



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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.

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The feeling that the *Globe* was mainly responsible for the ill luck of the Grit party, and that Mr. Gordon Brown was altogether responsible for the infirmities of the *Globe*, has at last "come to a head," and Mr. Brown has been deposed from the editorship and management of the paper. It is hoped that in other hands the journal will do better service for the Party under its chosen leader, Blake.

FIRST PAGE.—What have our temperance agitators got to say to MR. GRIP's proposed License Law, under which every drinker is obliged to take out a license before he can get his tippie? Here you have a statesmanlike solution of the difficulty about the liberty of the subject being infringed—while at the same time you increase the civic revenue and decrease the number of drinkers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lest everybody (who knows the Ontario Premier personally) should fail to recognize the awful character here portrayed, we beg to say that the *Mail's* article undoubtedly had reference to Mr. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., Attorney-General. The very same man.

The preliminary notes and studies for Hawthorne's posthumous novel, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," are in two different groups, of very different character. One group, in the possession of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, seems to consist of passages written out in narrative and dialogue form. Another group, of about equal length, consists of notes only, and these have been placed by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the hands of the editor of *The Century*, and selections from them will be published in the January number of that magazine. They are said to form a record of extraordinary interest, being a complete revelation of the artistic principles and methods of one of the subtlest artists that ever lived—in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance.

The fastest city in the world—Velocity.
A clock speaks its own peculiar dialect.



Be in time! Be in time! Look out for the big Jubilee at Toronto's Semi-Centennial! Lasting four days, with four distinct and separate land and water parades! Parades "illustrative of the settlement, rise and progress of the city." (big thing.) Military, police, fire brigade, secret, benevolent, harbor and torch-light parades! (great scheme) the whole to conclude with a grand commemorative ball! Be sure and come! Plenty of time, however, to get your "claw hammer" coats ready. The performance will commence in 1884, *vive* McMurrich!

Twenty-four Krupp guns have been sent to the Chinese to arm their forts, a clear case of Krupption.

How can ladies ever become thoroughly versed in their household duties, and of what use will the schools organized to that end be, when even medical students object to ladies learning to carve? Cruel man, who thinks their proper curriculum is a baby carriage!

GRIP has been assured that the objections raised by cavillers against the customary display at the opening of the Session were literally knocked into a cocked hat on the 13th. Whether it was the C. H. of the Liont-Governor or that of Col. Denison, our informant sayeth not.

The indignation against the expatriated rebel chieftain is still very great in Egypt. A firman has been issued ordering the authorities to seize all the copies of Lallah Rookh on account of the song "Farewell to thee, Araby's Daughter," being contained therein. The Khedive is under the impression that the words have some secret political meaning. Moore's the pity.

Now is the appointed time, O nobleycoman, honest mechanic, and horny handed son of toil, to put on all the airs you are possessed of. Your great excellence and stirring worth will be appreciated until after your vote is polled at the coming Provincial election, by the aristocracy, the plutocracy and the "politocracy" generally. Now your hand isshaken, by and by you will be "shook" altogether, and you will relapse once more into your normal condition, that of one of the greasy multitude. Rejoice, O workingman! You have still GRIP to look out for your rights.

Lord Dufferin, on account of the threatened action at law on the part of the Nationalists to take the control of the canal from the

foreigners or make them pay for the occupancy thereof, has insisted that the Khedive must change the name of it, as it sounds too much like "sue us" to be pleasant to English ears. The Khedive then asked with a grim smile if "own us" would strike him as a good name. "It might," replied his diplomatic Lordship, "but if it don't the name will rest in you, the *onus*, don't you see?" It took the Khedive six hours, aided by a learned pundit, to make out the joke, and even now he can't see the un of it.

A great movement has taken place lately in Civil Service reform. Before obtaining a "gov. birth, now, it is necessary that the aspirant first obtain a certificate from the Board as to his qualifications, both from an educational and moral standpoint." "This is as it should be," says the joyous reformer. But, tarry awhile, my exuberant friend! John Solon Jones, Roderic Ramesus McTavish, and Patricio Polyphemus McQuirk, obtain their testimonials of moral character from a clergyman or local magistrate, they send their applications to the C. S. Board, which are accepted, they go before the Board and pass. Jones, McTavish, and McQuirk then seek the head or mayhap the deputy head of the department they aspire to, by letter or otherwise, and are told that there are at present no vacancies, but their application, which is on file "will meet with due consideration." They wait and wait for years, for

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!"
But let John Solon, Roderic Ramesus, and Patricio take the advice of GRIP and "drop it," except indeed they are backed by a strong "friend of the family," for their chances are nil. The measure is principally got up to avoid reading the applications perpetually pouring in to the departments. So drop it boys, drop it!

THE GENTEEL OSSIPI.

An excellent lady is Madam Remplit,
So portly, so grand, and so gracious;
At each Dorcas meeting and 5 o'clock tea,
May be seen her fine figure so spacious.
What interest she takes in each boy and each girl,
On their conduct she waxes loquacious;
Some say that she gives them a terrible "whirl,"
But of course I'm aware that's mendacious.

She kindly will call on a young chap's papa,
And reluctantly hint of his doings;
She next will "drop in" to a maiden's mamma,
And sighs when she tells of her wooings.
"I don't like to mention it, bless me! oh no,
But then dear, your daughter's a beauty,
And really the young man's not quite *comme il faut*,
I must tell you. It's only my duty.

"Your daughter, my dear's, but an innocent child,
And of course she can't be too discreet, for
You know that young men are so prone to be wild,
And then he so often does meet her.
Of course it's no harm to go out for a walk,
But night after night! its quite fearful,
For you know, dear, the way that some people *will* talk,
Why really, I'm growing quite tearful!"

And thus she will talk, pious Madam Remplit,
And thus into very hot water
Will get "ma" and "pa," you can readily see,
And so will the son and the daughter.
She forgets when she used (the long time ago),
To walk out with her now ancient lover,
And say, you're the *one* I love to her old beau,
And no harm in it could she discover!

What heart-breaking trouble this gossiping brings,
What sorrows, what tears and annoyance?
In having no faith in quite innocent things,
Or on honor or virtue reliance.
Now which is the worst, as a matter of fact?
(For my part I think it's a toss up)
'Tween a dangerous crank whose intellect's cracked,
And a vexatious voluble gossip!

"What is your boy reading?" is an expression made use of very often lately. We cannot undertake to answer this query, but the probability is that if he has a rich father the last thing he glanced at was an unreceipted tailor's bill for \$104.