



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The series of sketches here given purport to make plain the plan by which our State-crafty Premier intends to get over the difficulty of the Ontario Boundary Award in such a way as to mollify Quebec without exasperating Ontario. Mr. GRIP does not feel bound to tell how this state secret came into his possession, though his duty to the public requires him to "give it away."

FIRST PAGE.—It would appear that the leader of the Opposition does not hold the very best of hands in the desperate game about to be played. We judge this altogether by the expression of his face, however, and it may be that that expression is only put on for the occasion. Ah Sin, on the other hand, has unlimited confidence in his right and left bowers—the N. P. and the Good Times, while he may possibly have some more bowers up his sleeve. The 6th of June, they say, will tell the tale.

EIGHTH PAGE.—After long-continued and pathetic appeals to Ottawa, the people of Winnipeg received the assurance of better Post Office accommodation, but the office of Postmaster-General being occupied by an unqualified duffer—John O'Connor—that promise has not yet been fulfilled. A contract for lock-boxes was some months ago given to a Toronto firm—Robert Hay's, we understand (though that would be an infraction of the Independence of Parliament Act, and therefore cannot be true),

but said boxes have never arrived, and the citizens of Winnipeg continue to crowd one another in a long procession to the general delivery wicket, and possess their souls in patience as best they can. Winnipeg mud is famous the world over, and requires no comment. It has just one feature in common with the citizens of the place—it takes a firm hold of the stranger, and sticks to him like a brother.

The Future of Canada.

A GLOOMY LOOK-OUT.

(Globe.)

OTTAWA, April 8.

It is quite surprising with what candour prominent Conservatives speak of their party chances for the future. It is no uncommon thing to hear a Conservative member admit that "if anything should happen Sir John," or if there should be a bad harvest this year, it would be hard to tell what the political result would be. He is no longer young, and he has no successor in his party. Select any one of the three knights, Tilley, Tupper, or Langevin, and the other two would refuse to follow. Sir Hector, in some respects the shrewdest and most diplomatic of the three, has this claim, that he represents a larger Province and a much larger following than either of the others. But "the Little Jesuit" as Sir John was wont to call him, is an impossible leader of a party in Canada. He is too bigoted, too selfish, too much the man of a class and a section, too hostile to the broader and more progressive spirit of the other Provinces. Sir Charles Tupper has isolated himself from the sympathies of the better class of his own party by his recklessness and dishonesty of statement, and his shameless jobbery and corruption.

There remains Sir Leonard Tilley, less able, but in some respects more respectable, than either of the others, but utterly beggared so far as any following from among the members representing his Province is concerned. Imagine a Premier with but three supporters from his Province, and those three Donville, Costigan, and Girouard. Sir Leonard now moves around the corridors of the Parliament a lonely man, half afraid to meet, and when he does meet passing with downcast eyes and without recognition, men who were his friends and supporters in other years, but now alienated from him forever by the deception and treachery which he has practised towards his Province. He knows that he can never regain a foothold in New Brunswick, and without that he cannot lead a party in Canada. So on every side the outlook for a leader is a difficult one for the Conservative party, whose members see that the party existence depends upon the life of one man, and wonder what will become of them "if anything should happen Sir John."

(Mail.)

OTTAWA, April 10.

Almost the only thing to speculate about here is the precarious position the Opposition are in. It is well understood that Mr. Blake is far from strong, and that he does as little head-work as possible. In the event of his succumbing under the weight of the great questions he has grappled with during the session, such as the price of window panes, 9 by 10 inches, and the other heavy subjects which are contained in the 9,751 foolscap pages of returns already brought down at the bidding of the Opposition, it is plain that the Opposition must, figuratively speaking, go to the dogs. Sir Richard Cartwright's sneering style, supercilious manner, and general propensity to mix and muddle, have put him out of the race for leader in the not improbable event of Mr. Blake giving up and going to Europe again. Mr. Mackenzie's

connection with contracts of a shady character have so weighed him down that it is not likely he will enter the field. Mr. Charlton, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, has been put to so many different uses that he cannot in the judgment of his *confreeres* take the place of Mr. Blake. Mr. Mills has irretrievably ruined himself by his lack of appreciation of the proprieties, as seen in his acting as retained counsel for Ontario in the Boundary question while Minister of the Interior. Sir Albert Smith being a knight, has no chance whatever. Messrs. Patterson and Ross (Middlesex) are considered too light weights. Mr. Laurier has too small a following, and besides belongs to the race which Mr. Charlton branded with an epithet that will rankle in the minds of the French-Canadians for many a day. Altogether the outlook for the Opposition is very gloomy. Their hopes are centred in one poor weak tottering man without backbone or policy.

MISS CANADA.—"What, all my pretty chickens?"

MR. GRIP.—"Conjure with them. Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

In Memoriam.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WEEP not, my friends! rather rejoice with me,
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting
—From the Golden Legend.



A PLUMB THAT WON'T GO DOWN.

Peacefully Disposed Old Gentleman.—My dear Oliver, let us calmly and dispassionately consider all the facts and bearings of that Boundary Award before you go any further.

Oliver.—Calmness, facts and bearings be blowed! I've got it, and I'm going to hang on to it!

In order to replenish his exhausted exchequer our Funny Contributor lately advertised, that upon receipt of one dollar he would send a sure mode by which any young man could rise in the world. Our Contributor received many replies, and the answer sent in each case was—Try ballooning.