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J. V. WRIGHT

EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE.**

We have still a few copies of the elegant lithograph, "Prominent Conservatives," which we send free to all subscribers remitting five cents for postage. The companion picture, "The Liberal Leaders of Canada," is in course of preparation, and will be sent when published on the same terms. Meantime, all orders received are carefully booked and will be duly filled.

**OUR CARNIVAL NUMBER.**

NEXT week, as the regular issue of GRIP, we will send out our Winter Carnival Number. It will be a 24-page paper, and in addition to the usual attractions will contain three cartoons in colors, embellished with gold borders. Nothing more elegant has ever been produced in the printing line in Canada, and every subscriber should secure an extra copy to send to a friend. These can be secured by sending ten cents to this office at once. The edition will soon be exhausted, so that prompt action is necessary.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.**—No contradiction is as yet forthcoming to the statement made with full assurance by the *Globe*, that Sir Charles Tupper is at present the actual leader of the Conservative party, and that the retirement of Sir John Macdonald will take place immediately after the elections, whatever the result of the polling may be. This is bad news for the Party, and will have the effect of turning the stomachs of the best element therein. Already a prominent member of this section—a member of the late House—has written to the *Globe* to declare that the Conservative party will not follow Sir Chas. Tupper, and no doubt this gentleman voices the feelings of thousands of his political friends. For Sir John Macdonald there is a universal feeling of chivalrous attachment throughout the Conservative ranks, but it is quite different as respects the burly Nova Scotian, whose political record is bad, and who lacks the personal qualities which have made Sir John what he is.

**THE SWORD SWALLOWED.**—Professor Blake has accomplished the difficult task of swallowing the N.P. sword, and the fact that it was a matter of compulsion, and not merely a desire to show his skill, makes no difference. The swallow is *bona fide*, and any manufacturer who doesn't believe it can make a personal examination. Having shown the flexibility of his gullet by this feat, Prof. Blake may expect a renewal of the pressure to prevail upon him to swallow that other formidable weapon, the Prohibition sword.

**AT LAST.**—Our lively French confrere, M. Coté, hits off the Quebec situation very neatly in his cartoon. At last, after vexatious and unconstitutional delays, Mercier rushes into the embrace of his true love, the Treasury-bag of the local government. Poor thing! she has suffered greatly this long time in the hands of her ruthless masters now deposed. She has grown uncommonly thin and flabby, but Mercier declares that a life of peace and comfort (which he earnestly promises her) will eventually bring her round, and he hopes to remain in possession long enough to get her up to the condition of the money-bag so long and happily wedded to our own Oliver.

**PRODDING THE FROG.**—The *Mail* continues right along in its anti-French crusade, but at last accounts the Province of Quebec was still there. If the able editor could only reach the frog with his quill, a very slight prod would no doubt make him "go," but there's the very difficulty. The *Mail* doesn't appear to be read generally throughout the rural districts of Quebec, and hence the people are in ignorance that it is the wish of our respected contemporary that they should get out.

**THE BOY EN ROUTE.**—Mr. Jas. Beaty, Q.C., failing to see any good reason why he should have been rejected by the Conservative convention of West Toronto, has made up his mind to go back to Parliament anyhow—of course *populo volente*. The trifling formality of balloting may, however, upset the gentleman's good intentions, and, if so, the misfortune will be another illustration of what Pitt called "the atrocious crime of being a young man"—that is, a Boy.



**LITTLE CORINNE**, the famous comic opera artist, is drawing great houses at the Toronto, in her new play *Arcadia*. Next week, the popular melodrama, "Romany Rye," will be presented by Lehnen & Bateman's Company, headed by Mr. John Burke and Miss Victory Bateman.



Next Week's Issue

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

Our subscribers will get this elegant number as a matter of course. Those who are not so happy as to be on our list will have to pay ten cents for it, but it will be worth fifty at least.