

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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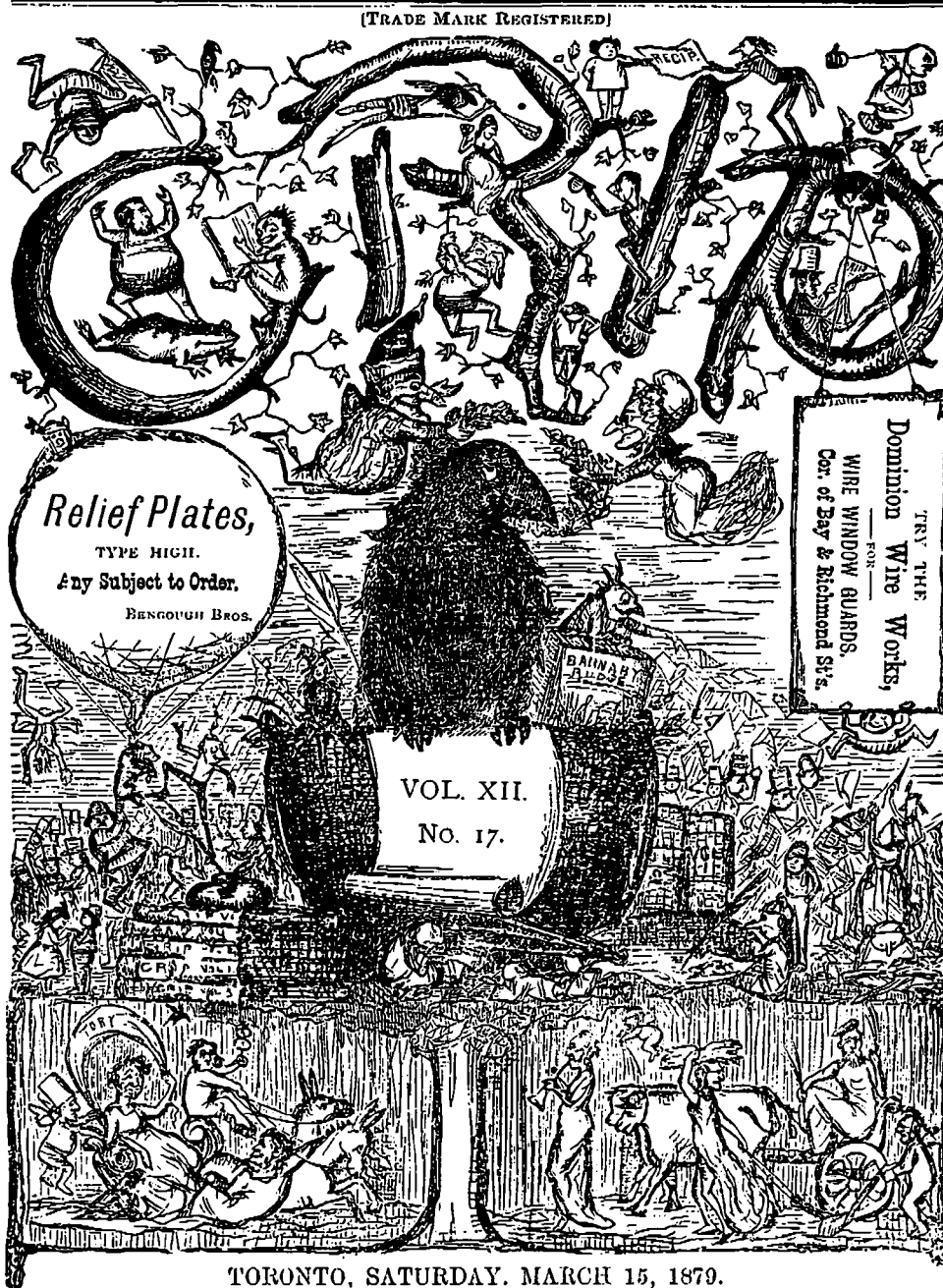
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VOL. XII.
No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

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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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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, 15TH 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.

To Correspondents.

LORD LOVEL—Please favour us with your address.

"The Wake."

NOT having NED FARRAR on his staff, GRIP makes no attempt to supplement this week's Cartoon with a letter-press description of a rare old Irish Wake. Comment is unnecessary, anyhow. The picture tells the story of how the "corpse" of the beloved TEDDY BLAKE began to manifest symptoms of new life, and the joy which that revival spread amongst the members of the party. GRIP has only to crave the pardon of the light-hearted genius of Hibernia for having desecrated her great institution of the Wake with the presence of so many alien Scotchmen and other outsiders.

The Destruction of the Opposition.

Written after BYRON and to be read after the Budget Speech.

The Budget came down like a wolf on the fold,
And TILLEY was gleaming in purple and gold,
And the House was as crowded a crowd as could be,
As he grandly unfolded the graceful N.P.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT that morning were seen;
But the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown
Were more like those Grits when great TILLEY was done.

For the Tariff announced had been planned with such art,
That it pleased every Province and interest apart;
And the hopes of the critics waxed deadly and chill,
And their tongues failed to wag, and forever grew still!

And there lay D. MILLS, with his speech by his side,
And his figures and facts scattered 'round far and wide;
And ANGLIN sprawled too, like a whale in the surf,
And gasped out despairingly, "Thunder and turf!"

And the *Globe* and the organs are loud in their wail,
For G. B. is "bust" in his temple of Baal;
Thus the critical acumen we were to see
Has found not a flaw in the glorious N.P.!

The Gulf which has Opened at Bow Park.

Enter the Hon. G. B., to him the Hon. Mr. MILLS.

HON. G. B.—How are ye the day? Have ye heirit o' the awfu' occurrence at Bow Park?

HON. MR. MILLS.—No. What has happened?

HON. G. B.—Mon, ye are to ken I was, as but natural, disappointit a wee wi the deesenclenation o' the Council tae pass the Frontage Act, whilk is a maist necessary measure. Sae, I happenit tae stamp ma foot wi some vehemence doon on the soil, and lo, a haill acre o' land sank near a hunner feet, giein me bare time tae win aff't. Mon, I was ne'er sae slevit in ma born days. Gin I had deesappereit whaur wad the country hae gaen?

HON. MR. MILLS.—My dear sir! Oh, my dear sir! Eureka! I have found it! Oh, Eureka!—(Strikes attitude and holds up both his hands.)

HON. G. B.—What does the donnert creature mean? Ye hae fand it? Gin ye mean the acre, ye haena, for it lees at the bottom o' the pit, sauf and soond, only we canna get doon till't, and faith I wadna like tae for fear it wad drop through wi' me. Ye may gang doon gin ye like.

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, think not of acres. Consider the calamities of your country, bleeding under a Protective administration—the defeat of Reform—the woes of CARTWRIGHT—the miseries of MACKENZIE—the multitudinous wrongs of oppressed and injured Grits. Sir, not for one moment denying that if I had been Premier, all had been safe, I scorn to recount private griefs, when such public woes occur, as might well drive me to bring the whole resources of Philosophy to my aid, rush dreadful on my foes, and the whole extended landscape incarnadine with

their sanguineous and expiring gore. That I could do it is easily demonstrated. As X plus Y squared to the extracted parallel of B cube, any school boy can see that; and then remembering the defeat of SYLLA and MARIUS by the Trojans under ALEXANDER THE GREAT, shows also I have history on my side.—(G. B. stares, but is rather impressed by the parade of authorities.)—Yes, my dear sir, what I have said irrefragably proves that the great moment has arrived,—the day of prophecy has come. A second gulf has now opened at our Capitol—or the residence of our real leader—the same thing. What does it mean? What? What? The eye of the philosopher at once sees that another CURTIUS is demanded—the point of opening shows it is yourself. My dear sir, the woes of Canada shall not cease till our CURTIUS leaps into the gulf!

HON. G. B.—Me! Prawcepceitate mysel doon the— Mon, ye are meestaken. I dinna deny the apparent seemelarity. But I dinna consider mysel ca'ed on—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, in the name of Philosophy, in the name of History, in the name of Metaphysics, I conjure you to save your country. You are not a knight—*eques*—but as a noble rustic, sir, were it myself, I would mount the best animal in my herd—your most magnificent bull, sir, and armed with a file of your trenchant weapon the *Globe*, I would dare the frightful leap, and as the gulf closed, my voice should be heard chanting my loud contempt of the annihilation which brought salvation to Canada. Do it! Great sir, I implore you, do it and save us all!

HON. G. B.—I alloo some ane suld perhaps—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Sir, I rejoice you perceive, in the name of Canada I rejoice!

HON. G. B.—But it suldna be mysel. That wad be fleein' in the face o' heestory. CURTIUS was'na the leader; moreover, he was a younger mon o' great acquirements, and well acquaint wi heestory and feelosophy. A' things, Maister MILLS, declare ye the mon. Come wi me tae Bow Park this constant, (*seizes the Philosopher in giant hand.*)

HON. MR. MILLS.—(trembling.)—No, sir. It is not I. Besides I have an engage.—(breaks loose, and was last seen running like mad toward Bothwell.)

The Session is Done.

A Monologue: after LONGFELLOW—(a considerable distance)—spoken on the evening of Tuesday March 11th, 1879.

The Session is done, and the members
Fly from the city to-night;
When each man has grabbed his allowance
He takes to a speedy flight.

I see the desks all empty,
Each well-known form is missed,
And a feeling of dryness comes o'er me
That I know I cannot resist;

A feeling of dryness and longing
That never comes on in vain,
And resembles sentiment only
As lager resembles champagne.

Come, read me the Votes and Proceedings
In a simple and touching way,
Just to soothe my restless feelings
While the waiter is filling the tray.

Read me the buncombe amendments,
That formed so large a part
Of the Opposition thunder,
And almost broke my heart.

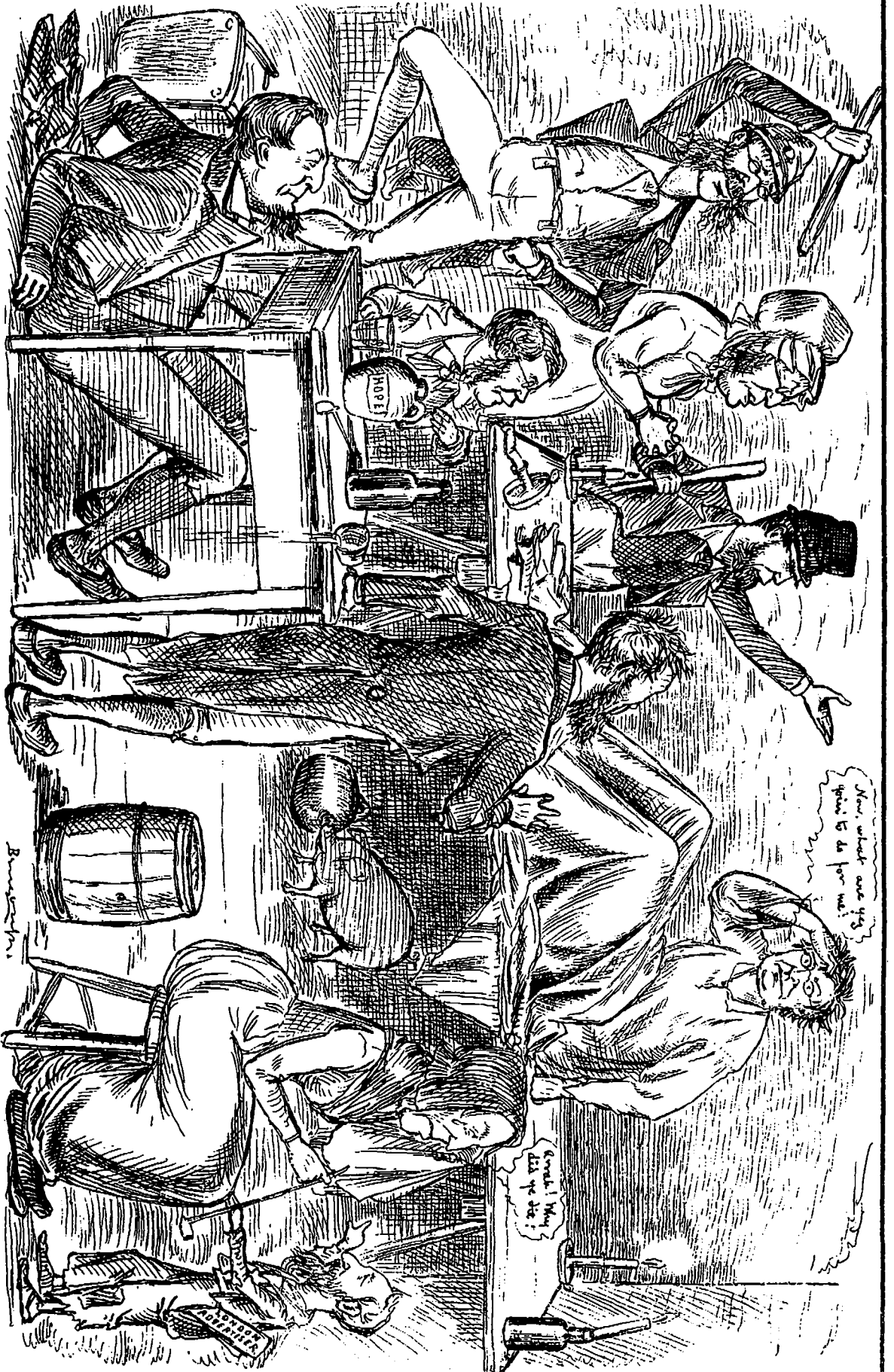
For through afternoons of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
I heard the left propounding
Their schemes for Paring Cheese.

I knew that each vote was a humbug,
Each motion was only a snare,
But I had to call in the members,
And put clap-traps from the chair.

Then order again our refreshments,
The fluids of thy choice,
And lend to the call of the bell rope,
The music of thy voice.

And this night, at least, we'll have leisure,
For buncombe is over to-day:
We have done with the Cheese Paring motions,
Whose echoes are dying away.

If the reporters at Ottawa occupy the gallery, we presume the members are in the Perquette, and the ladies in the Dress Circle, while the N.P. Elephant is in the Pit—and not likely to get out either.



THE "WAKE" AV TEDDY BLAKE.

B. Mowat.

" * * * I came to the conclusion that it was time I was dead: (*laughter*) and that * * * it was my duty to seek some quiet and secluded retreat, as any well regulated corpse ought to do. (*Retrieved laughter*). But * * * I assure you that there never was an hour in which I felt a keener interest in the success of the Liberal Party than this present hour."—*Hon. E. BLAKE'S speech at MOWAT banquet.*

A new Opera

MR. GRIP is pleased to be able to submit to his readers of lyrical tastes a portion of the Libretto of a new Opera, shortly to be produced at the Grand, or elsewhere, which has been handed in for his revision. The author, with the characteristic modesty of true genius, declines for the present having his name known to the world. It is intitled:

H. M. CANADIAN SHIP BLUNDERBORE.

SCENE I.—Main deck of "Blunderbore," discovered at rise; Sir JOHN MCD—LD, First Lord; Captain PH—IS, Commander, (in his mind); DICK C—T—R—T DEADEYE, (Evil disposed seaman); Sailors, mariners, Globe reporters, bum-boat women, etc., in line front of stage.

CAPT. P.—I am the author of the great N. P.—

SIR JOHN.—And I am the ruler of the coun-ter-ree!

Chorus—ALL.—He is the author of the great N. P.,
And he is the ruler of this countree!

CAPT. P.—(Takes stage.)

I think, Sir JOHN, 'tis very strange
You didn't send for me,
To teach your Cabinet to arrange
The Nation's Policee;
I've never been to Parliament,
Of course you all do know,
But that's no reason why I can't
Have my portfol-i-o!

Still, I am the author of the great N. P.!

SIR JOHN.—But I am the ruler of the countree!

And if you don't beware,
I'll settle you, I swear,

By making you an Ass-ignee, a butt for jeers and taunts,—

ALL.—And also your sisters, your cousins and your aunts!

DICK C. DEADEYE to CAPT. P.—

Ha! ha! you thought to make a strike,
And rise above your station,
And be Financial Minister
Of this Confederation;
You thought JOHN A. meant what he said
When he patronised you so;
But now you find your hopes are fled,
I told you so! I told you so!

CAPT. P. (to DICK.)

How dare you, sir, accost me thus
On my own quarter deck?
Oh! boatswain, there! Just recve a rope,
And quickly stretch his neck!
Just run him up to the yard arm,
I tell you I command it,
I'll teach him to be more polite,
For demmit! I won't stand it!

Chorus—ALL.—He said demmit! He said demmit!—(They all dance.)

Tableau—Quick curtain—End of Scene.

An Open Letter.

Mister TELLY, Dear Sir, Minister of Finess, Ottawa:

SIR, would you be so kind as to send me word with regard concerning the tariff, as I wud like to know wat it is going to be. I don't think that you much known' as how you are ill and not afelin' well jes now, but you kin rite it ont onto a post card or git one of them clerks to do it for you which I hear you have appointed mosen a thousand of them wot aint got nothing to do. I am feelin' very anxious jest now in a bizness pint of view, bein' afraid that ef you don't let me know how things is goin' to jump pertly soon I will be busted. JIM SNATCHEM the feller you appointed a Fishel Assinee tother day is a keepin' of his eye on me lately very clus, and I can't go out of my shop door without findin' him sneakin' around an' lookin' as if he expected to git a job handlin' of my estate. He is aware ov the fact that I have been stretchin' myself lately gittin' in a big stock of goods threw the custom house and had to mortgage my place to raise the nessary funds, an' he seems to think that ef tariff ain't fetched down soon and prices don't go up as I expect 'em to, I am bound for to fall into his clutches. Dear sir, you may perceive that I am in a ticklish place with refrence to the forgoin', and I hope you will oblige me ef you have strength enuf left to articulate the information to that clerk. I am one of yur biggest frens and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD in this part of the country and allus votes the Con. ticket especially the last election. I went round and stumped Nat. Policy an' lost a lot of time and money over the same and I think it wud be nothin' but fare if you wud send me the information I ask fer. Hopin' you are in the enjoyment of good helth as this leaves us all to present, I remain the honor to be yours truly,

SIMON VERDENT.

P. S.—The Grits here is laffin' about the traif not comin' down, and asks me wot I have to say now about fly on the wheel. But I don't mind 'em.

The Grit Caucus.

GRIP was there. How he got there; what he was doing; who they took him for, he will not say. Perhaps he was in a footman's livery, bringing cigars and liquids; perhaps he was the affable proprietor, concealed in the next room; perhaps he merely had a position up an unused chimney. But he was there. And the speakers spoke. And first said:

MACKENZIE.—Weel, noo, Maister CARTWREET, whatna is tae be done?

CARTWRIGHT.—Give it them on the Budget.

MILLS.—Friends, listen to the voice of the Philosopher. Let us adopt the Fabian policy. Wait till Protection has ruined the country, and then declare ourselves ready to save it.

MACKENZIE.—Na, na. Gin it be runnit, there wull nae be ony thing warth saving.

CARTWRIGHT.—Gentlemen, the National Policy—though not ours—will have an effect. It will inflate. Prices will rise. Give the devil his due. It will make a change. As an alterative medicine, perhaps it may for a time answer. And let me tell you one thing. The country is wild for it, and will have it. Now, what is hurting the party is that the *Globe* will keep shouting Free Trade, which is unpopular. If it would but let up—

G. B.—Wad ye daur? Me deescaird na preenceples! I doot ye are nae soond, sir. Ken ye're place, sir!

MACKENZIE.—I am back whaur I was. What is tae be done?—(enter a muffled figure.)

BLAKE—(disclosing himself)—I come to lead you on.—(General but doubtful applause.)

G. B.—Vava weel. But ye maunna spoot ony Canada First—

MILLS.—And you must not ruin us by adopting Protec—

CARTWRIGHT.—And you must not compromise us by attacking the National Poli—

MACKENZIE.—And ye maunna pit on ony overhearing—

BLAKE.—Let me to the front! Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. Like HENRY at Ivry, with his white plume, I bearing the white flower of a blameless life, shall lead the van. And if before the onset recoil not the rabble Conservative rout,

Then waft me to the harbour mouth.

Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky.

And I will seek before I die

The palms and temples of the South.



GUELPH is a city now, and feels just as big as London. England.

BEFORE the introduction of mucilage nearly all letter writers were *wafering* people.

THEY got into a sweat about electing a Bishop, and consequently elected a SWEATNAM.

THAT late unpleasantness in the Merchant's Bank at Owen Sound was an owin' (un) sound transaction.

A HINT to the Dog Catchers: When you are hunting for dogs on a moonlight night go to Bay Street.

MR. HAY condemns Mr. PATTERSON'S appointment. In this case a *straw* shows which way the wind blows.

FROM the Finance Minister's delay in bringing down the Tariff he has fairly earned the name of Mr. TILLY SLOWBOV.

THE *Globe* calls Mr. HAY of Centre Toronto a political baby. It will next be insinuating that the Hon. gentleman is *feeding* at the public crib.

WHAT'S the matter with the London *Herald*? Is the office boy doing the editorials? Here it has gone and referred to the other party as Reform without putting the word between quotation marks or following it with the usual (?). Something has got loose up there!

IT is with intense satisfaction that we welcome the London *Advertiser's* confession of continued loyalty to Lord LORSE and the PRINCESS. It is only for the "officials at Government House" who snub the press, that our valiant contemporary entertains a feeling of contempt. Now, who is the "boss" of those officials?

M. P.—"I tell you we never have vacancies."

OFFICE SEEKER.—"What, never?"

M. P.—"No, never!"

OFFICE SEEKER.—"What, never?"

M. P.—(Who don't go to the theatre)—"I think I told you two or three times that we didn't."

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"GRIP" Now in its sixth year and Twelfth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of **Grip**, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of **Grip** to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical publications. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of *absolute independence* which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parts. A few of these referring to recent Cartoons are here appended:

The Political Pinafore.

Ever vigilant and ready to apply anything that has caught public taste to the topics of the day, **Grip** has delved into the mine afforded by "Pinafore," and got out a capital cartoon, which represents Mr. Cartwright as Admiral Porter eager to investigate Mr. Tilley in the guise of Ralph Rackstraw. The Admiral is supported, of course, by his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," who are officiously clustering round him, and represent Holton, Mills, Anglin and others. The figures are hit off to the life, and the whole cartoon is one of **Grip's** best.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The Conservative Tragedian.

"**Grip's**" cartoon of the 11th inst. is unusually good. It is intended to represent posters on a fence, announcing the opening of the Dominion Theatre at Ottawa; and the engagement of the popular tragedian—Sir John A. Macdonald—for a brief season. The cartoon is one of the best "hits" **Grip** has yet made.—*Port Hope Guide.*

Charging the Local Ministry.

The cartoon accompanying this week's issue of comic **Grip** gives a glowing sketch of the charge upon the Ministry. The picture is intensely humorous and edifying.—*Kingston Whig.*

The Fastidious Tramps.

Grip this week has another scorching cartoon on the Opposition tactics in the House. It represents two unsavory looking tramps calling at a farm house for something to eat. The cartoon expresses the situation exactly.—*London Herald.*

Leo and Leo.

Grip's cartoon this week is a good one. It represents the British Lion habited in military garb, with a paper peeping from his coat pocket, on which are the words "Cyprus, J. Bull prop." In front of the Lion stands Mayor Beaudry, of Montreal, a very small figure, holding in his hand "Beaudry's license to riot proclamation," whilst behind him stands a much larger figure of the Pope. The words "The British Constitution protects every citizen in the exercise of his legal rights. Party processions, &c. may be prohibited by law, but must not and shall not be put down by mob violence," appear prominently, whilst the lion addressing His Holiness, says, "I am the Leo who governs Canada." This cartoon is very much to the point at present.—*Belleisle Intelligence.*

The Unwelcome Visitor.

Few persons will have forgotten **Grip's** reference to Sir John and the "hard times" a little over a year ago. There was a slight improvement in business, and poor old "hard times" evinced an intention to depart, when Sir John, as portrayed by **Grip**, pleaded "Stay, oh, stay, till after the general election." "Hard times" apparently yielded to the piteous appeal of Sir John and remained, much to the disgust of the "Tories," persists in remaining now. **Grip** has seized upon the idea, and the inevitable cartoon appears.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

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