



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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BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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To Correspondents.

The following articles are held over for want of space: "Short Hair." "Lay of the H. I." "Popular Mysteries, No. 2." "Letters from Youthful Aspirants." "The Latest Imported Novelty."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When a Dominion Premier is applauded by an influential portion of the people for disallowing a railway charter in one Province and a Streams Bill in another, and meanwhile receives three cheers for attempting to override Provincial rights in respect of a Boundary Award, it is fair to assume that there are citizens in the country who believe in the centralization of power. Otherwise, we must conclude that those who applaud Sir John Macdonald's recent proceedings do so against the promptings of their own consciences, and purely from party considerations. Applause means encouragement, and encouragement in this matter means the ultimate centralization of all power at Ottawa, and the degradation or extinction of Provincial autonomy. For the admonition of those who support the Premier in his high-handed programme, we have pictured the probable condition of things in the near future.

FIRST PAGE.—Col. Sellers has found a better representative than Mr. John T. Raymond in the late Secretary of State, Blaine of Maine. That bumptious and visionary gentleman has fairly eclipsed the Colonel's Eye-water project with his Pan-American Peace Congress enter prise, though it appears to command the confidence of the public no better. The fact is, Uncle Sam is at present engrossed in the study of Aesthetics, under the tuition of Mr. Wilde, and has no heart for Blaine's big scheme. The ex-secretary doesn't see his bantling strangled without some manifestations of feeling, however; on the contrary, he has worked himself up into quite a passion against this successor in office, who threw diplomatic cold water upon the proposed Congress, and also against the President, who seems to have aided and abetted him in so doing. Blaine has a reputation for statesmanship, but he might have known that a congress of American nations to which the greatest of them—Canada—had not been invited, would end in a fizzle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The House is now in session at Ottawa, and the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition has an opportunity of showing that GRIP is at fault in this little matter. Perhaps Mr. Blake has a policy in some of his inside pockets. We shall see.

BRADLAUGH'S attempt to take his seat in the British House of Commons has failed again, notwithstanding that he has the sympathy of Gladstone, Bright, and other leading members. How long this pig-headed course of conduct on the part of the majority will continue is uncertain, though it seems too ridiculous to last a great while. We begin to suspect that it is not Bradlaugh's atheism chiefly that bars the way, as there are many atheists already in the House. It is more likely that his inconvenient curiosity on the subject of perpetual pensions has a good deal to do with it.

The *Globe* is greatly exercised over the monstrous project of exhibiting Guiteau's body, believing that such a pandering to the morbid curiosity of the public would be productive of evil. This is sound doctrine, and it raises our opinion of the *Globe*—until we turn over to the next page and find three columns of murder news, illustrated with a diagram of the scene of the tragedy, together with all the latest prize-fight news.

The following is a cable despatch from London, in the *N. Y. Tribune* of January 29th, 1882:

"An important unpublished work by Thomas Carlyle has been discovered lately. It is entitled 'A Tour in Ireland in 1849,' and comprises notes on the moral and political condition of that country of the most stringent character and greatest interest. This manuscript was unknown to Mr. Froude, and it was submitted to his examination. He was so delighted with it that he volunteered to write an introduction when it is published in book form. Meanwhile it has been secured by Edmund Gosse for *The Century Magazine*, where it will shortly begin to appear as a serial, simultaneously in London and New York."

The Century Magazine goes bravely on, not only holding its own, but winning new laurels with every number. The new cover is a decided improvement, and worthily adorns outwardly the feast of fatness within.

The *Montreal Star* aptly quotes the following from a new book of humour just published in New York:

THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she-elephant, while walking through the jungle where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing its callow brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous mammoth, "I have been a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect. So saying she sat down on the orphaned birds.

Moral.—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also, that it is not every person who should be entrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.

"The Bookworm's Lament."

A FAMILIAR LYRIC, SLIGHTLY AMENDED, BY J. R. M., MONTREAL.

I.
How hard were those who do not wish
To lend (that's lose) their books,
Are snared by angler-fishes that fish
With literary hooks.
Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home
By making one on you."

II.
"Even *Globe's* works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my *Footie*
My *Bunyan* has been gone.
My *Hoyle* with *Cotton* went; oppress
My *Taylor* too must fail,
To save my *Goldsmith* from arrest
In vain I offered *Bayle*."

III.
"I *Prior* sought but could not see
The *Hood* so late in front,
And when I turned to hunt for *Leigh*
Oh where was my *Leigh Hunt*.
I tried to laugh old care to scorn
By flirting hard with *Hanna*,
Behold me now upon the *Horne*
Of a very verse dilemma."

IV.
"My life is wasting fast away,
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on *Grip*
There's grey upon my locks.
And now they cry 'Give us a *Gale*'
With which I quake solemnly,
And when they ask about my ail
'Tis *Burton*, I reply."

V.
"They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they've cured me of *Burns*,
And eased my *Akenside*.
Yet all I think I will not say
Nor let my anger burn,
For as they never left me *Gay*
'They have not found me *Sterne*."

Secret Correspondence.

AS RESCUED FROM "GRIP'S" WASTE-BASKET BY A HUNGRY PRINTER'S DEVIL LOOKING FOR COPY.

Hon. E. Bl—k—, to GRIP.—What in the dickens does this move of McKenzie mean? I thought he was shelved for good. What means would you propose for slanting him out to a side track? If he persists in this presumptuous self-assertion do you think I would be justified in employing O'Donovan Rossa to waltz him out of the field?