



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.

To Correspondents.

- M. F. S., Port Hope.—Not suitable for our columns.
- J. H. C.—Declined with thanks.
- L. G., Chicago.—Try, try again. You may hit on something better next time.
- R. S. P.—Can't use it.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This is the season when the school-boy is decked in gorgeous apparel, and hies him to the public examination, where, in the presence of a crowded audience of the parents and friends, he displays the net results of the season's cramming, to the astonishment and delight of all. It is this familiar and interesting scene which we depict for our Christmas Cartoon. GRIP is nothing, if not true to facts, and it will be observed that there is nothing in the picture to imply that it is a Canadian winter. Most of our contemporaries who publish Christmas pictures will be sure to have heaps of snow and ponds of ice, regardless of the facts. The little boy in the cartoon who is at the map is Eddy Blake. He is the pride of the school, for the great extent of his brains and his love of books. But the school-master is a wag, and he has thought it fit to take a rise out of Eddy by asking him to point out where West Northumberland is. In the picture, Eddy is pointing out where it is, from the Grit point of view.

FIRST PAGE.—The movement inaugurated by Aldermen Taylor and Hallam in favour of a Free Public Library for Toronto, is one with which every good citizen must sympathize, and it will be gratifying to our readers to learn that it has every prospect of success. A permissive bill has been drafted, and a measure will be submitted to the Local Legislature at the approaching session to carry the principle into effect. Meantime, our two sanguine aldermen do not relax their efforts. As members of the civic household, they feel the influence of Santa Claus in the air, and here we have them going through the potent ceremony so dear to the heart of juvenile human nature—the ceremony of calling up the chimney. Of course they are unanimous in calling for a Free Public Library, and good Mrs. Toronto makes a note of it and determines that Santa Claus shall not fail to bring it in due time.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The question is, Who will be the new Senator for Montreal? Mr. Andrew Robertson and Mr. A. W. Ogilvie are the gentlemen at present in suspense. Either of them would do honour to the city in any capacity, and our paternal Government will no doubt choose wisely. It may be that Mr. Ogilvie will be conveyed thither by the Premier; and it may happen that Sir Charles will stop his fancy horse and give his kinsman a lift on the way. We make no bets, and shall be content to endorse the appointment, whatever it may be.

"The letters of a lady to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop (Lewis) of Ontario," on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, have been reprinted from the columns of the Ottawa Citizen, and issued in pamphlet form. Although in some points far from orthodox, these letters furnish a dainty dish for the lovers of keen satire and good English composition. If His Lordship has such a taste, the literary cleverness of the letters may perhaps mitigate the sting which the reading of them will cause him. But perhaps he may be one of those happy mortals whom slaying alive doesn't hurt much.

The fact is that "Gunhilda" talks common sense, and of course demolishes every shroud of the antiquated and obsolete nonsense taught by this High Church Bishop and his followers on this subject. And she does not talk at random. Her essays are thoughtful and scholarly as well as trenchant. We hope every Senator will read the brochure, and if the bill is not carried, then all we have to say is, the Senate needs abolishing even more than we supposed.

The enterprising publishers of the Montreal Witness have favoured us with copies of the engravings they are this year offering as premiums. They are splendid reproductions of Miss Thompson's celebrated academy paintings—"The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," and will, when neatly framed, adorn any parlour. The Witness maintains its place as the leading English paper of Quebec, and uses all its great influence for good.

On meeting my very stout friend B. the other day an inspiration seized me—"My dear fellow," I cried, "why use Allen's Anti-fat when a single letter in the alphabet would effect all you desire?" "What on earth do you mean?" said B., impatiently,—"how—which—what letter?" "Why the letter L to be sure, as it make fat become flat!" I did not wait for B.'s remarks—I had an engagement!

Mrs. Materfamilias, who has been going for them all round for the last half hour:—"And just look at that new hat, will you; just a week old, and all squeezed as flat as a pancake. Humph! 'pose that's the result of your high pressure, too!



IT'S AN AWFUL GREEN CHRISTMAS, ISN'T IT?

The Passing Show.

Manager Sheppard's bill of fare for this week has been exceptionally attractive. For the first three evenings, *Patience* was given very sumptuously by the Comely-Barton Comedy Company before large audiences, and the Star who now holds the boards is the renowned Rose Eytinge, whose power as an emotional actress is remarkable. The play *Felicia*, or *Woman's Love*, is one which is exactly adapted to the style of the actress, and a very satisfactory performance is therefore assured.

At the Royal, the present week's attraction is Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham and her trained horse in *Mazepa*. Miss Buckingham has visited Toronto on former occasions, and her powers as a representative of this character are well known to all patrons of the theatre.



YOUNG CANADA STILL BLEEDING.

CANADA.—Boo-hoo! O, stop it, Doctor! DR. TILLEY.—Stop it? Nonsense! Don't you see the surplus I'm getting!

Hamilton "Spec." route carrier to "Times" ditto, insinuatingly:—"Say, Ed., how many papers does you route fellows carry every night?" Wide-awake "Times" ditto, applying a digit to his nasal organ,—"We're awful cute, ain't we? Tell your boss when he axes yo that ye don't know."

A dollar in your pocket is worth two in your mind.—Parmer's Falls Reporter.