

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S GREAT PICTURE

OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.

The demand for copies of this elegant portrait of the Premier—the only one extant in which he is represented in the costume of a G.C.B.—has far surpassed our anticipations. The edition is nearly exhausted, and those who intend to secure copies will do well to send immediately, as the city orders are still coming in rapidly.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO GRIP is entitled to the picture on sending ten cents to the publishers. No work of art at all comparable to this portrait has ever before been published in Canada at anything like so trifling a figure. Our determination to give our readers a Christmas Supplement worthy of GRIP accounts for the phenomenon. Enclose the price named (stamps will do), and send in your order at once. You will have reason to congratulate yourself on your bargain.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—In 1878 Sir Leonard Tilley gave countenance to the doctrine that Hard Times may be controlled by a government—that the presence of a depression argued incapacity in a Cabinet. He can, therefore, have no objection to an application of his doctrine at the present time, though such an application is rather hard on himself and his colleagues. That is, of course, if the times are hard just now. There is where the astute Finance Minister takes issue with the rest of the population. He boldly affirms that Canada is enjoying prosperity in a high degree, and fails to see any evidences of what people call Hard Times. It is, to say the least of it, very ungrateful for Sir Leonard to thus ignore the very presence of the Power that put him in his fat situation.

FIRST PAGE.—The contest for the mayoralty is to be between Mr. Manning and Mr. Withrow. Both are good men, and either would fill the civic chair with advantage to the city. GRIP cannot undertake to advise the voter which way to cast his ballot. On this occasion, and as a slight reward for the taxes he has ungrudgingly paid, GRIP will generously allow the voter to please himself.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is to be hoped that Mr. Oliver Mowat considers himself crushed. If he doesn't, the great Conservative effort of last week goes for nothing, and it will be just like the "little tyrant" to declare that he doesn't feel a bit worse than before. If so, we can only say that Mr. Mowat is a very poor judge of suppers. Nothing but the worst form of party prejudice, or personal stubbornness, could induce any man to mention the Grit feed in the same day as the Tory banquet. The latter was away ahead in point of—well, in every respect, as far as the eating was concerned. This is wherein the victory consisted, and when Mr. Mowat "considers" the matter he must feel crushed if he is human.



OPIUM.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Kloopity, as she rummaged the pockets of her husband's other coat, "ah! ha! so he eats opium does he?" as she drew forth to the light a handful of No. 22 calibre revolver cartridges, "I've noticed that he looks very sleepy and drowsy about the eyes since he's been electioneering, and this is opium I know, for those Chinese always put it up in copper capsules and cork it up with lead. I know opium when I see it. But Kloopity isn't going to poison himself if I can help it, so I'll just throw these nasty things into the stove."

She did so.

A waving willow above an iron-rail-enclosed grave marks the spot where she sleeps.

Women should not meddle with their husband's pockets.

OUR YEWMORISTS,

LOOKED AT IN A PHILOSOPHICAL LIGHT.

Who ever saw the irate father of the lovely daughter of the house kicking a young man out of doors? No one, I dare swear, and yet I can't look into an alleged yewmorous paper but I see some allusion to such a performance. Thank the stars, the most incandescent yewmorous writer of the day, never made a joke about the matter. My jokes as they are, seem, on re-perusal by their author, to be more adapted to the calling forth of tears and wailing and lamentation than laughter, but if I were to deliberately get off something about the matter in question I would not answer for the consequence. I have said that I never saw a youth kicked out of a paternal domicile. This is true, though I was myself once subjected to the operation by a crusty old brute who objected to his daughter eloping with a

yewmorist, but I did not see the performance, for the old man took a mean advantage of me behind my back and kicked me in the rear.

Once more. Were you over in Hamilton? Well if you were you will see what donkeys our Canadian funny men make of themselves. Because St. Louis twits Chicago about the size of the feet of the girls of that city, our fellows must say something about the size of the pedal extremities of the fair daughters of the city on Burlington Bay. This is all bosh, and displays a woful lack of originality on the part of Toronto yewmorists. A Hamilton girl's foot, as a rule (a foot rule, of course), is as neat and pretty a member as you will see anywhere, and I protest against them being maligned.

Yet again. Believe me, I have walked for hours where whole flocks of goats were browsing. Around lay tomato, oyster and peach cans, old iron, stoncs, superannuated corsets and other like matter. Those goats ate grass and never even as much as looked at the refuse material. Yet what do our yewmorists state, day after day, to be the favorite food of the goat? You know, as well as I do, that they make the goat out to be omnivorous, infinitely preferring old boots to vegetables. The goat isn't such a fool—as the yewmorist

Give ear once more. Did you ever eat bread made by a bride? I have. I declare it was the lightest and most toothsome stuff I ever bit, and yet, because some poor, unfortunate daughter of a millionaire chanced to try her hand at baking, and produced an article as heavy as this one I am writing, all brides are classed by the yewmorists as producers of the same kind of bread. It's a lie, and if I were only a bride I'd let 'em know it. But I can't be one, so I must e'en let it pass.

Oh! there are thousands of just such old, stale, flat and unprofitable repetitions of worn-out "jokes." But the day will come when the goat shall rise up with the mule and the mother-in-law; the tramp shall come in his might with the bride; the big feet and the irate fathers who kick shall join them, and, as the Assyrians coming down like a wolf on the fold, they, with many others, shall mete out vengeance on the yewmorists, and the reading public will rise up and call them blessed. Yea, verily. I could say much more on this subject but I won't.

CHORUS OF READERS.

That last's the best thing you've said yet.

HER NARROW ESCAPE.

He was perusing the scientific column of the paper, and thought this item worth reading to his wife:

"The longer a married couple live together the more they become alike, not only as to temperament and tastes, but also as to features. The law of assimilation is thus most strikingly exemplified."

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed hastily, "I cannot believe that. I could never become like you—darling."

He smiled a calm, self-satisfied smile.

Now, a man would never have thought of saving himself like that.

A word of blarney covers a multitude of slips.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1885.

A few of our subscribers have—no doubt through inadvertence—failed as yet to send for a copy of GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC. We counsel them to lose no more time, as the few remaining are going off rapidly. The present issue of the Almanac is universally declared to be the best yet, and it certainly has obtained a wider sale than any of its predecessors. It consists of 24 pages uniform with GRIP, and is full of good things, literary and pictorial. Enclose ten cents and get a copy before they are all gone.