



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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The gravest heart is the Ase; the gravest bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## Grip's Greeting, 1892.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! friends and patrons all.  
Health and good luck to each fair lot fall,  
Behold our ebony claw extended now  
In friendly greeting, while we make our bow.  
Perched on this milestone labelled '81,  
Pausing a moment ere we journey on.

And first, let me just ask, in passing, whether  
You ever saw such uncanonical weather,  
Political or otherwise? The atmosphere of life  
With changeful electricity is so rife,  
One never knows where next a storm may burst,  
Who next with hell and hook and candle curst,  
Now thunders reverberate throughout the *Globe*,  
And call on each long-suffering modern Job.  
To swoop down like a typhoon on the *World*  
Till no flag save Reform be there unfurled.  
In first and second parties to believe  
But from a third the country to relieve  
While like a comet coming to o'erwhelm,  
The modern Mercury's flash from realm to realm.  
One, nothing loth, enlists in Bacchus' train,  
But leaves the thirsty god for dead in Maine.  
One like a witch astride an ancient broom,  
On an old buckboard scours the northern gloom,  
And "Jimuel," brandishing imaginary tongs,  
Sets out to investigate old Ireland's wrongs.

While for the *Telegram* the lightning's play,  
As though Jove had gone out to spend the day;  
While thoughtless youngsters fired his bolts in mirth,  
Headless of whom they struck *en route* to earth.

With sails well trimmed to meet the coming gale,  
Anchored on N.P. rides the *Daily Mail*;  
Champion of medicines and midnight mirth,  
Of high-taxed coal, and that more monstrous birth,  
Monopoly, that, like a nightmare pressed,  
Defies the awakening powers of the North-West.

Now gaudily arrayed in pale pink dress,  
See *Mrs. Evening News* come forth from press  
With saucy, jaunty, independent mien,  
Blushing to think she once was young and green,  
While smirking *Truth* with smiling tact displays  
Her scissored patch-work to our weekly gaze.

Straight to the front the *Citizen* is bent  
On noble aims and purpose high, intent  
To beard the lion here in his own den,  
And raise and elevate his fellow men.  
Last but not least, the darling of our boys,  
The youthful *Varsity*, with learned noise,  
Depicts the doings of these college days,  
And claims GRIP'S modicum of hearty praise.

A goodly bill of fare where each may choose  
What best he likes as on his way he goes.  
So judge we of the man by what he reads,  
By wherewithal he ministers to his needs.

But all, of every shade alike, read GRIP,  
And gaze with pleasure where his merry claw  
Delineates some familiar eye or lip,  
Or goth on his imagination draw,  
For incarnation of his fancies quaint,  
That slip the thin end of the wedge of truth  
Where not the finest logic of a saint  
Could pierce the harness or dispose to ruth.

So friends and patrons all, to you again  
A Happy New Year, filled with all that tends  
To your best benefit in the end and main,  
So GRIP'S oration on the milestone ends.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cartoon in this issue requires no explanation; like Miss Thompson's famous Academy picture (which it slightly resembles) it speaks for itself. Major-General GRIP rides to the front to review the battered warriors who have survived the terrific en-

counters of another year. The maimed limbs and broken heads of the heroes are eloquent of the glories of political warfare; and every Canadian heart must swell with pride at the contemplation of the *tout ensemble*. Lieut. John A. is calling out the roll, and the men are gallantly answering to their names; but although most of the figures may be "speaking" likenesses, our artist thought it prudent to label them with their names for the benefit of those who may not hear them speak. On the threshold of another campaign, the General seizes this opportunity of addressing his political army in words of praise for the bravery they have displayed in the past, and of encouragement for the engagements of the future.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Gladstone's spirit is not yet crushed by the partial failure of his measures for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland. The Land Act has fallen short of the requirements of the case in some respects, and the satanic element of opposition to the grand old leader is still strong. But Gladstone is doing the best he can, and it is safe to say that is the best that can be done. Everybody believes he does sincerely wish Paddy a Happy New Year, and that he will do his very best to realize that blessing for the troubled isle.

BIRTH PAGE.—These companion sketches require a few words of comment to bring out their full beauties. They are intended to illustrate "the jewel, consistency," as presented in the case of Mr. Robinson, M.P. for Hamilton. Everybody knows that this distinguished politician was exceedingly eloquent during his last campaign, as a supporter of the N.P., whose watchword was "Canada for the Canadians." So well did he plead the cause of native industry as against the Yankees, that he was returned to Parliament, where he enthusiastically voted the measure through. But that was several months ago. Mr. Robinson's latest public appearance was on his back in the mud in a certain street in Woodstock, and he reached that dignified position at the hands of some of his "dear Canadian working men," while engaged with a number of Yankee monopolists in endeavouring to "replevy" a rattan splitting machine which the furniture firm of Hay & Son had seoured with a view of starting a new industry—the manufacture of cane-seated chairs. Mr. Robinson was aware that this new factory would give employment to about six hundred men, but his anxiety for the Canadian artizan was not too great to prevent him from becoming an ally of the foreign monopolists in their attempt to throttle the Canadian firm on a flimsy technicality. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Robinson was rolled in the mud, but no doubt the big fee he got for his efforts will enable him to get a new suit of clothes.

Mr. T. P. Thompson ("Jimuel Briggs") has made a decided success of his Irish Commissionership for the *Globe*. His letters have called forth the admiration of all readers for their genuine usefulness as well as their literary finish. Mr. Gordon Brown might bestow a

graceful compliment, as well as make a good move for his journal, by offering Jimuel an editorial chair on his return. Meantime, a complimentary dinner is talked of among the pressmen, which we hope will be very successful.

This is the season of good wishes, and in the most profound sincerity Mr. Grip wishes—

For Mr. Blake—That he may not be hampered any more by "other engagements" when Tupper is to be met.

For Mr. Mowat—That he may get that Boundary Award before he is too old to understand it.

For John A.—That when he looks down from a higher sphere upon Manitoba he may not see a second Land League ruction going on there.

For Mr. Gordon Brown—That he may soon find rest for the sole of his foot on the Trade Question.

For Sir L. Tilley—That he may get all the information he asks for from the Banks.

For Sir R. Cartwright—That he will have a large and entirely new set of poetic quotations ready for his speech on the opening debate of the session.

For Mayor McMurrich—That he may do even better this year than last.

For Chief-of-Police Draper—Much joy on the happy occasion.

Grip is always most ready to make the *amende honorable* when he has made a mistake and is informed of it. The little cartoon published in our last issue, over the caption "A Christmas Carol," was such, as we are assured, and did an injustice to the Rector of St. James' Cathedral. Of course, in any case, it was not intended to reflect upon Dean Grassett in any but his official capacity, as the representative of the church; although we regret the misrepresentation none the less on that account. The cartoon implied that the whole of Lombard-street was church property, and a contrast was made between the wealth of the congregation and the miserable squalour of the locality.

We are informed by a gentleman, whose connection with the diocese entitles him to speak with authority, that the only portion of Lombard-street owned by St. James' Church is that between the Post-office and Church-street, on the south side, and this section is occupied by good buildings tenanted by respectable people. The suggestion, therefore, that the Church has any special duty to do for that thoroughfare, in the way of material improvements, is wide of the mark.

With a view to encourage the car-drivers on Sherbourne-street, in the discharge of their duty, and to foster kindly feelings between the passengers and themselves, the Indis and gentlemen who are accustomed to use the Sherbourne-street cars have decided to offer the drivers a New Year's gratuity. The inhabitants of other routes might do worse than to follow this good example.