

GRIP.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pardo..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9. Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P..... Apl. 25.
- No. 10. Mr. Thos. Greenway, M.P.P..... May 23.
- No. 11. Hon. W. S. Fielding, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for..... June 27.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Mowat's recent visit to Ottawa led to the appearance in print of an idea which has been for a long time discussed in private—the possibility of his succeeding Mr. Blake as leader of the Reform party. It may be that Mr. Mowat's visit to the Capital had no connection whatever with this "happy thought," but the announcement just at that moment of a proposed change in the leadership, in the columns of a Reform paper, which is said to be somewhat in the confidence of the Hon. Oliver, was certainly a striking coincidence. Well, whether the matter has ever been talked over by the Reform managers or not, isn't it worth discussing? While not only the Reformers of Canada, but the whole electorate, entertain a profound respect for Mr. Blake's character and a high opinion of his rare talents, it is also universally believed that he is not so well fitted for the leadership of a party as Mr. Mowat. This is in no sense his fault; no man can be blamed for the lack of a gift which nature has denied him. Mr. Blake is doing just as well as a man of his temperament could do—he is casting pearls of learning and eloquence before the most swinish herd that ever sat in a House of Commons, and he is doubtless working hard in his own way. But he is not a fighter, and what the Grits want now is a political bull-dog to lead them, and the general belief is that plucky Oliver Mowat is just the man to fill the bill.

FIRST PAGE.—It is reported that Ireland, both North and South, is delighted at the defeat of Gladstone's Government. The Grand Old Man has been for several years past—to all human appearance—struggling hard to remedy the grievances that Paddy complains of, but every step in what many of us took for progress, only proved a step further away from Ireland's love. It must be a matter of gratification to Mr. Gladstone that he has been able to perform at least one act which has pleased this troublesome client—the act of handing in his resignation.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In commencing a brief series of Shakespearean studies, we pay our respects to Sir Charles Tupper. The eminent fitness of *Sir John Falstaff's* words in his mouth will be universally recognized, except perhaps by his late colleagues in the Government.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

The publishers of the *Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News* have just completed a magnificent picture in colors of the bayonet charge at Batoche, which will be offered to the public through the medium of the bookstores next week. The work is founded upon authentic sketches made at the scene of the battle, and presents a correct idea of the famous charge. The artistic execution of the picture is equal to anything of the same description produced in England or the United States; and aside from the historic interest it must ever have for patriotic Canadians, is well worthy of a handsome frame as a work of art. Copies are to be had at 30 cents each, and where they cannot be got from local agents, will be furnished by the publishers on receipt of price. Address GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.



GENERAL MIDDLETON EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT.

(By the artist of the *London Illustrated News.*)

SOMETHING EXTRA.

In honor of our country's Natal Day, it is GRIP'S intention to send forth a regular holiday number for the week of July 1. In addition to an unusual spread of letter-press and illustrations, four pages of colored cartoons will be given. Look out for a splendid number. No loyal citizen will be complete without it!

BEATEN.

Not the long Irish question vexed,
Not the Egyptian trouble mixed,
Not the expedition to Khartoum,
That failed to stay brave Gordon's doom.

Not though the Bear with one paw fast
On Freedom's throat, defiant passed
One step still nearer to the strand
Called "coral"—England's Indian land;

These moved him not. Though Jingo's raged
With blood and glory unassuaged;
'Twas not the "you" of poet peer
That did it—'twas a pot o' beer!

They swapped him for a tax on beer!
Oh, history! what theme is here!
He gave them votes—shall these avail
But to avert the tax on—ale?

—JAY KAYELEE.



Baseball has at last caught the popular taste in Toronto, now that our city has a crack nine. We never could understand the taste that preferred lacrosse to baseball, but there is no good reason why both games should not thrive well on our free soil.

Mr. Harry Rich, the well-known comedian, has organized a company to present Mr. John A. Fraser, jr.'s, new comedy, "Muddled," at the Grand on July 1. Mr. Rich will play the leading role, that of *Augustus Bim*, a most amusing character. The play is exceedingly well written and ought to prove a great success, as it no doubt will.

THE CANADIAN TO THE FRONT.—We, as wholesale manufacturers, can give the citizens of Toronto harness at lower prices, better stock and styles, than any other firm in the city, owing to us buying our trimmings and stock in large quantities, and making our harness up in four dozen sets at a time. Call and examine for yourselves, and be convinced. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., 104 Front Street East, opposite Hay Market.

A GOOD WATCH.

Pate Jones bought a watch from old Anthony Speers. The next day he entered Speers' den and said:

"Look heah, whut sorter watch is dis yer sole me?"

"De kine, sah, whut I tole yer it wuz."

"No, tain't no sich uv er thing. Yer said dat it would keep good time. Las' night, jes' ez I went ter bed, I looked at the watch an' it wuz jes' twenty minits ter 'leben. Wall, when I got up dis mornin' I looked at de thing, an' it wuz still jes' twenty minits ter 'leben. Yer tole me dat it would keep good time."

"Dat's whut I tole yer, an' dat's whut de watch hab done 'cordin' ter yer own account. Twenty minits ter 'leben when yer went ter bed; twenty minits ter 'leben when yer got up. De watch kept de time—hil' it right dar. Haden'er been sich er good watch it woulder turned de time loose an' let it go on. Oh, dat watch'll keep de time, if dat's whut yer want. When yer gets tired of one time, come over an' I'll change it fur er nuder. Good morning, sah, I'se powerful busy."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.