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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.

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.

OFFICE OF GRIP,

TORONTO, Nov. 15th, 1883.

It is our intention to present to all our subscribers who are paid up on the 15th Dec. next, for six months or more in advance, a copy of **Grip Almanac for 1884 FREE**.

This is the fifth year that our Almanac has appeared, and it has improved every year. The issue now in preparation will be superior to any of its predecessors. It will contain 96 pages of choice humor profusely illustrated, and will have a handsome cover lithographed in 5 colors. It will sell at the same price as heretofore, viz., 25c. We are anxious to show our appreciation of the continued patronage of our subscribers and shall be pleased to have the opportunity of mailing you on or about the 15th Dec. a copy of the Almanac.

By consulting the label on your paper you will see if you will be entitled on the 15th Dec. to receive this premium.

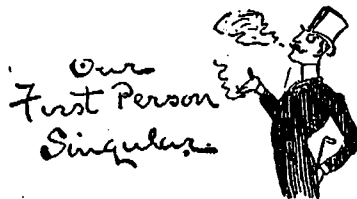
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Mail*, in its issue of Monday, declared that the reports of disturbance and dissatisfaction in the North-West, which have of late frequently appeared in the *Grit* papers, are not only well founded, but form part of a "bear" movement to kill the chances of Pacific Railway stock on the market.

FIRST PAGE.—When the ladies who waited on the Attorney-General the other day were told so urbanely that their petition in favor of Woman Suffrage would be "taken into consideration," they departed in the most happy and hopeful frame of mind. The innocent

little things! **GRIP**, who is the true friend of the down-trodden of all sexes, takes the opportunity of explaining in a picture just what Mr. Mowat meant.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir Leonard Tilley finds himself in a nasty fix between the millers and the farmers. The Canadian wheat crop being short, the millers are obliged to import American grain to keep their mills going, and the poor innocent fellows find by experience that the importer has to pay the duty. Consequently they go to the Finance Minister and ask to have the duty removed. But the farmers, meantime, find that the duty comes in very handy just at present, as it enables them to ask a higher price for the grain they have to sell. The farmers, therefore, kick very decidedly against the petition of their brethren, the millers. It is a good job for Sir Leonard that he is a heaven-born genius; if he were an ordinary financier he would find it very hard to satisfy both parties in this matter.



To a horney-lipped son of toil who was digging a drain on College Avenue I stept me up and spake as follows: "What street in this city, my good man, do you most resemble?" "I dunno," quoth he. "Know then, varlet," said I, "that you are Spadin' a Avenue." Thus do we see that the wits of Toronto are not all things of the past—more's the pity.

Much as the "funny men" have to say, in an ironical way, about editors' diamonds and so forth, there really are some very wealthy newspaper men. J. Gordon Bennett has two yachts and the same number of four-in-hands; Charles A. Dana can afford a Pullman car for his own especial use; Bonner owns 170 horses, and I myself, though this is strictly confidential, intend to reshingle my wood shed before long.

December 22nd has for several years been the champion short day of the 365, but last Sunday beat the record in several places, and knocked several minutes off it. By the way, it seems to me that it would be a mighty good thing for some people if the days on which bills fall due could be blotted out. If the authorities can chop a few minutes off a day, surely it would be no harder to do away with 24 hours.

By the way, whilst speaking of the Salvation army, I should like to ask the Dundas Chief of Police why he so strenuously opposes the entrance of the bold warriors into the peaceful hamlet over which he presides. He declares that they shall not hold forth within its gates, and they vow that they will and that they are determined to "fight the devil" in this stronghold of iniquity. And what's more they will, too, and they seem resolved to begin with the gallant Fitz himself.

I was chatting with a very decent, hard-working corporaion laborer the other day, and somehow or other the rich people of the world in general, and the Duke of Westminster

in particular, came up in our talk. "Pat," I remarked, "it must be a fine thing to have a lot of money like those fellows. Just fancy having several pounds a minute coming in as I'm told the duke has: what in the world would you do with such an income?" Pat's eyes twinkled for a few seconds and then he said: "Sure it isn't that would be troubling me; but phwat dy'e think the Jook would do if he had my income?" I could not say.

I have seen young men look disgusted, often, but for a look that was the embodiment of scorn, contempt, disgust and cheap-feelingness that on the face of a youth I observed last Wednesday on Queen street beat everything I had ever witnessed. He was strutting along with a silver medal pinned on the breast of his coat. What he had done to be thus decorated I know not neither do I care, but the medal was probably a reward for winning a race of some sort or other; at any rate he was evidently extremely proud of the circular bit of silver. But how rapidly did that look of pride pass away from his features when a bold, bad, corner loafer remarked very audibly to his two companions, "Cheese it, Bill, here comes one of them Salvation Army chaps: it must be Captain Happy Jack." And the youth passed on, no longer the jubilant being of a few minutes previously; and he stepped aside into an archway and presently reappeared on the sidewalk, and lo! the medal was gone and its place on the youth's coat knew it no more for ever.

Those ladies who appear to make a practice of stopping street cars on the gradient on Queen St. near Trinity College, but who affect to be so sorry for the poor, overworked animals, and so on and so on, might ponder this bit of information, gleaned from the Glasgow *Chief*, viz: That it requires a force on the part of two horses equal to five tons to move a fairly well filled car against a gradient of 1½ inches to the yard and that the resistance increased in the same ratio as the square. When those ladies above alluded to have made out what a ratio is and what is meant by a square, they can then dive into some encyclopedia and discover what a gradient means and putting all things together they will permit the fact to dawn on their intellects that it would be much easier for the horses to start a car, or, as my friend the *Chief* says, "overcome the inertia of a car" (which sounds better and has a twang of profundity about it) on level ground than on the face of a hill: that is to say when they have to ascend. I hope I have made this clear. I have endeavored to do so. A horse is an animal sufficiently familiar to all to need any description on my part.

Verily, if Diogenes or any other man, were to make a tour through this city in search of an honest retail dealer of any description, he would need to take a different route to that gone over by me a few days ago when I was deputed to make a few purchases for home consumption, if he felt at all sanguine about the success of his expedition. I am speaking now in all seriousness, for I fail to see anything the least funny about this matter. I don't know whether all the dealers referred to are dishonest and bold, bad men generally, or whether I happened to strike the ones who are so, but those I came across were a tough lot. Here is a list of my alleged purchases: 4 lbs. pork chops; 3 lbs. sugar; 2½ lbs. butter; a quart of syrup and ½ lb. Epsom salts. Here is what I really got, as I discovered upon weighing my cargo when I got home: 3 lbs. 5 oz. chops; 2 lbs. 11 ozs. sugar; 2 lbs. 3 ozs. butter; a pint and a-half of syrup; but, all honor to that druggist, I had fully 6 ounces of salts. This is a simple statement of a fact, and I have no doubt that others are gouged just as I was