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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 Conservative representatives of Ontario in the Dominion House have fairly earned the contempt of their Province, by persistent plodding in the path of meanness since the last general elections. Sent to Ottawa to represent the banner province of Confederation, not one of them has ever lifted his voice to protest against the numberless insults that have been offered her. They have been Ontario's worst enemies, and we hope they will be plainly made to feel the truth of this when they present their treacherous faces on the hustings again. These are strong words, but they are true, and GRIP has no axes to grind, that he should cry peace where there is no peace. We deliberately charge the Ministerialist majority with conspiring to injure this Province. The records of the session just ended abundantly prove this, for they record vote after vote given solidly in support of measures which are now admitted to have been unconstitutional and aimed at the rights of Ontario; and they record other votes in favor of unfair advantages to other Provinces, and therefore indirect stabs at this. We do not mean to assert that the course of the Quebec *Bleus* has been, morally speaking, any better than that of the Ontario Tories, but the *Bleus* are, at all events, men of spirit, and their devotion to their Province goes far to palliate their questionable methods. We doubt if anybody has quite so much contempt for the Ontario members as these same *Bleus*; we would really like to know what Chapleau thinks in his heart of men who have power to save their Province from outrage and refuse to do so. The leader of the *Bleus* at Ottawa would as soon think of suicide as of asking his followers to be untrue to Quebec in even the smallest matter. He knows the horse would kick. As for the Ontario plug, Sir John can spear his heels with a pitch-fork without the slightest danger.

FIRST PAGE.—The session of parliament closes as usual with a scene of bare-faced plundering. This time the scramble is introduced under the guise of Railway Subsidies. Its real intention is to give the C.P.R. the ad-

ditional advance asked for, and to pay the Quebec members for their votes on the original advance to that modest corporation. In order to do this, a legal fiction is of course resorted to, and a pretence made of subsidizing various railroads, each of the Provinces getting a share of the plunder. Mr. Blake, after a virtuous speech in which he declared that stealing the public money was "wrong in principle," moved an amendment to the effect that Ontario ought to get more, as she had spent proportionally more than Quebec. He should have simply declined to have anything to do with the dirty business. If this Province is to be robbed, she should be ready to suffer the wrong rather than endorse what is wrong in principle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—When Senator Macpherson was making a—Senator—of himself the other day in our house of peers; when he was frothing at the mouth, swinging his arms and rolling out mouthfuls of foul language, somebody should have carried in that magnificent painting of him (done at the public expense by a foreign artist) and held it up before him. The effect would probably have been magical. Perhaps he would have subsided into decent composure, and reflected upon the vast difference between the artist's idea of Macpherson and the Senate's; or perhaps in the hurricane of his quite uncalculated-for passion he might have dashed his fist through the canvass. If so, small loss to the country; the picture is now useless, anyway, as a correct representation of the great man.

The London *Advertiser* comes to our table in a new dress—the natural result of having a philosophical editor. As a further mark of prosperity the *Tiger* now boasts a Bullock perfecting press, the first of this make ever set up in Canada. Clean white paper is fed into one end of this wonderful machine, and comes out of the other end transformed into profound moralizings on Free Trade, cruel stabs at Meredith, awfully funny Bremnerisms and all the *et ceteras* that go to make up the "leading paper of the west"—barring the F.P.



On Saturday afternoon a matinee is to be given at the Grand Opera House by Claxton's Orchestra. This new organization, which has been heard on two public occasions, promises "to fill a long-felt want." Its performances are already marked by high excellence, and there is no doubt that, under the able baton of Mr. Moore, the Orchestra will soon be the pride of musical Toronto. It contains thirty members, all of whom are professionals, while the reputation of the conductor is deservedly high. GRIP congratulates Mr. Claxton on his enterprise, and hopes the music lovers of this city will let him see that his efforts are appreciated.

A grand concert under the management of Mr. Thos. Hurst takes place in Shaftsbury Hall this (Friday) evening. The programme is very attractive, and embraces many of our most popular singers and instrumentalists, including Miss Hillary, Mrs. Adamson, Messrs. Hurst, Schuch, Pearson, Boeckh, Cable, Gibson, Daniels, Fox, Fraser and Martens.



While down in Ottawa last week, I dropped in to see Senator MacPherson. I sent up my card and was speedily ushered in the Hon. Gentleman's presence. The Senator looked anything but pleased when I drew up a chair and sat down in front of him. His expression was stern, not to say hostile, and his whiskers bristled out as bristly the whiskers of the Nubian lion. "Well sir," said he, regarding me with a skene dhu look in his eye, "what do you want with me? If your business is urgent kindly state it at once, as I am very busy." "Phairson," said I, "I've come to interview you." "What!" "To interview you, Phairson," said I smilingly. "In the first place I want to know if you have any Registrarships to bestow on the deserving talent of the land. If so, I'd like one myself. Secondly, I want to know if your hielan forefathers ever corralled the Lowlanders' cattle, as Cartwright alleged. In the third place, I want to know if you think the Senate ought not to be abolished. In the fourth—"I just got as far as fourth when I was hurled forth, thrown forth, slung forth through the office door, then I was passed forth through the main entrance, and thence led forth to the Queen's highway, where I sat down and reflected. What could be the reason of this outrage on a distinguished Journalist? Perhaps Mac was in a bad humor, perhaps I didn't approach with sufficient delicacy,—I cannot tell. However, the Senate must go!

When I was in England a few weeks ago, I went out to Hawarden to see old Billy Gladstone, the people's William, the grand old man. I found him with his coat off, whacking away at an old bass wood tree. How goes it old sport?" said I, as the old man struck his axe into a convenient stump. "I'm from Canada I am; and a red hot liberal. The boys would like to know when you are coming out to see us. We'll give you a good time, you bet!" "Nothing would please me better, my dear Sir," said the great Statesman, than to visit your colony, and axe in hand help to fell the monarchs of the forest in the vicinity of your clearings, especially Toronto, of which I have heard so much; but I fear the weather would prove too cold."

"Oh I don't mean now," I replied, "say next summer?"

"But is it not always cold there?"

"Oh, by no means," said I. "It is often quite warm in July and August."

"Then why do Canadians always wear furs and snow shoes? I never see them depicted otherwise."

"They don't. It's all a conspiracy got up between the Yankers and the photographers to disparage the country. Canada is a great place for conspiracies anyway. So keep your weather eye lifting after this, that you don't get deceived. See here old man, it's hot enough in Canada sometimes to melt the buttons of the soldiers' coats, but come out anyway next summer and we'll get a private refrigerator for you. The old man sat down on the stump and pondered, and I took the next train for London.