

• 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.—Quebec is in a blaze over the execution of Riel, and unless some miracle is wrought on behalf of thoroughly undeserving people, the days of the present administration are numbered. To use a hackneyed expression of the *Globe* "the probabilities all are" that when the House meets in January, the Cabinet will be sent to the right about by the combined votes of Grits and French Bleus. This fate they will suffer for having executed a duly tried and condemned man—one, however, whom their own criminal carelessness and corruption had called into being, but primarily the wrath of the Frenchmen is directed against their own representatives in the Cabinet, whom they regard as cowards and traitors. Those who vote to sustain the Government will do so because they believe that Riel is better out of the way, on general principles; not because they are prepared to say there was no cause for a revolt on the part of the halfbreeds. It need not be said that the present attitude of affairs puts the Grit party into an inexpressible ecstasy. We have felt utterly incapable of conveying in pictorial form any idea of their delight in a positive manner, so we have tried to do it negatively. When we represent that the managers of the Opposition are earnestly praying that the French gentlemen may calm down before the House meets, we get as far from the truth as the east is from the west—precisely that distance.

FIRST PAGE.—The sudden flight of Sir John to England on alleged public business (which nobody believes to be more than an excuse concocted for the occasion) is the first premonition of the coming burst-up of the Government. "The greatest statesman Canada has ever seen," (to quote banquet streamers we

have occasionally gazed upon,) has managed to work the most peacefully-disposed and orderly population in the world into a state of dangerous irritation, by a dogged and cynical persistence in the arts of corruption. If the banquet-streamer description of Sir John A. Macdonald is true, then we want no more statesmen in Canada. Give us plain men, with some conscience in them, and an average amount of common sense. "Statesmanship," so-called, has been the ruin of Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—"Murder will out," it is said, and the promoters of the Prince Albert Colonization Company appear to believe in the adage. Despite their most ingenious twistings enough has been made known about the origin and proceedings of that precious scheme, to convince the citizens of Canada that it was the immediate cause of the late rebellion. This being so, it is a matter of extreme importance that no Cabinet Minister should be proved to be in any way connected with it. Yet, out of the mouth of Mr. Jamieson, the secretary of the company, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell is condemned. Mr. Jamieson underwent examination recently in a court of law, and in the course of his statement admitted that he had received fatherly favors at the hands of the Hon. Mac. These, however, were "not on account of any interest Mr. Bowell had in the scheme," but only on account of his interest in Mr. Jamieson himself, who is his son-in-law. Here is a very fine point for the lawyers. No doubt Mr. Blake will take profound interest in studying it when he comes home.



Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, soprano, and Mr. Thomas Martin, pianist, are the stars for the next Monday Pop., 30th inst.

The Schubert male quartette will make a second appearance at Shaftesbury Hall tonight. These gentlemen are finished artists, and it is speaking moderately to say that their staging is a revelation to Toronto of the beauties of concerted music. In addition to the great attraction of the quartette, however, Mrs. Lena Gootz, soprano, and Miss Georgiella Lay, pianist, give variety to the evening's programme.

The third Monday Popular Concert attracted a fine audience, as was anticipated, and once more the quartette scored a brilliant success. Miss Emma Thursby was the vocal soloist. Her numbers were marvellous specimens of voice culture, exciting the astonishment as well as the pleasure of the audience. In response to *encores* Miss Thursby gave a couple of pretty ballads. Mr. Jacobsen made a great hit with his violin solo—the Mendelssohn Concerto—being heartily recalled and *bouquetted*. A word of praise is due to Mr. Theodore Martens, who, at each of the concerts, has filled the difficult position of accompanist

with rare ability. The success of the concerts thus far is a matter upon which our city may be congratulated. They have evidently come to stay.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society's concert on Monday evening was very successful as usual, and would have been entirely unexceptionable had it not been for the vile taste displayed by Mr. James Fax in his alleged comic songs. In one of these, evidently original, he made an allusion to Riel which sent a cold chill over those of the audience that had any sense of propriety, but as it was apparent that the singer thought he was being "funny," his hearers good-naturedly refrained from hissing him off the stage. Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Ryan were as heartily received as usual; Mr. Warrington was the same popular Fred., with his customary *apropos* selections, sung so that everybody could understand them. Alas, what a pity it is that the silver-voiced Richards doesn't "shake" that "Italian method" of his, and sing English words as if they were English! This matter of pronunciation is more important than most singers imagine; in Mr. Richards' case it is getting to be grotesque. Brace up, Sims, and let us hear the words. Mrs. H. M. Blight acted as accompanist, and gave perfect satisfaction as usual.

SEE YOU LATER.

LUNACY LINES.

Sharply blow the northern breeze,  
The white snow-flakes were falling,  
A sparrow, that no cold could freeze,  
Was to a swallow calling,  
"Why not stay the winter here,  
Why more southward do you steer?"  
The swallow said to the bird below,  
"As straight as a bee-line I will go  
Down nearer the Equator."

Then off the gay young swallow sped  
Upon his way rejoicing,  
"I'm not a wedding cake," he said,  
"I don't require much icing."  
A goshawk sailed down from on high,  
And said: "By George, I've got a 'pie.'  
He caught him with his long-nailed claws,  
And chawed him up in his big jaws,  
Just like an alligator.  
"Good-bye, I'll see you later!"

Observed the hawk—The moral is,  
Of this my little story,  
Stay home and mind your own sweet "biz"  
And you're all "hunky dory."  
But don't get scared of cold or snow,  
And off to southern climates go,  
And act the small "portater"  
Stay here and hoo your own straight row—  
Good-bye, I'll see you later!

—B.

THE SOCIETY OF BUSYBODIES.

A few days ago the celebrated Society of Busybodies held its annual meeting in Toronto, and as the important event has apparently been overlooked by the great and enterprising dailies, to prevent a serious loss to mankind, we present a concise report of the proceedings.

As the hour for the commencement of the meeting approached the hall filled rapidly with sharp-featured, poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business looking people of both sexes.

Mr. Uriah Ferrett, the president, took the chair, and after complimenting the members upon their business-like appearance, said he was pleased to say the society had never been in a more prosperous condition. During the year one hundred and fifty-six new members had been added to the roll, making a grand total of 2,630 members, distributed as follows: Toronto, 1,068; Hamilton, 642; London, 349; Kingston, 296; the remainder being found in most of the large towns in Ontario. Without further remarks he would call upon the secretary to read the annual report.

Mr. Bartholomew Borewell, the secretary, then rose, and after blowing his nose vehem-