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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John gave out that
his Government intended to introduce a new
License law, which, it was popularly believed,
would very materially affect the existing Pro-
vincial enactments regulating the sale of
liquor. Not only did he make this declaration
on the stump, but repeated it in the speech
from the throne. He now refers the whole
matter to a special committee, made up from
both sides of the House—or, as our cartoon
presents it, this very clever political squirrel
leaps from the fence of ministerial responsi-
bility and takes refuge in a convenient tree.
Sir John's object, like the squirrel's, is simply
to escape. He has virtually confessed either
that his Government never intended to origi-
nate the measure in question, or that they are
afraid to do so.

FIRST PAGE.—It appears that Mr. Wiggins'
prediction was "fulfilled to the letter,"—the
great storm came precisely as his almanac
foretold. The great prophet, who is an at-
tache of the Finance Department, might confer
a more direct benefit upon his country by
turning his investigations in the direction of
Sir Leonard's Tilley's work, and letting that
worthy gentleman know when the price of
grain is going to rise.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We give, by request of
some readers deeply interested in Quebec af-
fairs, a few characteristic sketches of the mag-
nificent but swine-loving Lieut.-Gov. of that
happy Province—a gentleman who apparently
lives in blissful ignorance of the fact that
Quebec has a debt of several millions, and is,
in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy.

Sir Charles Dilke thinks that discipline has
reached the limit of perfection. A station
agent on an Indian railway telegraphed to
headquarters: "Tiger jumping around on the
platform. Telegraph instructions."

THAT TERRIBLE TEMPEST.

Mr. Wiggins, a seer, as March drew near, predicted a
terrible hurricane,
Which, he grieved to relate, would that month devastate
the Continent known as American;
It first would arise, this sage did surmise, on the coast of
the placid Pacific,
And lashed into rage, start on a rampage with energy
great and terrific,
And arriving at length, recruited in strength, 'mid the
isles of the Indian Ocean;
Pausing in its career, toward Bengal 'twould veer,
'mongst the Bengalic causing commotion
By a huge tidal wave, which no power could save their
coast-line from vast inundation,
Striking terror and fear to each Hindoo fakeer, inspiring
them with great trepidation;
Then, with spasmodic leap, 'twould suddenly sweep in a
manner that's somewhat mysterious,
O'er Africa's plains and balmy domains, without doing
anything serious,
And next 'twould be found cavorting around, playing
huck in the old Bay of Discay;
With gigantic force, devoid of remorse, wrecking ships
by its antics so frisky;
It then would be heard, of the prophet averred, in the
Chops of the Channel near Dover;
Behind leaving tracks, (wrecked schooners and smacks)
which playfully it would keel over;
Concentrating its force it would then waltz across the At-
lantic and cause desolation
On Newfoundland banks, playing frolicsome pranks, and
spreading abroad devastation;
Next it would appear (how or why is not clear) in water
that might be termed Mexican;
And heading nor'west, increasing in zest, striking fear to
the heart of the Texican;
Then the Rockies' wild chain 'twould attack, might and
main, but bluffed in that western direction,
Veering round to nor'east its fury increased, on Canada
turned by reflection;
And once in these diggias, the wise Mr. Wiggins pro-
foundly expressed the opinion
That this terrible gale could not possibly fail to knock the
spots off this Dominion;
That chimneys and spires and telegraph wires would be
blown to a level terrestrial;
While horses and cars, in sections and parts, would be
wasted to regions celestial;
And the only safe plan for woman or man who desired to
escape this tornado
Was to dig in the earth for all they were worth, till an
underground refuge they'd made, O!
Wherein they might lie till the blizzard passed by, which
would probably be on a Sunday,
But if by mischance it failed to advance, 'twould infall-
ibly be here by Monday.
In short, he foretold, in a manner quite bold, that a cy-
clone would blow, causing terror and woe, and a
wave from the bay roll up Yonge Street that day, and
the skies belch forth lightning and thunder;
But as Monday has passed without c'er a blast, and
buildings still stand erect in the land, it must be in-
ferred that the young man has erred, in fact that he's
made a big blunder.
Just here I would trouble you with advice, E. S. W.,
when a man's in a Government office, he
Should stick to finance and not run the chance of fater-
ing unfulfilled prophecy.

—H. EMERSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FISHERMAN—Your indignation is fully war-
ranted, if, as you say, you have lost two days'
time. (2) No, we could not blame a disgusted
fisherman if E Stone Wiggins.

SUBSCRIBER, Caledonia—You will find five
portraits of John A. in the picture. We dare
not undertake to decide a wager while Crown-
Attorney Fenton is on the war-path.

This is the way a young man, who is appar-
ently going to the dogs, as he is a punster and
a lawyer in London, Ontario, and who has
occasionally favored GRIP with some of his
most harrowing efforts, writes to us, "I know
you want something witty and funny, but
there is absolutely nothing here this week
that comes under that head. Of church dis-
ensions we have our fill, but one can hardly
call them witty schisms." A person like that
should be brained by his friends, but, for
obvious reasons, such a thing would be im-
possible in his case. He also refers, in the
same letter, to GRIP'S Swizdom, whatever he
means, and altogether conducts himself in a
manner as outrageous as it is uncalled for.
We hereby contribute three cents towards his
tombstone.

APOLOGY.

We are sorry to come before the public
with anything in the shape of an apology, but
in the event of this being the last number of
GRIP which will ever appear, we feel that
some explanation will be required by our
patrons. The fact is we have had a plumber
working in this establishment for four days.
We are honorable, and shall endeavor to pay
the man, and if anything is left after doing so,
we shall continue to issue our paper, but till
his bill comes in we can promise nothing
definite. We had rather relied on Wiggins
to help us in our predicament by utterly de-
molishing our place of business with his storm,
which would have saved us from making this
pitiable exhibition of ourselves, but as he
has failed to budge even a chimney pot off
this building, we are compelled to give the
plain, unvarnished truth, which hurts us—
badly.



FENTON'S VISION:

OR,

THE ROCKY ROAD TO BALLYDUFF.

We dropped into County Crown Attorney
Fenton's office a few days ago to see if we
could not have a trio of small boys arrested
for "going Tommy Dodd for the odd man"
opposite our establishment, but directly we
caught sight of that gentleman we were so
startled that we forgot what had taken us into
his presence. He was sitting at his desk with
his head resting in his hands, his elbows being
supported by the articles of furniture men-
tioned, and his whole attitude expressing in-
tense mental collapse and dilapidation. His
hair, usually a model for the gayest of mashers,
hung round his lofty, pallid brow like limp
sea-weed over a demijohn washed ashore from
a wreck; his eyes were dim and bloodshot,
and lacked that intense fire which usually