

• GRIP •

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Editor.

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.—About the time that this number of GRIP reaches the hands of its readers, Mr. Blake will have set foot once more upon his native heath. Public expectation stands upon tiptoe and has all its eyes and ears open Blake-wards, in view of the present interesting "crisis" in our politics. "What will the Liberal leader do about it?" is the universal question. "Like Joly," cries the *Mail*, "he will manfully resign!" "What for?" queries the puzzled elector. "Why should he resign?" "Oh, don't you know?" answers the tall-tower organ. "Why, he is called upon by his party to give his assent to an iniquitous union between the Grits and the Bleus—the basis of which union is, that Riel is a martyr and his death must be avenged." "Don't you believe that notorious fabricator!" cries the *Globe*. "The proposed basis of union is nothing of the sort. It is opposition to the Government on its whole past and present record of extravagance, incompetency and corruption, and its responsibility for the rebellion." Mr. Blake's action in approving or prohibiting the proposed union will depend entirely upon the contents of the document endorsed "Terms and Conditions," which Mr. J. D. Edgar is popularly supposed to carry in his breast pocket.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Manning's record as Mayor of Toronto is neatly summed up in Mr. Howland's pointed phrase, "The strings hang loose." Whether our present mayor is or is not the schemer and corruptionist that some paint him, he certainly can lay no claim to being a man of moral earnestness in his office, and as the results to the city are much the same, whether the cause be corruption or carelessness, it is high time to have a change. "The strings hang loose," of a truth! Pick up

your morning paper and read the evidence of this in burglaries, sand-bagging, rotten block-paving, bob-tail car accidents, waterworks bungling, sickness from bad sanitary arrangements, etc., etc. Let us have a mayor for 1886 who cares something for the city as well as for himself.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It requires two men to fill the vacant place of Sir Leonard Tilley in the Cabinet—one to do the figuring in the Finance Department and the other to supply the temperance and moral power so long identified with Sir Leonard. The Premier has just supplied this double successor by appointing Mr. McLelan as Finance Minister and Mr. George Foster to take care of the fishes (and loaves). Mr. Foster has, we should say, plenty of ability for his post; but as nothing short of a Financial Hercules could hope for success in the other department at the present time, we cannot help thinking that Mr. McLelan would feel just as happy and comfortable if he had been stowed away in a snug Lieutenant-Governorship instead.



PREPARATORY.

Walter.—Will you have your beefsteak well done, sir?

Tragedian.—No! Raw, RAW, minion! I play *Macbeth* to-night!

MANNING TO THE LADY VOTERS.

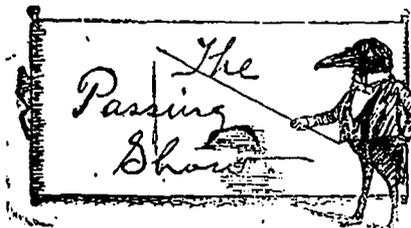
Ladies, ladies, vote for me—
Don't you throw your votes away,
I'm a pretty man, you see,
Tall and stately—great and free,
Jolly, witty, wise and gay.

Willie Howland's but a cub,
Green as grass in "council" ways,
Don't know how to scheme and grub—
Open-hearted—like a tub—
Solid truth in all he says.

If you want a clever mayor,
One who's up to all the tricks,
One who wins by foul or fair—
In the party takes a share—
I'm the man on whom to fix.

If you want the other kind—
If you try this new-made plan—
Mayor to jobbery never blind,
Square and honest, candid, kind
Howland's just the very man.

But, dear ladies, vote for me—
Come out strong and put me back,
If you do I'll—let me see—
Let me whisper silently—
Buy you each a sealskin sash!



"Called Back," a splendid play, acted by thoroughly competent people, is the attraction at the Grand for the remainder of the week.

The fifth Monday "Pop." was one of the most enjoyable of the series. Miss Beebe captured the hearts of her auditors immediately and was voted the best vocalist we have yet had, excepting, perhaps, Miss Juch. Mr. Sherlock made a very favorable impression. When it is remembered that this gentleman is not a professional singer and makes no pretence to cultivation, his achievement may be regarded as remarkable. His voice in the upper register is beautiful, though his manner is not as taking as it might be. Jacobsen and Corell in their solos scored hits as usual and the quartette did famously. The ever genial Marshall was on hand to look after everybody's comfort, along with his equally lively coadjutor Tasker. The management of our Popular Concerts is equal to their artistic merits, and that is saying a good deal.

AN UNRECORDED HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

"Ha! by'r lady," exclaimed a stalwart policeman, entering a small wayside hostelry and laying his heavy hand on the shoulder of a cowering individual who would fain have shrunk away from the grasp of the myrmidon of the law; "gramercy! but I have thee now; thy name, sirrah?"

"Peter Moir," replied the trembling captive. "Aye, alias the Slugger, alias Gentleman Wat, alias Walter Tyrrell: I know thy knavish countenance, and I arrest thee for misdemeanor, treason, and disobedience of His Majesty's behests."

"How, fair sir? What have I done?" asked the detected wretch.

"Thou didst even stick His Britannic Majesty, William, by the grace of God, of England and Ireland, King. Thou stuck'st him in the New Forest with an arrow."

"'Tis true; I did."

"'Tis not for that I arrest thee; he is well out of the way, but thou didst fracture one of the country's laws; come," and the peeler led his prey out by the left ear to the glades of the forest.

"Behold," and he pointed to a notice board; "read that."

"Aye; indeed am I undone. It says: 'Stick no Bills on these Premises.' Alackaday! I am lost."

"Thou art; for didst not thou stick our Royal Bill here: ha! ha! ere sundown thy grizzly head shall grace the parapet of London Bridge," and whistling for the "Black Maria," the constable thrust his captive therein, and they were whirled away toward the great city.

"Circumstances alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish that I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."