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EDITOR.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



WHAT THEY'RE AFTER.—Seeing that the Opposition party in Ontario are too bashful to state plainly what it is they (or perhaps we should rather say the Federal leaders, to whom they play second fiddle) are after in the present campaign, GRIP kindly comes to the rescue and breaks the truth gently to the public by a picture of the treasury bag with its \$7,000,000. And if Mr. Meredith fails to be put in possession of that big bag, by way of a Christmas present, it will be chiefly because of his notorious alliance with the Ottawa fellows, whom the people of Ontario have good reason to distrust. For Mr. Meredith himself there is a general feeling of respect, but there is a correspondingly general feeling that if he were made Premier of Ontario he would govern the Province *per pro* John A. Macdonald, and what we chiefly require is that the latter distinguished personage should keep his finger out of our pie altogether.

FLOATING INTO OFFICE.—Mr. Meredith has formally announced his programme, and it is a good one. Though nominally a Conservative, the Opposition leader lays down several planks which are of a distinctly liberal character, and we hope, if he is so fortunate as to secure office, that he will find it possible to carry out his excellent programme.

EXIT MR. MORRIS.—It is announced that Hon. Mr. Morris has retired from public life, having declined a nomination for this city on the score of ill health. While Mr. Morris has never been a very influential and aggressive politician, his high personal character, and the general esteem in which he is held by all parties, has materially aided the Opposition in the Local House. His friends there can ill afford to lose him.

THE POLITICAL TOOL TRUSTEES.—The Board of School Trustees of this city have invited severe criticism by one of the most barefaced acts of political partizanship which has ever been perpetrated by a supposedly non-political body. Under a flimsy pretext they have granted to Inspector Hughes (whose salary is paid out of the common taxes) a leave of absence to stump the country in support of the candidates of the party to which a majority of the Board belong.

AN ADDRESS TO DAVIN.—An unique event occurred a few days ago at Regina. The ladies of that town, young and old, publicly presented Mr. N. F. Davin with an address, very handsomely embellished with artistic design and generous compliment. Mr. Davin in response delivered a sparkling speech, of which the following is the conclusion: "I will cherish it with peculiar sacredness, as a testimony, as an encouragement, in the time of trial, in the midst of whispered malignity, in the din of roaring calumny. I am perhaps the most lonely being in this world—for mountains and seas divide me from every relative—for though I have strong friends, yet there is no friend so near that I could turn there for sympathy if my heart for a moment failed me—which, thank God! it never does. No one so very near that in a moment of human weakness I could rest my head—no one so near—but I live in hope (laughter). I live in hope (continued laughter). Yes, I live in hope, and I will say this, that I will hand this beautiful address as a precious heirloom down to my children." (Roars of laughter).

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

THE announcement is made that at the last meeting of the Toronto Young Men's Conservative Club its members were addressed by James Beaty, M.P. It is understood that he expounded the old maxim "boys will be boys" at length, and gave illustrations from his own distinguished career to show how, amid all the cares and temptations of public life, he could preserve the guileless innocence which procured for him the honorable soubriquet of "the boy."



THE SUDDEN STORM—THE SWEET CALM.

Jones.—Baker tells me his wife has breakfast ready every morning at seven —

Mrs. J. (risingly).—I am not Mrs. Baker.

Jones.—No! I wish you were —

Mrs. J. (gusterly).—What?

Jones.—I mean I wish Mrs. Baker were you.

Mrs. J. (howlingly).—What?

Jones.—Don't get excited dear—you take me up so quickly I don't know what I do mean. I wanted to say that breakfast at seven with Mrs. Baker would be exquisite —

Mrs. J. (clyclonely).—What?

Jones.—Darling—you do not understaffd me—let us talk about the length of the seal sacque I am going to order for you—

Mrs. J. (zephyrly).—Pet! wh-a-a-at!

OLD gentleman.—Don't be afraid of my age. My heart is young. Young beauty—Never mind, sir, never mind. I have travelled, and just dote on ruins.—*Ex.*