



**Is this what is Meant?**

The *Globe* of Wednesday stated that it had reason to believe that "the regulations for grinding in bond are being systematically evaded." We should think it had "reason to believe" so! Why, didn't the Hon. SAMSON BLAKE publicly cast off the bonds at Bowmanville and make a deliberate declaration to the effect that he wasn't going to grind any more for any man?

Our theatrical critic says, "The great interest in *Pinafore* is Dead-eye think."

When a paragrapher is corned, he often crabs another's jokes.

Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN should get their lives insured; *Pinafore* is being murdered throughout the country, and the blood-thirsty performers may take a fancy to the authors next.

**Evening Terrible Editorials.**

SIR JOHN stands pre-eminent as the one statesman of Canada, because he succeeds in obtaining credit in some quarters for all the progressive legislation of the past forty years. It was no blame to him that he of old took an attitude of opposition against the unscrupulous agitators whose success caused him wisely to seize the last moment for giving the people many reforms.

Nothing can be more disgraceful to a politician than to lose office as the consequence of maintaining doctrines which circumstances render no longer expedient. At the same time a strict adherence to principle is the one thing to be demanded of those who are placed in responsible public positions. Mr. MACKENZIE showed his utter incapacity as a leader of men in not seizing the opportune moment to follow where the protectionist wing of his party pointed the way. It is because Mr. BLAKE may be depended on to refrain from forcing his opinion on a reluctant Liberal party that he is the hope of all those who take wide views of the exigencies of the situation. The inscrutable silence of Mr. BROWN on the agitation of compulsory minorities will never have the effect of causing the foremost of the younger Reformers to conceal his intention of making changes sometime or other. This quality of intention to do at the right time what may happen to be popular is what makes Mr. BLAKE so formidable an opponent. It is a pity that Sir JOHN and Mr. BLAKE could not join together and affect the precisely opposite reforms which we see so plainly are absolutely necessary.

**Affectionate.**

Hon. J. H. POPE is Minister of Agriculture. He loves the honey-handed son of toil, as a dear, though humble brother, but it is the noble yeoman who has the strongest hold on his affections. At the "working-man's" reunion on Tuesday evening, he said that he envied the working-man, who, after taking off his "leather apron" in the evening, retires to his cheerful cottage and the bosom of his family. But the farmer! why, he would like to hug the matron (the farmer's wife), and, as for the farmer's daughters, he sees nothing objectionable in actually kissing them. Here is a sensible Minister. GRIP quite agrees with him. What could be nicer than kissing a farmer's daughter at the conclusion of her song of "Silver Threads," or "Starry Waves," while she has been taking, in the language of our statesman, "a turn at the piano?"

**The Banquet Jokes.**

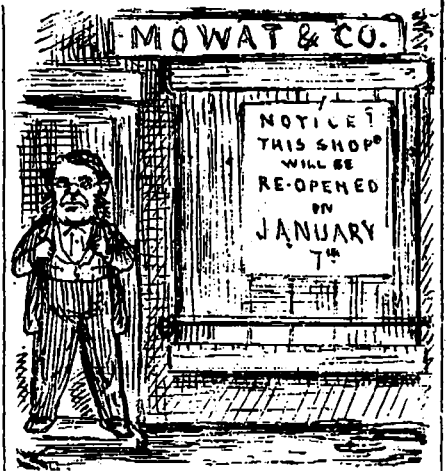
Sir JOHN's jokes, at which the Ottawa banqueters laughed "fit to kill," have almost drawn tears of pain from the eyes of the *Globe* magnate. This is, to say the least, a striking phenomenon. It by no means explains it to say, sippantly, O, well, the *Globe* man is a Scotchman, and a Scotchman can't see a joke, for it so happens that there were several Scotchmen at the banquet who could discover and laugh at the jokes almost before they were uttered by the speaker—though it is possible their wits were somewhat sharpened by a lively sense of favors past or future. The *Globe*'s own explanation of the matter is that there was nothing worth laughing at in the speech—except the portions uttered in downright seriousness by the Premier. This cannot be true, for surely the *Mail* would not pronounce it a masterpiece of wit if there were no jokes in it. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think the defect is in the *Globe* man's vision, and so he has generously come forward, and supplied him with a few "helps to read"—by means of which it is hoped he may be able to spy out the hidden humorisms.



**Something for the "Boy."**

JACK.—Watsy'r hurry JIM,—where y'r goin'?

JIM.—Down to see if I can't git that situation in the Custom House. I heard the Boy wot was there got bounced out. It's a boss sit, too! Big wages, and nothin to do but behave yerself!



**The Local Shop.**

OLIVER MOWAT & Co. beg to announce that, having secured a new lease of the above premises, they will re-open the same for the transaction of business on the 7th of January next, when they will have the pleasure of displaying a fine new stock of bills, acts and measures, embracing everything likely to be called for by the public. That department of the premises known as Mr. Mowat's "Consideration," is now chock full of goods, some of which may possibly be placed before customers this season. Amongst the articles there is a Bill abolishing Tax Exemptions, which may or may not be brought out, as circumstances direct. The public are cordially invited to call for anything they don't see. By adhering to his past practice of square dealing, and by strict attention to business, Mr. Mowat hopes to retain the large patronage with which the people of Ontario have favoured him in by-gone years.

**The Hum.**

SIR TILLEY.

All our factories are running,  
 Busy hands at forge and loom,  
 Business is getting stunning,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Brighter days for shopmen looming,  
 The N. P. begins to bloom,  
 Brighter days apace are coming,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

How the Grits do daily cackle,—  
 At their bosh I crack my thumb,  
 The N. P. they cannot shackle,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

G. BROWN.

Vast monopolies are springing  
 Up and down the land of gloom,  
 The N. P. is ruin bringing,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

See our people starving, dying,  
 Each to fill a pauper's tomb,  
 Yet the Tories go on lying,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Hear them talk how very silly,  
 When so many lack a crumb,  
 Cease your blowing, Master TILLEY,  
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

**Tips and Wings**

Are very fashionable for ladies bonnets this season. Mr. GRIP don't mind giving any lady a tip, but cannot promise a wing.