr. BROWN at home?

Mrs. BROWN.—Not yet, Mr. JONES, and he should be, for I only sent him to the washwoman with the clothes. Oh, here he is, I'm sure you needn't have been half that time, Mr. BROWN. (*Snaps basket from his hand*).

Mr. BROWN.—(*Rather scared*)—I assure you SARAH, I did hurry, but she said it was ten cents more, and I didn't like to settle it without your leave. (*Backs into corner*).

Mrs. BROWN.—I'd like to have seen you, I can tell you. Go straight back and tell her it's false. The brazen—

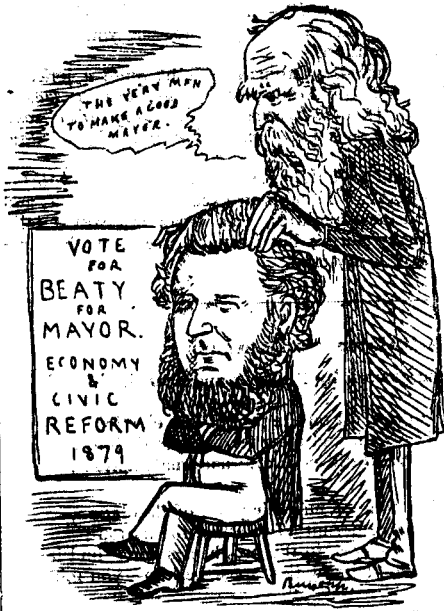
Mr. BROWN.—My dear, I—(*sees Jones*)—Good morning, JONES, I'm quite ready (*hooks his arm in Jones's and runs off with him*). Beg pardon, had to pretend an engagement: she's very violent, I assure you.

Mr. JONES.—Well, tell your son TOM to go the message. Here he is.

Mr. BROWN.—TOM, would you go, like a good fellow, to—

TOM.—Go yourself! (*Runs off*).

Mr. JONES.—Well, I keep my family in tolerable order, not quite what you used to think sufficient, but still nothing like this. But perhaps you strained that determination of yours so hard that it snapped.



1879. MAYORALTY. 1879.
TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—
Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential Ratepayers of the City, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for 1879. I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured, by the signatures to the Requisition (which I shall publish at an early day through the press) that I shall receive your hearty support. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

xii-3-4t.

1879. MAYOR. 1879.
To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to a humerously signed requisition, and the general demand of citizens interested in economy and improved administration of civic affairs, I place myself before the public as a candidate for the Mayoralty. As I hope to meet my fellow-citizens in public meetings and otherwise, I will hereafter more fully explain my views on the financial and general interests of the city.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY, Jr.

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AS

MAYOR FOR 1879.

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