

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company  
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
All business communications to be addressed to

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with  
Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.  
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.  
No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.  
No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.  
No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.  
No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin:  
Will be issued with the number for..... Jan. 17.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Senator Alexander, a prominent member of the Conservative party, is about the first to speak out plainly on a subject which has been disquieting many minds of late. In an interview with the *Globe* reporter he declares that the C.P.R. will cost the country \$70,000,000 in construction, and \$8,000,000 per year for the first ten years after it is finished, for running expenses. This is of course on the hypothesis that the C.P.R. Co. intend throwing the road on the hands of the Government as soon as it is finished and the payments made—a matter of which the Senator entertains no doubt at all. "No capitalists in the world," he says, "can be found to work a road 2,900 miles long," through such a country as our North-West with its sparse population. This is a very disturbing statement to make in the ear of the Premier just as he is going in to dinner. And it is too grave to be swept away by a joke at the expense of the old Senator, as the *Mail* endeavors to do. The question is, are his statements well founded? If they are, Canada is face to face with bankruptcy. We hope Sir John will see about this little matter after dinner, and be able to assure us that Senator Alexander's fears are entirely visionary.

FIRST PAGE.—On New Year's day Mr. Oliver Mowat was invited to meet the Mayor and Aldermen at the City Hall. He duly presented himself. The Mayor read him a flattering address on behalf of the city. Mr. Mowat responded with good taste, dwelling upon the fact that a large majority of the Aldermen were Conservatives—his political opponents. The next issue of the *Mail* contained an article informing Mr. Mowat and the world at large, that so far as the Mayor and the Conservative aldermen were concerned, not one word of the address was sincere—that it was all a joke, indulged in with "good-natured contempt," to please the Grit aldermen. As no one interested feels inclined to

deny this, we are justified in assuming its correctness. But we are at a loss to know why people, however stupid, should deliberately assume to humiliate themselves and exalt an adversary.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Alexander Manning is Mayor for 1885. It is a "great Conservative victory," so his Worship says. This is queer talk after the *Mail's* earnest attempt to keep politics out of the contest. But all right. Hurrah for Sir John! Three cheers for the N. P. ! Go over the whole list of party watch-words, Mr. Manning, and shout yourself hoarse, and then get down to business. What we want is good city government, whether Grit or Tory. Give us John A. and good city water. Let us have the N. P. and a good drainage system. Finish the C.P.R. next year and clear up the back yards. Vote another million to the Syndicate, and reduce our taxes. Down with Cartwright, and give us a more efficient police force. If we can't have these necessary reforms without Dominion issues, we must have the reforms anyway. Now, Mr. Manning, get to work.



### CAN IT BE TRUE?

Surely young Squiffy must have taken too much of that strong sauce with his pudding on New Year's day or he could never have imagined what he declares to have been a positive fact.

He solemnly asseverates that, when his landlady, Miss Margaret Lemonpips, endeavored to thrust her carving-fork into the breast of the turkey at dinner that day, the prongs curled up as though they were made of tin, whilst the unfortunate fowl, raising its head from the dish,—(it seems strange that a turkey, even in a boarding-house, should be sent to table with its head on, but Squiffy declares it was so)—warbled, in tones so tender and pathetic, that tears flowed like rain around the table—(more probably they were caused by the prospects of turkey for dinner, for the boarders gradually diminishing)—the following words, gazing reproachfully, meanwhile, in the face of the boarding-mistress, Miss Margaret Lemonpips:—

Since the sun on our birth-days first shone, Maggie,  
The New Year bells have times full sixty rung;  
Let us speak of the days that are gone, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

Oh! well I remember you a girl, Maggie,  
Though half a century has slipped away,  
Since you used to wear your glossy hair in curl, Maggie,  
But now you dye it black because it's grey.

Then spare me from your knife, I'm a tough, Maggie,  
Oh! spare me and for ever I'll hold my tongue;  
For to hear of those days must be rough, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

Young Squiffy says the effect of this insulting song from Turkey was magical, for, be it known, Miss Lemonpips only owns to being twenty-seven, and *does* look somewhat youthful with her raven locks and pearly teeth, for which you may be sure she paid no insignificant sum, and she had been setting her cap at one of the boarders who, Squiffy says, had shewn unmistakable symptoms of reciprocating her love till this unfortunate turkey *contretemps*, since which he has fled from the Lemonpips domicile, utterly abandoning a project for presenting the fair Margaret with a set of rusty old pickle-jars and a dilapidated cake-basket that might, from its appearance, have done duty amongst the earlier inhabitants of Herculaneum.

I make all due allowance for Squiffy at this time of year, but I can't positively believe all he says.

### NOTA BEANY.

"Muggins! Muggins!" yelled young Flumpity to a friend on the street the other day, "I've found a bean! I've found a bean!"

"Good heavens! man, are you gone daft?" exclaimed Muggins, recoiling a few steps, as the other danced about before him in a kind of wild, unrestrainable frenzy, "found a bean! that's nothing: I see lots of 'em on the street every day. You must be crazy."

"Twasn't on the street," literally shrieked Flumpity.

"Then where, in the name of Bedlam and all its inmates, was it?" enquired Muggins, backing away from the other with ill-concealed trepidation.

"In a plate of bean soup at a Temperance Coffee House," howled Flumpity, as the ambulance drove up and whirled him away to the asylum.

### SHORT STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

#### THE PERAMBULATING CLUE.

A handsomely Developed and Well-Proportioned Clue once went for a stroll along King-street, and exposed himself so publicly that the veriest Dolt recognized him and saluted him with "How dy'e do, old Clue?" and he was quite happy.

Then he became weary of King-street and took it into his head to visit the Police Station and the Detective Orderly room, where some of the Brightest Intellectuals on the Force were assembled. And these asked him what the Mischief he wanted and what his business was, but the Clue merely whistled softly and passed out, saying, "I knew they wouldn't tumble."

And the Detectives, who had been laboriously hunting for ten Burglars and two small Boys for several months, said, "Who in thunder can that fellow be?" And one and all replied, "I don't know."

And the Clue continued his Ramble till a Ubiquitous Reporter spotted him and followed him, and was led by the Clue to a place where were ten Burglars and two small Boys.

And the Reward of the Reporter was such that his Daubloons were even as the Sand which is on the Sea Shore.

This Story teaches us that a Reporter in the long or short hand is worth two Detectives in Toronto or London in the Bush.

THE CURRENT, of January 10, will submit to its readers a microcosm of Canadian Literature. It will be devoted almost entirely to contributions of the most prominent Dominion writers of the present time, and will show that the pens of our literary fellows "over across the border" are quite as capable of splendid work as any on this side.