



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Shorthand Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Bengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Agrippa.—Not up to the mark, and sub'ect too hackneyed.

W.O.C.D., Montreal.—Your latest not suitable.

[Contributors are requested to write by the foot, not by the yard. If MS. is not worth this attention on the part of the writer, it will receive none from us.]

EXTRA SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is generally known to the civilized world that MR. GRIP enriches each Christmas season by issuing a *Comic Almanac*. Mankind will be delighted to know that MR. GRIP has finished his literary and artistic labors on the *Almanac* for 1883, and that the same is now in the hands of his skillful printers, who are rapidly putting it together. Early in the month of December the work will be ready for an eager public, and it will be a sad want of discrimination on the part of the aforesaid public if they do not unanimously pronounce it the best and funniest book ever issued in the Dominion. It will be crowded from cover to cover with original wit and humor of pen and pencil, notwithstanding which it will cost only 25 cents per copy!

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Archbishop Lynch has stated plainly from his pulpit that he intends using his influence in favor of Mr. Mowat's party in the local elections. Hons. Frank Smith and John O'Donohue have issued a manifesto reproving the Archbishop for interfering in political matters in his priestly capacity. In this the hon. gentlemen are

perfectly sound. It is against the best interests of the State that the Church should attempt to dictate in matters political, especially when, as in the present case, there is no principle of religion or morals at stake. The manly and sensible letter of the two Catholic honorables is very much to the point, but everybody knows that it would never have been written if Archbishop Lynch had announced his adherence to the other party. The whole thing is a transparent humbug on both sides, and everybody knows it.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail's* vile attacks on Mowat and his colleagues continue. *Aesop's* fable of the Viper and the File seems to fit the case very neatly, and so we simply reproduce one of John Leech's peccillings, replacing the heads of Peel and Disraeli with those of men not quite so distinguished.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This sketch, it will be observed, is a sequel to the one given last week. Scarcely had the brave words here copied left Mr. Norquay's lips before Sir John issued his order in Council disallowing the charter of the railway, which the Manitoba premier had valiantly declared would "go right on." It will be interesting to keep an eye on the burly gentleman of the Prairie Province, and see if his valor will be any better than that of Bob Acres. According to his stated programme he will at once call the Legislature together and re-enact the charter. We sit back in our chair and await developments.



ROYAL.—Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are again with us for a brief season prior to their provincial tour. We join most heartily in the regret that the "Ranch 10" company was not better patronized. No finer performance has been given in the city this season. Alas, that theatre-going intellect prefers ballet girls to actors with brains.

It is stated that manager Conner will retire from the Royal at the end of the present season. The patrons of the house will universally regret this, and Mr. French will certainly find it difficult to get a more urbane and attentive man for the position.

The favorite play of "Hazel Kirke" is at present the attraction at the Grand. They say it took the whole staff of this house, assisted by a Grand Trunk dray, to carry the cash box to the bank after last week's business.

Aspiring lecturers should file their names with the International Lecture Bureau just organized in this city. Address, Mr. Burgess, 11 King-st. W.

"Yes," said the young lady, who was accused of leaving college because she thought too much of one of the teachers, "but it was not Mr. X. alone who was the object of my affection. I was equally in love with the black coachman and the broken-down stove in the basement, and the impossibility of deciding between the brilliant rival attractions was what forced me to leave."

TO THE COMET.

Mysterious Wanderer—gleaming in our skies—
Please tell us of thy travels—far in space—
Where have you been since last our startled eyes
Gazed with astonishment upon your face?
What you've discovered in your travels lone—
What worlds you've visited—besides our own?
Comet, excuse the liberty I take,
In thus addressing questions unto you—
But there are some important points at stake,
And if you please—we'll settle them by you.

Now first of all,—“the Sun,”—inform us on
His size, his shape, and how far he's away
From our small world?—And give some facts upon
The population of the "God of Day?"—
What are the "taxes?"—Is the "Government" right—
And tell us where his "Lordship" goes at night?
How is the climate—humid, dry, or wet?
And what—*fair* figures for the national debt?
Is there a man within his boundaries, pray—
Who'd give, or take, expenses—either way—
And try to lower our "Rowing Champion's" pride,
For, let us say—ten thousand dollars—aside?
If there is—say so—we'll put up the purse—
And it will be "the farthest fared the worst."

Now for the Moon! Kindly inform us, please,
If her component parts are really cheese?
What number of inhabitants there may be—
Or is there but *one* man—the one we see?
What makes her change her figure every night—
Is she illumined with the "Electric light?"
Are there "Railroads" on that distant sphere—
Have they the "Telephone" as we have here?
What "Policy" does the Government pursue—
Where goes the "Old Moon" when we see the New?

Give the dimensions of her tallest spires—
And what, the mileage of her "Telegraph wires?"
How is she fixed for "Minerals,"—has she Mines?
And what she "gets full" on when she so inclines?
Are all her schools first run by hooks and Crooks—
Or is "Marmion" allowed with other books?
Answer these questions, Comet, if you can,
And you'll confer a boon on restless Man.

And in return for any information
That you may give our knowledge-loving nation,
We'll tender our hearty thanks—and what is more—
Pay you such price as ne'er was paid before—
Do what the "Ancients" thought was very nice,
"Offer our Noblest Man—a sacrifice!"
Our purest, fairest, dearest, whitish lamb—
Our darling little leader—*Mowat's* the Man!
Go, take him, Comet—take this Man in tow—
And bear him far into space—For *Mowat* must go!
"THE SUB."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

- Interest too high.
- Money very tight.
- Sick of party politics.
- North-west land too cheap.
- Full of weather prognostics.
- Bread and meat very high.
- Stock in it not so bad, though.
- Housekeeping expenses no less.
- Quite sure it's John A.'s doing.
- Bank stock speculators feel sick.
- The same old bay water to drink.
- Consistent Conservatives, of course.
- Sure there will be no skating this year.
- Quite sure the N.P. will ruin the farmer.
- In daily expectation of "the beautiful."
- Intending to get season tickets for the rink.
- As much in love with the bank clerk as ever.
- A splendid crop of weeds on our boulevards.
- Utterly disgusted at the low prices of wheat.
- Perfectly persuaded trade was never so slow.
- Nearly as fond of ♯ time for our hymn tunes as we were.
- No street car route from east to west, north of Queen-street.
- Quite as attentive to our neighbors as we commonly are.
- As much out of breath in the hymns at church as last year.
- Almost—perhaps quite—as inattentive to the preacher as usual.
- No, not quite willing to admit that we have had a splendid harvest.