

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRINGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Men is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith:

Will be issued with the number for ..... Nov. 15.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Exemption question is to the fore again, and at last it looks as if the friends of justice in the matter of taxation are in dead earnest. The scandal—for it is nothing less—of exempting a large proportion of the property in this city, and elsewhere, from paying its fair share of the taxes, and thereby adding to the weight already borne by the citizens, ought to be at once done away with, and the Local Ministry need not expect any rest until something adequate has been done in the matter. Mr. Mowat has to some extent committed himself, having practically promised to abolish exemption if public opinion demanded the measure. He is now, therefore, in the position of the man who had the lion by the tail. He does not know whether to let go or hold on. GRIP would advise him to hold on, by all means, and to settle the question; for if he lets go, the question is very likely to settle him. The Ministry could not spend half a day more profitably just now than in studying the expression of our lion's eye. *Verb. sap.*

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John's great banquet is in active preparation. Outside of the select circle in whose hands the arrangements are, there is a vast mystery as to what the big dinner is to signalize. For the information of such persons GRIP would state that it is to signalize the fortieth anniversary of Sir John's entrance into political life. It will not be disputed that any man who remains forty years in public life in Canada deserves a good dinner, whatever he may or may not have done as a statesman. It is commonly claimed that Sir John has done little or nothing in the way of beneficent legislation, but a great deal of positive harm directly and indirectly. This, of course, is history read through Grit spectacles. No doubt Mr. Clarke will be able to fill in his placard with a right worthy record of good acts. GRIP sincerely hopes that Sir John will be able to do justice to the meal set before him on the occasion—we can think of nothing more truly kind to wish the Premier.

EIGHTH PAGE.—To the 15,000 (or is it 50,000, John Ross?) readers of the *Telegram*, who daily admire the tight-rope performance given in the editorial column, this sketch will require no comment. To the rest of the world the subject is of no interest, and so comment is needless.



MY FRIEND GRIP,—War is declared. Dead yis. The champagne has begun. The licentious victuallers has hired me and that purl of rhetoric, E. King Dodds (no less), to bitterly oppose the working of the Shecott Act in Kint, and to neutralise the assartious of the enemy, which are breathing out desate and calomel.

Me and Dodds will fight this thing separately and together and two at a time.

This infernal sobriety has got to be shtamped out. So me and Dodds will introjuice the Shtamp Act.

Luk out for squalls, me frind.

I have never heard a solitary argumint in favor of temperance, and I never will if cotton batting in the ears will prevent it.

We are laboring in behalf of the bullwarks of the Constitution, and thim bullwarks is, 1st Breakquest, 2nd Dinner, 3rd Tay; in all their liquid and solid magnificence, if I knows anything about bullwarks or constitutions.

The inemy has tuk to the offensive practise of calling us liars, lately, and not only brutally assarting it, but proving it, bedad.

No cause can prosper by such manes.

What we call errors of statistichs they call lies.

Never mind, though. Me and Dodds can show by mathematics that prohibition is the scourge of civilization.

Now sir, I, Doody, and that purl of rhetoric and diffidence, E. King Dodds, can projuice arguments from histhory, fleabottomy, g-hollow-y, and the double rule of three backwards, to show beyant the shadow of a doubt that fomented liquor is the mother of wit, the fathor of invention, and the elder brother of arguability; also that Kinnahan's L. L. is the glast of fashion, and ould Thomas Gin the mould of forrum.

I assume, sir, that all the honesty and voracity, as well as the consate, is not the exclusive property of the Tay-tiplers.

I apprehend that me and Dodds and Shakspear and N. Appolyon Bonyoart counts for something.

And bedad none of us ever died of drowth or temperance.

If a gentleman has a talent for the craythur, let him slack his thirst in pace, and not get run over by a tyrannical board of phanatrix.

I lift my tinder voice in favor of the down-throdden drunkard, and E. King Dodds is going to raise his savory tones in favor of the same article. Faix we'll get a rise out of him bechuxt us.

What man wants is elevation, and if that faithful craythur, whine, won't elevate him, throth nothing, but the sheriff could do the work.

Well, here we are sir, launched on the stormy say of unpopular opinion, and buffeting the bilious to the besht of our ability.

Toilin' for the masses, and catching Jesse from antique eggs.

But me and Dodds will never stand idly by and see Kint, wid her thousands of acres of blew clay, shlip into the very Jaws of the Dragon of Prohibition. Not at all.

Temperance, I say, is the parent of poverty and biliousness. Let the people knew it, sir. Let them know that Doody is on the stump, shtruggling wid adversity, pullin hard agin' the stream. Usual terms, board, bitters, and \$3 a week; washing no object. Hang washing! Duds is for dudes. Honesty and intemperance for Dodds and Doody. Hooray.

Mash Meeting to-night. Me and the black-thora will be there.

Your imparishable frind,  
DANIEL DOODY.

THE COMMISSARIAT BLUNDERERS.

When the bold voyageurs went to Egypt's far shore They expected good times and of money galore— But it seems that already they've got very sick Of discipline, and are beginning to kick,— It's hard into shape a free woodsman to lick.

But then it is stated, I fear that it's true, That the prospects for grub are exceedingly blue:— The powers that be seem to think that a fleet And an army can fight without plenty to eat; And they dock the poor devils of bread and of meat.

And who is to blame? In eighteen fifty-four— The rations ran short in the Crimean war; But the men were expected to fight: it was done; Like heroes—but hungry—they fought and they won, But, though covered with glory, they grumbled like foun.

Though I place all my trust in our brave volunteers, When I hear that they're hungry I can't quell my fears; That they'll act like Canadians I'm pretty well sure, And what others can bear our Canucks can endure, But—good rations alone many evils can cure.

Toronto was honored when Wolsley sent word That one of her sons was the man he preferred Of the Canuck contingent the command to assume, And lead them to victory—perhaps to their doom— In attempting to help Gordon out of Khartoum.

But I don't think that even a Denison would Feel as happy without as with plenty of food: So to hear that they've got lots of grub will delight Me and all who expect our brave fellows to fight— They'll do that, anyway, and y'ull see that I'm ri, ht.

And when they return from the banks of the Nile, They shall have a reception in right royal style; And when Denison comes from his trip to the East, Having spoilt the Egyptians and Gordon released, I expect that he'll be—well—a knight at the least.

The *Current* has taken possession of commodious and attractive apartments, specially arranged for the permanent accommodation of its executive, editorial and printing forces, in the new and imposing Adams Express Building, in Chicago. The structure is one of the handsomest of the many superb buildings now in course of erection, or just completed, in Chicago; and in its new quarters *The Current* will be provided with all the facilities which its rapidly increasing business and circulation imperatively demand.

"Heap's Patent" Dry Inodorious Earth or Ashes Closets, have just been awarded two more medals, viz: A silver medal at the Altrincham (England) Agricultural Show, in September; also "The Medal" of the Health Exhibition (Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and Ireland), held at Dublin, and opened by the Lord Mayor on September 30th, making a total of one gold and twelve other medals. Manufactory, Owen Sound, Ont. (See advt.)