

• GRIP •

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Editor.

The gravest Boat in the Sea; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

BACK NUMBERS OF GRIP WANTED.

We wish to obtain the following back numbers
of Grip: Vol. XIII.—Nos. 1 to 26; Vol.
XIV.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 23
and 24; Vol. XV.—No. 12; Vol. XVI.—2,
3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 16. Will sub-
scribers having any, or all, of the above numbers
please communicate with us, stating particulars.
We would be prepared to purchase the bound
volumes from May, 1879, to May, 1881.

Address: Publishing Department,
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When the Government
candidate for the city of St. John, the home
of the Finance Minister, asserts publicly that
we are at present enduring harder times than
we have had for years, it ought not to be
regarded as Gritism on our part to admit that
the gentleman is right. Nor is it more than
the truth to say that this opinion prevails all
over the country. The bliss which the N.P.
brought to the senses of our manufacturers,
and, in a less degree, to our farmers and work-
ing people, turns out to have been, not the
rational and lasting pleasure which results
from a proper and harmonious adjustment of
the laws of trade, but an opium dream which
enthalls the faculties with unspeakable
delight for a time, but is inevitably followed
by a reaction of pain, stupor and disgust.
The N.P. is revealed to be as powerless to
give us permanent happiness as is the Chinese
drug—or, to speak more fairly, the English
drug which Christians force upon Chinese
heathen—to give its wretched votaries lasting
joy. We have now reached the waking-up
part of the process, and the proprietors of our
political opium-joint will be "put to it"
severely to reconcile the headaches and nausea
of their patrons with the promises they made
when they handed them the pipes in 1878.

FIRST PAGE.—The "National Liberal Tem-
perance Union" is very much against "sump-
tuary legislation," and spends most of its
time in attempting to show that the legal
prohibition of the Liquor Traffic comes under
this head. Mr. F. S. Spence is in the habit of
calling this dyspeptic society's attention to
the fact that there was a prohibitory law in
force in the Garden of Eden, and that it was
on account of the arguments of a "Liberal"
serpent against "sumptuary legislation," that
on that occasion "prohibition did not prob-
hibit." The world has been none the better
for that successful exercise of sophistry, nor
is Canada likely to profit in any greater degree
by listening to the Wine-and-Beer snake now.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We are glad to see that Mr.
Nicholas Flood Davin is making good use of
the influence he has with the Ottawa Govern-
ment. The Regina Leader has of late been
doing something to justify its name by point-
ing out to the authorities the things that are
necessary to be done, and done at once, for
the North-West Territories, in order to ensure
the peace and progress of that great country.
We earnestly hope that our brilliant friend
may persevere in his new line, and secure for
the people of the Territories the reforms they
want. As he very justly says, "There ought
to be no difficulty for statesmen to apply the
remedy. All they should want to be told is
what is needed."



THE VERY LAST SPIKE.

It is announced that Sir Charles Tupper is
about to drive the last spike on the C.P.R.
Let us hope it will be the very last, and that
still another will not have to be driven as
above.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in
all classes of clothing were awarded to R.
WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and
Winter materials is now complete. Place a
trial order for a suit or overcoat.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

HOW THEY DO IT IN MONTREAL.

Merchant (ringing up telephone).—Connect
with Dr. Blank.

"Hello!"

"Is that you, doctor? I want to get vac-
cinated."

"Very good. I will attend to you in the
morning."

"Won't do. I am leaving for Toronto in
half an hour and must have certificate."

"All right, do it now. Place receiver on
left arm and hold firmly while I insert point in
the transmitter. There, it's done. I'll tele-
graph certificate to Cornwall."

C. S.

SONG FOR THE MONDAY POPS.

AIR.—Bells of Shandon.

The unmelodious Wagner is odious,
And of Liszt the gist I fail to see;
I may be a ninny, but still Rossini
And sweet Bellini have charms for me;
I think Donizetti is rather pretty,
And in days of yore I inclined to Spohr;
I have carolled Haydn with many a maiden,
And have tripped to Strauss on the ball-room floor.

Yet Wagner's hand on the piano grand, on
The floor that's next in height o'er me
Is far too ponderous, and its music wondrous
In tones so thund'rous I fail to see.

When friends would drop in we'd turn to Chopin,
Or mighty Beethoven oft won a tear;
Whilst friend and neighbor were charmed by Weber
Or the glorious labor of Meyerbeer.
If I mention Gounod, I fancy few know
A lovelier work than his charming Faust;
Whilst simple Mignan, in my opinion
All song's dominion will never oust.

For Wagner's crashing sounds tearing, smashing,
Like billows dashing in an angry sea:
And I'm not enraptured nor my senses captured
By it, for it has no charms for me.

O'er Cimarosa perchance we prose a
Little too much for these busy days;
But a ready guinea for Cherubini
The lover of music will ever raise;
That glorious Handel can't hold a candle
To Richard Wagner I beg to doubt,
And Mozart and Schumann, song's truest true men,
Will be shining brightly when he's snuffed out.

And where in creation can I find laudation
For each emanation from Mendelssohn?
We'll think with pleasure of each tuneful measure
Of those I've mentioned, when Wagner's gone.
—Swiz.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,

TORONTO, October, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—After three weeks' cawm
consideration, an' after luckin' at the thing frae
a' points o' view, I'm driven tae the conclusion
that love is a maist extraordinar' thing—a
wuunnerfu' thing. It's like a gless o' gude
whuskey; it maks ye cauld when ye're het
an' het when ye're cauld; it maks ye dull
when ye're cheery an' vicey versey. I never
kent the like o't. I used to lauch at a' that
kind o' stuff, but, haith! I vera sune fand out
it was nae lauchin' maitter, seein' it deprived
me o' the muckle-prized liberty o' ma bachelor-
hude, an' turned me intill a marrit man.

I canna weel tell ye hoo it cam about, but as
far as I can mind it was something like this.
For twa-ree days after ma veesit tae the
Island I was feelin' awfu' no weel like. I
wasna ill, an' I wasna' weel, an' I was a'
kind o' blown up like aboot the stammack.
The vera sicht o' ma parrich gart me grue,
an' whether I was takin' the fivver or the
cholera or the sma'pox I cudna just say, I
was in sic a swither, an' I could dae naething
but walk up an' doon the hoose wi' ma twa
lufes spread oot on ma waistcoat. An' though
I had enouch adae wi' masel', it made me
faur waur tae see Mrs. McClutch luckin' at me
sae waefu' like—for onybody wi' half an e'e
could see that the pur creature was just
breakin' her heart aboot me. She wadna hear
to me takin' the fivver or the cholera, but she