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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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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Louis Riel is no more. On Monday morning, Nov. 16, the public executioner quenched the fitful flame of a life that will long remain a puzzle to the student of our history. It must be left to some future Parkman to tell how much of human good and evil was mixed with the madness that was so pathetic; we of the present moment are content to know that Riel, whether Prophet or Agitator, is henceforth absent from the problem of the North-West. Let us hope that much at least may be for the general weal. Let us believe that justice has been done, as we do most sincerely believe that the only aim and intention of the Government was to do justice. For although GRIP's attitude toward the present Cabinet has never been that of an enthusiastic supporter, he repels with indignation the horrible idea which has found voice in Quebec, that Riel was sacrificed to sectional prejudice. Sir John Macdonald may not be a virtuous politician, but to say that he would commit murder rather than resign office is surely the insane height of partisan fury. But, alas! the disappearance of the ill-starred Half-breed does not end the matter; it only makes the way clear for Parliament to address itself to the task of investigating the causes which led to the outbreak. Riel was but an incident of the rebellion; justice will not be satisfied until the actual authors of it are exposed and punished, whether these turn out to be plotting speculators at Prince Albert or drowsy Ministers at Ottawa.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John has devoted some of his valuable time to the cultivation of the humorous in his nature, and there are, perhaps, not many good jokes that he is not familiar with. Perhaps, therefore, he has heard that ludicrous ditty (it used to be done

by the clown in the circus) concerning the unfortunate gentleman who was left in charge of a troublesome baby whose mother departed never to return. This little incident is really very funny when worked up well in the shape of a song, but in actual life it isn't quite so amusing to be left in such a predicament, either literally or allegorically. Sir John at the present moment can appreciate this fact, as Tilley has retired and left his beloved chieftain to do the best he can with a very healthy and vigorous deficit.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Liberal Party of England, weakened by internal divisions, awaited anxiously the trumpet blast of its Grand Old Man, trusting that he would be able to suggest a plan for united action. This task was probably beyond human skill, for it is generally admitted that Gladstone's Scottish speeches on this occasion failed of their purpose. In the words of an esteemed contemporary, "Gladstone has lost his grip."



PASSING SHOW.

Since the proposed Musical Festival is now the topic of chief interest in professional circles in this city, a few words of information about it will be acceptable to the lay public—without whose generous aid it cannot be the success it ought to be. That our music-loving citizens will do their share, however, we have no doubt. Indeed, a large portion of the guarantee fund of \$5,000 has already been subscribed, and as it is proposed to make the guarantors the executive of the Festival, the money is pretty certain to be effectively applied. The great affair will take place probably in June, 1886, in the Mutual Street Rink, which can readily be transformed into a fine auditorium, capable of seating 4,500 auditors. The concerts will occupy three evenings, with one matinee, and will consist of two oratorios and two orchestral and solo performances. The very best vocalists available will be secured; and these will be supported by Thomas' or Damrosch's orchestra, strengthened by our choice local players. The chorus for the oratorios will contain from 700 to 1,000 voices, selected from our city choirs and musical societies. In short, the idea is to give Toronto an opportunity of enjoying a treat that has hitherto been monopolized by Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, and a few other large cities.

Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, Fräulein Brandt, Herr Staudigl and Herr Sylva will be allowed, by the Metropolitan Opera people, to sing in concerts. Here are four fine chances for the directors of our Monday "Pops."

Girl conductors are all the rage in Chilean horse-cars. How would they do on Halifax busses?—*Halifax Herald*. It's a Chili day when a Halifax girl gets left on a "buss."

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

III. THE "I TOLD YOU SO" MAN.

The "I told you so" man is a most remarkable person. He always knows what is going to happen—after it has happened. Whoever heard him utter a truly prophetic remark upon the future of any single person? Mr. Jones, after struggling for years against bad trade and bad debts, is obliged to assign into the hands of his creditors. The "I told you so" man has here a glorious opportunity, and hastens to make the best of it. For several days you may hear of him going around shrugging his shoulders, looking very wise, and forcing conversations with those who would much rather mind their own business, in which Mr. Jones' name is freely used. He mysteriously alludes to Jones' "goings on," and to Mrs. Jones' "extravagance." "Why, sir," he remarks, "not more than a week ago they were seen driving out in a carriage. Such waste. I knew how it would end," and so on, *ad nauseam*, winding up with his stock-in-trade expression, "I told you so."

Singular though it be, it is a fact that this man will always be found with an excellent knowledge of every unfortunate event, but never with the lucky or happy ones. Suppose a certain person invests his money upon some speculation and he loses all, the "I told you so" man is soon buzzing his mean remarks around. But if, on the contrary, the speculator makes a fortune by his venture; where is the knowing one? He is in a dark corner at his home, grieving over a lost opportunity. He is as silent as the grave. His croak is not heard again until the next case of misfortune reaches his ears. The fact is, this kind of man delights not in the prosperity of others; misfortune and its attendant evils he specially revels in, and we cannot do better than leave him to die out.

IV. THE FUNNY MAN.

The full and complete title of this peculiar personage is, "The man who writes funny articles for the papers." Oftentimes the funny man hides his identity for a time, but as such talent cannot be hid like a light under a bushel, he is eventually discovered and is at once sought after by the patrons of wit and humor, and invited to social and dinner parties without end.

Unfortunately for the funny man, when his fun, that is, the eating part, comes in, he is expected to amuse the company with flashes of wit, and, like poor Yorick, "to set the table on a roar." This he proceeds to do at the expense of his stomach, and when dinner is over he is the hungriest man under that roof. But how often is the funny man found to be as serious as a well-trained undertaker? Any subject, save that of wit and humor, he can talk upon, but a joke—well, he may grind a few out, but being delivered in a serious tone, and accompanied with a funereal expression of face, his hearers might, with a very slight stretch of the imagination, convert them into obituary notices.

The funny man, however, prospers exceedingly amongst certain classes of society. It is only necessary for him to be known as Mr. Jokular, of the *Monthly Merry-maker*, to ensure a roar of laughter from those around, everytime he opens his mouth, if it is only to sneeze; they see something very funny in that, even. Whenever he goes he is expected to say something funny, and any joke, old-fashioned or idiotic, which he may trot out, is sure to be received with boisterous laughter, and Mr. Jokular is declared "a very funny fellow."

The funny man, if he be a genuine one, is undoubtedly the most bored of individuals, but as this is indicative of popularity and, of course, prosperity, for our funny man derives a princely income from his writings, we prefer to leave him to spend his wealth and enjoy the world as best he can.