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## GRIP.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

### Our Own Egotist.

It is moved by the *World*, and seconded with all his heart by Mr. GRIP, that Sir W. P. HOWLAND do take the chair as Chief Magistrate of Toronto for 1881. If that gentleman's health and circumstances will at all permit him to accept this nomination, he can be elected without the slightest difficulty, if not by acclamation.

And it is high time that the civic chair was placed beyond the grasp of party—whether of the ward or of the state. It is not only absurd but dangerous; to perpetuate the scandalous blunder of electing our Chief Magistrate on political grounds, and an opportunity would be given in the candidature of Sir WILLIAM HOWLAND to accomplish this rescue, and at the same time give a reasonable promise for the future.

I say this without meaning any disrespect to our present Mayor, who has, on the whole, performed his duties creditably. Mr. BEARY is a gentleman of estimable personal character; a man of genial heart and pleasant bearing, but he distinctly represents a political party. He was elected not chiefly because he was a good citizen, but because he was a good Conservative. Sir WILLIAM HOWLAND would be elected without anybody thinking of enquiring what his politics are.

That little cartoon on 'High Jinks in Holy Trinity' has stirred up a correspondence in certain of the exchanges. One of the writers says GRIP must not think the Roman Catholic church is the only body in Canada entitled to have a solemn service in which what is grand and beautiful is introduced.

I don't know that GRIP *does* think so; he certainly never said so. But GRIP may be excused if he fails to see anything "grand or beautiful" in the grotesque gaudifications, the unnatural utterance of words, and the general rapidity of the very high ceremonies lately indulged in by Mr. DARLING and his friends. The only grand and beautiful things about it were KNOX LITTLE's sermons, which would have been far more grand and beautiful had they been delivered in a Quaker meeting house.

I read that article in the *Belleville Intelligencer* about the HANLAN-TRICKETT race with feelings of commiseration for its writer. Poor fellow! He goes the length of saying that HANLAN showed bad taste in "monkeying" with a modest opponent, who had staked his all on the result, and was doing his level best to win. This editor is a dangerous radical. He seems to hold the opinion that it is possible for "Our Boy" to do anything wrong.

Talking of HANLAN, I admire his skill and enjoy his success as much as any Canadian, but I join hands—or pens—with the *Intelligencer* on this point. It was a bit of bad taste, but I question if Lord CHESTERFIELD himself would have acted more becomingly under the same circumstances.

There's another thing *apropos* of HANLAN. They talk of giving him a portion of the Island, the freedom of the city and, "something handsome" in the way of a purse—in addition to a magnificent public reception on his return. This is the way of the world, and a queer and crooked way it is, too.

Just at the present season when hundreds of honest and deserving people are suffering with cold and hunger, there seems to me to be a ghastly irony about this proposition. HANLAN has enough and to spare; with fair management of his funds, he is to-day independent. Now if our enthusiastic public must find an outlet for its pride and pleasure in a gift of money—let the money be given by all means, but to those who really need it.

This whole thing is wrong. Had HANLAN failed I vow you wouldn't have heard a word about a testimonial, and yet in that case he would have been a proper subject for such a compliment. We ought to pile our honors on those who honestly strive but fail, as well as on those who succeed. There is our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. CARROL, for example, who for more than twenty years has spent his best energies in promoting a public scheme which is to-day as far from realization as ever. And yet nobody ever talks of presenting Mr. CARROL with a bag of gold in recognition of his labours, which have been infinitely more severe as well as more noble than our great oarsman's.

ARCHIBALD FORBES is coming to town, and I am glad to see that steps are to be taken by the city press-men to invite him to a luncheon. The Montreal brethren did the decent thing by ARCHIBALD, and it will be decidedly too bad if Toronto—the intellectual centre, (bear in mind)—makes a failure of it. But I do not anticipate any such thing. I look forward to a really creditable display of journalistic *jeux d'esprit*, on the occasion.

In this connection I haven't yet heard what Mr. GORDON BROWN intends to do about it. To sustain his alleged position as the leading journalist of the city, it seems to me he ought to be the first man to move in an affair of this kind. I am, however, inclined to the opinion that Mr. BROWN is sadly lacking in the qualities that make a representative newspaper man.

I believe that Mr. SWAN has decided not to run for aldermanic honors after all. He will remain upon the School Board. Mr. J. N. LAMB, an equally popular and esteemed man goes on the ticket instead. Mr. SYMONS and Mr. MILLS will fight it out squarely for the vacant School Trusteeship, and as GRIP said last week, the residents of the ward will consult their own interest by electing the former gentleman.

The mention of the School Board calls up unpleasant feelings in my breast. It suggests the city schools and all the anomalies connected with them. I think of the immature minds that day by day are bound down with a worse than Central Prison discipline, and at the same time cruelly crammed with scholastic jargon of which they have not the slightest intelligent comprehension. This is a fair and temperate statement of the position of the school children of Toronto.

To be effective, education ought to be imparted on the lines of human nature. Now, the strongest characteristic of youthful human nature is playfulness, and just in the degree in which the process of education partakes of the nature of amusement it is effective. If the teachers in our public schools made their pupils *understand* what they were learning, the children would take infinitely more interest in their tasks, and make more solid progress. But of course they wouldn't go ahead so rapidly, and that would not suit our modern hot-house educators.

Our boasted school system needs a thorough overhauling. The punitive character of it needs to be toned down. The Kindergarten idea, so successful with the youngest children, ought to be adopted all the way up to the highest grade of our public schools. The present system and its managers stand woefully in need of an infusion of common sense.

### "The Political Situation."

The population of Canada is probably about four and a half millions. Of these, nine hundred thousand are men. Of these nine hundred thousand men, precisely three hundred and seventy-two thousand and seven hundred and forty-one stand in an attitude of eager wakefulness. They look towards the ninth of December to see Sir John A. gracefully and graciously untie the string of the bag and emit the Pacific Railway cat. They wait to see if the lovely *animale* has been tamed into usefulness to the Dominion generally; or whether it still partakes of the nature of a wild-cat. If the latter, will it claw and scratch the syndicate, or will it turn itself furiously upon the public weal? To make unseemly jests about the feline creature would be unfeeling, and yet these three hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and forty-one men do want to know, out of mere idle curiosity, whether Sir John's careful and secret training is towards a useful train of effects or towards a catastrophe in which this Dominion will come out at the tail end of the horn. Are we to have a *Pacific* Railway, or a way to the Pacific through much railing, both on and off the floor of the Parliament buildings? Two hundred and sixty-seven editors are to be found among these three hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and forty-one expectants. Their pens are sharpened for the fray, and if that cat turns out ferocious towards the public interest, then had it even seven lives, two hundred and sixty-seven pens are sufficient to aid them all. The opening of that bag may—who knows?—have the effect of bestowing upon Sir John A. "the sack." But we anticipate while one muse intended only to warn, the cat mews, impatient to be let out. Out it must come on the 9th of December, to make or mar the syndicate, which must sooner or later face the talents of the two hundred and sixty-seven. GRIP has talons too—two too many for any cat fresh out of a bag.

### A Little Learning.

R. W. NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., should refrain from criticising other people's English until he learns to write a more graceful sentence than the following:—

"May we, till that time comes, in the interim bid him farewell."

This occurs in a billingsgate epistle contributed to a recent *Montreal Spectator*, in reply to one "Nihil Verius," who is denounced as a person of very limited knowledge of English. We are inclined to think this "D.C.L." is well taught as well as logical: in fact, as may be seen from the above extract, he is taughological.

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