

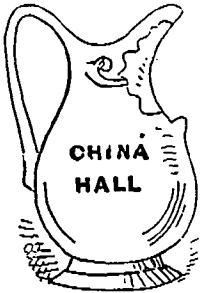
THE UNSPEAKABLE MINISTRY.

Mr. M. C. C. — Can you expect THIS person to vote against the Government?
(Cries of No! Certainly not! . . .)

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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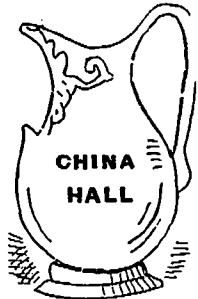
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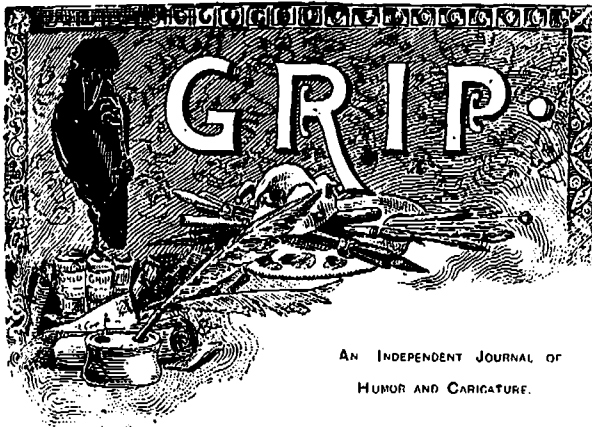
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I. W. BENGTOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JAN. 23RD, 1886. No. 3.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE LEADERS SUMMED UP.—Mr. Blake's speech at London, so anxiously awaited, fulfilled the highest anticipations of his friends as an oratorical effort. As to its political import, it was no doubt equally satisfactory to his followers. He said just what all who know him well expected him to say. Those who regard the Reform leader as a mere politician, hungering and thirsting for office, and possessing no conscience higher than that of the tribe, must have been disappointed at his utterances. It must puzzle such critics to find him throwing away such a golden opportunity for buncombe, such a glorious chance for making political capital out of race prejudice and sectional feeling. The solution of this puzzle simply is that Mr. Blake is *not* such a man as they have fancied him to be. Up to the extent of his light he is a statesman, and a Christian one at that. The most notable feature of this speech, as of all he makes, was its lofty moral tone—a characteristic which shines out in striking contrast to the tone of many other political speeches made in Canada on both sides of the party line. Herein GRIP finds the ground-work of hope for this Dominion, notwithstanding the dangers which menace us from every side. So long as we have men amongst us of clean hands and pure hearts—men who believe in the God of Nations and are not ashamed or afraid to acknowledge His laws as the rule of their political action, Canada is safe. And just as surely the country is not safe—whatever its material prosperity—so long as it is guided by men who say, in deed if not in word, that there is no God, and that honor, truth, justice and mercy are phrases with which politics has no concern.

OUR SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.—The best criticism that we have seen of Mr. Blake's speech is that of the *Toronto News*. While giving the orator all due credit for honesty and earnestness, and warmly commending his exposure of the corruption and extravagance of the Government—the *News* points out that Mr. Blake failed to propose any radical cure for the evils named. All that was suggested was to "turn the rascals out" and put the (presumably) honest men in. This would do well enough, provided the ingoing men were all and always honest. In short, under our present system of government, we are at the mercy of the private character of the Premier and his Ministers. If the Premier is an unscrupulous trickster—and Canada has known such—he can do just what he pleases under and by virtue of our form of government. Nominally he and his colleagues are responsible to the people, but by the judicious use of the three-fold power of the executive, the legislative and the judiciary functions, which are in his hands, he can

practically nullify this responsibility, and control both Parliament and the people. We have endeavored to put this system in pictorial form, and we hope the object-lesson may receive due study by our people. Meantime our Premier is for all practical purposes a Czar, and instead of Canada being a "progressive democracy," as Mr. John Cameron described it lately in an essay before the Liberal Club, it is more like an autocracy. It can be demonstrated that most of the corruption we complain of is the direct and natural outcome of the system, and the personal character of any possible premier and cabinet is too slender a thread whereon to hang the safety of a state.

THE UNSPEAKABLE MINISTRY.—Mr. M. C. Cameron has raised a great laugh at his own expense by including in his list of the "bribed" members of Parliament the Premier and his colleagues, on the ground that they receive salaries and are therefore "not likely to vote against themselves"!

SLOW TORTURE.—How poor Mr. Eunting must suffer for having allowed that article in behalf of the ill-used half-breeds to appear in the *Mail* last July. The *Globe* man, with fiendish malignity, has fastened that article up over the devoted head of John A., and is torturing him with it, drop by drop, day in and day out. Somebody will go crazy soon if this keeps on, but it will most likely be the *Globe's* "constant reader."

As We Pass By.

MAYOR HOWLAND has formally taken up the strings, and we are glad to note that the aldermen are in a-cord with him. Alderman Defoe, who was a warm supporter of Mr. Manning, proclaims himself de foe of anybody who stands in his new Worship's way.

* * *

THERE is some talk in Toronto in favor of high license as a restriction of the whiskey evil. Wherever high license has been tried it stands confessed a fraud. It simply strengthens the plausibility of the falsehood that the liquor crime is a legitimate business. Let high license advocates investigate Chicago or Omaha at the present moment if they want to be made sick. The emetic would do them good, no doubt of it.

* * *

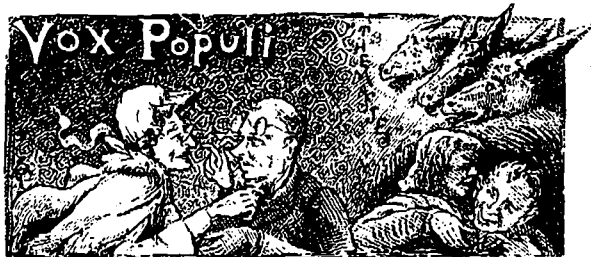
CAPITAL suggestion, that of establishing a pleasant place where working girls may spend their evenings safely and profitably. At present many a pure-hearted girl in Toronto is enduring the prison-life of a cheerless boarding house after work hours—having to choose between safety there and danger on the more attractive streets. This "long-felt want" ought to touch Mayor Howland deeply. Perhaps he can give the movement a start.

* * *

MR. MOWAT declared at the London banquet that he had no hesitation in saying that "Mr. Blake's speech was the most magnificent he had ever read or heard in his life." Score a tremendous victory for Mr. Blake. This is the only thing that the Hon. Oliver ever said with "no hesitation." He actually didn't ask to be allowed to "take the matter into his consideration"!

* * *

THE secret of Bradlaugh's popularity with the English Radicals is his very taking manner. A few days ago he took the oath, and now he has taken his seat. He proposes in the near future to take steps to take away the pensions upon which certain upper-ten leeches have long lived. This is the irreligion that they most abhor about Bradlaugh, and there will be a terrible fuss when the Iconoclast gets to work.



JACK'S EGG HUNT.

IN TWO STRUGGLES.—I.

WHEN Jack is sent under the barn to look for eggs there are usually some unexpected visitors in the house, thus creating a sudden demand for sponge cake and custard pie.

A strict search in the stables and other above-ground repositories having revealed the fact that the hens are on strike, or have layed elsewhere, Jack's sister puts on a far-away look and gently remarks:—

"I guess you'll have to go under the barn, Jack?"

He had expected this and had his lip in good shape to receive the order; so, allowing that organ to flap over on his chin, he howls out, "I know there ain't none there; I was under jist the other day!"

"Oh, Jack! you know it's more than a fortnight."

Jack grumbles, but there is no use; go he must. So with unwilling steps he ambles off to the barn. It is a frame barn, and big, and old. One end is filled with hay, the other with grain, while in the centre is the threshing floor. There are over forty sleepers, all big and ugly and knotty, and under these poor Jack has to skirmish around after the eggs.

There is only one hole that will admit a boy, though there are several large enough for a hen. This "boy-hole" is at the northwest corner, and Jack makes for it. Then he goes down on his knees and gazes through; then raises himself and sends a woe-begone look towards the house.

No use! so pop goes his head and shoulders through the opening. He is lying flat on his stomach now, and rests himself for a moment. Suddenly he hears foot-steps, and, fearing an attack in the rear, with a hasty worm-like movement jerks his legs through, at the same time tearing a great rent in his jacket. Score one for the barn!

Having thus opened the campaign, he casts a mournful glance at the enormous expanse of territory that lies dark and dismal before him, pulls his hat—an old, superannuated felt—tight on his head, and begins his journey. Up and down he goes, squeezing through holes that a hen would look twice at, hitting his head on innumerable knots, till at last the end is reached.

Two eggs only have rewarded his search so far, but now his heart is gladdened by the sight of a baker's dozen, which lie snugly in the very farthest corner.

Off comes the hat and into it go the fifteen eggs; then wriggling his body around Jack begins the home stretch. He lifts the hat gingerly and sets it ahead, worming himself up to it; repeating the performance till one fourth the journey is completed. Here a big knot stares him in the face, and, turning aside to avoid it, he comes plump on an old coyote of a hen, who has been vainly striving for goodness knows how long to hatch out a piece of chalk, two rotten eggs, and a small limestone.

Jack drops the hat and involuntarily raises his hand to save himself. Too late! With a loud squawk the antiquated mass of bones, claws and feathers comes chuck into his face, filling his mouth, eyes, hair and ears with dirt, while the blood begins to trickle down his nose. She doesn't do it again. Oh, no! There is a muttered exclamation, a fierce struggle, a loud squawk or two, and if there is one old hen less on the farm Jack can hardly be blamed for it.

(The end of this thrilling episode next week.)

GRIP begins the new year well, with a new dress and a new make-up from cover to cover. But there appears to be no change in its politics. However, GRIP is always welcome.—*Mail, Jan. 18.*

Thanks, brother. No change in our politics? Certainly not! Our motto is *Semper eadem*, which is Latin, and means that we will fight it out on the Independent line until Grits and Tories agree to put country before party.

GRIP appeared last week in a complete change of clothes, and so great is the outward transformation that we scarcely recognized our clever contemporary. A glance at the contents, however, soon brought to our recollection the old-time, kindly, genial and funny raven. GRIP, though thoroughly independent, is a power in Dominion politics, and wields a strong influence for good upon all great moral questions.—*Truth.*

THE first number of the *Indian*, a paper published in the interests of the race whose name it bears, has come to hand. It cannot fail to be a most useful publication, if conducted on a non-partisan basis, but even in this first number the cloven-hoof sticks out. Not a word is said of the grievances of the Six Nations against the Government, to which we alluded last week. Why is this? Surely the *Indian* could ask for no better material for its first number. The grievances are real, pressing, important and of long standing, as Editor Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by must know.

KRAL'S RUMINATIONS.

How do we express our ideas? Why, by a train of thoughts, of course.

Infra dig.—Shovelling snow.

If a deserving tramp asks for assistance, give him five cents, but if an undeserving tramp demands help, give him a pound.

The uprightness of some men can be explained by only two things, the lightness of their brains and the heaviness of their feet.

They have but little interest in this world who take no note of time.

Why does the alcohol thermometer sink so low these cold days? Because it feels low-spirited.

Why does the thermometer fall in cold weather? Because the climbit is so severe.

Thmoking ith a puffickly weediclouth habit, and a young thmoker ith thpitiful to obtherve—joothee?

Howland's victory was a good example of the power of the widow's might.

Night-birds—Those who go out at night for a lark, then take a swallow or two, and finally go in for a little robbin. No wonder they feel *sore* the next day, and find safety only in flight.



SLOW TORTURE; OR, THE "GLOBE" INQUISITION.

Bunting.—AND TO THINK THAT I SHOULD HAVE SUPPLIED THE MATERIAL FOR THIS DROP-BY-DROP CRUELTY!

THE HEELER'S LAMENT.

TORONTO'S sort of risen up
 And said we've got to go—
 The muscle of the decent vote
 The citizens now know,
 And henceforth we can't run the town—
 We haven't any show;
 We're strongly pressed to emigrate—
 The Heeler's got the Toe!

AUGUSTIN DALY'S military comedy, "The Passing Regiment," is being given at the Grand. A piece that New York voted the greatest hit of the year ought to please Toronto when presented by the same people, and it *does* please all who see it.

HAYERLEY'S MINSTRELS—the very fellows who made Queen Victoria laugh, and Albert Edward roar, and broke the House of Lords all up with their comicalities—are to appear in the Pavilion Music Hall here on the 28th, 29th and 30th inst. As there is some doubt as to the Pavilion having seating and standing capacity for the occasions, our advice is get your seats reserved beforehand.

THE HANG-A-MAN.

THE latest, and sometimes the best, noose about certain people is the hangman's. He is a peculiar man, whose living depends upon the death of others, a sort of legal parasite. When at work, he and his subjects are certainly a pair o' sights. He does not necessarily follow out his own convictions, but rather those of his companion, with whom he endeavors to accord his opinions. His life, as well as that of his subject, often hangs upon a slender thread, and he is thus in great suspense as to his means of support. As in the old fable of the boys and the frogs, what is s(up)port to him is death to his victims. His business is elevating, at first. It is both effective and affecting. One remarkable thing about this man's calling is that he always drops his subject before finishing it, and yet in the very dropping is the completion. Any inquest of honorable men will find him painstaking and dead certain in his method of working. This man is, however, not very popular, and perhaps the *lex talionis* may be enforced in his case, and we will therefore close this short life by dropping it. KRAL.

A "BURNING" shame—*Laflamme's* anti-Mail verdict!

RECOLLECTIONS OF '37.

"I TELL ye, boys," said old Capt. Chrysler to the crowd as they all stood before the bar with their respective tumblers of "red eye" before them, "I tell ye, boys, that that there Nor'-West Rebellion wasn't nuthin to what we had in '37. 'Thur was blood spilt then, boys, blood!"

"Were you in any of the battles, Captain?" enquired a lanky youth.

"Any of the battles? Why, sonny, don't you know me? I was at all of 'em. 'Fust, I was at Gallus Hill," continued the Captain. "They say there was nobody killed 'thur. I know better. I shot four rebels myself with my musket—I got it yet. Then I went down to the Windmill below Prescott, when we killed about four hundred, and took Von Shultz, their leader, prisoner. We afterwards hung him! Then I went up to Point Pellee, whur we druv about a hundred odd rebels inter Lake Erie. Then I came down to Navy Island and helped to send the Caroline over the falls."

"Be you a son of old Zebeulah Chrysler that uster live near Queenston on the Niagara?" enquired an aged and decrepid old man, in a suit of Canada gray, and a straw hat burnt to the color of a dried tobacco leaf by the rays of many summer suns, "be you?" and the old man ceased filling his rusty clay pipe, awaiting the answer.

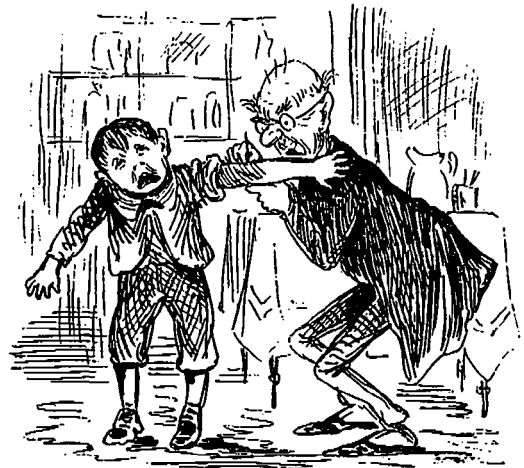
"Yes, sirce, I'm the only son the old man had. Boys," he added; "give the old man a drink—old Settler—knew my dad well."

"Yes," said the old man reflectively, "I will never forget him. It was in the summer of '36, me and old Uncle Ben Forsyth bought a farm of two hundred acres from your dad. It was a rale nice farm, and fronted on the rapids of the river. We paid him £400, jist \$1,600, for it. That was a good price in them days, boys. Towards fall old Zebeulah Chrysler, that's your dad, sold out all he had, and crossed over to York State, taking his son with him, that's you, Captain. Wall, towards fall, a feller came to our house with a mortgage calling for \$1,400 and a year's interest. Your old dad had mortgaged the place three years before, and as we wan't particular then about searchin titles, you see me and old Uncle Ben lost the farm, for we couldn't pay up, and the mortgagee foreclosed. Yes, Captain, I knew your dad well. He didn't come back to Canada till '48, and he brought you back with him. And I reckon, Captain," said the old man, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, "that from the lies you have been telling these here boys, that you're a chip of the old block." B.

THE VAG.

HE stood upon the icy Esplanade,
And gazed upon the waters of the bay,
His hand upon his throbbing brow he laid,
He sighed, but not a syllable did say.
The cold east wind swept through his ragged clothes,
The rain was dripping from his unkempt hair,
His eyes were wat'ry, and his purple nose
Shone out upon the scene like head-light's glare;
Wildly he looked around, not one he saw,
Not one, to help him in his direst need;
"Well, well," he said, and wiped his hungry maw,
"Methinks, forsooth, 'tis now the time to feed."
So hastening to a hospitable shed,
Forth from his pouch he pulled his sodden lunch,
'Twas but a pint of rye and crust of bread;
Yet he with eagerness his fare did munch,
"My hunger's gone," quoth he, "but still I'm dry,
Methinks I'll buy another pint of rye!"

-B.



VACCINATING A CALF.

(Interesting operation as performed not at the Veterinary College.)

FROM MONTREAL.

A YOUNG girl went to church in a tuque,
For which she obtained a rebuque,
So she changed it instanter
For a flat Tam O'Shanter—
And bless me, how nice she did luque!

A dandified youth, who was Bleu,
Thought up a young Rouge he would deu,
But the Rouge called Joe Beef
And the Bleu came to grief,
For Joe made the Bleu *pot au feu*.

-11.

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

JANUARY 4th, 1886.

MY DEAR MARIA,—I did vote after all! Trite, the lawyer, came bowling up in a cab, and would take no denial. Besides, the poor fellow conducted that case so successfully for me, I couldn't say no. So down I went and voted _____ for mayor, and voted also for three other toughs for aldermen, whose names I have already forgotten. I didn't get the X, though Mrs. Trenchant went in the afternoon. An abomination of a fellow wanted her to swear, but she said she would see him handsome first, and would, at all events, insist on that Bible being scrubbed and fumigated before she came within a yard of it. However, her candidate got in all the same.

Ta-ta for the present.

Ever yours,
E. L. DRAWLEY.

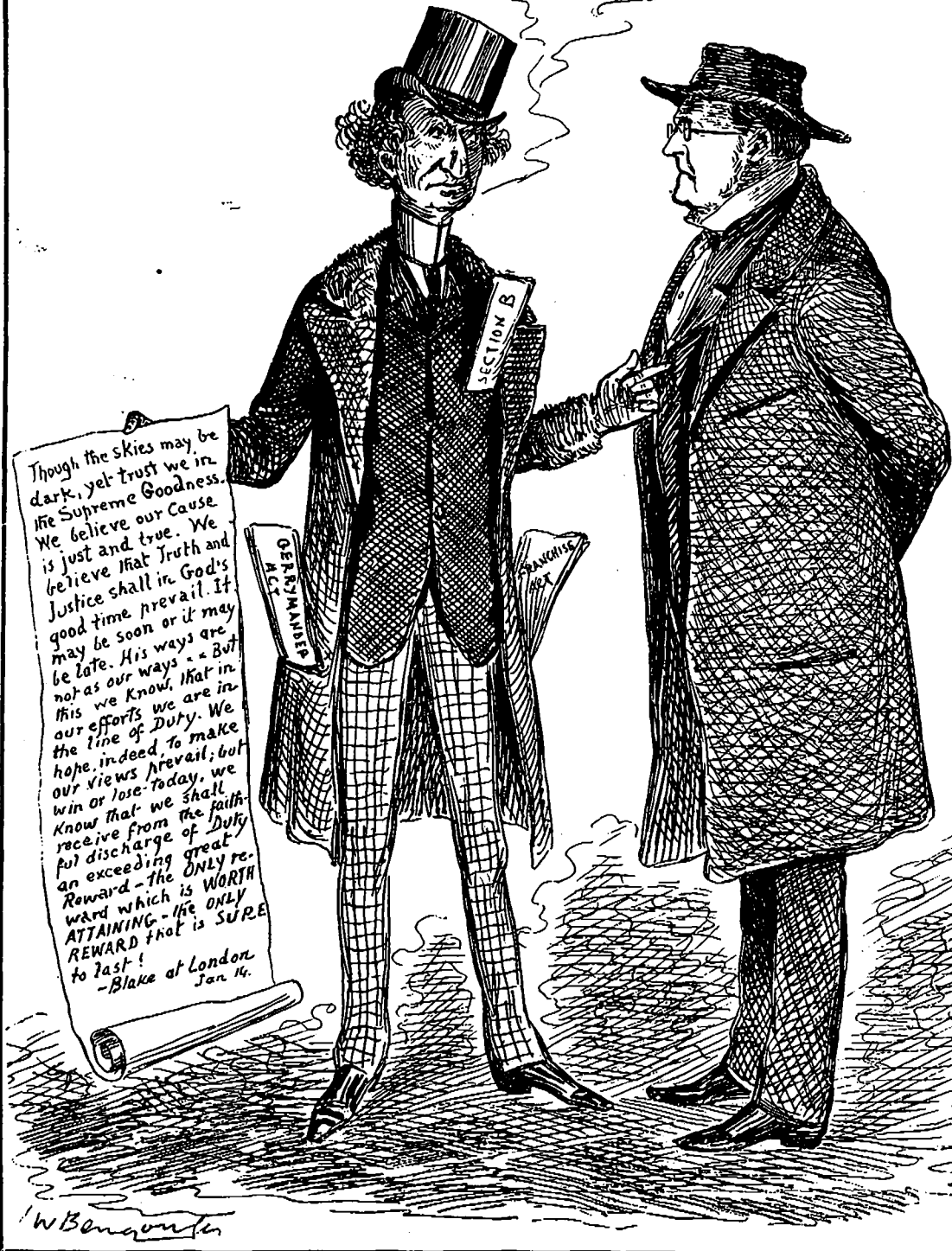
JANUARY 4th, 1886.

DEAREST EM,—Wasn't I just mad? I didn't get to vote after all. I had ordered a suit—a swell costume to go to the polls in. Well, when it came home from the dress-maker it would fit me nowhere. Such a fright! too short in the waist, too low in the neck—horrible! I was so disappointed. I just went upstairs and had a good cry; and when they came for me, of course I was sick!

In profound sorrow,

Yours always,
MARIA H.—.

"Truth," "Justice," "Duty," Bosh, sir, all bosh! Why, you talk as though Christianity and Patriotism had something to do with Politics!!



THE LEADERS SUMMED UP.

A NINETEENTH SENTRY MAN'S RESSLOOSHINS PHOR THE NOO YEER.

FIRST.—Too talk the ten comendments for my rool and gide as folls :—

SEKUND.—Too maik no images to myselfsh—their a grate expens and moarover—ar out of fashen and pagen heathen too boot.

THIRD.—Never too swear—cep when badly riled and rubbed up the wrong way.

FORTH.—Never too work Sundays, 'cept for duple pay and refreshmints extry.

FIFTH.—Always too respekt the Guvner, becaws it pays when it cums too the readin ov the last will and testymnt.

SIXTH.—Too kill no man—the seaquill of murder is hangin—and hangin is an oncomfortuble end.

SEVENTH.—And this is most as bad—it meens a mad-man after yu with a revolver in his hand and determina-shun in his eye.

EIGHTH.—Never steal—in a comun small way—take nothing less than twenty or thirty thousand, and your travlen expens to the States.

NINTH.—Never lie—when the truth will serve the saim purpus.

TENTH.—Never too kovet my naybour's wife—unless she is better lookin than my own.

LEVENTH.—Never to tuch, taste or handle intoxicants --unless somebody stands trect—munny spent in licker is munny wasted.

TWELTH.—Never too forgit to shuffle off the sno off the sidewauk in front of my house—and will save the dollar fine.

FINALLY.—In addishun to the above, too protest against all abewses that doant interfere with my own interests—and during the yeer to increese in noledge and understandin' in the quickest and safest methods of makin munny.

P.S.—And alwais to vote fur the winnin side.

OLD SHOOS.



CONVENIENTLY BLIND.

Citizen.—Why don't you stop this brutal fight?

Detective.—Fight! What fight? I don't see any fight.



A WEIGHTY GRIEVANCE.

Customer.—Mr. Snooks, I hope this loaf is better than the last I got. It was so heavy we could hardly eat it.

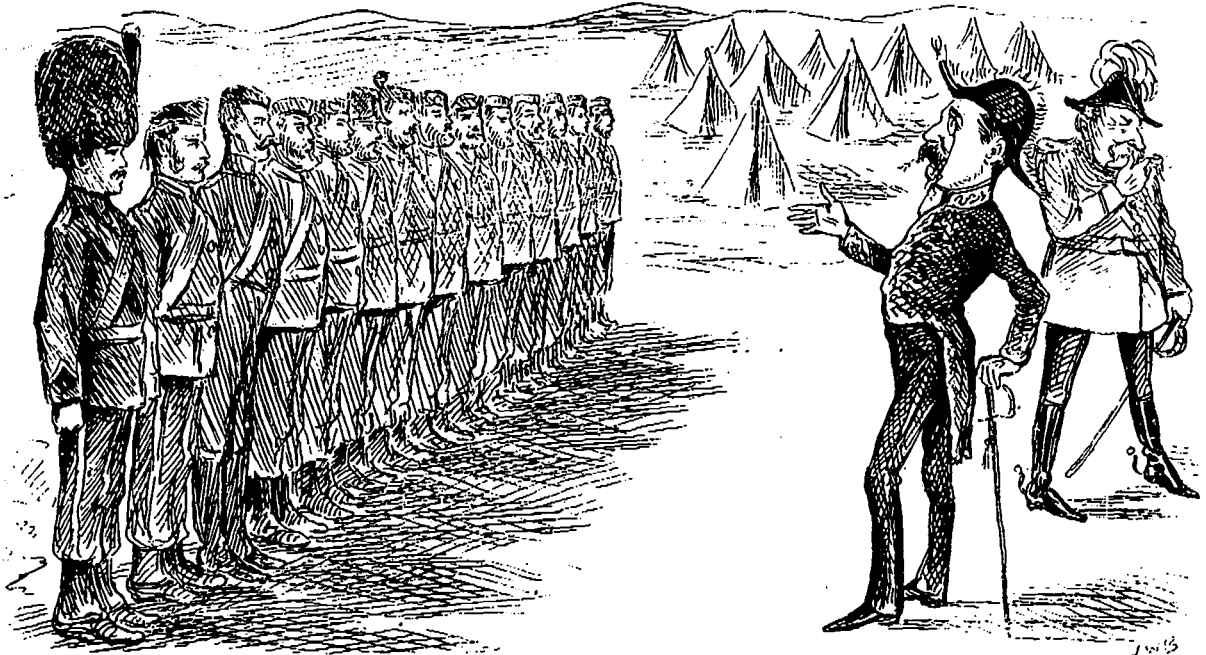
Snooks.—Well, ma'am, it can't be helped. With this unjust and tyrannical by-law in force we can't make our bread light.

CULTURE OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

PERHAPS the same difficulties have beset you as myself in explaining the culture and civilization of man. I have thought over it, and around it, and under it, and at last have resolved to give the world the conclusions. Henceforth I am a Darwinian and believe in the *Descent of Man*. Darwin does not tell us how far he has descended, or ascended, but now I am an assenter to his doctrine. My reasons are that I trace some of man's noblest gifts in the lower animals. There I see the sharp talons of the eagle, hear the cacceations of the fowls, understand the principle of first causes from the crow, and in fact see all the birds picking up a great deal. The dogs are social, and they yelp one another. The cat is very mewical in her felines. Who shall deny that the mule is a hybrid animal? Who possesses greater brayin' power than the ass, or uses it with greater effect? But one more example is necessary; I have but to mention the hog to sustain my position. This bristling animal, the living predecessor of Bacon, is the producer of an abundant literature. Its style is often low, but of an admired nature. Its tail is short. I shall not be worse than a hog, I shall wind up my tale with a dedication to the great Hogs, Lambs, Bacons and Crabbs of English literature.

KRAL.

Few classes enjoy more opportunities of studying human nature in its varying phases than commercial travellers. A well-known member of this fraternity, Mr. Gair, of London, has just recorded his experiences "on the road," and is about to give the public the benefit thereof in the form of an illustrated book. The work is now in press, and will shortly appear. It can hardly fail to find many interested readers throughout the country.



A GLOWING PROSPECT.

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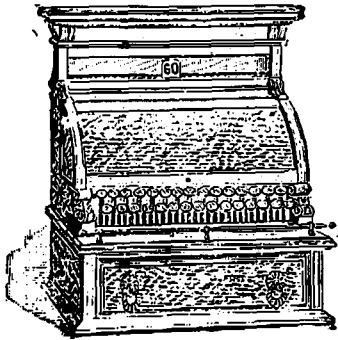
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Second Dude.—Been working, Algernon?
First Dude.—Now. Taking exercise. We need it, don't yer know. I weally cawn't stir out to-night, ole boy.

Second Dude.—What yer been doin'?
First Dude.—Blowing soap bubbles. I'm dreadful tired, 'pon honor, I am. Couldn't possibly over-tax myself again to-night, Chawley.—S. F. Wasp.

"Oh, yes, Lizzie and I were made one in New York," exclaimed a newly-married man to a friend in the cars.

"Travelling west?"
"Yes, going to Chciago."
"Ah, going to be made two again. My congratulations."—*Onlooker (T. B.)*

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"Waiter!" he cries, "two beefsteaks for one!"—*French Joke.*

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"What age are you?"
"Why, the age that I look, my love."
"What! as old as that?"—*French Joke.*

A ROHEMIAN is at the hospital. One of his friends comes to see him.

"Well, how are you getting on?"
"As you see, they've put me in a ward on the ground floor, and you know I've always been accustomed to live in an attic under the roof."

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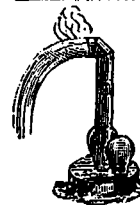
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1873. **GRIP!** 1886.
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