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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 Poet.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The similarity between a nation and an individual is amongst the tritest of analogies. The adage, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," holds good in both cases. A nation no less than a child is easily moulded by a master hand, and may be made great or the contrary as that hand is inclined. It has been the fortune of Canada to be for many years under the tutelage of a man whose great gifts have not been accompanied by a correspondingly high ideal, and the consequence is that the tone of political morality has been lamentably lowered amongst our people. There is evidence of this every day and on all sides, and the most deplorable thing about it is that so many are apparently blind to the fact, or reckless of the certain consequences.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Meredith must be able to sympathise with the unhappy *Lord Chancellor* in *Iolanthe* when he bewailed the misfortune of being a man of two capacities. As a citizen of Ontario, Mr. M. no doubt would like to see the Province vindicated in her rights; but alas! he is also the Lieutenant of the Chieftain whose dearest wish is that she may be defeated in her appeal to justice.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is every indication that the question of Canada's future is henceforth one of the debatable questions. This is a distinct advance on the position that any such discussion implies treason. The *Mail* still tries to echo that lost chord, but without avail. Nothing is more certain than that the *Mail's* party would follow public opinion with alacrity in whichever direction it plainly went, and the Grit party is in the same attitude of watchfulness as to which way the cat will jump.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

(Toronto World 31 May.)

Bill Hawkes, a well-known light-weight pugilist, has died of dropsy and heart disease in London. He was born in 1884. He stood 5 feet 4, and scaled in his prime 132 pounds. He fought Joe Cross, Dan Rooke, Tommy Hogan, Bob Dackman, George Gregg, known as Rough, and several others.

It is in a sleeping car that a man practically makes the acquaintance of Nox.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

AN ENEMY IN THE CAMP!

The Montreal *Herald* of May 29th contained an advertisement for coal for Government House, Ottawa, in which the following bit of flagrant heresy appeared:

"All tenders will be considered as *Customs duty paid* by contractor, as no 'free entry' will be entertained."

Now, had this been interpolated by a meddling grit *doctrinaire*, one could understand it, but there is every reason for believing that it was approved with the rest of the advertisements by the government. And what is to be thought of a Cabinet that gives the lie direct to those learned political economists who declare that the coal duty is *not* paid by the consumer, but by the soft-headed Yankee producer? It looks very much as though Sir Leonard didn't believe the nonsense spoken in his name.

THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.

The illustration on our cover in a late number was calculated to give the public some idea of the *modus operandi* of the cattle trade conducted by Mr. G. F. Frankland and other importers in this city. The sketch was the merest fragment, however, as the cattle feeding stables and grounds near the Don are extensive enough to occupy our entire space even if drawn on a small scale. When we state that there are seven stables, each containing at times five hundred head of cattle, some conception of the importance of the business may be got. These animals are purchased throughout the Province, and are housed and fed for about six months, at the end of which time they come forth fat, sleek, and lively, to be sent across the ocean to that great lover of good beef—John Bull. The scene presented on shipping day is one of the sights of the town, and usually attracts crowds of visitors. The animals on being liberated from the stables are gathered in an enclosure, preparatory to the weighing process, and meantime they entertain the spectators to a series of "bull fights" which might delight the heart of a Spanish grandee. Every Canadian ought to be deeply interested in this great cattle trade; and the country owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Frankland for the enterprise he has shown in developing it.



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

NEWLY ARRIVED EMIGRANT.—Did you say in t' *Mail* 'ut hev'ry h'emigrant is worth a thousand dollars to Canada?

EDITOR.—I did, sir; certainly.
NEWLY ARRIVED.—Well, zur, I cawn't find nothink to do, an' I'm willink to sell out to you for 'arf the money. Take the hoffer, sir, and make a five hundred clear!

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Stuart, who made such a hit as the *Private King* in Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," is at present stage manager of the West End Opera Co., New Orleans.

Mr. Dunbar, a member of the Civil Service, is the author of a six act drama, which is shortly to be produced at the Academy of Music. This interesting bit of news is from the *Mail's* dramatic column, but it would be still more interesting had we been informed where this particular academy of music is situated.

Mr. David Edwards has written an ode in honor of Toronto's jubilee, the music to which is by Carl Martens. The piece will be sung by the children of the public schools at the concert on Saturday of celebration week. The poetry is pretty deep, like most of Mr. Edwards' work, but the air is lively enough to carry it off successfully.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin is about to publish a volume of poems in England. Some of them are Canadian in inspiration and aim, and N. F. D. thinks it would be an insult to Canada to publish them first elsewhere. He has accordingly formed a neat little pamphlet of "Eos—a Prairie Dream," and several others, and sent it forth to appease the home public. We have not had time to give the work a careful reading, and will not presume to pronounce judgment upon it as a whole, but some of the short pieces, "Friendship" and "To Bay Mi," for example—are exquisite, and would do honor to many a more pretentious poet than Mr. Davin.

HAMILTON GETS LEFT.

TORONTO, June 1st, 1884.

MIEN FREUND GRIP:—

Ven I gomes dis gountry to, Herr Lager-schwiller say "Mouch, gome to Hamilton; you edacation get free mit your poy in Hamilton." Put ven I gomes mit mine poy—by gemini! dey wants—vefty cent, undt von dollar, unt five dollar, for school fee mit de Collegiate, mitout pooks und midout anytings more else.

Py gemini plazes! put I vas madt, undt I to de Trustees goes. "Vy you say de Collegiate fees is paid mit de taxes? Don't I mine taxes pay? vell, I pay mine poy school fee. Ter Teafel! ven I pavs five dollar mit my poy school fee, I vants mine money pack. Gif me pack mine school tax. I vants to pay mine poy school fee mit it." Put he say "Oh but this is hever edacation. If you want higher edacation you must pay for it." "Put I does pay for it by gemini! I does, and vat you call high? Verc are your high teachers? Ach?" "Vell, vell, if you want your poy to get more edacation, you must pay more."

"Ach! put I can't. Mine poy fader haf no more mit a vorking man." "Den, eef you can't pay up like de rich, your poy midout goes." "Undt pay mine school tax to help edacutin' the rich poy? ter plazes! by gemini! I gomes away from dat old Hamilton cheat—and I gomes to Toronto vere de poor man gets an aviqualent for his school tax."

Ter Teufel mit Hamilton fedacational instootitions.

Fahrwohl,
CARLO MOUCH.

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

"I feel like a morning star," said a cheerful husband, as he chucked his wife under the chin.

"Yes," she replied, "you look as though you had been out all night."—*N.Y. Morning Journal.*