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**VOL XI.
No. 13.**

**GRIP OFFICE,
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.*

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C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

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 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, 17TH AUGUST, 1878.

All at Sea!

GRIP, inspired by the Barrie regatta, makes an aquatic cartoon, though the spectacle presented is not at all like anything ever seen on Kempenfelt Bay. There it was a show of skill; here it is quite the contrary. The crew of the staunch punt "National Policy" have embarked upon the treacherous ocean without any preliminary rehearsal of their "duties;" each is pulling in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience and constituents, and hence the confusion. There is SAMMY TILLEY, the popular and powerful oarsman from New Brunswick, tugging away for a duty on tea, to help the merchants of St. John, and just behind him sits CHARLEY TUPPER, the redoubtable sculler from Nova Scotia, pulling a strong stroke in favour of a sugar duty to encourage the refineries; then just in front of CHARLEY the champion Free Trade boatman POPE, from Prince Edward Island, may be seen—or at least he might a moment ago, but he has "caught a crab," politically speaking, and has keeled over for the time being; then at one end of the craft you may observe the genial countenance of GRIP's good friend JOHN BOYD, doing all in his power to help along the *canvass* in favour of a readjustment without any increase of the tariff—as the captain telegraphed him lately; and at the stern, the very stern end of the boat, the figure of WILLIE FRAZER looms up, that able seaman being intent on the blow in favour of giving the Yankees tit-for-tat. Towering above all, and with an expression of calm repose and hope on his countenance, is the form of Captain JOHN A., who has been pulling a 35 (per ct.) to the minute stroke in favour of free tea and sugar, but has risen to call the attention of the crew to the sudden appearance of a squall cloud on the weather quarter, and to point out the obvious fact that they look somewhat ridiculous all rowing in different directions; and moreover are all likely to be drowned, if they don't get into ship-shape without delay. GRIP wouldn't like to hear of any loss of life through bungling, and he therefore hopes these National Policy boys will heed the Captain's warning, otherwise he is afraid the craft will never reach the haven of Office.

Soliloquy.

To go or not to go? Say, had I better
Languish in town right through the heated term,
Or buy a ticket from this horrid place,
And by departing, cool? To leave, to go,
No more, and by the act, to say we end
The dust choke, and the thousand horrid smells
That here are nature—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To go and sleep.
To sleep, in some farm house, ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleeping place what bugs may come,
When we have bargained with the farming chap,
Must make us all to pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity in lodging house,
And makes us form a solid resolution
To mind wherewith we bide.

R. Crusoe Indignant.

Mr. GRIP,

SIR: I observe that the politicians of your country have dragged my name into their miserable squabble over the Trade Question, both of them using it in a manner which implies contempt for me. The Tories say I was a Free Trader, because I made Juan Fernandez a cheap country to live in, and the Grits say on the contrary that I was a Protectionist because I manufactured all my own goods and kept Juan Fernandez for the Juan Fernandians. And then each of them, when inveighing against his opponents' principles, says in effect: "You are as abandoned a wretch as ROBINSON CRUSOE!" Against this, Sir, I protest. I am not an over fastidious individual, all the world knows that I have endured lots of hardships in my time, but, sir, this thing of being compared to an average Canadian Grit or Tory is more than I can or will stand. As to my political economy, when you have made Canada as famous a country as I made Juan Fernandez, it will be time enough for you to speak disparagingly of

Yours truly,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The Riots at Ottawa.

CROWD OF ROUGHS.—Where is the Orange bastes? Fhy don't they be afther comin along? Sure we'll cut their sowls out in three seckinds. Sure—(*great yelling and flourishing of clubs*).

CROWD OF YOUNG BRITONS—(*at other end of city*).—Hurray! Come along! Let us clane them all out, and give them a leshon for wance! Sure, it's us can bate thim all out of the town altogether and intirely. Let us walk. Up wid the banners! Hooray! (*immense shouting*).

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN (*to roughs*).—Boys, better go home. They've all got their pockets full of pistols, bullets, daggers, hand-grenades, and small torpedoes.

ROUGHS.—Let us at thim! Who cares? Come along, boys! Sure, it's us will shplinter thim, pishtols and ail. Whoo! (*great demonstration of moving to attack*).

POLICEMAN (*at other end of town, to Y. B.'s*).—Gentlemen, you can't walk. They're five thousand strong, all with clubs and the rest with muskets loaded with—with grapeshot. The most awful consequences will—

Y. B.'s.—We'll lick 'em. Down with the villains! Shoot 'em all, ivery mother's son! What business had they livin' here, at all. (*Great preparations for walking*).

DISTANT CITIZEN (*to roughs*).—But you will all be imprisoned till you pay for all damages to property or person—

NEAR POLICEMAN (*to Y. B.'s*).—But you—or your parents—must pay for all loss suffered by houses, windows, goods, fire, water. *et cetera*, unless you go out of town this back way.

ROUGHS.—Pay! Is it us?

Y. B.'s.—Damages! Perhaps we'd better go round. (*And they do*).

Our Own Report.

REGARDLESS of expense, GRIP has engaged an able individual to furnish him reliable reports of the Amphitheatre meetings. Neither *Globe* nor *Mail* can be depended upon, for each cuts down the speeches of its opponents; GRIP's reporter will equalize matters by cutting down both sides. Following is the record of last Tuesday night's meeting.

Mr. LUKES took the chair at 8.32½ p.m., and after omitting the devotional exercises, called upon Mr. J. ICK EVANS to read a few announcements.

Mr. EVANS came forward and exhibited one of GRIP's cartoons to the audience, implying that the subscription price was \$2.00 per year, and dirt cheap at that. He inwardly expressed the opinion that everybody present ought to subscribe. He next read the rules of the Amphi., and lastly he called upon those four Grit members to come up and argy—but all in vain.

BAND.—"Not for JOSEPH."

Mr. MEEK, (who spoke last week) was asked to speak. He showed how the Government encouraged the people to drink whiskey instead of beer, but he hoped the people would ryes in a spirited manner and knock them malt to pieces at the coming election.

BAND.—"JOHNNY fill up the bowl."

Mr. PHIPPS was the next orator. He dwelt on the fact that Canada is kept down by foreign exporters, but would be kept up by Protection. He stated that the country west of Manitoba was coaled all the year round, and after giving the audience a great deal of fresh information he retired as modestly as if he hadn't done more for the National Policy than any other half dozen men in the country.

BAND.—"Hard Times, come again no more."

Mr. TAIT was next called upon to speak, but having the misfortune to be a Scotchman he "burred" the letter R, and was immediately extinguished by cat-calls and interruptions. We commend Mr. TAIT's case to the notice of Senator MACPIERSON, who will no doubt find some way of avenging this insult on the Scottish people.

BAND.—"MACPIERSON swore a feud."

Mr. MCCALLUM spoke as a manufacturer. He said times were hard just now, and manufacturers were idle, but if they had more duties they would have more to do.

BAND.—"There's millions in it."

Mr. LIVINGSTONE, dealer in pianos &c., said he would like to be instrumental in getting the National Policy carried, for it would raise Canada in the scale of nations. He pitched into the Grit organ, showing that it's whole *tenor* was *base*, and it was not *sound* on the Trade question. He complained that the present duty was not *ad valorum* but *ad captandum Toryorum*, and after declaring the National Policy Party to be grand, square and upright, he took his seat.

The meeting was then dismissed.

THE Berlin Daily News is agitated on the subject of GEORGE BROWN, and proposes these conundrums: "Is he a liberal? Has he ever shown himself worthy of the name? If so, how and when?" Calm yourself, PETER, he is; didn't he give JUDGE WILSON a large quantity of sauce gratuitously?



"ALL AT SEA!"

CAPTAIN JOHN A.—"FOR GRACIOUS SAKE, LADS, GET INTO SOME SHAPE! IF THAT SQUALL STRIKES US IN THIS CONDITION WE'LL NEVER GET 'IN'!"

The Lament of the Orator.

I am a baker, and I went into the amphitheatre
To speak, but I am sure I wish as how I never see it, or
That they would list to my discourse in some slight peace and quiet,
For all the more I ask for peace, the more they make a riot.

For when I've got a sentence up, my foes which should have floored
quite,
I'm sure it disconcerting is, when from the crowd is roared quite
Stupendous, doubling up my thoughts of what I was a stating—
A horrid yell, "Light bread, light bread!"—I say it's aggravating.

And then a miller by my side, the chairman of the night, yes,
Got up and said I didn't keep unto the question right, yes,
I'd like to see him keeping straight to questions of the day, sir,
With full four thousand folks around to pull him every way, sir.

There's fifty imitates the way in which I am a speaking,
And fifty more at once all sorts of interruptions squeaking,
And fifty shouting that the point is not what we're debating
And fifty more on fifty points at once interrogating.

I do declare it isn't fair; it isn't my desire here
To be a catspaw so stuck in to this here sort of fire here,
And if those leaders want it done, why it just my advice is,
That they come down and do it, and see if they think it nice is.

There's DYMOND and MACDONALD and there's METCALF and the rest
too,
Big folks as think that of us all they are among the best too,
And if they won't come out and speak, and put the matter through, sir,
I fear they think their cake is dough; I greatly fear they do, sir.

Current Events.

(In humble imitation of the writer in Belford's).

ANOTHER month has gone into the limbo of the past; and once more we take up our brilliant pen to indite a few immortal observations. We are nothing if not cynical, and it becomes us therefore to pose ourselves exactly on the fence, and sling our ink impartially on both of the effete and loathsome parties struggling beneath us, regardless of facts and fairness.

We have stigmatized both the parties as loathsome; we are sorry that, on account of our peculiar position as an independent and cynical reviewer, we cannot except the Conservative party, as we would be inclined to do if we consulted only our personal predilections; at all events, it is not going too far to say that the Grit party is loathsome.

We entertain now, as heretofore, the most lofty and unlimited contempt for the politics and politicians of Canada, especially that section to which the title of Liberal is applied. We look down with withering Scorn upon the so-called statesmen of this Dominion, and all their belongings.

There was a time when pic-nics were worthy institutions, implying a hamper of good victuals and a game of kiss in the ring, but the term pic-nic has been degraded by its union with politics. The idea of having speeches on public affairs in connection with a pic-nic excites at once our indignation and our mirth. What right have public men to bore the people with speeches? But we suppose it is useless for us to waste words upon the subject. It is likely that public discussion will still go on in this abominable shape, notwithstanding our cynical and withering contempt.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT (whom for some reason or other we hate, and seize every opportunity to go for) has been airing his threadbare eloquence at one of these pic-nics lately. His speech contained nothing but figures (which he deliberately misrepresented) and virulent abuse and vituperation of his opponents. He is in fact the most foul-mouthed stump orator in the world. We do not stop to point out any of his misrepresentations; we do not trouble ourselves to show that the language he used was any stronger than the facts warranted, we do not condescend to signify what we understand by the term vituperation. It is not the business of a cynic to come down to particulars; so we repeat with emphasis that CARTWRIGHT is the greatest of all possible masters of personal abuse. Hon. M. LAURIER is a clever young gentleman, but he has allied himself with a party, and for that atrocious outrage on our feelings we punish him by saying that his speech was full of misrepresentations, and again we decline to come down to particulars. We hope this thrust will induce the wretched LAURIER to throw up his portfolio and cut himself loose from party. MACKENZIE and most of the other ministers have also been out on the stump. Of MACKENZIE we are compelled to speak with some respect, but we look upon him as a *doctrinaire*. (*Doctrinaire* is a good word; we use it every time we get a chance). The elections are coming on and it is the duty of every true Canadian to rise in his manhood and put JOHN A. back into office.—No! we didn't mean to write that; it slipped out mechanically. But this reminds us that it is time we should turn our

Cynical and Independent gall upon the Conservative Party, and Heaven knows how it makes our personal heart bleed to do so. But brace up, O nerves! here goes: TUPPER is worse than CARTWRIGHT for violent abuse; JOHN A. is a miserable trickster, and don't know anything about Finances; and there isn't a man on either side who deals honestly with figures. They all lie whenever it suits their purposes. O, beloved Canada, what will you do for rulers, now that we have swept them all away with our Cynical Pen? O, for the happy time when this great Dominion will be ruled without parties and politics and picnics?



'FEEL the Orange case at once.

BASE BALL ADAGE.—A run in time saves Nine.

NEW READING.—"Honesty is the National Policy."

HORSES that can trot in 2.13¼ are Rarus honest politicians.

THE hatter who advertises his business in rhyme is a versatile man.—*London Free Press*.

THE quickest way to raise a calf is to let a bumble bee sting you on the heel.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE *Times* man shouldn't lie round on the grass in the vicinity of bees' nests, and he'll escape being raised in that way hereafter.

THOS. NAST calls his pencil his "jaw bone," which causes us to get up and remark that thousands have been slain with the "jaw bone" of a Nast.—*Whitehall Times*.

A YOUNG man named WATSON is going around lecturing on "Society Unmasked." He shows up Frauds, and being a living illustration of his theme he ought to meet with success.

THE question, "Why does HANLAN always win?" is at present agitating the minds of aquatic philosophers. They have struck on every answer but the right one, which is that it wouldn't pay him to lose.

NOW that the Marquis of Lorne has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, that old joke about the Dominion being all for Lorn ought to be remonetized.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Dominion is all forlorn, but it's no joke, is it JOHN A?

LONDON has a Dining Room Magazine. Of course it is illustrated with plates; and ANNIE THOMAS' "Playing for High Steaks" would make an appropriate serial for it.—*Norristown Herald*.

Yes; and contribution by JOSEPH COOK.

"HAS sound color?" asks a philosopher. Oh, yes; have you never heard your roan voice.—*Hawkeye*. And have you never seen musicians when they've read music and blew bugles?—*Bulletin*. And have you never heard the sound of a ruction, which is generally Orange and Green?

BEFORE the Guelph Police Magistrate on Wednesday morning, ROBERT HAZZARD, of lot 14, con. 1, Luther, was accused by Collector MCLEAN of having distilling apparatus upon his premises. He was pronounced guilty, and was fined \$200 and \$17.55 costs.—*London Herald*.

Illicit distilling is thus shown to be a hazzardous business in this country.

THE Marquis of Lorne, having been appointed Governor-General of Canada, has ordered the address of his *Norristown Herald* changed. The Queen, who is growing very economical in her old days, told the Princess LOUISE that she would send them her copy of the *Herald* after she was done reading it, but the sensible daughter said she preferred to have it a little more fresh,—before all the jokes were stolen by the English papers. The Queen should be proud of such a daughter.—*Norristown Herald*.

A YOUNG Oil Citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*. And a young married man on South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—*Burlington Hawkeye*. And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*. And a Syracuse man calls his wife Sluggard, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays out to the lodge.—*Syracuse Times*. A Yonkers man calls his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says "Frailty thy name is woman."—*Yonkers Gazette*. And a New York insurance agent calls his wife Honesty, because it's the best policy.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Old Mr. EDISON used to call his wife Necessity, because she was the mother of invention.

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J. JOHNSON,

Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

Hints to Borrowers.

"THE wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat,
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations; the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Cotton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Dirraeli.*

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A BOOK is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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