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Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The utter baseness of Canadian partyism is revealed in the discussion now going on in the leading organs over the dynamite discovery. The *Globe* lost no time in throwing out the insinuation that the attempt to blow up the Parliament House was the work of the Tories; this generous theory being afterwards modified by the suggestion that if not the direct work of Tory plotters it was at all events a crime incited by the *Mail's* articles against Mowat and his colleagues. It need not be said that the *Mail* proved itself equally indecent in reply. After expressing its horror at the depravity of the *Globe's* insinuation, the organ of æsthetic muck proceeds coolly to affirm that a member of the Cabinet hired some ruffian to do the job. If these charges were bandied about in fun it would be bad enough, but it is well known that the blood-thirsty editors in question are never in fun when party capital can be made. These terrible insinuations are made in downright malice, and without the slightest grounds on either side. The whole exhibition is revolting to any man whose sense of decency is not entirely gone. No wonder that good and pure men (as the *Globe* complains) refuse to take any part in public affairs in such a country as this.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The Manitoba deputation are on their way to Ottawa to lay their Bill of Rights before Sir John, and demand for the last time the removal of their grievances. One of the deputies is Attorney-General Miller, and if the whole mission does not end in a farce, it will certainly not be the fault of this Falstaffian worthy. Miller loudly deprecates any action that will in any way embarrass the Ottawa magnates. Of course he is as anxious as anybody that the Federal Government should lift its iron heel from the neck of the Province, but he insists that this favor should be asked for in a gentle voice; like *Bottom*, he wants to play the lion and roar you like a sucking dove. Norquay and the other deputies think a firm and manly front will be of more service at the present juncture, and in this they express the feeling of the people, we have no doubt. A partizan who is willing to sacrifice his Province rather than "embarrass"

its oppressors is not the sort of man to send on such a mission, but that's the sort of man Mr. James Miller seems to be.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Those who are fond of saying that Mr. Blake has no policy are advised to look at his present attitude toward the Bleus of Quebec. The old plan of walloping the Bleu dog, and denouncing him as a spiritless cur, not fit for anything but to fawn at the feet of the Tory chief, and feed on the titbits of the federal kitchen, has given place to an entirely different policy. The fashion now is to coax and pet the critter, and to hold out tempting bones to him. Well, the change is for the better anyway. Kindness is in any case more lovely than cruelty, though it will take a prodigious amount of kindness to induce the Bleu dog to follow a Rouge leader.



THE FIRST.

If your waking call me early, mighty early Mary dear;  
For to-morrow's a red-letter day in sportsmen's glad  
new year!

In all the anglers' year, Mary, a day for which they wish—  
And I'm to be off for trout, Mary—off with the boys for  
a fish!

What a sigh went up from my heart, Mary, on a last  
September day,  
As I tenderly tied up my tackle and folded the fly-hook  
away.

The fly-book was closed, and o'er, Moll, was the whirl  
of the silk and the swish—

But, I'm at it again in the morn, Moll, I'm off with a  
gang to fish.

I know you will hunt up my clothes, Mary, my bait-box  
is over at Durm's—

Let our son, when school is out, Mary, dig the garden  
up for worms—

For worms lively and red, Mary, you'll give him, dear,  
the dish—

'Cos I lie away at dawn, Mary, I'm in for a whole day's  
fish.

If any man calls at the house, Mary, to-morrow when I  
am gone,

Take all the cash he will leave, Mary, but do you, love,  
pay him none!

Tell my friends I'm out of town, Mary—you needn't re-  
veal the mish—

Though I'm one of a trouting gang, Mary, off to the  
swamp to fish.

So, if waking, call me early, about daybreak, Mollie  
dear!

For to-morrow's the day of all days in this spring-back-  
ward year;

The unluckiest, trampiest, tiredest day—thank fate I'm  
in good condition!

For I'm to go foraging trout, Moll, I'm down for a daisy  
fish!

Invisible blue—a policeman during a row.—  
*Saturday American.*



I went to the Parliament House the afternoon of the day when the dynamite cartridges were found. I found everybody in a great state of agitation over the affair. I looked into Hardy's office, and there saw that Hon. gentleman overhauling his overcoat pockets in search of cartridges; I went over to the west wing and there was Pardee, engaged in a similar search. I went to the centre of the building, and beheld Colonel Gilmor buckling on the Sergeant-at-Arms' sword; he held a revolver in his right hand, and I saw a shot gun in the corner of the room. I'm not at all curious, oh no! but I observe everything, everything. I began to feel a little qualmish myself, I who have dared the—but no matter. All the clerks in the departments were emptying waste-paper baskets, and searching every nook and corner for dynamite; oh, the excitement was terrible! I suggested that the cellars should be searched. Guy Favkes stored his gunpowder in the cellar, and covered the kegs up with faggots. I was told by a fly cop to go to thunder! I questioned Mr. Macdonald. In my agitation, I asked him "are you the scare taker?" "I am the caretaker," said he sternly, "and if you don't make yourself scarce, I'll get somebody to take care of you." I went down and interviewed Kennedy, told him I deeply sympathized with him, would he stand them up? He told me to clear out or he would stand me upon my head. Such insolence from officials! I thought it time to leave, and walked stealthily along the corridor, when I was seized by a burly man, who roared out, "Here he is." I was handcuffed, actually handcuffed! I explained matters—told them I was on the staff of this paper, when he at once let go his GRIP (joke). I went out and sat on the side-walk. Who, I reflected, can the perpetrator of this diabolical and fiendish attempt be. Could it be an O. D. Rossa Fenian?—a suspicious character was seen around. I asked a gentleman with a spade what the suspicious character looked like. "Sor," said he, "he have a black overcoat and a big slouched hat, and a pair of spectacles by way of disguise like." Great Scott! could it be Edward Blake, or stay—Moses Oates? Tut! nonsense!

I don't know indeed, said the man with the spade,  
Who was it that gave us the fright,  
But there stands Maginnis whose front name is Dinnis  
And perhaps, d'ye see, Dinny might.

Giving the expatriated gael an American nickel as a token of my appreciation of the value of his information and the style of his impromptu verse, I sat down again and reflected who could it be. I thought of all the suspicious characters in public life in the land (I won't mention names) and the conclusion I could not help coming to was that it must have been Professor G—d—n S—m—h, and in my excitement I roared out his name. My Irish friend came running towards me, and demanded to know why I thought that "the gentleman" was the guilty party. "Because," said I, "he's always trying to blow up somebody."

While in Germany a few weeks ago where I went for the purpose of witnessing the process