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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.

## OFFICE OF GRIP.

TORONTO, Nov. 15th 1883.

It is our intention to present to all our subscribers who are paid up on the 15th Dec. next, for six months or more in advance, a copy of Grip Almanac for 1884 FREE.

This is the fifth year that our Almanac has appeared, and it has improved every year. The issue now in preparation will be superior to any of its predecessors. It will contain 96 pages of choice humor profusely illustrated, and will have a handsome cover lithographed in 5 colors. It will sell at the same price as heretofore, viz., 25c. We are anxious to show our appreciation of the continued patronage of our subscribers, and shall be pleased to have the opportunity of mailing you on or about the 15th Dec. a copy of the Almanac.

By consulting the label on your paper you will see if you will be entitled on the 15th Dec. to receive this premium.

We have received several responses to our appeals to subscribers for their subscriptions, which, while they enclose the very necessary lucre, omit to give the equally necessary information as to where the money comes from, several parties having signed their names only and given no address. If any subscriber who has remitted during the two weeks previous to the 27th inst., fails to perceive the alteration on the address label of this week's paper, the mistake will probably be in consequence of his being one of the above-mentioned parties.

"The idea of my being jealous of Miss Smith!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, indignantly; "the idea of my being jealous of her, when I think so much of her!" "Yes; but what do you think?" asked Brown.

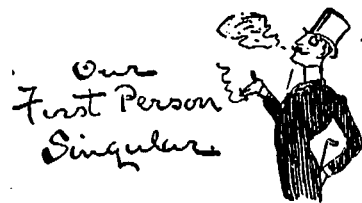
## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake has secured the opening of South Huron for Sir Richard Cartwright, and that gallant knight (generally known as the Jonah of the Grit party) will soon be taken aboard the Opposition ship again. The result of this courageous action on the part of the Reform leader will be earnestly watched by the members of the crew, many of whom openly express the opinion that Cartwright's presence means disaster. This need not be if Sir Richard will undertake to reform himself a little before he turns his attention to Sir Leonard Tilley. It is proverbially hard for the leopard to change his spots, but perhaps by a herculean effort this admittedly clever man might manage to do the following things: (1) Discard his present unfortunate manner, and copy John A.'s sweet and unerring affability; (2) Restrain his angry passions when addressing the House—even when dealing with the unspeakable Tories; (3) Trim off the ends of his moustache. The future of the Reform party depends to an alarming extent on this latter act of personal sacrifice, though Sir Richard may not know it.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. G. W. Ross, a prominent member of the junior wing of the Reform Party, a man who has risen from a humble position to one of distinction by his own honest efforts, and is therefore a typical Canadian, has been called to the Ontario Ministry as head of the Education Department. Mr. Ross, in accepting the honor, declares he will "know no politics" in connection with his portfolio—a statement which is received very heartily by all parties. We trust that the judicious application of this lotion will cure the weak leg of the local horse, and put an end to the agitation now going on for a radical change in the management of provincial educational interests.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mrs. Britannia, who "rules the waves," is a very fine woman in her way, but her way of dealing with pauper emigrants doesn't suit us at all. Her patent short method is to dump these unfortunate wretches into Canada, give them enough money to carry them to the vicinity of Toronto, and then leave them to be supported by charitable organizations which have already as many claims upon them as they can attend to. Our own Government aid and encourage Mrs. Britannia in this objectionable policy, and deserve an equal share of condemnation. Archbishop Lynch has taken pains to state that he does not hold himself responsible for the well-being of these helpless people who happen to be Irish and Catholic; and Miss Toronto feels bound to emphatically echo the disclaimer. The New York policy of shipping paupers back to the Imperial authorities ought to be adopted.

"Is you gwine to get an overcoat this winter?" asked a ducky of a companion. "Well, I dunno how that's gwine to be," was the reply. "I've done got my eye on a coat, but de fellah what owns it keeps his eye on it, too."



A statement is made in a paper I was looking over that a Servian bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips during the marriage ceremony as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. The Burlington Free Press remarks that it might be well to introduce some such custom over here. This would never do, for unless the implied vow was recklessly broken, none of the married ladies could ever hold office in the Women Suffrage Club.

My friend Sheppard is out with his Morning News, and a breezy little sheet it is. The editor writes with his boots on, and says lots of things in plain English that the other newspaper fellows believe in their hearts but dare not whisper. It is good fun to read the News articles whether you agree with them or not; with their short, snappy sentences, they seem to suggest the figure of a Texan ranger riding through the political main street and blazing right and left with a silver-mounted revolver.



As I sat in the Grand Opera House on Saturday evening, one of the many hundreds who witnessed the Jersey Lily as Julia in the Hunchback, I was very much struck with the idea of "theatrical emotion." Some of the papers say Mrs. Langtry ranted more than was nice, while the gentleman who played Master Walter displayed "a splendid piece of acting." My opinion is just the reverse. I think the lady played her part capitably; but I think I never saw a greater rantic than the Hunchback on that occasion. Fancy that actor striking such an attitude as that in the sketch above and roaring to the Rossin House waiter—"Bring me a beef steak rar-r-re!"

I see the Globe people are anxious to be set free from the iron grasp of Mr. John Shields, who has a writ for libel filed against them. They have asked at Chancery Chambers to have the same dismissed. Foolish fellows! Why, Mr. Shields had forgotten all about the matter, and here they have gone and brought it all back to his memory. There is no accounting for the crassness of some politicians.

Newspaper readers in this city and beyond it are familiar with the work of Mr. Kernikan, whose humorous and pathetic writing under the *nomme de plume* of The Khan secured him a high reputation a few years ago. Mr. K. has just returned to the ranks of Toronto journalists, and brings with him the manuscript of a Canadian novel, which he has placed in the hands of a publisher here to be issued shortly. The book is to be entitled "Plug McQuillan," and is said to be highly original in plot, and full of characteristic fun and sentiment.