

# • 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.—Like the horse that paweth in the valley, the present Government of the Dominion "rejoiceth in its strength," and it is strong undoubtedly. This fact—and its explanation—will be clear to anyone who will give our cartoon a little patient study. The Government, so far as we can judge from its actions and expressions, makes no pretence of being strong in the legitimate sense—that is, in the confidence and affections of the people. It takes every opportunity, on the other hand, of exhibiting its distrust of the people, as witness its recent dealings with the writs for by-elections, etc. Still, the object in view—continuation in office—may be achieved by artificial strength as certainly as by the real article, so where's the difference?

FIRST PAGE.—They had a picnic on the Indian Reserve near Brantford the other day, and the occasion was seized by both parties for the purposes of political capital. The audience was composed largely of the new voters of the Six Nations, and amongst the speakers was Mr. Wm. Patterson. The fun of the occasion seems to have been got at the expense of this estimable gentleman, who was roasted in the presence of the cheering braves for the opinions he expressed of Indian civilization during the debate on the Franchise Bill. With all his ability, Mr. Patterson found it very hard to weather the gale, for the plea of "present company always excepted" is regarded as an afterthought, and does not appeal strongly to the popular mind. As the Six Nations are now amongst the constituents of the hon. member, it will be incumbent on him to be emphatically agreeable hereafter, though Hawkins did his best to make that impossible.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Most readers of the *Mail* disbelieve the utterances of that paper by

instinct. Its "diplomatic" statements are almost invariably false, and are usually so clumsily made that their falsity is apparent. The stories put forward to account for Sir Charles Tupper's present visit to Ottawa may be true, but they certainly don't look like it. The alleged business could have been very well performed by correspondence, and is not sufficiently important or pressing to justify a voyage across the ocean at this time. On the other hand there is strong evidence that Sir Charles has come in connection with a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and his advent has spread dismay amongst the Ministers. But why should the *Mail* seek to cloak this? Is a reconstruction of the Cabinet something disgraceful? What utter stupidity is this "diplomatic" lying!



HER OPINION.

Frederick Cumming was a most peculiar cuss,  
And always quite extremely happy was, if he  
Could raise an argument and make a linguistic fuss  
On any subject; baseball or philosophy.

Now Fred was quite as fond of pots and jugs—  
Or what they held—as he was of disputing;  
He quaffed much beer from powters—called them  
"mugs"—  
The beverage, as he thought, his physique suiting.

One evening he went home, and to his wife  
A learned disputation very soon began;  
With beery argument and big words 'twas rife,  
And through an hour and fifteen minutes ran.

He argued on philosophy, and then  
On differential calculus and evolution;  
And next on politics for half an hour, when  
He showed some signs of nearing a conclusion.

"Now, what do you think?" thus he ended up,  
"Now what do you think?" with a maudlin wink,  
He asked; his tongue now from the flowing cup  
Growing thick; "Pray tell me, wife, what do you  
think?"

"I think," replies the lady, with a pensive smile,  
The white her shoulders she, half laughing, slugs,  
And answers back in truly female style,  
"I think, you chump, you've had too many 'mugs'!"  
—S.

## CANDID.

A FACT.

A gentleman in this city some few months ago invented a very powerful and excellent liniment, which was intended more as a cure for the ills that equine, bovine and vaccine flesh is heir to than for those to which the human frame is subject, though it has been found very beneficial as an embrocation for rheumatism, sprains, etc.

Not long ago the inventor received the following letter from a customer in the rural districts:

"SIR,—I purchased a bottle of your liniment for horses and cattle, and as I also own a large number of mules, I rite to ask wether it is also good for mules and human people, as two of my mules are sick with sprains and my missis has the roomatiz.

"Yours truly,  
"GILES BARNDOR.""

The liniment man immediately responded as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the —th to hand. I am happy to say that my liniment is an excellent remedy for rheumatism and is a specific for sprains of every description. Some little time back I myself was so unfortunate as to sprain my knee very severely, but I was effectually cured in a few days by the use of my liniment. I should, therefore, say unhesitatingly that it will greatly benefit your mules.

"Yours faithfully,

"D. RUGGES,

"Inventor and Proprietor Horse and Cattle Liniment."

Mr. Giles Barndoor appears to have tried the remedy on his mules, and successfully, for he publishes a most laudatory testimonial in the weekly newspaper in his district, along with Mr. D. Rugges' own epistle, and the good folks round those parts are having lots of fun over the great inventor's candid confession of his own muley nature.

## BARNEY BACK FROM BATTLEFORD.

MR DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—It's meself that owes yez an apology fur not writin' to yez sooner—but, raley, sur, it's restin' me bones I'm afther iver since landin' home from Battleford wid the resht av the byes, God bless thim, an' resht their sows that'll niver come back any more at all. Sure, now, an' wasn't it worth all the wary tramp up, an' the hunger, an' the hard tack, not to mention the foightin', an' the waitin', an' the home jorney itself, to see sich a welcome waitin' us from ould Toranty? Sure, it made me think av the toime when men 'ud brothers be for a that, for, bedad! what wid the charin' an' the hoorayin', ye'd think ivry blissid man an woman prisint were all the one mother's sons.

But the proudest mament av me life was when Sir John's Government ups and says: "Me byes, ladies an' gintilmin,—The grate war is over, an' now yez are going to recave yer just reward av good conduct. Gintilmin! at the call av duty yez cam nobly forrard an' enlisted in the sarvice, an' in difinse av the Government av this country—all fur love an' duty—not loike thim durthy mircinaries in Yuropayan counthries, for filthy lucre, but, as I said afore, fur love an' duty. (Cheers.) At yer country's call yez left father an' mother an' claved to yer country, left sisters an' brothers, wives an' sweethearts, home and frinds, an' wint wid the greatest intushiasm to foight yer country's battles. Fur four months yez endured hardship an' hunger, an' all the complaint yez made was that yez cudn't get enough foightin' to do. Yez tuk yer lives in yer hands in arder to have thim handy to lay down if necessary in the sarvice an' in difinse av this Government. Yez, in shart, have saved the North-Wesht from becomin' a second Oireland on our hands, an' now, bedad! a grateful Government is goin' to show you how it can appreciate the good turn yez have done them; it's goin' to show yez how it appraizes yer noble sarvices; it's goin' to show yez there's nothing mean about that same Government. As aforeaid, yez were no durthy mircinaries, akillin' min as a profession, an', therefore, don't, av coorse, luck for money, but, considerin' how yer families were left destitute when yez, bread-winners, were away, considerin' that they must have run up a bill at the grocery to kape body and soul together while yez was in the Government employ, considerin' the haft av yez have lost yer job an' are idle now, an' considerin', moreover, that the winter is comin' on soon, an' the coal is to buy, an' flannels fur yerselves an' yer childer, all av which yez would have had had yez stayed at home an' let the North-Wesht go to the devil—this Government has, in consideration av all this, voted yez the munificent