



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.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

This week's issue is accompanied by an autograph circular. Although sent to all our subscribers it is only intended as a reminder to those who have not as yet paid up; the others, in the consciousness of being clear on the books, can frame it as a curiosity. Subscribers are admonished to keep an eye on their address labels, as it is our intention to remove all unpaid names on the first of January, 1882.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The formation of a third political party with some new planks, the chief of which shall be loyalty to Canada, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and possibly not far from realization. The columns of the *World* have of late been filled with intelligently written letters from men hitherto connected with the present parties, who declare enthusiastically in favour of a new departure. It is not concealed that the Third party would like, if possible, to make a strike on the handsome and talented leader of the Grits, and as it is not at all likely that that gentleman is over-much enamoured of the elderly matron who claims his affections at present, he would perhaps prove susceptible to the loving glances of the pretty maiden if he only dared. In this connection we are glad to record the failure of the Tory leaders to form a Young Men's Club, and we hope a similar *fiasco* will be the end of every similar attempt by the Grit managers. The young men of this Dominion have very little sense of their own respectability if they will condescend to soil their hands with the nastiness of either of them.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *London Times*, has just returned home from a pleasure jaunt in America, and his paper comes out with some highly laudatory articles on the adaptability of "America" as a rendezvous for British emigration. When the *Times* uses the word America, however, of course it means the United States, for the lordly swell who didn't think it worth his while to spend half an hour in this blawsted but bloomin' colony could scarcely be expected to give it a word of mention in his written descriptions. Mr. Walter is a good representative of a large class of Englishmen, and his journal fairly represents a large section of the English press, who look upon Canada with something more than contempt. They do not think enough of the Dominion to speak contemptuously of it; they simply ignore its existence, or when they do speak of it, it is in the language of gross ig-

norance or malicious falsehood, and all this notwithstanding that Sir John congratulates us that Canada is beginning to be appreciated in the old land. It is no wonder that the feeling in favour of Canadian independence is growing steadily stronger, as it unmistakably is. As an independent nation Canada would at least have the satisfaction of hearing her name mentioned occasionally—perhaps even with respect; and if perchance the gloomy fate of being swallowed up by the Republic should follow upon her declaration of independence, as the prophets foretell—she would then have the gratification of sharing, in common with the other States, the praise and flattery of these English publicists and newspapers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—They have established a School of Cookery in our esteemed sister city, St. John, and the enterprise appears to be meeting with a fair amount of encouragement. The leading citizens show their interest in the establishment by personal visits, and intelligent questions on the technicalities of soup, allspice, pepper, butter, batter, sponge, etc. Senator John Boyd assisted at the formal opening some days ago, and since that time his visits have been very frequent. It is said that he has a finger in most of the pies built in the school, and the profuseness of his questions and notes upon the black board give rise to the suspicion that he is shaping himself to succeed Sir Leonard Tilley, and wants to be able to cook the accounts in an artistic manner.

"For oysters," said Senator Boyd,
"Wid goose grease they ought to be froyed—
A shprinkle av salt,
And a small drop av malt—
I succeeded the first toime I tried!"

It's a pity the N. P. couldn't make lively times politically as well as commercially. Our funny contributors at present are labouring under great disadvantages for want of pabulum, and are in danger of getting themselves into trouble in their anxiety to satisfy the printer's boy who yells for copy. For example, last week one of our smartest young men got up a skit about certain parties whom it was inferentially alleged were office seekers. He carefully used anonymous initials instead of names, but it appears he did an injustice to a worthy gentleman who writes as follows to rectify the error.

* *

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Having used words imputed to me by a *Globe* reporter (and which I do not deny) in your last issue of GRIP, I do not think it necessary to speculate as to whether they refer to me or not. No reasonable person can doubt they are so intended by you.

Of the words themselves I do not complain, but I do most emphatically object to the motives you impute to me in having uttered them, and believing GRIP to be *par excellence* the chief of conscientious publications in Toronto, I confidently hope you will do me the justice of publishing my full and utter denial of the charge made in your article with regard to disappointment at not getting a government situation, etc. And further, I beg to state I am in the happy position of being able to prove that

I not only never asked the present or any other government in all my life for a personal favour, but have most positively refused such preferment when it was offered to me unsolicited.

If I had wanted a government situation I could have had it when the late lamented Chief Justice Harrison was elected for West Toronto, and after the elections of 1878 I more than once refused such an offer. *My real object* is the lasting good of that country in which I have made my home and in which I hope my descendants may continue to live, and I trust Mr. GRIP will be the last writer to soil with his indelible ink men who can claim as their own such an aspiration.

Yours, with much respect,
J. ICK EVANS.

Toronto, Nov. 28, 1881.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion that the education given in our public schools, at public expense, should be of a strictly practical character, is shared by a great many sensible people, notwithstanding the *Globe's* sneers. It is also true, notwithstanding that journal's blindness to the fact, that the "ambitious programmes" at present in vogue in our common schools have a tendency to "beget a false conceit of knowledge," and to inspire a contempt for common work. The public schools should give a good, solid, common-sense groundwork of learning, and there they should stop. Pupils destined for the learned professions could continue their studies in the higher branches at their own expense, as they ought to do, seeing that their education to that end is simply a business investment.

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It is alleged by the *London Advertiser* that the Government remits the duty on coal imported by Mr. McCallum, M. P., and that the proof of this is on file in the office of the Minister of Customs at Ottawa. The *Tisler* calls upon the *Mail* to explain why this is done. The *Mail* does not reply. If the charge is untrue, the *Mail* is making a great mistake by the policy of silence, especially as the allegation has been made over and over. For the credit of the Government we trust there is no truth in it; and meantime refuse to believe that Sir Leonard Tilley would be a party to any such crookedness.

The Zoo.

INSPECTION OF THE INSTITUTION BY THE NOTABLES OF THE LAND. THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.



HE day appointed by Vice-regal command for the ceremony of formally opening the winter season of the Zoo was last Friday. At noon a vast concourse,

composed of the beauty and fashion of the city,