

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to
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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.

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BACK NUMBERS OF GRIP WANTED.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The occasional spasms of independence displayed by the Orange Society towards the Conservative Government are highly amusing to disinterested onlookers, and void of all terror to the parties threatened. The secret of this is that the Orange Society, however bravely it may talk when the fit is on, has neither the inclination nor the power to carry its threats against Toryism into effect, for the sufficient reason that Orangeism and Toryism are one and the same thing. There is no reason, that we are able to see, why this should be the case. The Orange Society is established, as we are given to understand, for the defence of the Protestant religion, and the maintenance of the principle of equal rights to all citizens. It is hard to discover what there is in this programme that should necessitate any allegiance to one political party more than another. Common sense would seem to dictate that the interests of Orangeism would be best served by an attitude of strict neutrality as between the parties—the attitude which the Orange Brotherhood now occupies, as contradistinguished from that of the Orange Society. The notorious fact is that self-seeking politicians have long since reduced the Order to a position of serfdom to serve their

own ends, and the membership at large have not spirit enough to assert their rights. In other words, a society established to defend Protestantism exhibit in their own persons the most striking specimen we have of genuine Popery, for what does their spiritless subserviency to their leaders mean but a disavowal of the right of Private Judgment—the foundation doctrine of the Protestant faith? Orangeism has become a laughing-stock to all who know anything about Protestantism.

FIRST PAGE.—The future of Canada is up for discussion, by the gracious permission of the *Globe*, and notwithstanding the *ex cathedra* prohibition of the *Mail*. Plans and proposals and prognostications are now in order, and they are forthcoming in many shapes. The general characteristic of most of the writing on the subject, however, is vagueness. Nobody has yet been known to define exactly what is meant by Imperial Federation, and how that Utopian condition of things is to be brought about. Independence is bravely advocated, but precisely what we are to do after declaring our independence few of its advocates have the temerity to state. Only one journal has the programme marked out in good bold lines, and this plan deserves our attention for its definiteness, whether we can favor it or not. The *News* of this city is the journal referred to. It goes in for Independence and the adoption of a straight democratic form of government. It argues that our present "responsible" system is directly accountable for the bad government we "enjoy," and that its natural and irresistible tendency is to corruption and extravagance. A democratic form, under which the Cabinet would have only executive powers, would, it is claimed, cure this evil. This is a startling proposal, but since the subject has been kicked into the arena, why not argue it out?

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir Adolphe Caron seems content to have the Canadian public believe that he is in league with the "scallawags" who, it is alleged, robbed the country most shamefully in connection with the transport and supply service during the Rebellion. Definite charges have been laid before him against these parties; he has been fully informed of all the facts, and the proofs are ready at hand. Sir Adolphe, however, makes no sign. Mr. Luxton, of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, has time and again challenged an investigation, but without avail. Surely Sir Adolphe Caron is not willing to have the lustre of his new decorations tarnished by the suspicion of complicity in a huge and cruel job! We can tell him plainly that this will be the effect of further inaction on his part.

OH NO, NO!

For they'll hang up Wandering Spirit,
Dislocate the spine of Old-Dog,
Yank the vertebra of Kl-Yi,
Jerk the neck of Mr. Bull-Skin,
Possibly they'll hang up Toe-Nail.

Who set Wandering Spirit whooping?
Who made Old-Dog shoot his pistol?
Who put Kl-Yi on the war-path?
Who made Bull-Skin paint his own skin?
Who made Toe-Nail scalp the white man?

Was it Riel? then tote him upwards;
Give a chance to ignorant Red Skin.
But they won't hang Riel, oh no, no,
Bet your life they'll not hang Riel up!
For they want him some day coming
As a member of the council,
Of the famous North-West Council,
Wouldn't do to hang this Riel up,
But yank the spine of Wandering Spirit,
Lots where that poor Injun comes from,
Injuns have no vote, remember,
No one cares a darn for Injun.

—THE KHAN.



COMPARING ACCOUNTS.

Uncle Sam.—How is it that my governmental machine is run so much cheaper than yours, Miss Canada, considering the difference in population?

Miss Canada.—You forget that you have a mere Republic, whereas I have—I hardly know what to call it. That's the reason!

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.

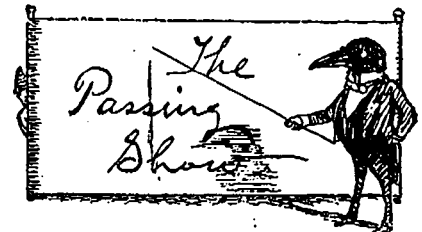
ANOTHER AMERICAN TENOR.

Proud Mother.—Do you know, dear, I believe our baby will be a singer, perhaps a great tenor like Brignoli or Campanini?

Tired Father.—He strikes high C mighty often, if that's what you mean.

P.M.—Yes, the tones are so sweet and shrill. I hope we will be able to have his voice cultivated in Europe.

T.F.—By Jove! good idea. Send him now. —*Philadelphia Call.*



Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," is to be given by the Holman Company at the Pavilion for the last three evenings of this week. The piece has been much improved since its first presentation, and will be given on this occasion with an excellent cast. Popular summer prices still prevail.

Hoyt's comedy, "A Rag Baby," is creating no end of fun at the Grand. It is not exactly refined comedy, but as it originated in Boston it must be all right.