



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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.

A. M. T., Clinton.—Will probably appear next week.

J. B. S., Marchmont.—Accepted. Send along the remainder.

T. W. H., Chicago.—Thanks for favours. Your request will be duly attended to.

R. W. B., Montreal.—Capital. Shall be much pleased to hear from you again.

A. B., Chatham.—Sketches acceptable. Just about right in length. Will write you.

J. H. C., Riverside, Cal.—Glad to hear from you. Will publish the "Moral Tale" next issue.

M. L. S., Port Hope.—Light society sketches, if not too long, are always welcomed to our columns.

J. K. L., Hamilton.—Will publish "Underground Theology" consecutively on receipt of remaining instalments.

Farmer.—You wish to know the best way to feed cows. If turnips, you might use a knife and fork, but in case of a bran mash or provender of that class, a spoon should always be used.

Young Housewife.—You want to know how to dress turkeys. That depends altogether on the turkey. If the turkey is a young female, we think a neat suit of blue serge would be very becoming, a porcupine hat and feathers, of course. As to the other sex, you might leave it to himself, especially if he is an old "rooster."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Conservative Party in Convention assembled have enthusiastically endorsed Sir John and the Government; it would have been surprising if they hadn't, for the Conservative Party as a whole is a little wooden jumping jack in the hands of its leader, and never fails to respond to his pulling of the strings. No fair-minded, candid man can deny that there are certain things for which honesty demands that the Government be condemned, however many other things there may be for which praise is due. No words of the faintest reproach were heard; on the contrary one would imagine that the ministry was absolutely perfect and their past course without a flaw. This is the sort of thing that Grip lives to laugh at; it is, in the expressive language of the day, "too funny for anything." No doubt a Convention of the Opposition party would be a similar exhibition of maudlin rhapsody over nothing. A plague on both your houses! Never mind! The World is getting up a third Party; that's the one Mr. Grip will support—if it is not made up of idolators, like the Tory party, or do-nothings, like the Grits.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The market is already well stocked with Christmas Cards from the busy studios of many firms—a splendid collection being the production of our esteemed friends, Rolph, Smith & Co. The design and execution of the work is highly artistic, but the cards as a whole are objectionable from a patriotic point of view. They are almost exclusively winter scenes, and serve in no small measure to perpetuate the outrageous notions which are held abroad respecting Canada. Grip will advise all who propose sending cards to friends at home to make their selections from the assortment on our eight page, as these are warranted to be perfectly harmless.

FRONT PAGE.—The land question is coming well to the front in England, and John Bright puts it in a nutshell in this way: If the landlord persists in high rents the tenant cannot improve the land; if the land is not improved the distress will continue. On the other hand, the soil of England is capable, if properly worked and improved, of making the people independent of outside food supply, or nearly so.

The Marriage Law Reform Association of Montreal are bestirring themselves in view of the approaching session of the House, on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The object of the Association is to promote the passing of an act to legalize such marriages, and the probability is that they will soon see that object realized.

The Emerson International welcomes Mr. Grip's entrance into the Manitoba battle as "a mighty reinforcement to the ranks of those arrayed on the side of what is right and fair," and this feeling is evidently shared throughout the provincial parts. This gallant and flattering reception is highly grateful to us, and we only hope that our efforts may help to bring about some practical form of justice to the Prairie Province.

But Manitoba is not the only Province that has a right to complain. Just now Ontario is patiently suffering a great wrong at the hands of the Dominion Government, in the matter of the Boundary Award. The conduct of the Premier in this affair is incapable of any explanation compatible with the hypothesis of honesty or statesmanship.

It is not true that the ticket agent of the Northern R. R. at Orillia bit the head off a commercial traveller the other day. He only snapped at him.

Just the Man.

LIVE MAN—TO SELL HARDWARE—AND stove-dealers; best selling article in Canada; large profits; no competition; first-class parties only need apply. Box 163, Globe Office.

HANLAN'S POINT, Nov. 18, 1881.

Mr. Box 163, Globe Office: DERE SUN,—Seem' your advert, in the "Globe," and bein' a kind o' half-live sort of a feller I would ancer it to wonst.

I obsurv you have Hardware and Stove-dealers to sell; now I haint no punkins a sellin' hardware, but if you are over-crowded with a good-lookin' lot of stove-dealers and want to sell em why I'm right thar. I know they are about as good a sellin' article as thare is in this Kanada of ours, cos they sell (you) every time when you buy a stov from em and don't u forget it.

I haint no manner of dout about the profits bein large, if I can only buy em at my own price and sell at thares and that's the only way you and I can trade.

As to thare bein no competition, why that's nuthin, I dont care if there aint, the more the merrier.

I can sure satisfy you that I am a first-class party becoss I made an agreement with a man the other day about tradin' horses and the lawyer put it down on the writin that I was a party of the first class and if I had you here I could show you to it.

Of course I haint no need to apply only I just kinder thort I would like,

Yores respectfully

SNAPPIN TURTLE.

My references are Mr. Darwin, Mr. Frank Buckland, and—any small boy.



D'ye know I actually imagine that there is a mysterious and suphernal pwopety appchaining to the site of Towonto, which manifests itself in aw—aw—most unaccountable manah, at all times, whethah the gwoundy is occupied by Indian twails, or covah'd by block pavements. Whateveh othah condition it may be in, whethah called Little Yauk or Towonto, the chief chawactahistic is mud. London, the metropolis of wo'ld, is celebawated faw its fogs, Cologne for its peculiar od'ahs, Naples for its beggahs, Wome for its wmins and antiquities. All cities have theah peculiarawities, and that of Towonto is mud. Yeahs ago, when its name was changed from its present one to that of Yauk, the pwefix "Muddy" was attached as a—aw—natural consequence. Many imagined that when it assumed the—aw—dignity of a city with Aldehmen, et cetewa, with stwheet commissi-sionehs, that it would be wedceded from its pwimitive state, suggestive of a swamp or morass; but no, to-day the stwweets aw as muddy as they weah when the Americahns occupied the place in the begining of the centawry. It stwikes me as a vewy stwange thing indeed—vewy stwange. The—aw—people are gwumbling at the amount of taxes they pay (of caws, ye know, people always gwumble, though); but still the stwweets are in a most disgwaceful condition. D'ye know, I've been to Detwoid and other places in the United States, and the compawison between their stwweets and owahs would be indeed odious. Yaws. I cawnt but think thare is some suphernalw agency at work in the mattah—I cawnt, indeed.

One of the last articles that the late President Garfield held in his hand was a fountain pen—probably one of the McKinnon pens.