

GRIP

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J. W. BENGOUOH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Lee; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Since the barbarian world beyond our borders will persist in regarding the toboggan as the national emblem of Canada—a mistake which it seems useless to get mad about—GRIP feels impelled to make the best of the matter, and he can think of nothing better than to extract such moral lessons from tobogganing as that popular Montreal sport may afford. Mr. GRIP himself has never had the temerity to take a slide on one of those machines, though, unlike the vast majority of his countrymen, he has seen a toboggan. But he is given to understand, and has no reason to doubt, that it is far from healthy or convenient for a party on one of them to come in contact with a tree, when at full speed. The toboggan, it is alleged, is quite likely to take its departure in opposite directions when the collision occurs, having deposited its passengers up the tree, or elsewhere. In this peculiarity of the sport, GRIP sees a fine illustration of what lately happened to a certain reckless Premier and his confiding friend, the holder of the Dominion License. His frail bark, the McCarthy Act, which in the first place started unconstitutionally, came a terrible cropper the other day when it went bang against a decision of the Supreme Court. The Premier himself, was sent up the tree, but as that is a position in which he has often been before, and which he is used to, he sustained no injury beyond a very slight shake. His Confiding Friend, however, who never for a moment expected such a catastrophe, is very badly hurt—not only in his feelings but what is more serious—in his pocket. In addition to being wounded, he is also liable to arrest at any moment, and nothing but the forbearance of the proper authorities can save him. This ought to teach Confiding Friends not to trust themselves to political tobogganers unless they are sure that there are no trees in the way.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe* charges Hon. Peter Mitchell, M.P., with being a paid retainor of the C. P. R. Syndicate. Hon. Peter vigorously denies the charge, and in order that he may be understood as not taking refuge in a "mental reservation," he says "if any other form of words will better convey an absolute denial, consider me to have used those words." To this the *Globe* rejoins to the effect that it does not believe the Hon. Peter. Meantime, the *Mail* very properly denounces the meanness

of the *Globe* in refusing to publish Mr. Mitchell's denial as written—a meanness, which, we regret to say, is systematically practised by the *Mail* itself. Now, what is wanted to clear up the whole trouble, is that Mr. Mitchell should confess the truth of the charge, or make the *Globe* eat the leek. No public man, least of all a Member of Parliament, can afford to leave such a statement unapologized for. Go for him, Peter; cram the onion down his throat, or let the people draw their own conclusions.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The workmen who are out of employment in Montreal seized the opportunity afforded by Sir John Macdonald's presence, the other day, to seek an interview for the purpose of securing some alleviation of their sufferings. Sir John did not make an appointment with them, knowing that it would mollify them but little to hear from him a confession that Government could do nothing for them. Sir John is naturally not fond of making confessions which run counter to previous professions, and his declining to be interviewed on this occasion was statesmanship of a certain type. A similar appeal was made by unemployed workmen to Mr. Mackenzie, during his term of office, and he was also obliged, as Premier, to send them away empty, although he spoke words of sympathy and contributed something as a private citizen. It is in fact now admitted by both parties that Government can do nothing to assist the Workingman by Act of Parliament, and it is time the members of that class grasped this truth. However, when people make false professions, and succeed in getting dullards to believe them, they deserve to be pummeled by the ignorant giant they have aroused.

THE NEWSBOYS' BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
Now we'll ha-e dinner to-day I know.
We'll have taters an' turnips an' five cents' orth o' meat,
As nice a 'ot stew as you'd wish for to eat;
An' for five cents I'll bring home a cordwood stick too;
An' five cents' orth o' 'sugar an' tea, maam—for you.
Chirk up man, we're going to live high you know,
For 'ore comes the snow down, the beautiful snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
How I like them big flakes fallin' down soft and slow;
An' watchin' them whirlin' an' bobbin' an' fluckerin';
I tell yer it sometimes just sets me a sulkerin'.
It's so easy to shovel that foathery kind,
Tho' I aint got no mits on, you see I don't mind;
Once I'm started to shovelling I'm all in a glow;
There's nothing in winter like plenty of snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
It's dollars on dollars I'll earn I know;
Oh won't I just go for them. Alderman A—
He gave me a quarter last year—and oh! say—
I must hunt up old Broadbrim, he always pays well,
But I wout work for Alderman B.; he's a sell—
Just gave me five cents' for two hours on the go
Round that there vacant lot of his—clearin' off snow!

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
Tell yer what, many dear, it's just like this, ye know
It's the fifth day now we aint had any dinner,
And I ken just see you get thinner an' thinner.
All the stamps I ken earn goes for firin' an' rent;
Mighty little we eat now since father, he went.
But you ougter see me make that shovel go,
When I clear off the sidewalks the beautiful snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
You lie still there, many; it is freezin' so,
An' the very first ten cents I earn I'll bring wood,
An' maybe perhaps something more that is good,
An' after the fire's lit I'll earn a quarter,
An' that'll buy bread, an' some beef an' some butter.
An' we'll have a jolly good breakfast—just so—
Oh you better believe, I believe in the snow."

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
By the brave little lad how 'twas frosted to and fro!
While the small fingers tingle with frostbite and pain.
And now to his home he's returned again.
"Hello! Mammy! chirk up! see, here's wood, beef and bread,
Mammy, oh Mammy!" His mother was dead!
Dead of heart-sickness, and hunger and wood,
While silently down fell the beautiful snow!

JAY KAYELLE.



Society is in a flutter over the forthcoming performance of our amateur minstrels.

McKee Rankin and his admirable company—the ablest we have had in Toronto since Irving's visit—are drawing good houses at the Grand. The play is a new melodrama, "Notice to Quit."

The Garrick Club, of Hamilton, whose performances of light opera surpass those of most professional companies, are to favor Toronto with a taste of their quality, on Saturday of this week, when "The Pirates of Penzance," will be given at the matinee, and in the evening at the Grand Opera House. The proceeds will, as is invariably the practice of the Garricks, go to the local charities.

The Gigantean Mastadonic Dudes, "35—count 'em—35," are to appear on Thursday evening, 5th February, at the Grand Opera House, and a programme of ballads, jokes and statue-clog, warranted not to bring the blush to the cheek of the oldest minstrel professional, is being actively rehearsed. In the centre of the dark but intellectual rainbow will sit that eminent interlocutor, Mr. Morley Pynshon, and at either end of the sable arc there will be 4—end men—4. The ivory-manipulators on the occasion will be Messrs (Geo. Lindsay, A. W. Morphy, K. W. Moffatt, and E. C. Rutherford; the tambos will be Messrs. E. C. Arnoldi, G. H. Dunston, J. McLennan and H. F. Wyatt. As a background to this phenomenal group there will be an orchestra of twenty parts. Mr. Jack A. Fraser has been for some time concentrating his intellect on a series of new, copper-bottomed puns and patter songs for the occasion, and Mr. E. W. Schuch's right arm is developed enormously with his batou-rehearsals. A bumper house and a jolly evening is a matter of certainty.

The Burns concert was a huge success this year, though it must be confessed the home talent eclipsed the imported article. Mrs. McCulloch (Miss Maggie Barr) acquitted herself magnificently throughout. Miss Jessie Robertson was very good in the line of character songs, but her voice is unsuited to the rendition of ballad music. Mr. McDonald sings with downright honesty in a good fire-side fashion. Mr. Harry Blight fairly surpassed himself, and well deserved the enthusiastic applause he received, though no small part of his success and that of all the others, was due to the artistic and intelligent manner in which Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments. (Hint to managers: If you would assure success for your concerts, get this judicious lady to preside at the instrument. It is half the battle, at least.) Mr. Tom Hurst met with his usual ovation, and made a special hit in his topical song, "Pardonnez moi." Mr. Alex. Macnabb read the prize poem of the year, by our grand old bard, McLachlan, and did it with a fervor which bespoke his intense admiration for the Canadian Poet. The Hielan' lads dancit vera well, indeed, an' mak't no en' o' an uproar.