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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.—The Session is over, and the net result is something calculated to open the eyes of the country. Public money to the amount of some \$82,000,000 has been voted away, and the public debt has been enormously increased. The fast young man, Sir John, has ridden a free horse almost to death.

FIRST PAGE.—If the editor of the *Mail* were a professional humorist he couldn't be half so funny a little fellow as he is. We always laugh more at the antics of an individual under the influence of mesmerism than at the best efforts of the cleverest comedian, because in the one case we know the grotesque results are quite unconsciously produced, while in the other they are the studied efforts of art. The *Mail* man is without doubt the most laughable institution we have. Here, for example, we find him lecturing Archbishop Lynch on culture, and in the course of his lecture using language which is, to say the least of it, vulgar. All this is done, too, with the utmost sincerity. The editor has no idea that he is making an exhibition of himself; the thought that his habitual style of language is exactly the opposite of what we expect from a cultured person never enters his mind. GRIP feels, therefore, that he is doing a friendly service in letting the talented but ludicrous young man see himself as others see him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Matters have reached a climax in Manitoba. Hon. John Norquay has joined hands with Mr. Thos. Greenway, the Opposition leader, and together they are on their way to Ottawa to present an *ultimatum* to the Government on the subject of Provincial demands. They are of course going to ask, amongst other things the abolition of the agricultural implement tax and the recognition of railway charters granted by the local legislature. But while they present the pistol on one side of Sir Charles Tupper's head, we may expect the C.P.R. Syndicate, per Hon. Peter Mitchell, or some other faithful henchman, to hold a revolver to the opposite side, and warn the minister not to give way a jot or a tittle. From past events, we

may safely anticipate how the matter will end. Of course the demand of the Railway will be obeyed; for some reason best known to themselves, the members of the present cabinet *dare not* budge without permission from the Frankenstein they have called into existence.



I went down to Ottawa the other day, just to take a look around before the House prorogued. I went, of course, to the Parliament House. "John A. in?" I asked of a doorkeeper in a sub-dyed white neck tie and claw hammer coat of ante-Rebellion design. "The Right Honorable Sir John Alexander Macdonald, Q. C., P. C., K. C. B., is in his office," said the minion of a warped administration. "I would see him, lead on." The man brought me to Sir John's private room, and I was ushered into the Chieftain's presence. He and Alick Mackenzie had just been having a round with soft gloves, and they both looked warmed up. "How're ye, John A.?" said I. "Can you give me something in the Interior?" "What Interior?" "Why the Interior, of course; you're minister you know." John A., who by this time had resumed the gloves, told me to stand up, when he at once smote me in the "bread basket." "There's something in the interior for you," said he smilingly, as I left the room in a triangular shape, of which my coat tail was the apex.

I went up yesterday to the Canadian Institute, and had an interview with Dr. Scadding. I asked him if he would like to purchase a relic of "Toronto of Old," and how much he would give for it. I explained that my funds were temporarily locked up and I was consequently short of money, otherwise I would be glad to present such a deserving society as the York Pioneers with my prize. "Let me see what you've got," said the Doctor. I took a small box from my pocket and showed him the contents. "Why, that's nothing but earth!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "Ha! but it's the same old time, historic mud of Little York, Doctor," said I complacently. The Doctor ran for an Indian's tomahawk, which I heard strike the door with a "dull thud," just as I got on the outside.

Just as the House last week was emptying out its contents, embracing Senators, hon. Members, sessional clerks, messengers, and other *impedimenta* of the country, who should I meet but Mr. Edward Blake, coming through the big gate of the "Capitol," arm in arm with McKenzie Bowell. They were both smiling audibly and laughing all over their faces at some joke, the Orange Bill very likely. "How goes Ned?" says I to the great "argyfyer." "Bully, old man," was the reply, "let's go and have suthin." "Mac," continued he to Mr. Bowell, "allow me to introduce you to Mr.—Mr.—old friend of mine," ("a most pertinacious and intolerable bore," I heard him remark *solo voce* to his friend). We went into the Russell House, took a private room and sat down. "I guess I can set up a bottle of

wine. Here, waiter, bring us a couple of quarts of Sillery! I'm blooming dry after this infernal long-winded session," said Blake, as he chucked his cow-boy hat on the table. "By Jove," said I to Bowell, "I've struck a joke, —Why is our Honorable friend like the Canada Pacific Railway?" "Give it up," said Mac. "Why, because he gets through so much quartz (quarts) and takes so much siller, eh?" was my witty reply. "How does it come Ned," said I, "that while objecting to the principle of subsidies you make a claim for a portion thereof for Ontario?" "My friend," replied the Honorable gentleman with his your-a-noble-yeoman-and-I'm-glad-to-shake-you-by-the-hand smile, "it does not follow that because I object to a certain principle that I should likewise abandon the interest. I mean, my good fellow," continued he with a certain amount of *hauteur*, "the interest of Ontario." This little example of special pleading being rather too heavy for me I helped myself to a bumper of wine, and said, "I think I'll be off." Not being urged by either gentlemen to do otherwise, I went off. Funny fellow, Blake.

THE YEOMAN.

Thrice happy is the farmer bold who rises with the lark,
And splits a cord or two of rails while yet the moon is dark,
Or whack's away so merrily among the basswood trees,
Till sounding horn doth summon him to breakfast at his ease.

How cheerily he plods along through barnyard on his way,
To feed his cattle with chopped straw, his horses with sweet hay;
How prudently he doth refrain from gorging them with oats,
Such feed he knows is only good to give them shining coats.

And when to breakfast he returns, his daughter Martha, fair
(Who uses butter for pomade to smoothe her auburn hair)
Will wait upon her hungry 'pop' in linsy woolsey gown,
And watch him while he bolteth quick the pork and "slap jacks" down.

Oh, happy, happy farmer! when he sits by bar-room fire,
What tales of horses he can tell, he never seems to tire,
How boldly now he planketh down his quarter like a man,
And calls the bar-room bummers up to have a five-cent dram.

The announcement of the suspension of the Manchester and Oldham bank at Manchester is supplemented by the statement that "the assets are largely in excess of the liabilities." This is a kind of bank failure rather rare in Canada, to say the least of it. The Finance Minister might help along such an institution as this without running great risk of charges against his common sense, not to mention his principle. The Oldham Bank would save his bacon, as it were.



NEXT MORNING.

Yes, this is my hat, but how small it has grown!