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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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 Book of Oddities.

No. IV.



Sidney Smith once said that the first requisite for success was to get yourself born on the North side of the Tweed. To get himself born on the West side of St. George's Channel and persistently keep forcing that fact upon the attention of parties and administrations as the basis of a claim for recognition at their hands, are the principal stock in trade of the Professional Irishman. He is usually not without the traditional blarney, and perhaps a spice of the eloquence that has made so many of his countrymen celebrated, but the chief feature of his character is the cool assurance with which he trades upon the mere accident of birth as giving him a sort of vested right to office and emolument. Parties sit loose upon him, and he has no hesitancy in avowing it—boldly proclaiming his intention of supporting any party that will do "justice to the Irish element," in other words, push him forward as a candidate for Parliament or give him a snug office. He commences his career as Grit or Tory as the case may be, and to do him justice, as a rule, he does yeoman service in the cause as long as he has any prospects of advancement. Should a few years elapse without bettering his political fortunes he loudly proclaims his disgust for a party at the hands of which no Irishman can expect anything, and goes bodily over to the other camp. If he fares no better there a few years more will probably see him revert to his first love, in the hope that his opposition may by that time have taught them to set a proper value on his services. He is a veritable soldier of fortune, the Dugald Dalgetty of politics, with an eye single to provender and plunder.

Socially the Irishman by profession is usually a pleasant, genial companion as one would wish to meet, with a fund of anecdote and ready humor. If you keep steadily in mind the fact that you cannot place any sort of reliance on his sincerity, his acquaintance is well worth cultivating. In the long run his political tactics are apt to prove successful. After two or three changes and half a dozen campaigns he is either elected to Parliament or gets a comfortable office, which event is made the subject of an editorial by the party organ to the effect that being always willing to do justice to Irishmen they have selected him for the post on account of his eminent fitness and entirely apart from all national considerations.



"In His Mind."

A Certain Rev. Gentleman (reading from Tuesday's *Globe*).—"Rev. W. S. Rainsford moved, That it be one of the objects of this (Temperance) Association to discountenance the prevalent custom of treating." Now, if the Ministerial Association would pass a similar resolution, adding the words "the Bond-street pastor," it would be a good Christian move.

"I would think," said Mrs. Gollitenham to her husband, who had just arrived and was somewhat ineffectually trying to remove his rubbers. "I would think that a proper respect and care for your family, if not for yourself, would prevent your indulging in your nightly orgies. There is Jane, she should be taking French lessons now."

"Can *Je ne suis pas* yet?" asked Mr. G., with an abortive chuckle.

"Yes, she can say *pa*, but I don't think it would be very edifying for her to see *pa* just at present, funny as you may be!" said Mrs. G., with a slight sneer.

"Well, my dear, I thought that there would be time enough for a *oui* thing like her."

"I won't stop to parley with you," said Mrs. G.

"*Parlez*," roared Mr. G., "*Parlez!* ha! ha! ha! Why you're getting almost as funny as I am. *Parlez*, d'ye see, ha! ha!"

"Brute," only said Mrs. Gollitenham as she seized the lamp and swooped out of the room.

The Statue Question.

Mr. GRIP is extremely agitated at the unpatriotic, not to say Nihilistic, attitude assumed by a good many people, of reputed sense, on the subject of the statue to Cartier. The idea of any man opposing the trifling appropriation of \$10,000 for such a purpose, out of our overflowing Treasury, is indeed sickening. It is very bad taste, but that is not all. Have these heartless and niggardly Oppositionists thought the matter over carefully? Do they comprehend the full meaning and possible consequences of their action? They are spoiling the chances of all the great public men now living in Canada (including themselves) of having public statues after they are gone. Cartwright, Blake, Plumb, Donville, Tilley, Rykert, Mills, Charlton, and all the other Statesmen of our country must make up their minds to get along with a plain slab, if this Cartier business falls through. There is not a name among those just written that is not as much respected by the Canadian public as that of Cartier; there is not a man of them that has not fully as good a claim for a public statue as he. The proposal to erect this statue at the public expense is not only a fraud upon the general public, but a rather pointed insult to those Conservatives who respect the memory of Cartier enough to be willing to contribute something for such a statue out of their own pockets.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.



NOT to be outdone by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, who sent an expedition in search of Livingstone, and another to look for the North Pole, the editor of the *Globe* has announced a startling journalistic enterprise. A tremendous expense he has fitted up a committee of two, to be forthwith despatched to investigate the working of the liquor law in the State of Maine. The Canadian public have hailed this announcement with acclamations of delight, and they will be still more delighted to learn that Mr. GRIP has effected arrangements by which from week to week he will lay before his readers an account of the adventures and exploits of the *Globe* commissioners, in the shape of transcripts from the diaries which have been included in their outfit. At the end of each adventurous week, the leaves containing the entries of occurrences are to be torn out and forwarded to GRIP office, the Postmaster-General kindly remitting the postage in consideration of the public benefit involved. As a prelude to the forthcoming history—which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive—we present our readers with portraits of the worthy commissioners. As it is their intention to travel strictly *incognito*, of course the above sketches are as far as possible from likenesses, and the following brief biographical memoranda are equally disguised.



Gent on the Right.—T. Total, age 57. Never touched liquor in his life. Believes in prohibition. Soundly orthodox in religion. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question. Goes to Maine fully expecting to find prohibition working beautifully.

Gent on the Left.—Wm. H. Setemup, age 58. Anti-temperance from principle. Believes in modern science, and takes his brandy and soda with great regularity. Is quite sure Maine Law is a fraud, and expects to get all he can drink whenever he wants it down there. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question.

Education, for March-April, 1881, pays the following graceful tribute to an older writer: "Solomon caught sight of many principles—and he propounded maxims of great value." We have been told by the dear old *Autocrat* of the "Seven Wise Men of Boston," but here is a Bostonian sage not too wise to be above patting Solomon on the head, anyway.