

• 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 War is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The successive defeats sustained by Sir John at the hands of the Privy Council, have by no means demolished his reputation as a constitutional lawyer in the opinion of his faithful followers; but it must be clear to the Chieftain himself that his standing as a legal authority is at least badly damaged. Our own belief is that Sir John's disasters have been sustained purely in the interests of his party; that in none of the cases submitted did he for one moment believe that his view was a sound one. He went before the Privy Council on each occasion on the hazard of a die, prepared to take the consequences if defeated, and to reap untold glory if, by a fluke, he succeeded. Sir John knows far too much constitutional law to be surprised at his ill-luck, while his devotion in risking so much for his party should intensify their attachment to him, if that were possible.

FIRST PAGE.—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie is at present enjoying a trip to the Northwest, where, we may well believe, the hospitable citizens, regardless of party, will make it pleasant for the "graud old man." He arrives in time to gaze upon a magnificent harvest ready for the reaper, and if he is accompanied by a gentlemanly representative of the C.P.R. in his tour of inspection, he will no doubt take the opportunity of speaking the "word in season" which we have placed in his mouth.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Blake, who should, according to announcement, have been in the Northwest along with his trusty colleague, is bathing at the seaside—a change in the programme suggested, it is understood, by his physician. We have taken the liberty to let the world see what the Opposition leader looks like in his bathing costume, and at the same time—as we never lose an opportunity of idealizing the prosy affairs of life—we have given the matter a politico-allegorical rendering.

ECONOMY THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

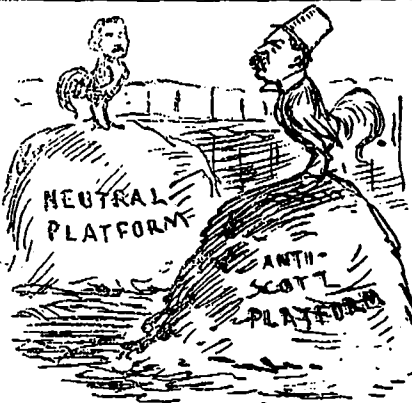
Restaurant keeper—"John, what kind of meat did you order to-day?"

Steward—"Veal, sir."

"Only veal?"

"Yes sir."

Then he sat down and wrote on the bill of fare: "Chicken pot-pie, chicken salad, Irish stew, roast veal, beef a la mode, corn beef hash, veal pot-pie."—*New York Graphic.*



A VALIANT KNIGHT.

King Dodds refuses to accept challenges to argue the Scott Act on any platform but his own—where the temperance speaker is sandwiched in between two anti-orators. Brave bird!

A STRANGE COUNTRY.

In the reign of Haroun el Raschid, there entered into the City of Bagdad just before the closing of the gates thereof and leading an ass with laden panniers, a stranger of uncouth and foreign garb, and of wierd and hostile look.

The stranger stopped not at the gate which is called the "gate of the eye opener" which he had entered; but with erect steps marched boldly forward into the centre of the city, where the guard of the Grand Vizier who had just awaked, halted him.

"Halt! who come there!" shouted the Captain to the Guard.

"Me!"

"Who?"

"Me!"

"What?"

"Me!"

"Bismillah! Effendi, El Kebar! what son of Shaitan is this, that don't know the pass word! who says 'me' instead of 'Woolsey'?" roared the officer. "Guard, seize him!"

"What is the matter wid you, sor? and who are you, sor?" asked the stranger.

"What does the son of a dog say? By the holy rag carpet, he'd better hurry up and explain or he'll find himself in the Euphrates before morning."

"Oh most devout and valiant captain, I believe he is a Frank and a traveller in distant lands, and knoweth not the ways and customs of the faithful. If, most potent captain, he should be brought before the Grand Vizier who is holding a swell *Conversazione* to night, he might serve to amuse his Royal Nibs and—his head can be removed afterwards if it be His Highness's pleasure," suggested the Lieutenant of the Guard.

"Jimjami, well said—on my eyes be it! Let the dog be brought before His Highness."

So saying they passed a bight of a two inch line around the wayfarer and his stud. The hewgags and drums struck up the *Turkish Reville*, and away they started for the palace of the Grand Vizier.

"Halt! who come there?" challenged the sentry at the palace gate.

"Rounds!"

"What rounds?"

"Turkish rounds!"

"Stand Turkish rounds! advance one and give the countersign."

"Woolsey!"

"Pass Woolsey! all's well!"

And the stranger and the ass were marched into the palace guard house to "await orders."

Now among the guard at the palace was a man of rather low stature with a *nez retroussée*, thin visage, and his hair and beard were of that brilliant color usually seen in the East on a threatening morning.

Long and with open mouth he gazed upon the stranger and the ass, and at length muttered to himself "Who and what the divole is he onyway? Yer a quarc lookin' cove who ever ye are!"

The stranger looked up,—his eyes brightened, "Mother of Moses!" said he, "do I hear me native tongue again?"

"Are ye an Irishman?" said the guard.

"I am."

"An' yer name?"

"Davin"

"And what are ye doin' here?"

"I don't know!"

"Then I'll tell ye, they want yo to tell them a story of your travels. I'll try and get to be interpreter and mind you give it to them strong, or off goes yer head, d'ye moind!" and the friendly "Saracen" turned away, for he heard the steps of the Sergeant coming.

"Lave me alone for that," replied the stranger with a wink.

"Fall in," said the officer of the guard, and the stranger was marched before the Grand Vizier.

I was going to say that the scene was of more than Oriental magnificence, but it couldnt, for it was the real O. M. itself. Seated on a gold throne, or an ivory—but no, space will not allow a lengthened description of the scene, suffice it to say that there were Peris from Persia, Peers from England, Dudes from New York, and Duffers from Ottawa and Toronto, Bashi Bazooks, and Niggers from the Soudan, and it would take an hour to count all the houris present.

"Allah is great, and Mahomed is his prophet," said the G. V., as the prisoner was brought before him, "but who in the name of the Prophet is this ill-favoured dog of a Giaour?"

The prisoner's case was explained. He was captured by the guard. He had been a great traveller, and a recital of his adventures might serve to entertain His Highness.

"What tongue does the dog speak?" queried the G. V.

"English, most excellent Highness, so says private Mustapha Riley."

"Then let Riley be produced and let the son of Belial fire away, or else I'll get rily myself."

Mustapha was forthcoming, and the prisoner commenced his story. He spoke of the great St. Lawrence that had its source at the Banks of Newfoundland and ran up hill to the top of the Rockies. He told them of amethists (Luke Superior) that would weigh a ton. He described the battle of Rat Portage, where 100,000 combatants lay in their gore, so graphically that His Highness involuntarily grasped his sabre. He told the wonders of the N. P. and the Boundary Award, and then paused.

"Why does the slave stop?" asked His Highness, much interested.

"He wants a drink of Old Rye," replied the interpreter.

"What in the name of Shaitan is that?" roared the G. V.

"It is a beverage drank where the prisoner comes from. It is more potent than the poisonous wine of Cyprus. Men who drink it get mad, beat their wives, starve their children, lose their character and all hope, commit felonies and are sent to prison or die on the streets. Its effect is worse than that of the Upas tree of the East."

"Bismillah! Allah is Great! But the Governor of these wretched Giaours prevents its sale."

"No, Your Highness, it is allowed by law on payment of divers piastres."

"By the beard of the Prophet the dog lies. He is spitting on my beard. I will not believe it. Take the bald-headed snipe of the valley before the Cadi, who will give him one hundred strokes of the bastinado. Bismillah! on my eyes be it!"