



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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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Notice.—Editors of weekly (Canadian) exchanges are not expected to send copies of their journals except when critical notices of Grip are published. Grip will be sent regularly as heretofore to all exchanges on the list.

Having made permanent arrangements in connection with the literary staff of Grip, the Editor will not feel bound to accept or pay for any articles from outside contributors after the date of this issue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform theatre is under new management—a fact which is every day becoming more patent. The present managers have cast aside the old-time policy of cold-shouldering certain well-known political stars, and are presenting themselves in an “engaging” attitude towards these gentlemen. The first move was to offer Mr. Goldwin Smith as many open dates as he wished to accept—an act of good temper which was applauded by all the *habitués* of the Grit House. And now acting-manager Mills has been making overtures to Mr. William McDougall, whose performance of “Wandering Willie” is amongst the brightest recollections of old political play-goers. The late manager, Mr. Brown, wouldn’t give old Mac an engagement on any terms: indeed, he plainly declared that he would rather rent the house to a scratch Tory company any time. But Mr. Mills wisely sees that McDougall is a good card yet, and if properly managed would “draw” crowds that no other actor can reach.

FIRST PAGE.—*Appropos* of the Press Lacrosse Club Dinner, (noticed elsewhere), we give a little sketch of the progress of a game now going on between Grit and Tory.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mowat is still suffering from his nightmare, and the doctors say there is no hope of his entire recovery so long as John A. keeps his present attitude.

THE PRESS LACROSSE CLUB DINNER.

Rossin House. Last Saturday night. Splendid table. Jolly company. Big success.

But what we wish to note particularly was the discussion, neatly introduced by the chairman, on the subject of forming a Press Club in Toronto. Everybody spoke favorably of the idea—some enthusiastically. About seventy genuine press men were present, and the presumption is the talk was practical business talk, which will eventuate in action. Moses Oates’ idea that the Lacrosse Club be accepted as a nucleus did credit to the level head of that great almanac man. We hope it will be acted upon, and would suggest that the authorities of that club call a meeting of press men, at which regular action may be taken to put the affair in shape.

BOOK NOTICES.

“The Life and Speeches of the Hon. George Brown,” a bulky and handsomely bound volume, by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and printed by the Globe Publishing Company, has been laid on our table. As may well be imagined, Mr. Mackenzie’s characteristic minute attention to detail is one of the chief features of an admirably written book: the subject being the life of a gentleman whose history is identified with that of Canada during one of the most interesting periods of the country’s existence.

The volume is one of absorbing interest throughout, and reflects the highest credit on author and publishers alike, and will prove a most valuable addition to the libraries of those who are interested in Canada’s history, and that of a man whose talents were so ably used in the furtherance of the country’s welfare. The frontispiece of the book is an excellent steel engraving of Mr. Brown, and presents a striking and faithful likeness.

Puck’s Annual for 1883. New York. Keppler and Schwartzmann.

This important chronological and atmospheric work for the current year is just to hand. It arrives late in the season, and even now *Puck* appears without his winter trousers, his tailor having cruelly disappointed him at the last moment. The public maw, which was so generously filled with GRIP ALMANACS a few months ago, will find this annual very toothsome, especially in its pictorial department, which is made brilliant by the pencils of Keppler, Oppen, Gracetz, Pillaw and others. There are some first-rate things, too, in the letter-press, notably “Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury’s poetical contributions, which we understand to be the work of Mr. H. C. Bunner, the accomplished editor of *Puck*. 25c. pays the bill at any of the book stores.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—Thomas Duplessis, agent, threw himself from the second storey window of the Hotel Rivard this afternoon, carrying the sash and curtains with him. He was mentally unhinged. He escaped serious injury, but fell into the hands of the police, who have locked him up.

We reprint the above telegram, not because there is anything funny about it, but as a signal exception to the rule that the police are never about when they are wanted. In this case they appear to have been directly under the hotel window with most fortunate results.

MR. J. D. EDGAR addresses a meeting in Temperance Hall this evening. His subject is “Canada’s Right to make her own Commercial Treaties.” Of course she is, but why doesn’t she do it?



“NAKED WE CAME, &c.”

JONES.—Did you hear that old man Robinson is dead?

SMITH.—No! How much money did he leave?

JONES.—All he had!

MY LADY’S GLOVE.

A TALE OF LOVE, AND WOE AND MISERIE.

My very brain whirls when I think of all that has happened within the past few days. If this tale smacks of lunacy, I cannot help it. I am, at the present moment, an irresponsible being. I am *pro tempore non compos mentis*, through *wo-men tis* who have achieved my ruin. Reason totters on her throne; staggers, wobbles. Soon may she be thrown therefrom. This is a pun. Laugh. I would feign relate my wrongs. May I? I may. I will. Ah! Miseric. All sigh.

Every day I saw her. Every day, at a respectful distance, I worshipped her more and more. Worshipped her wildly, distractedly, yearningly: I knew her not, but I loved her, ah! how I loved her. She had burst upon my vision in one of my daily walks; She walked in beauty like the,—like the very mischief. From the hour when I first beheld her, I felt that I was, so to speak, gone. But why dwell upon those charms that can never be mine? ‘Tis vain. Let me proceed as coherently as my shattered state will permit—per mitt, ha! ‘tis yet another ghastly pun. I am in very truth, in a bad way.

Day after day, as I have said, I saw her tripping along in dainty attire—she never seemed a-tired though. She was fond of pedestrianism. So was I, and thus it came to pass that we constantly met, though “we never spoke as we passed by,” we glanced at one another and proceeded on our ways. I never dared to speak, though I longed with a longing that was painfully long to do so all along. But an opportunity arrived at last, and I resolved to take it at the flood, as one of those poets remarks. Queer fellows, poets! I once knew a poet who had only one shirt—but this is a digression: my mind wanders; let me to my tale—not shirt tail, no, no. Alack, also, well-a-day. In one of my daily walks, as I proceeded, thoughtfully ruminating on her who had enthralled me, my eyes bent upon the ground, I espied, lying directly in my path, a dainty little mitt; a dear little feminine, fur-bound mitt. My heart sprang into my mouth. I gulped it down again and felt better. Instinct told me at once to whom that mitt belonged, and with a wild yell of delight, I sprang forward and secured my prize. I pressed it to my lips. “The fates are at length propitious,” I cried, “Kiss-mitt.” It was still warm. The