

• GRIP •

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Globe's* latest bit of enterprise—the sending out of commissioners to investigate and report upon the state of Canadian manufactures—has got that journal into a peck of trouble. In many cases where depression and slackness were reported, the manufacturers declare themselves misrepresented, and of course all such errors on the part of the commissioners are attributed to political motives. There can be no doubt that the editor of the *Globe* would feel a little disappointed if his messengers all returned with good news. Considering the light in which the *Globe* has always viewed the policy of Protection, it is not too uncharitable to suppose that the dismal results of the tour were published with considerable gusto. The reaction is now setting in. The hornets are round the editor's ears in swarms, and the leader of the Reform party is likely to receive some of the stings.

FIRST PAGE.—It is never safe to count your chickens before they are hatched, nor should the Ontario Ministers take possession of the awarded territory until they have got the key of the door thereto. This necessary article is still in the hands of the Dominion Premier, if we understand the case aright. The decision lately given by the Privy Council is not "legally" binding any more than the one delivered by the arbitrators was. Legislation at Ottawa is needed to confirm it, and the question now arises, is it safe to assume that, as a matter of course, Sir John will pass the requisite measure? If he refuses, what then?

EIGHTH PAGE.—The centuries have laughed at King Canute's folly, in presuming to stay the waves of the ocean by the word of command. Another King—surnamed Dodds—is now amusing the people of this Province with a somewhat similar exhibition. He is endeavoring by means of silvery eloquence, backed up to some extent by golden argument, to turn back the tide that is rising to engulf the liquor traffic. He will fail as signally as his royal prototype did. The traffic in Ontario is doomed; no earthly power can resist the growth of the prohibition sentiment.

As a patron of the fine arts, GRIP feels it his duty to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt, on the third page of the cover of this issue.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

DEAR TONAL,—

Tak off yer ponnet—"Scotland for efer!" hip, hip hooray! an' stand up mirofer. Hersel will pe told ye she isn't a Phairson any more at all, she'll pe Sir Dauvit McPhairson noo—an' her nainsell a *knicht*, mirofer. Its chust Mr. Plake an' Mr. McKenzie an' Mr. this and Mr. that, put its no Mr. McPhairson no more whatefer—her nainsell is Sir Dauvit noo, an' don't ye forget it mirofer, Tonal. When hersell wakens in ta mornin' she'll pe tak a peep in ta lukin' glass, and she'll pe say, "goot mornin' ta yer lordship, Sir Dauvit," an' Sir Dauvit she'll pe laugh an' says "goot mornin'," put she'll not pe one pit changed at all, sho'll pe ta same auld Ta Phairson as ifer. Noo Tonal, when her nainsell comes pack, ye'll pe sure to tell them a' to tak off their ponnets, an' mak ta proper pow, an ta proper obiesience to Sir Dauvit ta fery same way as ta sun, an' ta moon, an' ta stars made obiesience to Choseph in ta land of Egypt. An' tell all ta maid-servants that ta great chief of ta clan McPhairson is comin'—Sir Dauvit to wit, an' they must haf on clean white aprons an' caps, an' cartsey humply to ta great man, as becomes ta servants' humble station. An' Tonal yerself shall go to ta town an' order a pran new suit of lifery for Chon ta coachman, with brass buttons mirofer, an' a pig stove-pipe hat, with ta rosette in ta side; an' she must haf yellow gloves ta drive Sir Dauvit's horses, an' if she'll say she'll be have more respect for hersel than for Sir Dauvit an' won't wear ta lifery, she'll chust pe sent apouter pinsness, without a character, mirofer. An' Tonal, if any girls say that—put nifer mind, she'll say no more at all chust now whatefer more. Yours,

SIR DAUVIT, KNICHT.



PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLEBOIS.

The public of Canada, and especially of Quebec, are curious to see a portrait of M. Charlebois, the gent who made a cool \$10,000 out of a contract for furnishing the temporary Quebec Parliament Buildings. Mr. GRIP would be glad to oblige the public, but not having a picture of Charlebois in his collection, he submits instead the above excellent likeness of the late Wm. M. Tweed, of Tammany Hall. Morally, if not physically, this ought to give a very correct idea of the distinguished Quebec contractor.

PROGRESS.

The opening of a wholesale department by the Willard Tract Society in this city, is a gratifying mark of the increasing demand for good Christian literature in Canada. Our booksellers are finding it necessary to keep a stock of this kind on hand, and every well-wisher of the country will be glad to see the day when the good books will crowd the bad ones off the stationers' counters altogether. GRIP congratulates the society on their advance step, and hopes their wholesale trade may soon be a roaring one.

THE CRUSHED EDITOR.

AN IDYLL OF A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

A Grit editor lived happily in the back-woods.

He was happy because the agitation for a County Poor House was likely to arrive at a successful issue.

One day he could not find his scissors and he therefore resolved he would write an original editorial.

The subject he selected was Mr. Mowat's recent Victories—with a large V.

Although provisions were scarce with him, yet he felt that this was something he could enlarge on.

In order to find out what Mr. Mowat's recent Victories were, he consulted his exchanges.

This editor never cared about contradicting anything next week.

He read up all about the victories and had just concluded that he would coin a never-dying expression if he had to keep the apprentice waiting all night for copy, when his eye caught on to an article in the *Toronto News*.

And it wasn't a loaf of bread either—for which, doubtless, the editor was sincerely sorry.

It was chop-straw editorial welded together—and not half fat enough to suit the compositors.

Here is the very sentence which riveted the poor editor's gaze:—"Premier Mowat has downed the Dominion Premier pretty badly."

Some few people in the world may doubt it, but it is a fact nevertheless that these words were precisely the words with which the editor had decided to commence his article and earn fame.

He was so crushed with disappointment that he gashed out the *News* editorial with a paper knife, and in a voice trembling with emotion, told the boy to set it up as a leading article and be prepared to quit the town if he credited it to that paper.

A KAZOO MELODY.

One is never safe from these musical nuisances. A fellow evidently very drunk, stationed himself before our office window yesterday, and hummed the following ditty on a kazoo, which he held between his lips. He had also a huge cat under his arm, and turned the tail by way of accompaniment:

Hooray! hooray for Hamilton!
Her flower plot called Gore,
Hooray for all her canny folks!
Forbye whatever more.

Hooray the natives sensible,
Who have no cash to spare;
For all such luxuries as parks,
With green grass and fresh air.

Hooray her quiet, sequestered streets,
Where police ne'er patrol
Where lawless roughs on women prey,
And laugh at law's control.

Hooray her jolly Potter's Field,
Where paupers lie around;
Without a shirt, without a shroud,
Two feet below the ground.

Hooray—hoo— — — ! !

Here a swinging blow from a knotty black-thorn brought the unfortunate crank, cat and kazoo to the dust. It was dealt by a Hamilton alderman who had just landed from the Southern Belle, and was on his way up to the city, and who for the moment became an avenging Nemesis.

"My dear, look below," said a Harlem man, just as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burdens."—*Harlem Times.*