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Editor.

The gravest Beast 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.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Readers of Dickens will remember that Oliver Mowat in the course of his travels fell in with one John A., alias the "Artful Dodger," who conducted him into the house of Fagin Bleu, where he received very effusive attentions at the hands of Jack Norquay, Charley Mousseau and other "young gentlemen" who were in the employ of the nice old fellow. Those who care for the interests of Ontario will be pleased to hear that Oliver came out all right with his bundle.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Jas. Beaty and Mr. Edward Clarke are both Conservatives. They are also Orangemen. On the subject of Ontario's rights they take opposite grounds. Mr. Beaty stands up for his Province and demands that justice be done; Mr. Clarke is actively engaged in trying to convince the members of his order that it is their duty to aid and abet the invaders of Ontario territory. GRIP leaves his readers to judge which of these two men is the best representative of the principle of loyalty, which is the leading idea of Orangeism.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Globe* has been brought up with a round turn in its pursuit of the C.P.R., and hereafter will, it is hoped, be more careful about its facts when it deals with that Institution. Mr. Stephen, President of the railway, has given a categorical denial to the statements recently made by the *Globe*, as to the character of the country west of Qu'Appelle, and the refusal of the Company to accept their sections along the main line, and the enterprising editor has gracefully eaten his own words.

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of
Grit and Tory editors.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Grit press throughout the country is being egged on to attack the Postmaster-Gen-

eral, one of the most efficient members of the present Cabinet. As usual, these attacks are inspired by jealousy, as there is certainly a vast difference between the management of the Postal Department by its present incumbent and that of his predecessor. The latter was a careful, skilled, and business-like man. Hon. John Carling is lazy and incompetent. It must be borne in mind that the work of the Department is augmenting daily, notwithstanding which fact business men throughout the land are loud in their testimony that everything works like clock-work. It is only just to say, however, that the clock in question is equal in value to a *Globe* nickel watch; in other words, the Post Office service is disgracefully behind time and out of kilter. Carling must go—the country has no further use for him, but if he goes it ought to be to some higher sphere—to some fitting reward of honesty, perseverance, and official success. We wonder if the time will ever come when men who devote precious hours to the public service—hours which might be given for far higher financial return to their private affairs—will be looked upon by the people with feelings of generous appreciation. Up to this point in the world's history, the only reward a faithful public servant like Hon. John Carling receives (beyond his pitiful salary) is abuse and misrepresentation—for it is simply abuse to call him a man of affairs, and misrepresentation to allege that his management of the Post Office is anything but disgraceful. As a matter of fact, he doesn't "manage" it at all, never being by any accident present in his office except when bungling is required to be done—and even at bungling he is a poor hand, when compared to Huntington and other Grit Postmasters-General, whom the country, to its sorrow, remembers.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

Note to Editor of GRIP.

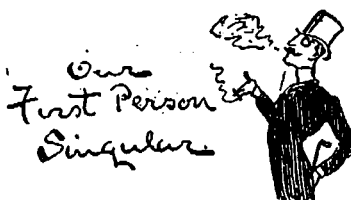
SIR:—We can't give you much on the subject of the Postmaster-General—there is nothing in the babble against him.

(Signed) TORY MEMBERS OF SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—We can't write on the Postmaster-General. There is nothing in him.

(Signed) GRIT MEMBERS OF SYNDICATE.



I observed this notice in a "purveyor's" window the other day: "Ham and chicken sausage. A great delicacy. These sausages have been before the public for some years." Such being the case, I am not surprised at the dealer's anxiety to sell them.

I read a few days ago that a boy had accidentally swallowed a ten dollar gold piece, somewhere in the northern parts of the Province. Now, if there be, as rumored, gold in this country, here is the fellow to give his ideas upon the wealth of the Interior. That gilded youth ought to know something about it.

I notice that the *Lindsay Post* charges Mr. Frank Madill, of Collingwood, with meanness because he palmed off half-watered bottles of whiskey on Tory voters in Muskoka. I can't agree with the *Post* and there is a libel somewhere. Mr. Madill might have palmed off one bottle of the attenuated beverage on a Tory, but he could never have done so successfully twice. No, sir.

If "hoops" for feminine wear are to become fashionable once more, by all means let us have the entire porcine at once, and not those half-and-half arrangements which are neither one thing nor the other, and which give ladies' dresses the appearance of a draggly, circular awning. The light, clinging, closely-fitting "pull-back" was bad enough when carried to excess, but it was infinitely preferable, as far as appearance went, to some of the outlandish looking circular arrangements worn nowadays.

A correspondent thus writes to the editor of the *London Tizer*:—"I read of acts of rowdiness at the foot bridge from the city to London West. In view of such, would it not be well if Chief Williams could arrange the beats of his force so as to have one man perpetually in this neighborhood?"—Cool, at any rate, to hint that there are any 'beats' amongst the members of the London Police Force; but the idea is good,—putting aside the impertinence of the suggestion—for, on the principle that it is the correct thing to set a thief to catch a thief, I suppose a beat is the right kind of a man to suppress beatism.

Last week I said a few words about patch-ouli. I would now like to mention another perfume, which though scarcely as objectionable as that treated of last Saturday, is still very offensive. I allude to the odor which any one passing often up and down Church Street,—for it is in this thoroughfare that I have observed the nuisance most frequently—cannot fail to notice, and which emanates from the wagon of a swill collector. The stench on some of the very few warm days last summer was simply terrific, and it is bad enough now. This paragraph is not meant to be a humorous one. Something ought to be done to compel the drawer of that swill wagon to keep his barrels covered.

That prize fight between Messrs. Mitchell and Slade will be a long range affair if each principal, to say nothing of the referee, is to be allowed to fight where he wishes. Slade insists on Texas as the battle ground; Mitchell says the Indian Territory must be the scene of the fray, whilst the referee declares that the contest must come off within a hundred miles of New Orleans. Accordingly these three gentlemen have taken up their positions in the localities mentioned and I, for one, can't see why on earth the law should prevent the two principals from fighting, each on his own chosen ground. Let the fight proceed. If Courtney is wise he will take a hint from the above arrangement and when he issues a challenge he should insist on the race being rowed with his opponent in Australia and himself somewhere in America. If this arrangement was productive of no other good than that it would insure his shell from being sawed in two by