



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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*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.

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### Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—It is a cold day for the Ottawa Premier. Mowat has just carried two ridings for the Local, and Blake has scored one for the Opposition. The political thermometer is further depressed by the decision of the Privy Council in the test case of *Queen v. Hodge*, in which the legal luminaries of the Old Country sustain Mowat as against Sir John in the dispute over Provincial control of the liquor traffic. We hope the old gentleman will enjoy the bracing atmosphere, though the change is probably too sudden to be very healthful.

**FIRST PAGE.**—It seems to be generally admitted that the editor of the *Mail* did more to defeat the Conservative candidates in West Middlesex and Simcoe than anybody else. Being a man of high culture and refinement he will no doubt hasten to apologise to the much-wronged Mr. Meredith. We anticipate the scene on the interesting occasion.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Nothing can be said in favor of granting licenses for the sale of liquor in grocery stores. In the case of hotels and saloons, it is possible to produce arguments at least plausible; and there is a plea for the drug-store traffic. But grog in connection with groceries is entirely indefensible; it is a gratuitous menace to the well-being of the community—a palpable evil without a shadow

of good about it. The people of Toronto have apparently come to this conclusion. We trust the question will be submitted to vote in connection with the municipal election, so that our incoming aldermen may be assured that it is the will of the people that the whiskey-grocer must go!

### SUBSCRIBER, GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

KINGSTON, Dec. 13, 1883.

S. J. MOORE, Esq.,

MANAGER, G. P. & P. Co.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your favour, and by yesterday's mail *Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book*, which is very nicely bound, and contents well arranged, so as to be useful in any household. It is certainly well worth the trial of every one of your subscribers to obtain it on the easy terms you have so generously offered, at the same time strengthening your list of subscribers, and becoming benefited themselves.

Hoping you will have many who will avail themselves of your generous offer,

I remain,

Yours truly,

THOMAS BRIGGS.

The offer to which Mr. BRIGGS refers is printed in the adjoining column.

### SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN AND SIR LEONARD IN CONSULTATION.

*Enter Sir Hector, greatly excited, waving a newspaper.*

SIR HECTOR,—Sare John, I demand to know ze meaning of zis! (*Rushes forward and swings his fists about.*)

SIR JOHN (*starting back*).—Don't for Heaven's sake! You might damage my nose. Not on my account, but *Grip* has it exactly now, and if you hit it, he mightn't.

SIR HECTOR *sits down with a bang and smashes basket of something.*

SIR LEONARD,—My goodness! My goodness! My temperance drink.

SIR HECTOR (*jumps up and throws basket through window-pane, sits down, gasps for breath*).—I am betray! Ze parti Bleu is betray! I will have ze unimaginable revenge!

SIR LEONARD,—My dear sir, calm yourself; really, this is not the way. Bless me! See what you have done. You have knocked out the pane, thrown out a dozen bottles of excellent Apollinaris and quite put us out—

SIR HECTOR,—Put zem out? No, begar! But I have von good mind to. (*Jumps up and looks at hole in window, his companions shrink back in consternation.*) No, I will not condescend myself; besides, I might cut my finger. But I will put zem out ze ozzer way. Nevaire count on ze vote—ze interest—ze assistance of ze grand parti Bleu no more!

SIR JOHN,—Pray, be calm. What is the matter?

SIR HECTOR.—Here is ze news arrive! Ross, he is in for ze Onest Meedlex! Phelps, he is elect for ze Onest Seemcoe! Cameron, he is in for ze Dominion! Morbleu! Sare! I will have ze revenge most diabolique. You have done zis!

SIR LEONARD,—My dear friend—my dear friend!

SIR HECTOR.—I am not ze friend. You are von lump—von mountain of imbecility te-totalistiqu. You go zere—you preach ze Policy Nationale! You nevaire knew what

he was—you stole him—you understand him not—ze multitude are enrage—you shall be punish. I will have ze committee—you shall be deprive of all zat you have scrape in—

SIR JOHN.—Shall they inquire where the \$32,000 went, Sir Hector? Perhaps my evidence—

SIR HECTOR (*turns pale*).—Sare John, you would nevaire betray—

SIR JOHN.—Why, you say I have. As well have the game as the name. As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

SIR HECTOR.—You shall not have ze name. You shall never be hung for von lamb. I make ze apology prefondement. But we are destroy—we are annihilate! It was ze plan of ze campaign to make ze Mowat go; it is ze result zat ze more he should go ze more he stay!

SIR JOHN.—Well, opinion's setting against us, that's all. None of us knew much about this confounded N.P., but we had to run it, or bust. Wouldn't do to say we couldn't, and as to taking in fellows who could, why, they'd have had to go snacks. Little enough for us, anyway. I'm a poor man.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, zis prospect terrify me. Can nozing be done?

SIR JOHN.—Only this—prepare to cut our lucky. The North-west is rising against us, our little concessions won't save us. I tell you, our chaps have been too greedy, and all the fat will be in the fire. We shall have to go out!

SIR HECTOR (*in despairing attitude*).—And what will become of ze parti Bleu? (*Scene closes.*)



"Young Mrs. Winthrop" proved a great draw at the Grand on Monday and Tuesday evening. The play was performed with the usual ability of the Union Square Company.

On Wednesday evening a local Amateur Company gave "£100,000" towards the combined city charities. This liberality ought to invite our wealthy citizens to do something proportionately handsome for this worthy object.

The present attraction at the Grand is a variety company from the Howard Atheneum, Boston. The programme is varied enough to suit all tastes, and the performers are up to the average standard of variety stars.

The seventh of January draweth on apace, and those happy mortals who have salted down good seats in the Pavilion grow more merry daily. That is the date, you know, of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra Concert. If you want to see about a seat call without delay at Suckling and Sons'.

Miss H. Gertrude Hart, of Boston, who gave an evening of readings in Shaftesbury Hall on Friday evening, has a successful career before her as a public entertainer. The programme was a comprehensive one, and Miss Hart seemed to be quite at home in all her selections. She has a special faculty for imitation, and the bird songs and dialects were rendered capitally. Her conception of the humorous had full play in "Honora Murphy's experience with the Spirits," which elicited an *encore*. Taken as a whole, the evening's enjoyment was pure and rich, and the large audience gave frequent tokens of their pleasure.