



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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Editor.

The gravest Boat 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.—That the Dominion Government has been the means of bringing about the squabble for authority between the premiers of Ontario and Manitoba at Rat Portage, nobody doubts. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Norquay is merely a marionette, acting because the strings are being pulled at Ottawa. And it is equally clear that those strings are being pulled at the bidding of the French Bleu party, whose leader candidly declared in public not long ago that if Ontario won her case, Quebec must get an equivalent to the territory awarded by the arbitrators.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch is an humble reproduction of the magnificent cartoon by F. Graetz in last week's *Puck*. We copy it because the subject of Monopoly applies to Canada as well as to the Republic, and because we could produce nothing more powerful if we worried our brains all summer. Graetz's picture is not only powerful but pathetic. The spectacle of the overwhelming steed and rider, clad in golden armor, bearing down upon the miserable creatures who have come forth to fight for Labor, is only too true to the facts of the present day. The attitude of the Telegraph Power at the present moment gives emphasis to this truth. It is the duty of all right-thinking men to strain every nerve in the battle against this monstrous wrong of monopoly, and few powers are more potent against it than caricature. *Puck* deserves the thanks of the toiling millions for this noble blow on their behalf.

EIGHTH PAGE.—When Papa Blake returned to the bosom of his interesting political family from his visit to the Old Country it was only natural that the children should have expected something in the way of "goodies" when the carpet sack was opened. They had made up their minds that their thoughtful political parent would bring at least a little of something

in the way of Policy, but alas! they are woefully disappointed. Not the first sign of any thing of the kind! There is nothing left for the poor little Grits to do but to go to sleep again, and as for Papa Blake, he will go back to his law-books and forget that he needs a policy.

#### Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

#### POLITICAL MORALITY.

Canadians are very much given to felicitating themselves upon the purity of their national political life, when compared with that of the neighboring Republic. They have every reason to do so at the present moment, though a few years ago, when the precious "purists"—the organized hypocrisy known as the Grit Party—held office, it cannot be denied that the tone of Canadian political morality was far below anything Washington has ever known. At the present day, however, the Liberal-Conservative party is in office, and scandals of the vilest description follow one another with a rapidity which would be shocking to any people who are capable of being shocked. To be sure the Americans have developed some pretty bad characters in public life, but it must be remarked that few of these scoundrels have escaped condign punishment on being found out. On the other hand, Canadians treat political wrongdoers with weak leniency, if not even with positive favor. While Belknap, the robber, is banished for ever from political position, and Colfax, the Credit Mobilier swindler, is driven into merited obscurity by our Republican friends, what do we find in Canada? Here is Mackenzie, the purchaser of Steel Rails and builder of the Neebing Hotel, still enjoying a seat in our House of Commons; here is Blake, the author of the "Speak now" letter, in the dignified position of a Party Leader. It is true that so far as the Reform Party is concerned, a high morality does mark Canadian public life, and no man whose hands were not indeed "clean" could hope to occupy a prominent place in the councils of that Party. But what about the Tories? Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues have been slandered by a foul-mouthed press, but through all the ravings of malice and contumely they have emerged spotless, and to-day stand higher in the love and esteem of their countrymen than ever before. On the contrary, the Grit corruptionists are hiding in the dark crevices of Opposition—a standing proof of the vehemence of the wrath which a virtuous and highminded public visits upon political evil-doers. There is nothing for Canadians to boast of. We venture to say the present Canadian Government would be kicked out of Washington by a disgusted populace.

*The Syndicate*

[No article genuine without this Signature.]



Strange how vague some of these old proverbs, saws and sayings are when one comes to examine them thoroughly. Now, for instance, that ancient one about "a hair of the dog that bit you" being a cure for the bite. Of course its most general application, nowadays, is intended to be when a gentleman has been indulging too freely in that which stings like a thankless tooth and is sharper than a serpent's child. The proverb, or whatever it is, may be all right and true enough when a person has confined his potations overnight to one in particular: doubtless, in such a case, the recommended cure is effectual, on the homœopathic *similia similibus curantur* principle, and if whisky has been the sole libation to Bacchus overnight, then whisky will be the correct thing next morning, and the sufferer will feel better for his draught. But now comes another thing, and one that the manufacturer of that proverb never seemed to contemplate. We will say that a gentleman meets "some of the boys" overnight, and he peregrinates with them, in all their boyish innocence from one place of amusement (?) to another; during his rambles he introduces into his system whisky,—rye and malt,—brandy, rum, gin, smashes, Dunnville's best, Hennessy's ditto, with wines of various names, but all, as a rule, sprung from the same parent stock, generally sulphuric acid, logwood, with various tinctures and extracts. Of course when our gentleman is propped up against his own door somewhere amongst the "wee sma' hours," he is not much more drunk than an average Arkansas judge at the same period of the night. He wakes in the morning feeling particularly as if he would like a hair of that dog: But the question arises, *Which dog?* He has been bitten by a whole pack; is he then to make another tour in order to get hold of the dog that did the mischief, and try over, once more, all those infernal concoctions which have, amongst them, laid him low, in order to find out which identical canine did the damage? If so, instead of one hair, he is likely to become the possessor of enough capillary appendage to make a hair shirt and a very full man inside it. All of which goes to show that proverbs, saws, maxims and so forth are, as a rule, full of guile and the truth is not in them.

*Puck on Wheels* is to hand, and is one of the brightest, spiciest, sparklingest and all the 'ests' of volumes we have been favored with for some time, and reflects great credit on its publishers and contributors. Its price is only twenty-five cents—exactly the same as that of GRIP-SACK, which is now out.

Did the gentle reader ever observe that, when he is in a particular hurry and his bettor, or otherwise, half hands him his under garment, it is invariably inside out, and, before he knows where he is, he finds his ears inside the sleeves and wagging furiously in their unaccustomed position. This is a fact that deserves deep study from learned men. Ears were never meant to be in that 'posish' and when they get there they *must* protest. Now then; jokes about the long-eared race. We are waiting, but feel how odious comparisons would be.

And now, adown the lofty tree  
Comes the caterpillar:  
Small i.n.s.e.c.t.

How we'd like to kill her,