

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BINGOUGH 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

## VOLUME XXIV.

The thousands of estimable citizens who carefully bind the volumes of GRIP will not need to be reminded that the present number commences another elegant book for the ornamentation of the parlor table six months hence. The other thousands, who with admirable self-denial do not bind their numbers, but send them off after perusal to enlighten the darkness of foreign nations, will please take notice that on this New Year's day GRIP is just Eleven Years and Six months old. Catching the spirit of the Season he feels disposed not to boast, but to Resolve, and amongst the Good Resolutions he sets down for himself, the principal one is that he will Keep Straight Along In The Path Of Right. This he has endeavored to do from Vol. I, No. 1, according to his light, though doubtless with the occasional slips incidental to Raven—as to Human Nature. He takes pride in the reflection that his pages, up to this date, are suitable for family reading, and he purposes ever to keep them so. He is also convinced that they truthfully and fairly present the facts of Canadian political history from May, 1873. For anything apparently ill-natured (there is nothing really so, believe us) he duly humiliates himself; and he hopes at the end of his career it may be truthfully written of him:

His humor, as gay as the firefly's light,  
Played round each subject and shone as it played,  
And his wit in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—The happy New Year, as he bursts in brightness on the world, finds old Sir John as gay as a lark, though this is the forty-first juvenile twelve-month he has welcomed since his entrance upon public life. And as our only G.C.B. holds him aloft what wondrous things the little fellow sees in the world of Canadian politics! He takes in the Union, from Pacific to Atlantic. In British Columbia he marks an ominous frown upon the countenance of the free citizens, and as he despores ship-loads of Celestial slaves being dumped upon the shores, he has no need to ask

the meaning of the wry expression. Thence he glances, across the mountains, at the Territories and Manitoba, and again he sees angry faces and clenched fists. Sir John can explain these little phenomena quite readily, by telling 1885 the story of the Railway, the Colonization Companies and the Disallowance proceedings. As his eye sweeps over Ontario, he may mark a little man surrounded with bags of surplus gold, deeply engaged in Considering various things. Sir John can again enlighten him as to this person, if he wants to know. But if he doesn't enquire it is likely the old gentleman will say nothing about the little tyrant. Quebec, he will observe, is in its usual state of ferment, and amid the babel of voices he will hear shouts of "Independence." If this dreadful word doesn't cause the grand old man to drop him in dismay, it will be because there is no musket handy. Thence, to the broad Atlantic the new-comer's eye may take in our Maritime brethren, but the spectacle is not likely to be one of unalloyed happiness unless, within a very brief period, the St. John's Board of Trade has reconsidered its resolutions, and N.B. and P.E.I. have discovered that the times are not out of joint, after all.

FIRST PAGE—GRIP does not like to make fun of such an amiable gentleman as Sir Leonard Tilley, but really, it can't be avoided. Sir Leonard occupies a very ludicrous position at present, and GRIP would be plainly neglecting his duty if he failed to note that fact, and make it the subject of a picture in the absence of more startling topics. It would be outrageous under ordinary circumstances to twit a Finance Minister for being unable to control what is uncontrollable—the Hard Times, for example. But the circumstances are not ordinary. This particular Minister of Finance claimed that he could do wonders of that sort, and last week's cartoon is therefore vindicated. This week we merely chronicle a presumed fact—that the N.P. is stuck in a snow-drift, and that Sir Leonard is quite unable to get it out. We arrive at this belief by a course of plain reasoning. If the N.P. is able to overcome the depression, why doesn't it do so? And if it could do so, is it credible that the Finance Minister would allow it to appear as if it couldn't? Evidently (to borrow the pet word of the *Globe* leader-writer) Sir Leonard is helpless.

EIGHTH PAGE—The human mind will readily grasp these timely sketches without any editorial help, at least if that mind is clear, and has said Farewell, not *au revoir*, to the bottle. It will be duly shocked at the sort of "compliments of the season" the Police Chiefs of Hamilton and Toronto have been lately exchanging; it will sympathize with brother Sheppard's wonderment at finding Democracy boomed in the *Globe*; it will have its sporting department quickened at the sight of the neck-and-neck race of Manning and Withrow—and we hope not only the mind, but the heart, may be touched by the scene—only too common in this favored city—which we have entitled "Waiting for New Year's callers."



SIR JOHN'S PECULIAR TOUCH.

Many old friends have called upon Mr. Webster at the British American Hotel. During conversation the name of Sir John A. Macdonald was mentioned. "Do you know," said Mr. Webster, "that in the early days Sir John wormed himself into the hearts of every boy in the city. The boys knew him, and no matter whether Sir John was acquainted with them or not he spoke kindly to them, patted them on the head and enquired about their parents and their intentions. This was what made Sir John so popular in the olden days."

"Yes," said a citizen, "Mr. Webster was right, Sir John knew every boy in this city, and he used to pat them on the head. I wish he hadn't, however." "Why?" we asked, and the citizen removed his hat and showed as bald a cranium as any man ever had. "The hair has all come off since that date." A dozen other bald-headed men were named as the victims of Sir John's subtle patting.—*Kingston Whig.*



JUST A FEW LEFT!

GRIP's comic almanac for 1885 has made a great hit. Thousands have been sold, and all readers pronounce it the best yet published. From cover to cover it is a continuous glitter of fun, literary and artistic, and the frontispiece is of itself worth more than the price of the work, containing as it does portraits of over a hundred Canadian celebrities. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. Stamps accepted.

## PRIZE ESSAY ON JANUARY.

This month, the first of the year at present, though I have strong suspicions that it was not always so, or how do September, October, November and December come to be the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th months respectively, when they were evidently intended by the foreman of the month factory to be the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th? this month, I repeat, January, takes its name from an old Roman snoop, purely imaginary and mythological, to the heat of my belief, named Janus. This gentleman is said to have borne a striking likeness to General Ben. Butler, as he could look both ways at once; forward into the New Year and backward into the old. He was a thorough snide and perhaps the most double-