

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

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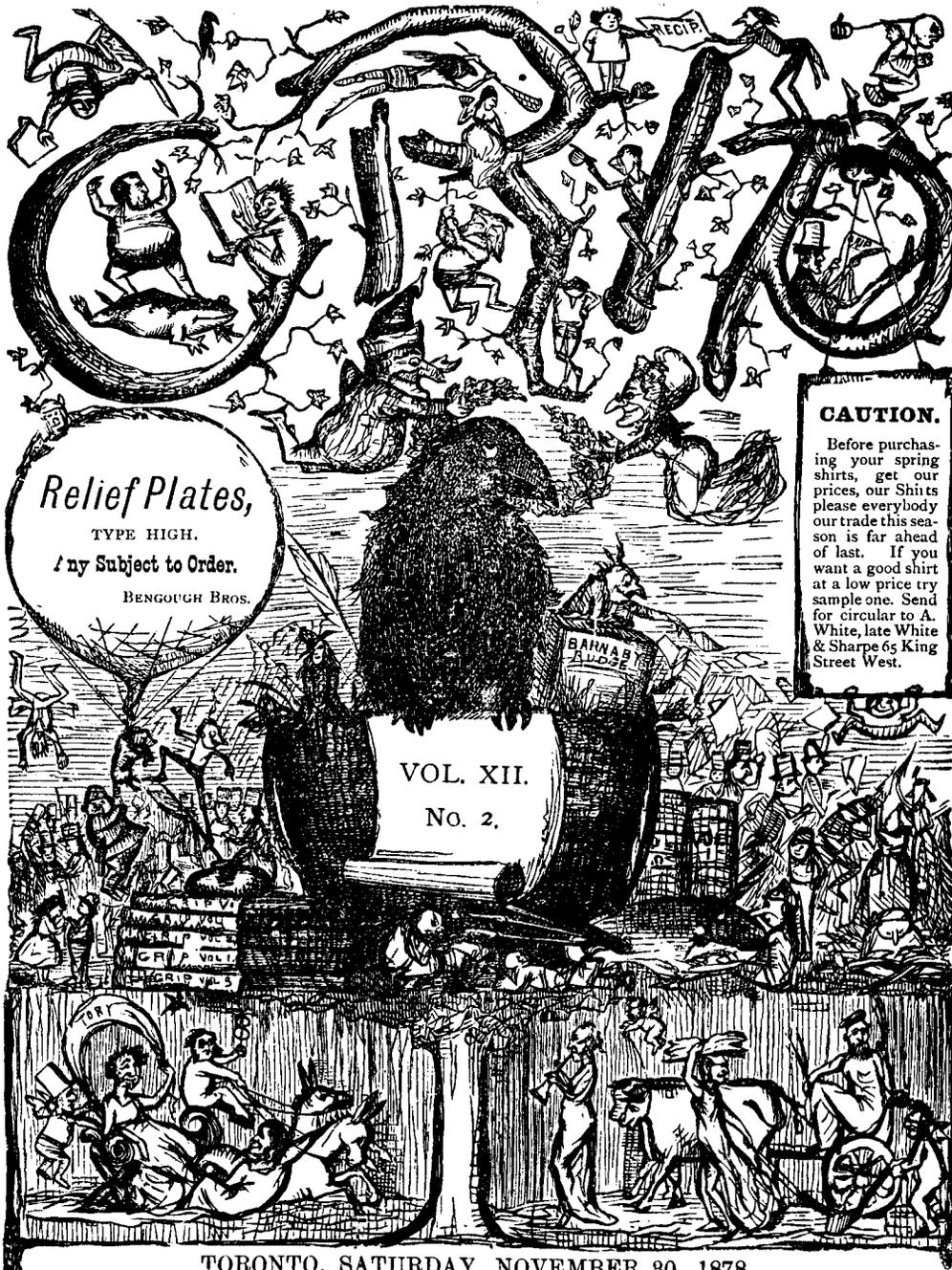
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſſ; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Opiſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

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

**Grip to the Marquis.**

(See cartoon.)

"I can only hope that I shall in some measure be able to follow in the footsteps of your late Governor-General"—*The Marquis of Lorne at Halifax.*

Well said, noble MARQUIS, you've made a good start!  
True genius still willing to learn is a pearl,  
In DUFFERIN'S office play DUFFERIN'S part  
And we'll love you as well as we do the good EARL!

Study him carefully, copy him slow,  
Mark the *pose*, which both kindness and firmness combines,  
The head so well set, neither lofty nor low,  
The hand frankly open yet bold in its lines.

Observe the expression that lights up the face,  
Its smile for true merit, its frown for base jobs,  
And mark, too, the foot that so honoured its place,  
Yet spurned all the sycophant homage of snobs.

Copy him, MARQUIS, you can if you will,  
In fact—who can tell—who the EARL may outstrip!  
You've brave blood, and bright prospects and talent and skill,  
Now honour yourself and your well wisher

GRIP.

**Another Message from George Francis!**

To Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Prince DISRAELI of Canada, and Master Adviser of the Marquis of Lorne.

Three American cheers, Sir JOHN, on your grandeur so far! Another accursed British idea gone to smash! The Civil Service of Canada in accord with ANDY JOHNSTON! To the victors belong the spoils! BUCKINGHAM gone! LETELLIER to go! The Chinese of British Columbia doomed! Good!! Go right ahead! With the gigantic magnificence of Protection in one hand, and the everlasting unconquerable principles of BARDWELL SLOTE in the other, rush upon the skulking wreck of fetid England and the world will proclaim your glory! I got your gorgeous despatch! I'm coming to see you in all your statesman-like dignity. Keep your powder dry! Fear not to turn out the Grit office holders, and keep a place for me. You're a man after my own heart. *Civis Americanus Sum!*

GEO. FRANCIS HORSECAR.

**The Journey.**

According to the *Mail*, Sir JOHN and his friends didn't have any reception on the road, as it was considered best not, on account of the Royal, &c., &c. But GRIP, who was there, will give the true account:—Halifax, N. S.—(Sir JOHN and TUPPER on train).

Sir JOHN—There's a deuce of a crowd waiting for us. What are they wanting? I don't hear 'em cheering (*Yells from the crowd, "What about the National Policy? Bring on your Elephant! What are you going to do about it?"*)

Sir JOHN—(aside).—What can we do? I can't explain that we've no inten—You speak, TUPPER.

Dr. TUPPER—I can't. They know me, you know, and—(*Yells from crowd, "Pull 'em out! Make 'em say what the tariff's to be."*)

Sir JOHN—For Heaven's sake, TUPPER!

Dr. TUPPER—No, you know all about Protection. It's an Ontario move, of course. (*Fresh yells from crowd "Break the windows!"*)

Sir JOHN—(to Tupper).—I know nothing about it—a mere election cry—not my plan—I threw the author overboard first chance I got. I don't know, really. You know how awfully I blundered at the Amphitheatre.

TUPPER—Well, well (*goes to platform*)—Gentlemen, on this—in fact—most momentous occasion—Royal presence preponderates—see you soon—explain all—whole scheme of tariff—N. P.—general prosperity, everything. The blessings which are about to pour, &c., &c., &c. (*But the crowd lets them through, and don't half like it.*)

**More Bad Manners.**

GRIP, as the special organ of the Canadian Snobocracy, is disgusted with the Belleville *Intelligencer*, whose plebeian feelings are aroused anent the following regulation which was issued in connection with the procession of the Royal Party from the landing place at Halifax to the Admiralty House:

"No carriages other than landaus, barouches and broughams, with pairs of horses and properly attired drivers, will be permitted in the procession, and all such carriages will be subject to the approval and under the orders of the Grand Marshal."

The *Intelligencer* actually declares that this is outrageous; that every TOM, DICK and HARRY, no matter what kind of a horse or rig he drove should be permitted to join in the procession and testify his loyalty! The absurdity of these democratic papers is simply unspeakable; it is only equalled by their vulgarity. We suppose they will next suggest that people shall be allowed to shake hands with the Marquis in plain clothes, or look at the Princess without an eye-glass. These low-bred ideas must be nipped in the bud and we counsel all people of breeding in Belleville to show their contempt for such a person as the *Intelligencer* editor by taking their advertisements out of his paper.

**Going to the Ball.**

BY AN ASPIRING MATRON.

COME, girls, pack all your valises;  
Hurry up AMANDA JANE;  
Children, stop your noise, don't tease us,  
For we're to start by early train;  
Your pa's gone down to get our tickets,—  
Tickets through to Montreal—  
Look alive! be smart as crickets,  
If you're to go to the Governor's ball!

AUGUSTUS don't forget your dress-coat,  
Nor your patent-leathers smart;  
And your immaculate white waist-coat,—  
Perhaps you'll win some lady's heart!  
And your papa, good laws preserve us!  
By virtue of his being Mayor,  
Will wear a coat like Sheriff JARVIS,  
We'll make quite a sensation there!

AMANDA p'raps you'll have the honour  
Of having as your *vis-a-vis*  
The Princess and the Lord of Lorne, or  
Captain DE WINTON, A.D.C.!  
In dancing mind you get a partner;  
Take no one lower than M.P.—  
Try for a nobleman or Bart, or  
Sir JOHN MACDONALD, K.C.B.

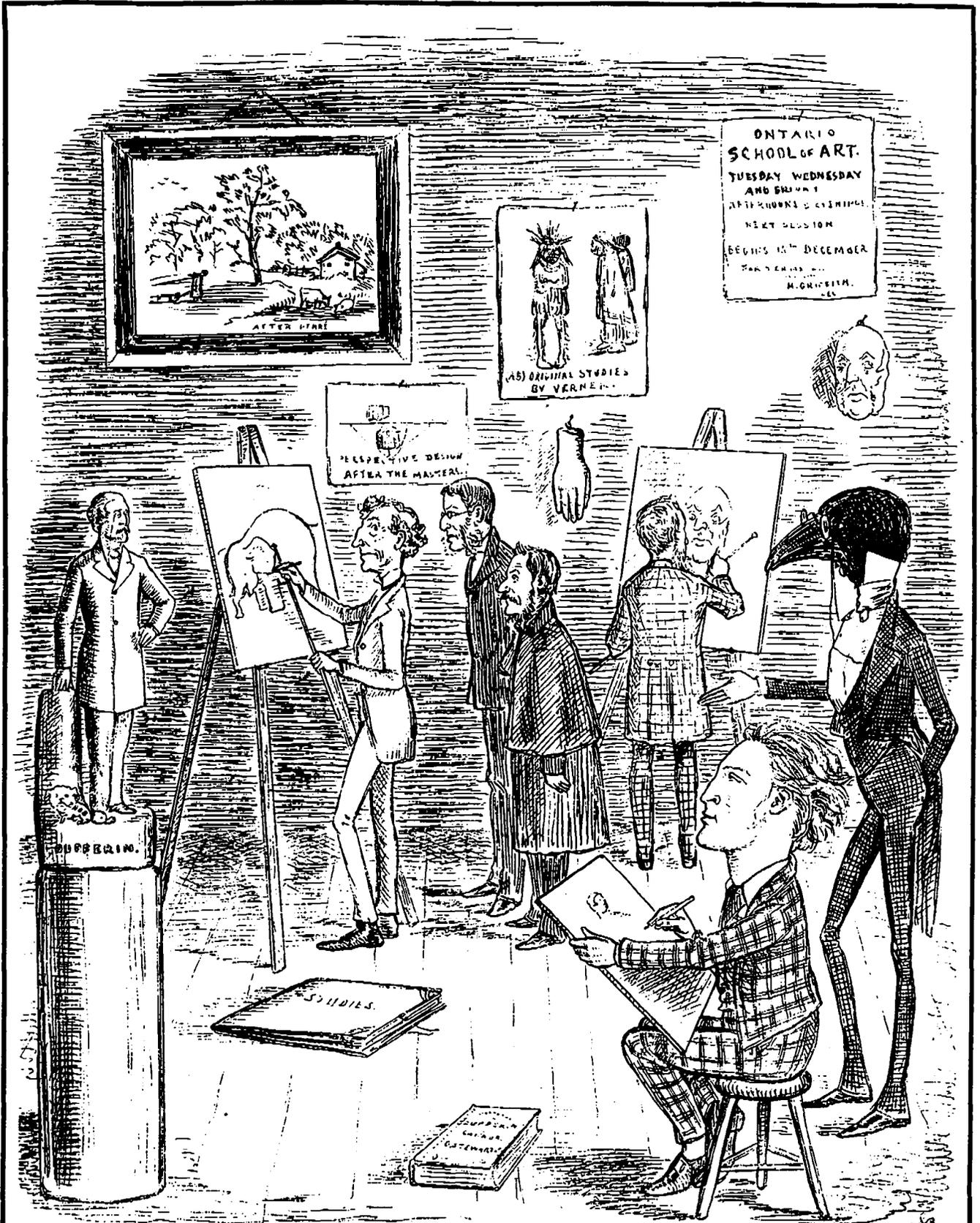
AUGUSTUS, you must find some star, a  
Lady of the Royal train;  
Say the Lady MACNAMARA,  
Whom do your best to entertain;  
Be not demonstrative in the figure,  
Nor any rustic parts reveal;  
Don't practice steps of an Irish Jig, or  
Ask her up for an "eight hand reel."

Our neighbours who are not invited  
Will die of envy and chagrin,  
If dear papa should come home knighted  
By the son-in-law of the Queen!  
And then, as fitting our high station,  
We'll call our mansion "Argyle Hall,"  
And give a regular swell ovation  
All in honour of the Governor's Ball!

**Dufferin.**

MR. GEO. STEWART, JR., has finished his labour of love, and the result is a magnificent volume entitled "Canada under the administration of the Earl of Dufferin." Besides an admirable *resumé* of our political history for the past five years, it contains all the addresses delivered in Canada by our late gifted Governor, and for this feature deserves a place on every bookshelf beside BURKE, CURRAN, SHERIDAN and the other masters of English. Every young man who contemplates a position in which public speaking is required should make DUFFERIN a study.

THE *London Advertiser* says, Mr. WHITNEY'S first rollicking song, "I'm a Roamer" carried the audience away, and a determined encore brought him back. Are we to understand that Mr. WHITNEY'S singing carried himself away too? By the way, can't we engage this great vocalist to come here and sing in the vicinity of the "Marriage Question" correspondents.



# A STUDY FOR THE NEW SCHOLAR.

PROF. GRIP.—THERE, MY DEAR MARQUIS, COPY THAT CAREFULLY; IT'S A FINE CONSTITUTIONAL MODEL!

**All the Rage.**

GRIP put on his new LORNE hat,  
And LORNE coat so neat,  
And with his LORNE walking cane  
He went up LORNE street.

The weather was forlorn and wet,  
So feeling rather blue,  
He went into the LORNE saloon  
And got a nice LORNE stew.

The waiter wore a LORNE tie,  
(The first he'd ever worn)  
And served the oysters up on plates  
All pictured o'er with LORNE.

He said he had LORNE whiskey,  
(The real Highland stuff,)  
But GRIP thought LORNE crackers  
With the LORNE stew good enough.

Now GRIP is far from selfish,  
So on his homeward way  
He bought his wife some nice LORNE gloves,  
And a LORNE bonnet gay;

Nor were the little ones forgot,  
(The little ones at hum !)  
He bought them all LORNE taffy  
And LORNE chewing gum.

And GRIP made up his mind to this,  
When his next dear boy is born,  
He'll fall in with the fashions  
And have him christened LORNE.

**The New Court.**

*An Amateur Drama of the Period.*

Mr. PLAIN. Mrs. TINSEL.

Mr. PLAIN.—What a number of parcels at your door to-day, neighbour ! I counted five dry-goods boys, two shoemakers, and one tailor's 'pientice. Are you going into trade ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—Trade, Mr. PLAIN ! Not a tradesman ever in our family. We—that is, my husband—was an officer, Sir !

Mr. PLAIN.—(Aside. Yes, he has a corporal's pension).—I know, ma'am. But what *are* you going to do ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—Sir, people who don't know, nor has any idea what loyalty is, it's no use a throwin pearls before. We are going to Court, if you must know, Mr. PLAIN.

Mr. PLAIN.—Oh, indeed, I hope it is no serious matter ! Division, or Osgoode Hall, Mrs. TINSEL ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—(with dignity).—When I say Court, Mr. PLAIN, I mean we are to attend one of the drawing rooms of Her Honourable and Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE—and her husband. Of course, sir, *you* are not going ?

Mr. PLAIN.—Plenty without me. What will *you* do there ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—We shall be very well dressed, Mr. PLAIN, and we have two cards, which is four for us. I have mine six inches by a foot. Then we leave one with the Officer in Waiting of Her Most Royal Highness at the door, and another with Her Most Royal Highness's Gentlemen at Ease in the Chamber of Presence. And our names will be spoken to Her Most Royal Highness, who will listen in Her Most Royal manner, with Her Most Royal ear. And we shall walk in procession up to Her Most Royal Highness, and bow to her, and Her Most Royal Highness will bow. And we shall walk by etiquette one way, and turn by etiquette another way. And there will be soldiers and Aide-de-camps, and Colonels in Attendance, and Ladies of the Court. And everything will be Grand and Magnificent and Courtly. And we shall walk backwards a long way out, which is etiquette. And if we see the Princess in the Entry we do not recognize her, because she does not Receive there. That is Etiquette. And we are taking lessons in Etiquette from our dancing master, who has been to Court.

Mr. PLAIN.—But you don't seem to mention the Marquis at all ? Won't *he* be there ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—He will be there, or thereabouts, of course. But we have had Governor Generals before. This is the Princess, Her Most Royal Highness, Mr. PLAIN.

Mr. PLAIN.—Well, we had her brother, the Heir Apparent, here—a step above her in rank, Mrs. TINSEL. Why didn't you make such a fuss then ?

Mrs. TINSEL.—He couldn't hold no drawing room like this, Mr. PLAIN. Oh, it will be so great, so enchanting, so splendid to walk by Etiquette, and turn round, and bow, and walk backwards by Etiquette—Court Etiquette, Mr. PLAIN !

Mr. PLAIN.—Well, I'm as loyal as the next man, and if it helps good government it'll do me. But I don't see the beauty of your dancing master ceremony. In my opinion, if so be as all the fuss and feathers, and walking backwards and forwards, and bowing right and left, is the style in England, the Marquis and the Princess will have the sense to cut down about half of it here.

Mrs. TINSEL.—Mr. PLAIN, how could we be loyal without Etiquette, and walking by rule, and bowing, and cards, and announcings ? But you don't know nothing of loyalty. This comes of having no aristocratic ancestors, Mr. PLAIN. (Exit).

**The Doctrine of Evolution.**

It was one day

AS GRIP was calmly, slowly, gravely walking  
About the world, and here and there a-talking  
As is his way,

When he met there  
A gentleman who looked exceeding doleful,  
As if unsweetened cranberries by bowlful  
Had been his fare.

Then GRIP did say :  
“ Why is this gloomy countenance, my friend ?  
Does meditation on your latter end  
Affect you, pray ? ”

With gloomy stare  
He said, “ Not of an end, but a beginning.  
I grieve to think of how, 'gainst reason sinning,  
The folks declare

The world began  
Mosaicly—I say that's delusion,  
The world was made, Sir—made by evolution,  
Which prove I can !

There did exist  
No earth, moon, stars on high, or sun to blaze, Sir,  
Nothing in fact but one tremendous haze, Sir,  
One great vast mist.

Then came to pass—  
The sun evolved himself by aggregation,  
Just as a lot of people make a nation,  
Rolled in a mass.

Then what was lacked  
Was made this way : His gravitation spun him,  
And friction heated him, and overdone him,  
Until he cracked

His outer shell  
To pieces, which flew out in all directions  
And formed the other planets and connections,  
Now you can tell.”

Said GRIP, “ I see.  
I fancied Evolution was much queerer,  
But come to hear, there's nothing can be clearer  
Than this to me.

But I shall pray,  
You'll kindly take the trouble to explain one  
Small point, which still I fancy quite a main one  
In what you say.

How'd this commence ?  
Who made the haze ? For that would seem to me, Sir,  
The hardest thing of the whole work to be, Sir,  
Perhaps I'm dense.”

GRIP can't pourtray  
His face. He said, “ In prejudice rolled up  
I leave you, Arab-like, my tent to fold up  
And steal away.”

He stole, no doubt.  
For GRIP in quick time missed his gold repeater,  
And now wants no 'volutionists to meet, or  
See them about.

The reporter of one of our exchanges, in noticing a lecture, says, “The hall, for some unaccountable reason, was uncomfortably cold.” Perhaps there wasn't enough fire on.

# 1879. MAYOR. 1879.

## To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN.—In response to a numerously 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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*Robert Taylor.*

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