



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

#### Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our 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.—Feeling that our little boys have been worked pretty hard for a long time, our readers will please excuse a cartoon this week, while we take the youngsters out for a constitutional.

FIRST PAGE.—Public opinion is gradually ripening upon abolishing or thoroughly re-organizing the Senate. That fraudulent institution has now no defenders beyond persons financially or politically interested in keeping it as it is—a tail to the premier's kite. This is anything but a dignified function—aside from it being a positively harmful one to the interests of the country. Many of the Senators are disgusted at the present state of the Chamber. Several of the more respectable organs of the Conservative party, and private members thereof, and the whole body of independent voters of the country, are convinced of the uselessness of the Senate in its present form. A radical change cannot long be delayed.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our artist informs us that this sketch need not be commented upon. He says it is all well enough for the public to clamor for something fresh every week, but when one subject like Rat Portage gets into your sanctum and gobbles up all the others, what can you do about it?

### Our Leading Article.

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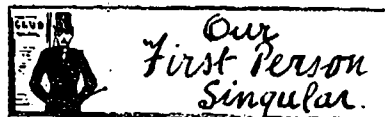
#### THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This huge national undertaking will soon be an accomplished fact. To the vigorous railway policy of the present Government, is due the rapidity with which this great work is being prosecuted. The terms made with the Pacific Railway Company are such as no con-

scientious or intelligent Government could agree to. The company certainly "struck a bonanza," and are becoming inordinately wealthy at the expense of poor Manitoba, whose people have from the first cheerfully endorsed the railway policy of Sir John Macdonald, and in doing so they have only exercised common judgment and foresight. Had they manifested any antagonism, that Province might have, to-day, been suffering from the disastrous effects of a competing line. Had the Mackenzie Government been allowed to proceed with the construction of this railway, the loss to the country would perhaps never have been estimated. The insane proposal to use the great waterways of the North-west to build a railway was very properly rejected by the electors, and as a result we shall have a line of railway built upon the only sure foundation, viz., twenty millions of money, and five hundred thousand acres of the choicest land. This is as it should be. The granting of these magnificent and fertile tracts of land to the Railway Company was the only sure means of retarding the speedy settlement of the great North-west, and, alas, how effectually has it done so! This year it was fondly hoped by us all that some two or three millions of emigrants would have settled in that district. But how sadly disappointing are the facts. Thus far only a few dozen assisted paupers have gone into the country. On either side of the line of railway, as far as completed, are the homes of a happy and contented yeomanry, who are rapidly becoming independent. This prosperity is due to various causes, but principally to the fact that they have no competing market. By the climatic influences of the benign N. P. the neighboring States are prevented from producing any grain or other cereals, and consequently the people of the North-west get the highest prices for their products.

*The Syndicate*

[No article genuine without this Signature.]



I think I deserve a big, big medal,—or kick, for this riddle, I made it all myself:

Why is anyone of those telegraph operators who took part in the recent strike like a man mashing a favorite tuber? Because he is a striking a-operator! Now when a fellow can get off, out of his own head, and all in two days, anything so villainous as that, he deserves something.

N. Y. Puck, in his list of stereotyped phrases that ought to be tabooed, and which is a nearly complete one, has by some strange oversight omitted the following: "The proprietor will make it his business to supply nothing but the purest liquors and choicest brands of cigars." Some of the phrases referred to are harmless and occasionally true, but the one just quoted is so barefaced and palpable a falsehood that I say "Down with it." "Purest liquors," indeed!

I was wondering the other day whether the appearance of the writers of these first person singular paragraphs in other papers, such as the "Man about Town," "Lounge," "Fitznoodle in America," and so forth, tallies as completely with the cuts at the head of the columns as mine does with the one above. We are always represented as howling swells, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some of us are as widely different from the delineations as a *Globe* picture or portrait of anything is from—well, looking like anything.

"Mountaineers are said to be 'as straight as an arrow,' and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much." So said the *Hamilton Times* some day last week in an article which was credited to no paper and consequently was presumably its own. But I must differ with the *Times* in this matter. I have seen mountaineers in Switzerland, out on the Manitoba prairies and other mountainous places, but I must say that as they cautiously crept round a ledge above a precipice some 2000 feet sheer down they did anything but look up, unless gazing steadfastly at the place where they were next to step comes under that heading. No, *Timesey*, they don't always look upward; had you said mercantile affairs were looking up since Sept., 1879, then you would have been all right.

This caught my eye a few days ago in the *London Advertiser*: "Hamilton aldermen complain that their deliberations are interfered with by the services of the Salvation army. The army has evidently struck a field where the chances of reformation are great." And I rise to remark that I agree with the "*Times*" that the army has struck a field for reformation, but whether the gallant warriors' chances of success in accomplishing much reform in that quarter is great or not, is doubtful. But the Army has accomplished wonderful things, and the worst cases have been converted by them, therefore I say, "Hope on, hope ever," but I have my misgivings.

I happened to stroll into a saloon the other day for a glass of lemonade. I started back in amazement on beholding a large piece of that sticky fly-paper on the counter. It was covered with the dead and dying, and reminded me of a battle-field; that is, one that I have read about. And then I pondered in this wise: "How strangely inconsistent is man: here is a saloon-keeper: he wishes to accumulate the vile dross: he knows that he cannot do so unless men enter his shrine, and yet here he sets to work to exterminate those very insects who cause so many men to rise betimes and go forth to escape their persecutions, and who have nought to do between rising and breakfast-time but visit one of the temples of Bacchus." The saloon-keeper who kills flies merely for the sake of his own personal convenience had better go into some other gutter in life.

Apropos of the telegraph operators' strike, the thought has struck me what a ludicrous blunder might have occurred through some inexperienced hand using the letter 'e' for 't'—easily done, by substituting a dot for a short dash—in the case of a message mentioning the word 'chemist': see what a difference the change in the final letter would make.

The *Arkansaw Traveler* has a great deal to answer for: "Beautiful Snow" appeared in its columns last week. It is an ice poem, and the rimic is good, but we can't hail it with the delight we did eighty years ago.

What extraordinary vitality some fish must be endowed with, to be sure! I was aware