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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the friends of Rum, their cause in this Province is doomed, and the day is not far distant when that unspeakable desperado, the Liquor Traffic, will be summarily lynched by a long-suffering community. It is tolerably certain that a goodly proportion of the counties now being contested will be carried for the Crooks' Act, and the workers for that end ought to be inspired by the knowledge that as soon as a majority of the counties declare for Prohibition, the government is bound to grant it. In the meantime the campaign is going on briskly, not a little help against the traffic being furnished by the disinterested members of the Exceedingly Benovolent Trade, who are so injudicious as to attempt an argument in the public press. Nothing is better calculated to convince an intelligent reader of the indefensible character of the whiskey business than the labored apologetics of its votaries.

FIRST PAGE.—The nomination of Mr. Blaine by the Republican convention is regarded with considerable disfavor in England, on account of that gentleman's past record as a "Jingo." On a recent occasion he gave the country a slight taste of his "spirited foreign policy"—a phrase which he appears to understand in a Beaconsfieldian sense—and it is quite possible that, as President, he would be inclined to go in that direction. But he is not President yet. His nomination is by no means universally popular with the Republican party, and if the Democracy have the good sense to nominate a first-rate man, the "plumed knight" may be left at home in the forests of Maine. At present all eyes are turned in the direction of the Democratic paddock, watching for the dark horse that is to try the mettle of Blaine's flyer.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Miss Canada is beginning to roll her eyes suspiciously in the direction of a third party—the Independent, who propose to do away with the useless lumber accumulated by the Grits and Tories, and to bring in an order of things that will result in giving the people of this Dominion a good deal more for the money they pay. In our picture we have put our picturesque contemporary of the *News* as representative of the Rising Party.

Not that he aspires to be a leader of the movement, but simply because he is handsome, and looks like a party who would be very likely to make an impression on a susceptible girl like Miss Canada. All this is purely figurative, of course, for to come down to the prosy facts of the case, our esteemed contemporary, Sheppard, is a steady-going married man, and was never known to flirt.

OUR CROW.

The other afternoon as the editor was sitting in the office, wrapt in profound cogitation, suddenly a cloud came between him and the sun. "Moses Oates!" he exclaimed in alarm, his mind at once reverting to that ever-coming tidal wave. It was a tidal wave. A wave of waifs, wanderers, migrants, from the far famed land of mist and heather. They were dusty, travel-stained and unshaved, and they were gathered round the window, some laughing, some crying, but all gazing in untiring admiration at GRIP's statue, the stuffed crow.

"Luck at the crow!"

"Losh! luck at the crow!"

"Whaur did he come frae?"

"Puir sow! He lucks like as he was thinkin' o' the days when he was wout to stride out ower the bonny broon furrows, gobblin' up worms at the peugh tail."

"Luck at him winkin', wad ye!"

"Wait, gie some barley here, I'll go in an' speer gin they'll let me gie him a pickle."

"Steek the man's door ahint ye, or the crow'll flee oot."

Such were some of the exclamations that greeted the ear of the editor as he gazed out dumbly on the critical crowd.

Nor was his astonishment lessened when the office door opened and a Scotch Hercules strode in, proffering a fistful of barley to the crow. "Will ye gie that to the crow?" he said, dumping on the desk about a quart of barley-seed.

"Why sir" cried the editor, rising to the situation, "that's a stuffed crow."

"A stuffed crow!" cried the fellow, staring with all his might. "It's a stuffed crow"—he repeated to the crowd as he went out—and immediately the party dispersed.

"Is your mother in?" asked a visitor of a little Mormon boy who opened the door. "No, ma'am," the little boy replied, "but my brother's mother is in."—*Et c.*



BEN BUTLER

TRYING ON THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION BOOTS.



That little unpleasantness over the leadership of All Saints' Church choir has, I see, been happily settled, and now a state of harmony presumably exists calculated to make the outside world fancy the members are a choir of All Saints as well as an All Saints' choir. This incident demonstrates the possibility of church choir differences being amicably adjusted before the organist is assassinated, the leading soprano driven crazy, and the pastor of the congregation hurried into a premature grave.

And now the "independent" papers are thinking that Sir Charles Tupper has had enough and ought to be let alone. This is a piece of advice which the *Globe* and the *Grit* press generally might ponder. Any public man who has been so ruthlessly pursued by antagonistic journalists that he has at last been obliged, in sheer desperation, to fly to a foreign country and drag out a miserable existence as a Penitentiary with \$10,000 a year and nothing to do, has assuredly had enough and may well be let alone.

The editor of the *Globe*, whose duty it is to dwell on scandals and crimes and all that, and so hold up the moral side of the paper, writes about the bold, bad bigamist Neville:—"Any casual adventurer with a glib tongue

is turned loose in people's drawing and dining rooms, till in due time it is found that the wretched fraud is some flunkey out of work, or some impudent scapegrace who will never get his desserts till he receive a good trouncing at the cart tail." In the excess of his virtuous indignation the good man overlooks the fact that if such a peculiar person were to have the run of the dining room he would naturally get his "dessert."

These two interesting females, Sara Bernhardt and Marie Colombier, have been forced to suspend hostilities in the publication line by the action of the Paris Courts, in which they have each been fined for the injudicious employment of a poisonous pen. Marie, you will remember, wrote a nasty book about Sara, to which Sara responded with a nastier book about Marie, and there is no telling how much more of this sort of thing would have yielded only the Law interposed and put a stop to it. The ladies, treated so cruelly in Paris, might have enjoyed unlimited freedom in the printing business if they had come over to Canada and started newspapers. Think of the unbounded liberty allowed to the editor of the *Mail* in abusing the editor of the *Globe*! And then turn around and reflect on the free pass given to the editor of the *Globe* in his attitude towards the editor of the *Mail*!

There is nothing like tapering off—now and then, at all events. I qualify this declaration so, in anticipation of the many persons who are prepared to illustrate the merits of the contention by the story of the dog and the tail, and the axe and the boy. The particular tapering off I have reference to is beautifully exemplified in the course of the *Mail* on the