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EDITOR.

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**PUBLISHER'S NOTES.**

THE premium plate of Reform Political Leaders will be ready about April 1st, and will be sent to all who have asked for it as a premium. We want every one to understand that a copy of this plate, or of its companion plate, Conservative Political Leaders, is given FREE to every one paying \$2 for one year's subscription to GRIP.

Separately these plates are sold for 25 cents each.

In remitting stamps to GRIP send one cent stamps only.

We still have a few Carnival and Election GRIPS on hand. Price 10 cents each.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**A CABINET MEETING**—We may as well admit that our sketch is slightly fanciful, and perhaps not absolutely accurate in some of its details. This is not, strictly speaking, our fault, however, as the rules of procedure do not permit any outsider—even a representative of GRIP — from being present at meetings of the Council. Our artist has accordingly been obliged to compile his picture from rumors which are floating in the political atmosphere. The main idea, that the chief end of Council deliberations in general is to devise ways and means of benefiting the Party, and making its position solid in office, is extremely near the truth. Of this we feel pretty certain.

**INFINITESIMAL SPITE**.—Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, having become convinced by long years of experience that the Republican party was simply a branch of the Rum machine, and that it would never adopt the Prohibition idea in its national platform, did the only thing an honest and brave man could do—he left the ruffian-defiled party and joined his fortunes with the straight-out Prohibitionists. As everybody knows, Mr. St. John was nominated for the Presidency by the Prohibition Party, and one result of the large vote he polled was to leave the Republican candidate, Blaine, in a minority. This has inspired the Blainiacs with a fury and hatred against St. John, which they have displayed in the characteristic manner of people who have a bad cause—vilification, effigy-burning, and other contemptible tactics. It remained, however, for the Legislature and Senate of Kansas to illustrate the full depth of meanness to which the once great Republican party has fallen. By a vote of both houses the name of St. John County, Kansas, has

been changed to that of Logan! Thus does the party of Sumner, and Lincoln and Greeley answer the logic of the ex-Governor. It looks as if all the real Republicans were dead, and a race of political insects were now carrying on the business.

**A NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR**.—Sir Alex. Campbell is shortly to succeed Hon. J. B. Robinson as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Sir Alexander is well-known in Toronto, and possesses in a high degree the qualities that fit him for the office to which he is now called. For the retiring Lieut.-Governor nobody has anything but praise. Hon. Mr. Robinson has been perhaps the most capable and popular gentleman who has yet presided over Government House, and his accomplished wife has undoubtedly been a great factor in the success that has marked his administration.

**DEAR MR. GRIP**,—Now that the season of Lent is here this "Fish Question" ought to be settled. I don't want to be considered officious, but I think that Canada's sole object just now should be to beat Uncle Salmon this question. Make him "come down off his perch" so to speak, and let him understand we can whale him any day in the week. To allow the Yankees to net a nice little profit by hooking our fish on such a grand scale is a real mistake, and we ought to stop it if we have to fight it out on this line all summer. Give your valuable advice, MR. GRIP, and the matter will soon be finished. Yours muchly,

TOMMY COD.

St. Catharines.

A PARAGRAPH before us calls Bartholdi's act in taking his mother's face as a model for the face of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" honoring his mother. One would say, on the contrary, that he was making light of the old lady.—*Boston Transcript*.

**HER LOVE AROSE.**

A ROSEBUSH grows beside my portico,  
And wondrous thorns develop on each stem,  
Which sometimes cause me to exclaim with woe,  
And all the tribe of roses to condemn.

One moonlit evening on the porch I strolled,  
With one who loved me faithfully and true,  
And listened to the story which he told—  
Although its import, ere he spoke, I knew.

Though I had never loved him much before,  
I did before the conversation's close;  
For when he took a chair beside the door  
Whereon there lay a thorn, my love arose! W.H.T.

AMONG the list of testimonials published in support of a certain patent "Bitters," is one from an alleged "Toronto gentleman," who is said to solemnly aver, that "It cured my wife of Chronic Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint after Doctor upon Doctor had failed to even temporarily relieve her." The charge that "Doctor upon Doctor" had failed to cure the disease is one that bears its own offset on the face of it. The proverb, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is twin to the maxim, "Too many doctors kill the patient." The patient took the patent stuff and got well. In taking the stuff, you see, she got rid of the doctors. But it doesn't necessarily follow, as the testimonial reads, that "Every family should use the Doctor's Bitters." On the contrary—But no matter. No gentle reader of this paragraph has to get up on a step-ladder to perceive that I am no strong advocate of doctors or patent medicines.