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**PUBLISHERS' NOTES.**

A finely executed portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, from a recent photograph, will be issued shortly as No. 2 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day. This will be uniform with No. 1 of the series, and will be forwarded to all subscribers sending us 5 cents to pay for tube and postage. Subscribers sending us 30 cents, will receive this and the next five as issued (six in all), free of postage. To non-subscribers the price will be 10 cents each.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



"THIS SORT OF THING TAKES A DEAL OF TRAINING."—Once more we acknowledge our indebtedness to "Ruddigore" for an illustration of the political situation. It is a very awkward situation, too, especially for our new-fledged finance minister, Sir C. Tupper. That daring genius has announced some one hundred and twenty changes in the tariff (which is keeping the ante-election promise that no changes would be made as implicitly as could have been expected)—and every individual alteration appears to have brought down upon him a half-dozen conflicting deputations. When a finance minister feels obliged to legislate for the private pockets of the classes instead of for the general welfare of the masses, he does indeed undertake an acrobatic feat which "takes a deal of training." It is abundantly clear that the clever Tupper is not as yet equal to the task, and probably nobody will be so long as human nature retains its present constitution.

COMMON-SENSE ADVICE.—The criticisms of Sir R. Cartwright and others upon the Budget speech are in the main agreeable to common sense. It seems quite clear to the average understanding that Canada will never find relief from the pains inflicted by swollen expenditure and abnormal debt, so long as the swelling is kept up, and the pretense that an increase of duties which manifestly benefit only a small class of the community can in any way relieve the difficulty is one that only politicians could be capable of. Sir Charles Tupper's medical learning ought to teach him that a course of brandy and gin for a case of gout is malpractice, but this is precisely analogous to the financial treatment he is giving the country. What we want now is rigid economy and a lightning of the taxes.

EXPLANATORY.—The *Globe* made a great fuss over the resolution passed at the anti-O'Brien meeting in the park, in which confidence was voted in the British Parliament to deal wisely and justly with Ireland. This, the journal alleged, was "snatching a verdict for Salisbury." We don't see it. We voted for the resolution, and we meant the British Parliament as and when controlled by Gladstone. No doubt that is what Prof. Goldwin Smith and Rev. Dr. Potts meant, too, for surely these intelligent citizens do not suppose that the Irish question will ever be "settled" by coercion.

**JEW BILLEE—A TRAGEDY.**

His coat was rusty-black and long,  
Long was his nose and slightly pendant;  
Across his arm was thrown a sack,  
And in his wake a cart attendant.

His eye was darkly keen, in fact,  
At the first glance you quite concluded  
Its owner was a German Jew,  
Old clo' and usurer included.

His cart was harnessed to a horse,  
A veritable Rosinante;  
Sans flesh, sans muscle and sans hair,  
All bones and tail, well—highly scanty.

Around this cart a grinning crew  
Of city Arabs, all well mated,  
And all on deviltry intent,  
One day were slyly congregated.

"Say, chaps, we must be loyal," said one,  
"We orter keep this jubilee"—"Rayther!"  
"Let's pitch some crackers in the cart;"  
"Oh, nay! he won't keep joollee, nayther!"

So waiting slyly for a chance,  
Upon the sidewalk they kept strolling,  
And, Jubilee—Billeeojew  
They sing while leisurely patrolling.

The Jew meanwhile goes rat-a-tat  
At every door, all unavailing;  
At last the boys' sly "Jubilee"  
Suspicion wakes, and sets him railing.

"Vat vor you names me call?" said he,  
"Vat vor you keep me call 'Jew Billee?'  
I have you 'rest, you don't mindit out,  
Mine name pe Moses Lumpenpackee."

"Why Mister Moses, doncher know  
That Jubilee is all the style now?  
Don't see wot that's to do with you,  
Or what's in that to make you rile so."

So Jew Billee! the Jew Billee!  
They chant, the while fire crackers pitching  
Into the cart, while Moses buys  
Old rags and bones—his sack uphitching.

Crack! crack! fizz! crack! "Himmel! vot dat?"  
He cries, and turning, sees careering  
Adown the street his ancient horse  
And smoking cart—fast disappearing.

And crack! crack! crack! still spurting on,  
The windy draught the rags igniting;  
While Moses, yelling, far behind,  
Flew after, on his bosom smiting.

Down, down the street into the bay  
With maddened speed plunged Rosinante,  
While Moses howled and tore his hair,  
A picture for the pen of Dante.

But as the horse and cart went down  
Uprose an Arab snail, and swimming  
Like any fish up to the wharf,  
"Say, boys, is Jew Billee a-coming?"

"If I'd a-known that darned old plug  
Would run right down into the wharf so,  
I wouldn't a-sneaked among them rags—  
But glory, didn't they go off, though!"