

GRIP.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY - 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The life of Louis Riel now hangs upon the word of Sir John. A. Macdonald. If that word come not in the form of clemency before the 10th day of November, the death sentence will in due form be carried out. Meantime, the Premier finds himself between the opposite pressures of Justice and Mercy. Ordinarily, for any public official in this painful and perplexing position we feel a keen sympathy, which is notably absent in the present case. It is felt univocally that Sir John has nobody but himself to thank for the Riel case from first to last, and the awful responsibility which is at this moment in his hands is but the natural result of the "tactics" which for a long time he has practised under the name of statesmanship. If the Rebellion and its bitter fruits have the effect of impressing upon Sir John's mind the homely truth that Honesty is the best policy, Louis Riel will not have lived—or died—in vain.

FIRST PAGE.—Another county heard from! Everett elected for St. John, N.B., and the Reform party knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite. This was really an unexpected hoist, and it has set the Reform organs thinking. The result of this reflection in the case of several intelligent Grit organs is the conclusion that, as the *Hamilton Times* expresses it: "Reformers cannot hope to win with any straddle-the-fence policy." These papers have, we believe, guessed it the first time. The Reform party owes its successive disasters to the want of a policy. The *Globe* naturally objects to this theory, but so long as the *Globe* is unable to set down categorically the positive measures of Reform which distinguish the Grit party from the

Tory ditto, its protest can have no weight. Negative promises are of no use; the people are not at all impressed with the pledges given by Reformers that they will curtail expenditure and reverse the Tory method of business in other details; but they are ready, we believe, to respond to a bold, vigorous and radical programme, announced by a man who is brave enough to raise the standard and fight for it. What we want in Canada at this moment is a Canadian Chamberlain. Will the gentleman have the goodness to step forward? He will hear of something to his advantage!

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is proposed to start a Reform Club in this city as a rallying point for the party. We have no particulars as to the exact scope of the intended organization, but to be of any practical use it must certainly differ very materially from clubs in general. A swallow-tail club house is the last place on earth where a Canadian yeoman, either Grit or Tory, would feel at home, and so long as these worthy representatives of the agricultural classes remain the back-bone of our political parties, it is worth while to make them feel comfortable and to bear them in mind when projecting a political "meetin'-house." Whether a fashionable Club will be of any use to the Grit party is a question, but there is a club which they do most urgently stand in need of, as our cartoon suggests.



SAINT JOHN.

(N.B.)

THE ALDERMANIC CANDIDATE.

'Tis now he rises early and
Is on the street by half past-eight,
As clean and neat as any pin,
The aldermanic candidate.

We see him stand the corners at,
And bow and smile in all his state—
Just now he's everybody's friend,
The aldermanic candidate.

He knows most everybody, and
Shakes hands alike with low and great,
He's very cosmopolitan,
The aldermanic candidate.

He's English, Irish, Scotch, and French.
He's quite a *roue* and profligate—
On Sabbath he goes twice to church—
The aldermanic candidate.

A while he shakes the ward tough's hand,
And slugs talks at fearful rate—
He teaches Sunday school just now—
The aldermanic candidate.

He coyly kisses all the kids,
And softly rubs each fluffly pate;
He calls them earthly angels—does
The aldermanic candidate.

The married man he tattles by
Enquiring for his worthy mate.
"Fine woman, that of yours!" he says,
The aldermanic candidate.

Oh, yes, he's everything at once.
His heart is big, his head is great;
To be a hypocrite, just be
An aldermanic candidate.

—R.



The second Popular Concert will take place on Monday evening next, when another brilliant programme will be presented. We are glad to note that the directors have reduced the prices materially, good seats being now available for 25 cents. We trust the public will respond generously to this considerate action, and support the concerts as they deserve throughout the season.

Miss Rose Coghlan, an established New York favorite, is at the Grand, appearing in a fine drama called "Our Joan."

The indefatigable Torrington is already busy with the preliminary arrangements for the great musical festival to be held in this city in June, 1886. Already some of our public-spirited citizens—who are alive to the best interests of the city—have come forward with generous subscriptions towards the festival, and everything indicates that the affair will be a brilliant success. We will take pains to keep our readers posted as to the progress of the arrangements from time to time.

SWELL SUITS AND LAW SUITS.

MR. GRIP: SIR,—A great question now excites the public mind which actually has evoked an editorial in the pages of our old friend and ancient, the *Globe*, of over a column, to the rejection of politics, John A., and the N.P. To wit: the propriety of tailors publishing the names of delinquent customers. This, indeed, is a grave question. A dude, let us say, or a cheeky and pretentious person, goes to Messrs Cassimere & Co., merchant tailors, and orders and is measured for a "nobby" suit, and coolly tells the proprietors to send the suit to his address; all this the D. or C. P. P. will do with the greatest *sans froid*. The clothes are duly sent with the bill, and the messenger is told to call next day, week or month, as the case may be. Slowly but surely time flies, month after month goes by. The merchant tailors insist on payment. "Let them insist," says the D. or the C. and P. P. Another suit is furnished the delinquents in the Division Court. Judgment is given, writs are issued, and returned *nulla bona*. D. and C. and P. P., you are frauds. Judgment summonses, don't affect you much, and perhaps, "after many days," providing you are not capaised to prevent your skipping, you will be compelled to pay fifty cents a week, it won't break you, and your clothes are good yet. Now, all this is mighty hard on Messieurs Cassimere & Co. to be thus "beat" by these gall-posseessed swells, but—let this be a large