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All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

The gravest least is the Ix; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

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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.—The Phillipics of the *Globe* and other organs of the Opposition against the Government of the day will avail little so long as the leader of the alleged Reform party maintains his present "masterly inactivity"—an attitude which he gives no sign of changing. If the Grit newspapers are to be believed, Sir John and his Cabinet are galloping the country to destruction; on all hands the very stones of the streets are finding mouths to denounce them. Manitoba is talking of Secession as a means of escape from the miseries of misrule;—Rat Portage is tortured with investment by a ragged regiment of an unconscionable Cabinet's myrindons; the poor and needy throughout the wide Dominion are being ground down with cruel and needless burdens of taxation—brazen corruption is stalking through the opened constituencies under the immediate patronage of the Prime Minister—and yet, notwithstanding all this and much more, Mr. Blake snoozes at his office desk, and his lieutenants with due deference snore on the rug beside him! Meanwhile the party strain eager eyes for some sign of life at headquarters, and there being no prospect of any such thing Mr. GRIP in his compassion draws a purely imaginary picture to relieve their pent-up feelings. He depicts a caucus which *ought* to be held, and he places in a prominent Reformer's mouth a happy suggestion well worthy of Mr. Blake's consideration—"Suppose we declare for Reform!"

FIRST PAGE.—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." The author of this wise saw would undoubtedly agree that it is now Sir Cartwright's turn to laugh. Sir Leonard Tilley is at present enjoying a falling revenue with good prospects of a deficit, and although it would be too much to expect him to confess himself a "Fly on the Wheel," he must feel, in his peculiarly painful position, that he is certainly a victim of "circumstances over which he has no control."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The cotton manufacturers, in conclave assembled, have decided to run their mills only four days per week. At the same time they have mutually agreed to keep the prices of their products up to the present figures.

Our Leading Article.

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

THE ALGOMA ELECTION.

As the time draws near for the contest in Algoma it is amusing to witness the desperate dread which crops out in the columns of Grit newspapers. To one who can read between the lines it is plain that while the paid hacks of the party write their turgid Falstaffian bombast—

"Each particular hair
Stands up on end."

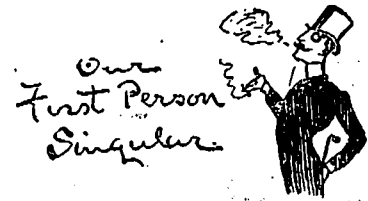
Already the gang of convicted Muskoka corruptionists are spreading like a pestilence over the face of this fair constituency, and "if money can do it" the Grit candidate will be elected. Victory to the Tories in this case means the perpetuation of the disgraceful inter-provincial squabble at Rat Portage, and the enforced retirement from the district of the hired ruffians of the Mowat oligarchy. Victory to the Liberal Conservative candidate also means the overthrow of that discredited government itself, for be it remembered that it is not given to the electors of Algoma at this time to decide the question of Mowat's fate. The Ontario Government has governed the country so well for a dozen years that Tory malignity—blinded by the unaccustomed glare of purity,—and Tory turpitude palsied in the presence of political virtue—are alike futile against its shining shield and stalwart arm, and that government will continue to disgrace the Province until the stroke of the hour of five on the day of the Algoma polling. In our mind's eye even now we see the cyclone of public indignation gathering head; an atmosphere surcharged with perfidy and dishonor, greed and corruption furnish the elements of the black cloud; hour by hour it grows blacker and wilder,—on that day it will burst from the honest hands of the Algoma yeomanry in an irresistible tempest of ballots before which the frail defences of the Hardys and the Pardys, the Frazers and the Blazers will stand unharmed. Mowat's working majority is perfectly safe, and beyond the reach of Algoma whichever way it goes. The desperation of the Government may be judged by the fact that already they have displaced an impartial returning officer, and appointed a creature of their own, a thing which it was necessary to do as the Sheriff sent in his resignation of his own accord on account of ill-health. Straws show how the wind blows, and all the straws we have yet seen show unmistakably that Algoma will declare for Meredith and Good Government.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

C. C. A.—Your 'pome' received: the joke about putting a tack upon a chair and someone sitting down on it has been treated of before. Chancer, Spenser, and Marlowe have all spoken of such a thing, and the Shapira MSS. contain an allusion to it. Under these circumstances it is better to let your charming verses remain 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,'—also unpublished, eh?



It looks as if Mr. Shapira had been trying a skin game in which he is going to be beaten.

A box of live bees addressed to Canada recently found its way into the United States dead letter office.—*Exchange*. Dead letters! ye gods! I should think those would be the liveliest B's ever seen.

A country paper advertises for "board for man and wife with gas." *Hamilton Times*.—Then, by the beard of the prophet! let that man and wife go and put up with the Hamilton Board of Works.

I see that a gentleman tumbled into a Church-street excavation the other day, falling on a man who was working in the hole and astonishing him. The gentleman afterwards presented the man with \$20, I humbly beg to state that I am ready and willin' to be astonished by gentlemen tumbling on me all day long at the same price per tumble. Address right here.

Lovers ought to move to Havre.—*Gouverneur Herald*. But if her Marseilles in and says he is Toulouse, what then?—*Winnipeg Siftings*. Why, then the Paris probably separated.—*Chicago Times*. This style of thing has been going on Toulon, and I've been Bourdeaux-ver and over again by it, and it is Rouen-ing genuine wit, but I suppose I shall become Calais to it in time.

Several papers, in speaking of the late lamented Mr Marwood, the English executioner, state that he was a firm advocate of the long drop, and from the state in which that gentleman appeared at a couple of recent executions it would seem that it was not the only kind of drop that found favor in the eyes of the gifted being who has passed away.

"Pure Air" in his letter last week to the *World* respecting smoking on the streets, compares the smell of tobacco smoke to sewer gas. If "Pure Air" had been with me on a certain street car a day or two ago, when a thing—a Dude, I imagine—was smoking something on the front platform, he would not have insulted sewer gas in that manner. But then it was just possible that it was not tobacco the Thing—a Dude, I think—was smoking, though done up in cigar form.

I was delighted to read in a Hamilton paper that a bold, bad man who had the audacity to call an alderman a liar, got very properly knocked down and pounded by the alderman, and when he hauled up the latter for assault, the member of the municipal board got off scot-free. Such things as this tend to show that aldermen have feelings, just the same as respectable people, and we should be made to feel, even though we know some of them to be the most incorrigible Anapiases living, that we have no right to tell them we think so. No, no: such things must not be.

I see that some of the newspapers seem to think that the Hamilton police magistrate must be in a quandary concerning Capt. Ludgate, S. A., who was fined \$5 a little while