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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Notice.

Copies of Grip's Almanac for 1881 have been mailed to every newspaper upon our exchange list. If not received in due time enquiry should be made at the Post Office.

The Power of Grip's Pencil.

Grip is proud to have evidence that his pencil—always wielded in a good cause so far as he can discern the Right—is proving effective. This week he has been honored with two protesting epistles, one from Hamilton and the other one from Kingston. As the purport of both is the same, we lay before our readers the one from the east, together with the editor's reply sent to the writer by post:—

To the Editor of Grip, Toronto: Kingston, Ont., 17th Jan., 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers to Grip. When I subscribed to your paper I did so assuming that it was the organ of no political party, and that its hits would be equally divided. The course taken by your paper for some time past, however, has been so very one-sided and so opposed to the principles I believe in, that I have very little pleasure in reading it. I regret very much having to give up what I used to consider a pleasure, but I see no use in paying for what is distasteful to me.

Yours truly, J. W.

REPLY.

TORONTO, Jan. 18, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I do not usually reply by letter or otherwise to notices ordering discontinuance of Grip, but feel disposed to make an exception in your case, chiefly because you make a charge which I consider unfounded. You insinuate that Grip is the organ of a political party. I deny it. I hold that Grip has followed a course of pure independence, though I am free to confess that my idea of independence is not that namby-pamby-fence-riding-tight-rope-walking sort of thing which would "divide its hits equally" regardless of truth. I do not know which party you belong to, but I presume it is that one which has happened to suffer most in Grip's cartoons, and if so, it is the one that has deserved to suffer most. I have endeavored to stick to facts and reflect honest sentiment in my pictures, and I challenge you to put your finger upon a single cartoon of which you can truthfully say, that has no foundation of fact, or is in its nature malicious. If you allege—as you do tacitly—that I have favored the opposite party, I similarly challenge you to mention a single occasion, on which that party laid itself open to fair attack that I failed to take advantage of. By "the course taken for some time past," I presume you refer to our stand on the Syndicate question. If you are not satisfied with that stand it is simply because

you are so blinded with partyism that you cannot appreciate it. In opposing the expensive and ruinous bargain, and advocating the cheap and more satisfactory one, I have taken the only course worthy of a Canadian who loves his country. In taking the opposite course, you are playing the part of a traitor whether you are a Grit or a Tory. If it is in this matter I have "opposed the principles you believe in," I can only hope that you may soon provide yourself with a better set of principles. I have as much respect for the real principles of one party as another. I believe men's principles, if not morally wrong, ought always to be respected, and I have never attacked the principles of either party in this country. I concern myself with the public conduct of their representative men, but I know there are some followers behind both flags who are so blind or so craven that they cannot see any difference between these two entirely dis-similar things.

I hope you will take the earliest opportunity of bringing forward the evidence that Grip is a party organ, by showing where it has exhibited malice or concealed the truth—the infallible marks of the partizan. In the meantime your request shall be complied with as to removal of your name, the place of which I know will be quickly supplied by that of a man who subscribes more heartily to Grip's maxim—*Fiat Justitia.* Yours respectfully,

EDITOR GRIP.

Tierney to the Front.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 9, 1881.

GRIP, ME DARLINT,—Shure it's so long since the lasht toume I writ til yez that I thought if I didn't send yez a line yez might never hear from me agin, so I takes my pin in hand to let yez know I am shtill in the land av the livin'—bein' at the praisht toume in Manytohy. The land av the livin' did I say? Well, begorra, if the half I hear about that Swindlekate consarn is thure, it'll be hard to scrape a livin' out av it before long. But shurely they're foolin' me intoirly, sor? Yez don't mane to say me owld chafetain, John A., is the gossoon the Grits here is thyrin' to make out? Wan av thim says to me, sez he, Tierney, fhwat do yez think av that foine shlate-man av yours now, John A. I mane? sez he. Sez I, the same 'as iver—the cleverest owld bye av the whole av thim. Fhwat have you to say about him? sez I. Did yez rade that, thim? sez he, hamin' me a paper. I tuck it home an' I read it, an' I cudn't belave me eyes, harly. Be me sowl, if I have anny undthershtandin' av the English langwitche, the Government in that paper agrees to give away the country, or the most av it, wid powers an' privildges fit for the Imperor av Rooshia, along wid barrels av money to the Swindlekate, for buildin' two bits av a railway! Whim I koun across that Grit agin I gev him back the paper. Well, sez he, wid a shty soort av a wink, fhwat's yer opinion av the grait John A.? It sez nothin' about John A. at all, sez I, its the doins av Tupper, and betune you an' me, I wudn't put it past him—I niver did belave in Tupper. We'll but, sez he, John A. is in the box, too, for did'n't he make a spache the other day backin' up Tupper's bargin' an' goin' agin the offer av the new Swindlekate that wants to build the railway for less money an' no privildges at all, at all. He did? sez I. Are ye shure? I am, sez he. it's thure! Fhwat argymint did he bring agin the new Swindlekate? sez I. He said it was a Grit consarn, sez he. For the first toume in my loife I felt ashamed av John A., sor. I say that argymint is extramely thin. Av the min can put up their money and build us the road chaper than the other Swindlekates, fhwat business is it av moine or John A's whether they are Grits or not? I for wan am willin' they should remain in darkness, politically spakin', av they'll only be sound on the railroad buildin' question. Thruely yours,

TERRY TIERNY.

The Club.

The Punster Club met on Saturday night and after opening in the usual manner, the chairman announced that the subject for the evening would be "Fish."

No. 1.—"A very 'fishy' subject indeed." "That man deserves a Whale-in," shouted No. 2. "Mackerel pun will you?" said the chairman. "Oh, you feel great Perch-ed up there don't you?" asked No. 3. Chairman.—"Did you say that on Porpoise?" "Minnow a better one than that," yelled No. 4. "What is it?" groaned the chairman. "Did you ever see a Lam-prey?" said No. 4. "No, but I've come across a good many Suckers," roared No. 2. "One more such and I'll turn on my Eel and walk out," said the chairman. "Why is the first log of a tree like a certain fish?" howled No. 1. "I'll know before Oyster from this seat," said the chairman.

No. 1.—"Because it's a Hackbut." No. 3.—"Oh! I thought I 'Smelt' a pun in the air."

No. 4.—"What fish does the last speaker resemble?"—"A Shiner."

Chairman.—"Enough, enough. That will do. I do not want to act the part of the 'Carp'-ing critic, therefore I will only announce that the next subject will be the months."

"Jan-u-ary fool," roared No. 1. "F-I-be-ary idiot," howled the chairman. "Come, March out of this," said the janitor. "May I be hanged if I do," yelled No. 3. "Juic-o if you don't I'll make you," roared No. 2. "Ju-lic," shrieked No. 3.

"The first thing you know you'll be Kn-October," said No. 4.

Here the lights were turned out and the meeting adjourned.

An Allegory.

Mr. Bunting, managing editor of the Mail is in a very indignant frame of mind, and we think justly so. Mr. Bunting wished to purchase an additional press, and commissioned a certain broker to procure one for him. The broker accepted the commission and went to England to procure the press. Upon his return he announced to Mr. Bunting that he had been fortunate enough to secure one from a certain manufacturing firm, but upon the terms of the bargain being made known, they were found to be outrageous. Mr. Bunting was to pay about four times as much as the press was worth; to build about half of it himself, to allow the firm to enter his office and print whatever they pleased, without cost, and various other objectionable features. Upon Mr. Bunting threatening to repudiate the whole thing, the broker explained that though the bargain was not as good as he might wish, yet it was the best that could be made. Just at this juncture, however, a new firm opened communication with Mr. Bunting, and offered to sell him an equally good press for considerable less than the former offer and without any of its objectionable features. Mr. Bunting would have willingly accepted the new proposition, but the broker, being possessed of considerable influence, forced him to accept terms of the first bargain. Of course Mr. Bunting is indignant, and we heartily sympathize with him. To be the victim of such a barefaced robbery and swindle is outrageous, but still it is rather curious that Mr. Bunting should, at the present time, be assisting the Government, by voice and influence, in the perpetration of a still more glaring fraud, of precisely the same description.

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