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Editor.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

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mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—On the eve of his departure from the Old Country, Ex-Premier Mackenzie delivered a speech at Glasgow in which, amongst other gushing things, he assured his hearers that Canada was ready to sacrifice her last dollar and last man in the cause of John Bull. This sentiment does the honest old gentleman credit as an orator, and no doubt he believes it true. But is it? Indeed, is it even consistent with Canadian self-respect? To our view Canada humiliates herself when she expresses more devotion and affection than she gets in return, and she gets precious little of either from John Bull. When our public men—members of the Cabinet—visit England, they find the small courtesy of the title "Honorable" denied them by the magnates of the Foreign Office; they find Americans everywhere in the Old Land preferred before them; and it is notorious that Canada is so little thought of that even the leading editors of England do not think it worth their while to know even the rudiments of Canadian geography.

FIRST PAGE.—As a timely offset to Mr. Mackenzie's gush we get the snub direct from Lord Chief Justice Coleridge—who informs his would-be entertainers in the Dominion that he will not be able to put his foot on British territory on account of engagements in the Republic. In taking this course his Lordship is simply following the example of nearly every Englishman of note who has visited America. So long as the advanced civilization of New York and Boston may be enjoyed, you could hardly expect a refined and cultured Briton to hanker for the wigwams and beaver-dams and frontier shanties of the snow-covered wilderness of Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The facts in the case of Rat Portage ought to be pretty familiar to all newspaper readers by this time; but if there are any yet in the dark, this sketch will form a complete primer. It shows Mowat fighting

Norquay—Norquay being pushed on by John A., and John A. being forced to action by Mousseau. Meantime the patriotic Copperhead gets in his work from behind.

Our Leading Article.

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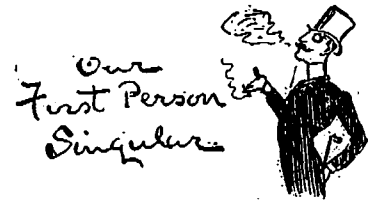
THE SITUATION AT RAT PORTAGE.

The battle—it is now almost literally a battle—at Rat Portage still goes on. Mr. Mowat remains firm in his determination to vindicate the rights of the Province of Ontario and continues to inspire his hired ruffians with lawless emotions and thirst after blood. Justice and Righteousness are not altogether forsaken, however, as Mr. John Shields, at great sacrifice of his valuable time, is devoting himself heart and soul to a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Norquay and his gang of toughs still remain passive instruments of outrage in the hands of the unscrupulous person who for the nonce dishonors the position of Premier at Ottawa. The end is not yet, but it is quite certain that this state of suspense cannot last much longer. Sir John Macdonald is too wise and patriotic a statesman to be moved from the path of duty at this late hour by the impotent slanders of the Grit press; he will fight it out on the line of broad Dominion interests; and in that Bleu-begotten course of national dismemberment he is consoled and encouraged by the Benedict Arnolds of the Tory press—the most sourvy crew of copperhead traitors who were ever permitted to breathe the free air of British territory. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad"—so says the ancient poet, and if he is not astray we may be prepared to see a speedy destruction of the little tyrant, Mowat, whose outrageous and unconstitutional conduct throughout this affair is without parallel in our political history, if we except the phenomenally crass, idiotic and craven conduct of that hulking jellyfish, Norquay. That the territory belongs to Ontario is beyond question—that Manitoba has no shadow of right to interfere with it needs no argument with any but the madmen of the Tory Bedlam. It follows, consequently, that Sir John is simply doing his duty in thus straining every nerve to maintain the integrity of Confederation, a fabric which his incomparable genius first devised and subsequently carried to a brilliant consummation. Let the Right triumph, say we, and let Mowat be driven from place and power which he is unworthy to hold, and let Norquay get up and dust, if he would save his miserable neck.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.

Parasol flirtation is one of the newest fads at the seaside. When the girl jabs a fellow in the eye with her parasol, it means "you won't see much of me."—*Ec.*



"Every dove has its cote and every dog pants."—*Exchange.* Yes, and every horse has a collar and draws.—*Hamilton Times and 199 Exchanges.*—Have at ye then, my merry masters—and every pig its sty, and nearly every cow its scarf, and hens their "shoos," and so on and so on.

The Queen has ordered Mr. Tennyson to compose an elegy on John Brown. It seems to me that, with a little touching up, the one already in existence would do very well, to say nothing of its being familiar to everybody. Of course I allude to "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering, etc."

I do not think it is true that Chief Justice Coleridge was frightened away from the shores of Canada by the alleged portrait of himself that appeared in the *Globe*. His Lordship has a great terror of snakes, and he learned that Canada is at present infested with copperheads.

The New York *Sunday Mercury* of the 26th ult., has the following item amongst its theatrical news, "Charles T. Mills dropped dead on Wednesday evening in a drug store on Broadway. He had been at the Union Square Theatre witnessing Oscar Wilde's play 'Vera.'" Comment is unnecessary on my part, but it looks most uncommonly rough on the ex-apostle of beauty.

A feeling of holy calm comes over me as I read the *Regina Leader* and observe how Mr. Davin goes for Col. W. M. Herchmer, who richly deserves all he is getting. I personally know that officer and I can see in his late action towards Mr. Davin every evidence of a most spiteful, vindictive spirit, and such as I know, to my cost, the colonel possesses. Go for him, Nick, you can't make it too hot for him

Says an exchange—"Cleveland has a young lady with a bullet in her brain. Although she was shot only three weeks ago her condition has so steadily improved that she has actually gone down the street a-shopping. Her physician, however, declares that she is not yet out of danger."—That may be, and it is very certain that her parents, or whoever the people are who pay her bills, are not either. So much for that health bullet-in.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly.—Well, the authorities can make the first step in the right direction by killing every man who goes fishing; by making the publication of the circulation of newspapers illegal; by doing away with all members of the legal fraternity; by permitting no one to write in any paper in the first person singular; by not allowing some religious weeklies to be published at all; and by following this advice.

I see that Mr. Fenton called the Police Magistrate's attention the other day to the numerous offensive odors that permeate and pollute the atmosphere of the Police Court and No. 1 Station. It is altogether probable