



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Globe* expresses itself utterly unable to see the tall factory chimneys which, according to Sir John Macdonald, have been reared in every town and village of the Dominion as a result of the N. P. It is suggested that Mr. Gordon Brown has been all the time looking through ordinary spectacles, and that if he were to take a squint through the medium indicated in the picture, he would be able to see as much as the Premier does.

FRONT PAGE.—A little sketch in honour of the Brantford fair—the greatest of the season, of course, and of interest outside of that enterprising city because it contains the only authentic portrait of Mr. J. J. Hawkins, the great practical politician, extant in the country. Mr. H. may be recognized by his massive, intellectual forehead, and his attitude of anxious expectancy in the vicinity of the Premier.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Globe* correspondent and his buckboard have returned in safety from the trans-continental journey by which they have become immortalized. The correspondent expresses himself delighted with the country, and feels confident that, with the exercise of a little prudence and forethought on the part of the Government towards the wild Indian tribes at the base of the Rockies, the future of the Great West will be peaceful and glorious. A few thousands from our plethoric treasury expended in improving the Indian live stock and assisting the red man generally, will be a good paying investment, and will be but a paltry price to pay for the magnificent territory he is resigning to our hands. If this act of common sense is neglected, however, the roseate hue of the future may deepen into the redness of blood. It may be mentioned that simultaneously with The Correspondent and His Buckboard, the Governor-General has also returned.

Elsewhere in this issue our artist has illustrated the present (and probably final) phase of the circulation controversy. The *Mail* man has ignominiously backed down, and it is now in order for the foreman to make certain modifications in the standing paragraph which claims the *Mail* to have the "largest circulation of any paper in Canada." Mr. Graham, of the *Montreal Star*, states the circulation of that paper to be 71,200 (daily and weekly), and is prepared to show his books. Mr. Bunting declines to state in plain figures what *his* list amounts to, and there the matter ends.

The *News* returns to its attack upon the Central Prison management, and makes a number of direct, specific charges, any one of which, if proven, ought to be sufficient to bring swift punishment upon the warden and his underlings. If the instances of cruelty cited by the *News* are not wholly fabricated, then it is certain we have a number of full-fledged fiends in charge of the Central Prison. The particulars of one case are particularly horrible—that in which a wretched prisoner was for some trifling irregularity tied to the triangle and so brutally flogged that he lost his reason, and is now an inmate of the asylum. Mr. Mowat, you are an honourable politician and a Christian man; let us have a searching investigation without any further delay, and if these officials are guilty let them be fittingly punished.

Mr. R. Balfour Brown, of Yarmouth, N. S., wields a skillful pencil. At the late exhibition in St. John, Mr. Brown made a display of his caricatures which, as we learn from the *Telegraph*, was visited by hundreds of delighted picture-lovers. We hope shortly to give the readers of *Grip* some specimens of Mr. Brown's handiwork.

The following fact reached our ears too late to be illustrated for this week, but the reader can picture to himself "the scene," which is laid in Montreal.

THE COUNTER OF OUR FIRST BANK.

Dramatis Personæ.

The *First Teller* and *Coloured Boy* who enters to cash cheque.

C. B.—Can yer gimme *twoos* for dis yer cheque?

TELLER.—(loftily) You will have to get identified—I don't know you!

C. B.—(turning to man next him), Golly, boss, he don't know me. I reckon he don't move in our *first* circles.

Ch-que paid.—*Exeunt.*

President Arthur continues to hold the confidence of respectable America. His firmness in dealing with the office-seekers, whose hungry eyes glare through every knot-hole in the fence surrounding the Presidential residence, is extremely encouraging. He has only to fight it out on this line to become one of the most popular and successful Presidents the Republic has ever had. Whether he will have the disposition and the ability to guard himself against the more insidious wiles of Conkling remains to be seen.

The Marquis has made a hit at last! His speech at Winnipeg is worthy to rank side by side with that of his illustrious predecessor, and cannot but prove of great service to the country so eloquently described. As a slight recognition of this vice-regal advertisement the least thing we can do is to pay the piper that the Campbell had w' him.

Speaking of the Marquis reminds us that it is now officially announced that the Princess is

not coming back until spring. This time the court newsmen, as instructed, blandly adds, "possibly." The fact is, Her Royal Highness went home to stay, and all this nonsense of periodical announcements of her return was for the purpose of keeping the Canadian mind in composure. Quite unnecessary trouble, too. If Her Royal Highness likes England better than Canada she is at perfect liberty to stop there. The people of the Dominion are far too polite to care whether she resides here or not. The Marquis is going home too, by the next steamer. We hope he may have a very jolly passage, and if we don't see him again, hallo!

If it should turn out to be *Farewell* and not *au revoir* in this case, nobody will be astonished. Indeed, it is already announced that Lorne is going to resign his post and take a seat in the Lords, and the *quid nuncs* are discussing the appointment of his successor. A couple of lordlings are named, but if Mr. Gladstone respects this Dominion he will send us no more boys. If fact there is no need of his sending a blooming swell from England at all. We have scores of capable Canadians to choose from, and now that Canada protects her industries there is no reason why she shouldn't protect her idleness as well, and of all the emphatically soft things, the billet of Governor-General is about the softest.

It is a sufficient commentary on the "law's delays" to read that Guiteau's trial is likely to be a very protracted one. If it were possible to apply merely the rules of common-sense to the case, Mr. Guiteau could and would be tried and sentenced inside of two days.

Our Private Box.

"Muldoon's Picnic" was given at the Royal for the first three evenings of the current week. It is a variety farce in two acts, and though deformed to some extent by a rough element, proved very laughable. The acting of Messrs. Barry & Fay as Michael Muldoon and Michael Mulcahy was excellent, no better presentation of the Irishman of real life being possible. The farce was preceded by a variety programme not above the average in merit.

Wallack's Company at the Grand are presenting a series of fine plays in the manner which has won for the theatre whence they come a first place in the Metropolis of Yankeland. Matinee Saturday.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been extensively repaired and renovated for the season, is being presented at the Royal by Jarrott & Palmer's Company.

Next week Mr. Frank Mordaunt, an old Toronto favourite, will appear at this house in his new piece "Shipmates." Mr. Mordaunt is a capital actor and it is said his new part fits him like de paper on de wall.

Reflections by the Hon. Cholmonley Buffer.

D'ye know it strikes me that the proceedings of St. Gawge's Society last Fwiday night wab, to say the least, vewy etwange. I mean in wewewonce to the tabooing of Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Society wewusing to admit him as an hon-