



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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The gravest Boat 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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BENGOUH, MOORE & BENGOUH.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie has resigned his seat as member for Lunenburg and intends accepting the nomination of his party for the constituency of East York. This move is accompanied with grave risk, but the political circus must have something sensational occasionally, like other circuses. It is quite possible that the Hon. Alexander, in making this desperate "leap for life" may come short of the object aimed at, and an inch of a miss is as good—or rather as bad—as a mile. East York may or may not take kindly to the idea of having a good member by way of a change. For some years it has been content to have Mr. Boulton; it is possible that having made some progress in civilization with the rest of the world, it may now be prepared to elect a better man. That Mackenzie is a better, abler and more deserving man than Boulton the most fanatical supporter of the latter will not deny. Then let Mackenzie be elected; from any point of view it would be a misfortune to leave him out of the House, though, no doubt, that would suit his own personal ideas best of all, just now.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe's* Commissioner in Muskoka ("Moses Oates") is doing a good work in exposing the real condition of the Muskoka sufferers—the victims of the terrific bush fires of last fall. According to his circumstantial accounts, the most desperate destitution prevails in many townships of the District, and assistance in money, blankets, etc., is urgently needed. It is reported that Mr. Mowat, as Premier of the Local Government, cannot see his way to providing any assistance from the Provincial funds, though officially cognizant of the facts. This, if true—and it is alleged by the *London Free Press* and other papers of good standing—is certainly shameful, considering that besides a heavy surplus the Government have a Fund for Contingencies amounting to about \$50000. The (perhaps unavoidable) action of the Government contrasts badly with

that of the manager of the Toronto Zoo, who has given half the net earnings of that popular establishment for the past fortnight to this worthy object, and with the equally generous conduct of Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Gemmel, who, besides contributing a good round sum in cash, are furnishing blankets at cost price.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our lively little contemporary, *The World*, is doing a good service in showing up the Manitoba Land Swindlers, and showing its editorial goose-quill through the precious paper towels that are being latched in all directions by the sharks. When the land fever strikes a man it generally makes him quite delirious on the subject of town-lots, and it is charitable to suppose that some of these voluble auctioneers and touters from the North-West are not morally responsible for half the lies they tell. But the people of Ontario deserve no pity if they allow themselves to be duped. Intending purchasers of North-West lands should deal only with reliable and responsible parties; and they should fight shy of all "flourishing towns" that flourish only on paper. Our picture conveys the facts in one specimen case, and we hope the lesson it conveys will not be without effect.

We commend the following extract from a letter just received from Grand Valley, Manitoba, to the attention of those who think GRIP is a trifle too severe on the Syndicate monopolists: "As we see you are setting things to *awites* in Manitoba, you would confer a great favour to a patient and long suffering community by 'showing up' the unjust and revengeful manner in which the C. P. R. Syndicate has treated this town. Grand Valley, as you are probably aware, is situated on the north bank of the Assiniboine River. Now, the C. P. R. runs right through the place, which comprises, in addition to a large number of dwelling-houses, eight stores, three hotels, warehouses blacksmith's shop, etc. Because the C. P. R. Co. (through Mr. A. B. Stickney, the General Superintendent) could not *grab* all the land here for a town site, they *positively refuse* to give Grand Valley any station or siding accommodation at all, and will rarely even stop their trains to let passengers on or off. In consequence, we have to haul all our freight, etc., back from Brandon, which is three miles west of this on the *south* side of the river; and, as there is no traffic bridge, you will see the great inconvenience we are put to."

The writer (it may be mentioned that this letter comes from a good business firm of Grand Valley) goes on to say that although this outrage has been brought to the notice of both Government and Company, all petitions, have been treated with contempt. We do not see what the good people of Grand Valley mean by sending petitions to the Government in this extremity. They ought to know that the Government is as powerless in the matter as their own Village Council.

"O papa, don't go to the bar-room to-night!" is the title of a new song by Mr. Robt. P. Joyce, a copy of which has been sent us. We haven't as yet had an opportunity of hearing it rendered, but if the music is as good as the advice, it is a first-class song.

The large edition of GRIP now required necessitates our going to press on Wednesday nights. Contributors will please bear this in mind and send in copy as early as possible. We cannot guarantee the insertion in the current number of anything reaching us after Tuesday.

Sir John A. Macdonald passed the sixty-eighth anniversary of his birthday on Wednesday. He appears to be a spry and energetic young fellow yet, though there can be little doubt he will feel it his duty to resign the responsibilities of the party leadership within twenty-five years from the present.

A member of GRIP's staff has been shown a letter from the Marquis of Lorne, d'ed Windsor Castle, saying that Mr. O'Brien's Quebec pictures have been much appreciated by the Royal Family. The view of Quebec from Point Levis has been selected by the Queen for Osborne House; that from the Citadel is hung in Windsor Castle. The Marquis has ordered six copies of "Picturesque Canada," the art department of which is under Mr. O'Brien's direction.

A Fiendish Ballad.

When Satan's angels first broke loose,
And sin and demons seized this earth,
What awful ghoul, yet free the noose,
Was't, filled men's minds with fiendish mirth?
The practical joker.

Who prowls at midnight's hour so sleek,
With maniac giggle scarce suppressed,
And in the morn, with countenance mock,
Enquires ament his victim's rest?
The practical joker.

Who sews the sheets with woman's skill,
Or fills the tooth-brush full of flour,
Or fastens to the window-sill,
The tick-tack of somniferous power?
The practical joker.

Whose is the diabolic glee,
That turns into ecstatic roar,
To hear the bed, of slats quite free,
Fall crash upon the next room floor?
The practical joker.

Who, on mischief ever bent,
With cayenne pepper fills the room,
And with letters phosphorescent,
On the wall describes your doom?
The practical joker.

Who climbs the roof 'mid darkness dense,
And to the chimney ties the cats,
Then smiles to see upon the fence,
A host with boot-jacks, guns, brick-bats?
The practical joker.

Who to the table ties the chairs,
And looks aghast with sudden halt,
When, with sundry gulping stares,
His neighbour says his sugar's salt?
The practical joker.

Who with Machiavelian grin,
All absent-mindedly ruminates,
Upon some new and desperate sin,
And titters as he cogitates?
The practical joker.

What deed too wild or cruel for him,
So he can hear behind the door,
"Oh! blank it all, this is too thin,"
From innocents who never swore?
The practical joker.

Who is't, that pious men do pray
May yet to Hades be consigned
And get a taste of Old Nick's way
Of joking with the evil kind?
The practical joker.