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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 Position.

A gentleman in Dundas, who has a tender regard for GRIP (though he hasn't subscribed) expresses his sorrow that we have "gone over to the Grits," and advises us to publicly acknowledge the fact. We would be willing to make the acknowledgement if it happened to be true, though this partisan gentleman would much rather have us announce that we had "gone over" to his side. GRIP started out on the path of independence, and so far as he is aware, has continued on that line. But people's ideas of independence seem to differ. This Tory gent perhaps thinks the highest sort of independence is that which he possesses, namely, to follow his leaders regardless of all facts and circumstances. Again, there is the *Telegram* idea,—that independence consists in whacking heads on both sides alternately without reference to truth. GRIP's idea is just the opposite; he believes in reflecting the truth no matter whose head has to be whacked. This he has endeavoured to do in the past, and this he will continue to do unless he should unhappily become afflicted with the party blindness which troubles the Dundas man and many more like him. If the Conservative leaders have suffered more than their Grit brethren in our cartoons, it is no evidence of partisanship on our part unless it can be shown that we ignored the facts in any given case. Let our critics point out a single instance of this, or forever hold their peace. And moreover we challenge this Dundas man to show any case in which we had a fair chance to "go for the Grits" and did not avail ourselves of it.

Canada's Duty to Washington.

Man's duty to man is to interfere and meddle with his business as much as possible. A nation's duty to another nation is to threaten it with a standing army; to prevent it rectifying its frontier or uniting its conflicting elements; to foment internal disorder; and to destroy its commerce. If no opportunity offers for such a course, its next duty is to point out its weaknesses, and to wound its national vanity.

GRIP never loses an opportunity to do his duty. The French are presenting New York with a statue of Liberty, a gigantic figure of an amiable young lady, who will smile benignly down the harbour on all the

ships of the down trodden serfs of Europe. BERTHOLDI is the sculptor. Noble French! Inspired BERTHOLDI!

Why should not Canada follow such a good example. There is the unfinished monument at Washington,—a mere pedestal surmounted by—nothing. It is hardly a worthy tribute to the memory of the Father of the nation. It has however been only a short time building, not much more than fifty years.

Now GRIP proposes that Canada should come to the rescue and finish it. The United States has not the means.

It has only a population of about 40,000,000, including poor bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

The money might be raised by hard squeezing from the poor people, if they cared anything about the man, or remembered what he did for them.

But they have never been reminded. They have had no Fourth of July orations, no patriotic sermons, no national literature.

Let Canada then emulate France. Let her put a statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON upon the vacant pedestal—of GEORGE as a little boy with his little hatchet cutting down his father's best cherry tree.

Ontario Selfishness.

There is no limit to the selfishness of Ontario. Why, only last year the Province got all the taxation that it asked for and now it wants more territory. Its inhabitants have had the privilege of paying for their own railways—one that Quebec is ready to surrender to the General Government. Ontario people have had the honor of contributing more per head to the general treasury than the inhabitants of any other Province, and they don't seem to think that they should surrender anything in return for that distinction. It is said that the Dominion is bound by the award. But the interests of the future inhabitants of the territory added to Ontario should be considered. The General Government wants to give "better terms" to them at some future period, and more representatives in the Dominion Parliament than they would otherwise have. The Ministry must also consider the interests of Ontario which are neglected by its Grit Government. If the award is not recognized there will be no excuse for costly Gubernatorial picnics to the new territory. Moreover Ontario will be tempted to spend money in developing that country, and all temptation should be removed. Again, the timber, the minerals and the agricultural lands will add a handsome sum to the general treasury, a sum which Ontario is better without, especially as the province has a surplus. It would be wrong to encourage the Local Legislatures in extravagance by adding to their available funds. Of course the circumstances would be very different if Ontario were Conservative, because then its Government could be trusted to do what is right. It is said that good faith should be kept by both parties to an arbitration. Pshaw—is not the Government of a great country above the rules of morality?

Canada's Fame.

Nil desperandum! Let all the promoters of Canadian nationality take heart! Their cause is not yet dead. The *Globe* may frown, and GOLDWIN SMITH may grow cool, and Messrs. FOSTER and HOWLAND may cease to nurture the tender plant, but no matter, so long as Canadian nationality is recognized by the world at large. From the neighboring Republic such a recognition has lately come, which gives occasion for

the foregoing remarks. In a prominent American paper we find the following flattering statement:

"The smokers of Canada—true lovers of the pipe—are the best judges of smoking tobacco in the world."

There, now! who will dare to say we are not one of the great Powers after that? Other nations may outshine us in literary brilliancy, others may surpass us in wealth; others may boast of greater achievements in arts and manufactures, but Canada—this Canada of ours—notwithstanding that our powers are as yet by no means developed, already leads the van of modern civilization—as judges of smoking tobacco! Fellow Canadians, put that in your pipes and smoke it!

A Night Scene.

AN IDYL OF WELLINGTON STREET.

Up rose the chamber window,
Admitting air and light,
And then appeared a figure wierd—
A figure draped in white.
The figure peered in darkness,
And vainly sought to scan
The lurking places of the street,
And each abode of man.

The house burned just two candles,
Which shed their sickly beams
Upon the white-robed figure—
House candleless it seems.
Shrieks jured the air of midnight,
Shrieks shrill and loud and deep,
And never can a mortal man
In such a moment sleep.

The figure waved its dexter hand
And back its body drew;
Then quick as thought a bootjack shot
With deadly aim and true;
It crushed the shrieking THOMAS cat,
Which never more will mew.
Straight back to bed the figure fled,
And murmured as it went,
"Just as the bootjack is inclined,
Just so the cat is bent."

Good Advice.

If the London *Advertiser*
Were a little trifle wiser,
It would warn one CHESTER GLASS
That he shouldn't try to pass
Roman hand-books on his betters
As GLASS-made Roman letters.

A Kind Father.

Mr. CROSSGRAIN read in the *Telegram* the other day that girls with happy homes are more inclined to elope than others. He has since been exceedingly amiable to his four ugly daughters of uncertain age, but the clopenments have yet to be announced.

Improbabilities.

That the *Mail* will ever see anything witty in the *Globe*, or anything but a dreamer in Mr. BLAKE, or anything but utter beauty of conduct in SIR JOHN, anything but eloquence in its own columns or anything but humour in its little grammatical errors.

That the *Globe* will ever believe that it is opposed by any but "base hounds," that it will ever be a liberal newspaper, that it will ever forgive Senator GOLDWIN SMITH's claim to be the greatest of prophetic writers.

That the *Telegram* will ever learn that genius is not shown by treating serious questions in the manner of a flippant waiter.