

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 7TH DECEMBER, 1878.

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

"Clamouring for the Fancy Doll."

GRIP has depicted a domestic scene which he imagines to be going on just now in the humble dwelling of Mrs. BROWN, the guardian of the little Reform party. Judging from the general tone of the Liberal newspapers, the wee lassie has begun to grow tired of the little everyday doll she calls MACKENZIE, and to clamour for the more gay and beautiful one known as BLAKE. Mrs. BROWN, however, like a good, faithful guardian as she is, reproves this fickleness of temper, exclaiming "Hoot-toot, ye hizzie, be content wi' this ane; yon's only for ornament!" The fact that the BLAKE doll is kept in a glass case proves that it is intended to be admired but not handled; and Mrs. BROWN knows very well that if she allowed the youngster to have her will, that rare doll would soon be broken up. The MACKENZIE one is far better adapted for scuffling around with; it has stood rough usage now for many years, and proved a good, serviceable plaything. Let the newspapers of the country support the good old lady in this unhappy crisis, and assist her to impress upon the mind of the discontented little party that it will be better to keep Mr. BLAKE as a brilliant ornament in the House than to put him into the place now occupied by Mr. MACKENZIE.

Home from the Ball.

Well, thank goodness, it's a blessing that we're all safe home again, Railway travelling's so distressing, especially by the midnight train; When I think of all it cost us, since the time we took the cars Till your blessed father lost us on that wretched *Champ de Mars*, Seeking for the railway station taking us from Montreal, It makes me cry with fair vexation thinking of the Governor's Ball!

When we landed such a crowd was in the city from all parts, Our baggage seized upon by rowdies and dragged despite us into carts, Loud *sacres* of French cab drivers did effectually drown Our voices,—these with shouts of divers, savage "Greeks" from Griffin-town.

In course of time we reached the Windsor to find it full in every flat, The porter said "You can't come in sir," to poor papa—just think of that! When asked by pa if he could show us the way to find some good hotel The brute (of course he did not know us) then told papa to go to—well

An awful place, a vulgar tavern, I won't forget it to my grief, A "free and easy" cave or cavern—the hostelry of one JOE KEEF. Of course we couldn't think of staying in such a house;—at last we found A place of refuge, we conveying our trunks four stories over ground.

All these mishaps we suffered calmly hoping in the "festive scenes And halls of dazzling light" a balmy solace, so in happy dreams, Dreams that shewed us in perspective pleasures we'd have one and all, We slept contented, waived invective, looking forward to the ball.

I little thought of what we'd suffer from your father's *gaucheries*, Taking some old liveried duffer for the charming young Marquis, "Duffer": yes the word is horrid, but when pa made him his best bow, I felt my very face grow torrid—I see him with that funkey now!

AMANDA JANE soon got the dolefuls sitting by the frescoed wall, Called the men who passed her "old fools"—the ladies frights and minx's all;

For myself I was neglected altogether, 'twas too bad! And I thought my ears detected someone call AUGUSTUS "cad."

When 'twas over and we started pale and weary in the morn, Mourning for our hopes departed to be *en famille* with LORD LORNE, And take position in high places, also our hopes had such a fall, Departed with our airs and graces lost upon the Gov'nor's Ball!

Partridges are among the things that whirl—*Boston Transcript*. Yes; and ventilators are among the things that air.—*Graphic*. Yes, and horns are among the things that be.—*Detroit Free Press*. So are hogs among the things that 'am.—*London Advertiser*. And pork is amongst the things that should have bean.

Political "Go Bangle."We quote this from the London *Free Press*:

The London *World* invokes attention to a new game for winter evenings. It is played by three people. She sits in a big arm chair opposite the fire, divides the whole dozen of little silver bracelets she wears, and then holds up one white arm—finger pointing to the ceiling. You and the other fellow take half a dozen circles apiece, retire to opposite corners of the fireplace, and throw them, quoit-like at the up-lifted finger. A good *discobolus* sends them rattling down on the arm with a pretty musical clink, and a duffer sends them on the floor and has to pick them up; and she laughs. Of course the best man wins; and there are prizes—I saw it played beautifully last week, says the editor, and it is called "Go Bangle."

Delightful! Now, why can't we adopt this in a political sense? Let Miss CANADA hold up her beautiful white arm, with finger pointing to high prices, and let the Manufacturers' Association (every member would be a first class *discobolus*) have fun throwing their "rings" into position. We might call it the N. P. Bangle.

Our Little Lamb.

Toronto has a little LAMB,
Whose word is white as snow,
And every time contractors fleece
This LAMB is sure to know.

He followed up a case one day
On Yonge Street Avenue,
And soon before the County Judge
He'll make some folks look blue.

Scene at Ottawa.

SIR JOHN. TUPPER.

SIR JOHN.—Well this is jolly. Come, TUPPER; do be sociable. Draw up to the fire. This port is splendid.

TUPPER.—That port's no safe harbour for you, SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN.—Nonsense. After winning such a victory, can't a fellow enjoy himself? \$7,000 a year! Only think of it!

TUPPER.—Come, come. Can we keep it? We didn't win the victory. You know who got us our majority and how you wouldn't give him anything.

SIR JOHN.—Rascal wouldn't take anything but a hand in managing—told me so. Now, you know the fix we're in; what things we've got to do. Could I let a fellow like that, who won't budge an inch from his cussed path of honour, in to see all our tricks?

TUPPER.—Well, if we had to do anything tough to please some one who might tell tales (and there's plenty) I suppose he'd have resigned.

SIR JOHN.—That minute. No, no. But don't you suppose he won't hit us hard, for he will. Don't care. May take Ontario from us; don't care. Run the Administration in spite of Ontario many years in my time, TUPPER, my boy. Do it again.

TUPPER.—Don't know. Mind SHAKESPEARE:

"Many a battle have I won in France,
When that the enemy hath been five to one."

But he couldn't do it in England, and you can't run Canada as you used to. Where you will stick, SIR JOHN, is here. There are clever fellows—smarter than any of our crowd—starting up here and there, fellows willing to spend time and money for the good of their country, hang 'em. Will TILLEY get us any cash?

SIR JOHN.—TILLEY? Wait till he gets it! Long time to wait, my boy.

TUPPER.—Then why—

SIR JOHN.—Why send him? A biind, my boy. It was part of our discarded friend's policy. I sat behind him and listened to a speech he put it in—didn't tell the plan for getting it—know he had one. Never mind—sent TILLEY—tell folks have to take English opinion—get word back lend us money if we give up Protection—N. P. knocked on head then—no more bother. Or if not, gain time—get a session over—king may die, ass may die, I may die. Hooray! Take some more wine.

TUPPER.—I suppose we're safe for a year, anyway?

SIR JOHN.—(*drinks*).—Look here, old fellow. If I don't know National Policy, I know a thing or two anyway. There's a Conservative House (*drinks*) coming here, (*drinks*) Conshervative Howsh, I shay, Conshervative Howsh. Comsh to shport Shir JOHNS MACDONALDISH. Shposh I bringsh in Billsh compellingsh all Canadiansh (except Howsh) to get alsh their backs teethsh drawsh, shposh Howsh not shport me?

TUPPER.—No, they wouldn't.

SIR JOHN.—Conshervativsh Howsh! They wouldsh; they wouldsh (*itches TUPPER out and goes to sleep on sofa*).

GRIP is sorry to lose Mr. M. C. CAMERON from public life, not only because that honourable gentleman has an easily drawn face and a characteristic goatee, but also because he is one of the limited number of our public men whom GRIP sincerely respects. May he live long to adorn his new position.



CLAMOURING FOR THE FANCY DOLL.

Who he was, and What he said.

"Hi ham ere," he remarked, squatting in GRIP's big arm chair, and diffusing around an air of bad whiskey and inferior tobacco, "to hobserve the manner in wich the hinhabitants—the haboriginals—hif I may so hexpress myself without hoeffence to—"

GRIP assured him that nothing he could say would produce that effect. "To vun hof them, hi was habout to remark, hi ham ere to hobserve the style hof reception haccorded by the natives to hour Most Gracious hand Royal Princess, hand to communicate the same to er Royal—"

"JIM," cried a sharp voice, while a form in livery half-obtruded itself at the door, "hif master did give you half a day hout he didn't give you a ole one. Who's to clean hall them boots? Hif you don't come along—"

"JIM" absquatulated with the most lightning-like rapidity ever witnessed in the sanctum he had profaned by his audacious entrance. If he had not—! But GRIP draws a veil over his intention.

To Jonathan.

The time is comc. GRIP feels he can
To Washington afar
Call to his cousin JONATHAN
In his vernacular.

I swan! Old Hoss! Neow, yew air some—
Hev to the office went,
And fair and square to time hev come
And paid in every cent.

Hev proper satisfaction gin,
And passed along your pile,
And paid the fishin damage in
In most all-fired good style.

Neow stealin from your visage eout
GRIP satisfaction sees,
Which better is than stealin trout
Across your boundaries.

GRIP satisfaction superfine
Declares, and tells yew heow,
At yeur a-takin this new line,
He feels some punkins neow.

But GRIP has an idee most great,
Which he must neow express,
And will it exfunticificate
With most polite address:

Consoomin Eagle of the North,
Which yells defiance reound,
From top of Alleghany forth
To all on airthly ground;

Big Grizzly of the Boundless West,
Who bellers thunder tones
Of indignation fit to jest
Squash them as sits on thrones;

Great Screamin Alligator, and
Eternal Crocodile,
Look down in condescension grand
And smile on GRIP a smile;

Or, if yeur dander yew must rise,
And tear him limb from limb,
Jest hear one observation wise
Before yew gobble him:

Yew air a most tremenjjs hoss,
But yew'll dead spavin'd be
If the Eternal Track yew cross
Of Christianity.

Then, when yeur fishin craft yew tell
Along our coasts tew run,
Jist let 'em fish a six days spell,
And rest the other one.

Chacum a Son Gout.

COL. LITTLETON has formally notified the ladies that their dresses should be worn *decolleté* at "Royal" receptions, or "no admission." This, in the "hyperboreal regions of Quebec"—as the *Globe* used to call our sister Province—the ladies consider it giving them literally the cold shoulder, and is more than they will bare.

Unfounded Rumors.

THAT GOLDWIN SMITH pays the *Globe* for puffs.
THAT DR. TUPPER is fond of being interviewed by *New York Herald* fellows.
THAT MORRIS is popular with the Conservatives of East Toronto.
THAT JOHN A. is about to turn out the Marquis of LORNE and give the place to RUFUS STEPHENSON.

Rejoicè!

The CAMPBELLS have come, heigh ho! heigh ho!
Our creditors dun, heigh ho! heigh ho!
For the most noble Scot we're paying the shot,
It'll take all we've got, I know! I know!

The Indian Frontier.

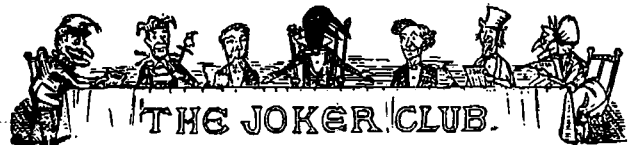
GLADSTONE TO DIZZY.

You say that they cannot invade us,
But "embarrasing us may, and distract,"
Now pray with your logic just aid us
And tell us why so it should act.

You explain your foe's strength so contracted
That invade you there's no chance he might,
Do you mean that you'll go quite distracted
When you see there's no hope of a fight?

And you say it needs rectification
For it's no scientific frontier,
But you mean just to rob the next nation
Of its acres—an intention clear.

But you'll be of all Britain the ruin.
You're a firebrand, a Ghoul, and a Jinn.
Oh, why do they keep any Jew in,
Oh, why aint they putting me in?



A VERY LOW IDEA.—Col. LITTLETON's idea of ladies' dresses.

HUSSELMAN, the Socialist, has been hustled out of Berlin by order of BISMARCK.

MR. TILLEY has not gone to England to negotiate a lone—having taken Sir A. T. GALT with him.

THE papers say the Marquis of LORNE excelled everybody in dancing the reel at Montreal. Now, if his head is as good as his heels, heel make a reel good Governor.

By the use of the Aurophone you can hear the rope walk or the butter fly.—*Free Press*. Or the fall of the year.—*Richmond Baton*. But you can't hear what the Government says about the hard times.

MR. JOHN MACLEAN's Tariff Hand Book is published, and copies have been placed upon the tables of the Ministers at Ottawa. Now look out for the National Policy.

We learn that in January the Prince of Wales is to shoot over Major De WINTON's estate. We hope the people on the adjoining lot have been warned to keep out of the way.

"Domestic Economy is at the root of the highest life of every true woman," said the PRINCESS, and forthwith Col. LITTLETON ordered that the upper portion of court dresses be dispensed with.

"Passing into Victoria Square, a fine bronze statue of Her Majesty came into full view, and excited a smile of grateful recognition from both the Princess and her husband." So says the Associated Press reporter; but how does he know it was a smile of grateful recognition? The distinguished couple being known *connoisseurs* of art, GRIP is inclined to suspect the smile was somewhat at the expense of the sculptor, if he recollects the statue aright.

EDISON's phonograph is to be adapted to Christmas toys, and pretty soon we will have miniature figures from whose mouths a stream of audable talk will issue at the will of the manipulator. Our Governor-General should at once give an order to have a figure of himself carved out and supplied with phonographic machinery that would deliver replies to all the addresses with which he is bored. He would thus save an immense amount of valuable time, which he might spend pleasantly and profitably reading GRIP.

Municipal Elections.

1879. **MAYORALTY.** 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—
Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential Ratepayers of the City, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for 1879, I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured, by the signatures to the Requisition (which I shall publish at an early day through the press) that I shall receive your hearty support. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

xii-3-4t.

1879. **MAYOR.** 1879.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN.—In response to a numerous 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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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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