

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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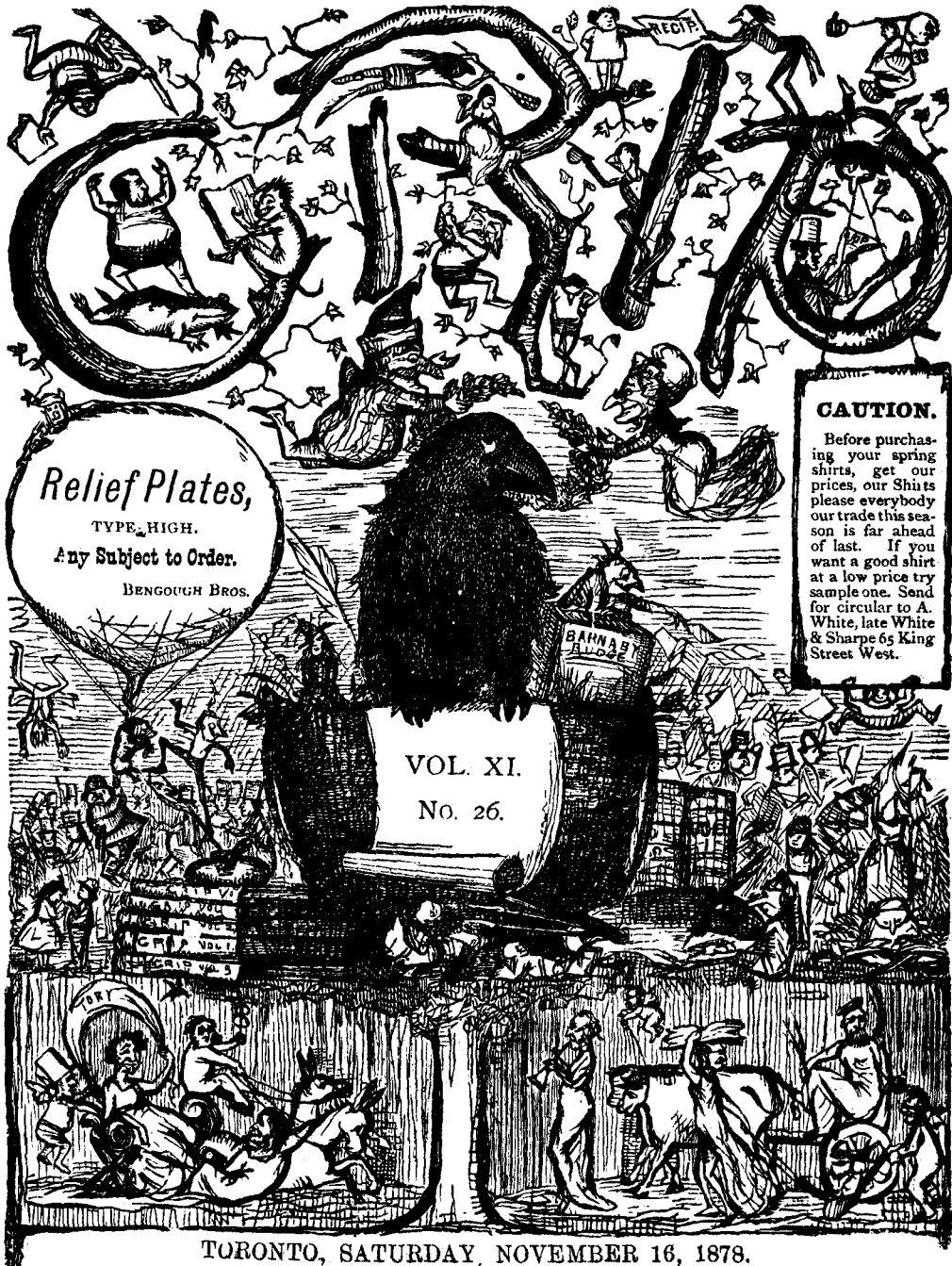
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May be had at GRIP office and all bookstores. Price 10 cents per copy. The trade supplied by the Toronto News Co., Jordan Street.

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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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, 16TH 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.

Our Coming Aristocracy.

THE *London Advertiser* and other dangerously democratic papers are ridiculing the proposed establishment of a native aristocracy in Canada on the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess LOUISE. In doing so, they not only expose their own plebeian origin but they also justify the suspicion which we of the upper classes have long entertained—that they are annexationists in disguise. The republican slang, "all men are born free and equal," "JACK is as good as his master," etc., etc., may do well enough for the Yankees, as it has done well enough for us up to the present time, for we have never had Royalty actually residing in our midst. But the moment has arrived for a radical change of our social and political ideas. The advent to power of the Conservative party, which is, as everybody knows, the party of gentlemen, and monopolises the blue blood of our population, affords us an excellent opportunity of bringing about the desired change in a smooth and natural manner. The introduction of the National Policy is also opportune just at this moment, for by its operation shall our aristocracy be called into existence—to be composed of manufacturers grown rich on Protection duties. We would prefer an aristocracy of birth to one of mere wealth, but as we cannot have the former we must put up with the latter. In the course of a few generations this objection will disappear, however, for the immediate descendants of our National Policy manufacturers will need neither to toil nor spin, but can afford to turn their minds entirely to the matter of choosing aristocratic names for their children. Gradually the vulgar names of ANDREW, DICK and HARRY will give way to MONTAGU, FITZGERALDE, and ALGERNON FREDRICK. The other addenda of aristocracy, such as the discarding of the letter "r," the artistic wearing of eye glasses, and the correct pronunciation of "By Jove," will all come by practice, and the Canada of the future will realize our proudest dreams.

What Dame Rumor Says.

DAME RUMOR says that certain Gaelic supporters of Sir JOHN are quite confident of securing good posts as soon as the son of Argyle arrives in the land.

DAME RUMOR says that the *Mail* editor really does know what the National Policy is, but doesn't like to tell.

DAME RUMOR says that "Bank Clerk" has recanted his vile heresy, given up his 'sit,' and married a widow with six children. He now adorns her hostelry as a mixatur of tipulars.—No cards.

DAME RUMOR says that JOHN A. has rejected the offer of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN to accept a portfolio in the new Cabinet, GEORGE'S ideas on the N. P. being a shade too pronounced. GEORGE takes back all he said in reference to their first meeting in the States, and is down on JOHN A. like a *Globe* editorial.

A Card to Good Society.

PROFESSOR SHODDY presents his compliments to the upper classes of Canadian Society, and begs to state that he has just returned from Europe with a choice assortment of new Bowings and Scrapings, imported expressly for the benefit of those who desire to win the respect of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne. The stock has been selected from the leading wholesale Establishments of Aristocracy of the United Kingdom and the Continent, under the immediate supervision of PROFESSOR SHODDY assisted by JAMES YELLOWPLUSH, Esq., of Belgravia, to whose kindness the Professor was indebted for admission to the aforesaid establishment through the kitchen door. The importations embrace not only all the staple lines of genuflections, but also a great many new and approved varieties, such as the slunkey glide, lickspittle bend, etc., etc. The Professor also begs to intimate that he is prepared to take contracts for fitting native Canadians for presentation to Royalty. Democratic ideas washed completely out of the most confirmed radicals, or no pay. Also, a large stock of Argyle tartans to suit every complexion, kept constantly on hand, together with eye-glasses, haw-haws, and every article pertaining to the upper classes. Tradespeople fumigated at short notice. Terms moderate. References by permission to ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, Esq., Civil Service Lodge, Carlton County, Ottawa.

The Canadian Vendetta.

GRIP had been reading the *Globe*. Every one reads the *Globe*, for since the elections the *Mail* is so dull that no one but undertakers can bear to look at it. It did, indeed, revive the Marriage Question from the London papers of 1857, copied a lot of the ideas, set all its young men writing imitation letters, and dragged the whole red herring across the National Policy track, which it is awfully afraid of anyone following now. But that's played, and so GRIP reads the *Globe*, and there he read of the Vendetta, and how it is necessary, and proper, and right, and honest, and comfortable, and convenient, that the party of the first part having slain the party of the second part, it is now the duty of the party of the third part to destroy the party of the second part, which being done it is then in order for the party of the fourth part to annihilate the party of the third part, and so on *ad infinitum*. Then GRIP, being absorbed in reflection on this pleasant custom began to wonder how they kept any population in that island, and in the midst of his reverie he was interrupted by the entrance of the Hon. G. BROWN, who always consults with him on important matters.

"Maister GRUP," said G. B. "this is an awfu' state o' things."

"What?" asked GRIP, "I wasn't asleep—just going off, though."

"I dinna mean that," said the ONONTIO. "Dinna ye no ken that the Vendetta is proclaimit sae far as relates to the auld and new Cawbinets? It is awfu'! Cairtwreet has just noo rippit up MACKENZIE BOWELL wi yon muckle knife ye hae in ye're picture o' him."

"Good heavens!" cried GRIP. "Is the murderer arrested?"

"Nonsense," said G. B., "the law is suspensit, as I tauld ye. They hae joost buryit the deed mon, that's a."

The discourse was interrupted by the entry of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, quite happy apparently. "Good morning," he said, with *empressment*, "jolly thing this. Polishing em off rapidly. TUPPER has just dropped CARTWRIGHT with a Derringer from a window. Clean through the gizzard. Never kicked."

"It is a maist coardly assawinsation," cried G. B.

"Not at all," said JOHN A. Then there spoke a voice down the pipe from the tower of observation GRIP has above his office. "Please, Sir, Mr. MACKENZIE has caught Dr. TUPPER and hanged him from a barber's pole."

"Monstrous, I shall run and cut him down," cried the knight.

"Stop where ye are!" roared G. B., placing his vast foot on JOHN A'S big toe, which was held as if a mountain were over it. "Cry up the pipe for mair news, Maister GRUP."

It came down—"TILLEY and O'CONNOR have drowned MACKENZIE in a water-trough. The mob applaud."

"I maun gang tae help him at ance," yelled G. B.

"No you don't," shrieked JOHN A., coolly locking the door and throwing the key out of the window—three stories. "Besides, GEORGE, he's dead now, and they'd kill you." G. B. sat down. JOHN A. looked out of the window. "By Jove!" he said, "Bless my—majority! It's too awful! That scoundrel MILLS has skivered 'em both with a pitchfork! Everybody seems pleased. What shall I do? There goes my Finance Minister and my Catholic pillar."

"It saivres them unco reet," remarked G. B. Then there came a voice down the pipe.

"Please, sir, the two POPES are persecuting Mr. MILLS. They have pulled him in two, sir, and thrown him away."

The two honourables received the news in consternation. Then came word of the assassination of the POPES by a former Minister, and soon there was nothing left of the Cabinet but Sir JOHN, whom G. B. now flew at. Words cannot depict the terror of that confict, nor the smashing of GRIP'S furniture; nor the agility with which GRIP took refuge on the top shelf of his book-case. How he presently found himself in his arm-chair he knows not. But there he was. But where was Sir JOHN and G. B.? GRIP pulled his bell and demanded of his footman, who, in a rich livery, came to the door, and declared in amazement that no such people had been there.

"Scoundrel," cried GRIP. "They have killed one another. What have you done with the bodies?"

"Bodies! Sir?" said the slunkey.

"Bodies, idiot!" answered GRIP. "And what was the result of the murders in the streets? Reply, sir!"

The terrified menial did not reply. He ran precipitately down stairs. GRIP has not heard any more about the murders, and fears he must have dreamt it all. He is sorry. He will not say why he is sorry.

New Novels.

THE following are to hand:—"Soft Money," by the author of "Hard Cash;" "Stray Locks," by the author of "The Wandering Heir;" "Rough on Bruin," by the author of "Hard to Bear;" "A Tramp on Foot," by the author of "A Beggar on Horseback;" "The Finding," by the author of "The Sea-King."

THE GOLDEN AGE—Marriage on \$300 a year.

AUNTY FAT seems to be making an extended tour through the country just now. Let her relations look out for her.

Schwackelhammer on Sectarian Representation.

I vos spoken a couble of days ago mit my friendt TIERNEY vot used sometimes to make ledders by GRIP, und I dought maybe you 'vill like to hear boud dot.

Ve spoke boud bollitics und National Policy und everydings of dot kind more as a couble of hours. He is bretty mat mit JOHN A., on account dot not more as von small Irisher vos taken into der Cabinet. It gifes me pain to been obliged to shdate he swore awful ven he tells me his opinion on der subject. He is happy, he says, dot is he now a Grit, und didn't got a chance to make his coat oudside in fon der Grits like he vonted to ven he hears der pardy of MACKENZIE is gone oud. He vill now not be any more dinking of going back to der Tories so long vot dere is not half a dozen of goot und big men in der gofermend fon his church.

I dried to make him calmness und resignation all I vos apej, ober dot is bretty much throwing away of time und langvitch. Ven I said it is his duty to take vot he can get, und JOHN A. is Canada's greatest statement, und vot he does is all right, Mr. TIERNEY got efen more mat like he vos before, und makes motion mit his finger to der pictures of der ministers vot he cut fon der newspaper oud, und has pasted on his wall already. "Vould any man ax me to have confidence mit such pictures like dot?" ses he, making at der same dime a disgusted look of his face. Vaul, I dolt him, dot is der fault of der feller vot makes der picture; I can't help but admitting it is der vorst jop of engraving beesiness vot I haf sawn a long time ago. Of course it is a responsible gofermend, ober it don'd vos responsibility about dings like dot. He isn't satisfied yet. He says he vill opologise all der badness of der engraving, if I can count more as von Cadolic mans in der crowd. Vaul, I make my eye von to der odder, und says I, you haf got O'CONNOR und two POPES, don'd dot is blenty? Yaw, says he mit feelings of contempt, dot is more of JOHN A.'s fooling around und making vool der eyes ofer of der Cadolic peebles. He dinks ve lose so much der name of der POPE, it don'd make some difference, und ve can swallow der dose down. Ober, he vill found himzaulf oud he is mistooker. Of you please to examine der picture of BOWELL, vot I haf done mit him. I looked und sawn he has cut fon der picture a piece of der coat oud like it vos der heart. I dolt him dot is foolishness to spoil der picture, und vot goot it does him? He says he has no jecobtions to der picture, merely dot is expresstion of his opinions, youst like he vould make a note vot he dinks about der gofermend. I dolt him don'd you know it dot Mr. BOWELL vos also a Irisher? He says he knows dot, but he vill not be satisfied mit Irishers fon der north part of Ireland, because mostly all of dot kind is of der Orange dissuasion, und he hates dem yorse as bad viskey. Ven I found I can't do nodding mit TIERNEY to make comfort in his mind I bid him how you vos und vend away.

Vaul now, my friendt, of it is right dot der Irishers got blenty of members in der gofermend how it vos dere is not any Dutchmen at all, I like to know? Do you call him justice like dot? I vote myzaulf to make der National Policy, und good times so I can go in der making of saussages beesness, und don'd got onsvolvency on account because der consumer must pay der duty of slaughter market—but if JOHN A. don'd gif some places in der gofermend to der peeble of my goundery und vot belongs to my church, I vill leaf him right away double quick. I don'd care, you can send him of you like vord about dot.

Druly as efer,

SCHWACKELHAMMER.

The Two Members.

Conservative member of the honest order enters, and looks rather annoyed to see himself approached by Conservative member of the dishonest class, who addresses him:—

"Well my good colleague HONEST, are you not glad to see the right men in at last?"

HONEST.—Are they in, Mr. SNEAK?

SNEAK.—Of course. The great Conservative party are triumphant. Is not our way clear? Could you or I have got anything from the Grits?

HONEST.—I do not understand, Mr. SNEAK. You and I have been elected to Parliament, but to what does your discourse point? I consider we are elected to do something; but not, so far as known, to get anything beyond our salaries.

SNEAK.—Well, you may do as you like. For my part, I am a man of business, and when I put time into a thing—valuable time, sir—I want to make money out of it. I put time into that election, sir. I was three months canvassing. Besides, I have worked on committees, made speeches, lots of things. Sir, I must be remunerated.

HONEST.—Putting patriotism aside, Mr. SNEAK, that is to say that if you spend a hundred dollars worth of time on a ten dollar job, you are justified in stealing a hundred dollars from your employer.

SNEAK.—I don't think so, sir. To the victors belong the spoils, sir.

HONEST.—Well, tell me how you mean to secure your share?

SNEAK.—I shall always vote JOHN A. thick and thin, Scandal or no. Then I shall get a place in the Post Office for my son JACK, and a share in a fat contract on the Pacific R.R. for myself—through a friend, of

course, M.P.'s mustn't do the last openly. Then other good things will turn up, and I shall always be very civil to the leaders on our side—ask 'em to dinner, shout for 'em, praise 'em. I am a pushing business man, sir.

HONEST.—Well, do you not see that constituencies will soon be bought and sold, if this goes on, like cattle, for so much as can be made out of them?

SNEAK.—So they ought to be, I should sooner have paid down for mine; but that style of thing is played out; can't even buy a few votes now.

HONEST.—But you did not talk in this way when on the hustings, Mr. SNEAK.

SNEAK.—No, no, hang it! Quite a different style. Talked honesty, purity, independence, down with bribery! That's the style.

HONEST.—So, Mr. SNEAK, your policy is to tell the people what is not true, and to go to Parliament to do what they would not think right.

SNEAK.—Mr. HONEST, I mean to say that Canada put JOHN A. in, and if he don't talk humbug at elections I don't know who does. And you know he admitted he'd done wrong in the Scandal, and now he's put in every man who helped that job into his Cabinet. If he can do such things, and the people like it, I may. And you with all your highly tight notions are going there to support him.

HONEST.—Mr. SNEAK, I am a Conservative and a Protectionist, and I am going to support the National Policy. But if Sir JOHN MACDONALD thinks I am going to support his Pacific Scandal Cabinet he will find himself mistaken. He had other material; he had good men in the House, and good men out of it, whose services he should have procured. This Cabinet won't get my vote, Mr. SNEAK, nor that of a good many other Conservative members I know. If JOHN A., TUPPER, and TILLEY don't know how to run the thing, we'll find other Conservatives who do.

SNEAK.—For heaven's sake, Mr. HONEST, don't think of such dreadful things. You'll ruin me. You'll make no money yourself, and I—I won't be able to either!

HONEST.—Sir, what I say I'll do. As for you, the country has had enough of such men, and so have I. Oblige me by not knowing me when we meet again. Good day, sir. (exit).

SNEAK.—What are we coming to? (exit).

A Sealy Customer.

Oh Brother JONATHAN, 'direct descendant'

Of sturdy Puritans that long ago
To Plymouth Rock sailed in with flying pennant,
To shoot the dusky savage, who with bow
And arrow tried to stop their work agrarian,
We always thought you a strict Sabbatarian!

'Till lately, when with schooners manned in Boston,
And other "down east" ports you sailed abroad,
And groping cross the "banks" though thick fogs lost in,
You reached the land where sailors "fish for cod,"
And then, ignoring laws and Mrs. GRUNDY,
Commenced your avocations on a Sunday.

Now JONATHAN you know it was not right,
Nor yet within the meaning of the Treaty,
To break the local laws, and thus invite
The natives out to spoil your nets and beat ye.
You ought to act with us in the same manner
As we would do beneath your "starry banner."

Great WASHINGTON! don't make this an excuse
To stop from paying what you have agreed to,
Of course it's but a "Yankee trick" or ruse
To beat JOHN BULL, which surely he will see through;
Your Alabama claims you've got—down with the dust, sir,
Don't act so like a Texan fillibuster.

If you've sustained an outrage—just reflect
On what we've suffered. I think that you'll agree
That when your Fenian friends their way direct
Across our borders from your land so free,
Their conduct hardly suits our country's wishes,
So pay up, don't grab all the loaves and fishes!

Grip's Groat Enterprise!

Not to be outdone by his insignificant rivals, the *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, etc., GRIP is making arrangements to have the reception of the Marquis and Princess fully chronicled in his columns. The letter press will be written by his own special correspondent, and the illustrations executed by his own particular artist. Both of these gifted individuals have received instructions to do the occasion justice, regardless of all cost—to prosy facts.

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"**HAWORTH'S**" by Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mosty illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hart, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.),—and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on **How Shall We Spell** (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), **The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places** (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing, Canada of To-day, **American Art and Artists, American Archeology, Modern Inventors**; also **Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems**; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of **New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements**; **Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.**; **Book Reviews**; fresh bits of **Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.**

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- Toronto of old by H. Scadding, D.D., (morocco). \$3.00
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J. JOHNSON,
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