

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Beast 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:	
Will be issued with the number for.....	Dec. 20.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—For a man who has a character for high morality, not to say piety, to sustain, Sir Leonard Tilley at present occupies a painful position. The hitherto respected gentleman to-day stands before the country in the character of a confessed and helpless deceiver. In 1878, he said many times, and allowed it to be said for him many times more, that by means of the policy of protection, prosperity and all the blessings that accompany it could be secured to the Canadian people. He joined in the outcry against the Grits for allowing the financial depression to exist, and by direct statement as well as by implication supported the doctrine that "hard times" can be controlled by Government. To-day we are experiencing a state of affairs which gives all these claims the lie direct. As it is incredible that a Government able to do so would refuse to make good times, it is safe to conclude that our present cabinet does not possess the powers it claimed, or if it does, Sir Leonard Tilley has forgotten how to use them. The fakir has received the hat, but has forgotten how to do the trick!

FIRST PAGE—Full reports of Sir John's recent speeches on Imperial Federation have come to hand, and it is found that he has spoken very definitely and largely in favor of the project in the name of the Canadian people. He has assured our Imperial relatives that we are ready to do almost anything they could suggest; he has made profuse promises on our behalf. All this is highly gratifying to good Mr. Bull, who has an idea that "Sir Thomas Macdonald," as he calls our John—owns the Dominion. It is also perfectly satisfactory to us, as we all quite understand that a promise of Sir John's never necessarily implies a corresponding performance. We are left at liberty to view the question just as we please.

EIGHTH PAGE—The most fitting comment on this deep-meaning picture can be supplied by the reader. Let him proceed to the shop

of his bookseller and buy a copy of GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for 1885. He will find it better than anything hitherto published in the series, and costing only 10 cents.

A SONG OF THE UNSEATED.

One more unfortunate
Went it too fast;
For fame too importunate,
Got it at last.

Let him down tenderly,
Members beware;
Escaping so slenderly,
Just by the hair.

Speak of him mournfully,
Gently, not scornfully,
Soft be your tone;
Be unspoken his name
In his sorrow and shame,
Leave him alone;
'Think how his troubles came,
Think of your own.

Cross your hands piously
Over your breast,
Where cunning and lies lie
More than confessed;
Owning how bad, too,
The man had behaved,
Be thankful and glad, too,
You have been saved.



MRS. MURPHY ON THE SCOTT ACT.

An is it hooray for the Scott Act I wud be doin' if it was agin' my cup o' tay, ye do be axin', Murphy? Faix, an' I wud thin, if ye could show me the tay and the whiskey aich shtandin' on the same fut.

But I ax ye now, Paddy Murphy, was it the cup o' tay turned Biddy Malone out o' doors in the dead o' winter wid a cruel landlord, an' no rint to pay, because her man lift every sint he arned and, that yez know, at the tavern as he cum along on his way home? Was it thee cup o' tay blacked Sandy McCullough's wife's two eyes, an' let the little gossoons, sivin av 'em, as purty cratures as ye'd want to luk at, run about in rags, widout enough to ate an' no schoolin', while the poor woman slaved at the wash tub to git 'em a bit o' bread an' a shtick o' wud, an thin be nocked on the hed wid a grate, lazy, drunken brute as killed her at last an' let the children go to the Home, xcep' little Sandy what went to the pini-in-tary? Was it the cup o' tay did that, say? Was it the cup o' tay sint Maggie Smith to the police an' got her thirty days in jale, an' her husband and children wid no home to spak of, fur how can a little 'un luk after a babby and kape the house elane an' cook the males an' mind a couple o' young uns whin the mother of 'em isn't there to mould things?

Is it the cup o' tay turns the wife and children into the shtarate, and smashes the furniture, and quarruls wid the neighbors and fetches the police? Is it the cup o' tay drives a respectable family from house to house gettin wuss en' into a manner neighborhood every time, an' puts a man in the gutter, an' rolls him in the mud, an' sets the byes a jeerin', an' riddins his nose, an' bearns his eyes, an' loosens his tung, an' puts a hole in his coat and frizes

on his pants, an' knocks off his hat, an' sends him home betune two more, ahtaggerin' like a babby wi' the ricketts, wid his senses where he can't git at 'em?

Is it a cup o' tay makes a FOOL of a man, Paddy Murphy, that his bist friends can't respect him? An' a BRUTE of a man, Paddy Murphy, so that his wife trimbles, an' his children run away an' hide whin they hear him comin'? Is it the cup o' tay make a BASTE o' a man so that there is less sinse or raisin, or self-respect or respect for others in him than there is in a pig, Paddy Murphy?

Whin ye show me that the cup o' tay will do all sich things as these, Paddy. I'll sine a Scott Act agin' it; in the manetime I sine a in whiskey an' beer an' wine, an' anything else that has the pison in it that makes a man or a woman on'y fit for a lunatic asylum, or a jail, or anywhere, exceptin' home or Hivin.

THE BEST YET.

GRIP'S Comic Almanac for 1885 is just out. It consists of 24 pages uniform in size with GRIP, and is filled with fun and pictures. The literary matter is entirely original, and proves decidedly that Canadian talent in the funny line is equal to any in the world.

OUR ANTIQUARIAN AGAIN.

DEAR AND VALUED GRIP,—Greeting,—Dear me—dear me—what a long time since I sent you that renowned letter all about "Hengist" and "Horsa!" You remember—eh? of course you do—though, for the sayings of the eminent—well, well, I digress—people say I'm getting old—as if an antiquarian must of necessity be old! Such is the ignorance of the *oi polloi*. Now to business—I've only deferred it because my equilibrium is so painfully upturned, and my reasoning faculties well-nigh fossilized by one of the most startling discoveries it has ever been my lot to fall upon. Know then, friend of my youth, and companion of all that is highest in literature, that I have caught you tripping? YOU! GRIP!! The immense, the pyramidal!!!

(These dashes are to give you time to recover yourself before proceeding. They can be continued *ad libitum*, which means "go as you please." You see my classic mind must explain every sentence which might appear crude.) To resume; in a recent number of GRIP I came across a short and touching paragraph intended to induce a certain "Mr. Benedict" to secure domestic peace by purchasing for "Mrs. B." one of the "vests" advertised in another column of your esteemed comic journal. Struck by the benevolence manifested (as I thought) toward "Mr. Benedict," I turned to the page indicated. What did I see? *This*—in bold type, as though defying detection—"Seamless Lady's Vests," or (as the foreign exercise books would have it also) "The Vests of one Seamless Lady!" Now, as man to man, I ask you—the very fountain of wisdom—what is a "seamless lady?" Is it a lady who has never had a "stitch" in her side, or been ever "hemmed in" by any difficulty? As man to man, you know very well that you can't answer me! You have advised this poor, trusting, gullible "Mr. Benedict" to rid himself of household broils, and to bring the unwonted smile upon the face of his spouse, by going and asking for a vest such as worn by—a *seamless lady*! What will the confining imbecile look like when he asks the urbane store clerk for this impossible garment? What, too, will he look like when he finds he has been so heartlessly *April-fooled* (yes, I know it's November, but this joke belongs to April and should have been postponed accordingly). Joke or no joke, however, neither you nor the "vest" man can hoodwink me. No, no. Now for the true explanation of this extraordinary expression of