



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

To Correspondents.

F. W. J.—Rather funny, but where is the raison d'être?

T. S.—Sketch received. The idea is very good. Will probably use it at an early date.

"No Draughtsman."—We are always glad to receive suggestions for cartoons and sketches, and no apology is needed for the original drawing. A good hint is all that is required.

Ed. "Yorkshireman."—What's become of you, dear boy? Haven't seen your rubicund visage for several weeks now.

Vol. XVIII.

As Mr. GRIP writes these Roman numerals he finds himself soloquising. "That means that I am to-day exactly eight years old, which is tolerably venerable as comic papers go. I began small and weak, and I have grown and prospered as well as I could reasonably have hoped. To be sure I have always kept on the quiet side. I have never decked myself out in gaudy colours as some of my contemporaries—many of them now dead and gone—have done. I have been content to put things down in black and white, and the public have not failed to give me a substantial and ever-increasing meed of encouragement. I have not been infallible—that's certain; many an error I can detect as I turn over the pages of my back numbers—some of them the fault of my head, many of them the intelligent compositor's progeny—none of them, I am proud to say, the fruit of malice. What a lot of heads I have hit, to be sure. Not a crown on any statesman in the Dominion but bears the marks of my beak—albeit most playfully administered. And what fights I have had with the bigots and the little-souled carpers who, themselves the galley slaves of party, could not comprehend my independence! I a partizan? Rather would I be a barnyard fowl, if that meant what it means to the editors who write on the party papers. But I am and always will be a partizan of the cause of Right. I will continue to look at matters with the naked eye—and a Raven's eye is proverbially sharp—and the friends of Truth, Right, Justice, and Honour will find my pen and pencil always in the front rank, while I hope my future work may be more than ever gall and wormwood to those who oppose our army, by whatever name they may be called."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Our central cartoon represents the position of railway affairs in the Nor'-west in a manner which we hope will convey the idea to the minds of all concerned without any mistake. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnesota railway is the only outlet which the agriculturists and business men of Manitoba at present have to reach On-

tario and the sea-board. The managers of that line are thoroughly aware of this fact, and act as human nature is prone to do under such circumstances. They do not—as such innocent souls as Sir Charles Tupper might imagine—bear constantly in mind that they are gentlemen, and adjust their freight tariff on the gentlemanly principle of "live and let live." Not at all. They play the character of the western "road-agent." Feeling perfectly secure from governmental control because they possess a persuasive money-bag, and feeling utterly contemptuous of any interference from the people because they possess the government, these licensed highwaymen plunder the people remorselessly. Since the abolition of the Spanish Inquisition we have nothing to measure the brutal cruelty of man by better than the railway corporations that hold monopolies. The red-shirted ruffian in our cartoon charges freight rates three times as high as is charged on any railway where competition exists. And the worst of it is that apparently there is no escape for the unhappy serfs. The Legislature of Manitoba, in response to the demand of the people, some time ago chartered a road which would furnish the desired outlet. But the St. Paul highwayman has now got the directors of that projected line as well as the farmers of the Nor'-west "covered" with his revolver. Appeal has been made to the Dominion authorities, but the powers that be refuse to interfere, as that would be committing a breach of faith with the Syndicate. Meantime the Syndicate have not built their contemplated North Shore line, and until they do so, the position will remain as we have depicted it.

FRONT PAGE.—Monsieur Joly has been prevailed upon to return to public life. His heart has been touched by the lamentable condition of things in his native province. On the one hand, a Government alleged to be recklessly regardless of economy, and incompetent to administer affairs honestly; on the other hand an Opposition without a head, dejected, demoralized, and on the point of being swallowed up in the surrounding corruption. Mr. Joly is perhaps not unaware of the power of a spotless character, even though unaccompanied with remarkably brilliant gifts, to work a reformation under such circumstances, and that he possesses such a character, the bitterest of his opponents will not dare to deny. The task he has undertaken is a laudable one, and its successful accomplishment would undoubtedly be a grand thing for Quebec apart from all party considerations. We therefore hope he may be successful, especially as he has begun by giving the "practical" politicians in his following distinctly to understand that in the event of victory they need not look for a "spoils" scramble.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Don't interfere, Mr. Policeman; the boys haven't long to wait now.

The Ottawa Free Press calls upon the Government to remove the taxes imposed on type and printer's material, on the ground that (1), The revenue doesn't need the tax, and (2), There is no likelihood of the articles being produced

in Canada. This very sensible suggestion is endorsed by many other papers of both political parties, and we hope Sir Leonard Tilley will take immediate steps to relieve the printing offices of the burden under which they are at present labouring.

We read that at the recent meeting of the Conservative Party in West York, the member for West Toronto (Jas. Beaty, Q.C.) created great amusement by describing the latest cartoon in GRIP, and he took occasion to say that, notwithstanding accusations to the contrary, that journal upon the whole was very fair in representing public sentiment. We commend this to the particular attention of the *Mail* man, who was present on the occasion, and no doubt internally uttered an irrepressible "hear, hear."

The *Evening News* thinks it would be wise for the Conservative Party to organize a Junior Conservative Club in this city. It might be wise for the old wire-pullers to organize such a club, but it would be foolish for any young man to become a member of any organization which would make him an ally of either of the old foggy parties. Nothing is more lamentable than to find a bright young Canadian, whose natural intelligence is shackled with the prejudices and littleness of partyism. Every straight-out Grit and Tory is a walking repository of animosities with which the rising generation have nothing in common, and it would be a calamity to pervert the talents of Canadian youth, which ought to be devoted to the future country, into the service of the contemptible partyism of to-day.

We have been favoured with a copy of Capt. C. W. Allen's *Land Prospector's Manual and Field Book*, which is having a large and rapid sale in the North-West. The work is thoroughly well done in all respects. The author, who is himself a surveyor, having had the advantage of official revision of his proofs, the *Manual* is an authority on the subject, and will be found invaluable to all who may contemplate taking up land in Manitoba, whether for settlement or speculation.

The prize-fighting roughs changed their minds about making Canadian soil the scene of their battle, partly owing to the activity of Sheriff Deeds, of Port Dover, and partly to the fact that an American revenue cutter, with guns mounted and loaded, stood ready to blow the party to Jericho if they ventured to leave Erie. The fight was commenced at a point near the line between Pennsylvania and Ohio, and three rounds (minutely described in all the slang of the ring in the columns of the virtuous *Globe* and *Mail* for the delectation of Canadian families) were fought, when the principals were arrested by an Ohio sheriff.

The Jury panel has at length been filled in the Gittreau case and the trial is now proceeding. The addle-brained prisoner has taken the ground that Garfield was killed by the doctors, and goes into a long circumstantial argument to prove his own insanity.