

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH 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.

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. 13.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. R. MEREDITH:
- Will be issued with the number for.....Nov. 22.

PARDON A SLIGHT DELAY.

No 4 of GRIP'S Canadian Gallery, being a cartoon portrait in colors of Mr. W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., should, in accordance with announcement, have appeared with the present issue of GRIP. Owing to an extra pressure of work in our artistic department, however, it has been impossible to finish the plates in time for this number. The supplement will be forthcoming next week without fail.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Some person, whose mind has been greatly upset by conflicting facts, writes to the *Globe* to propose this dilemma:—If Sir John A. Macdonald is the scamp the Reformers make him out to be, how comes it that a kind Providence has allowed him to dominate over the good people of Canada for forty years? Either Sir John is a much abused man, or Providence is a myth. To this the *Globe* replies at Knox College professional length, the conclusion being that there undoubtedly is a kind Providence, one of whose offices is to punish people when they go astray; and that rulers like Sir John are often used as whips wherewith to inflict the needed punishment. This is a theory entirely worthy of consideration—and in order to impress it more deeply on the popular mind, we have put it in pictorial form.

FIRST PAGE—The presidential fight is over, so far as the ballot-box is concerned, and an end has happily come to the atrocious gouging, striking below the belt, and flinging of filth that has characterized the contest. Cleveland receives the wreath, but whether he will ever be allowed to wear it in the great chair at Washington no man can at this moment say. At present it looks as if the high-minded Republican party had made up its mind to steal the election for Blaine as it did for Hayes.

EIGHTH PAGE—We decidedly disagree with the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*, and the other papers, which deprecate any discussion of the Jamaica question on the ground that it is not yet "before the chair." We know that a much more important question—that of the C.P.R.—a question-involving, at least, much

more money, was sprung upon Parliament, and rushed through the House, beneath the lash of the party whip. It may be the same in this Jamaica case, but whether or not, the discussion of the pros and cons can certainly do no harm. On the contrary, a very decided benefit will be gained, if a timely ventilation of the subject awakens a public opinion which will ensure the instant rejection of any annexation scheme that maybe proposed to Parliament.



THE RULE OF "THE ROAD."

Scene—Toronto—Hour, Six p.m.

1st Laborer—Weel, we hac'na dune vera muckle the day, Paddy.
2nd Laborer—Faix, thin! we can make up for it be doin' less to-morrow.

MAUD.

A UNIVERSITY LYRIC.

Come into the 'Varsity, Maud,
For the last objection's flown;
Come into the College, Maud,
By the Queen's Park gate alone;
For the lawn is smooth and the gravel path broad,
And the fees in advance have gone.

For (*sic* Bachen) "the world moves,"
And the star of woman is high.
At last she will shine in the light she loves
Beneath a Toronto sky.
She will revel at last in the lore she loves,
And take a degree, or die.

Oh hawk! how long we have heard
Old fogie, galoot, buffoon;
I said, will they never grow tired
Still thrumming that same old tune,
Of the terrible, horrible danger incurred.
Why! A male student must be a lunc.

As I said to Lilly, "There is not one
Who is monkish enough to say
He'd much rather be with the boys alone,
Than have us in the class each day.
Why, half of the fellows up there are gone
On some girls far away;
And the other half's wooden, or rather stone,
So we can't bother them anyway.

I said to our Rose—"Were I to pose
In a way that would make them pine,
I'd quiz them and say, "what signs are those
For honors which ne'er will be thine?"
But mine,—but mine," as I said to our Rose,
"For ever and ever mine."

So let's march in my Maud, my sweet,
With ever so airy a tread,
If the hearts of the fellows beat,
Why let them—keep up your head.
But don't let your own heart beat,
Or your cheek grow celestial red
When they welcome you in with their feet,
And a noise fit to waken the dead.

FRESHWOMAN.

LET US ANNEX!!

DEAR GRIP,—Doesn't it make your glossy black coat turn green with envy to think you are living under a monarchy, when republicanism (?), no—democracy (?), no! no!! no!!! American iustitooshuns, yield such magnificent results as Col. Maynard so graphically depicts in the following clipping from his speech on the Democratic platform:

"We have seen the Republican party clothed with a supreme power, with curse and sword in its crime-stained hands and a hundred thousand fawning, cringing, servile, spaniel-natured, parasitic, toad-eating, lick-spittle officials to do its bidding. We have seen the Republican party throttle the supreme judicial tribunal of the Republic and retain its hold until the genius of justice fled its polluted presence, and contaminated by such a fountain, we have seen the minor federal tribunals of the country sink to the level of gambling halls, where sporting men, from bunko steerers to bucket shop proprietors and patrons, in alliance with poker politicians, bet on decisions and rulings, as they would on keno or faro, and where the chances for a Republican rascal to escape punishment were a thousand to one against conviction."

Let's annex, dear bird, let's annex right off.
Yours, HONEST AMBITION.

PHILOSOPHY.

Jones is a great philosopher: reads Darwin, Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, and the whole lot. Simpson was his friend.

"Come Jones," said Simpson, "let's go down to Chalkline, the tailor's. I'm getting some new togs, and I have to be fitted this evening."

They went.
Jones' friend tried on the garments. He was dissatisfied, and said so; told the fitter that he was an ass; said the clothes fitted him like a sentry box; abused the man shamefully, in fact, and the latter was angry.

"I say they do fit," said the fitter.
"I say they don't, and you're a thick-headed galoot to say so," howled Simpson.

"Take that back or I'll whale you," shrieked the man of goose, tape and shears.
"Come on," cried Simpson, and the two went at it hammer and tongs.

The tailor was a muscular man and a scientific.

He peppered Simpson in the bread-basket; he tapped him on the conk; he rattled the ivories in his dice box, closed his peepers for repairs, and in fact completely used him up.

Jones stood by and philosophized.
Simpson lay at full length on the floor.

He was dead.
"This coincides with my theories," remarked Jones, as Simpson's body was carried out.
"How so?" enquired the coroner.

"It is the survival of the 'fittest,'" replied Jones.

The "fittest" was hung, however, and the goose hangs high.

"Did the clothes fit, though?" you ask.
I don't know; the men did, however.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B., DORCHESTER, N. B. — Thanks. Always glad to welcome fresh talent. The pictures are on too large a scale to be used in our columns without re-drawing. Give Mr. GRIP'S compliments to the clever artist, and invite her to try again.

THE CURRENT. — This brilliant periodical keeps up its reputation as the best literary weekly in America. It does this by liberal dealing, which secures for its columns the best work of the leading writers of the day. No Canadian gentleman should be satisfied with his literary outfit without including the *Current*, which is well worth the \$4.50 charged for it.