



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.

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Notice.—Editors of weekly (Canadian) exchanges are not expected to send copies of their journals except when critical notices of GRIP are published. GRIP will be sent regularly as heretofore to all exchanges on the list.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors should keep copies of their MSS. We cannot undertake to return articles or sketches.

A. McK., Sarnia—The sketch shows talent. Send the boy to the Art School, Toronto, for a few terms.

W. A. Thompson—Sketches very good indeed. Try again.

J. Loes—Too long by half. You must really boil 'em down.

F. C. T.—Original articles are always welcome, and paid for if accepted.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—“Ontario, Ontario,” is to be the campaign song once more. The Reform leaders certainly did what they could to make Provincial Rights the issue at the general election in June, and it is equally certain that the decision of the country on that occasion was startlingly against them. They now claim, however, that the N. P. question overshadowed everything else on the notable 20th. Whereas the Conservatives declare that the answer of the electorate was distinctly on the Boundary award and in support of Sir John's policy.

FIRST PAGE.—Respectable journals of both parties continue to express their disgust at the recent *Mail* tirade against the Grit delegates. The wind of public opinion is carrying the dirty water in the wrong direction. It is to be hoped that this lesson will be heeded even by the unreasoning person who is temporarily allowed to imperil the prospects of the Conservative party.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This little sketch will require no explanation, at least for those noble members of the Local Opposition who have turned a back-somersault on the Boundary Award question.

It is said that every bullet has its billet, and it appears also that every ballot has its “bullhead,” judging from the number of spoiled paper put into the ballot boxes at the late municipal election. It is the bullhead who prevents us from knowing who our mayor really is, by illegally marking his ballot. The bullhead thinks himself a cunning fellow and a “smarty.” He is not, he is simply a bull-head.

The Honorable members were occupied nearly all last week in debating the Budget, and the morning papers were filled with their speeches thereon. Perhaps they would have not budged yet from the question, had not the equally engrossing subject ament that terra incognita the Ontario boundary been sandwiched in. The columns devoted to the former subject would very likely be of intense interest to the man with the black-board and chalk who periodically visits the city; but to GRIP who is not possessed of a “lightning calculator” of any description, he does not find that it is any addition to his pastimes, figuratively speaking, to wade through the assets and deficits set forth *pro and con* as to the state of the treasury; yet if the country is proved to be in absolute penury there is one person at least who will stand by and not let it be said that—But no, our modesty forbids us saying any more.

Cedar we used to suppose was a goodly wood. Cedar posts of great antiquity have been found to be sound when neatly peeled and rounded and judicially pounded in the ground after many years. Cedar used to be possessed of a delicate aroma. Old ladies were wont to put cedar chips in wardrobes and old-fashioned trunks containing clothes that they might be scented therewith. Cedar was always considered a marketable commodity even in the good old times in Lebanon, and lead pencils still demonstrate its usefulness. But cedar don't do, it appears, for pavement. The health officer of Detroit says in his report that cedar blocks absorb water, which dissolves out of the albuminoid matter that acts as a putrefactive leaven resting on boards covered with an abundant fungoid growth saturated with albuminous extract of excreta in a putrescible form, and undergo a decomposition. Moreover, the interstices and perforations of decay allow the foul liquids to flow, supersaturating the earth beneath and constantly adding to the putrefying mass.—Suffering Caesar! Take it away!

#### AN EFFECT OF THE CHANGE.

A prominent business man in Winnipeg recently wrote to notify the *Globe* people that his advertisement was being continued beyond the time for which he had ordered it to be inserted. The following reply was received:

Globe Office, Dec 12, 1882.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your favor of—, You are quite right. Should have been stopped long ago. We stop it at once. No extra charge. “For our light affliction,” etc.: 2 Corinthians 4: 18, 19.

Wherefore the Scriptural reference? Can this be the new management?

A portrait of Gambetta is to be the frontispiece of the *March Century*, which, it is promised, will also contain as its leading feature a paper of an anecdotal and political sort on the French statesman, by one who for years has had excellent opportunities for an intimate study of his character. A portrait of his father will also be given.

“The gravest bird is the owl.” Why is he therefore the wisest? Because he is a sol'm 'un (Solomon).



TONALD McSNEESHIN AT THE CONVENTION.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Notwithstanding the very full report of the late Convention which appeared in the *Globe*, I regret to find that the following speech was for some reason suppressed. By giving it a place in your paper you will confer a favor on a large and influential portion of the Great Liberal Party,

Yours, &c.,

A. MACKENZIE.

MEESTER CHAIRMAN,—Her name is Tonal McSneeshin (applause) frac ta tense contenshun of Huron. (Hear, hear.) She'll pesixty yeers of olt, and she'll nefer guv a Tory vote once already. (Cheers.) What for why toes ta *Mail* noosepaper (hisses) call her a parparians? She can spoke as goot of English as any of ta Tories, ant twice as more. (Great laughter.) She has got some revelations in Argyle what can foct all ta Tory Conventions as nefer was. (Applause.) She nefer cum ta Taranta to'll got cheep wheesky. She'll have saw plenty of tat in Rupley, where ta Tories make it oot of ta cheep wheat. (Sensation.) How for what toes it make ta *Mail*'s peesness of she'll pring along her porritch ant fush with her. (Great applause.) She was pait for it to Archie Ross, who is wan of ta pest Grits in ta toonships. Put nefer forgot, of Tonal spares ta Lort tull next election she'll show ta *Mail* ant all ta Tories tat ta hungry mops of ta sponging Conventions was make for keep ta power in ta Grit Government. (Loud and prolonged cheering).

#### THE DELEGATE.

(FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF MOWAT'S CAMPAIGN SONGS.)

- Only a rude barbarian,  
With a swaggering gait;  
Only a vegetarian,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a pea-green hayseed,  
Lured by a whiskey bait;  
Only a raw-boned steed,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a hungry partisan,  
In a very weak state;  
Only a humble farmer man,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a heavy cow-hide boot,  
Another one to mate;  
Only a turn-up snoot,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a barn-yard swell,  
“Prepared for any fate;”  
Only a huge cow-bell,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a free-lunch saloon,  
Where stands a man irate;  
Only a queer old coon,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a single Voter,  
Do not him underrate;  
Only a poor old doater,  
Only a delegate.
- Only ballots six thousand—  
Ah! well the Tories know it;  
Only a few more rows and—  
Ontario for MOWAT!