

VOL. THE ELEVENTH, No. 22.

# GRYP.

EDITED BY MB. BABNABY RUDGS.

The grabest Yeast is the Ass : the grabest Pird is the Owl ; The grabest Fish is the Oyster ; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 19TH OCTOBER, 1878.

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

### From our Box.

THE GRAND—This week the light and gay rule at the Grand. The Misses Foy in their comedies and burlettas give a very pleasant performance. Remember the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Next week we are to have the ever popular Irish comedian, JOE MURPHY.

ROYAL—JOSH HART'S panoramic drama of *Chicago*, is a novelty which has made a hit, and is produced nightly to large audiences. Go and see it, and you can understand the true inwardness of Chicago without the trouble and expense of a journey.

# An Aboriginal Story.

On the broad political plains of the Dominion of Canada there once dwelt a tribe of noble red men called the Torees. Their chief was CLEAN HANDS, a very skilful and wily warrior. It happened that CLEAN HANDS, a very skilful and wily warrior. It happened that CLEAN HANDS bore a grudge against the pale-faces who had charge of the Canada Pacific Railway, and I am about to tell you how he carried out his revenge by Indian tactics. On the 17th of September he went upon the war path and collected all his braves at a place called General Election Gulch, at which point there was a sharp curve and a down grade on the railway track. He then placed a large National Policy log across the track (at nine o'clock in the morning) and retired into ambush to await the result. After a while the train appeared. It was the Reform express, but was not going at a very high rate of speed on account of a depression in the boiler of the engine. As it approached the curve, the engineer, ALEX. MACKENZIE, put his head out of the window and observed the impediment on the rails, but instead of stopping the train and having it removed, he merely laughed at it, saying to the fireman, DICK CARTWRIGHT, that it wasn't a log at all but merely some soft and transparent substance which would have no power to upset the train. In this opinion DICK concurred. "I see it all," said he, "it's another this opinion DICK concurred. "I see it all," said he, "it's another trick of that red-skin; he has often attempted to throw us off by attack-ing the steel rails, but his efforts have failed; and it will be the same now. That National Policy affair is as thin as possible." With that he crammed more coal into the furnace, and whistled off brakes, and the train started forward with increased speed. But alas I these worthy men had entirely miscalculated their chances. The moment the engine struck he heat is thereas the set or the bard and entirely and a structure head and a structure head and a structure the set of the set the log, it leaped from the track and went crashing into a bank, and of course the accompanying cars were demolished. The concealed Indians rushed out of their ambush with yells of delight that were distinctly heard from Halifax to Vancouver, and quickly butchered many of the helpless pale-faces. One young brave of the DOMVILLE wigwam made himself particularly conspicuous by his bloodthirsty conduct to Mr. BRYDGES, who was a passenger on the Reform train. BRYDGES fell into the hands of a rather benevolent warrior named TILLEY, and this young red-skin clamoured for permission to torture the captive and take his scalp, and gore. Meantime CLEAN HANDS and his followers had gathered all the plunder into a heap, and it is related that the great Chief had all he could do to divide the good things so as to please all his people. Thus we have another proof of the well-known adage—"To the victors belong the spoile" the spoils."

THE Leader has suspended. What's the use of going on with this country any longer?

FELLOW Orangemen ! shall we stand calmly by and see MACKENZIE BOWELL take a Cabinet seat between two POPES ?

THE American fifty cent pieces bear the figure of the eagle; Canadian coin of the same denomination ought hereafter to be stamped with the Phcenix.

PERSONAL.—Sir JOHN is loafing around the Windsor, Montreal. Mr MACKENZIE is living retired in Ottawa, waiting for the new Government and that \$50,000.

## SATURDAY, 19TH OCTOBER, 1878.

# The Great Cricket Matches.

The Great Intercolonial Cricket Matches are finished, and our fellows have not maiden over-brilliant show. Victory as usual, has perched on the BANNERMAN of the Australians. It was a bowled thing for us to stump the famous team, so we needn't be put out about the result. There is no use balling over spilt milk. The Australians intended making a short-stop in Canada, and it would have been a pity to let the opportunity slip of seeing them play. Our defeat was mainly due to the bailful influence of SPOFFORTH, who is one of the wicketest men in the Antipodes. After all, our Ontario team made a grand stand. RAY of Whitby, was a ray of comfort. He is a game player, and made a batter score than any of the members of the twenty-two. We might also point to others who did well, though hit must be admitted that the second irnings wasn't long on. Of scores we can't say much for the Montreal twenty-two, though we all field bad at the way in which they were handled. Well, the trouble is all over; overmuch over is the great trouble of cricket anyway. As we do not desire to pad out these remarks any further, we will bid farewell to cricket, and hope the young men of Canada will do the same.

### Who'll be in the Cabinet?

"I," cries each old Conservative. "For on the salary I will live, And I'll be in the Cabinet."

"I," crues the Orange leader, "For of the excitement I was a feeder, And I'li be in the Cabinet."

"I," cries the wire puller Green, "For my flag in the row was seen, And I'll be in the Cabinet."

"I," each fogy old does roar, "Must be there, for I was before, And I'll be in the Cabinet."

Not a word of a single man Who can help the National Policy plan, Who will be in the Cabinet.

All of their talk was a swindling grab, Every one went for what ne could nab. Let them make up their Cabinet.

Canada's eye is honest and true; She will see the humbug through, When she looks at the Cabinet.

Never her voice had asked for such, She will give the house of cards a touch. And down will come the Cabinet.

# Too Hard.

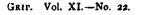
# To the Editaw of Gwip :

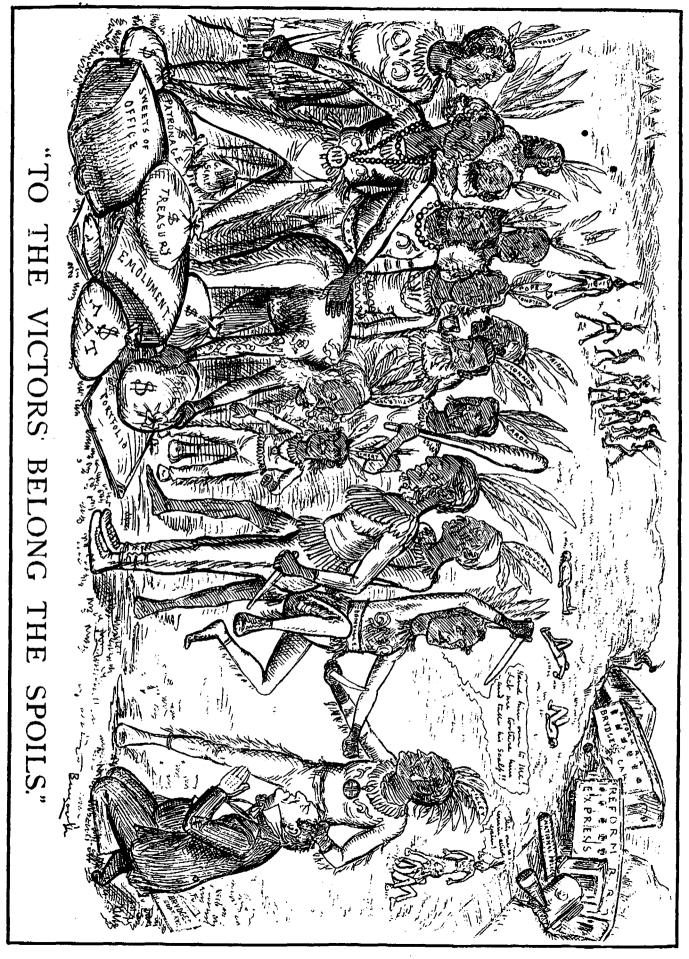
I mutht thay, thir, that I conthidaw the way in which I am tweated mawst disgwaceful. I have been a life-long thupportaw of the Conthervative pawty. I have dwank moah beeaw, wine, and bwandy and thodah, at the Club than motht fellahs of my age and expewience. I have nevaw loth an oppawtunity of cwying out "Hoowyway!" when Thir JOHN thaid anything. I have even been excwuciating civil to TUPPAW, who is a fellah of wathaw an infewina wavdah, and hath been theen with a vewy old hat on. I have condethended to talk to MACPHEHTHON, though of courthe hith Theottish attempt at mannaws aw extwemely dithguthing to the civilited mind, and no educated perthon can underthand hith dialect. I have offawed any thivility in my powah to the leadaws of the Owange and Gween factions, and gone to the extweme length of imbibing a hawwid mixtuah denominated punch, which I pawmitted them to pay faw. And now, when owah pawty aw in I have thought my gweat athithtance to the pawty might and thould be recompenthed. I have not yet—I twemble with indignation to thay, we ceived the appointment. Thir, the countwy ith not only going to the deuth, but it ith actually theah. Yours

The Club. Oct. 15, 1878.

FITZ FOODLE.

"Do we need more money?" asks Frank Leslie's Newspaper. FRANK'S creditors, who got only so much on the dollar lately, reply in the affirmative.





# Advice to the Inexhaustible.

LANGTRY, J. LANGTRY, please give us a rest, Your letters have grown a great hore, We'll even admit you're a " priest" as you claim, If you only won't write any more !

Your columns of drear Anti-Protestant prose, With "priestly" presumption so bold, Are simply disgusting to all earnest minds, For a man should be hot or else cold. Go home, go home, to Rome; J. LANGTRY, dear LANGTRY, go home !

## Allitoration's Artful Aid.

BY THE TELEGRAM'S YOUNG MAN.

Alliteration's Artful aid My mind does occupy ; Methinks that vim's to news conveyed By it-(1 wot not why.) My dictionary hence each day I con in study brown, That I by rich recurrence may Tee-titillate the town-For Telly goes and ever shall The holus bolus animal !

My Bumptious Bosnia surely is Deserving of a cheer; My Cable Clicks, too, boys, I wis Sound natty to the ear; My Cells' Collection, whoop ! Hoo-roar ! You can't beat that, by gum ! To show the Losel Loons before Toronto's Beak who come. For Telly goes, etc.

When Sol's Sharp Scimitar does go Death-devastating round, While wailing widows wan with woe Groan, gaunt on grueful ground, You know that Fetid Fever Fell • Does fright the Southern land, And Telly also you can tell Has got the tale in hand ; For *Telly* goes, etc.

I calculate the chaps to please My City Chips can't fail, Which our 'reporters'-Busy Bees ! Pick up-(in Globe and Mail) European Etchings lads ! they are The tuneful sort of thing, Shec-caw.go Scrapings too have rare Approximative ring For Telly goes, etc.

My Harassed Haggler, (which of course Is Turkey) can't be beat ; My Haggravating Hailstones' force I reckon too is neat ; But chief my Lymen's Hoop, 1 'spex Did win the palm of fame-When Arriur Godraey did annex To ELLEN C. his name. For Telly goes, etc.

Alliteration's Aidful Art My muse must magnify. Though eager envy fling its dart And dub it all my eye; Yah! Ilideous Horrors in my page With Miscreant Murderers jined, And Flaming Fire Fiend's Ruby Rage Shall fetch the feeling mind. While Telly goes, etc.

Tremendous trade to Telly thus Shall sartin surely spring; I care not for each cynic cuss I'll do the tuney thing ! Avaunt each Scaly Scallawag ! My dictionary slick, I've took and nailed thereto my flag, And firm to it I'll stick. For Telly goes and ever shall The holus bolus animal!

# "The Montreal Pulpit"

GRIP, having taken a violent fancy to the literary style of Quien Sabe, the writer of the articles on "The Toronto Pulpit" in recent numbers of *Canadian Spectator*, has engaged that brilliant individual to go to Mon-treal and write up the "Pulpit" of that city for this journal. Every-body will be proud of our enterprise in this matter; everybody will be delighted that we have sent Quien Sabe to Montreal—if he only stays there permanently. Naturally our gifted commissioner has made the Zion Church Pulpit the first subject of his pen, and we have therefore the felicity of presenting our readers with a sketch, in genuine Quien Sabe subject Sabe style of

## THE REV. ALFRED J. BRAY.

Zion church, as everybody knows, stands on the beautiful slope of Beaver Hall Hill, just above Victoria Square. It is a respectable looking edifice, but owes all its renown to the magnificent talents of its pas-tor, my dear friend, ALFRED J. BRAY. Mr. BRAY, as the name implies, is a rather ostentatious personage. He came out from the United Kingdom some few years ago, alter taking an affectionate farewell of his Manchester congregation, and getting his life insured against bears and Indians. His ostensible object in thus exiling himself from the bounds of civilization was to preach the gospel; though there is good ground for believing that his real purpose was, firstly to get more room for his amplitude of hair than the British Isles could afford; and secondly, to teach the Canadian colonists how to conduct a high-class newspaper. As a preacher he is very effective—in fact it might be said, in theatrical parlance, that his discourses are given with all the striking and original effects. Perhaps his most prominent fault is his extreme modesty. This is not only very conspicuous in the pulpit, where he has been known to refer to himself as a brilliant orator, but crops out also in his editorial work, where he writes all his leading articles in the first person singular. Work, where ne writes at ins reading attrices in the may person singular. Mr. BRAY, indeed, may be briefly described as, in his own opinion, the First Person Singular of this Dominion. His singularity is apparently a thing which is very dear to his heart, and which is studied and elabo-rated with the most laborious care. He utters unorthodox ideas, and says and does eccentric things, in a strictly artistic manner—just in the says and does eccentric things, in a strictly artistic manner—just in the same way as LAWRENCE BARRETT presents the words and acts of *Hanulet*. It is as an editor of a High Class Weekly Newspaper, however, that the Rev. gentleman is seen at his best. In starting the Canadian Spectator, he did not, of course, mean to imply by the title that the paper was to be a colonial affair; it was intended to be and therefore is, a Pall Mall Gazette published on Canadian soil. It ably sustains its character as an Old Country inversal buy writing absorbing on Canadian to size. Mall Gazette published on Canadian soil. It ably sustants its character as an Old Country journal by writing absurdly on Canadian topics—in the First Person Singular. Mr. BRAY's editorial instinct is wonderful, as he proved by engaging me to write up Toronto clergymen and their wives. Few respectable editors would have thought of this sort of thing, but it took well, and made the paper sell amazingly. I must finish this sketch, as there are several other Montreal Pulpits to be attended to. In conclusion I may say that Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY is by all odds the cleverest preacher, profoundest thinker and most Addisonian writer in the Dominion—in his own opinion. the Dominion-in his own opinion.

**OUIEN SABE?** [NOTE.—This is the only article of this series we intend to print. With a sketch of the Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY the subject of the "Montreal Pulpit" may be fairly considered to be exhausted.-ED. GRIP.]



THE Stratford Herald is publishing a story entitled "A Monstrous roug." It doesn't refer to the result of the late elections.

Wrong," It doesn't refer to the result of the late elections. THE Globe says John A. is going to throw \$27,000,000 into the Pacific Ocean. Will Mr. BROWN please let us know (confidentially) the exact locality where this trifle is to be dropped?

It is now the fashion to put the portraits of pretty actresses on cigar boxes—on the principle, perhaps that the "puffs" the actress has received will assist in "puffing" the cigars.—London Free Press. An actress appreciates this action of the cigar men. She would be

badly off if she didn't Hav-ana tobacker.

You cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew paid for.—Berlin Daily News. So says PETER X, whose initials, everybody knows, are P. E. W. is

Is this intended as a gentle hint to some of his subscribers to pay up their printer?

MR. WILLIAM HEENEY, of this city, is at present detained in New York. While running after a street car a few evenings ago, he slipped, with the painful result stated. - London Free Press.

the wicked city of New York as it would be to the truly good man of the F, P.

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