

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

MR. GRIP feels flattered. He bows his thanks and acknowledgments from his fifth story window. The ovation is magnificent—grand even beyond Mr. GRIP's deserving. The triumphal arch, the brilliant processions, the mellifluous music, the martial parade, the enthusiastic multitude, the classical tableaux—all are splendid, and Mr. GRIP is fairly overwhelmed by the magnitude of the compliment paid him by his fellow citizens. His immense gratification is in no way lessened by the fact that there is an impression abroad that all this fuss and furor is in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Toronto, and not in celebration of the Twenty-third volume of GRIP. People will get great events mixed up, and in this case MR. GRIP is too modest to take much trouble to rectify the misunderstanding. But nobody could hesitate to say that MR. GRIP's Twenty-third Volume is the greater historical event of the two, because it is unprecedented. Other Canadian cities have existed fifty years, but no other Canadian comic paper has ever lived to see its eleventh birthday. It is clear now that this whole celebration is a surprise party in compliment to MR. GRIP—skillfully arranged by the Managing Committee. Otherwise, why should it have been postponed from March to June if not to hit the month sacred to Mr. GRIP? And why should it have been again postponed from the early part of June to the latter part if not to be coincident with the very week in which the First number of Volume Twenty-three should appear? It was perfectly plain to any one of unusual intelligence that this was the true inwardness of these mysterious changes, and GRIP accordingly tenders his special thanks to the gentlemen of the Committee.

Yes! GRIP is one volume older, and is glad to report increased vigor and brighter prospects than ever before. In the current volume it is intended to introduce some new features, amongst which may be mentioned a series of Caricature Portraits of leading Canadians printed in colors, a la Vanity-Fair. The first of these (Sir John A. Macdonald) will appear in the course of a few weeks. The series will embrace representative men of all the Provinces, and each picture will be accompanied by an appropriate biographical sketch. It is also the intention of the publishers to introduce typographical and artistic improvements into GRIP, and so make it more than ever worthy of the generous support of the best class of the Canadian public, regardless of polit-

ical leaning—a support which GRIP has heretofore enjoyed, and takes this opportunity of thankfully acknowledging.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The celebration of Toronto's fiftieth anniversary partakes of a Provincial if not a Dominion character, as amongst the thousands of our guests there are representatives of all the sister cities. It is safe to say that they are all friendly and sympathetic visitors, for the growth of the Queen City is a matter of pride to all Canadians. May all our friends have a jolly good time, and call again as often as possible!

FIRST PAGE.—On several notable occasions of late the Mail and Globe have excited the contempt of the public by showing that political exigencies govern them entirely. No question is at all likely to be discussed with anything approaching honesty and common sense, if by any possibility it has a political complexion. The people of Toronto have long since ceased to put any confidence in the utterances of the "leading organs," and have got into the habit of looking to the World and the News for reliable expressions of opinion. It is notorious that the Mail will deliberately deceive in order to make a point, while the Globe, if a trifle more decent in that respect, is not one whit more serviceable to the public looking for guidance, for on many grave questions it either speaks timorously or sings mum altogether. Meantime the snarling and quarrelling of the "leaders" go on unceasingly.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Globe has declared that so far as it is concerned Sir Charles Tupper shall not be left in quiet enjoyment of his sinecure. He was a bad man when in public life, and his numberless misdeeds have never been avenged. So long as there is any chance of his return to public life here, these odorous matters are not to be forgotten or glossed over. Good logic—quite right—but what can the Globe possibly do to bring about the fitting punishment?

TORONTO.

1834—SEMI-CENTENNIAL—1884.

No hear antiquity is ours to boast, No grey towers looming down from days of old; No castle gaunt, with drawbridge on the moat, No warriors mailed.

Glimpses of wigwags quaint, of Indians swart, Shooting in swift canoes along the bay, Glint through the dreamy dimness of our past That else slept silently. Till one bright day, A boat with loyal Britons strongly manned, Awoke whispering echoes with their dipping oars: O'er blue Ontario's wide expanse they came, Nor rested till they reached our sunny bay, And moored their boats on York's yet nameless strand. The noble waterway, the haven sure, The central site far-seeing Stuxco saw, And knew 't was what he sought,—and tarried here, And founded this great city of to-day.

The sturdy pioneers bent to their task, And forests fell, and smiling fields grew green; Corn waved, and homesteads rose, a pleasant scene; While in the wonted haunts of wolf and bear, Sweet sounds of human laughter rose and fell, Long lines of streets from every point ran clear, Churches and schools arose—the populace Doubled and tripled as day followed day; Wealth yoked the car of progress; and the bounds Receded still as still the city grew; 'Till, from the sea of years, whose happing waves Low whispering die upon these shores of time, Like Aphrodite—beautiful and young, Rose fair Toronto by her lake of pearl.

And as one who, but scantily endowed With beauty's magic spell—yet rivets fast Love's pleasant chains with more enduring charm Of mind and heart—even so she, owing naught To nature save her safe and happy site, Doth yet excel in beauty, wealth, and strength; Learning, refinement, culture of the arts, Fair landscaped cities—dowered with hill and vale.

Nor is all work within her prosperous gates. Upon her isle, Ontario's breezes fan Her children's heated brows. A countless fleet Of fairy skiffs skim merrily o'er the bay; Where love the young to speed the glancing oar With mirth and laughter. Others seek the shade Of her wide parks; umbrageous cool retreats, Where weary toilers may retire at eve To rest awhile in nature's quiet aims, As rests a child upon the mother-breast. Or where, girt for the game, her sturdy youths Adroitly pitch the curve, or catch the ball; Bounding across the green sward to the goal, With such keen zest—that gazing on the sport The old grow young; while in neglected haunts Dull vice pines moodily. Some seek the glow Of temples dedicated to the muse; Where called up from the past by genius' voice, Shakespeare's creation rise and live again; Enkindle greatness with their noble fire, Charm, melt and strengthen.

But her tender heart, Her sympathy for human suffering, She hath expressed in yonder ample "Homes," Where comfort reigns, and rest for weary feet. Havens of refuge for the sick, the poor, The infant waifs found floating on life's tide, The wrecks life's storms cast up on her kind shore, To these she offers shelter, life and hope. Nor hath her care forgot whom death hath claimed, Whose forms familiar tread her streets no more; Beyond the noisy whirl, the ceaseless din, Where unforgetting love plants many a flower, And sad regrets bedews them with her tears; In the still suburbs, where the hum of life Muffled by distance, like a dream voice floats Across the flowery silence,—silent grow The lonely, lovely cities of her dead.

The clear blue of her sky is pierced with spires Of every creed, of every name, but all, All pointing upward; while through every street, By-way and lane, o'erflowing frequent schools, The stream of children comes. Here year by year, From neighboring towns and rural villages; From smiling farms that bask on sunny slopes; From lonely homesteads in the half cleared bush; Unto her halls of learning flock the youths, Eager to quaff the enchanted stream, The true elixir of eternal youth.

Here also doth she train in time of peace Her sons for war, to strongly hold their own, And fend her hearths from swords of alien foes. Hark to the drum! lo! yonder waves the flag, And now 'tis martial music drawing near, And with a pulse-like beat, the tramp of feet. Hither they come—a moving, glancing line, Between the rows of maples gliding fast Nearer and nearer; brothers, friends,—hurrah!

It is "the boys," the gallant volunteers! Oh! brave defenders, once with blood baptized On Ridgeway's plain,—your manly hearts beat high On this fair morn. But fairer, brighter far, To patriot souls shall break that morrow's dawn, When this dear land shall be our own indeed. Friend not dependant of a mightier power, A glorious nation, young, united, strong, Queen of the North, ruled by true Saxon hand, But our great heritage for evermore.

JAY KAYELLE.

An advertisement in an exchange reads: "Wanted—A girl to cook." Verily, some people, even in this country, seem to be cannibals.—Boston Post.

"But do you know, pa?" said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son, "ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the world than agriculture."

"How sweet is a brother's love!" murmured the spinsterian Miss Diamigh, as she gazed into the depths of the Public Garden pond. "Yes," conceded her equally eligible and unmarried friend, "especially when it is the love of somebody else's brother."

A newly married man on being presented with a brass kettle by a few of his bachelor friends, said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this kind token of your esteem; but this present has one significance which you may not have considered—it will keep my family in hot water as long as it lasts."—Pretzel's Weekly.