

GRIP.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
 - No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
 - No. 8, HON. T. B. PARSONS:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 28.

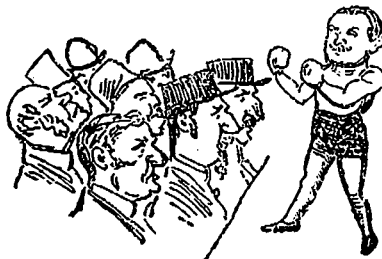
Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—There is not'ing in the present state of the Dominion finances, or in the commercial condition of the country to cause any apprehension, but on the other hand a great deal to call for thankfulness and congratulation on the part of our citizens. This is the view you get if you look into Showman Tilley's side of the Budget Peep-Show. If, however, you patronize Showman Cartwright's department of the concern you will see things that are calculated to raise your hair. You will see the public debt growing in a frightful manner, exports falling off, revenue falling, population leaving our shores, and many other pictures of the most gloomy description. Young Canada would like very much to know the truth about this important question, and it is quite certain that one or the other side of the panorama is a bare-faced misrepresentation. The interesting query is—Which of the showmen is telling the truth, "or rather," as Joe Rygal would say, "which of 'em is lying?" Strange to say, both honorable gentlemen draw their conclusions from the same set of facts!

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat—wishing no doubt to carry out his resemblance to Gladstone to the minutest details—has brought in a Franchise Bill, accompanied by a Redistribution measure. Unlike his great English exemplar, however, he is charged with seeking his own or his party's good chiefly in connection with these otherwise commendable measures. Of course there may be truth in this charge, but we all know that it would inevitably have been made in any case. It is not unlikely that even so honest a man as Oliver Mowat might have hesitated to extend the franchise or redistribute the seats, if he had supposed

the result would have told against himself. It remains, however, for the future to tell whether or not these bouncing twins will turn out a help or a hindrance to the "author of their being."

EIGHTH PAGE.—It seems quite clear that, notwithstanding the statement of the Premier which might bear any opposite construction, the C. P. K. Syndicate propose to appeal to Parliament again for financial aid. If the appeal is made we sincerely hope that it will be rejected as it might very justly be. There are two facts which, taken alone, would justify a summary refusal of this appeal—or perhaps we should say demand. In the first place the Syndicate has already received more than enough money to build and equip the road mentioned in their contract, according to their own estimate; and in the second place, the company has been paying dividends out of capital—a thing that cannot be excused. If Parliament grants this further aid, it will encourage Mr. GRIP to make a demand which he has hitherto modestly refrained from making, but which he has just as much right to make as the Syndicate men—namely that Parliament will buy the Toronto street railway for him. Mr. GRIP wants this railway, and he don't see why the Government shouldn't buy it for him if they think it right to buy the O. & Q., etc., etc., for Mr. Stephen and his friends.



MR. MITCHELL'S VISIT.

Who was it came from Britain's Isle,
With face so frank and free from guile,
Which ever wore a pleasant smile?
Charles Mitchell.

Who was it won Toronto's heart
By knowledge of the manly art,
And felt so loath from us to part?
Charles Mitchell.

Who hugged him to his manly breast,
And asked him to become his guest
At Club formed of Toronto's best?
Chris. Bunting.

Who said, "Dear Charles, I used, I vow,
To be a boxer good as thou;
My limbs are slightly croaky now?"
The Lieut.-Gov.

Who asked Charles in to have a chat,
And with him in sweet converse sat,
And talked an hour on this and that?
The Lieut.-Gov.

Who met him in the ropes at night,
And made a bully soft-glove fight,
And fell in love with him on sight?
Jack Scholes.

Who "loved him like a voracious brither,"
Swore friendship that should never wither,
And fairly wept when going from hiser?
J. F. Scholes.

Who came to see him and applaud,
As though he'd been some noble lord,
And at each blow his praises roared?
Big Chief Stewart.

Who said, "Bay Johno, y'know, that's good,
Those British boxers do show blood,
I can't beat that: I wish I could?"
A.D.C. Geddes.

Who went to see the glove-fight, too,
As every howling swell should do,
And quite forgot cop, beat, and clue?
Chief Draper.

Who also beamed in huge delight
Upon this "scientific" fight;
And said it was a glorious sight?
ex-Mayor Goswell.

Who said it was a horrid thing,
To see those swells around the ring,
Thus taking sparring 'neath their wing?
The general public.

Who says he isn't much annoyed,
If all those folks thence ves enjoyed;
They might have better been employed?
Mr. Giff.

Who was it, when all's said and done,
Who really most enjoyed the fun,
Because he cleared a hundred "pun."
Mr. Mitchell.



A series of very attractive concerts, the first of which was given on Tuesday evening, is announced. On that occasion, Miss Agnes Huntington, contralto, was the chief attraction, and acquitted herself so well that the concert of Monday evening, 16th, when she appears again with the Buffalo string quartette, is sure to be well attended. The closing concert takes place on the evening of March 23, and will be given by the Buffalo String Quartette and Philharmonic Society of the same city. Tickets at Nordheimer's.

Economy is the road to wealth. Economizers requiring clothing, furnishings, hats, etc., by buying at R. Walker & Sons, save what may form the nucleus of a fortune.

A ZOOLOGICAL MORALIZER.

"Have you a vacancy for a zoological moralizer on your staff?" enquired a middle-aged man, who might have been a clergyman with a failing for strong drink, or a broken down lawyer, as he sauntered into the sanctum of GRIP with an anxious look.

"A zoological moralizer!" exclaimed the Raven, "what on earth is that?"

"Well, I fancy I could write an article for your paper in which amusement, instruction and moral principles would be combined. I am a student of Natural History, sir: a disciple of Buffon."

"Ah, yes! so I should think, but you probably mean Buffon. Well, now, what style of thing would you produce," said the Raven "supposing I sent you to write up the Zoo here?"

"The very thing. This would be some thing the way it would go. Take the whale for instance, to begin with. Here—I would remark—in this huge mammal we have indubitable evidence of the immense size to which the men of former ages attained. Before us is a whale, one of whose species, we are informed in Holy Writ, was swallowed by the prophet, Jonah."

"Hold on, sir; it was the other way—end for end—*vice versa*. The whale swallowed Jonah," interrupted the literary bird.

"Ah! so it was: excuse me—slip of the tongue—*lapsus linguae*. Well, the whale swallowed Jonah; that whale having swallowed the prophet as a species of sauce, this member of the cetaceous tribe is now a source of profit or specie. Do you catch on? Religion, instruction, humor, all combined there."

"Yes; very good. Proceed."