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EDITOR.

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NO. 1.

Comments on the Cartoons.



DR. BLAKE'S SURE CURE FOR THE BLEUS.—It is pretty well understood that when the leader of the Opposition delivers himself on the subject of the political situation (as he will do in a few days at London) he will propose as a sovereign cure for the varied ills that Canada is heir to, a novel yet most promising remedy. He will suggest that Federal justice to each race and section, and Federal respect to the spirit of our constitution as regards the rights of the Provinces, shall take the place of centralization and tyranny. This is a medicine which apparently Sir John has never thought of trying—his faith in the old prescription, "Fraud and Force," being as strong as ever.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.—It is rumored that on New Year's Day Mr. Mowat called his Cabinet together and severely reprimanded them for the awful wastefulness and extravagance of the past year, and exacted from them a promise that during 1886 more rigid economy and retrenchment will be practised. As a consequence of the meeting the charwoman of the buildings is trembling in anticipation of a reduction of salary, and the mice which infest the old place are on the contrary in high glee at the prospect of cheese-parings *galore*!

PADDY GETS A LOAF BECAUSE OF HIS IMPORTUNITY.—For many long years the Irishman has hammered at John Bull's door asking for Home Rule. And now at last John has been routed out of bed and is preparing to grant him the favor, much in the spirit of the man in the parable—not so much from Paddy's deserts as because of his importunity.

A JOB ON HAND FOR THE NEW "TURNER."—Sir John has been honored with the freedom of the Turners' Company, of London, Eng. If this will fit him better for the work of heading off wild bulls, the investiture happens at a very opportune moment.

As We Pass By.

WELL, how do you like us in our new clothes? We're a darling little dude, aren't we? But only that as to our outward dressing; our brain is just as powerful as ever, and our devotion to the Good, the True, and the Beautiful was never so profound as at this present moment.

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IT may be well to repeat, from the notice of last week, that the annual subscription price of GRIP has been advanced from \$2 to \$3, and the price per copy from 5 to 10 cents. Present *paid up* subscribers will receive their papers to the end of their respective terms, and those who pay up *before the 2nd day of February next* will be similarly dealt with. To all others the new price—which is still very reasonable—will be invariably charged.

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AN elegant frontispiece has been drawn for GRIP by Mr. A. H. Howard, but circumstances have prevented its being engraved in time for this week's issue. At the last moment a hastily designed title has been substituted. We hope next week to have the new one ready.

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MR. HOWLAND has been elected mayor of Toronto by a magnificent majority. If he doesn't turn out to be the finest Chief Magistrate we have ever had, GRIP will be disappointed. Meantime, will the friends of the whiskey cause please make a note of the fact that there are a few other trades and occupations which propose to have something to say in the governing of this city?

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THE Knights of the Road—by which we mean our jolly friends the Commercial Travellers, and not the disciples of Dick Turpin—were in great form on Wednesday evening. Instead of the customary banquet, the annual meeting of the Association terminated in a conversazione and ball, given at the Pavilion Music Hall. It was a vast improvement on any possible dinner. The introduction of the feminine element, with its witchery of face, form and fashion, and its accompanying banishment of the decanter in these social demonstrations, marks a distinct advance in civilization. Of course, the introduction of woman means the blissful subjugation of man. The ladies ruled on Wednesday night, and it is safe to say the C. T. boys never had a better time in their lives.

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THE directors of the V. M. C. A. deserve some recognition for having saved our common Christianity from utter annihilation last week. Having rented Shaftesbury Hall to Mr. Bairnsfather for three concerts of Scottish music, they resumed their good work, never dreaming that the genial Scotchman was a moral dynamiter in disguise. It was only after the programmes were printed and in the hands of the audience that the directors made the horrible discovery that Mr. B's two children were going to dance the Highland fling! For five minutes the directors stood in speechless amazement before this ghastly announcement. Then they took