

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

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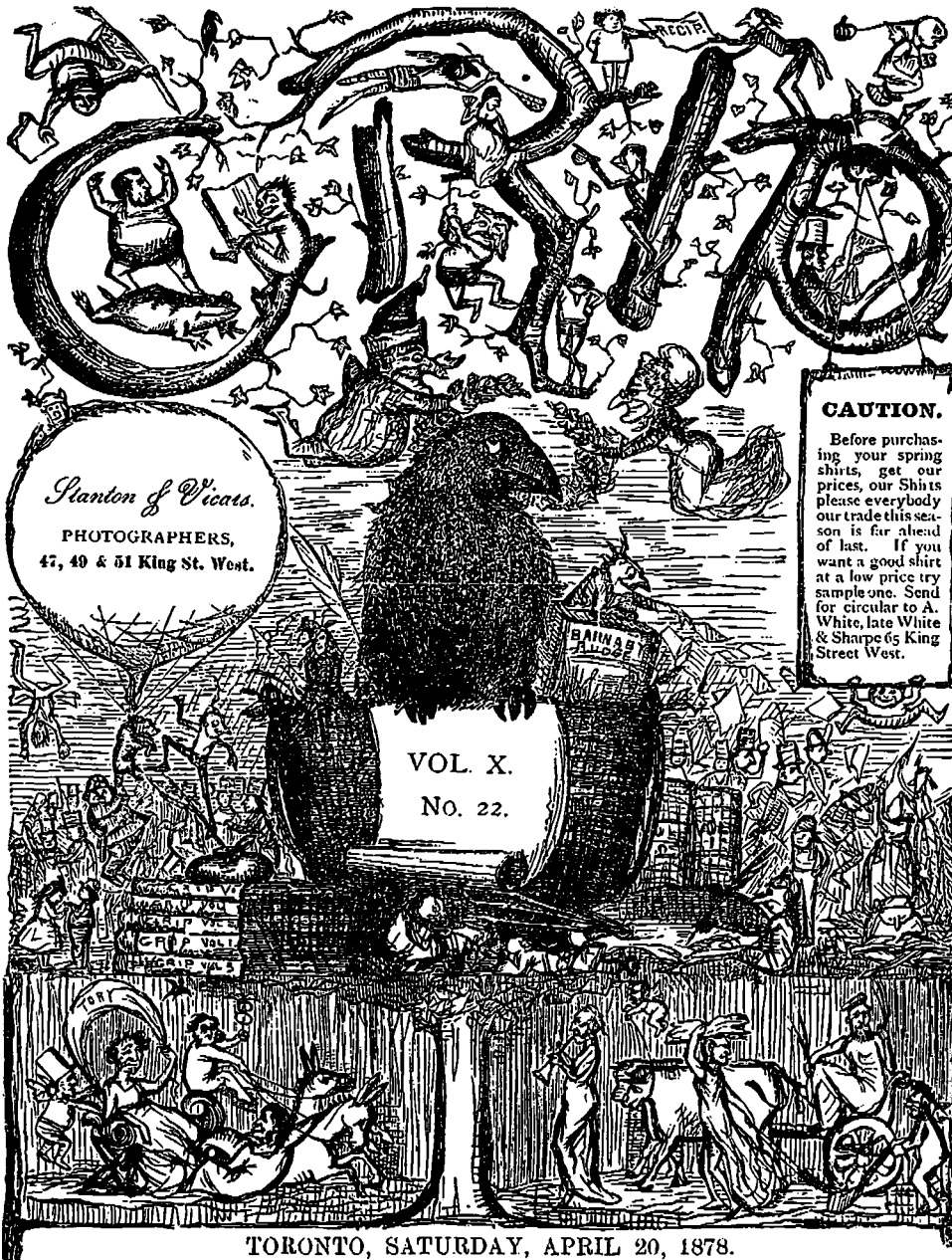
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VOL. X.  
 No. 22.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 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 RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 20TH APRIL, 1878.

### The Parliamentary Condition.

*From the Globe.*

"Never in the annals of ages have the howling fiends—otherwise Conservatives—so conducted themselves. Drink! Drink is no word for it. SIR JOHN MACDONALD, ever prominent in evil, was drunk all the time. He is a person whose utter reprobation, imbecility, uselessness, ignorance, malice, and generally abominable disposition unfits him for anything. It may be said that on that night he made a long speech, evincing more historic and Parliamentary knowledge than any other given this session. Well, what if he did? Is it not clear that when a statesman incapable of such things, does such things successfully, he must have been beside himself, with liquor? Of course. But we shall stop his abilities when we pass the Dunkin Act, with special clause that he is not to have any. Drunk? Of course he was drunk, or how could he appear to know more than BLAKE or MACKENZIE? And all the rest of the crew of Tory Miscreants? Yes! The most disgraceful scenes were enacted! Vile! Outrageous! Horrible! They drank! they danced! they hooted! they yelled! All of the Conservative wretches! Yes! It was them. We hope the country will rouse to a supreme effort and throw them out. The next elections shall purge the land of the fiends who dare to pollute Parliament with their orgies. Let all Reformers rally, and vote in a Party of Sobriety whose Sobriety shall be as Sober as the Party of Purity proved Pure."

*From the Mail.*

"Of course the disgraceful scenes at Ottawa—entirely created by the Grits—are credited to the Conservatives by the wretched and iniquity-soaked sheet of the pairty. MACKENZIE, struck paralyzed by the fear the country should know the way he mismanages things at Ottawa, telegraphed that the rumpus must all be put down as the act of the Conservatives! But it wasn't them. They didn't do it! Why, the speakers who were being interrupted were Tories! All the Conservatives in the House sat perfectly quiet all the while, and when the noise became too great for human nature to bear they occasionally went out to the refreshment room—not to drink; not at all—merely to read a few verses of the Scriptures, and repeat a short prayer in the passage, and come back to their seats. Noise? Oh, they didn't make any at all. What if the excellent CAMPBELL tore round and brandished his stick? His manner is exciteable, but is that unparliamentary? And the slander about Sir JOHN is a slander most foul, concocted by a literary ghoul, who was probably himself as drunk as a biled owl. Let MACKENZIE tell his teetotal friends if he dares how he fortified himself for that debate with half a cask of pure brandy, (imported at a low duty, which is what he wants Free Trade for). And all the rest. Oh! Monstrous! Hideous! Terrible! The Grits are falling over the precipice of infamy into the abyss of destruction, but they should fall over quietly, decently, and not in their present style. The spectacle of Grits blowing on penny trumpets, creaking desks, howling like flogged hounds, and hurling blue books like buckshots at one another's heads, while going over the cliff, is not correct."

GRIP has carefully read the account of the disgraceful proceedings at Ottawa. It appears by the Reform account that the Conservatives generally were drunk, incapable, and boisterous to a most unparliamentary degree. It also appears by the Conservative account that the Reformers generally were in the same condition. GRIP is therefore of opinion that the evidence is well sustained by both sides, and he gives judgment accordingly. His intention is at the next election to put in new men altogether, and the first measure his new Premier will get passed shall render forfeit the sessional allowance of any member found misbehaving himſelf during the session.

### Appropos of the Times.

A WHOLESALE dealer in Tobacco and notions of German nomenclature received a customer at his warehouse the other day with his accustomed urbanity and blandness.

MERCHANT—(shaking hands warmly).—Good morning, good morning.

CUSTOMER—(with half stifled sob).—I am sorry, I have come to compromise my debt to you.

MERCHANT—(with a changed countenance, as he mentally sums up his customer's indebtedness).—How much can you pay?

CUSTOMER—(with exemplary caution).—I don't know exactly. About how much is the boys paying now?

(MERCHANT with indignation shews customer out of his warehouse and completely collapses).

### A Safe Guide.

AS RURAL postmasters may be in want of some enlightenment as to the new duties of their office, GRIP respectfully submits the following marks for their guidance in detecting immoral letters. All letters should be opened, (1) that are addressed to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; (2) addressed to the U. E. Club; (3) addressed to N. F. DAVIN; (4) addressed to anybody who is not a member in good standing of the Reform party; (5) that threaten the life of the Premier; (6) addressed to parties whose affairs the postmaster may feel interested in.

### The March of Folly.

ONCE on a time there were two little boys called SMITH, who lived in a country called Ireland. Now the little SMITHS had a father and a mother, who agreed to live apart because they could not live together. Now SMITH *ater* was Protestant, and SMITH *ater* was not. So dividing the children, one was brought up as one, one as the other. And away to Canada, this is what follows:

17TH MARCH.

Enter SMITH senior, with a deal of green color disposed about him, something like a revolver in his pocket, and a great green flag on a pole. To him GRIP.

GRIP.—Pray Mr. SMITH, why are you dressed up so? And you seem very tired. What have you been doing?

SMITH SENIOR.—Doing? I have carried this banner ten miles, and stood two hours listening to a speech.

GRIP.—What for?

SMITH SENIOR.—For? St. PATRICK'S day! Nationality! Holy Mother Church! A great many things!

GRIP.—Does it do them any good?

SMITH SENIOR.—I fear not. We should certainly be more loyal to Canada without it. But it is custom. Must keep up old customs—do as our fathers did, you know.

GRIP.—Why don't you live like a mediæval, then, or like a savage.

SMITH SENIOR.—That's a puzzler. But I must go. Hurrah for St. PATRICK. (Exit shouting).

12TH JULY.

Enter SMITH junior, with a deal of orange color about him, and a big flag and revolver also—the latter concealed.

GRIP.—Good morning, Mr. SMITH. So you have been parading too. I saw your brother at it a month or two ago.

SMITH JUNIOR.—Oh! Him! Poor fellow—regularly priest ridden, you know. Strange that grown men should let themselves be ordered about so.

GRIP.—Very strange. By the way, do you think your parade does Protestantism much good?

SMITH JUNIOR.—Well, I fear not. In fact, we have so many obligations to our party that we cannot attend much to other things.

GRIP.—What have you done?

SMITH JUNIOR.—Why, we have been very busy for years getting our charter fixed. Then we have lectures, parades, and so forth.

GRIP.—It does not, however, seem to me that the strongest opposition to High Church, confession, rituals, and all that, comes from your body.

SMITH JUNIOR.—No, that work is mainly done by the Low Church English. But so many of us are Dissenters that we have not much to do with it now. But there is no doubt ours is an excellent institution—the pillar of the State. But I must go. Hurrah for King WILLIAM! (Exit shouting).

Enter DISINTERESTED PARTY. To GRIP.—Sir, I have just arrived in this country, and would like to know which party I belong to.

GRIP.—Well, much depends upon your religious views.

D. P.—I regret to say that they are unsettled. Geology and all these things have disturbed my old ideas.

GRIP.—Well, fall back upon your ancestors. If Catholic, walk on St. PATRICK'S Day, and wear green. If Orange, on the 12th July, and wear Orange.

D. P.—My dear sir, my ancestors differed. In fact, they were on opposite sides.

GRIP.—Well, you have all the better chance. Walk on both days, and have two different suits of clothes and two flags. You will be quite as sensible and patriotic as the others.

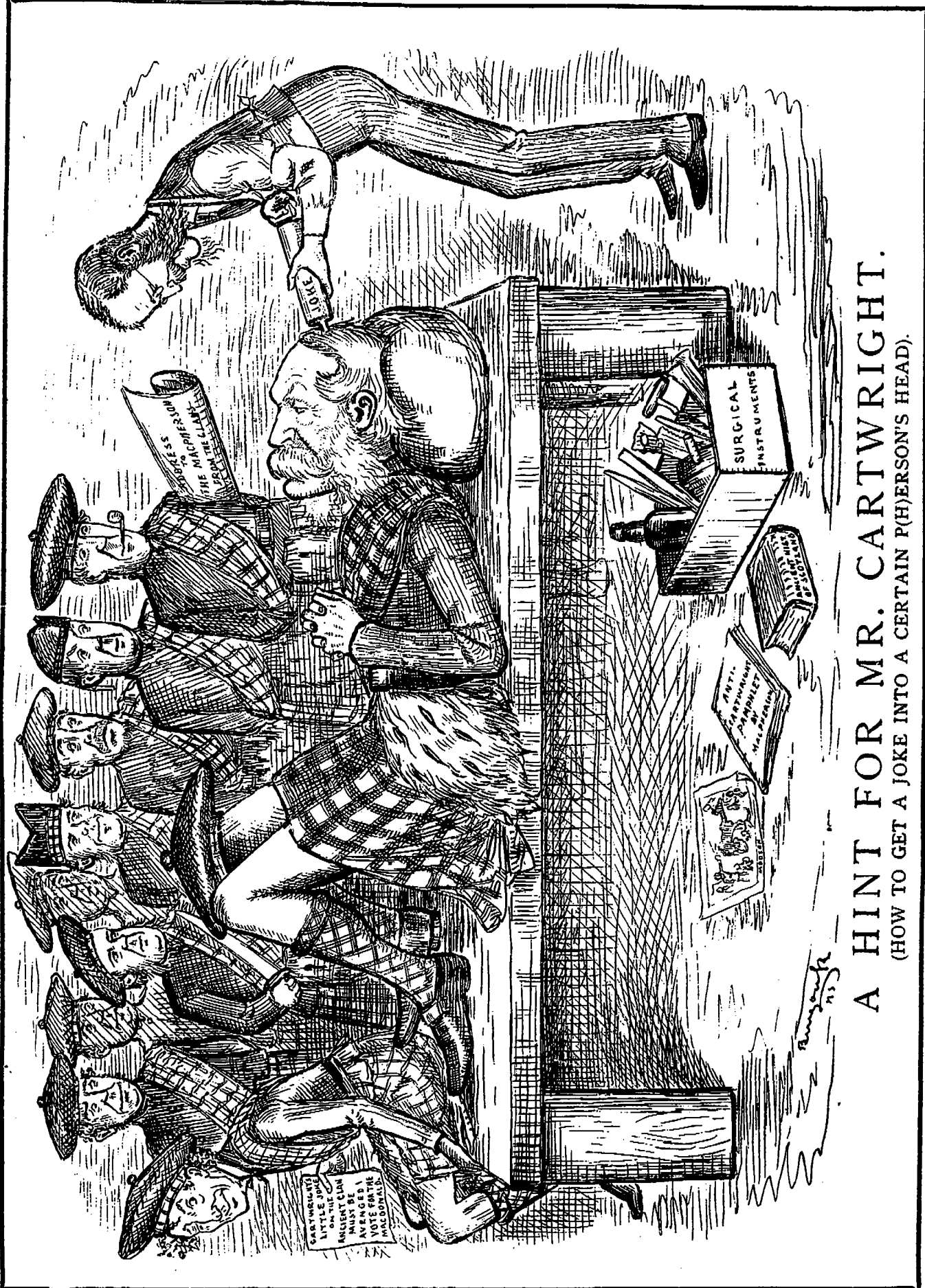
D. P.—But what makes them do it?

GRIP.—Would you really like to know?

D. P.—Very much.

GRIP.—Well, then, it is not a what, but a who. People who want to get office, and humbug these good fellows on each side into being stepping stones for them.

VERY PROBABLE.—The *Mail* relates a serious accident, and one which may result fatally; the case of a brakeman who, it says, was badly injured, taken to the hospital, had amputation performed, but died about midnight.



A HINT FOR MR. CARTWRIGHT.  
 (HOW TO GET A JOKE INTO A CERTAIN P(H)ERSON'S HEAD).

**The Satirical Journal.**

Of your papers so large and your papers so small,  
The wisest's the paper that laughs at 'em all,  
Makes fun of the Turks and of Russians makes fun,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

Folks are fools from their birth to the day of their death,  
From the day they receive till they give up their breath,  
From the lifetime's commencement until it is done,  
Oh, there's no one that's sensible under the sun.

They're most happy as youngsters; and what are their joys  
In that state?—to accumulate plenty of toys,  
While their minds evermore on some finer toys run,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

When grown up, still the distance they greedily view,  
And phantoms successive still try to pursue,  
But all equally vain are the courses they run,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your keen politician, who spends all his days  
For the public—and dies with no friend left to praise,  
Used by parties, thrown over when powers were done,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your sharp money-getter, who healthy and strong,  
To accumulate cash gave years many and long,  
Then finds to enjoy it power he has none,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your old fashioned parents, unlearned and unwise,  
Give their children accomplishments, who will despise  
Themselves, when of knowledge they've smattering won,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your youth who enlists, with his brain running hot  
On the pleasure and glory in fighting that's got,  
As a cripple knocked round when his battles are done,  
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

So, of all our writers, or learned or not,  
The wisest's the writer who laughs at the lot,  
The next wisest's his reader—between them they've done  
What's nearest to sensible under the sun.

**Tierney Abroad.****III'S DAIRY IN THE MARRIYTIME PROVINCES.**

*Woodstock, N. B., Jan. 25.*—This Woodstock isn't the place av the same name up in Ontario beyant, fwhere Mистер PAT ULLO the organizer av our party kem from. But it's a nate little place, fwhat's left av it, because av coorse they had a big foire here a fwhile ago. Anny town in New Brunswick that isn't purty well burned down wanst in a fwhile, is lucked on wid suspicion, be the rest av the community, an' is avided be the commarchal travellers from the Monthreal houses. This lasht is the sorest punishment yez cud conceive; yez can harly imagine how it hurts the falins av the people. I cuddin't get a dhrink av whiskey at all in this town, widout crawlin' on me hans an' knees among boxes av soap an' the loikes av that in a dark room back av a grocery shote, or ilse walkin' into the primisis av Mистер DICK ARMSTRONG, an', begorra I was afeard to do that, thinkin' the big turkey he had hangin' in front av his dure, in honor av BANKS MICKINZIE, wud fall on me head. So I wint an' jined the Blue Ribbon min, an' made a spache in the meetin'. It wasn't so foine a spache as Mистер WIGHTMAN or Brother ARNOTT wud make, av coorse, but the chairman Mистер WATTS, said it was splindid, an' I wud make a gud taytotaler av I wint on abstainin'. I met Daycon DUROISE here; this is fwhere that celebrated scientific an' clerical gentleman resides. He was intherjuiced to me be wan av his friends an' fellow citizens, Mистер DRYSDALE. The Daycon explained his wontherful invintion, for extractin' shpots out av the sun, I think it was, but I mebbe didn't comprehend his spache intoirely on account av Mистер DRYSDALE winkin' wan eye fwhin it was goin' on. In the inthrests av science, I sind yez the Daycon's fotygraft, tuck in Boston the toime he wint there to sell his patent for \$1,000,000 to the govrnint av the U. S.



*St. Stephen, N. B.*—This foine little town is composed av Mистер J. CHAPMAN an' others. It is situated contagious to the United Shtates, an' the business consists chafely av attindin' BANKS MICKINZIE meetins'. Most av the citizens here are av the blue ribbon persuasion, but they have not all proved rarciant to the people av the taytotal shtate av Maine. A few shtill aim an honest penny supplyin' fwhisky to their neighbors across the wather. [Note. I won't recommend St. Stephen to immigrants. They wud escape out av the counthry too aisy, an' settle in the Shtates].

*St. John.*—From the town av St. Staphen I wint back wanst more to St. John, thinkin' mebbe I wud be so lucky as to see what that misfortunate place lucked loike fwhin the sun was shinin'. Av coorse I wasn't lucky enough. It was rainin' a soort av a damp fog all the fwhile, barrin' the shpells av shnow now an' thin. I cuddin't help thinkin' St. John ought to be called JOSIUUA, for, begorra, it lucks as if the sun had gone back on it. I blave the only way wan cud see the sun in St. John is to shstay at a convaniant locality an' get some person to send a telegraft mintonin' that the sun was out, an' thin take the express thrain an' go down all av a suddint. I ped a visit to Mr. W. KNOWLES, affice av the *Torch*, an' examined wid much inthrest his pun-makin' machinery. He towld me the inshturmint worked purty well,—it mangles up words an' twishts strait letters into fwhat they call Italicks—but he complained that it was hard labour turnin' the crank. I axed him if he cuddin't dispense wid puns in his paper, but he gev me a luck like the play actor fwhin he exclaims "Chaos is come again," an' sez he, "An honest pun is the noblest work av man." But JOSEPH is a good harted lad, afther all, an' there is plinty av min in the world no better nor his worst puns. Av coorse I called to see me counthryman Mистер BOYD agin, but me visit wasn't long, as that gintleman was ixtrameley busy. He explained to me that he had a big pile av extra luggage to attend to, an' had to work harder than anny impenitent thafe, so I didn't shstay to take up anny av his toime.

*Dorchester, N. S.*—This isn't a terrible large place, comparatively shpakin'. The population is composed mostly av lawyers, an' the govrnint is puttin' up a big penitentiary in their midst. I mit a few av the legal gintlemin an' can vouch for their gud characters. Mистер JOSEPH HOWE DIXON is wan av thim, an' if he lives to be old enough he will prove worthy av the famous name he bears. At prisint he is ixtrameley iloquent wid reference to a case av larceny, or anything av that kind. I will give yez a picture av another citizen, who is well known an' respected down as far as Truro. This picture was taken widout the gintleman's consint, an' mebbe he wuddn't care about it. He towld me it was all right to publish fotygrafts av ALBERT J. SMITH an' Dr. TUPPER, but the falins av respectable gintlemen ought to be tuck into consideration.



*Amherst, N. S.*—This is the native place av Doctor TUPPER, an' has wan shstreet that stretches farther than anny av the Doctor's facts. The people here are all waitin' wid anxiety for the general election, till they get a welt at the prisint corrupt govrnint. All excipt Mистер ROBY MORSE. I blave he is goin to vote agin JOHN A. an' thim. I wud give yez a portrait av ROBY, but he is so bashful that the fotygrafter I engaged to take him cuddin't get his machine widin firin distance, an' so we had to give up the job. Besides Mистер ROBY was in a hurry that day, goin' hot foot to the station to read a foine address to Mистер JONES, the Minister av War, that was expicted in the thrain from Halifax. I am infurmed that Mистер MORSE got to the station all out av wind, an' stud in the cowlid air wid the address ready, fwhin, be all that is exasperatin', fwhat did the blaggard av a Tory engine-driver do but gives a whistle av contimpt an' thunders rill pasht the place, while some bad bys shouts out to ROBY, "Pull down the address!" an' Mистер JONES tuck off his hat an' cheered, thinkin' it was a flag I suppose.

*Sackville.*—This is the purtiest town av all, especially on the inside av the Mount Allison Female college. I don't think yez cud find a shweeter luckin' lot av young people annywhere, barrin' the two iditors av the town. I am pleased to say that Mистер MILNER, av the *Post*, an' Mистер REYNOLDS av the *Borderer*, trades wan another wid all the kindness that cud be expected. Their papers comes out wanst a wake, an' they don't call wan another rapscallions an' low lived scoundrils oftener than that. Whieever they happen to be ridin' in a cutter together, the business av the place is generally suspindid wid astonishment, an' the friends av the two young min feel very unaisy, an' talk about blood.

TERRY TIERNEY.

**Scene at the City Hall.**

COMMISSIONER—(to party before him).—Sir, your premises are in a disgraceful state. You are a pollution to the neighborhood. You must have your cellars and houses cleaned thoroughly, or I shall have you fined.

PARTY.—Well, sir, I only tried to keep my house in the state the City Hall is kept in. Surely I could not have a better example. The papers say it is undrained, unhealthy, full of foul stuff for years.

COMMISSIONER.—What has that to do with it? Get your place cleaned, or I'll fine you. (Exit).

**Parliamentary Enquiry.**

THE Hon. Mr. GRIP begs to enquire whether it is the intention of the Government to create a portfolio to be known as Minister of Public Morality and Letter Opening, vice the portfolio of Receiver General, abolished.

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desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

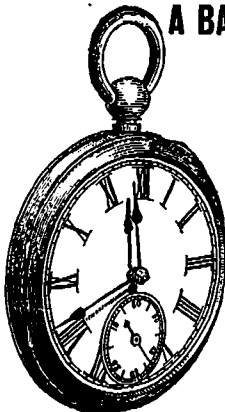
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