

GRIP.

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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. 13.
- No. 4, Mr. W. F. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langovin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee..... Mar. 23.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for..... April 26.

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

NUMBER THREE.

The Illustrated War News, published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company, grows in popularity with every issue. The demand for Nos. 1 and 2 is still brisk, although very large editions have been issued. No. 3, which is now ready for delivery, is decidedly superior in every way to either of the former issues. The pictures, which occupy four pages, are executed with a high degree of artistic skill, and represent the latest incidents connected with the Rebellion—the views given being authentic and drawn from sketches made by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the War News with the Royal Grenadiers. The subjects of illustration are: "B" Battery crossing a gap on the C. P. R.; the Grenadiers' terrible march to Nepigon; the Mounted Police at Battleford; Col. Miller (Q. O. R.) and the mutinous drivers at Jack Fish Bay; Portraits of Col. Crozier and Lord Melgund; the Grenadiers at Desolation Camp; the trip on flat cars, C. P. R.; the upset; sleeping in the hold of a schooner at Port Munroe.

In addition to the above a double-page supplement, entitled

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TROUBLE?

by J. W. Bengough, is given. This caricature is considered one of the funniest things that

has ever come from Mr. Bengough's pencil, and will be enjoyed by both political parties. It contains capital hits at Sir John, Blake, Mackenzie, Dewdney, Mills, Piapot, the C. P. R., etc., etc., and suggests every possible theory as to the origin of the trouble. The paper is, as usual, elegantly printed in tints. Copies will be sent post free on receipt of the price, 15 cts., or may be obtained from local stationers.

The publishers of the War News have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Capt. Allan, an accomplished journalist, as editor. Capt. Allan's military training and special knowledge of the North-West Territories peculiarly fit him for the duties which he has undertaken.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Messrs. Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson and Kirkland were duly tried before Chief Justice Wilson and a special jury last week, and pronounced not guilty of the charge laid against them of conspiring to upset the Mowat Government by bribing a number of its supporters. In the opinion of the jurors there was not evidence to show that they had actually plotted together, and consequently there could have been no conspiracy in the legal meaning of the word. The Chief Justice also pointed out that as there was no resolution of want of confidence committed to writing, there could have been no actual bribery of anybody to support such resolutions, and this was the essence of the alleged crime. No words can express the "aghastitude" of the Local Ministry and the Grit party generally at the result of the long delayed trial.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Beaudry, for many years Mayor of Montreal by virtue of the vote of the rough element, has been at last replaced by a better man—Mr. Beaugrand, the popular young journalist. But Mr. Beaudry is determined that Montreal shall not vindicate her name as an intelligent city if he can prevent it, and he has therefore set himself the task of unseating Mr. Beaugrand. For this purpose he has trumped up some trivial charges, such as that the mayor elect is an American citizen, etc., etc., and is pushing them with the energy of despair. Mr. Beaugrand can afford to smile at the frenzy of the vanquished dignitary, and he does so. Meantime Montreal revels in the possession of a mayor who adorns the position—quite a novelty for the commercial metropolis.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our esteemed brethren of the News, World and Telegram are well known to be the most obliging of men, ready to make sacrifices of all sorts for the good of the public. This they proved a fortnight ago by getting out their papers on Sunday, foregoing their usual Sabbath rest and the customary services of the sanctuary in order to do so. It is

sad to record that the people of Toronto were very far from appreciating this goodness; on the contrary they took immediate action to see that the offence—for such they actually considered it—should not be repeated, and so our Sundays will continue for some time to be unenlivened by the musical notes of the newsboys. This will save the enterprising editors a great deal of trouble, and, on the other hand, will not do the day of rest any injury.



The editor of the Sheffield (Eng.) Blade getting up an unusually good number.

CALLING OUT THE HALIFAX TROOPS.

Sergeant on his way to warn officers and men. Knocks at door.

Lieutenant (looks out of window).—What d'ye want, sergeant?

Sergt.—Orders for the front at once, sir. Came to warn you.

Lieut.—Oh, b'Jove, no, I say. I cawn't go, y'know. My ma wouldn't let me go, y'know. I say, sergeant, y'know, I shall resign, b'Jove.

Sergt.—All right, sir. (Knocks up a captain.)

Capt.—Well, sergeant, what brings you round? Looks quite warlike, you know! By George, I wish we could get a chance to do a bit of fighting. I fe—

Sergt.—Well, sir, you've got it. Orders come to go to the front at once, sir.

Capt.—Oh! come, I say, sergeant, you're joking, ain't you, now?

Sergt.—No, sir; regiment's ordered out.

Capt.—Well, I shawn't go. I've got a cold; I'm sick—sprained my ankle. Say, sergeant, my wife wouldn't hear of my going. I might be shot, y'know; positively, I might. Here, take these things. I'm a civilian; can't call out civilians. (Hands out uniform, sword, belt, etc., and goes down cellar.)

CANADIANS IN NEW YORK.

The Canadians in New York City—there are hundreds, if not thousands of them—propose forming an association for mutual fellowship and the accomplishment of some common object. This happy idea owes its origin to Messrs. W. A. Shortt, R. B. Cummings and W. B. Allison, who have taken the first step by issuing a circular to Canadian residents. GRIP will be glad to hear of the establishment of this society, as it cannot fail to do good. If we are in order we move that Erastus Wiman be the first president.