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EDITOR.

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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.**



**THE MAIL'S NEW DEPARTURE.**—The *Mail's coup d'etat* is the sensation of the hour. As an interesting puzzle it beats anything in the pictorial rebus line. The public cry out for light and knowledge upon the affair, and as GRIP's mission is to spread light and knowledge abroad, we cannot ignore this cry. The double-page of sketches is an honest, earnest and generous attempt to supply the necessary information. A careful study of the cartoon will lead to the following among other conclusions: That the sudden flop of the *Mail* was a painful surprise to the Cabinet; that the *Globe* is no longer the organ of the Radicals, but a rather antiquated and Toryish sheet which ought to exchange headings with its contemporary of the tall-tower; that Bunting and Sir John understand one another and are both working in the interests of the Tory party, one trying to catch

the Protestant vote and the other the Catholic; that now is the chance for the old *Leader* to be resurrected and resume its ancient position as Tory organ; that the bottle has been banished from the *Mail* office; which affords a fine opportunity for a sale of red-nose specific to the reformed staff of that journal; that while the lamp holds out to burn, even the *Mail* can become a Prohibitionist; that Sir John has been robbed of his organ and left with a perfectly useless monkey; that the Tory party has been humiliated to the last degree by the *Mail's* advocacy of prohibition, manhood suffrage, labor reform and emigration reform; that upon these spirited and popular steeds the *Mail* is dragging along not only the Tory party but the Grit leader as well. If this doesn't make everything clear, we give it up.

**THE ARRESTED HAND.**—GRIP takes the first opportunity of acknowledging the fact that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the Mowat Government has been doing its duty in the matter of putting down dynamite outrages. This is proved now by the arrest of the man Hand at Sarnia, after long-continued and clever work by the Government detectives. GRIP having been amongst those who charged the Government with supineness, is glad to acknowledge his mistake and to give the executive the credit justly their due.

**THE VERY SIMPLE CANADIAN PUBLIC.**—And now we are to be called upon to pay \$180,000 for the satisfaction of having it proved to us that Sir John Macdonald's views on the McCarthy Act were wrong. Having declared that Act valid, against the opinion of lawyers as good as himself, he persisted in putting it in operation. He appointed officers whose salaries amounted to rather more than \$180,000, and these officials collected that sum for licenses. The Act being then declared unconstitutional, null and void, this money has to be handed back to those who paid it in, and the question arises, Who should hand it back? It ought to be refunded either by the officials who pocketed it for salary, or by John A. himself out of his own resources! or by the pig-headed majority that helped him to carry through his cranky whim. But no; they are going to charge it to the easy-going Canadian public.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, SEATON VILLAGE, *September, 1886.*

**EDITOR GRIP**—DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly find out for me whether the policeman who cracked open the man's skull with his baton on Toronto street a fortnight ago, would like a good paying job for the winter? The man who fells bullocks for me is sick, and besides he is no good—that's to say, I always thought him good till I saw the way the baton came down on that fellow's head,—the Lord knows whether he has come to consciousness yet or not, he wasn't three days afterwards, anyhow—and all the papers have become suddenly silent on the subject as to whether he is dead, alive or insane. You might when you are about it, see after that too. Well, tell the policeman that I will give him five dollars a day for the winter if he will fell cattle for me as he felled that Hamilton man—just one sounding crack, and it's all over; won't mind giving you a handsome commission, so you can get him to come.—Yours very truly,

JOHN SLAYEM.  
Butcher and Cattle Dealer.



**THE SUBBURY COPPER-MINE.**

*Van Horne.*—There's millions in it!

**THE MAIL.**

It will be no longer safe to ask the *Mail* what ails it. It might hurt its feelings. Neither would it be polite to ask it to keep its *spirits* up, and we suppose any allusion to it as *lying* on its *bier* would be considered a *rum* remark and not at all *gintee*.