

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 Man is the Fool.

'GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colorful Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat. Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake. Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. P. Meredith. Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer. Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin. Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay. Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pardee. Mar. 28.
- No. 9. Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.F. Apr. 25.
- No. 10. Mr. THOS. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for. May 23.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The debate—if debate it may be called when nearly all the talk is on one side—still goes on over the Franchise Bill. The sessions of the House extend over day and night, members getting meals and sleep as best they may. The Bill provides (as we noted last week) for the appointment of revising barristers to make up the voting lists, the powers confided to them being practically autocratic; it also provides for extending the voting power to Indians. Well-nigh endless debate ensued on the word "Indian." An amendment was proposed, defining the word to refer, for the purposes of this Bill, only to such Indians as had taken on the responsibilities of civilization and were otherwise qualified as other citizens. This was voted down, and as the Bill now stands there is nothing to prevent the Government from extending the voting power to all Indians in the Dominion, whether civilized or not. With the Indian and the Revising Barrister Sir John now has the ballot box in his possession, and the "Loyal Opposition" is a form of words signifying nothing.

FIRST PAGE.—His Grace Archbishop Lynch in a letter to the *Globe* pronounces against the Scott Act. He thinks prohibition is not necessary in Canada, because, as a people, we are not so drunken and debased as some other nations are reputed to be. The reverend prelate ought to know—and surely *does* know—that even in Canada hundreds are slain every

year by the liquor traffic, and it rather surprises us to have a spiritual father take the ground that the traffic and all that is bound up in it, is worth one human life, let alone fifty. When we know a dog is mad we kill it without waiting to count the exact number of the bitten, and no mad dog is a circumstance to the rum trade as an enemy of society.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Opposition at Ottawa is pitted against Father Time and Sir John in a hopeless conflict. They are using up in talk a lot of good breath that ought to be going out in the stilly hours of night in the form of snores; they are ruining their health and that of their opponents, piling up the already overgrown expense of Parliament, and making things unpleasant generally, and all in vain. One session of 31 hours has been succeeded by a continuous sitting of 51 hours, and another is now dragging its weary length along. It is all hopeless, and a wicked waste of time. If Mr. Blake believes that the Bill is a tyrannical outrage let him take the advice of the *News*, and march his party out of the House in a body, go home and resign, and see what the people say about it. This requires some self-sacrifice, but the Opposition patriots will surely not stagger at that!



PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION.

WILL THIS CITIZEN HAVE A VOTE?

"THE COLORED TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY."

A TALK OF THE RIEL REBELLION AS TOLD IN 1950.

'Twas back in five and eighty
That Riel raised a fuss,
And put the whole Dominion
In a mighty messy muss.

The whites responded bravely,
And rushed at duty's beck,
Each bound to get a rope around
The rebel Riel's neck.

But so large were the prairies
That R. could not be found,

And, alas! the noble red-men
Rose up, to take scalps bound.

Then from the famous city,
Toronto on the bay,
Surged forth bold Captain Carter,
All eager for the fray.

And many a noble warder,
With darkening brow went out,
And travelled through to Touchwood,
Led by a wary scout.

They fought like very demons,
They slewed the Indians all,
And left the prairie covered
Like woodlands in the fall.

And many a gray-haired settler,
Who then was but a child,
Tells to his children's children
The thrilling story wild.

And adds: "My pretty darlings,
I've heard my father speak
Of strange sights on the prairies
When autumn days grow bleak.

"For Sarceus' spooks and ghosts of Crees,
Sing to the wail of the weird night breeze:

'Our aches have vanished, we have felt no ills,
Since dosed with Carter's little leaden liver pills.'"

—J. A. MESAG.



The piece which is on at the Grand this week, "Lost in London," is a melodrama of high excellence. It was first produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett, and enjoyed a long run in the Metropolis. It is capitally presented here, and the leading role is ably played by Mr. Glenney.

The Harmony Club's performance of "Patience" was, on the whole, exceptionally good. The music was well rendered, and the people were so well trained in their stage movements as to hide all trace of amateurdom. Had the Dragoon Guards marked time more evenly on their first appearance, it is hard to see what the most exacting critic could have objected to in so far as the chorus was concerned. Of the principals, Mr. Sykes' *Bunthorne* was an exceedingly clever bit of comedy. He is well equipped for the part in personal appearance, and possesses a dramatic talent of the real Grossmith order. Mr. Michie did his best with the *Colonel*, but the part was too much for him vocally; the same remark would apply to Mr. Broderick's *Duke*. In the solos, nothing but a tenor voice of high register will avail. Mr. Rutherford did very well as the *Major*, though his starring tour with the Amateur Christys has given his comedy a somewhat Ethiopian bent. Capt. Geddes was fine as *Grosvenor*, playing that delightfully funny part with a keen appreciation of its humor. The ladies were one and all capital. Miss Roblison quite eclipsed most of the professional players of *Patience* we have seen in Toronto, and sang the music most sweetly; Miss Strong, as *Lady Jane*, made a great hit. To her splendid contralto, she adds a dramatic instinct which enabled her to make every point in Gilbert's lines tell on the audience. Miss Walker looked her part to perfection—Du Maurier would have taken her for one of his rapturous maidens in *Punch* materialized. She also sang and acted well. The costuming was elegant throughout. Mr. Schuch conducted with his usual ability. The announcement of another performance by the Harmony Club will be enough to secure a full house at any time.