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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.—Were it not that the bribery revelations continue to monopolize public attention, we would probably hear more of the move now on the carpet at Ottawa—the anticipated union of the Langevin wing of the Quebec Bleus with the Blake party of Ontario. The fact that such an alliance is being talked about, and that sundry circumstances in the House have of late given an air of probability to the talk, is about all that can as yet be said on the subject. The action of Sir Hector Langevin and his followers in this move may be taken as a protest against the Federal Union proclivities of Sir John Macdonald, and, so far as we can see, the new union would be a good thing for them. Whether it would be equally a blessing for the Blake party is questionable, as it would certainly go against the Hon. Edward's grain to be confronted every now and then with unreasonable demands, backed up by powerful threats. We do not think Edward Blake is an office-seeker, and we believe he would remain in the cold shades all his life, rather than attain power without honour—so that we cannot agree with those who believe that the present move is a mere trick to upset Sir John. Time will probably make all plain.

FIRST PAGE.—We wish to convey in a mild but emphatic manner the contempt we feel for the style of journalism which has been developed in connection with this bribery controversy. If our picture gives some idea of what the Canadian people think of editorial "strong" language, and impresses upon those who are slinging it the fact that they are making themselves a nuisance, and bringing disgrace on the press of the Dominion, the cartoon will accomplish its end.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance have resolved to clear the track for Prohibition by putting the Scott Act in force, if possible, in every county of this Province. This is a highly commendable policy and one that is likely to achieve its object in due time. Prof. Foster's resolution, in favour of a Prohibitory law right away, was no doubt premature, as he very well knew.

We give that hon. gentleman credit for accepting the amendment to his motion, which was in the line of Alliance policy, and as he no doubt heartily approves of that policy, we have given him a broom along with his worthy co-laborers, Samuel Blake and W. H. Howland.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T.—Your esteemed favor arrived Tuesday; too late for use this week.

TITUS A. DRUM.—Glad to hear from you. Oblige by sending real name and address.

JOE.—Will carefully examine your MSS., and use if found suitable.

W. S. T.—More suitable for the *Globe*. They pay high for good, strong poetry.

J. A. S.—Thanks for suggestion.

J. P. asks,—Did Gen. Wolseley Tel El Keber to Sou Dan for the whole of the Egyptian debt? Don't know; ask Gladstone.

SPRING POET.—We do not aid and abet criminals of your class.

### "WIT."

In an article on the conspiracy, the *Globe* pictures Wilkinson as singing with "enthusiastic devotion":

Pardee paid it all,  
All that I was due,  
And I've his note as sure as a gun,  
For everything I do!

If the above were funny instead of being stupid, the readers of the *Globe* might perhaps excuse the editor for travestyng one of the most cherished of Christian hymns. But surely the resources of slang are not so exhausted as to justify what verges on blasphemy?

### HE COULD NOT FIND IT.

At the opening of the Manitoba House last week, the following colloquy was overheard by one of our reporters:—

Mr. B. to Mr. W.—What made the Governor pause and look bewildered during the reading of the Speech?

Mr. W.—Don't you know? He was looking for the Government policy, and could not find it.

Mr. B.—That's it, is it—I thought he looked reproachfully at Norquay, when he could not find something he appeared to be stuck for.

Mr. W.—Norquay shook his head as much as to say "it ain't there," and one of the 'boys in buttons' overheard him whispering to the Governor—"It's all right, finish it up. There are no farmers around. We're all right anyhow, for the present, as our fellows in the House are afraid to kick, and daren't face the music outside."

Mr. B.—Your head's level, old fellow, and so is John Norquay's.

### HE OUGHT TO "APOLOGIZE."

"Some of our Reform friends have been going about with unbounded delight on their faces, exhibiting to some innocent souls a cartoon in the last GRIP which purports to illustrate the situation in Toronto. It was issued by Bengough in the midst of the revelations, when it was impossible to tell on whose brow *guilt* should be nailed. That is generally the way of GRIP to so warp and twist, and adulterate as to present an unfair situation. But he could not resist temptation for filthy lucre, and knew exactly how to manipulate his pencil and where to place his sketch."

So says the *Central Canadian* of Carlton Place. Sorry the editor thinks so badly of us,

as we value his opinion highly. That he is a pure-souled patriot is plain from his familiar and natural reference to filthy lucre. So far as the cartoon was concerned, it was founded on facts duly sworn to, and was heartily approved of by decent Conservatives as well as Grits. Nothing has yet transpired to modify the view we took of the situation. There are some partizans who are so ignorant that they think it their duty to shoulder the crimes of those who happen to belong to the same party, even when such self sacrifice is not asked of them. Amongst these pitiable beings we are afraid we must number our hitherto respected *confreere* of the *Canadian*.



"Exercise moral courage!" solemnly advises a funeral obsequies reformer, "and if you can't afford a hearse carry the coffin in a wheel-barrow!" But, oh, great Reformer! Supposing you do not even own a wheel-barrow and your neighbor is not of the lending kind! Now, just one alternative at a time, please, and don't begin with a hand-sleigh, because it might not be winter time.

The *Mail* has lost faith in Major-General Luard, and regretfully expresses itself to that effect. Major-General Luard is the military person who came over to Canada to lecture on what he knows about the position of your horse's tail when you are a militia officer reviewing your legions—with an appendix on the all-absorbing question of how to maintain the ascendancy over an insubordinate regimental camp towel. When the *Mail* loses confidence in a person set it down as an "indubitable fact that that person is either inconceivably good or irredeemably bad." In either case the safest course for the person to adopt is to hastily quit the country—for the country's good if he is so bad, and for his own sake if he is so good. So the Major-General had better pack up and take to the nearest steamboat wharf. Indeed, if part of the way back were not so wet I would advise him to walk home.

I noticed a little paragraph in one of the papers the other day about a man named Rose, I think it was, beating another man named Bugbear—peculiar patronymic that?—in a boat race on the Thames, England. I did not pay much attention to the item at the time, because I was in a hurry to get to the sporting department of the paper and enjoy full reports of all the slugging contests going on. But the idea occurred to me subsequently that I had heard of this rowing fellow, Rose,—Walter was his first name, by the way—at some time or other. Didn't he beat another rower named Hamlin once? or was it Hamlin who defeated him? For the life of me I cannot recall the circumstance just at the present moment! Dear! Dear! Only a few years it seems to me, people used to make a great fuss over champion oarsmen. How the times change, to be sure! I believe many persons would start to read up these old forgotten affairs if they only kept a *Mail* file.