



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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The gravest Beat is the Aes; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The tribulations which Sir John Macdonald has suffered at the hands of the office-seekers and other callers at Stadacona Hall since his return to Ottawa have been almost enough to destroy the good results of his visit to the Old Country. It is manifest that two important departments are more than the old gentleman can manage comfortably, and in the interests of the country no less than of his party he ought to give up one of them. The Premiership is quite sufficient to supply its incumbent with worry and fatigue, more especially if the Premier has given any countenance to the spoils system. And there is really no reason why the Department of the Interior should be placed upon the same man. Surely there are other members of the Cabinet who could take it in connection with their comparatively light duties. Or, better still, there is Mr. Phipps loafing around politically and doing nothing. He could relieve Sir John of one of his bundles—either of them, but alas for the country and alas for John A., Mr Phipps won't!

EVENTS PAGE.—Manitoba is a glorious Province. It surpasses the whole world in many respects. It even beats Toronto for mud. Our artist here gives a diagram of the principal thoroughfare of Winnipeg during the rainy season. He claims that the picture is authentic, but it is only fair to the Prairie Province to state that our artist has never been up there personally, and has gained all his information from a recently returned land speculator named Munchausen. It seems safer to suggest, nevertheless, that Winnipeg would be none the worse of block pavement, and if the City Council of that place wants to know how to put down block pavement in the manner that will pay best (for the contractors) the Aldermen of Toronto are the parties who can give them the required information.

The *Globe* scored a neat hit when it alluded to Archbishop Lynch's innocent attitude on the "indecent literature" question. After stating to his congregation that a wise law of the country prohibited the entrance of certain bad books, he dismissed the ladies and children and proceeded to read to the men some choice passages from one of the books thus prohibited. The worthy King-street organ very pertinently inquires how that book came into the Archbishop's possession. It is certain that it was never

printed or published in the Dominion, and surely the good Prelate never got it through the Custom-house contrary to law!

Of course they do most things better in London than we in this colony can ever hope to, but they certainly have their police arrangements in a cart-before-the-horse style. *Punch* is engaged just now in showing that it is not fair to leave the police without revolvers while the roughs are allowed the liberty of carrying them, if they so choose. Somebody ought to send the Metropolitan authorities a copy of our Blake Act.

And now the hotel keepers of Guelph and Galt have imitated the scurvy example of some of the Toronto snobocrats and refused accommodation to the coloured Jubilee Singers. When Burke talked so eloquently of the "genius of universal emancipation" protecting all on British soil, "no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun had burned upon them," he didn't know that our bar-keeping swells have objections to the doctrine. Parliament should at its next session pass a law putting it beyond the power of such individuals to bring reproach upon the country. Let them accommodate the respectable public or give up their whiskey licenses.

A "Railway Employee" writes to the *Globe* to protest against the new arrangement of the Credit Valley Railway by which it is proposed to run a train from Toronto on Sundays. He calls upon the Christian people of the Dominion to "stamp out this pernicious traffic by not travelling by this train," though in the same letter he intimates that the objectionable train does not intend to carry any mails. As no females are likely to patronize it, "Railway Employee" may rest easy on the subject. At the same time it is manifest, as he points out, that the C. V. R. is distinguishing itself by introducing too much of the spirit of Chicago to suit Ontario palates.

It pays to be genial, obliging and industrious if nature has so shaped your cranium as to make it possible. Look at the case of the Jaffray Brothers, of Brantford, who are now in possession of a sprightly and successful evening paper! *The Telegram*, which they have evolved in less than three years from the elements of a trivial weekly, known as the *Union*. The *Telegram* is a Conservative organ, but nearly all the Grits in Brantford take it because it is conducted with ability and decency, and because the three "boys" are jolly good fellows of whom the citizens are proud. A joint-stock company is now being organized to "run" the paper, and it is the declared purpose of the projectors to make the *Telegram* second to no evening journal outside of Toronto and London.

Who will say after this that the Grits are a prosy and matter-of-fact party? At Mr. Blake's reception at Downmanville, he was entertained with some very nice selections of poetry, among

which was a couplet from "Home, Sweet Home" and some stanzas from a, to us unknown poet.

"To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard."

Let the sweet singer of Niagara look to his laurels, or the Grit bard will take the cake.

The sort of subscriber we like is the rollicking, square man, who responds to our business manager's reminder in the happy style of the following, which came in last week:—

DEAR GRIP,—

Your pretty little notice,
Has lately come to hand,
It is so very cunning,
I really can't withstand
The sending of \$2,
In full of your demand."

Yours truly,

The Hamilton *Times* man gets off a good thing as follows:

"The Marquis of Lorne's recital of his Northwest adventures will be fresh and interesting to his royal spouse. He will tell of his meetings with the red Indian and his dodging of the chrome-yellow squaw, how he corrected the taste of the alkaline water with a few drops of duty-free whiskey, and how he stood in a safe place and watched a buffalo hunt. Such stories will make the time pass pleasantly, but when Lorne mentions that he was relentlessly pursued throughout his entire journey by a man with a buckboard, who several times got quite close to his party, his experience will be like that of Othello:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them."

Alexander III., Czar of Russia, is reported to be undergoing another fit of nervousness. He seems to be very fond of this sort of exercise, as he does all in his power to bring on the attacks. Some sentimentalists endeavour to speak of these nervous spells in tones of pity, but such sympathy appears to us to be quite misplaced. If the Czar doesn't enjoy the excitement of being in constant dread of bombs, why doesn't he put an end to the trouble by giving his subjects a decent constitution, and treating them as men instead of cattle?

The match between the Torontos and Shamrocks had a most satisfactory termination when it resulted in a draw. Otherwise the long suffering public would have been bored all winter with growls from the defeated team about the cheating done by the victors. A rest of a few months will cool down the blood of both sides, and a fine game may be anticipated next season. Meantime everybody agrees that the play exhibited at Montreal last Saturday was ahead of anything previously witnessed, although the weather was about as bad as it could be.

The arrest of Parnell and his fellow agitators was a bold but deliberate stroke on the part of Gladstone, and it is to be hoped may have its desired effect. Resolutions are being passed by the League sympathizers, condemning this action, but we fail to see how it could have been avoided if the British Government proposes to retain any of its original dignity. Parnell committed a vast blunder when he took his