



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Everything is supposed to be fair in love and war; and there is no such thing as criminality in politics. When the Tories in the Lower House fished the fragments of Mr. Blake's private note from E. B. Wood's spittle, and made up the "speak now" plank of their platform from it, they were still "honourable gentlemen," and any body who had dared to call them otherwise on the floor of the House would have been promptly called to order. So, likewise, when the *Globe* makes political thunder for the Grits by publishing a private circular belonging to the Tory managers—obtained, no doubt, by ways that were dark and trucks that were not vain—we must not allow ourselves to get excited and think hard things of these highly respectable publishers. Mr. GRIP, therefore, warns his readers not to suppose that the political urchins in the Cartoon are really picking the gentleman's pocket—except in a Pickwickian sense. The code which governs the political world knows no such word as pilfer, and to be light-fingered in the interests of Party is one of the cardinal virtues.

FRONT PAGE.—Our citizens have this week been laughing at the vagaries of *Bunthorne*, the æsthetic gentleman who "sits up all night with a lily," in the play of *Patience*. *Bunthorne's* devotion to this object cannot be more consummate than that of his political counterpart, Premier Chapleau, of Quebec, who contemplates with soulful satisfaction the result of the late provincial elections. The defeat of the Rouge party was so utterly utter that even a *Bunthorne* could not find language in which to express it.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mackenzie is a gentleman of literary tastes, and in his wide reading he has no doubt sipped the riches of *Æsop*. In view of the talk now going on about getting the ex-premier to resign his hold on Lambton and run for East York, we earnestly remind him of a very instructive Fable, an illustration of which we hero give, and the particulars and moral of which he will perhaps be able to recall. East York has been so long Boulthecized that the chances of a man of Mackenzie's calibre would be far from certain.

The Police Magistrate calls for the pity of the public, not its blame. To be sure he has dealt leniently, as a rule, with the cases of abandoned women brought before him, and the citizens at large do not approve of this, but what is the

unfortunate Colonel to do? The law, with malign cruelty, has allowed him discretionary powers—either to fine or imprison convicted parties. Hitherto, usually he has tried the fine. The result has not been satisfactory and it is now suggested that he try the imprisoning. But he does not take kindly to the suggestion, he almost bursts into tears and wails out that he cannot do it, because the law of the land has given him optional powers—and we presume the law of his nature inclines irresistibly to mercy. He demands that his discretion be taken away, and plainly intimates that he cannot safely trust himself with it!

Notwithstanding the cheering prophecy of Dr. Wild, as to the brilliant future in store for Canada, we cannot help entertaining gloomy forebodings when we contemplate the strides Monopoly is making in the Dominion. It is growing clearer every day that Sir Charles Tupper has re-enacted the part of the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who let the demon out of the bottle, and never could get it back again. Only Sir Charles' monster is by no means one of smoke, but, on the contrary, a sinewy giant, with strength enough to strangle any ordinary foe, and with a conscience as elastic as is convenient for the general purposes of robbing mankind.

The amalgamation of the Great Western and Credit Valley Railways—which, if not already consummated, is a fact in the near future—is a scandalous outrage upon the people of this Province, for which all concerned should receive the customary punishment of faith-breakers, if not something worse. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

The next well-assured move on the chess-board is the absorption of the allied lines into the great map of the soulless corporation known as the C. P. R. Syndicate, and this move is to be followed by another, no doubt. What that may be we will know in good time, but if it should mean the swallowing up of the Grand Trunk, and finally the absolute gobbling of every line in the Dominion, it will not be very surprising, nor will it be too severe a punishment to be visited on the craven Parliament that sanctioned the birth of the monster.

It is to be hoped Mr. Chapleau will make good use of the splendid majority he now wields in the Quebec House. The people have declared confidence in him, with an enthusiasm which must have astonished the Bleus as much as the Rouges, and it will be inexcusable if a great deal is not now done to further the best interests of the Province.

The *Mail* has demonstrated in a mathematically exact manner that Mr. Blake does not possess "honesty and truthfulness," and therefore, is not a fit and proper person to pose as "example" for the young men of Canada. The young men will, therefore, have to look

elsewhere for a leader, as we decidedly agree with the *Mail* that no man is worthy of such a position who is not both honest and truthful.



GIVIN' US TAFFY.

"The Canadians are the finest, ablest, and most honourable men on the face of the earth."
— Dr. Wild's last Sermon.

A Moral Tale,

FOR THE EDIFICATION OF ALL GOOD BOYS
AND THE WARNING OF ALL BAD ONES.

A little boy was very good
And never stole a copper,
And always went to Sunday-school,
Which was both right and proper.

His face was clean, his hands likewise;
He wore both shoes and stockings,
He never waded in the pool,
Nor cared for bad boys' mockings.

He learned his lessons, went to school,
Obedient to his teacher,
He lectured all the naughty boys,
As well as any preacher.

Admired by all, he passed his life;
He never told a story;
But when green apples came around,
He went away to glory.

And then they wrote a little book,
Of all his virtues telling,
And he thus lives to future years,
All other boys excelling.

Another lad, I grieve to tell,
Lived near that same location;
A lad his mother sorrowed for,
And so did each relation.

For he was not a pious boy—
A perfect little sinner,
Who ate the jelly, hooked the pie,
And then told lies at dinner.

He hid his boots, nor wore his socks,
Nor ever went to school,
But what he did some awful thing
That was against the rule.

And every Sunday, toward the Church
He started, looking proper;
But turned and fished with other boys,
And often caught a whopper.

Or caught one when he reached his home:
The old man, looking vicious,
Would take him to a private room,
Which was at least suspicious.

He thus progressed from bad to worse,
Robbed orchards every night;
The luscious water-melon, too,
He thought was his by right.

He ran away, and to the States
His trunk steps directed;
His awful fate you doubtless have
Long before now, suspected.

To Congress, yes, to Washington,
His downward course has tended;
Abused by papers, plagued by cranks,
His hopes of peace are ended.

J. H. C.