



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the fool.

#### Please Observe.

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 local legislature is now in session for a brief season, prior to dissolution and a general election. Like the old-time author in Mr. Marks' picture, Mr. Mowat's effort in the speech from the throne falls very tamely upon the critical ears of the Opposition. The original from which our cartoon is adapted forms the frontispiece to the volume of the "Leisure Hour" for 1882, which may be found at any of the bookstores.

FIRST PAGE.—The popular feeling against Disallowance and all other encroachments upon provincial rights, continues unabated throughout Manitoba. Mr. Norquay's position is about as comfortable as that of a wight overtaken in the midst of a sea of prairie grass, with a fire raging in his rear, and without a match wherewith to light the grass in front, and thus provide the only way of escape.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A notable increase in American imports from Canada, and a great falling off in exports to this country, taken in connection with agitation in favor of Reciprocity amongst our Republican cousins, are current facts which must make Sir Leonard Tilley feel more or less jubilant. That the N.P. has done something to bring about this state of affairs cannot be doubted. We have hit Uncle Sam a hard one on the nose, but perhaps we have sprained our wrist in doing so.

#### NEW ROUND.

(To be sung by the Jubilee Singers.)

Says Cushing to Thompson,  
"I'll smash your proud snoot!"  
Says Thompson to Cushing,  
"O, you're a galoot!"  
Says Cushing to Thompson,  
"Take that in the eye!"  
Says Thompson to Cushing,  
"I'll meet you by 'me'bye!"  
Says the P.M. to Cushing,  
"Doesn't Thompson appear?"  
Says Cushing to Denison,  
"No, he isn't here."  
Says the P.M. to Cushing,  
"The case is dismissed."  
Says Cushing to Denison,  
"Give us your list!"



Toronto was honored last week with the presence of two theatrical "parties," the Karl party at the Royal and Haverly's *Merry War* brigade at the Grand. The Karl party was almost a mere vehicle to carry the leading man through the evening, and written, of course, with the object of giving him a chance to show off his quasi Dutch specialties. The gypsy scene in the second act, when the stolen child is rescued, was taken from *Rosdale*. and the gypsy characters were made up after the style of *Guy Mannerling* hags and Fra Diavolo bandits, and the picnic scene a weak suggestion of that of the somewhat played-out *Vokes Family*. The wretched log piece at the Grand was a mere apology for an Opera, the leading singers indifferent, and the chorus execrable. This company manifested their contempt of the public who so generously patronized their wretched attempts during the week by cutting out the only number worth hearing, "The Silver Line," and did not even condescend to "make up" for the "final march." If this party are to be considered exponents of Strauss' operatic works, and a criterion of their merits, he had better keep them for the dwellers on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube, for the way his "Merry War" was given here was an insult to, and an outrage on, a too tolerant public.

This week at the Royal, Jos. J. Dowling exhibits his talents as a shootist in "Nobody's Claim," which is, as a play, better than the usual samples of the backwoods drama. The scenery shown in the flatboat scene is very good, and the play is relieved by the more than ordinarily good acting of some of the company, who are evidently "old stagers." Taking it altogether, "Nobody's Claim" is interesting and worthy of a visit.

Hague's British Minstrels show three nights and a matinee at the Grand. One nigger performance is so much like another that any criticism is uncalled for regarding this. The inevitable quartette sang in the usual acceptable way, and there was no exceptional vulgarity displayed which would tend to keep the fastidious away. The Minstrels played to crowded houses as usual. For balance of week Robt. McWade as "Rip Van Winkle."

Those eccentric creatures of Mr. Stockton's humorous imagination, the Rudder Grangers, have gone to Europe, and the *January Century* will contain an account of some of their adventures in England. Pomona, with characteristic energy, calls upon an English lord to satisfy her curiosity regarding the aristocracy. Another humorous paper in this number will be the story of a trip on a lower Mississippi steambomb, amusingly told in "The Trip of the 'Mark Twain,'" with illustrations by Pennel.

#### KINDERGARTENS.

TODMORDEN, DEC. 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that there is some prospect of the Kindergarten system for teaching young scholars being adopted. For my part, I think the system an excellent one, as it combines instruction with amusement, and the child is glad to go to his lessons, instead of, as heretofore, playing "hookey," with a prospective lambasting with the "taws" at the hands of the cruel master. A practical illustration of addition or subtrac-

tion may be given by the manipulation of a number of blocks of wood or in the absence of the regular paraphernalia of the school, any article may be utilized. For instance, a boy has in his pockets twelve apples (which he has probably hooked out of some orchard) and the master takes away two, the boy will doubtless not forget the "remainder," and when asked will reply at once, "Ten." Or on the other hand, a boy who has but one apple, and the master gives him those he took from urchin No. 1, when asked the sum of the apples in his possession, will reply with glee and with promptness, "Three." This is a far better way than expressing the result— $12 - 2 = 10$ , or  $1 + 2 = 3$ . How many of us are indebted for the ready calculation of the days in any given month by the familiar rhyme,

30 days hath September,  
April, June, and November, &c.

Now, Mr. Grip, I am of the opinion, as the lawyers say, that the older or more advanced scholars could be taught, let us say the history of his or her country, by describing the various incidents and historical characters in pleasant rhymic verse. I will give you a few illustrations of my method, which may not be strictly accurate as regards the actual incidents in connection with the historical personages mentioned, nor do I intend them so to be regarded, but merely as the *modus operandi* of my system, after the manner of nursery rhymes. How well we all remember "Old Mother Hubbard," for instance. And I maintain that system is everything.\*

Yours faithfully,  
NEHEMIAH NUTTBUTTER.

P.S.—Hero goes:

#### JACQUES CARTIER.

Oh, don't you remember Jack Carchy,  
Who sailed from the port of St. Malo,  
Who wore a shirt stiff and starchy,  
And anointed his long hair with tallow?  
When he got to the mighty St. Lawrence  
He commenced for to whoop and to holler,  
For the rain poured down on him in torrents,  
And took the starch out of his collar!  
"I don't like this," said he, "in the least,"  
As his visage grew pallid and sallow;  
So he turned his ship's head to the East,  
And sailed back again to St. Malo!

#### FRONTENAC.

Did you ever hear tell of Frontenac,  
Who committed many a wanton act?  
He used his shoes  
For birch canoes,  
Which might be called a pontoon act.

#### JOSEPH BRANDT.

Joe Brant was a long and lanky chief,  
Who never used his hankychief;  
So I suppose  
He wiped his nose  
Upon a captured Yankee chief.

#### GOVERNOR ARTHUR.

Bold Arthur was a governor in the year of '38,  
We haven't had as fine a one to govern us of late;  
He was amiable and kind, benevolent and good,  
And he hung up all the rebels who were captured that he could.  
But some people didn't like it, and it was their fondest hope  
To see bold Arthur dangling himself from a stout rope.

1838.

Some forty years ago,  
In the reign of Queen Victoria,  
The vulgar had no show—  
They ruled them *con amore*.

Res-pon-si-bil-i-tee  
Was not then much in fashion,  
And the grand ma-jor-i-tee  
Of times received a lashin'.

The Government was prone,  
When the House would pass a measure,  
To let them know the Throne  
Would consider it at leisure.

So children, be content,  
Be your parents Grit or Tory;  
Don't run for Parliament,  
And you'll flourish hunky dory.

\*You'll do.—ED. GRIP