

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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 CANAL 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.—Notwithstanding all his wickedness, Sir John is apparently the white-haired boy of old Mr. Bull. His new decoration—the G.C.B.—involving as it does an extra eruption of gold lace and red breeches, has profoundly stirred the feelings of the Reform Party of Canada. From the constant references to the subject in the columns of the *Globe*, we are impressed with the belief that the little Grit boys are suffering from an acute attack of jealousy.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Burns' letter to the *Globe* on the duty of banks to look after the morals of their employees, has set Mr. GRIP a-thinking. He believes there is a great deal of force in Mr. Burns' observation that irregular private lives lead to irregular public practices in the case of bank clerks and others in like positions. It has been suggested that an elderly director should be detailed to accompany each clerk out of office hours, to regulate his walk and conversation. This is good, if practicable. But the scheme is fraught with danger—to the elderly person. Our artist has shown the possible result of a week's companionship with an extra bad clerk.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Goldwin Smith's ideas on the prohibition question are just what might be expected from a cultured person of wealth who enjoys his glass of wine and takes no stock in the Pauline doctrine of self-denial for one's neighbors' sakes. No doubt Prof. Smith considers St. Paul's idea one of those "survivals of tribalism." Consequently we find his pen enlisted on the side of the Liquor interest in the present crusade. He is very angry with Hon. J. B. Finch for using plain English; it distresses him sorely to see anybody in earnest about anything. Mr. Finch simply says that the liquor traffic has never done any good to society; that it has done evil only, and ought therefore to be abolished. If Prof. Smith can disprove this, or even dispute it, let him do so, and the plainer his language is, the better we will like it.

GEORGE BROWN'S STATUE.

(UNVEILED NOV. 25TH.)

He's with us once again in all but life— His virtues never were less stern than bronze; Nor less immovable the man from Right Than is this sculptured figure from its base. As now the veil is reverently moved, And men of diverse Parties cheer alike, I hear a voice from out the chiselled lips: Good neighbors fight your fights as men with men, But seize the chance, before life steals away, To honor virtue and applaud high aims When found among your foemen. Believe me this, although so like to life, A statue yet is not a living man.

REFINEMENTS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

SCENE.—A pleasant home.—Judge Rose in the bosom of his family.—Enter young Hopeful with a bag of marbles. Young Hopeful.—Pa, can you guess how many marbles I've got in this bag? The Judge.—My son, never use that nasty American word *guess*. No, I cannot *guess*, but I can make an *approximate estimate*. Young Hopeful.—All right, that will do just as well.

QUIZZING A NEWSBOY.

Almost everybody in the city knows the tall young man with the powerful mind who writes the editorials for the *Telegram*—that is to say, the editorials which John Ross Robertson doesn't care about writing himself.

Alick Pirie is as fond of a joke outside the sanctum as he is when wielding the paragrapher's pen within; and there is an air of genial honesty and sincerity about him when perpetrating one that invariably secures a most pronounced success for his facetious' villainy.

Going along King-street the other evening a newsboy accosted him with: "Telegram, sir?" "Who sent it?" gravely queried the journalist, stopping and looking down from his serene elevation of six feet one on the diminutive vendor of evening dailies.

"It's the *Evenin' Telegram* newspaper, sir," explained the lad.

"Oh, I see. Where is this newspaper printed, my son?"

"Right in the city."

"Is it a—a—a—weekly periodical?"

"It's the *Evenin' Telegram*, I told you."

"So you did—that's a fact. But I had forgotten, really I had. How much is it a year?"

"I ain't no yearly agent, I sell 'em by the piece. Want a Telegram, mister?"

"Well," (looking supernaturally thoughtful), "I really do not know. Any advertisements in it?"

"I should say so, I should! Look at 'em!" and he passed one up.

"Pretty fair collection of advertisements, I see," continued Alick, slowly examining each page. "But there isn't half enough for me. The only thing I can ever read in the newspapers is the advertisements, so you can understand I want lots of them to make me feel happy."

The gamin's face was a study. He could detect no trace whatever of "kidding" in Alick's sober, dignified mien. But a look at the face of the editor's companion filled him up with a baunting suspicion that he was being "run on."

"How much did you say was the price of this paper?" inquired Alick in a kindly voice, as he lowered the sheet and gazed benignly down upon the little fellow.

"*Evenin' Telegram*, on'y one cent," responded the wee chap, instinctively falling back upon the street cry.

"Isn't that rather dear, my son? Now, I would like to patronize your paper just to see what sort of a paper it is. But, upon my word your price is frightfully high! I tell you what I'll do with you, little man. You give me a paper on trust, and if I like it and

am staying over in town, I'll meet you down at the the 'Queen's' to-morrow after dinner and make it all right with you. Or—, stay one moment child! Here is five cents. Give me three papers for two cents—I am prepared to risk it—I'll take this one now, and you can send the other two and the three cents balance to the Reverend John—"

But the newsboy concluded he had stood a good four cents worth 'of quizzing, and was across the street before the finish of the address.

THE RED RAG.

SCENE—College Avenue. Policeman cooling his heels under the trees.

Citizen [in great excitement]—"Look here! this is the fourth night, now. I wish you would step around and disperse that crowd of young rowdies, around the corner of McCaul and Caer-Howell-street. One can get no peace for their infer—"

Policeman [drawing his baton eagerly and striding in that direction]—"Stoodints?"

Citizen—"Students, no! It's a crowd of boys that curse the neighborhood with their slang, their profane language, ringing door bells, and raising Cain generally."

Policeman [sheathing his baton and returning in evident disappointment to his beat]—"Oh, let 'em flicker."

NEW LETTERS FROM EASTERN LATITUDES.

I have been living on the eastern side of the Don for the last sixty days, and have to express my regrets at not being able to carry out certain promises I made to your readers months ago. As I have forgotten what these promises were, I don't suppose your readers have better memories, and so nothing more need be said on the omission. We should be lenient to each other, and indeed sixty days—but no matter as to that.

The country round about the Don may be imposing, but my opportunities for observation were limited and my going took place at ill-timed hours. At a more opportune time I think I could have said something as we—I mean myself and a few jolly companions—travelled by the old stage coach. There is more poetry, I give you my word, in a real old-fashioned coach—and ours was that—than in your best first-class carriage with drawing-room car and colored porter. There is the rattle, the boot, the crack of the postillon's whip, the imperiousness—so to speak—of the guard, the methodical ways of the start and finish; all these remind one of the old days. It was a short drive and no stoppages allowed; and I do believe if one of us was fainting for a glass of water the rules of the road would not have been relaxed in our favor. That is all right with short relays such as the one in question, but I don't approve of it on general principles. The business-like uniform of the guard rather impressed me. He was a man of few words, but he attended closely to our wants, and I take it that no passenger is left behind when the "fares" are all in their places.

The Don is not a pleasant river unless you are about twenty miles to the windward of it, and I can't say that the houses compare with those you see on the east side of the Hudson. The yachts, too, are not so fine, but I will do justice to the residence in which I tarried when I say that I know of no private mansion on any side of the Hudson that has as secure and imposing an appearance as the one to which I refer. In these days of burglary I know of no place in which a man's silver would be safer than on the outside of that building. If I were as wealthy as I was once I would have my villa next door to my friend down there on the eastern slope of the Don.