



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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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES HELD OVER.—Lucy and Maria; Gold and Gore; A Disagreeable Paper; De Principle Devolved; The Coalition; A Few Remarks; The Red, White and Blue.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The other day, Sir John received a manifesto from the Conservatives of Southern Manitoba, warning him that unless the policy of disallowance were reversed the success of his party in that section would be doubtful, if not impossible. To this Sir John replied to the effect that disallowance is the only course open to the Federal authorities, but that so far as the Manitobans are concerned, "All that is required is a little Patience." Our cartoon is an interpretation of this, which we feel sure will meet the unanimous approval of the people of that Province.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Crooks appears to have blundered again. Goldsmith's "Traveller," which was placed on the list of school text books as an alternative to "Marmion," is now discovered to contain allusions to the Church of Rome almost as uncomplimentary as anything in Sir Walter Scott's poem; and is accordingly being denounced by outraged Catholics. It only remains for the Archbishop to call the bungling Minister of Education to "book," and have the "Traveller" put aside with "Marmion." Wouldn't it be well for the Archbishop to superintend the matter himself? Otherwise Mr. Crooks will be sure to adopt Bunyan's "Pilgrim" next.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is announced in Government organs that Sir John proposes a change in our license law, whereby the license is to be given to the house instead of to the occupant. This, it is claimed, will be a move in the direction of curtailment of the traffic. It appears to us a move in exactly the opposite direction; indeed, nothing could be devised more favorable to perpetual whiskey than to establish vested rights in licences. We hope

our people are not so far gone as to be willing to retrograde in this way. Meantime, we wonder what that grand old teetotaler, Sir Leonard, thinks of this proposition.



The great German comedian, Charles F. Gardner, begins a week's engagement on Monday at the Royal Opera House in his successful drama, "Karl." Mr. Gardner has a reputation for ability equal to that of Joe K. Emmet, and those who go to witness his "Karl" will undoubtedly spend a very pleasant evening.

Lose no time in securing your seats for the Damrosch Orchestra Concerts on the 1st and 2nd of December. The chances are that the Pavilion will be packed, as it certainly ought to be.

Our contemporary, the Yorkville News, appears to have fallen at last into enterprising and able hands. The appearance of the paper indicates renewed vigor, although the News has for some time been a credit to our Northern suburb. We understand that Dr. Mulvany still retains the editorship, and backed as he now evidently is by a pushing publisher, we predict for the paper a great increase in circulation and influence.

#### SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD POETS.

##### YE WEDDER PROPHETES.

Now cometh winter dreere, wi' ice, wi' snowe,  
And ye reddie breisted robin lyeth lowe;  
Ye fowles and bestes putteth onne newe cotes;  
Vennoere perturbed is, and Moses Otes  
Now hangeth upp his fiddel in ye Globe.  
Astrologie is notte ene payninge jobbe,  
Necromancie he now esteemeeth badde,  
Ne gold, ne silver to be hadde.  
'Vclept is he ane fallse profete,  
Cold snow falleth when he declareth wette.  
Anon ye villiene Vennoere saithe snowe  
Wi' Norden wedder cold—and lo!  
It raineth softlie at ye selfe sa... e tyme!  
Or, mayhap, coudelisse bee and wender fyne;  
Gad! Zounds! ye yeoman is butre led astray;  
He knoweth notte ye tyme to cutte his haye.  
Ye vassals saye, "I would be fair curtesie  
To hangge both prophetes to aneappel tree."  
—Chaucer.

##### YE FAYRE LADIE.

Within ye turret walles ye fayre ladie  
Sits mournfullie alone—Her cunninge handes  
Seeke to bynde uppe her hayre that floweth free,  
And twiste the ringlettes into classick bandes.  
Her backke hayre now she parteth skillfullie,  
The goldenne tresses deftly putteth inne  
Her sweete young mouth; but she weepeth bitterlie—  
She cannot fynde ye long-sought brass hayre pinne!  
—Spencer.

##### POLITICS.

Sir John—Marry, I... thee good Ned these hands are clean. Aye, marry, cleaner than thine or any of thy Jack Cade following. Beshrew me, Master Edward, these be strange times, when steel rail and harbor jobs are sneezed at while honest men get naught but words of contumely. Go to—  
Master Edward d—Go to thyself, Sir John, thou'rt but a trixer at best; and when thou say'st that *we* have acted knavishly, by Saint Boniface, thou lyest in thy tee! h!  
Sir John—What a lie! Impudent Springald! Gad, zooks! I'll cut thy comb for thee. By the Great Harry another word an' I draw!  
Master Edward—Nay, nay, Sir John, I did but jest. I prythee do not draw. (Aside) By the Holy Grail, he hath drawn enough already.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

##### BOUNDARY LINES.

Lord Oliver—What ho! what ho without! Hallo, the Guard!  
Oh, what a life this is on tented plain  
To toss and tumble till the lazy sun  
Doth condescend to rise and chase away  
The dread Muskeeter—(Enter guard.)  
Guard—My lord, what would ye?  
Lord O.—Rest, good soldier, which I cannot get,  
The black flies bite, the "bull-dog" buzzeth round,  
More dang'rous than the fabled dogs of war;  
The hooting owl doth through the hours complain;  
I would that he would "mope" like owl of Gray,  
But he is no such bird—"To-whit-to-who!"  
He shouteth loud as rustic politician  
Shouts on the stump for noble Granger ears,  
Is Sir John yet in sight?  
Guard—Not yet, my lord.  
(Enter Fraser, Crooks, Hardy, Pardee and Woods.)  
Lord O.—What news, good gentlemen, how fare ye all?  
Will ye have Apollonaris?  
All—Aye, my lord. Here's luck!  
Hardy—My lord, a scout has just come from the East,  
And tells me that Sir John's not left the Capital;  
He deems the Bound'ry question of no moment;  
He says he'll leave us to our noble selves,  
And flies and things, which he doth call his allies,  
And rolled his head and laughed as is his wont.  
Now, craving your most noble lordship's pardon,  
I think we'd better summon in our forces  
And make a bee-line for Ont-ary-ry-O!  
Lord O.—What say ye, gentlemen?  
All—Keerect! Keerect!  
Lord O.—Then let us go whilet ye the weather's fine,  
The deuce can take the beastly bound'ry line.  
—Shakespeare.

##### MONOPOLIES.

When monied chiefs wi' siller bags  
Buy up our country's bras and crags,  
An' leave our guid folk claited in rags,  
Like ony thief,  
Like ony thief,

They'll bring our land, Ah, wae is me!  
Wi' cringin' face an' bowed knee,  
Before their graun' monopolie  
An' Tory Chief!

Whiles I have thocht it o'er and o'er,  
We a' maun beg frae door ta door,  
Or damp the fields wi' bluidy gore,  
An' sack each toon!

For we maun rist like Bruce's sons,  
And hoot aw' the sons of guns,  
White aye our veins wi' Scott's bluid runs,  
Hech Gordy Burns!  
—Burns.

##### MINSTRELS.

The act was long, the house was cold,  
The Minstrel's jokes were stale and old;  
Methought the stories told by "Bones"  
Had long been sent to Davy Jones.  
Jests that have many seasons seen,  
Were told again by "Tamborine."  
The Middle-man doth still unfold  
His stupid questions; Oh, so old!  
The banjo player's silly rhymes  
Bring memories of olden times;  
The old tin horn's discordant blast  
Awakens echoes of the past.  
And yet Toronto's people go  
In crowds to see the "nigger show";  
But oft this prayer my lips has passed,  
"I would these minstrels were the last."  
—Walter Marmion Scott.

##### TEMPERANCE ACTS.

A little whiskey is a dang'rous thing!  
Drink deep and praps you'll find yourself next Spring,  
When snowy daisies are the meads upon,  
In Castle Green beyond the flowing Don.  
Or 'cross the bourne beneath the weeds and ferns,  
(That bourne from whence no traveller returns).  
—Pope.

##### SOLITUDE.

I'm monarch of all I survey;  
My rights there are none to dispute,  
But I find that my farm doesn't pay,  
And shortly straight homeward I'll scoot.  
Assinaboine where are thy charms  
That seemed to enrapture the "Dook"?  
He can have all my share of the farms  
That border that blizzardy brook!  
—Cowper.

##### HEARTLESSNESS.

He took her up tenderly,  
Then ran her in;  
She on a tender lay,  
Smelling of gin.  
Taws off her officer,  
Hard-hearted cop!  
You're not the boss of her.  
There let her stop.  
Tom Hood.