



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.

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### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The members of the Opposition at Ottawa are naturally inquisitive just now on the subject of the Syndicate loan. They want to know all about the particulars before the die is cast. The *Mail* calls this impeding legislation. It matters little what it may be called, every citizen of this country will consider it common sense. We trust the government cook, who is supposed to know precisely what the hash is composed of, will afford every information to those who are expected to swallow it. Otherwise there will be ground for suspecting that, like the proverbial boarding-house delicacy, it will not stand examination.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Mr. Meredith's great scandal against Mowat has been brought forth, and, although it implicates some servants of the Government in transactions which have a suspicious look, fails altogether to connect with the Cabinet. Compared with what we were led to suspect, it is a veritable mouse that the laboring mountain has produced.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Joly has done nobly in coming forth from his retirement and protesting against the threatened action of the people of the Province in connection with the Syndicate loan. It has been suggested that the vote of the Quebec members on this question be sold to the Government on condition that they fill up the depleted Provincial treas-

ury, and Mr. Joly says he never knew the people to be more unanimous on anything than this shameful idea. He has issued an appeal to his compatriots pointing out the dishonourable character of this proposition, though whether his manly and honest words will be heeded remains to be seen.

### BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

A great deal of excitement has been occasioned in the Noble Ward of St. John by the unearthly and decidedly unpleasant freaks of ghosts or spirits who haunt a certain house on Centre-street. Stove lids and things have been slung around with great noise, and unexplained gore has been found on the steps of the premises. Now there is hardly any need of making a commotion about the matter, for every one in the city knows that the spirits of "the ward" are generally invisible even to the police, and are as bad as spirits can possibly be. So their unusual conduct in this instance is by no means to be wondered at. But it is to be hoped they will all in good time be exorcised.



### CAPITAL NOTES.

THAT IS TO SAY, CAPITAL PUNISHMENT NOTES.

(From our ubiquitous and unbiased correspondent.)

Sir John and Sir Charles, it is not generally known, are suffering slightly from lumbago. It was no doubt superinduced by their introduction of Mr. Haulbach at the opening of the session.

I saw Mr. Blake reading a letter to-day. I wanted to know what was in the letter, because the hon. gentleman exclaimed loud enough for me to hear, as he placed it in his pocket, "I'll take the job." So I stole the letter. I was just two minutes ahead of the *Mail* correspondent in so doing. The letter was an offer from *Puck* to engage Mr. Blake as a regular contributor! *Puck* knows a born humorist after reading one of his speeches.

I learn on the most indubitable authority that another *expose* of gross extravagance and deception on the part of a hitherto unsuspected member of the Government is soon to be made. It transpires that Hon. Mr. McLellan has been buying his chewing tobacco at the expense of the burdened taxpayers. In private life the hon. gentleman was quite satisfied to use plug tobacco and get it at a corner grocery, too. Now, however, his aesthetic *quid* demands fine-cut, imported direct! And he has actually had the audacity to charge the enormous bill to the Pacific Railway Account—as if the proportions of this questionable account were not already gigantic enough. I trust the *Globe* correspondent will work this thing up. It ought to help to hurl the Government from power.

Several members of a deputation on Customs anomalies and incongruities are under medical care. They took a bad turn, after interviewing the Minister of Customs, of—Bow—that is to say of a complaint which calls for astringent treatment.

[N. B.—The above item was found by me on a page of copy dropped by the Toronto *News* desperado. I never lose a chance to scoop riva's.]

The Government may bring down bushels of so-called "returns," and present whole columns of resolutions and proposals and things about the Canada Pacific, but the fact of the matter is that away behind all these specious representations is a monster mountain of reeking rottenness surrounded by a seething sea of sordid selfishness, dastard duplicity, treacherous trickery, mischievous mendacity, nefarious nepotism and double-dyed-deviltry. Apt alliteration'sartfulaid utterly failsme, the only unpurchased outsider who has a full knowledge of the diabolical plot, in putting on paper the bold outlines even of this deplorable instance of the awful extremes to which party exigencies have driven the rulers of our beloved land. If the telegraph operator will kindly indulge these few tears, I shall have another page ready for him in a moment. Now! Here is the whole frightful job: The \$75,000,000 (it is fully that) which the Railway vultures are to get is ready in hard cash, divided up into equal parts, placed in flour barrels each addressed to a member of the greedy, grasping gang, and this very day is on its way to its several destinations. Once in possession of the funds, the whole hungry horde are to decamp to foreign lands where they will open livery stables, billiard halls, lager-beer saloons, and possibly start newspapers, according as the desire for further increasing his ill-gotten gains may seize each ruffian. The Government, to screen them, will at once set the Toronto detectives on their track, after which a bill, transferring the whole of the railway, together with the entire North-West to the Quebec Tories, is to be introduced by Sir Charles Tupper and rushed through the House. Sir John then intends to impeach Tupper for high treason and robbery with violence, have him up on a judgment summons, and clap him into jail in default of securities for future good behavior. Tilley, it is understood, has already resigned and is preparing quietly plans and specifications for his mammoth brewery, to be erected at Regina. Nicholas Flood Davin will be manager of the business, which is to be the only one permitted in the territory for ninety-nine years. Other members of the Cabinet, who are not wanted, are to be either mysteriously assassinated or given a berth in the Senate. Sir John will then retire to the seclusion of the Ontario Model Farm, which has been bought from Mowat at private sale, that hon. gentleman finding himself short in settling up little accounts incurred during the recent elections. D'Alton McCarthy will succeed the Premier, and form a coalition with Blake and Cartwright. The N. P. is to be revoked, universal franchise adopted, all license laws repealed, and an attempt made to involve England in a war with the States, which country is to immediately annex Canada. My emotion prevents me from further dwelling on this painful subject; so, more anon.

A Cabinet Minister informs me that Mr. Weekes, of Middlesex, is to be made a Judge if they can only get over the difficulty of his not being a lawyer. The Minister begs me not to say anything about it.

Government business goes on slowly—so slowly that its progress is imperceptible. But a Ministry who play poker regularly all night cannot be expected to be fit for business in the day time.