

GRIP.

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All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY - 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It appears that the proposal to strike a medal in commemoration of the late rebellion is not the silly season joke of a Grit satirist, as we certainly supposed on first hearing it, but a genuine emanation from the Ministry at Ottawa, uttered in all seriousness. Well, it only required this grotesque idea to cap the climax of ministerial folly. History may be safely challenged for anything at once so impudent and so absurd. No doubt, having decided upon issuing a medal in honor of the event, the Government will be glad to receive suggestions for appropriate designs for the obverse and reverse sides thereof, and surely nothing could be more to the purpose than a series of vignettes setting forth the cold historical facts, as to how and why the rebellion originated. Mr. GRIP, in a spirit of loyalty suitable to the occasion, herewith submits such a design for the consideration of the authorities. He hopes the Ministers will see its immense superiority over a mere wreath enclosing the words: "Fish Creek, Cut Knife, and Batoche." These words simply recall the valor of our citizen soldiers, whereas Mr. GRIP's design is calculated to pour a flood of glory on the Ministry, by showing that they were not only able to crush out a rebellion, but also to nurse it into life.

FIRST PAGE.—That we are on the eve of important political changes is evident to all observers. The feeling that both Tory and Grit parties, as they now exist, have outlived their usefulness is universal outside of the sagged circles of wire-pulldom. The popular disgust with corruption on the one hand and do-nothingism on the other is coming to a head, and if the leaders intend to remain in the business they had better take measures accordingly. This week two important political conventions have met in Toronto. The special

convention of the Dominion Alliance, composed of delegates from all parts of Ontario, had, as its chief business, the purely political object of massing the temperance vote so as to achieve the object they are aiming at—Prohibition. Hereafter, the party leader who counts upon the temperance men of his stripe to support his candidates as a matter of course will find himself "left." Then the Young Liberals sat down to see if they couldn't carve out a policy for Mr. Blake. They have suggested some new planks—living issues—for the consideration of the Grit leader, and he probably knows what that means. The young men of the country yearn for something more dignified than waiting for Sir John to pass peacefully away and be gathered to his fathers. If Mr. Blake intends to lead those young men he has got to hustle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Government is blamed frequently for neglecting its duty in the matter of securing a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The popular impression seems to be that Uncle Sam is willing and waiting, whereas the opposite is the sad truth. Our picture seeks to convey in an allegorical form the relative attitude of the Dominion and the Republic, and those of our citizens who have ever had experience in the matter of catching a frisky two-year-old with salt, will appreciate the delicate position of our Government, and do them more justice hereafter in reference to reciprocity.



CRUELTY TO A DUDE.

Bad Street Boy.—Hi, mister! look out! The peeler's got his eye on you! They're arrestin' every crook they can find!

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.



"A Night Off," the comedy at the Grand this week, is generally considered the cleverest we have ever had on our local boards. Like all Daly's work it is clever as well as sparkling and funny, only that it surpasses its many predecessors in the latter respects.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XIII.—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—VENERABLE RELICS OF A BYGONE AGE.

No lover of the truly æsthetic and beautiful in architecture should neglect to pay a visit to the Parliament Buildings of the Ontario Government. The various styles of building displayed in these edifices are modelled on plans handed down from the old masters, and some visitors may imagine, on beholding the venerable pile of buildings, that they were erected in the time of those old masters themselves, if not before that age.

The Parliament Buildings, like the City Hall, are painted a deep red, and this is supposed to be symbolical of the erudition and literary acquirements of the members who mostly here assemble and who are all deeply read themselves.

Could the stones composing this structure cry out, what marvels of eloquence could they not disclose! Eloquence that would have put Demosthenes and Cicero to the blush had they been living, but fortunately for those gentlemen, they died about the time that the Parliament Buildings were first commenced. Toronto is justly proud of these buildings, and regards them with affectionate pride as an example of the length of time that bricks and mortar may be made to hold together.

Not long ago some malicious miscreant attempted to blow this beautiful pile sky-high with dynamite; doubtless being lured to this fiendish act through motives of jealousy of Toronto's world-wide fame as the city which gave birth to so beautiful an aggregation of architectural grandeur and symmetry. The nefarious plot, however, failed, owing to the fact that the dynamite was black sand and the fuse of a non-combustible character. The dastardly attempt, luckily, put the authorities on their guard, and boys are no longer permitted to let fire-crackers off within a radius of two miles of the buildings, for fear of the stately edifice being shaken to the earth. This edict was passed after Mr. Mowat had taken the matter into his most serious consideration. Doubtless the arch-conspirators who hatched the plot alluded to were villainous Tories who were egged on to perpetrate the deed through a hatred of the little Premier, who was a Mowat in their eyes; they determined to shake off the tyrant's yolk, and so began by endeavoring to burst this old shell; their foul intentions were, however, frustrated and the country was saved.

The grounds surrounding the sacred pile are beautifully laid out with grass and gravel walks, and in fine weather the janitor's wife makes the picturesque area gay with the varied product of her wash-tub, and should the curious visitor chance to visit the spot the day after a washing tournament, his intellect will be made to grasp the fact that the janitor wears flannel shirts and brown woollen socks. The presence of the Parliament Buildings in our midst is, however, not regarded with a