

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

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

G. C. B.

The GRIP Printing and Publishing Co. have in preparation a splendid portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, G. C. B., which it is their intention to issue in connection with the Christmas number of GRIP, to appear on Dec. 20th. In this work, which is not a caricature, but an excellent likeness of the Premier, executed in colors by one of the best portrait artists in Canada, Sir John is represented in the full costume of his rank in the Order of the Bath, wearing the cloak, seal and star over the court dress. This portrait will be unique amongst the many that have been made of its distinguished subject, and as a memorial of the Premier's fortieth year of public service it ought to be in every Canadian home. The Christmas number of GRIP will contain, besides, a colored cartoon portrait (No. 5 of the series) representing Hon. H. Mercier, Opposition Leader, Quebec, a double-page cartoon, apropos of the Conservative convention, in addition to the ordinary issue. The price of GRIP will be as usual, 5 cts.; portrait of Sir John, 10c. extra. Our subscribers will receive copies of the portrait at 10c. each, which may be remitted in stamps.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Sir John is home again, and his benign mother, the Conservative party, meets him with outstretched arms. His exploits abroad have covered him with glory, and the effulgence is reflected in the face of the proud matron. Has not her darling boy taken dinner with the Queen? What Grit ever had his cow-hide boots under the royal mahogany? Has he not hob-nobbed with earls and dukes, and been banquetted by bosom friends of the great Beaconsfield, and lastly, and most grandly of all, does he not come back with the star of the Bath—"an honor," to quote the enthusiastic language of a country convention resolution, "never before bestowed on a colonial Statesman." And now we are to have two gala days over the redoubtable chieftain in Toronto, and afterwards a splendid banquet in Montreal. Sir John said he would crush the little tyrant Mowat, and he has kept his vow!

FIRST PAGE—The Crit or Rouge papers of Quebec, voicing what are understood to be the sentiments of Mr. Mercier and Mr. Laurier, are declaring flatly in favor of Canadian Inde-

pendence. This brings about an interesting pass for Mr. Blake, who has quite recently declared his approval of and admiration for the Quebec Reform leaders. The question is, what does Mr. Blake say about Independence? He has as yet uttered no opinion *pro* or *con*, so far as we are aware. At one time it is known he was an advocate of Imperial federation, but Sir John has appropriated that fad, and if we are not to have the unwonted spectacle of the leaders agreeing upon a great subject, Mr. Blake must lose no time in declaring himself. He now stands upon the corner, and Policeman Public Opinion demands that he move on.

EIGHTH PAGE—The *Mail* says it expects a great gathering of loyal yeomen to meet Sir John on the 18th. There will undoubtedly be a large body of farmers in town on that day—respectable and representative men, whom Toronto will welcome heartily. But how comes it that these expected visitors are described as "loyal yeomen," whereas their neighbors, from precisely the same counties and townships, who came to meet Mr. Mowat, were "semi-civilized partizans in need of a bath?" Surely a "gentlemen's" newspaper would not alter in point of courtesy because in one case they are Tories and the other Grits?



KNOCKED OUT.

Sandy (from Hamilton).—Are you no afeer'd to fesh on the Sawbath? The de'il might grup yer hook!

Publican.—No fear, as long's it's not baited with a Hamilton man!

LETTER FROM THE MEMBER'S WIFE.

RURAL DELL.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—I would have written to you long ago, but I have been taking a tour to Winnipeg, and the North-west, and since my return I have had no time for letter-writing. Lucius and I took the girls with us, and I must say for my part I think I have enjoyed myself more if we'd left them behind, not that they are't good amiable girls and handsome, too, if I say it, but gracious me! that was one of the chief drawbacks. Every one else thought the same and more too, the young men especially; they just flocked around Mary

and Jane, in a way that would make Rural Dell girls open their eyes, but which kept me all on a *qui-vive*, for though the young men were nice and gentlemanly, they are all working hard as may be to earn a living, and most of them suffering from a collapsed boom. You must allow, it would have been harrowing for a lady like me the wife of a member of Parliament, to contemplate the idea of having my daughters marry young men whose means would compel them to expect their wives to do some house-work, and help them to build up their fortunes. I don't understand much about women's rights, but I do believe in the right a mother has to keep fascinating young men who have lost on "booms" from making my girls fall in love with them, so I put my foot down (which is pretty firm, if I do only wear number 5 boots), and wouldn't stay as long as Lucius wanted to, or take them on to Regina, or Calgary, where I knew the population chiefly consists of lords and younger sons. Naturally, Mary and Jane wanted to go; they have aristocratic feelings, which they come by honestly enough. I always feel bad when I remember what old friends won't let me forget, that my Pa kept a store, but I was firm and carried it out with the girls, for said I, what would be the good of your being a lady, instead of plain Mrs., if your next door neighbor lived ten miles off, and no-body but the hired girl, when you were fortunate enough to have one, to call you my lady, for of course your husband would call you by your Christian name—and we came home. I had other private reasons for objecting to their settling up in the north-west. I haven't much of an opinion of sons-in-law in general; like everything else in law, ten to one if even when they live near and are under your eye, you can manage them to your liking, separated by thousands of miles I'd have no chance with my sons-in-law.

Manitoba is a wonderful country, you see more cheerful people there in a day, even if you don't meet more than a half dozen, than you would in Rural Dell in a week; they are full of hope and fun and vigor and cheerful young people in a young country, a great point is that people aren't slaves to appearances which is a great blessing to those that can't keep them up, not but what I am as proud as can be of my daughters and love to have them stylish, and hold their heads higher than other people; who knows, I tell them, but that they may be *Ladies* yet. I am sure they have grand enough ideas for any lord, and I'll warrant they would spend all the money they could get. Lucius is too modest, I tell him; if it hadn't been for his drawing back, I'd have been Lady Pencherman long ago. When I go to Ottawa this winter I mean to give Sir John a hint myself,—but our cook has gone away, so I must go and see after the dinner, for Rural Dell doesn't produce *cuisiniers à la mode*; its a chance if you get one who can even make pumpkin pie. In country town ladies have a struggle between the elegancies of life and the practical, something our husbands can't be made to comprehend, so no more at present from

The member's wife,
ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

A BOSTON GIRL'S VERSION.

John and Jill predestinated from the base to the summit of a steep ascent.

For the express purpose of obtaining a supply of the liquid element in a wooden vessel;

John lost his equilibrium and was precipitated to the bottom of the declivity, and sustained a compound fracture of the topmost portion of his cranium.

While Jill followed her brother in an extremely hurried manner, her motion becoming greatly accelerated as she pursued her downward course.