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EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP's purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to reduce the subscription price to **\$2 PER YEAR**, and the charge for single numbers to **5 CENTS PER COPY**. The paper will remain in its *present form*, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the *cheapest* humorous journal in America. Subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



HALDIMAND'S ANSWER.—After all, the "general public" is not so dull as some clever people imagine. This has been rather strikingly illustrated in Haldimand, where for the first time the carefully concocted Riel muddle has been submitted to the judgment of the electorate. Sir John's ingenious editors and sophistical rhetoricians having evoked a fog dense enough apparently to defy common sense, emerge from the same and say to the electors, Gentlemen, you needn't worry yourselves trying to see through this abstruse affair, let it suffice you to know that the issue is: Shall the laws of this country be vindicated regardless of race or creed? Now, if that were really the question, the Haldimand electors to a man would have voted *yea*. But that wasn't the question at all. The Haldimand electors refused to believe that there are any citizens anywhere in

Canada so idiotic as to so much as hint that a man's race or creed should give him an immunity from punishment if he violates the law. The wildest Rouge of Quebec never whispered such an idea, and the

Haldimand farmers knew it. So away went the fabric of fog, leaving the true question—Is the present Government worthy of the continued confidence of the people? This question Haldimand has answered—as it has answered before—in the negative. While no doubt it accords the Government all the praise it deserves for having hanged Riel, this good deed is not regarded as sufficient to cover the multitude of sins that yet remain to be settled for.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Both the Quebec and Ontario Legislatures have passed Factory Acts in the interests of the working-people employed in manufacturing concerns. The Lieut.-Governor of Quebec has just announced by proclamation that their Act is to come into operation on October 1. In Ontario our Act still lies in the Government pigeon-hole. The workmen have a right to ask Mr. Mowat why this is thus. What was the Act passed for if it is to be a dead letter? Mr. Mowat has earned a good reputation as a sincere friend of Labor, and it is puzzling to understand why he should thus endanger it.

SIR JOHN AT THE CONFERENCE.—Sir John made a neat little speech at the Methodist conference the other evening—having dropped in there "quite in a casual way," and being spied out and escorted to the platform by that eminent non-Tory, Dr. Dewart. Sir John is not a very strict adherent to the Book of Discipline in his political method, but there is no telling what influence his timely call may have upon the next general election.

THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS WHO PUT THE REST OF CANADA IN THE SHADE.

IV. The Naming of a Knight.



If you think it rather likely that you'll soon be made a knight
There is one important matter, which by stupid oversight
Will spoil for your posterity the splendor of the fact,
So don't ruin your relations by neglecting thus to act:
It may be that your name is Jones, or Green, or Smith, or Brown,
And though among plebeians such low names may go down,
Yet, with the bloated members of the aristocracy
Such common surnames are mistakes that never ought to be.

Just fancy how the daily press would blush to thus relate
"Lord Jones did this," "Earl Smith went there," and "Baron Brown came late."

In the choice of patronymics that will boom your pedigrees
Be guided by euphonious style, and get off such as these,
Which are my own, concocted on the best patrician rules—
Sir Rupert Estmere Assheton de Winklebury Gules.
There's something quite recherché, and it looks well on a card,
It's consoling, too, that common people find it rather hard,
But better than vulgarize the peerage with a name
The upper ten cannot repeat without a blush of shame.
Now Smythe is quite distingué, and the story is a myth
That it's only manufactured from the common name of Smith;
And there's another legend which is quite a stupid hoax,
That Snooks is but another form of noble Sevenoaks;
Ah! Take no stock in idle tales that Democrats devise,
They are born of angry envy and degenerate to lies.
Do not believe Immortal Will, who sneered, "What's in a name?"
If his had not been Shakespeare he had never captured fame;
Look down each page of history, and find one noble Smith,
The very name degrades the thought and scatters it forthwith;
So, if your own should chance to be a common week-day one,
You'd better change it or your friends will have no end of fun,
And your "Sir," instead of fitting you with dignity and ease,
Will be a sore temptation for your foes to taunt and tease;
Instead of "Sir" you may depend they'll dub you plain "Siree,"
And treat the knighthood as a joke, whose point is plain to see,
Though perhaps you went to England to receive the accolade,
And now stick in your servants' hats the usual cockade,
Andeavouring to keep abreast with English life patrician
End posing here as anything—a warrior politician!
Which calls to mind a friend of mine whose name requires amend-
ment

In memory that to Batoche he many a trusty friend sent,
For which he was translated from a mortal to a baron:
Sir Adolphe Don-Quixote Duck-Lake Crapaud-Metz de Caron.