

# • GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

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.—It is most gratifying to note the firm stand taken by the Dominion Government against the proposal of the Montana and Wyoming ranchmen to ship their cattle to the English markets through Canada. The cattle interests of the territories mentioned are represented by aristocratic Englishmen, and the influence of the Canada Pacific syndicate has apparently been brought to bear upon the Government in favor of their project, which, it is alleged in industriously circulated press paragraphs, would put thousands of dollars in the pockets of Canadians when once inaugurated. It is pointed out that the route to England via Canada is many hundreds of miles shorter than by the American highways heretofore used, and a brilliant picture is drawn of the vast benefit the western cattle-men would confer upon Canadian railways if permitted. To all these appeals the Government have given a prompt and emphatic negative. The Canadian cattle trade is too important to be jeopardized (as it assuredly would be) to oblige our neighbors, however highly we may respect them. Our cattle stand alone in English estimation on the score of health and wholesomeness, and it would certainly be madness on our part to have our stock scheduled and practically barred out of Britain by associating them with the less favored American exports. GRIP rejoices in the pluck and good sense of the Government, and congratulates them that in one important matter at all events they are determined to keep Canada for the Canadians.

FIRST PAGE.—Some days ago the Ottawa Sun published a sensational statement to the effect that the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was about to enter Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet as Minister of Railways. The editor of the Sun is well known as a poet of more than average powers of imagination, and this has led to a general want of confidence in the truth of the report. It is never safe to say that anything is impossible in politics, but most people who know Alexander Mackenzie and John A. would not hesitate to say that a coalition between them is the most unlikely of events. The Globe, followed by other prominent Reform organs, at once denounced the statement as a vile slander of the Grand Old Grit; other papers have merely taken the matter as a rich joke. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie's telegram to the president of the C. P. R., congratulating

him on the progress of the great work, was the origin of this startling rumor, but Carrol Ryan alone knows exactly how it transpired.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The editor of the Mail still ably sustains his reputation as the "funniest institution of Canada." He is now out-Quixoting Quixote in a battle against the Radical windmills of England, and if anything is more laughable than the spectacle he presents, GRIP would like to know where to find it. There is just now enough work to keep a writer of forty-Griffiu power busy in defending the Tory party of Canada against well defined and substantial charges; but this phenomenon feels compelled to undertake the defence of all the wrong doing of the old world as well. Even Salisbury would laugh if he saw the Mail.



### A CHINESE QUESTION.

Said Miss Montmorenci to Miss Magee,  
"There come bad news across the sea;  
Bad news my dear for you and for me,  
For the French are at war with the heathen Chinese.  
It's a pity the seal-laws can't agree,  
Because my dear you can readily see  
It will interfere with our cup of tea."  
Then Miss Magee cried out in dismay,  
"Oh! mother of Moses! and what do you say?  
Can we get no Young Hyson or Old Bahay?  
Faith I don't care a rap for the Haythan Chimay,  
Nor yet for the parley voo Fransay,  
And I hope the Old Boy will fly away  
With both of them if I don't get my tay."  
I wonder if Admiral Combet now,  
As his shells go flying into Foo Chow,  
And his marines land from each flat-bottomed scow  
To bayonet the Chinamen, thinks what a row  
He will kick up here in this land of the free,  
When Miss Montmorenci and Miss Magee  
Can't get their matutinal cup of tea.

### THE FATAL FIGURE.

A TALE OF LOVE IN FOUR ACTS.

#### I.

Reginald De Symphonie is in love, yea "heavily," deeply in the meshes, using the common expression. In high and lofty language (especially adapted by sensational love-story writers), he is completely submerged in the vortex of an unceasing, never-dying, soul-transferring (sole-copyright) infatuation for her, the sweet pensive flower of Canadian aristocracy, namely, Imogen McGinnis.

He is bidding her a usual fond adieu, time 11:30, standing in the door-way of the stately McGinnis mansion, overhung with creeping vines, forming a most beautiful frame-work for those "two souls with but a single thought, etc., etc."

"Lovest me? my own darling!" he gazes up into her dreamy gazelle-like orbs. "Lovest me, sweet bird?"

"Love you, I should sm—," she, however,

checks herself by a very great effort. "Love you, forsooth, marry! but I couldn't help loving thee, sweet boy, how often have I told thee of my love; oh! Reggie, doubttest my word?" and the soft cooing voice is hushed by a flow of hot burning tears.

Reginald feels a cold chill flush over his whole frame, as if an icicle had been cruelly placed along his vertebrae, for who could withstand those tears.

"My own ownest, never can I doubt your word, no never can I." Imogen's head dropped trustingly on his manly breast, her back hair idly playing with his young moustache. "Oh! what an ecstasy of love is this, unmarred by the bright prospects of future mothers-in-law, when wilt be mine, when wilt fly with me, sweet bird?"

"I leave all that to you Reggie," and she did.

#### II.

Gentle reader do not be alarmed when I say Reginald De Symphonie contemplated an elopement, but, 'tis a fact, nevertheless. Reginald lived in a sphere of life afar from the rough goings on of this wicked and depraved world. His thoughts were constantly verging into the realms of the too-too; alas! he is "aesthetic." It is needless to say his love was reciprocated. There was no tyrant papa to mar their course of true love.

On the other hand, Imogen's stern pater rather encouraged him; for why? Had the De Symphonies cash? no, not that, for Reginald was only a bank clerk, at a salary of \$300 per annum. The De Symphonies had name, they could trace their ancestors back to certain English Lords and Barons of "golden time," whose deeds of valor and chivalry had won them credit and renown, and who had at last succumbed to the effects of the horrible "galaxy," caused by over-eating. Imogen's father did not believe in; "what's in a name?" No, not a bit of it. Why should he oppose, when his scanty income was almost a mere nothing in comparison to the amount of blue blood of the De Symphonies. The McGinnis pedigree consisted of a long line of soap and tallow dealers in the "ould country," but whose ambitions soared above the common class of tradespeople, and who had emigrated over here on the principle that as long as you have the tin society will take you in. Therefore Reginald found favor in the eyes of the old man. But let us to Imogen.

#### III.

City, Aug. 12th.

DARLING,—Be ready, 11:30 sharp, on evening of 13th. All will be prepared.

REGOIZ.

What a depth of meaning lies hidden in those few lines, especially to Imogen. But oh! what great and awful consequences may arise from little irregularities. Reginald made his 3 likon to a 5. Imogen took it for a 5. "Oh! how can he wait so long?" she softly murmured to herself on receipt of the above, which, through some delay of the post office, had not reached her until the evening of the 13th, "but 'tis his will, and I must submit."

She has had company that night; they have all gone now, having been kept unusually late listening to some long-winded yarn of her father's. It is now eleven o'clock; she opens the door of her richly-furnished boudoir to retire—for the forty-fifth time she pulls the letter out of her pocket and eagerly scans its lines.

Never was night lovelier than this, especially around the McGinnis mansion, the moon's soft, mellow rays glancing through the trees on the front lawn; everything looked superbly beautiful. The mansion itself had the appearance of some ancient monastery looming forth in the moonlight. It was all in darkness, save for one solitary light gleaming faintly in the north-east window; a death-like stillness prevails. Such a night for ghosts!