

# GRIP.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The Dominion Government can, at the present time, keenly appreciate the old adage that "Troubles never come singly." Right on the heels of the rumpus in Quebec comes a crushing defeat in the Privy Council, by the decision of that body that the Dominion Liquor Act, passed by Sir John, is unconstitutional, null and void. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues score a clear victory in this case, and it adds zest to their Christmas hilarity to toast the great constitutional lawyer of Ottawa in the blanket of ridicule. In the exuberance of the moment, however, the *Globe* is unjust to Sir John when it enters upon a list of his defeats—the Mercer, the Insurance and the Streams cases. In none of these cases was Sir John's reputation as a lawyer at stake, as anyone may easily satisfy himself. Give the old gentleman his due! There is quite enough of authentic material for attacks upon him, without the assistance of the Opposition manufacturer.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The demands of the people of Quebec have (according to *L'Electeur*, as quoted by the *Mail*) been formulated in seven propositions, as the outcome of the recent stirring discussion. These are to be submitted for the acceptance of Hon. Edward Blake as leader of the Liberal Party, and it is said that the French-Canadians confidently expect him to endorse them. On glancing over the "programme" in question we cannot but feel that this hope is ill-founded. It will be surprising indeed if Mr. Blake indicates his approval of the platform without very important modifications. Hence we give the substance of the Seven Articles to our readers in camel form. There are some men so flexible in the gullet that they can swallow a camel with considerable ease, but Mr. Blake, if we know him at all, is not of the number.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The fight for the mayoralty is growing warm, though there is a notable difference in the methods of the candidates. Mr. Howland, as becomes an upright Christian gentleman, fights his battle fairly and manfully, using temperate language and confining himself to facts. Mr. Manning conducts his canvass by the unscrupulous use of all the customary claptrap of the ingrained professional ward politician. He does not hesitate to charge Mr. Howland with untruthfulness, though nobody who knows that gentleman believes him capable of falsehood, and he thinks it decent and dignified to refer to his opponent as "Willie." In this unworthy style of warfare Mr. Manning is ably backed by the *World*, a sheet that would certainly be out of place if supporting an honest and high-minded man, and the *Mail*, the appropriate organ of everything that represents the worst traditions of debased Toryism. It is noteworthy that Mr. Manning does not so much as promise that he will earnestly enforce the laws of the city if re-elected. This is not certainly because he is not an adept at promising, but probably because he is aware how grotesque such a promise would be in the face of his past record. The difference between the two men is just this: People believe and trust the one; they just as earnestly distrust the other.



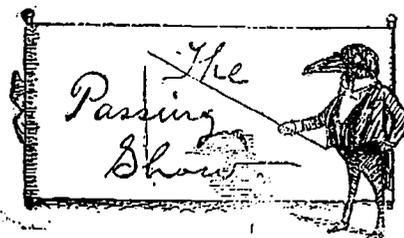
NICHOLAS FLOOD DEFENDS HIS BALD HEAD!

Our brilliant friend, Davin, has breathed the free air of the Great West to some purpose. Mark this, as the production of a Regina editor who was once a cultured ornament of the Dublin bar:—

The *Free Press* thinks it is crushingly witty to tell us that we are bald, to suggest that we speak with an Irish accent, and to tell a man who was never dared to lie, he lies, because one of three reporters who represented the *Leader* at the hanging of Riel said some hair was cut from his head, and we, acting as a magistrate, declared that the body had not been mutilated or ill-treated and that not a hair was *improperly* removed. As to being bald we have never been sensitive on that head. We were born bald, and we should much rather have little outside our head and something within, than an unfurnished noddle with a shaggy crown. Suppose we were to talk of the goggles-glasses of the gentleman of the *Free Press* it would hardly be witty. As to our Irish accent, we are proud of it. Though educated in the main in England we have never sought to put a veneer of another accent over our own, abhorring as we do affectation, and being proud of our country.

Good boy, Nicholas! Long may your pate reflect the effulgence of the setting sun!

She-ol is more polite than He-ll—the feminine form, so to speak.



The Bairnsfather Family re-appear here on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, with a New Year's Day matinee, at Shaftesbury Hall. Their very popular entertainment, "A Night in Auld Scotia," is always capitally given, and GRIP hopes all admirers of the Land o' Cakes may go and enjoy their treats.

The Y.M.C.A. announces a series of first class entertainments by way of farewell to Shaftesbury Hall. These will include two evenings with a celebrated reader of New York; two concerts by the unique Rock Band, of London, Eng., and a repeat concert by the famous Schubert Quartette. Dates and full particulars may be seen at Nordheimer's, where tickets for the course may be had.

### HELP THYSELF.

"Boss," said an old and wearied man with an aqueous eye, variegated nose and hesitating speech, "boss, I'm out of work, and bin so for about six months. Roomatiz, you know; kin you help a feller to, say ten cents, to help him along?"

The speech was addressed to James Henry Billikins, of this city, one evening in the Queen's Park, a good young man, but careful, very careful, by no means in the habit of giving anything away, except himself occasionally, or advice. He liked to give advice, did Mr. J. H. B.

"My friend," replied James Henry Billikins, "are you aware that Providence helps those that help themselves?"

"No," said the old bum, who thought his chances of getting a dime rather slim.

"No? Then remember the precept. 'Help yourself and Providence will help you.'"

"But supposin' a fellow can't help himself, supposin' he's got roomatiz?"

"Well, my friend, as it is getting late, I must depart, but remember my advice. Help thyself."

"Well, I will," said the wrathful bum. "Don't you say another word, or squeal, or I'll knock the top of your head off with my little stick. I'll help myself to your money and your nice gold watch and chain, and that pretty ring on your finger." And the bum depleted Mr. James Henry Billikins of these and all his other valuables and with a scowl and a threat that he would kill him if he moved for half an hour, took ground in the direction of the noble ward of St. John.

Mr. James Henry Billikins has refrained from that time telling or advising any man to "help thyself."

### AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

Mr goldensmith—deersir i write to haplogise and as yore parding for the way wich all along i have bin a wronging of you i always thot you was agin temperance people till i red yore letter to the Scott Act people i never knowd you was president of a temperance club before and wen i red these words "numbers of people are kept in doubt whether they are or are not to be deprived of their livelihood" i was just ashamed of my-solf to think id bin a-blamin you for goin agin the Act—and you a president of a temperance club and i want to thank you for speakin out in behaf of pore people as ain't learned enough nor clever enough to