

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

FAIR NUMBER.

The present number of GRIP is a trifle more gorgeous than usual, in honor of the Great Fair. This extra illumination in the way of color (for of course nothing can be more brilliant than the ordinary issue, in an intellectual sense) has been achieved by a considerable expenditure of time and labor. If it gratifies our patrons as an exhibition of enterprise befitting the Queen city, and worthy of the greatest comic journal Canada has ever boasted (speaking with studied modesty), we are satisfied, especially if that gratification takes a practical form and inspires every non-subscriber to slap his knee emphatically and declare that he will forthwith send in his name and his \$2. This, we say, will completely repay us for our extra effort—if this declaration is acted upon in every such case.

LEADING CARTOON.—It will be best perhaps to let the reader wade through this double page without a guide. If he loses his way it will not hurt him. We simply warn the searcher after political truth that the sketches are innocent of political meaning, and nothing short of a visit to the Fair ground will throw any light upon them.

FIRST PAGE.—This is allegorical. Not that it is intended to convey the idea that our city aldermen are given to "brass and wind"—GRIP would be the last to insinuate such an atrocious libel. We call it allegorical, because it is not a literal fact that the Fair was opened by a performance of the city councilmen. It is a fact, however, that this Fair occurs in the jubilee year of Toronto, and forms a fitting wind-up to the demonstration of June. Careful readers of the posters will observe that the By show is called the Semi-Centennial Exposition.

THE BEATEN CHAMPION.—Sir John Macdonald has for a long time been, in the political arena, what Ned Hanlan has been in the aquatic world. Both have met with defeat at last—the former at the hands of Mowat and the latter by Beach. If we estimate the character of John A. a right, he will not take the disaster too much to heart, but after the Local Pow-wow is over, will come up smiling and hoping for better luck next time.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.—No government can hereafter hope to live in Canada that fails to appreciate the importance of Agriculture and Manufactures—the literal

support of our Dominion. The grand display in these departments at the Exhibition is well calculated to impress this upon all intelligent visitors. It is our happiness at the present moment to be able to congratulate our husbandmen on a bountiful harvest, the result of well directed industry blessed by a benign Providence; and it is also a fitting occasion to express our admiration of the grand progress our manufacturers have made in all directions, and to wish for them a long continuance of the prosperity they are enjoying.



GLORY OVERMUCH.

Bad Mail Boy.—Mister, don't you think you're in danger of bustin'?

[A FORECAST OF THE MOWAT PROCESSION.]

The Pulp Tower. Ontario, a noble maiden; Griffina, an ancient spinster, occupant of the Pulp Tower.

ONTARIO :—
Come to the window, Griffina, and lay paste and scissors down,
And gaze upon great Mowat with all the gazing town;
Oh look on gracious Mowat, on spectacles and face,
He bows to all the people with a Christian Statesman's grace;
For ho! to-day, the Grits are gay, their talk is high-faluting,
And on the weird and wild kazoo triumphant strains are tooting.
Look forth on eastern King-street, the seething, surging mob
Shout loud "Eh mon, yon's Mowat!" Guidesakes, what says *The Globe*?
And lo! here comes the Deacon! his best store clothes he wears,
In which he writes *Globe* articles, in which he says his prayers!
So come to the pulp-tower window, lay down your "gutter sheet's guide"
To look at noble Mowat, Ontario's joy and pride.
The Pulp Tower's mistress spoke not, more glum her grin face grew,
And on her ancient cheek the brass looked dusk with bronzo like hue.
(So looks the nymph of Duchess-street, when husband-blacked eye
Has seen some scamp or passing tramp purloin her flask of rye!)
"I will not go" she said, "guess no! me lay my scissors down
To gaze on that little tyrant with all the gazing town,
The mob are met to greet their pet, who spite of all my saying
"Go, go away!" preferred to stay, my maiden heart dis-maying.
I thirst for blood! and shall throw mud industriously down
On Mowat vile and the canaille of vile Toronto town.

ONTARIO :—

Thou hag unblest, give us a rest, have on our patience pity;
For you I greet the escheat sheet wo strike in all the city,
You slay the Grits, not them it hits, but does them service hearty,
And in the ken of all wise men degrades the Tory party!
Good Pulp-Tower-guest, give us a rest, have on our patience pity,
Far better join with me and mine, the triumph of the city!
Sir John or Blake for Canada's sake, in love, in spite of party,
And Tories rule may Mowat greet with gratulations hearty,
If Mowat shows good sense (ho does) and nothing can be plainer
That of vast tracts of land through him the Province has been gainer,
Let Tories frankly own the fact, like honest men, and show it,
By joining with the concourse vast who'll cry "Hooray for Mowat."

C. P. M.

HAIL TO THE QUEEN CITY.

[The following has been anonymously received, but is supposed to have emanated from somewhere in Queen-street west,—say about the region of the Asylum.—Ed. GRIP.]

The year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty four has been one of jubilee for the Queen City of the Lakes. From the earliest moment when gentle spring, smiling upon the waters released them from Winter's chill embrace, and our fair city hustled around like a Newport Belle coming out for her first season, bedecked herself with Nature's jewels, donned her sumptuous raiment, and placed her diadem glittering with electric sparks to heighten and render more attractive her wondrous grace and beauty, there have been sounds of mirth by day and rejoicings and revelry by night, and trade has been immensecoff; for now her merchant princes are occupying the *ad interim* in examining the remnants to see if there still remain sufficient to last the season, and ever and anon diving deep into the recesses of their cash box in order to whoop her up through the fall, and the lordly hotel keepers are calculating how long the run of bank presidents and cashiers will hold out to be treated as Dukes and Knights in this hospitable city, for an almost insignificant sum *in fiat* money. At present our fair Queen of but fifty years is more beautiful than Lilly Langtry, and more important than Moses Oates. From the moment of her ascent to the throne and the wielding of the royal sceptre, she has been favored of men, the envy of the women and the subject of adoration for the continent. Our Yankee neighbors visit her, and the atmosphere becomes redolent of Bourbon straight; and fair speeches are made of annexation. From Nova Scotia and the coast come her blue-nosed adorers by the multitude, and her doctors talk learnedly of the virtues of cod liver oil and the beauties of soft coal fires. Quebec smilingly sends her contingent, and the first Lord of the Treasury shuts up shop, puts on the combination and takes the first train west, and saloon keepers soon get tired. Our farmers visit her from the far portions of the Province to do her homage and are promptly met with old acquaintances who loan them a \$1000 bond to keep in place of \$137.50 in ready cash, a transaction which if properly framed on their return home always recalls the price of a yoke of oxen, and occasions energetic remarks anent the homage paid. The smoked contingent from the ambitious city arrives to take in her glories, and the boulevards are strewn with the shells of the festive peanut, and the cedar-paved roadways disclose small hills of the covering of the water million, with the empty pop bottles that formerly contained the antidote. Manitoba admirers throng the city to acknowledge her peerless fame, and straightway the hotel keepers affix the legend "no cheques cashed," and anti-Scott gargle is raised to fifteen cents,