

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.—Our French fellow-citizens continue the effigy-hanging business with Gallic fervor, and the fever of rage against the Government seems to be increasing throughout the Province. This expression of hostility, however, proceeds upon a mistaken basis. The Government is denounced for having hanged Riel—the members of the Cabinet are declared to be murderers, and the victim of the judicial slaughter is elevated into a martyr. In the opinion of a vast majority of the people of Canada the Government did no more than their duty in allowing the law to take its course in the case of the rebel leader, and every intelligent person outside of Quebec knows that the talk about "Orange fanaticism" in the matter is the veriest hosh. Now, if this crazy business goes on it is going to have the precise effect the Mail foresees and is working for, namely, the sustaining of the Government at the next general election by an overwhelming majority. If the issue is staked on the idiotic proposition that "Riel is a martyr and the Government murderers," it needs no prescience to assure us what the verdict of a sane electorate will be, and in case of such a victory the Government neatly escapes from what they most dread—a searching enquiry into the causes which led to the rebellion. The French enthusiasts have made a mistake in the wording of their placards for their effigies. A careful study of our cartoon will do them good.

FIRST PAGE.—Notwithstanding the disclaimer of Mr. Tarte, it is true that the popular doctrine in Quebec is to the effect that Riel should have been spared because he was of the French race. It is no wonder that Mr. Tarte hastens to deny this, as the very statement of such a piece of nonsense is a reflection on the

intelligence of the people of his Province. "Wandering Spirit" had just the same right to a commutation on the ground that he was of Indian blood; and if the principle is to be admitted at all, it naturally ends in a reductio ad absurdum.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Nobody has yet told us why Sir Charles Tupper could not have attended to the Reciprocity business which called Sir John to England in such hot haste. And why? Oh, because nobody supposes that Sir John went to England primarily on any such mission. The visit is another ironical commentary on the promises that were made when the High Commissionership was created.



FASHION ITEM.

False hair is attaining a high popularity.—Ladies' Journal.

THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION.

SIR,—I hev notissed of layte the inklineation of our pulpit lambs to turn rams and but each other in a most extrorniry way. They cite passages of Scripiter from the time of the passige of Faro who was on the keen run after the isralites to the rayther prolonged passige of Noah's line of steamers. I do hayte the rakin up of old fudes like those. Faro's ded—let him lie sine die. Just now a man by the name of Littledale who I never herd of anyway is ketchin it right and left. I guess be-kaws he's ded and can't defend hisself. Charity covers a multitoode of sins, as the feller said when he gave the beggar a brass farthing, but I rayther suspect these ministers is a tryin to make peepel believe they are offul good—so they are 2 at abuse. The idea of kawlin little-dayl a lyer and the man ded. Its redikluss. PORK.

THE BUCKRAM FACTORY.

The story, I'll tell it as well as I can, In Toronto thero lived a certain man, Who one fine morning hatched a plan; The civic brain, as it wero, to span. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Ho went to the council and said, said ho, "You've some water-lots lying waste, I see, I would like if you'd lease them there lots to me, They're just what I need for a starch factorce." Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then the council looked wise, and the council looked grave, And said, for one-fifty a foot he could have A twenty years' lease of the lots. "What a shave! Cried the man, "Twere enough if a dollar I gave!" Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then the council considered and looked very wise, And an alderman said, "Let 'em go, I advise, Let's throw in the odd fifty a foot, as a prize, To encourage home industry—give it a rise." Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

"A starch factorce, now's, a very good thing, A factory wealth to the city will bring; 'Twill employ lots of labor, right under our wing; Let us cherish home industry, while we all sing"— Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

So the man got the lots, and the lease was made out, Signed, sealed and delivered—with nary a doubt. But the man who took lots knew what he was about, As the badly sold council quite early found out. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

O, the starch factorce was a castle in Spain, And never was heard of from that day again! For the lots were re-let at a figure, 'twas plain, Would net to our hore one thousand clear gain! Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then a grave alderman to the lessee he went, And asked if the rumor was true, that he meant For twenty a foot them there lots to re-rent, And clear a round thousand ere risking a cent. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

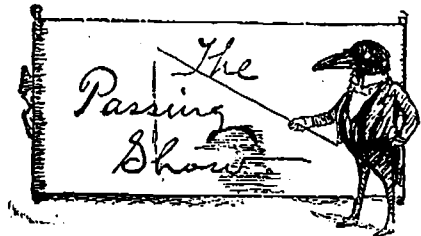
Then the lessee looked innocent, verdant and sby; He'd re-let a few feet, but 'twas all in my eye About nothing a thousand—oh, dear me! oh my! It was but fifteen hundred, still, how's that for high? Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Now the council is wroth and is making things hum, And the city solicitor sits, looking glum; But the lessee hints blandly they'll see kingdome come Ere he will release them from under his thumb. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo! —WATERLOTS.

FACETIE.

BY J. FRANCE.

- Bear-faced—Bruin. A cheap kind of vice—Ad-vice. Night-errantry—Getting up out of bed and going for the doctor. A cynical con—Why is matrimony like the letter e? Because it's the end of love. The milkmaid's flower—Cowslip. The housemaid's—Broom. The belle's—Venus' looking-glass. The old maid's—Wallflower. The prude's—Ice-plant. The lawyer's—Barberry. The musician's—Trumpet flower—Paddy's. Black thorn. The rake's—Wild oats. The toper's—Rye grass. The sporting man's—Woodbine. Gair's—Allspice. The fortune-hunter's—Marigold. The baseball player's—Catchfly.



PASSING SHOW.

The soloists for the next Monday "Pop." will be Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, soprano, and Mr. Sherlock, tenor, of Kingston. The vocal numbers will consist of English ballads, and both these artists have a high reputation in that class of music.

The concerts by the Schubert Quartette last week were the richest musical treats Toronto has had in many a year. Those who failed to be present have suffered a positive loss, which, however, they have a chance to retrieve in some measure, as the Y. M. C. A. have arranged for a return visit of the company in the latter part of March. The quartette consists of Mr. Johnston, tenor, Mr. Tyley, baritone,