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VOL. XII.
No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

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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, 23RD 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.

Canada's Address to the Campbells.

Thrice welcome gracious Princess, thrice welcome noble LORNE,
May your stay with us be tranquil and glorious as the morn,
May your cars be never shocked at tales of Governmental jobs,
And may you disappoint the fools and flatly snub the snobs.

Preparing for the Marquis.

Great preparations are being made in our principal cities for the reception of the new Governor General and his royal consort. In Halifax the *Mayflower* man is fumigating his office, and stowing the back numbers of his paper out of sight; the proprietors of the *Herald*, feeling that the notoriety of that paper will possibly induce the Marquis to visit the office through curiosity, have packed off their wickedest editor to Ottawa in charge of the Minister of Justice. The room recently occupied by this terrible wretch has been scraped and shovelled, and the rubbish, consisting of editorial misrepresentations, calumnies, and hearts and bones of political foes, has been carted off and dumped into the Basin. The whole establishment has been disinfected, and the outside painted to represent a whitened sepulchre. The *Chronicle*, *Recorder* and *Reporter* offices have also been dusted up, and editor JOHNSTON has supplied himself with a new pair of spectacles. Tremendous excitement reigns at the Club on Hollis St. CHAWLES has donned a wig and is scarcely recognizable; many of the other fellows have succeeded in toning down their nasal complexions, and the demand for eyeglasses is beyond precedent.

At St. John vigorous measures are being taken to give the party a right royal reception. The Board of Aldermen, anxious to give the visitors a characteristic view of the city, are about to issue tenders for a good supply of thick fog, and the burnt district is to be decorated with bunting. As the weather will not be sufficiently dry, it is proposed to have Mr. PALMER make a speech.

Montreal is on the *qui vive*. The Windsaw is to be enlarged a couple of blocks each way, and be redecorated throughout. Most of the citizens will take rooms there during the royal visit. A grand programme of performances is being arranged to take place in the Opera House. Amongst the novelties Sir JOHN A. will appear in a new drama, written by a city reporter, entitled "GEORGE WASHINGTON, or I cannot tell a lie." There will also be a procession of Orange and Green, under the leadership of Mayor BEAUDRY, and an aboriginal war dance by the Oka Indians at St. Sulpice Seminary.

Toronto will not be a whit behind the sister cities. His worship Mayor MORRISON is having his official frills laundered by the firm of SAM SING & Co., and is engaged on an entirely new and original after dinner speech, in which the expression "here" will be entirely suppressed. The City Council will probably take action as to a definite programme at its meeting. A grand procession of aspirants to the mayoralty will perhaps be one of the features, and a raffle for the vacant chair of Opposition leader in the Local House may be another. We cannot, however, give further details till next week.

The Two Parties.

The party of Purity's left in disgrace,
The gang of I'm Purity's taken its place.
The last ones were called quite as bad as could be,
But we didn't then know their successors, you see.
From the last folks some whippings the land may have got,
But JOHN A's bringing in his old scorpion lot.
For our goods the last lot were declared to be blind,
These will not, for they will grab all they can find.
Say will Canada never, from all she endures,
Learn that party inflections no partizan cures.
Learn that never will cease her political woes,
While each base speculator to Parliament goes.
Not your richest, your greatest, but honestest men,
Send thither—GRIP told you, and tells you again.

Love's Young Dream.

THE LOVER'S PROMISE.

All my life shall be yours alone,
Yours the happiest ever was known,
Ever some joy more freshly new
Planning to win—to win for you.

All the gayest scenes of earth,
All of beauty and of worth,
Through the years shall you surround.
You their brightest still be found.

Emerald fields and silver lakes,
Marble halls 'mid flowery brakes,
Corridors and rooms of state,
For we shall be rich and great.

Dresses gay in goodly store,
Servants—horses—all things more,
All that grandeur knows or knew
We shall have then—I and you.

Ruder folk a rougher way
Tread—quite fit for such as they.
We of minds of finer nerve
More shall win—and more deserve.

THE MAIDEN'S THOUGHT.

It's wonderful; but doubt there's none,
Of all the world the choicest one
Who has been or shall ever be,
Is here, and is in love with me.

Appreciation clear and just
That proves; yes, certainly it must,
And he who can appreciate
A talent has extremely great.

Such talents do not come alone,
For others he will soon be known;
The future that before my eyes
He lays he soon will realize.

How happy all my life shall be,
Passed in his pleasant company.
A pleasure ever higher crowned
By envious grumbling heard around.

Ah, won't they awful spiteful be,
And say such horrid things of me!
But I shall be above so far,
That I shall scarcely know they are.

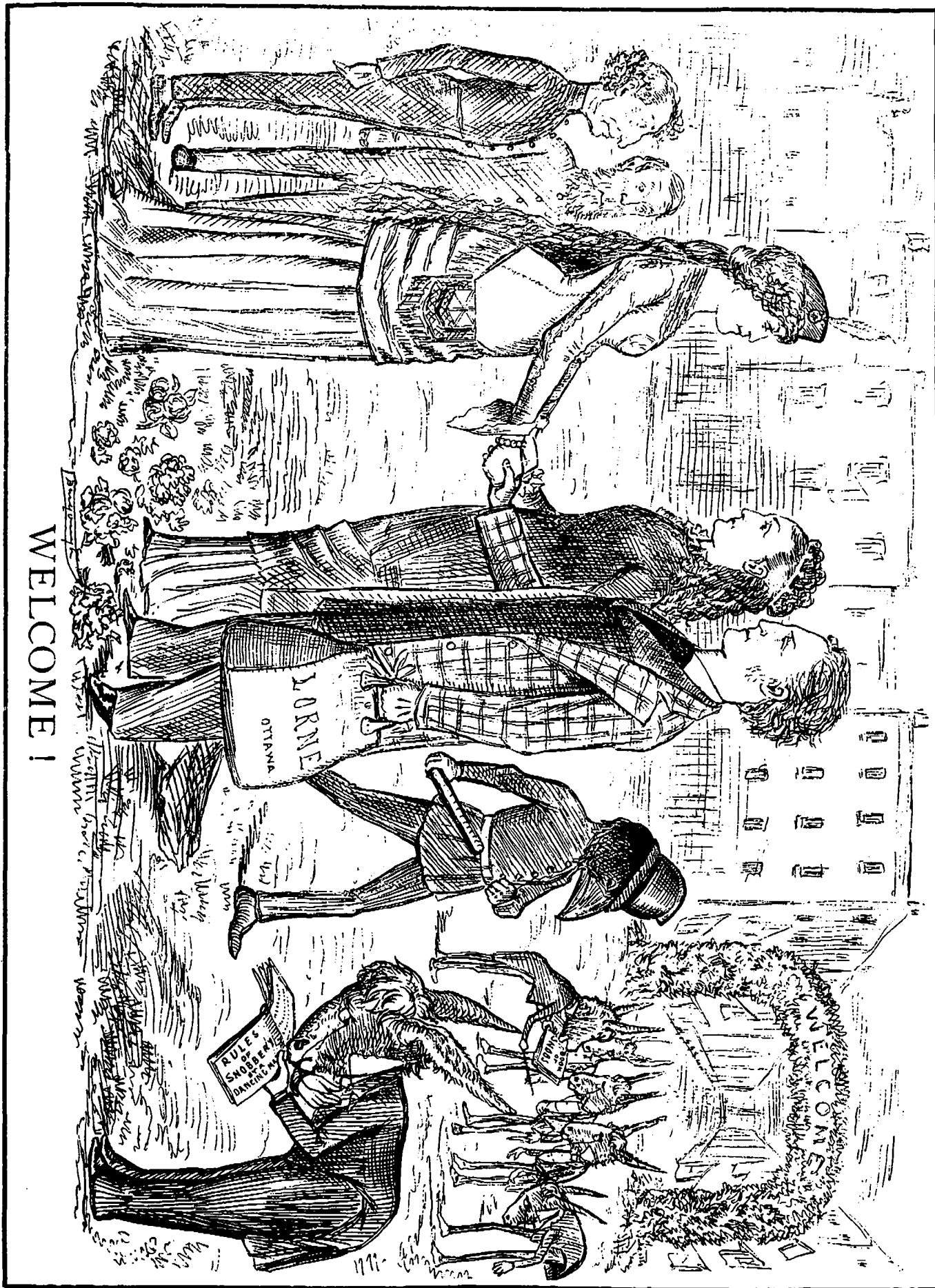
THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

(The prose, the reader will observe, comes in here.)

Never a comfortable dinner, unless I get it at the Club or somewhere else; children squalling all through the house and littering everything up; can't have a friend come and see me and stop awhile but I hear scolding enough to take the roof off; servants won't stay in the house, or are good for nothing when they do stay in; expenses three times what they should be in any reasonable system of management; bills coming in in all directions; business not good enough to settle them up and be done with them; wife keeping so cross all the while she's growing old and ugly at twenty-five; all things exactly the reverse of what I expected they would be. Yes, just what I expected—happened for once according to anticipation—here's all my winter clothes eat up with moths for want of airing and seeing to; that's what I get for taking them all to the sea-side when I had precious little money to do it with. What is the reason, I wonder, why any one on earth ever gets married? But I had such confidence in MARIA, I thought she was an angel; perhaps she was, and that's the reason she knows nothing of household affairs. But I will tell her about these things, I wouldn't have given that overcoat for—and the furs! (calls) MARIA! MARIA! MARIA! Oh, I know she won't come, because she thinks I want her!

THE WIFE'S DITTO.

There he is calling me, I'm sure he's the last I want to go near—it's always something wrong, and it's sure to be me who did it, that is, he'll say so. No comfort, no pleasure, nothing agreeable in life around one; cannot have anyone here but he calls my friends a set of scandal-mongers, and actually grumbled at the bill for tea and cake. Not a new dress to my back—and I'm sure it's a month since I had one—but he says it will ruin him; and when I got my velvet jacket you'd have thought the Yankees had invaded the country, and we were all to be killed at one o'clock precisely. Then he drives all the servants away; I'm sure it's



WELCOME!

RULES OF SNOBBERY

WELCOME!

WELCOME!

WELCOME!

him; of course they say it's me; that's their malice. There's those children, too. Here, THEODORE, take your head out of that jam-pot! Now, don't put your new cap on! Goodness, ALEXANDER, what makes you bring that stick here? Now, you've broken that vase! There'll be another fuss. Get out of this! Never was a woman so plagued with husband, servants, children and everything else under the sun, and moon, as I am. What have I done that all this should occur to me above all others? There he is calling "MARIA! MARIA!" Call till you call your head off, and I wish you would.

The Coming of the Royal Party.

(By our Special G.A.S.sy Correspondent.)

I NEED not tell you anything about the big banquet they gave us at Liverpool prior to our embarkation on the *Sarmatian*; no doubt the daily papers have supplied you with the full details. It was a very brilliant affair, though I didn't feel well enough to enjoy it as I had hoped to. Contrary to my usual custom, I abstained altogether from the turtle soup, and only drank a moderate quantity of the wine. The Marquis alluded to my obvious indisposition, and hoped I would feel better after we went aboard. The Princess intimated kindly that if I recovered my appetite at sea, I was most welcome to help myself to a sandwich out of the royal satchel. I of course acknowledged this kindness in a polite manner—though my familiarity with the young couple (as in fact with all the crowned heads of Europe) prevented my expression of thanks from being so abject as that of ordinary individuals would have been. I was not called upon to reply to the toast of the press, as the chairman had to cut the proceedings short so that we would not miss the boat. The consequence was that the distinguished gathering were left in comparative ignorance on the subject of Canadian journalism. The moment at last arrived, and the company were thrown into confusion by the startling cry of "All aboard for Halifax!" The best blood of England accompanied us down to the wharf. As the Marquis and his sweet Princess passed into the boat I observed that an expression of fond regret suddenly came into the faces of the multitude: and as I passed along the plank myself just behind the royal pair, I observed that all eyes were filled with tears. Thus was the silver thread that bound the soil of England to myself, the Princess and the Marquis, severed.



LIVERPOOL.—DEPARTURE OF THE SARMATIAN.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

We found the *Sarmatian* very nicely fixed up, and much better arranged for comfort than the *Maxwell* used to be last summer. In fact nothing seems to have been omitted to ensure our pleasure. The bunks are built on the anti-*mal de mer* principle and are a great success. When I came aboard I was feeling unwell, as I have stated, but happening casually to sit down for a moment on one of the bunks, I was immediately restored to health. As we steamed down the river which was crowded with craft in our honour, the Marquis expressed a fear lest some accident should happen, but nothing *did* happen. I ventured to remark that this was Mersey-full, whereupon Her Royal Highness suggested that I should take another mild dose of the patent bunk.

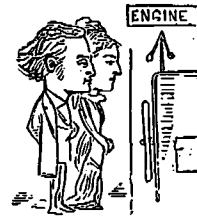


IRELAND.—THE IRISH ADDRESS.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

Having emerged into the open sea, we steamed along pleasantly until we came within sight of the coast of Ireland. Opposite Londonderry we stopped our engines, and allowed a party of Emerald Islanders to come aboard and read us an address. The visiting party embraced many distinguished gentlemen and represented the various kinds of Irishmen. For example I observed a genial looking, sprightly, smooth pated gentleman, who wanted to come to the front during the reading of the address, and in his efforts to do so kept moving from one side of the

ship to the other: In him I recognized a type of the NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN Irishman; then I noticed another rather jolly looking gent, who had unfortunately allowed himself to be separated from his chum, in the excitement of coming on board, and as I saw him moving about restlessly and apparently hankering for his twin, I put him down as a representative of the JERRY MERRICK kind of Irishman; again, I remarked a military looking gent, who stood at a respectful distance from the Royal party, and seemed to be curling up his nose disdainfully at the Tartan of the Marquis. In PATRICK BOYLE, thinks I to myself, we have a Canadian representative of *this* sort of Irishman. The Marquis made an elegant reply to the address, getting off as many good jokes as DUFFERIN himself might have done. For instance he told the deputation that, although Scotchmen and others might indulge in blarney, Irishmen always meant sincerely just what they said. After this the deputation smiled—the Marquis having ordered wine—and in due time they bade us a loyal farewell. We again got up steam, and are at present bowling over the billows in good shape. Every day brings us nearer to your shore, and we are looking forward to a good time at Halifax.



ON BOARD.—ROYAL PASTIME.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

His Excellency and the Princess will be prepared to enjoy themselves by the time we arrive. I observed that as soon as we got to sea, they both took up their positions close to the engine, and stood submissively all day listening to the monotonous see-saw of the shaft. This practice they still continue. I made bold to enquire the meaning of this dreary penance, and was informed that they were in training, in view of the interminable addresses they are doomed to listen to in Canada.

The Fishery Award!

SALISBURY'S reply to EVARTS freely translated.

MR. SAM JONATHAN, United States.

SUR: Aw got your jolly long letter about the Fishery business tother day, and av read 'un all through. Wot aw says now is this, you av showed yersen to be a right cleverish sort o' chap a-tryin to wiggle cutgo' payin this little account, but aw don't appen to be such a bloomin jolly old lass as you take me to be. You awsk me to overawl the argyments made at Alifax. Aw aven't gotten time, my dear boy. You awsk me to agree with you that the award must be unanimous. Aw aven't gotten time, my bleeding relation. You want to cram in swinmat about the row among the fishermen at Newfoundland, but it don't go down with the undersigned. It as nothink to do with this affair. Pay me that \$5,500,000, and then aw will talk to you about business in general.

Your distant relation,

JOHN BULL.

Downing St., London.

A BAD novel to lend if you want it returned again, "Mine is Thine."

N. P. CONSISTENCY.—THE first act of the N. P. party is to appoint a N(isi) P(rius) lawyer to the bench.

THE wretch who made the atrocious pun on the "Marquis of Lorne" as "Markers of Lorne" needs *muslin*.

THE *Mail* in speaking of dancing, says, we run too much to h'eels. This is in consequence of a fish diet.

THE *Mail* tells us that:—"A coroner's jury has found the signalman who caused the collision and killed twelve men guilty of manslaughter." It is odd, GRIP thinks, that so many guilty of this crime should have been on the train. And how did he pick them out and kill them only? And where did they find him? And is he to be rewarded or not?

LAWRENCE BARRETT played *Richard III* in Hamilton the other night, and when he exclaimed "Off with his head—so much for BUCKINGHAM!" the Conservatives in the audience broke into delighted applause, but the editor of the *Times* shook his head sadly, for he was thinking of another crooked individual in the Department of the Interior.

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