

GRIP.

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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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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is the business of party organs to obscure facts whenever the interests of their various "machines" so require. Language, it may truly be said, was given to newspaper partisans to conceal their thoughts, and confuse those of other people. On the other hand, it is an important part of GRIP's mission in the political world to counteract these disingenuous efforts. This accounts for the appearance of another cartoon this week on what the *Mail* calls "The Crisis in Quebec." The veracious organ just named has gone on day after day laboring to make it appear that the great question at issue is—Should Riel have been hanged or should he not? If yes, then sustain John A. regardless of all other questions; if no, then let the Government be defeated and prepare yourself for the terrors of French domination. Now, the truth is this: Riel has been hanged. Whether his execution was wise under the circumstances is a question upon which there is a difference of opinion, a large majority of our citizens, however, decidedly holding to the affirmative. But that is not the question at issue at all. The question is—Have Sir John and his colleagues ruled this country so purely, wisely and economically that they deserve a renewal of office, and especially are they guilty or not guilty of having made Riel and his second rebellion possible? It certainly does not strengthen the faith of Sir John's friends to find his principal organ kicking up such a tremendous dust on a side issue.

FIRST PAGE.—The Government that has so long ruled over the destinies of "Ontario, Ontario"—the rich banner Province of Confederation, etc., etc.—is a very good government. It is composed of very good gentlemen, who never swear, or drink, or play

poker, and who rarely, if ever, smoke cigars. Moreover, it is composed of very economical gentlemen, very, very economical, indeed. The people of Ontario doat on economy, and they are proud of their economical Cabinet, because Ontario is rich as aforesaid, and rich Provinces always love economy when it is carried to a fine point. This is why the Hon. Oliver Mowat is still on deck singing Mr. Edgar's celebrated war-songs; the people cling to him because he is so economical. What do the people care whether the public service is becomingly executed so long as Economy reigns? Nothing whatever. Does anybody suppose that the rich Province of Ontario, with its surplus and its big timber limits, doesn't glory in the fact that its business continues to be transacted in a shanty, to save money? Why, of course it does. It fairly gloats over the fact that its Ministers have reduced choose-paring and bone-scraping to an exact science, because economy is a glorious thing. We don't mean merely the sort of economy that *pays*, but the other kind, the ha'penny wise variety so expertly and ingeniously practised by the Ontario Government. When Ontario has gained the reputation of being a notorious miser—and she's fairly on the road—her cup of bliss will be full.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. Mr. Joly is perhaps the most universally honored man in Quebec, because everybody believes in his thorough integrity. It pays a man to have principles and to act upon them in politics. Stick a pin just here, gentlemen. Mr. Joly feels it his duty to resign his seat in the Quebec Legislature at the present juncture, and of course he does so. For this he is applauded by the *Mail*, which points to him as an instance of uprightness, and advises Mr. Blake to follow his example. He is at the same time cheered with equal fervor by the *Globe*, which holds him forth as an example worthy of Sir Hector Langevin's attention. In thus securing the encomiums of both parties while still living, Mr. Joly has achieved a unique triumph—one that we did not believe possible in Canadian politics.

MR. HOWLAND FOR MAYOR.—Toronto is likely to have the right kind of a Chief Magistrate for 1886—an honest, upright gentleman, above the suspicion of partisanship and scheming, and an earnest advocate of all that will advance the city's honor and prosperity. Mr. W. H. Howland will be in all respects a credit to the city, which is what Toronto cannot always say of her mayor.

SEQUEL TO BATOCHÉ.

I.

On a hospital bed he lay,
Poor man, for he had no other.
"My good man," unto him I did say,
"Have you, then, no wife or no mother?"
With a smile and a tear,
"I'm a volunteer."
Said he, rheumatics his features screwing,
While wearily he shook his head,
"The summer's gone, the winter's nigh;
My children live on charity,
Because, all thought of self eschewing,
I fought for love of countree.
Now on this bed,
A wreck I'll lie,

For months to come, I greatly fear,
A helpless—wearsy volunteer.

II.

I saw a pretty little girl,
With sunny curls and beaming eye—
Her pouting lips did sadly curl,
To see the children passing by.
"Why don't you go to school like those?"
Said I, "Why do you linger here?"
"I can't," said she, "I have no shoes
Nor boots, my pa's a volunteer."

III.

A grocery man bent o'er his scales,
His voice was sharp, his words were hard—
Against a pile of patent nails
A woman stood: "These debts retard
My business so, I really must
In self-defence shut down on trust."
She turned and wiped away a tear,
Her husband was a volunteer.

IV.

A woman, elderly and gray
Went seeking work one summer day.
"Have you no husband, then, no son?
It does seem hard to me, that one
So far advanced in life should seek
Some outside work herself to keep."
"My husband's dead, my son is here
But out of work—a volunteer!"

—J. K. L.



THE KINGSTON ALDERMAN.

They have an alderman in Kingston who is so bashful (like all aldermanic dignitaries) that he put himself to vast trouble the other day to keep out of the sight of a certain caricaturist who happened to be in the Limestone City. Getting his eagle eye on the dreadful personage in question, he dashed out into the pitiless blizzard that was raging in the street—forgetting his overshoes—and for many a weary hour he lurked around the stormy corners, waiting for the clouds to roll by. No coaxing would induce him to "show up"—he was awfully cute, even for an alderman. But it only shows how futile are all human efforts to escape merited retribution. He was caught, sure enough, and here he is, in all his rubicund glory.

AN EFFECTIVE PAD.

"You're not looking well, Jones," said Spilliken to that gentleman, whom he met coming out of a Winchester Street car. "Billious, ain't you?"

"Yes, I feel all broke up."
"I'll tell you," said Spilliken; "you just try a pad. It's the best thing—better than doctors' drugs. You try a pad; it's sure to relieve you."

"Yes, I know that," said Brown. "I was walking up Winchester Street last night with a pad stickin' to me and I got relieved—got relieved of money, watch and chain and a new hat."

"Why, wh—why, what sort of a pad was it?"

"A foot-pad," said Brown. "I'm going to the Police Court now to lay information."