

• GRIP •

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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.—When the political orators were abroad in 1878, compassing the defeat of Mackenzie's stubborn revenue-tariff Government, GRIP was moved, in a spirit of mirth, to picture the N.P. as an elephant. Glowing promises were made by the keepers of this economic mastodon as to the great things it would do if admitted to the arena of office. With one sweep of its trunk, we were told, it would annihilate hard times, and as long as it ambled round the ring everybody would be happy. We followed up the course of events in regular order. We pictured the triumph of the animal, as it rose majestically in all its grandeur upon the prostrate forms of the defunct administration, and subsequently showed it elaborately decorated from head to tail with the tariff changes that were to do such great things for the country. Our readers can therefore understand the pain with which we have now to announce the demise of this political Jumbo. Yes, the N.P. is dead! Through no fault of its keeper, but simply in accordance with the nature of things, it got upon the track of the hard-times train, and was incontinently knocked-out in the collision. It is dead! The hide will be stuffed and placed in the Museum at Ottawa, and the faithful keeper, Tilley, overcome with sorrow, has retired to the seclusion that a Lieutenant-Governorship grants.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail* may be as harmless as the dove, but it lacks the cunning of the serpent. It has made a laughing-stock of itself over the matter of Mr. Blake's "resignation," having felt so sure of its ground as to go the unexampl'd length of saying a few kindly words about the Opposition leader. Now that it finds its "facts" altogether at fault—that so far as is known Mr. Blake does

not intend to resign—it will be awkward to take back the friendly words, and if they are not taken back they are likely to conflict sadly with the language it will be the *Mail's* "duty" to use towards the hon. gentleman hereafter. But, of course, this does not occur to the average organist as a difficulty at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The following paragraph, from the *London Advertiser*, edited by Hon. David Mills, naturally suggests the pictorial comment on our eighth page:—"The Hon. William Macdougall, it is announced, will be the candidate for election to the House of Commons in one of the Lanarks. We dare say that Mr. Macdougall will stand a fair chance of being elected. His services are required in Parliament, and his election would be an essential service at the present time. Mr. Macdougall made a mistake when he allied himself with Sir John Macdonald. Having done so, he no doubt had very great reluctance to desert the party he had joined, but we believe Mr. Macdougall has long since felt himself out of place in his union with the Tory party, and he will be disposed to cooperate with the friends of honest administration in the future."



PORTRAIT

of the medical "student" who thought it funny to hang a nude corpse in front of a butcher's shop on Hallowe'en.

OH, J. SULLIVAN!

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!  
Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!!  
Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god! Thou you!  
Thou Zeus with all-compelling Land!  
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou Heaven-born!  
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis! Thou son of a gamboller!  
Fifty-nine inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles hast thou, and again twice twain.  
Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.  
Thou straightestest thine arm, and systems rock and eyeballs change their hue.  
Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-remover! Thou lightsome excorinator!  
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll John!  
Thou buster!  
Oh, you! Oh, me, too! Oh, mo some more!  
Oh, thunder!!!

—Wall Whitman (per J. P. L.) in *Life's Verses*.

OH, MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

What is the matter with Mr. Ross Winans, the Baltimore billionaire, erst of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, one of the United States of America? He seems to be the sublimated quintessence of tyrannical quasi-aristocracy, and is giving the red-shanked Highland crofters on his estate as much trouble and perse-

cutious as if he were a mail-clad baron of the dark ages among the hinds, kerns, vassals, and villeins, or whatever they called the poor folks in those times, on his demesnes. Does this upstart Baltimorean imagine himself a feudal chieftain or an A1 blue-blood of the first water, that he carries on so? The real and undoubted swells are to the manor born, and outrage at their hands can be looked upon on that account with some leniency by the men of the heather. But to be downtrodden by a commoner is more than human nature will stand.

The crofters acknowledged his kindness in a very eloquent manner the other day by mobbing and stoning him. He now offers £100 for the arrest of the perpetrators. Verdict—"Served him right!" Go to, Ross Winans! and rake up oysters in Chesapeake Bay. You are altogether too free, independent, and republican for a Highland holding. Go to!



Mr. Stuart Rogers gave excellent monologue entertainments in the new hall, Temperance Street, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week.

The second Monday Popular Concert was attended by a magnificent audience—thanks, in great measure, to the popularizing of the prices. It looks now as though the success of the series is assured. The programme was another choice feast throughout. Miss Rose Braniff was the vocalist of the occasion, and although not so perfectly satisfactory as the star of the first concert (Miss Juch), proved herself a pleasing singer, and was most heartily applauded. Herr Kegel displayed a mastery of the clarinet, both in his solo (a concerto by Labitzky) and in the numbers played with the quartette. The artists of this latter organization added to their laurels in the admirable rendering of the selections upon the programme—and it is worth noticing that these selections were made with a most judicious regard for the audience. Miss Emma Thursby is the attractive name in connection with the next concert (Nov. 16th). We hope the directors—who are doing nobly—will give us an early opportunity of hearing a first-class tenor soloist.

Mlle Rhéa is playing at the Grand this week, and, of course, crowded houses are the rule.

W. H. H., Adirondack Murray, who is now a resident of Canada, is having great success with his reading of his celebrated Adirondack story, "How John Norton, the Trapper, Kept his Christmas." It is in the same happy vein of his famous Adirondack lecture of ten years ago, which gave him his fame and name, and is meeting the same enthusiastic popular reception.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Under the Trees by the River," a pretty little poem by our own John Reade, has been daintily set to music by our distinguished Canadian composer, F. J. Hatton (Mrs. Moore), of London, Ont., and published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., Chicago. The composition is suitable for soprano or tenor voices, and will form an acceptable addition to the repertory of our popular vocalists. The *Keynote*, of New