



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 generally believed that if Mr. Mowat comes to grief in the political gymnastic feat he is shortly to undertake, it will be owing to the influence of certain individuals whom it would be invidious to particularize further than is done in our cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Gladstone's movements are watched with unusual interest at the present moment. Those who hold the cynical creed that political success is incompatible with personal honor, confidently look for a violation of the virtual pledge given by the Premier of England to the effect that he had no aggrandizing aims in undertaking the Egyptian war. This heggarly expectation will receive a rebuke. Gladstone happens to be one of those old fogies who believe that a diplomatic liar is no more respectable than a common prevaricator, and he acts accordingly. His glorious career is the antidote posterity will have against the evil influence which his contemporaries of the time-serving order will leave behind them.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. London *Free Press* editor should be more careful how he turns his elegant sentences. The one here quoted was pointed at the Mowat Government, but nobody knows better than Mr. Josiah Blackburn that it fits his friends at Ottawa at least equally well. It's wonderful and amusing how very blind people can be when they keep their eyes shut.

J. T. Trowbridge is to contribute the leading serial story to *St. Nicholas* during the coming year. It will be called "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," and, like all of his stories, while neither unnatural nor overdrawn, will be vivid in style and exciting in incident. Many fathers, who are now subscribing to *St. Nicholas* for their children, will recall their own delight in reading his "Neighbor Jack-wood" and "Cudjo's Cave."

There is a great deal of la(y)-tent energy in that wind, as the Qu'Appelle man remarked when his canvas store was blown down.



"Squatter Sovereignty" made a great hit at the Royal—the entertainment being a continuous laugh notwithstanding the strong localism of the play, which can only be fully comprehended by New Yorkers familiar with "Shantytown." The present attraction is Dr. Howard in his presentation of "Mrs. Josh. Whitecomb."

The "Black Flag," a first-class play by a first-rate company, is the bill-of-fare at the Grand this week. Mr. F. E. Thorne, an eminent New York actor, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, and Eliza Weathersby are members of the troupe whose abilities are too well known to Torontonians to require comment.

MARMION.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.

Scene.—EDUCATION DEPARTMENT OF ONTARIO.
The Minister of Education seated in his private apartment looking over his new School Law with satisfaction on his beaming countenance.

Min. of Ed.—Yes, that will do.
And now let's hope we've heard the last of "cram."

That nasty word suggesting "sham" and "damn"

I'll hear no more!—Now, happy as a clam,
My troubles o'er, with confidence we go
Before the country; point to my record, "Lo!
This is my work,—"

Enter Archbishop.— (Good-morning to you, sir.

I called to have a confidential chat with you
Anent a grievance, which you must redress.

Min. of Ed.—Welcome! your Grace. I pray you state your case,
You know you may command me.

Arch B.— Marmion must go!
Min. of Ed., starting to his feet.—Marmion!

how? what? heard I your grace aright?
Did you say Marmion?

Arch B.— I say Mar-m-i-o-n,
Used as a text book in your Grammar Schools.

Min. of Ed.—Your Grace must pardon me,
this nob'e lay

Hath been three-fourths a century the boast
Of Scottish literature; a martial rhyme,
That moves to martial music, clash of arms,
And sounding slogan that adown the years
Comes ringing yet, full-throated, clarion-clear,
Tingling true patriot blood to the finger ends,
And stirring memories that keep alive
A national spirit, that strongly yet may serve
Our country in her need.

Arch B.— Our country! Humph!
My country is my church! I stand or fall
In, for, and to her only. This bad book
Tells of a broken vow of chastity,
Portrays the punishment of the offenders,
Hath actually depicted a flirtation
With royalty itself. It doth show forth
How poor, frail woman will forsake for love
All hope here and hereafter. It, in short,
Is not a book for Catholic youths to read,
Much less (saving your presence) to analyze;
Therefore, I do insist on its disuse.

Min. of Ed.— Is not your Grace—well—
hem! high-handed here?

Arch B.—High-handed! faith then, let me
tell you here,

The power that with authority forbids
Promiscuous reading of the *verbum Dei*,
Won't hesitate, from the fair roll of Fame,

To blot, if it so please her, proudest name
That ever burst on literary world.

Min. of Ed.—Pray give me time to frame a
reason for this sudden change.

Arch B.—There is no time to spare, the
tents are struck,
The march begun, the war-cry "Mowat must
go"

Rings in your ears. Reinforcements are at
hand,

Whose myriad votes the Tory wing shall rout,
With ruin and disaster; or else turn

The tide of war against you. Pray you, choose.
Exit Archbishop.

Min. of Ed.—Oh, wizard of the North! Im-
mortal Scott!

Why didst thou make that cap to fit so well!
Why do I live to see this woful day?

*He seizes his hat and goes outside, muttering
not loud but deep.*—To be, or not to be,
that is the question;

Whether 'tis better, in the main, to suffer
Imperious dictation from this—well—this
churchman,

Or—or—ah! *there's the rub!*

ACT II.

Scene.—THE EMPYREAN.

*Shades of Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Dickens,
Burns, Thackeray, Moore, Hogg, Grey, Chris-
topher North, and other choice literati in friend-
ly and angelic confab, have their "nox am-
brobiana" disturbed by hideous howls from the
literary world below.*

Shakespeare, starting to his feet.—"Angels and
ministers of grace defend us!"

Hogg.—"Losh-sake! they'll deave us w'
their din;

They roar like water loupin over a linn."
Byron.—"From Alp to Alp leaps the live
thunder!

What on earth's the row?"

Burns.—"The vera rattans backward look
An' seek the benmost bore."

Dickens.—"Hark! the bells!"

Christopher North.—"Gentlemen, pray be
seated. Silence will best assist us to com-
prehend the meaning of this woful war in
yon sublunary speck, where erstwhile we
walked and talked ourselves."

Thackeray.—"Aye! and wrote, too." *They
resume their seats, and listen to the following
fragmentary echoes that pierce the impalpable
ether.*—"Intordicted because of its immoral-
ity, ha! ha! ha!" "Unfit to be read." "In-
sensible booby" "Crookedness of Crooks."
"The elision of a few lines." "Not intention-
ally immoral." "After seventy-five years of
unquestioned popularity, Marmion has been
found to be immoral."

*Scott, starting to the front with upraised
arm.*

"What arrant ass, what brainless fool,
What sensuous literary ghoul,

What wretch on evil search intent,
Sees thoughts the author little meant.

Speaks vice where vice is all unspoken,
Yet lives on earth with neck unbroken;

Why these old facts of history
Recorded in my numbers free,

The untainted mind reads through and
through,

Praising the hand the picture drew.
Unconscious of unholy thought,

They see the moral sternly taught;
While the foul wretch can but descry
Vile hints and inuendos sly.

Burns.—"Sit doon, dear Watty, man, sit
doon,

Just think o' my diminished croon;
If th' unco gude may no' read you,

What think you, sir, maun be my due?
Thackeray.—"And I wrote 'The Virginians,'
woe is me!"

Byron.—"Once more among the critics, yet
once more, and small souls start and
tremble, like a ship without a rudder."