



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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 Tilley who forms so extensive a portion of our sketch this week is the political Sir Leonard. The Tilley so well known to temperance societies and tea-meetings is a highly abstemious person who would be exceedingly shocked at finding himself, or any person else, amid the surroundings indicated in the cartoon. Some philosopher—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, isn't it?—remarks that each man is a triple personality, 1st. As he knows himself; 2nd. As his friends know him, and 3rd. As he really is. The political character of such a man as Sir Leonard Tilley supplies a fourth division. Politically, this gentleman is a *bon vivant* of the most pronounced description, and his present manner of life (politically) is precisely that represented in the picture. Notwithstanding that he is already enjoying a prodigious attack of gout—an aristocratic disease said to be a matter of pride with colonial knights—he continues to guzzle and gorge and stuff himself with taxes wrung from the people, and to wash the same down with high-priced wines, not the juice of the grape but the life-blood of the country. GRIP hopes the temperate and abstemious Sir Samuel will be so much ashamed when he gazes upon the profligate and gluttonous Sir Leonard that he will instantly set about the work of reforming that person.

FIRST PAGE.—The last honours were paid to the remains of the late President Garfield on Monday last. Locally the obsequies took place at Cleveland, though, as was very well said by one of our city clergymen, it was the world's funeral. General Arthur has assumed the Presidential Chair in a manner at once so tender and so manly that he has won the heart of the nation and the sympathy of mankind. It is hardly possible that the new President can be persuaded by any earthly power to abuse this matchless opportunity of winning undying honours. Columbia, still sobbing for her martyred chief, turns trustfully to her new protector, and the spirits of Lincoln and Garfield seem to rise at this climax moment to remind the President of his solemn oath.

Baker & Farron's new piece, "Foreigners," proved to be a highly diverting affair. In point of literary merit it is at least equal to *Chris and Lena*, while it affords scope for the two popular comedians in entirely fresh characters. This week the boards of the Royal are held by Mr.

E. T. Goodrich, in the stirring border drama "Grizzly Adams." This is one of the best plays of the kind extant, and Mr. Goodrich's performance is sure to delight all who have a taste for the melodrama.

The charming Lotta gave four of her inimitable performances at the Grand this week to delighted audiences. And now the scenes are shifted and the Big 4 Minstrels appeal to the risibilities of the Grand's patrons.



HERE are rumours of changes in the administration at Washington, and a feeling of apprehension pervades the press of the Republic. It is hardly credible that the new President can have brought about the resignations in question in the interests of the "Stalwarts;" he can not be such a fool as this would prove him. A plain move of this kind in the present temper of the American people would be fraught with imminent danger not only to Arthur's political existence but to his life.

Sir John Macdonald appears to have renewed his youth like the eagle, and is now the jaunty fellow both friends and foes delight to have him. The term "foes" must always be modified by the word "political," for no public man over had fewer personal enemies than the Premier. In his own words, he is now feeling first-rate, and is prepared to go on doing good or mischief according to the way you look at it. We would remind Sir John that no sort of spectacles can ever make good, honest actions appear evil, no matter how jaundiced the eyes that look through them. The actions for which he has been condemned in the past have been only too manifestly crooked. Let us hope that to the end of the chapter, from this auspicious hour, Sir John will do good only.

The clergyman who spoke so eloquently at Garfield's funeral dropped some golden words of admonition to public men when he dwelt upon the sterling principle which characterized the deceased. Garfield's whole career gave the lie to that specious proverb about honesty and political success being incompatible. Most politicians act as if they accepted this as a truism, whereas nothing can assure success so readily as true goodness of character. Indeed, the man who gains the end of his ambition by any other means is not a success, but, in the light of true manhood, aside from any future life, is a disastrous and contemptible failure. It is worth any man's while to die as Garfield died—and the way to do it is to live as he lived.

The idea of offering a prize for the best farm is an excellent one, and is calculated to give rise to a very desirable sort of ambition amongst our farmers. It could not be expected, however, that the first competition would be very general. Considered as a start it was highly satisfactory, and the Agricultural Association deserves thanks for the happy thought and the efforts they have made to realize it.

What is going to be the result of this long drawn out investigation by the Pacific Railway Commission?

Is Parliament to be asked to pass upon the evidence taken and is the Cabinet prepared to resign office if the verdict goes against it? Or are we to understand that the commissioners were appointed for the mere purpose of having an excuse for drawing salaries out of the public crib?

Rose Belford's *Canadian Monthly* for October is an unusually interesting number, and contains amongst other good things a clever article on "Politics as a fine Art." An instructive sequel might be written for the next number on "Fine Art in Politics"—setting forth the place and power of caricature as a political element. We suggest Sir John A. Macdonald as the writer.

A correspondent of the *World*, "J. L. F." points out that in this Christian city no prayer has been offered in any of the churches on behalf of the wretched assassin of President Garfield. Guiteau certainly is a fit subject for prayer, and it would be only displaying the true spirit of Christianity for our churches to offer supplication for him. Why none of the pastors have done so is a question, though it cannot be as "J. L. F." darkly hints, that Christians dare to entertain feelings of vengeance against the misguided being.



URLY old John Bull doesn't seem to swallow the Fair Trade talk quite so readily as some people suppose. Public opinion in England is manifestly growing against the agitation to the point of anger. All the leading papers are "dead agin it," *Punch* prominently amongst the number (which, of course, proves that *Punch* is a "party organ"). The cartoon in the last issue to hand represents a couple of boys endeavouring to galvanize the Protection mummy into life, while Salisbury, in concealment, awaits the result of the experiment. Canadian admirers of the N. P. are as far astray in assuming that Protection is suited to England as the despised *doctrinaires* are in declaring that Free Trade is adapted to all countries. "Fair Trade" is a patent political dodge—a "patent," moreover, pirated from a certain distinguished Canadian Premier.