

# GRIP.

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

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## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—HON. Thomas White is still en route through the North-West, endeavoring to learn by personal observation the actual facts as to the rights and wrongs of the settlers. The eye of the country follows him with deep interest, for a great deal will depend upon the use he makes of his time and the results that will flow from his investigation. From expressions used by Mr. White himself at the banquet given on the eve of his departure, we judge that he is quite convinced that the country will not accept from him a report such as that made by Sir Hector Langevin on his return from the North-West some time ago. Sir Hec. asked the people to believe that he could find no evidences of dissatisfaction at all; but, on the contrary, he saw everywhere the evidences of peace and prosperity. As a commentary on this veracious account we had the Rebellion. It is decidedly too late in the day for returning tourists to tell us of peace, peace, where there is no peace, and Mr. White will display only common wisdom if he refrains from that old story. It is the prevailing belief that, if left to himself, the new Minister would deal with the problem before him like a sensible man, and wear the spectacles of honesty in

his present tour, but it is also believed to be inevitable that pressure will be brought to bear upon him by the political interests so aptly impersonated in Dewdney to look at the North-West only through the medium of party exigencies.

FIRST PAGE.—Perhaps, somewhere in the backwoods, amid surroundings of sylvan greenness, in a solitude, innocent of all knowledge of human nature, there lives a Canadian citizen who truly believes that the Franchise Bill of Sir John was passed only for the purpose of making the franchise uniform; and that the Revising Barrister attachment was invented with a single eye for the purity and honesty of the voting list. If such a childlike being does really exist, he ought to be captured for the 300, for he may, without doubt, be advertised as the only living specimen extant. Every other reasonable creature who knows anything of the Franchise Bill and the method of its passage, knows that its one purpose is to butcher the Grit pig. The names announced as Revising Barristers are for the most part respected names, and the duties of the office may, in some cases, be performed fairly and honestly, but if the Bill does not squelch Gritism at the next election, it will be counted a failure at Ottawa.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A citizen writes to the *Globe* to say that the job now being done on College Avenue in the matter of block-paving is being scandalously scamped. He says he was present when a gentleman tested a number of the blocks and found them so rotten that he was able to put his walking cane into them several inches. Mayor Manning, who was to look after our interests so keenly, has allowed himself to be hoodwinked a good many times during his term by clever contractors, but now that he is labelled for a second term, he will surely be shrewd enough to make an investigation of this particular case, if only for election purposes.



CATHOLIC VS. ROMAN.

Go it, Lynch! Go it, Langtry! Keep it up another century or two, and it may begin to be of some practical use.

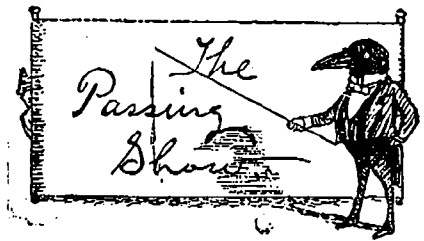
“Why is Liberty always represented as a woman?” asks a contemporary. Because an unmarried man is either a fool or a dude, and a married man can't represent Liberty when he hasn't any himself.—*Newman Independent*.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

R. A. R.—Not suitable, and too long even if otherwise acceptable.

Enquirer—GRIP'S ALMANAC for '86 is in course of preparation. It will eclipse any former issue in every way. Price as last season—ten cents.

A. Manning.—Yes, of course. But have you arranged for the non-explosion of that bombshell? You'd better see the proprietor of it without delay, for if it goes off it will knock you higher than the market-house steeple.



“The Silver King,” as shiny as ever, is pleasing the patrons of the Grand this week. Mr. F. C. Bangs gives a manly representation of the hero, and the supporting company are first-class.

The first of the series of Monday Popular Concerts passed off with great éclat on the 19th. The Quartette, strengthened by the newly imported 'cellist, Herr Correll, performed their numbers in a masterly manner. The solo stars of the occasion were Miss Emma Juch, who won an immediate triumph, due to her rare personal beauty almost as much as her superb singing, and Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Boston's famous pianist, who also scored a great success. The concert throughout was admirably managed, thanks largely to the exertions of Mr. Robt. Marshall and Mr. Will F. Tasker. But is it impossible to make these splendid musical treats really “popular”? Can't the directors—whose earnest wish we know it is to make these concerts educative—relegate the swallow-tails and white ties, with their accompaniments of fashion and beauty, into the front seats at whatever they like to pay, and give our honest mechanics and their wives and children the rest of the Pavillon at twenty-five cents per head? The house would be crowded full at every concert, we feel certain, and the real purpose of the series would be more likely to be accomplished. Think it over, good gentlemen!

Mr. Sims Richards sang Bengough and Browne's song, “The Charge at Batoche,” with thrilling effect at the concert in Temperance Hall on Thursday evening. The song is finding a place in the repertoire of our leading tenors and baritones, as it has been discovered that it contains the elements of popular and lasting success.

The Society of Chosen Friends announce a grand concert at Temperance Hall for Nov. 6th, at which Madame Cleomati and other distinguished singers will appear.

Robt. Baird and his comedy company report big business in the eastern towns of Ontario.

## HE WANTS TO BE A LAWYER.

HEIFER HOLLOW, OCT. 12th, 1885.

EDITOR GRIP:

DEAR SIR,—I have a fine farm of 200 acres in expectancy, 125 of which is cleared. I say in expectancy, but I may almost say that it is my own now, as the old man, my father, is over seventy, and is altogether “broke up.” I am the only son, and with the exception of a young sister, I am the only heir. I can make the governor do just as I like, and I'll