



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.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The only excuse that can be offered by Mr. Mowat for calling a convention is his belief that in the approaching election he will virtually be called upon to fight the Ottawa Government, backed by the money and influence of the Syndicate. What foundation he may have for this belief we do not know. The Dominion Government may have no such intention, and in that case Mr. Mowat's conduct in endeavoring to waken still more an opposition which is already too weak is on a par with Sir John's Gerrymander meanness, and very like that of the old ear-mudgeon in the picture, who grudges the little boys the pleasure they can get out of their "slide."

FIRST PAGE.—The revolution of the *Globe* just completed, has excited almost as much interest amongst political astronomers as the transit of Venus did. And yet everybody ought to know that this is the season of the year when this phenomenon regularly occurs.

EIGHTH PAGE. One of the first effects of the change on the *Globe* staff is a change in the attitude of the paper towards Mr. Goldwin Smith. This is a decided improvement, at all events. Mr. Smith is a gentleman who deserves better treatment than he has ever received at the hands of the *Globe's* late editor. He is an unquestionable force in Canadian politics and journalism, and stands head and shoulders above any of our public men in point of scholarship and literary power.

GRIP is loth to let Mr. Gordon Brown pass from the arena without a word of sincere admiration of his ability as a journalist and his geniality as a gentleman. In both respects he is a model worthy the imitation of his successors, whoever they may be. His untiring energy has been a large factor in the success of the *Globe*—and his deposition is the immediate result of a quality in itself admirable—

that of unflinching adherence to sincere conviction. Mr. Brown hates the N. P.—and some other things—and rather than pretend he does not he is willing to be turned out bag and baggage; or to stay in and, if necessary, split his own party into fragments. This is the sort of stuff great men are made of, and Canada has only a few of them. The deposition may be all for the best—under its new editor the *Globe* will certainly remain a power for good on all moral questions—but nobody will deny that in losing Gordon Brown journalism has lost a strong man. Moreover, Mr. GRIP regrets it because the new editor has a face which is not half so pretty from a caricaturist's point of view.



Maxwell Spectacular Aggregation at the Royal. Play not much; scenery a perfect essay on the sublime and beautiful; specialties away up above the average. Next week Denier's Pantomime Company are expected. Salvini at the Grand Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Knight were warmly received, though the audiences were not very large.

A CHRISTMAS SMOKE.

Mr. GRIP begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a fine sample of Davis Bros. Cigars. They are immense, not only in quality but in size, and in addition have a delicious flavor. Amidst the repose induced by these soothers, the hardworked editor cannot but feel renewed vigor. Thanks, Messrs. Davis—the same to you, and many boxes of 'em.

Mr. Jewell, the popular Restaurant man, asks us to inform the lovers of good living that he is at present regaling his guests on choice cuts from those fat cattle of which GRIP gave his readers choice cuts last week.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

According to William Shakespeare.

Cressida.—Dr. Wild.
Alexander.—Public Opinion.
Pandarus.—Ontario Trade Benevolent Association.
Ajax.—The Hotel Keepers.
Hector.—The People.
Andromache.—The Home.
Helen.—Society Scandal.
Enes.—The toast of the Queen.
Antenor.—“ “ “ The Gov-General.
Paris.—“ “ “ The Lieut-Governor.
Helicrus.—Absent apologists.
Troilus.—The Liquor Traffic.
Agamemnon.—Total Abstinence.
Achilles.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.
Troy.—The Dominion. *Ilium.*—The Queen City. *Greece.*—Britain.

Scene.—Dining room at the Walker House on a late occasion.

Cres.—Who were those went by?
Alex.—A wife and her child.
Cres.—And whither go they?
Alex.—Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved; He chid Andromache, and struck his armor; And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harnessed light. And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

Cres.—What was the cause of anger?

Alex.—The noise goes thus:—There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

Cres.—Good; and what of him?

Alex.—They say he is a very proper man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cres.—So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no 'egs.

Alex.—This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature has so crowded humors, that his valor is crushed into jollity, his folly sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an ailment, but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and of no use; a purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres.—But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex.—They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame thereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus.* (Ontario Trades Benevolent Association.)

Cres.—Who comes here?

Alex.—Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cres.—Hector's a gallant man.

Alex.—As may be in the world, lady.

Pan.—What's that? What's that?

Cres.—Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan.—Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; What do you talk of?—Good morrow, *Alexander*—How do you, cousin? When were you at *Ilium*?

Cres.—This morning, uncle.

Pan.—What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres.—Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan.—Even so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres.—That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan.—Was he angry?

Cres.—So he says here.

Pan.—True, he was so; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let them take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell them that, too.

Cres.—What, is he angry too?

Pan.—Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cres.—O, Jupiter! There is no comparison.
Pan.—What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres.—Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan.—Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cres.—Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan.—No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* by some degrees.

Cres.—'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan.—Himself? Alas, poor *Troilus*, I wish he were,—

Cres.—So he is.

Pan.—Condition, I had gone barefoot to *India*.

Cres.—He is not *Hector*.

Pan.—Himself? No he's not himself,—