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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.

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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  
particular to send a memo. of present address.

**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform Party—*via* the *Globe*—is engaged in an effort to capture the Orange Order, by showing that sapient critter that it will never really flourish and be happy so long as it continues to be the property of the Tory politician. There is no question that a great deal of what the *Globe* says to the Orangemen is good common sense; everybody knows that the Order is and has long been a mere catspaw in the hands of designing brethren who have used it to secure official chestnuts for themselves. But neither does anybody doubt that if the shoe had been on the other foot—if the Orange flag floated beneath the Grit colors instead of on John A's castle—the *Globe* would have been profoundly silent as to the blighting effects of a political connection. Let the Orangemen take the *Globe's* advice and cut free from the Tory party—and in the meantime let it keep a sharp eye on the Grit brethren who will be on hand to show it a "nobler way."

FIRST PAGE.—The department of Education have authorized two rival "Readers" for use in the Public Schools, and have now a third under consideration, which of course will also be authorized. This sort of nonsense is indulged in at regular intervals by the educational authorities of the Province—and those who look upon it as indicating a good deal of wire-pulling in the Department are probably not far wrong. At all events it certainly displays a want of decision. If the books are equally good why not pick upon one by lot, or in some other perfectly fair manner; if they are unequal in merit then why not at once select the best. This humbugging method of authorizing several books on the same subject is a source of annoyance and expense, and ought to be stopped. [Our cartoon suggests what such a system may come to.]

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Mowat-Meredith mill is still going on. Both have received some punishment, but as yet neither gives signs of being knocked out. The Tories have lost Algoma and the Grits have been called upon to mourn for West Simcoe.

**Our Leading Article.**

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

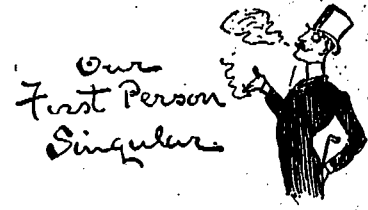
**SIR CHARLES TUPPER.**

The stink-pots of the moon-eyed Grit editors are again being flung at the head of this distinguished and patriotic Canadian Statesman. Now that he is absent from the country (a circumstance upon which the country ought to be felicitated) and no longer able to defend himself (as he would do, if present, in a torrent of verbiage containing more falsehood to the square inch than could be estimated), the time is considered opportune for this mean and cowardly assault. Sir Charles Tupper's character needs no defence at our hands. To defend it would be a work of supererogation, as well as a hopeless labor, unless we were prepared to cast aside all sanctions of truth, and plunge as unreservedly into the pit of mendacity as the Spring Hill hero himself. The present attack on this able minister is of course inspired, as all past attacks have been by jealousy of his richly earned advancement, and fear of his ever-ripening powers as a statesman and a debater. It originates, however, in a new quarter this time, the text being furnished in a villainously lying but all too truthful article in a New York journal dealing with certain discreditable passages in the subject's past career. This article was inspired if not written by the Grit party here, though it is by no means certain that the writer, if discovered, would be looked upon with any feeling of displeasure by well-informed Canadians. It is not likely he would be sunk many fathoms deep in public contempt for letting the world know a few more disgraceful truths about this unspeakable corruptionist, Tupper. We all know that abuse is not argument, though it would seem to be necessary to remind the leprous Grit dirt-throwers that they are making themselves contemptible, as well as injuring their cause, if such a cause as *they* represent can be made more contemptible. Sir Charles Tupper's nearest friends do not dare to screen him from the charges brought against him, knowing, as well they know, that those charges are only too mild. If any answer can be made, pray why is it not forthcoming? The grave allegations made by the *Montreal Gazette*, a Conservative paper, still stand unchallenged, and nothing further is needed to prove that miserable Grit jealousy is at the bottom of the whole nasty business. Sir Charles Tupper's fame has been well earned, and it ill becomes his own countrymen to aid and abet foreign slanderers in seeking to diminish his glory—as the boldest corruptionist of modern times.

*The Syndicate*

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

The greatest hunter of relics is the woman who would capture that rare and quaint old bit of bric-a-brac known as Samuel J. Tilden.  
—Puck.



I would humbly beg to suggest that the County Detectives change the letter 't' to 'f' in the latter word.

Of course every one has a right to give his or her place of business any name he or she wishes, but when a person goes and prints up over his or her door the words, "*La bon marche*," as some one has done, on one of our principal streets, he or she seems to give himself or herself away, doesn't he or she?

Lumber dealers, generous fellows, pretty nearly always, advertise that they "cut bills to order," though whether they do so or not, I can't say. Certainly plumbers do not, and one and a half per cent off for cash when the bill is presented the first time, is about all the cutting they'll do, and you may think yourself uncommonly lucky if you can get them to do even that.

"Barefooted and with his father's boots on," is the way the Boyle Roche of the *Hamilton Tribune* describes a little boy who did something (*what it is hard to tell from the paragraph describing the incident*) with a street car that knocked him silly. Apparently, when he finally recovered consciousness, his brains were still much muddled, or he wouldn't have made the absurd remark with which he is credited by the *T's* reporter, viz: "*Evening Tribune* only one cent." Free 'ad' gentlemen; whack up.

I observe that the *Evening Canadian* has recently appeared in an enlarged form, and I beg to congratulate that excellent paper on this evidence of a well merited prosperity. The *Canadian* is just what a cheap evening journal should be, its able editorials and spicy local news forming a most attractive combination, whilst its sprightly little "poemlets," in the architecture of which I detect the handiwork of a quondam contributor to this paper, are a pleasant feature in our co-tem's *tout ensemble*. *Erin go brag!*

I am thinking seriously of inspecting the Niagara rapids with a view to swimming them. I shall not perform this feat to gain notoriety, as Fame, in some contemporary columns, has already tooted her trombone over me as much as I care about; but I shall go to this swim as a martyr, for I know that what one distinguished crank does, hundreds of others, though possibly not so distinguished, will imitate, and thus I shall lead a long string of lunatics who are better out of this world, up the golden stairs.

The *Telegram* remarks: "It appears that some mere 'persons,' whose fathers were green-grocers, or tailors, or kept taverns, or were 'in trade' succeeded in obtaining admission to Rideau Hall during the Marquis of Lorne's term of office, and it is determined that in futuro all such mere persons shall be rigidly excluded."—It strikes me that, if such "persons" are not to be permitted to visit at Rideau Hall hereafter, His High and Mightiness, The Marquis of Landsowne, will find himself most uncommonly lonesome, and he will be compelled to play "puss in the corner" or "blind man's buff" with Her High and Mightiness the Marchioness and such of his select aides-de-camp, and other persons as are not persons.