



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.

Mr. George Crammond is the only authorized Advertising Agent at present connected with GRIP.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—This is the first number of GRIP for the new year, and it would of course, be inexcusable to issue it without a cartoon appropriate to the season. We therefore present a beautiful little allegorical sketch of Father Time setting out cheerily with the youthful Year. For the first time the traditional whiskers of Father Time (mere stage whiskers) are ruthlessly torn off, and the ever young old fellow will be at once identified as no other than the Premier of the Dominion. At the discovery there will be a sensation of profound joy throughout the country, in which all parties will share, excepting perhaps a few persons who are looking more or less, anxiously for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

**FIRST PAGE.**—For some reason best known to themselves, the electors of St. Patrick's Ward saw fit on New Year's Day to decline Mr. Baxter's proffer of his services as Alderman for 1882. Perhaps they thought that Mr. Baxter was in danger of coming to regard the Aldermanship as a sort of profession at which he could make an honest livelihood; or perhaps they considered that it was not reasonable of the City to expect them any longer to permit so much of the Ward to be absent from its precincts every Monday night. Whatever may have been the reason, the deed was done. When Mr. B. called he found Mrs. Toronto was "not receiving."

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—This picture is intended to epitomise the general bearing and effect which the new Nor'-West Land regulations are likely to have. In our opinion they offer long odds in favour of the Speculator and the Monopolist; the reader cannot do better than read the document itself by way of commentary on the sketch.

The Evening News of a late date gave the acts in the case of Nicholls vs. Waters, and a more utterly heartless outrage under forms of law it would be hard to conceive. Briefly stated, it was this: A poor old coloured man who had become possessed of a home by honestly paying for it, is, after many years' quiet possession, forcibly turned out because it has been discovered that a few inches of his property really

belongs to his next-door neighbour. Having absolute confidence in his deed, and being too ignorant to appreciate the niceties of the law, he fails to defend himself in the action duly brought and judgment is given against him with the result already mentioned. The poor old man is now living in a miserable condition in St. John's Ward, vainly endeavouring to see what he has done to deserve this treatment. We commend the case to His Worship, the Mayor, and to all who feel disposed to relieve worthy objects of charity.

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And so Judge Mackenzie can't make up his mind as to who burned the contract. A long and wearisome trial, enlivened only by the forensic wit of Mr. Fenton and Mr. Blevins—with occasional characteristic flashes from the bench—ends in smoke. No, not in smoke, but in a substantial volume of several hundreds of pages of printed evidence which may now be filed away on the shelf alongside of the Iron-mask and other mysteries of history.

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Whatever possessed us to write our worthy mayor's name *John* instead of *William* in last week's paper, and thereby spoil what was intended for a well-earned compliment? Could we have been thinking of the terrible fate in store for our esteemed Baxter as we wrote? As Dundreary used to say, "it's one of those things no fellow can find out." However, we are consoled to learn that Mr. McMurrish intends to do his duty just as earnestly as if nothing had happened.

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We have a partiality for letters like the following:

Tilsonburg, Dec. 31, 1881.

DEAR GRIP,—In return for your 52 happy greetings during 1881, full of mirth and irony, and by a stroke of your pencil illustrating the true inwardness of prominent men and thoughts occupying the public mind, I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year, and renew my subscription by enclosing two dollars for 1882.

Very truly yours,

T. B. BAIN.

This worthy man's name ought to be Antidote, after that.

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A brilliant magazine article by Mr. N. F. Davin has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and lies upon our table. It is entitled, 'Remarks suggested by the death of President Garfield,' and under this caption the writer gathers up many significant lessons on the subject of partyism and the civil service. The pamphlet ought to be read and studied by all our public men, for sound views on these topics are sadly needed in Canada. It is needless to say the writing itself has the old-time charm of eloquence.

The fact that misfortunes do not come singly is why we are doubly glad when they are gone.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

### Special from Ottawa.

Last week's *Grip* contained by far the most successful hit that has appeared in our popular Canadian *Punch*. The principal cartoon—occupying a double page and artistically coloured—is founded upon Miss Thompson's celebrated picture, "The Roll Call," an engraving from which has been on exhibition in the city for several weeks. Sir John Macdonald, with roll in hand, is passing down the ranks of the wounded political warriors for the purpose of finding out who is missing after the fight. The leading political men of the country, all more or less wounded, show signs of having passed through a trying ordeal. Every face is a striking likeness. In prominent political circles yesterday this cleverly-executed cartoon was a subject of eulogistic comment. Latterly a decided improvement has been noticed in *Grip*. The clever artist is to be congratulated upon the success of his latest effort.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

### The Opening of the House.

They sat together on the red damask sofa in the back parlour. Her father was out at a ward meeting and he generally stayed out till a late hour.

"Aramintha," said Alfred, "I see in the paper that your pa is going to be away next week with other gentlemen to take a look over the Credit Valley line. For one week, dearest, we can have the evenings to ourselves. Now, how shall we pass them? How would it strike you if we should take in the theatres, the Grand and the Royal, on alternate nights?"

"Why, Alfonso Shellout!" exclaimed the astonished maiden, "go to a theatre! You know I'd be disgraced if it was found out that I went to such a wicked place. Well, I never!"

"I believe there's going to be a concert or a lecture or something in Shaftesbury Hall, there surely could be no objection to that."

"Oh, I don't care about concerts, and I hate lectures, I'd just as soon go to church," replied the fair girl rather petulantly.

"What do you say to a skating rink?"

"Say? why, I can't skate."

"Well, I'll tell you what would be nice—and—cheap," said young Alfonso after some deliberation. "The Provincial Assembly meets next week, and we'll go to the Opening of the House."

"Oh, of all things!" Aramintha replied, as a flush of pleasure mounted to her celluloid brow, and almost put her roseate bangs to shame; "Just the very thing!"

"Then," said Alfonso, "it is settled—the Opening of the House—" when the sound of a heavy footstep crossing the room (it was Aramintha's father who had unexpectedly returned) caused them to turn around.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "I thought I forbade you coming to this house! Now what fiendish plot have you been concocting, and what have you been saying to my innocent daughter, hey?"

"I was only—only—saying—that I was going to the—a—Opening of the House—"

"So you shall! so you shall!" said the old man with a fiendish chuckle, as he proceeded to the front door, and throwing it wide open, roared, "*Here is the Opening of the House!*—now git up and git!"

Alfonso meekly complied, and thus were two hearts made sorrowful and sad.

A fisherman's favourite musical instrument—the castanet, of course, wherewith he can get a bass soon. The lyre is rather a favourite among fishermen too.—*Buffalo News.*

"Can't we have scolloped oysters some day?" asked a dainty boarder of his landlady. "I don't think I know how to scollop oysters," was the reply. "Then *bias* some," said the funny man.—*Omaha Times.*