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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.—The bribery iniquity is still the uppermost topic. The trial has been going on from day to day before Colonel Denison, P.M., who has won golden opinions by his able conduct of the case. As we go to press before the close of the preliminary hearing, we are unable to report the upshot, but it is perhaps safe to say that the prisoners will be sent up for trial. In that case it is quite possible that Wilkinson, Bunting, and Meek will be consigned to oblivion so far as their political career is concerned, and this, notwithstanding the frantic yells of the *Mail* in behalf of its owner. Mr. Goldwin Smith has furnished bail for the American, Kirkland, an action which may be construed as a neat intimation of the By-stander's opinion that Kirkland's "plot" differed essentially from that of Wilkinson *et al.* No very startling addition has been made to the evidence since last week, but the conviction has been steadily growing that the Ottawa Government is at the bottom of the whole business. Mr. Macpherson has been notably silent since the production of his letter to *Big Push*, which seems to give the lie to his comprehensive denial in the Senate. The presence of John Shields and Stimson, *alias* Lynch, amongst the plotters, is most unfortunate for the latter. John Shields is *prima facie* evidence of jobbery, while Stimson is known to be a connection of one of the Ottawa Ministers. A Royal Commission is to be appointed by the Ontario Government to thoroughly sift the case during recess.

FIRST PAGE.—Let us hope it will be some time before any Canadian will undertake to read to brother Jonathan a lesson on political morality. The fact is that the United States has never known a scandal so vile as this. Congress has known lobbyists and bribers like Kirkland, but never political conspirators like Wilkinson, Bunting and their pals, whose plot was a cold-blooded attempt to thwart the people's will. Moreover, the American people have never failed to assign convicted corruptionists to political death; it remains to be seen whether Canada has enough virtue to follow that example in this case. She has

signally failed to do herself honor on other occasions of the kind. What does brother Jonathan find at the present moment in Canada? He finds the Tory Party pooh-poohing the gravity of this great crime, and only anxious to throw the blame on the expositors; and he finds the Grit party delighted beyond all expression at having got hold of such an admirable hustings argument. If the public opinion of this country were not debased by long schooling in corruption, he would find both parties in sackcloth and ashes—supposing that in such a case an outrage of this kind were possible at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There are times when GRIP is hard up for subjects, and there are other times when the fates provide an *embarrassment des riches*. Such a time is the present, and rather than lose the opportunity we "work" off half a dozen subjects in the space usually allotted to one.

HOW CAN WE PLEASE EVERYBODY.

ARNPRIOR, Mar. 7, 1884.

The Editor of GRIP,

I notice your paper seems to be all on one side, and does not pitch into the Reformers at all. * * *

H. C. J.

Branson, Mar. 10, '84.

The Editor of GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—I am a farmer and an admirer of GRIP except when that noble bird gets too much over on the Tory side. * * *

F. M.

There was a young girl of Soudan,
Who said she made coffee with bran,
It's cheap and it's horrid,
In this region so torrid,
For the soldiers who come to Soudan.

There was an old fellow of Trinkalat,
Who used to throw bottles of ink at that
Rascally pard,
Who told lies by the yard,
The war correspondent at Trinkalat.



Go and see the Bow-wow Exhibition at the Pavilion, now open.

"The Power o' Money" is being illustrated in a strong melodrama at the Grand this week. It has no reference to the Bribery Case, and can be enjoyed with safety by all parties.

The Royal Museum has a good company this week and consequently good audiences.

Our thanks are due the Traveler's Insurance Co., of Hartford, for a copy of their fine lithograph representing "Liberty Enlightening the World." It now graces the walls of our sanctum.

The banquet and reception in connection with the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance were held at Shaftesbury Coffee House on Tuesday evening, and the session of this important body continued on Wednesday. There is a great boom in the temperance idea, and Grip wishes it distinctly understood that he is with the Alliance in their good work, beak and claw, wing, tail and talons. Whiskey must go!



BOB SMITH'S GOAT.

Quite an institution in our village is Bob Smith's goat. It is one of those slab-sided animals of the man gender, and at all times and at all places he wears an expression as though desiring to treat one to a horn. Billy also has another peculiarity. His eyes are also at cross purposes and a perpetual warfare is constantly being exchanged between the two orbs. Added to this the fact that his goatship wages eternal combat against males with one arm with girls by their side, and his terrible character can be imagined.

Slowly up the village street one eventime Gus de Jenkins and Clara Gushington wend their way. Gus' right arm is lost to view, though to waist places dear, and, as sweet sentences trickle from his manly lips, he looks unutterable love at the gur-r by his side.

Totally oblivious to all surroundings the pair pass the retreat of Bob Smith's billy goat. Gus de Jenkins is in the act of saying, "Clara, charming cherub, if thou wert in the lap of danger and encompassed by foes, all would forsake you but"—the sentence is never finished. With one brave bound the goat clears the air, and another butt is placed most effectively. Gus de Jenkins fights with space, and then, as he falls panting to the ground, the welkin rings with the sound of the bursting of many seams. Prostrate upon terra firma, he hears unmoved his darling's frantic appeals for help, and when at last she disappears around the corner, pursued by the destroyer of their peace, he casts a hasty glance to the right, left, front and rear, and, seeing he is unobserved, clutches his nether garments, makes a hasty run for his boarding-house, climbs in the back window and rusticates for two days in the cellar.

When Gus de Jenkins and Clara Gushington now meet there is a sudden arctic wave in the immediate vicinity. And the goat—the goat is happy, and, as his eyes have a Japanese wrestle together, he whistles joyously to himself "Over the Garden Wall."

R. H. R.

An undergraduate at one of our universities once replied to a question that Esau was a Hebrew who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a mass of potash.

Ben. Butler says he could get in Massachusetts 10,000 men to sign a petition to have him hanged. As an offset to this it might be stated that each of these 10,000 men would have no difficulty in getting Ben. to sign a petition to have him hanged. How beautifully nature equalizes things!