

GRIP.

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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.

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. 13.
No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith	Nov. 22.
No. 5, Hon. H. Mercier	Dec. 20.
No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin	Jan. 17th.
No. 7, Hon. John Norquay	Feb. 14th.
No. 8, HON. T. B. PARDEE:	
Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 14.	

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The 18th inst. is to be made notable in the annals of the Temperance war, by a demonstration on the part of the Anti-Scott party. The valiant adherents of the "lost cause," inspired by sentiments not less noble and disinterested than those of the Ephesian silversmiths of old time, propose to present themselves five thousand strong before the gates of Parliament at Ottawa, and there call the attention of the Government to the "pernicious effect" the Scott Act is likely to have on the liquor trade, unless it be at once checked. The Government is to be asked to repeal the Act instant, and thus save the country from the impending disaster of universal teetotalism. This happy thought of Mr. Kyle's would commend itself assuredly to the late Mr. Quixote, and if Sir John has not lost his old fondness for a good joke he will enjoy this demonstration. It is hardly likely the Premier will undertake to choke off the Scott Act to suit these gentlemen; he will probably excuse himself on the ground that he has never practised the trick of stopping a red-hot cannon ball.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat, it appears, is quite ready to build the new House of Assembly, but is afraid to go ahead for fear that Mr. Meredith will do something dreadful and bring about the defeat of the Government. To endeavor to shift the responsibility for further delay upon the Opposition is cowardly, to say the best of it. With the *World* we consider this excuse insufficient as well as unworthy. Mr. Mowat knows perfectly well that Mr. Meredith cannot command enough strength to do any injury, even if so disposed, and we are not aware that he could rely on the solid vote of even his own followers against the location of the new House in Toronto. If the Cabinet

do not wish to lose their reputation for pluck, they had better drive ahead.

EIGHTH PAGE.—As further grants to the C.P.R. Syndicate are now a regular part of the programme at each Session of the Dominion House, why not present them with the earth, and have done with it?

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 7.—HON. JOHN NORQUAY, PREMIER OF
MANITOBA.

The Hon. John Norquay is the greatest Premier in the Dominion—measuring around the waist. His political opponents say it would be simply impossible to measure around the waste he has caused in the provincial resources by his administration of public affairs. On the other hand his friends—and they appear to be steadily in the majority, believe him to be a decided success as a statesman, so far, at all events, as statesmanship may consist of going on "better terms" pilgrimages to Ottawa. The hon. gentleman returned home some five weeks ago from the last of these expeditions covered with glory. He had secured a permanent increase in the provincial revenue by some \$35,000, besides other valuable concessions, as the result of persistent and as it proved effectively pathetic pleading with the Federal powers.

Mr. Norquay, who was born near Fort Garry, May 8th, 1841, entered public life as a member of the Manitoba Legislature in 1870, being returned for High Bluff. He chose his constituency with some regard for the eternal fitness of things as he has often since 1870 exhibited a degree of high bluff on public questions. In 1874 he was elected M. P. P. for St. Andrews, and has ever since sat as the representative of that riding. His first taste of the sweets of office was experienced in '71, when he secured the portfolio of Public Works, in the cabinet of Hon. Jas. McKay. On the retirement from public life of Hon. R. A. Davis, Mr. Norquay became Premier and Provincial Treasurer. He has ever since reposed upon the bed of roses (including thorns) thus indicated. The thorns have been largely supplied by those who have seen in Mr. Norquay's course a lamentable lack of independence and moral pluck. It has been alleged that he has often humiliated his Province by allowing himself to be used as a cat's paw by Sir John. These cruel things have been said very often, and no doubt they have hurt the Hon. John's feelings. There appears to have been method in this madness, however, as the burly Premier could never have done what he has done for his Province had he shown too much back-bone heretofore. We may expect to see a change of attitude from this time. He has got all he can hope for from Ottawa, and now he can afford to prove himself what GRIP believes he is, a true lover of Manitoba and a faithful guardian of her rights. Personally Mr. Norquay is a most agreeable gentleman—a man who is a power in the social circle. May he live to see the grievances of Manitoba redressed, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he had a prominent part in the good work.

THE TUGGERS AND THE TOLL-GATE.

AN OPERATIC ABSURDETTE.

(Characters by the Hamilton Amateur Opera Co.)

Opening Chorus of Farmers.

Down, oh down the pirate's gateway,
Let it not be seen again;
Let us go to work right straightway,
And we shall not work in vain.

Solo—Lieutenant Hoppins.

Here for years it has been standing,
But it shall not stand for long.

Here are boys together banding,
Who have backs both broad and strong.

Chorus:—Yes, let's smash it, yes, let's smash it,
In such work we see no wrong.



Enter Mr. Waddle greatly excited.
Recit:—Stay! Your wicked work please quit:
I'm boss here, and don't see fit—
Aside:—They frown. As men (they are but fields,
With something smart I will their palates tickle.
I'll tell 'em a solicitor's story,
It cannot diminish my glory;
As a lawyer full-fledged,
My tongue's two-edged.
And ready for fabulous story.

Air, with ten-cent jingling accompaniment by toll-gate keeper.

Oh, give me time and I will tell,
Just how this matter's standing;
I'm not to blame, my farming friends,
As sure as here you're banding.
I took my cue from those who own
This road and all upon it;
And I was told to work the gate,
To take all power and down it.
But sad to state, altho' too late,
My instructions I misread, sirs;
In place of making free the road,
I charged a ten-cent toll instead, sirs.

Chorus:—Ah! yes, too late, and sad your fate,
For charging ten-cent tolls, sir.

Lieutenant Hoppins Recit.

Now, boys, hitch on the horses,
And make them use their forces,
To have the toll-gate down.

Chorus:—Yes, yes, to tear the toll-gate down.



As they hitch on, a servant and detachment of police
bear down upon them.

Mr. Waddle (Recit).—Policemen, do your duty.
Sergeant:—It is very evident,
These intentions are well meant.
Police:—Evident, yes, well meant.
Sergeant:—We cannot interfere
In such matters as these here;
But we'll stay around and watch,
And if any one we catch,
Attacking what is not his'n,
We'll put our little tag on,
And chuck him in the wagon,
And glide him right away to prison.

When a hobby's rightly up in his employment,
Chorus:—his employment.
He can safely know his game at a glance;
Chorus:—at a glance.
And it certainly adds to his enjoyment,
Chorus:—his enjoyment
When at seizing he can get a lucky chance.
Chorus:—lucky chance.
In murder, theft, in riot, and like dovilry,
Chorus:—and like dovilry.
His duty is not tampered with much fun.
Chorus:—with much fun.
But at toll-gate wars and such peculiar revelry
Chorus:—outlar revelry.
The policeman's lot is indeed a happy one,
Chorus:—happy one!