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Editor.

The gravest boat 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.—Sir C. Tupper's retirement from the Cabinet was announced a little too late for prominent notice in our last issue. We seize the earliest opportunity of commemorating that important event pictorially, and in our picture we look at the matter from the retiring Minister's own point of view. He has simply effected a change of raiment, discarding the old railway suit, so elaborately whitewashed by the Premier at the close of the Session, and donned in its place the more picturesque uniform of High Commissioner to England. No sensible man will dispute Sir Charles' good taste in making the change, albeit no salary is attached to the lordly office he now fills. In his elegant London mansion, surrounded by all the luxuries of modern civilization, and enjoying the best society the world affords, why shouldn't he be happy; and who would forego such a lot for the everlasting worry of the burdensome portfolio: Railways and Canals at Ottawa? And yet the latter seems to have its attractions. We are given to understand that Mr. Dalton McCarthy is more than willing to give up a splendid legal practice in exchange for it, and that even at this moment he is trying on the shoes of the great Nova Scotian.

FIRST PAGE.—Prof. Goldwin Smith, with all his elegant erudition, will never be able to take a just and wholesome view of Canadian politics until he goes through a regular course of Burdock Blood Bitters, Safe Kidney Cure, Little Liver Pills and Electric Belts. The chronic state of his stomach affects his mental vision, and leads him to injustices which a healthy man, equally well-equipped as a critic, would never commit. This is the most charitable theory we can think of to account for the estimate the *Bystander* has formed of the relative merits of Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Globe* is in the thick of the newspaper fight, cutting rates right and left with the advertising agents of the rival sheets. From a poetic point of view it is no doubt sad to see the old war-horse transformed into a bulletin board, but there is more prose than poetry in this life, and the "life-long subscriber" has really no reason to complain if he gets his paper cheaper as a result of the fight. He can stand it if the *Globe* Co. can.



"AND OH, THE PARTING GIVES US PAIN!"

### VALEDICTORY TO SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

Farewell, Tupper! so you're going  
O'er the seas from us at last,  
Who will now your row be hoeing,  
Who will now receive each blast  
From the *Globe* and each Grit paper,  
That they had reserved for you?  
Had you only stayed here later,  
But you haven't, so—adoo!

How the news of your departing  
Must have taken by surprise,  
Those who said you'd not be starting  
Till you gained the premier prize!  
But you know which side the butter  
On your bread was spread for you,  
As for me, I can but mutter  
Farewell, good bye, Adoo! Adoo!



Why has the Imperial Government rejected the Crematory Bill? Have its promoters *urned* this?

There is a shrewd suspicion haunting me that some one on the *Globe* staff has discovered that the four newly-appointed police inspectors are Tories.

The Female Race has been emancipated! No more shall suffering woman be ground down under the iron heel of the despot man! The cry of "Freedom" resounds from every well-regulated sewing-circle in the land! The Medical College at Kingston has turned out some lady doctors.

Only a British statesman would ever have conceived the brilliant idea of reaching and rescuing General Gordon by means of a brand-new railway. General Gordon, I feel certain, will, when he hears of this great scheme, be so

impressed with admiration and inspired with gratitude, that he will come and lend a hand in building the railway.

Returns of membership show that one out of every eight of the population of Canada is an Oddfellow. But I have gone along Yonge-street often and often and found nearly every other chap I met a nod fellow. For a long time I have been waiting for an opportunity to rid my brain of this facetious idea, and here it is. Being a Presbyterian my fear now is that I may possibly be summoned before the sin nod.

The papers are recording two instances—one of a man with bones so fragile that they "break like pipe-stems," and another of a man without any bones at all! The absent features of the record are the story of the reporter who had such a weak conscience that the least thing scared it away, and the case of the other reporter who had no conscience at all. The quartette make up a combination challenging admiration.

We have it on the authority of the editor of the *Mail* that the St. George's Society "is engaged in a never-ending struggle with the monster Want, whose scorching breath devastates the earth." It occurs to me just now that this gracefully rounded period pretty graphically describes the position of Sir John Macdonald—that is, if you accept without question the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondence and take "Want" as a synonym for "Syndicate." The acceptance of the synonym might not prove an impossible thing; but I am not so sure about the Ottawa correspondence.

The Anti-Scott Act people have already \$40,000 in a lump to fight the Temperance cause. The Temperance cause may enlist the sympathy of the pulpit, the press, and various other agencies that mean good; but \$40,000 in a lump is a great thing to have on the other side against it. About the best thing that the Temperance cause can secure as an offset to the anti-Temperance \$40,000 is another \$40,000; and if the anti-Temperance raise \$50,000, \$50,000; \$60,000, \$60,000, and so right on up. Sentiment works wonders, I know, but you cannot overestimate the value of good solid cash.

The gentle dynamiter who the other day decided, by drowning himself in New York harbor, to save the country unnecessary trouble about providing for his exit out of the world, left behind him a brown paper parcel labelled "Sure death to any one who opens this." The intrepid police stood aghast at sight of the parcel! The fearless coroner's jurymen viewed it with alarm! Even the enterprising reporter kept a respectful distance from the concentrated destruction and turned his cheek to it! How, if at all, the package was opened I have not read. But if I had had anything to do with the case I would have had the package opened that very night. I would have taken it to my boarding house and left it somewhere within range of the chamber maid while I was out at the theatre.

For a considerable time past I have been in a state of perplexity as to how to account for certain phrases of *Globe* editorial. The particular style of article was that in which the writer endeavored to convey to the public a sense of the delight he experienced at being able to make a point against a political opponent in or out of the press. Heretofore I have been at a loss to rightly appreciate the efforts of a *Globe* editor to manifest his exuberance over some fresh folly of Sir John; his joy at learning of some new trickery of Tupper; his great glee at Meredith's mistakes, Bunting's