



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Bros., Whitby, are Special Subscription Agents for GRIP, and have authority to appoint Sub-agents and countersign receipts issued by us.

Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business.

"Grip" Printing and Publishing Co.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Globe* continues to "go for Tupper" on account of the many notorious jobs laid at the door of that minister, but the opposition in Parliament have as yet taken no action to have the various charges investigated, and the session is likely to slip by without anything having been done. It will certainly be an outrage on Tupper if the leaders of the Reform Party make mention of his alleged acts of corruption on the hustings at the forthcoming election, if they fail to bring the same before the proper tribunal in Parliament, and have the truth of those charges substantiated. But, aside from party considerations, it is the duty of Mr. Blake to take this step. If Sir Charles Tupper is guilty of the jobbery with which he is openly charged, it behooves the country to know it, for in that case he is not fit to remain in office; if he be innocent, an opportunity ought to be given him to make that manifest. In his present attitude Mr. Blake is a complacent witness of an outrage on Magna Charta.

FRONT PAGE.—Everybody will recognize these sketches, for if everybody is not already in Winnipeg, everybody is on the way or preparing to purchase tickets.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Jos. Rymal (Liberal), and Mr. Alonzo Wright (Conservative), both old and popular members of the House of Commons, make their final exit from public life with the present session. GRIP seizes the

opportunity to call them before the curtain and pelt them with bouquets, for they are both "jolly good fellows."

The *Winnipeg Sun* says:—"Bengough has long made sport of the Manitoba blizzard, but the latter has had its revenge. He started yesterday to keep a lecture appointment in our western suburb, Portage la Prairie, when out of the sunny sky there suddenly came a wind that blew the snow banks over on to the track and blocked the wheels of the cars. There was no lecture in Portage la Prairie last night. The other passengers felt that they had a Jonah on board."

Good for the Manitoba blizzard! "Revenge is sweet," and, therefore, why shouldn't the M. blizzard have something sweet as well as anybody else? It isn't often M. blizzard has such a good chance as that of the other day, when he caught J. W. in his crystal net. And the *Winnipeg Sun* man is glad. He says, "out of a Sun-ny sky there suddenly came a wind." Now, we want to know who hired that wind? It looks suspicious, to say the least of it, because we would naturally expect the *Winnipeg Sun*, if it is like other suns that we know of, to warn that wind, make it soft-hearted so to speak, and a soft-hearted, properly brought up wind could not be guilty of such a cruel act as that of blocking the way before the people's favorite, our own Mr. GRIP. A wind with any proper feeling would have cleared the track, had it been blocked, and would have carried the news beforehand to Portage la Prairie that their long-looked-for pet was coming at last, and then it would have whispered into the ears of all the pretty flowers that, in summer, deck those fertile plains, and begged them to do their best to scare up a wreath wherewith to crown the hero of the hour, when he should arrive among them. But this was a bitter wind, a bad-tempered wind, a *Winnipeg Sun* wind, at least so the *Winnipeg Sun* says, and it blocked up the track, stopped the cars, disappointed the Portage la Prairie people, and made "the other passengers feel that they had a Jonah on board." How bad that must be! We hope we shall never feel as if we had a "Jonah on board." We are not big enough to try the experiments whales may be equal to, and so we never expect to feel like those unhappy passengers to Portage la Prairie, who travelled in company with this Jonah. We wouldn't mind travelling with him, though, for all that, even if the cars did get snow-blocked. Are we, or is it the *Winnipeg Sun* that is mixed in grammar? Does the "he" of the *Sun*, who "started yesterday to keep a lecture appointment" mean the "blizzard" or "Bengough?" We "only want to know, you know."

GRIP regrets to see that Mr. Belford has published a *brochure*, a Toronto litterateur and a civil servant being joint editors; in which, by bringing together a number of isolated passages from the Old Testament, an attempt is made to prove the Bible to contain grossly immoral writing!!! Even sceptics and agnostics will see the folly and indecency of such an absurd insult to common sense and right feeling. GRIP does not advertise this "frightful example" of Philistine stupidity, by mentioning its name.



STARTLING NEWS FROM MANITOBA!

Miss BRIDGET O'ROONEY—(who has been reading a *Nor'-West item*.) The saints save us, mother dear, listen to this! "It is a great mistake to suppose that every young woman who comes to Winnipeg is sure of a husband. The city is full of maidens waiting for an offer." The lyin' spalpeen! I know there's a chance for purty wans, and go I will!

The Charge of the Land Grabbers.

BY A DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

At the door, at the door, at the door thundered,
Thundered with shout and roar, "Grabbers" five hundred!

Some one was going to sell
"Ontario and Qu' Appelle"
Stock that they love so well—
Greedy Five Hundred!

Shortly the hour arrives, doors open! in they dived,
Each one in vain contrived

To lead the vanguard.
Like hungry hounds they act
When in the passage packed
In their "Contention Act,"
Heated and angered.

Like howling maniacs, tearing clothes off the backs
Of those upon whose tracks

They were close following!
Smashing the window out,
Lord! how they howl and shout,
Exchanging clout for clout,
Hooping and hallooing.

One would, to see them there, think that upon a "tear"
Each of these gentry were,

Such were their actions!
For the Subscription Book
Surging their way,—they look
Like men at Donnybrook
Fighting in factions.

Forward the Scallawags! out on the pavement flags
Stand several funny wags,

And the Reporters,
Taking the whole thing in,
Mid all the noise and din,
Shouting "go in and win"
Greedy rip-snorters!"

Such a disgraceful scene surely was never seen,
At least has never been

Seen in this country!
But tho' they rushed in pell mell
They got not "Ont. and Qu' Appelle,"
It was indeed a "sell."
Which they deserved full well
For their contemptable!
Blackguard effrontery!

The Antigone.

The *Antigone* was a success after all; we did not pay much heed to those "prophets of evil" who foretold disaster, still we knew that difficulties greater than those which have ruined many a professional performance attended the preparation of the *Antigone*. We congratulate the gentlemen upon the happy result of their labors.