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The gravest heart is the *Lot*; the gravest bird is the *Owl*;  
The gravest fish is the *Oyster*; the gravest man is the *Foot*.

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### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—For many months, the *Globe* has devoted itself to the demolition of "Tupper," a consummation devoutly to be wished, if that Minister is really the sort of man the Editor paints him—namely, a man who systematically robs the public till. This charge has been specifically made again and again in the columns of the opposition organ, and Mr. Brown, as managing director of a business company, has a right to ask if so much good ink is to be absolutely wasted. This question is of course addressed to the Opposition leaders in Parliament, for undoubtedly they are the persons to formulate the charges preferred, and bring them to an issue. Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect any Minister of the Crown to come forward with a libel suit against a newspaper; the result would not be very satisfactory to the public, even if he did so. Parliament is the proper place for any investigations into the conduct of public servants, and before that tribunal these charges against the Minister of Railways ought to be inquired into. Sir Charles Tupper has more than once challenged such investigation, and if the session is allowed to go by without any action on the part of the opposition, the public must conclude that Messrs Blake, Mackenzie, *et al.*, do not believe the *Globe's* charges to be well founded, which, to say the least of it, is an unenviable position for an "organ" to occupy.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat's Government have formally taken possession of the territory

awarded to Ontario by the arbitrators, and will proceed to administer law and justice within its boundaries. Agents are instructed to perform their duty peaceably if possible, but if the Dominion authorities attempt any usurpation it is understood that Mr. Mowat's fellows will not stop short of ber-lud.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. William Wallace has taken passage in the Tory cab, though he is by nature and instinct a more decided Radical than any member on the Grit side of the House. Ho goes in heart and soul for soft money and manhood suffrage—two ideas which are ages ahead of the Government's time. The other day he introduced a motion embodying the latter proposition—which was very promptly "sat upon" by the Finance Minister.

#### Beaudry, the Mayor.

(AFTER THE HEAVY DRAGON, PATIENCE).

If you wish to describe the Montreal mystery Known to the world as Beaudry, the Mayor, Take all the audacious deeds of his history, Rattle them off to a popular air.  
The cheek that o'er Orangemen once gained the victory; Brass that for office so often he ran; Jaw, that in Council is still contradictory; Coolness with which he tries to trepan; The public to license his public to make in— A bar-room the *jeunesse doree* to ensnare; Just round the corner, so handy to *sneak in*— This bar-room belonging to Beaudry, the Mayor. The churches around may be sore scandalized. But gentlemen, coming from it *paralyzed*, Can steady their steps by the civic lamps' glare, While passing the mansion of Beaudry, the Mayor. Beaudry, the Mayor, who did curse and did swear At the true gentlemen who ran for the chair. Take of this city all that's respectable, Honorable, honest, highly delectable— Ask why this Beaudry, the Mayor, should become— Answer—"because he's put in by the scam!"

CHORUS.—Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Beaudry, the Mayor, is put in by the scam!

#### Budget Jokes.

Who would imagine that there is anything funny about a Budget? A Budget is a Budget, as "A Mascot is a Mascot," allee samee. A Budget is a matter of figures all about tea, sugar, tobacco, buttons and importations of all kinds, and when anything effects the pockets of the "subject" it is seldom looked upon with any degree of jocularity. Yet we find in looking over the debate on the Budget in the morning papers, that the hon. members' speeches overflow with witticisms. One hon. member tells a story of a friend of his who went out shooting with a little darky, who observing that the hon. member's friend fired "wild," said that there were some people who put spells on their guns and could never shoot straight after. This story, the hon. gentleman said was *appropos* to the position of another hon. gentleman, who made bull's eyes with a protection gun, until the party put a spell upon it; whereupon Sir John made a remark, "His spell is not *gospel*" (laughter). What do you think of that for a Budget joke? Another.—The hon. gentleman continuing, said that the position taken by the opposition was that we should content ourselves with producing "raw material for the rest of the world to manufacture," the witty chieftain again comes in with "Do not hit them on the raw in that way." One more, and we are done.—Hon. gent. complains that another hon. gent. said that "no honest quotation had ever been made from his speech since 1876."

SIR JOHN.—"Can you make *honest* quotations from a dishonest speech? (Laughter.)

Any person or club who will write to this office stating that they still believe there is no fun in a Budget, shall be presented with a year's subscription to GRIP—for \$2 00.



Manager Conner's attraction for the coming week is the successful play entitled "A Celebrated Case." Toronto patrons of the drama are already familiar with the merits of this piece, and it will require but little persuasion to decide them to see it again. It is to be presented by a first-class company.

We are pleased to observe that the brilliant young Canadian pianist, Miss Emily Gilmore, (formerly of Port Hope), is going on with ever increasing success in her musical career. She is now a resident of Detroit, where her father, Prof. H. G. Gilmore, is following his profession as a teacher of the divine art. Miss Emily recently received a very kind letter from Mrs. Garfield acknowledging her abilities.

On 24th March, Miss McOutchou, assisted by Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, give a concert in the Pavilion. Mr. Lauder will play a composition of his own, besides the Tarantella from Masainello and Rigoletto by Liszt.

#### Literary Notices.

The *Century Magazine* will, in the next and succeeding numbers, be largely occupied with the Jewish question. In March, James Bryce, M. P., the historian, writes about Beaconsfield, and incidentally about the Jews in general. In April, Miss Lazarus will answer the question, "Was Lord Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" In the same number, Madame Ragozin will describe the present situation in Russia, from a Russian point in view. A reply to Madame Ragozin, by a Jewish writer, will appear in the May number, and other papers will appear in which the relations between the Israelites and Christians in America will be discussed.

#### A Song of Manitoba.

Sing a song of millions,  
Spent like random shots,  
Up in Manitoba,  
Buying corner lots.  
Fancy paper city—  
Pretty Indian name—  
Is it very naughty,  
Playing such a game?

Sing a song of landsharks,  
All along the line,  
Gulping down the shiners  
In the glad moonshine.  
Telling fishy stories,  
All about the "boom,"  
When the spring will open,  
And the cabbage bloom?

Sing a song of greenhorns,  
Staking each his pile,  
To make a mighty fortune  
In a little while.  
Check by jowl and civil  
To each class of callers,  
Will he be when rated  
At a \$1,000,000?

Sing a song of autumn,  
When the gosling flies  
To a milder region,  
And more genial skies,  
When the "boom" has bursted  
Like a playful rocker,  
And the fortune shifted  
To another's pocket!

Lindsay, Feb. 21st, 1882.

—MOTHER GOOSE.

A boil is well calculated to make a man mud; but it makes a lobster madder.—*Norristown Herald.*