

GRIP.

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J. W. BENGOUGH 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.

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. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. H. Meredith. Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier. Dec. 20.
 - No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Languevin. Jan. 17.
 - No. 7. Hon. John Norquay. Feb. 14.
 - No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pardee. Mar. 28.
 - No. 9. Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P.:
- Will be issued with the number for. April. 26.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If the Government of this country would keep a sharp eye on the pointers GRIP gives them from week to week and shape their policy accordingly, there would be less trouble at Ottawa, and more happiness elsewhere. For GRIP has nothing in the world to do but interpret the Will of the People, whereas Cabinet Ministers have very little time to spare to devote to that work. Just at present, Sir John would be in the line of duty and public approval if he took some effective measures to drive the Syndicate hog away from the public trough. The animal has had more than enough already—far more than any sane man would have dreamed at first of giving it. Its demand for more is in perfect consistence with all we know of hog-nature, but the people of this country fail to see why they should impoverish themselves to fatten a private institution.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir Leonard Tilley having been appealed to by the directors of the Exchange Bank at Montreal, good-naturedly put \$100,000 of the public money into that institution to help it along. This sum helped it along so well that the director asked for another \$100,000. To prevent a general panic, (on the part of the Directors probably) Sir Leonard complied again. Subsequently another application was made, and Sir Leonard dropped in another \$100,000. He didn't make any particular investigation as to where the money was going to, but as a matter of precaution, he took Senator Ogilvie's security for this last deposit. Then the Bank went up. And now Senator Ogilvie denies his responsibility, and the question is: How are wo

going to get our money back? GRIP begs to suggest that the C.P.R. come to the relief of the Government and pay the amount out of capital.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY

NO. VIII. HON. T. B. PARDEE, COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, ONT.

The Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee is portrayed in the Opposition journals of Ontario as one of the two members (the other being his rhyming colleague, Hardy) who redeemed the Mowat Government from the charge of being truly good. The younger generation of Conservatives—the very young ones—are growing up with the idea that Pardee is a ba-ad man; an adept at poker, and every cognate wickedness, inclusive of all the political vices. This, strange to say, is a perversion of the truth, just as it would be if the Grit papers described Sir Charles Tupper as a perfect George Washington. The perversion originated probably in the fact that a good many of Mr. Pardee's early years were spent in the mining districts of Australia and California, and that he has a slight air of the "man of the world" about him. His personal manner, in fact, may be described as decidedly Liberal-Conservative. He would readily pass for a John A. man if he didn't take pains to repudiate the Chieftain and all his ways on every possible occasion.

Mr. Pardee was born in Grenville Co., Ont., Dec. 11th. 1830. He is a lawyer by profession, and Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Mowat Cabinet by practice. He has been a member of the Local House since Confederation. His present portfolio he accepted in 1872, prior to that date having acted as Provincial Secretary. As a departmental officer, Mr. Pardee is a conspicuous success, and the *Mail* to the contrary notwithstanding, he is a man of sterling principle, and a jolly good fellow.



THE WOOD-BUTCHER AND THE GARDENER'S GAL.

HE.
"Oh, maiden," said the carpenter
Unto the gardener's daughter,
"I've come to ax you to repair
With me across the water."

ANE.
"Oh, sir!" replied the blushing maid,
"Such things you must not hope, sir,
'Twould eud un-apply, I fear;
I really cantelope, sir."

HE.
"I hammer workmen, skilled and good,
And awl who know me say so."

SHE.
"Some one might peach to my papa
If I should run away so."

HE.
"If I see that no trouble comes,
Will you clope?" "I fear, sir,

That you're too saucy; really, now,
I mitre-boxed your ears, sir,

"For asking such a thing of me;
A pear we can be never.
I ne'er can such a mango with,
Though he be e'er so clover.

"Pea-nut cast down: my mind may change;
Don't yield to melon-choly.
Tomato I am am not prepared,
And think it might be folly."

HE.

"I have no vices, gentle girl,
To take me to the devil;
I do not drink, and ne'er sank down
To beer or spirit-level.

"It augers badly, it is plain,
That you refuse my offer:
It aizes much to my grief that you
Cannot accept my proffer."

SHE.

"The currant season is no time
To think about cloping;
I do not carrot at all to go,
It looks too much like sloping."

HE.

"Em-brace me just a little bit,
If not with all your power;
You're just the sort of girl we men
Do like to cauliflower.

"Farewell, dear maid." "Oh! talk not so;
Well, time the worst of geeses:
I love you and my tender heart
Is brocoli into peeces.

"Orange the world with you I will,
I yan quite ready now, dear;
(Sobbing.)
I don't l-like to cu-umber you,
I really don't, I vow, dear.

"But go with you I will, right now,
Don't stand there like a dunce, sir;
This is a cabbage; call a cab
And we'll be off at once, sir.

"Yes, lettuce go; thyme lies, so come,
I'm read . . ." So her lover
Fled with her; and the two have gone
Where no man may discover.



The new American melodrama, *Shadows of Great City*, is drawing great houses at the Grand. Next week the fine play *Michael Strogoff* is to follow with its magnificent scenery and ballet. At Montford's the Osborne Comedy Company are giving the public a taste of Irish fun. In addition to the regular stage performance, a very clever exhibition of Mesmerism is given without extra charge. It is impossible to conceive anything funnier than the antics of the unconscious comedians under the professor's influence. Go and see him. The Kellogg-Huntingdon Concert on April 10 promises to be a huge success. Madame Pappenheim, the famous soprano, is to be heard in Toronto shortly. Tickets at Suckling's.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL COMES TO GRIEF.

"Mrs. —away, the wife of a poor devil of a printer, while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some []; he refused; she looked ++ at him, and told him his conduct was without [], and beat him with her ++ until he saw **. He now lies in a (.) tose state and may be soon a subject for dis\$. A man must be an * his life and limb in such a way as that. It has undoubtedly put a (.) to his existence.