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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.

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.—Mr. Blake has just returned from the Old Country, and he must, as a new arrival, feel rather puzzled to know which set of bulletins to believe on the subject of the Rat Portage war. The *Mail* says everybody up there is against Mowat—the *Globe* of course, says just the reverse. If Mr. Blake were an average Grit he would instinctively swallow the *Globe's* news, but it is somewhat notorious that, notwithstanding the new management, the leader of the Opposition has a wholesome disinclination to go the "whole hog" with any newspaper organ.

FIRST PAGE.—The game of "King of the Castle" still goes on in the Awarded Territory,—the odds being in favor of the Ontario Government. Warlike rumors are again in the air—genuine war this time. It is reported that the Dominion Government has ordered troops to the scene of action to aid the Manitoba authorities. We refuse to believe this; if Sir John Macdonald is the 'cute politician he is generally reputed to be, he would as soon think of cutting off his own head as taking the action here indicated. It would certainly pitch him out of office, but, what is worse, it would, in case of bloodshed, brand him for all time as a murderer. This matter can be settled without an appeal to arms, and the first man who shoots a fellow citizen at Rat Portage, whether under orders or not, ought to be hanged.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our sympathies are entirely and enthusiastically with the Telegraph strikers. As we have often stated before we abhor Monopolists of every grade, and especially such heartless money-bloated grabbers as Jay Gould. We learn with pleasure that the Monopoly in this case is likely to be beaten. With the best representative papers of both parties, we declare in favor of Government control of telegraph lines—and would

also like to see the railways, one and all, put under the same auspices.

Our Leading Article.

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

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The prompt and decisive action of the popular Ontario Government in enforcing its authority over the disputed territory is being followed by disastrous results. The people from end to end of district are up in arms against this most unwarrantable and outrageous intrusion. In Rat Portage, where erstwhile anarchy and lawlessness reigned supreme, the change for the better is most apparent. Here are the officers of three separate Governments, each endeavoring to assert their right to rule. As a consequence, the residents are unwilling to submit to any one of the three contending factions. Property is being confiscated, debts cannot be collected, and the prospect is gloomy in the extreme. Mr. Mowat's course has greatly disconcerted Sir John Macdonald and his advisers, the Quebec Bleus. The latter, in utter despair of being able to deprive Ontario of a portion of her most valuable territory, are, it is said, seriously contemplating a resort to force. The idiotic and senseless statement made by some journals that the Quebec Bleus are in anywise interested in this dispute has been forever disposed of. The most determined and in fact only opposition to the final settlement of the difficulty comes from the residents themselves, who strenuously oppose Mowat's right to exercise governmental functions. It would certainly have been a dereliction of duty on the part of Mr. Mowat to have refrained any longer from taking possession of this territory. With the people of the district appealing for his protection, and the whole Province of Ontario clamoring for her rights, in the course he has pursued Mr. Mowat has displayed his usual foresight and statesmanlike ability, and added more than ever to his popularity. Upon his head rests the terrible responsibility of being the prime cause of so much misery and destitution. Everywhere crime is rampant, business is disturbed, murder and rapine abound, and all because of Mowat's attempt to take forcible possession of a piece of worthless territory to which the Province of Ontario has not the slightest claim.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

ROYALTY HEARD FROM.

MY DEAR GRIP,—As the time for my departure from your shores approaches, I begin to feel how sad it is to part. My grief at leaving Canada will be great, but you can contribute to its assuagement by continuing me as subscriber to GRIP and GRIP-SACK. By the way, will you kindly forward me half-a-dozen copies more of this year's SACK, as I wish to present the Queen, Wales, and some other friends each with a copy. (Sgd.) LORNE.



*Our
First Person
Singular.*

"Man was made to mourn" the loss of his new silk umbrella.

Barnum's big elephant, Prince, has been removed by the jaws of death. (Some editors say "hand of death," which is very bad form). His remains, it is said, are to be transferred to Toronto University. Just what the faculty propose to do with them remains to be seen.

Jemima H. writes me as follows.—Will you do me the kindness to "show up" the intolerable nuisance of allowing those horrid perambulators on the streets. Last evening when going down Yonge-street with my little dawg Fitz, one of those wretched things ran right over his dear little tail." My dear girl, you have my loving sympathy in this dire misfortune. Of course they should keep their babies at home. In fact they ought not to be allowed out of the house until they are able to walk. Your sweet little dog must have a breath of fresh air occasionally, and it is outrageous that he must be tortured by those nasty baby carriages.

As a parallel case to that mentioned last week of the supreme ignorance displayed by foreign journalists of the topography of this country, I quote the following from the Dundee *Advertiser*. Referring to the new steamers now building on the Clyde for the Canada Pacific Railway, this "green un" says: "In the meantime the vessels are being constructed each with seven water-tight bulkheads, but when they arrive out at Montreal the vessels will be cut in two, so that they may the more easily descend the St. Lawrence canals to the lakes. What may be regarded as the mid or odd bulkhead will serve but a temporary purpose, as it will be taken out when the two halves of the vessels are put together again on the shores of Lake Ontario." Descend the St. Lawrence Canals, eh? This editor seems to know as much about the direction in which our great rivers flow, as does the London *Times* :

Mrs. Langtry is writing a book of her experiences in America. It will likely be entitled "What I know about the Americans." If she knows as much about the Yankees as they appear to know about her, and she tells it all, the book will be a voluminous one.

Although it is only some few days since Grip opened his office at Mikahaboo, E. C., on the Victoria Nyanza, the following names have already been registered:—W. C. Battakih, Ottawa; Sir Chas. Tupper, K. C. B., Baguta; F. J. Cetewayo, Jr., Toronto; Hon. Oliver Mowat, Krangolabi; J. Burr Plumb, Senator, Poentireoo; Mrs. Hanki Hastilangby, Maguia.

I understand that Mr. Harry Cliff—whom everybody knows and likes—is an applicant for the City Engineership, vacant by the death of Mr. Brough. Mr. Cliff has been for a long time in the office of the City Engineer and was the late official's right-hand man. It may therefore be assumed that he is well qualified for the position of chief—aside from the fact that he commands first-rate professional testimonials. Mr. Cliff's many friends will be glad to hear of his appointment, and the city would also have reason to feel gratified in such an event.

Mr. Piper was only able to send the London sufferers a cheque for fifty dollars as the result of the Band Concert given at the Zoo Gardens—and even of this small amount Harry drew upon his private purse for about twelve dollars.