



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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—Mr. Norquay has issued his address, and on the subject of disallowance he proposes a game of lawn tennis between himself and John A.—the latter to disallow all railway measures, and he to re-enact them, and so to keep it up *ad infinitum*. Now, lawn tennis is a very aristocratic game, and the level prairie is admirably adapted to it, but we are inclined to think Miss Manitoba would consider it a bore if called upon to sit and witness a prolonged tournament of this kind, especially if, in the meantime, she had to pay monopoly prices for her railway service.

FIRST PAGE.—The local house is summoned for an early session, and it is said that Mr. Mowat, the head cook, has been at considerable pains preparing a number of leaks for the Opposition Boys to eat. In other words, he intends making them record their votes on the Boundary Question, the Crooks' Act, and Disallowance, in view of the coming election.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Senator MacPherson, as a corollary on his pamphlet in support of the National Policy of protecting home industry, has had his portrait painted by an English artist, and the picture has been displayed for the past week in a prominent window on King Street. As a work of art it is not equal to what some of our home artists—such as Patterson or Forbes—could produce, but it is magnificent enough to arouse the jealousy of certain little boys who are not "great senators," and never wrote learned financial works.

A photographer's life is not a easy one. He is expected to make common men distinguished, and common women pretty, and common children angelic, and this is so difficult an achievement that it discourages people from entering the profession. Not long since in this city a man was fined for liking to be a photographer on Sunday. Was this because they could not find any one who really liked to be a photographer on any other day?



The reception of Dr. Damrosch's orchestra in Toronto promises to be such as shall do credit to the city. Already a large number of seats have been sold, and the demand becomes livelier as the notable day draws on. The concerts are to be given on the evenings of Dec. 1 and 2.



Manager Sheppard has been so fortunate as to secure a first-rate operatic attraction to give additional lustre to an already brilliant season. Miss Hank is well known as one of the greatest lyric stars of the present day, and the company supporting her is unusually strong. Amongst the singers already well known in Toronto is Zelda Seguin (Wallace). A matinee will be given on Saturday afternoon, when "The Bohemian Girl" will be given.

For those who are fond of the modern poetic melodrama, the present attraction at the Royal is just the thing. "The Danites" is a beautiful idyl of western life, told in a series of striking situations, and with a great deal of humor. "Billie Piper," as played by Miss Ulmer, is a part which cannot fail to captivate the coldest critic.

The concert given by Rhehoboam Lodge, I.O.O.F. at Shaftesbury Hall last week, proved that Toronto has at least two good tenors. Mr. Sims Richards is not unknown to our concert stage, and is ever welcome with his splendid upper notes and sympathetic style. Mr. J. Fraser, the other gentleman alluded to, possesses a sweet and powerful voice, and on this occasion made a decided impression, although his selections were by no means fortunate, nor is his manner attractive. If he will take a word of advice from a friendly source, we would suggest that he get rid, if possible, of his present nonchalant air, and when he goes upon the stage act as though he took some interest in the proceedings and would like to please his audience. We are convinced that his two songs at this concert would have been heartily *encored* had he been the least bit genial in his manner. Mrs. Caldwell added new laurels to her fame by her singing on the occasion referred to.

JOHN BROWN THE GRUFF GILL

The stories concerning this individual, like the soul of his defunct namesake, keep marching on. GRIP has received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland who sends some anecdotes of this individual, and who states that he is aware of the fact that the story of John Brown

and the Duchess of M—— is going the rounds of the Canadian press. How the gentleman became aware of the fact is not apparent, as it is only a few days ago when the story alluded to was current; perhaps he is a brother of the *Globe's* gentleman from England who told the story about the North Pacific folders, etc., and the Manitoba disallowance agitation. However here are the letter and anecdotes, which show what our correspondent calls the "delightful" characteristics of the valiant benchman.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

BALMORAL, Nov. 20th, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed a paragraph going the rounds of the Canadian papers anent Her Majesty's favorite gillie John Brown, and his uncouth address to the Duchess of M——. On finding that lady by command of the Queen, his words were, "Hoot nam, ye're jest the woomen I'm after," whereupon Her Grace complained to head-quarters as to Brown's impolitely calling her a woman. To which Her Majesty answered, "Well, what are you but a woman?" and Her Grace walked off in a huff. This story no doubt is authentic; and in proof of the likelihood thereof, I who have sojourned around Balmoral and its vicinity for a long time, can recount a number of similar incidents which happened to come under my notice.

The Queen desiring to see the Prince of Wales one day while His Royal Highness was on the Braes of Bellwether hunting caperkillies, cairngorums and other small game, despatched her faithful retainer J. B. in quest of him. "Whaur's the daft gonneml strayed tae," said the blunt old man, and when after a long walk and divers "lousps" over "brake, bush and scaw," which would have been death to a mere Saxon, he came up to the Prince, and accosted him thusly, "Kim hame, kim hame wi' me ye feckless loon. Her Majesty has been lookin' for ye a' the day, ye bald headed snipe o' the valley." The Prince naturally enraged by such a message, complained to his mother, when that august lady replied, "Well Albert, you are a little bald, you know."

On another occasion John was sent with a letter of invitation from her Majesty to Her Serene Highness The Hereditary Dowager Grand Duchess of Nickelplaten, to attend a royal reception. When John called on the lady he found her in a very juvenile dress of the extreme *decollette* order of architecture. After expressing in doubtful English her delight etc., at the invitation, she said to the young frau her attendant, "*Fraulein Horgonswoldern, gaben siemere du heis wasser,*" requiring it is supposed, the *heis wasser* (hot water) for ablutionary purposes, for it was in the depth of winter. John, after looking at the attenuated figure of the old lady for a few moments, blurted out, "Ice water! D'ye want tae kill yersel' ye skinny auld beldame. Here noo, wrap this pladie about yer puir auld shauters, and awa wi' ye tae Her Majesty as quick as yer puir auld spindle shanks will carry ye." Her Serene Highness, objecting both to the tone and tenor of the gillie's speech, also complained to Her Majesty, who replied, "Well, your Highness can't expect poor John to know the German language." The old Dowager after muttering something not unlike "*Donner und Blitzen,*" bowed herself out, and next morning left for her Grand Duchy.

It is quite delightful in this age of false and nauseating politeness to hear such blunt and outspoken language from one of humble rank, especially if not directed to oneself.

I remain, sir,

Yours truthfully,
SAMPSON DAGGELTY.