

• G R I P •

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Editor.

The gravest Deat is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—A very decided *something* has sprung up in the political garden of the Dominion, and the great question with the head gardeners of both parties is: Is it a wholesome plant, worthy of being cultivated, or a noxious weed which ought to be scotched? It is not MR. GRIP'S business to answer politico-botanical questions of this kind; his mission simply is to state and illustrate the facts of the day. However, for the public guidance in this matter there are other journalistic *savans* who are very positive in their opinions. Our esteemed contemporaries, the *News* and *World* for example, state that the Independence idea is not only the most beautiful, but the most valuable thing that has yet sprung from Canadian soil. According to these authorities it possesses high medicinal properties, and if carefully matured will prove a sure cure for all our political ills and ailments. The *Telegram* and several other wise and learned newspapers, endorse this opinion. On the other hand, all our "leading dailies" denounce the new growth as a weed of the vilest sort, poisonous in every leaf and petal. The *Globe* has generously admitted that the nature of the vegetable is a fair question for discussion, but cautiously refrains from giving any exact opinion of its own. Meantime the Puzzled Gardeners are examining it with considerable interest.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has come out of his shell somewhat of late, and by means of picnic orations is doing his best to arouse the country to a sense of the awful danger which is impending over her on account of the extravagance, bad management and corruption of the Government. At latest accounts the country had uttered a tremendous snore (which the Grits mistook for applause) and had gone off into a snooze more profound than ever.

EIGHTH PAGE.—All the big ministers are away from the capital; Tilly in England, Macpherson ditto, John A. at Cacouna, Langevin some place else; Pope, elsewhere, and so forth and so on;—all away with the exception of little Costigan and Bowell, who have been left in charge of the Haunted House.

A paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall-street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him if he had been a "bull" or a "bear." He replied: "Neither; I was a donkey."

TOUGALT McINTYRE AT THE CELEBRATION.

TEER MUGGIE.—She'll pe got to ta Sumi-Centennial of Toranta since last nicht. When ta station was come to her, there was apoot twa dozen mens who was askin' to drove her up to ta celebrations. She'll pick on ta pest horse and waggin of ta lot and got in. Sho'll tolt ta driver to drive her to ta Rossins Hoose. Ross was a goot Hielan name, and she'll pe sure that was where ta Rupley clans would alreaty pe stoppin' before. When she'll got oot of ta waggins ta droover make for sharge her seventy-five cents for ta ride. Put she'll no make a fool for her. Tonald McLennan tolt her that she'll could ride all over ta city for five cents, and she'll nfer since before pay anymores. They tolt her that ta street cars was sharge five cents, but not ta waggins, and they would call ta poleece. They make her stant for apoot twa oors on ta side of ta roat til they brocht a pig, Irish-looking fellow with a white ponnet on. He tolt her that she must pay what ta cabbage man sharged, or he would pe takin' her in sharge of ta station. Put as she'll shist come frae ta station to see ta Sumi-Centennial, she'll no want to go pack since so soon, so she'll give him ta monies.

It was twenty years since before she was at ta Toranta Sumi-Centennial, when she'll po on her ways to ta Coounty of Bruce to work up some lants. She'll nesser thoct how plenty ta hooses has got so mich, and ta peoples was so crowded as ta muskitoes in oor swamp. Muggie, Muggie! she'll pe so glat you didn't come. She'll be nearly wilt with distractions. 'Teer, teer! mens, womens, and bairns all runnin' after her and screamin' apoot ta Sumi-Centennial. Sumi-Centennial padges, sumi-centennial flags, sumi-centennial tooth-prushes, sumi-centennial nose cloots, and sumi-centennial muddles galore. Everybody was valkin oot muddles, muddles, muddles, till herself'll got so muddled that she'll not know where she was now. Too mich muddled till wrote ony marc. Good bye.

Your lovely, TOUGALT.

OWED TO HAMILTON.

Let others sing of cities rare,
Whose spreading lawns with flowers abound;
Of ample parks, where shady trees,
The people welcome all year round.
Boast ye of Rosedale, College, Queen's?
A higher strain, a deeper tone,
Than these inspire, my muse demands,—
I sing the park of Hamilton.

Hail! ample park! Umbregous gore!
What time thy girdled bounds were laid,
Thy fountain fair in midst upreared,
Thine iron railing strong displayed.
Who ever dreamt the time would come,
When visitors from Toronto's shore
Would magnifying glasses bring,
Thy fair green limits to explore.

Oh! spacious, breezy, spreading far
Beyond the city's "madding" din;
To hint thou wert one inch too small,
Would be a taxing, cruel sin;
Or e'en remotely once to hint
That open gates till ten o'clock
Would be a boon to the *canaille*,
Who therein after work might walk.

What rights have they? None but to pay
In heavy rent the taxes sweet;
And reimburse the ancient man
Who locks them out into the street.
Pile on the fees—shut out the poor
From education, "higher" called,
Tighten the screws—so cash be saved,
No matter though the record's bald.

Hail! city of the motto bold,
"Advance," to wit—"Ambitious," (sic!)
Sans library, sans parks, sans men,
Avec saloons, the streets, and — Niek!

"I say, Sambo, where did you git de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How did you git dem dem?" "Well, I saw on a card in de window, 'collar studs,' so I went in and collared dem."



Ya-as—that's the twuth. Fwench paintaws and Fwench witaws are vevy wealistic—*vevy*. Aw—their faculty of painting Nachaw as she is—aw—mo'stomishing—but their—aw—too faithful wepvesentations of aw-aw-Fwench life makes their univehsal pewusal a custom more honoured in the bweach than in the obsehvance. Howevaw—aw—the fault lies, not in the paintaw, but in the subjects—I mean tho—aw people painted; aw—in fact I'm not at all sure, but that, if we had a witaw in this countwy, with talent enough, and courage to depict things in their twue culahs, he would find abundant material for a Canadian vchson of "Othaw people's money," ya-as indeed.

Aw—by the way, speaking of money, we minds me—he! he! don't you think that attempted midnight burglary at the bank the othaw night too funny faw anything? Makes me think of the way little gals count—aw—buttons faw a husband, Banker—Speculator—Burgler—Thief. Ya-as—by Jawvo!

Aw—you mean the Lynch and Chiniquy lettaws? aw—ya-as—I wead them both. They gave me the impession that the Woman Catholic wote his letter in a highly pwotestant spiwit and the Pwotestant wrote his in the genuine Woman Catholic spiwit—and—aw—of the two I think the fawnaw the most calculated to pwomote that peace and good will we pwofess to believe in.

The English papaws are vevy much excited, over Bismahk's thweat to—aw—open up the question of the Dutch succession. Aw—well—let him. By all means let him turn John Bull into a Dutchman—aw—aw—if he can. But—aw—I'm inclined to think that if Bismahk pwoposes to create another tableaux of Sedan, aw—he will find that—aw—it isn't an imitation Napoleon he's got to deal with this time, but a devilish old Viking—who is more than one too many faw him.

Aw—ya-as—so I heah! the long pwophesied battle of Ahmageddon—is coming off—aw—soon. The pwohibitionists and anti-pwohibitionists are mahshalling their fawces all along the line—sundwy skihmishes—have—aw—already taken place—and now that the Semi-Centennial celebration is ovah—those who are not in it can adjust their fieldglasses—and—aw—at a safe distance view the combat. Of cawse—we go in faw the winning side, and cheer acawardingly.

The—aw—Semi-Centennial celebration, was undoubtedly a great success. The aw—spiwit of patwiosm—displayed by our citizens—was the Al crowning feachaw of the whole affaiaw, and is full of pwomise faw the fuchaw. I think—aw—we ought to begin now and save up our spare nickels, for a glorious, pious, and allfried blow out on Independence Day.

RECRUIT DRILL.

(Highland Sergeant is drilling recruits.)

HIGHLAND SERGEANT.—Quick march! Halt! Tonal' ye've begun on the wrang fit agsin. Hoo often has she to tel her that in maiching the left fit's the right fit an' that the right fit's the wrang fit to begin with, moreover!