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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO THE "JAMAICA."—The disaster which overwhelmed the Ontario Opposition on the 28th is by common consent regarded as a defeat of the Dominion Government. Sir John made common cause with Mr. Meredith, and in fact expressly declared that their interests in the contest were identical. It may therefore be fairly claimed that the state-car "Jamaica," in which the Dominion ministers made their stumping tour, was ditched on polling day, having come into collision with an unsuspected pile of ballots.

A SUGGESTION.—The *Week* pronounces general elections a nuisance, and there is nothing left to be done but to abolish these time-honored institutions of the people, which are so unfortunate as to come between the wind and the *Week's* nobility. But it seems necessary, at the same time, to provide some means of enabling the "common mass" to make known its vulgar wishes, if we cannot at present abolish the people—which seems a little impracticable. A natural and easy solution of the difficulty at once occurs to GRIP's powerful mind, viz.: to select some Superior Being—the presiding genius of the *Week*, to wit—and let him cast the popular ballot as our proxy. This would save time and expense, and at the same time transform a "nuisance" into a performance which would meet all the requirements of the Utter and the Too Too.

THE PLAIN LESSON.—It is to be hoped that the vote of the 28th has convinced Mr. Meredith that it does not pay politically to place one's self in opposition to the plain interests of one's own Province.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

LODGER (to his landlady)—Whit wey dae ye no believe in the laun fur the people?

LANDLADY (to her lodger)—Jist this. Whin wanst ye dae awa wi' the landlords, ye'll be fur tryin' yer haun on the landladies!—*The Bailie.*

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

THERE are things in this life I don't understand;
 You meet with them everywhere;
 Why many can drive in their carriages grand,
 And live a *la* millionaire;
 While others day after day ever toil
 For wages exceedingly small.
 Why landgrabbers own the most of our soil
 And poor men get no bonus at all.

Why young men don collars right up to their chin,
 To stifle and throttle them so;
 Why ladies wear corsets so tight that they grin,
 When nobody's looking, you know;
 Then there's that "what-you-may-call it" behind,
 You all do admire it, no doubt;
 That is one of life's mysteries, bulging and huge,
 And it beats me—I can't make it out!

J. T.

It is unusual (except in connection with folks as are folks, the nobility, editors and sich,) to prognosticate the birth of new bantlings. We feel, therefore, that we are only doing the right thing when we intimate to our readers and to Mr. Goldwin Smith, that an interesting event in the history of Ontario's weekly journalism is likely to take place early in January 1887. We have heard the proposed name, but cannot now say with any certainty whether it is Donder and Blitzten, or the Thundering Blisterer. We shall always be glad—from what we hear of its parentage—to have it come round our way regularly, and play with the little GRIPS, except on washing-day.



GRANITE ITEMS.

Skip (to recently-joined member)—How is it you don't come round to the rink and curl?

New Member—Oh, I have been busy; holiday times, you know. Besides the weather is so cold; I think I'll wait till summer.

Skip—But you can't curl in summer!

New Member—What! don't you curl on roller skates?

A NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

A VISITING clergyman recently officiated in one of our city churches, and in the course of his remarks referred to the experience of "Jonah in the whale's interior." Why did not the Rev. P. McF. McL. denounce this on the spot as a "mutilation" of scripture?