



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is not likely that very many Canadians who celebrate the First of July take any particular thought of the fact intended to be commemorated by the festival of Dominion Day. The holiday is devoted to fun rather than political moralizing. If we were given to "orating," as our Republican neighbors are, there can be no doubt that the burden of Dominion Day speeches would be the glorious fact that on the first of July, 1867, the Provinces achieved Home Rule, and the peroration would undoubtedly be an apostrophe on the sacredness and preciousness of that boon. But we have no First of July orators—we take it out in general diversion, with special attention to athletics. At the present moment thoughtful Canadians are a little exercised as to future celebrations of our National Holiday, as the facts would seem to warrant the fear that we may soon have nothing to celebrate, if the Government at Ottawa continues its hostility to Provincial autonomy. Sir John Macdonald has rolled the wheel of Federal authority over Manitoba and Ontario of late, and the only excuse that can be found for him is the plea that he is not a free agent—that the Bleus of Quebec move him at their own sweet will.

FIRST PAGE.—The spectacle of Uncle Sam shipping Irish paupers back to John Bull is one sufficiently disgraceful to our modern civilization, though we cannot blame our Uncle under the circumstances. In the first place John Bull has no business to have Irish paupers. They are the natural product of the bad government of past ages. But, having been produced, there is certainly no excuse for the wholesale deportation of them into the United States. Why cannot the Imperial authorities use the wealth at their command in the more productive and patriotic form of endowing these poor Irishmen with homes in our teeming North-West?

EIGHTH PAGE.—And now Senator O'Donohue is beginning to howl for that seat in the Cabinet. Small blame to him; the seat was undoubtedly promised—and he has fulfilled all the conditions required of him in the premises. But of course he will not be "taken in" to the Cabinet. Let him be content with the fact that he has been most effectually "taken in" otherwise.



A paragraph has appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator* claiming the authorship of "Bunthorne Abroad" for Mr. Swire, Associate Editor of this paper. It would seem that the Editor of the *Spectator*, after witnessing the performance of the operetta, became profoundly impressed with the belief that the libretto strongly resembled Mr. Swire's style of composition, and wrote his notice accordingly. That he was in error, Mr. Bengough's name on the libretto as the author is sufficient evidence. Mr. Swire wishes to obtain credit for nothing he did not do, and makes no such claim, himself, as above stated.

Queer people, those Hamiltonians. Only a few days ago they presented John Smith with something or other and made a big to-do over him on the eve of his departure, and now a lot of them are abusing him like a pick-pocket. Apparently John Smith didn't leave, as he seems to be still in Hamilton.

We wish to know the reason
Why up to date this season
There has been so much diminishment in lies
About that 'luscious fruit,'
Which grows down near its root,
The strawberry we mean, and why its size
Appears to be diminished.
This poem's finished.

Dominion day has come and gone once more and the usual number of casualties have occurred, mainly owing to the carelessness of young men who wish to 'show off,' as children say; but perhaps the most glaring piece of culpable foolhardiness that took place was that performed by the editor of the *Mail*, who is reported to have crossed over to the Island in a small boat, when the Bay was very rough, with one of his own editorials in his pocket.

A poet sweetly sings:

"There is no river-bed but purer grows
As onward far its water flows
To depths beyond."

If we knew who the bard was we would invite him to take a stroll down the banks of the Don, and if the fresh, Ceylon-like odors of the sewers towards its mouth, and a dead cat or two in an advanced state of decomposition floating on its placid buzzin, didn't shake his opinion we would—, well, we would shake him.

"The young fellows who fascinate in America are now no longer called 'mashers' or 'dudes,' but 'carpets.'"—*Weekly Journal*. This is the first intimation we have received that dudes and mashers ever fascinated anybody, anywhere. If by the term America the

Journal meant to imply Canada as well, then it makes a grievous error. Canadian girls are not so easily fascinated as to fall victims to the charms (save the mark) of the 'dude,' 'masher,' 'carpet,' 'shummy,' or whatever name he is known by. Avaunt! carpet; and get thee hence, &c., &c.

No one can possibly object to Wun Lung, the Chinese tragedian, playing *Othello* with an English-speaking company in this country, as it is stated he proposes to do; but his unfortunate name has already been nearly fatal in several instances from the fearful array of facetious paragraphs to which it has given rise. The terrible consequences to the public, should the tragedian and his name be once more prominently brought before it, may be foreseen, and he should be made to change the latter before it appears on the playbills. There are plenty of good stage names lying round loose, and Chester, or something like that, would be appropriate. Let the public, then, be warned in time. The paragraphers are already sharpening their pencils. We shan't charge Chester anything for this suggestion, if he will only make the change in Stanley.

A phenomenon was witnessed in Yorkville, north of the toll gate, a few days ago, that has filled the residents of that neighborhood with wonder, if not even alarm. The extraordinary occurrence was the apparition of a corporation watering cart. The weird visitant, after sprinkling the city side of the road, and leaving that belonging to the county to make some arrangements with the weather clerk for an occasional shower, departed as mysteriously as it had come and has not since been seen. Children, who had never before beheld one of these machines, ran crying to their mothers, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant has been taxed to its utmost in the endeavor to recollect when last a similar occurrence took place. Much anxiety is felt up north as to what this unusual event may portend. Meanwhile the watered side is rapidly drying up.

Plutarch said that "it is no disgrace not to be able to do everything, but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious." Plute hit it square on the head that time; he had evidently been bothered whilst writing his learned editorials by the frequent interruptions caused by the entrance into his sanctum of seedy individuals with "a little article for his perusal," or he was well nigh goaded to death by the piles of MS. poetry commencing "If you're eager for to shine," or something in that way, that the mail brought him. We can sympathize with our old friend Plutarch, and acknowledge that it is "extremely troublesome and vexatious" to have these Heaven-born hod carriers pretending to twang the Parnassian lyre. (Patent applied for.) Even as it was in the days of Plute, so is it now and will be to the end, as long as some papers encourage the efforts of aspirants to poetic fame who ought to be at home keeping the pigs out of the potato-patch.

The New York *Mercury*, usually so very correct and proper in its dramatic critiques, makes the following astounding statement concerning the villain of Louis Frechette's play, "The Thunderbolt," produced at the Union Square Theatre a short time ago. "His blue-black long-haired wig, ditto eyebrows and ditto large moustache were carefully crowned with a wide-rimmed drab felt hat, surmounted by a carefully buttoned Prince Albert frock coat and light pants." The *Mercury* says that the play caused much disappointment, and we don't wonder at it. The idea of any character, even the villain, having the audacity to appear with