



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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The gravest heart is the Ice; 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.

*Aitch Bee.*—A good beginning; come often.

*Ben-jo.*—Shall be glad to hear from you often. Make your articles short, sharp, and shiny.

*Betsy Jane Smart, Montreal*; *A. B. Chat-ham*; *Young Canada, Montreal.* Too late for this issue.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—We have drawn on the inexhaustible treasury of Dickens this week for an illustration of the present interesting position of affairs *in re* the Boundary Award. And perhaps nothing from the gallery of that inimitable painter could more aptly illustrate the position than the touching scene in the life of poor little Oliver Twist, when he struck consternation into the breast of the poor-house manager by "asking for more." Ontario's Oliver is at present asking—with equal innocence and earnestness—for more territory, but no more than is his due by all laws of equity and right; and his application is received by the Dominion Premier with an expression of amazement and incredulity which quite rivals that of the old duffer in the story

—only John A.'s astonishment is altogether feigned. Meantime the matter is being earnestly discussed in the Local House, though what practical good can come of such discussions we totally fail to see. This tampering with our provincial rights by the Federal authorities certainly needs to be peremptorily ended, but the proper persons to look after our interests are the representatives of Ontario in the Dominion House.

FIRST PAGE.—A meaner or more un-English proceeding than the recent black-balling of Prof. Goldwin Smith by the St. George's Society of this city, has never been recorded. Just where the chief odium of this disgraceful affair ought to be placed is a little uncertain, —though there could be no doubt on this point if it be true, as it is alleged, that certain well-known officials of Society actually arranged the matter in caucus. Whoever had a hand in such a caucus against Mr. Smith may safely be branded as a being unworthy of membership in any respectable society. Mr. Piddington, however, is also blameworthy in not insisting on the withdrawal of his motion to elect Mr. Smith an honorary member when he found it could not be carried unanimously, and those who advocated having the motion put and defeated are also marked for blame. Having duly excepted all who voted for Mr. Smith's reception, we assure the members of St. George's Society of our unqualified contempt of their narrow-souled and cowardly assault upon an absent man, who had expressly asked them, in terms of respectful courtesy, to spare him. The plea that Mr. Smith's political opinions are a bar to his admission is bosh, and nobody knows it better than those who insulted the name of England by this scurvy conduct. It is to be hoped that the Society will at least have the manliness to decline hereafter to receive Mr. Smith's cheques in the hands that were so eager to grasp the black balls against him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our noble Marquis has returned to the bleak and barren shores of Canada, and will in all probability remain with us to the close of his term. While in the Old Land our energetic Governor interested himself in the subject of female emigration, and as the result of his labours he will shortly have the pleasure of introducing to the notice of the Nor'-west bachelors a fine marketable assortment of spinsters. If the marriageable maidens already in our midst are satisfied with this arrangement, it is not for us to grumble, though we rather opine that when they come to realize the situation they will be more than ever inclined to go "for Lorne."

Our cartoon on the subject of Canadian loyalty appears to have raised the ire of some of our friends, who have jumped to the conclusion that the picture meant "Independence." This is a mistake. GRIP does not favour separation from the Empire, he simply pleads for more manliness on the part of Canadians, and asks that our self-governing powers (so liberally

granted by the Mother Land in the first place) be extended to all matters pertaining to our commercial relations with foreign nations.

"HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN."

(Assung by Mr. Goldwin Smith, with his finger pointed to a certain member of the Toronto St. George's Society.)

SOLO.—He is an English-man!

For he himself has said it,

But it's not to England's credit

That he is an Englishman!

CHORUS.—That he is an Englishman!

SOLO.—For he's too mean for a Russian,

A Zulu, Greek or Prussian,

Or even China-man.

But in spite of all temptations

To join the black-ball nations,

He remains an Englishman.

He remains a sick, snide, measly Englishman.

#### A Protest.

BY WINIFRED WALLOPOTTE.

Oh dear! what on earth shall we do?  
What's to become of us poor girls of Canada?  
It's highly unjust if the tidings prove true,  
Altho' we're as good as the best of them any day.

I think, 'pon my word, it's a very great shame,  
And a piece of outrageous, unblushing effrontery,  
To treat us Canadian girls with disdain,  
And import such a doubtful invoice to the country.

The girls will be gathered from country and city,  
The slums of St. Giles, or nasty Whitechapel, or  
Bristol or Sheffield, so grimy and gritty,  
Whenever the "Agent" may happen to grapple her.

Some good ones, perhaps, urged by the importunate  
Agents of steamships, or packets and liners,  
May come, but the class who are well called "unfortunate"  
Will come here in hundreds to gather in "shiners."

Dear me! I'm surprised that the Marquis of Lorne,  
(Our Governor, too!) well, he ought to know better  
Than to ignore a girl that's Canadian born,  
And foster the foreigner when he can get her.

I'm sure the young men of Keewatin or Winnipeg,  
If they want to get married and settle for life;  
If they sow their wild oats and for drinking put in a peg,  
There are plenty good girls here to choose for a wife.

For why should a bachelor on the wild prairie  
Prefer an old country girl, when he can find  
One of his own country, though 'praps she has "nary  
A red," she would likely be more to his mind.

I trust that Sir Leonard will make it his business  
To re-model his tariff and put an embargo  
On all doubtful females,—it gives me a dizziness  
To think of such girls sent out here by the cargo!

So wake up, my sisters, and send a petition  
To stop this vile scheme to the Gov'ner in Council;  
If he don't, then look out, we will get up a "mission,"  
And the Ministry then will get the grand bounce all.

#### The Effects of Physic.

A medical friend sends us this:—A very good thing came to my notice this morning on visiting a patient, and I send it to you. If you think it worth anything, use it for the benefit of GRIP's readers. The patient asked me if I had been acquainted with Dr. —, of the town of Thorold, as I had been an old resident of that neighbourhood, to which I said I was very well acquainted. "Well," said the patient, "he called on us last night, and is now in the city, and he informed us that 'when he first went to Thorold it was a place of four thousand inhabitants, but when he left it there were only twenty-eight hundred.'"

When we look at this Giteau business, we feel like exclaiming, with old Aunt Cloe: "O Lord, if the debil don't catch such fellows, what's he good for?"—*Albany Journal.*