

# GRIP.

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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.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with  
Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.  
No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.  
No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.  
No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.  
No. 5, Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.  
No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan 17th.  
No. 7, Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:  
Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

## Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—From addresses presented at odd times to the Reform leader, and from other reliable sources, we learn that Canada is in a desperate plight, and that she is wildly calling upon Edward Blake to save her. She is sinking in the deep waters of corruption and debt, and in this extremity she naturally turns to the one man in whom she has confidence. But her cry—if she is really uttering such a thing—is quite in vain. It is the case of “Johnny Sands” and his better half over again. Mr. Blake’s hands, like those of the ballad hero, have been tied with the thongs of Opposition—by the unfortunate woman herself—and now he “can’t, tho’ much he may wish,” be of the slightest assistance in getting her out of trouble.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Messrs. Chapleau and Langevin continue their squabble in the Cabinet. It appears to be a match after the approved Sullivan pattern—an indefinite number of rounds to a knock-out. In some of the greener sections of the country this long-continued battle has excited much honest astonishment. Rural friends of the Government have shaken their heads sadly over it, and wondered why Sir John, the Magician, did not put a stop to the unseemly affair. It is our object in the cartoon to show “the why.” The simple reason is that Sir John does not see fit to stop turning the handle, and so long as the machinery is in operation the puppets will go on with their diverting exhibition. For further particulars apply to the Showman himself.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The discovery of the headquarters of the dynamite fiends in Pennsylvania by British detectives ought to be the death-knell of that infernal organization. No amount of sympathy with the cause of the Irish patriots need involve any tolerance for the methods of the murderous wretches and cowards who deal in dynamite; and we feel certain that there is not an American outside

of their own Satanic order who does not loath and despise them. We therefore trust that the American Government will at last bring its power to bear upon these vipers, and do something to vindicate the good name of the Republic and of civilization. The disclosures in connection with the Rossa-Kearney *fracas* in New York are very timely, and we hope will serve to spur on the officers of justice. It is now apparent to the United States authorities that these malefactors must be rooted out; the sooner the process is begun the better.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 6. HON. SIR HECTOR LOUIS LANGEVIN, K.C.B.  
(Dominion Minister of Public Works.)

This gentleman is the best Departmental Head in the present Cabinet, and one of the most capable of Canada’s public men. It is a pity that we cannot truthfully add that he has never made terrible mistakes, such as accepting funds for bribery purposes, and gifts of money from those who hoped for favors from his Department. He is an able, but not a Truly Good man, although he has a brother in holy orders.

Sir Hector Langevin was born at Quebec, on August 25th, 1826, and was educated at the Quebec Seminary. He began the study of the law in 1846, and in 1847 rose one step higher and became an editor. His paper was called the *Melanges Religieux*—the religion being diluted with politics. Probably finding that these two articles didn’t go well together, he became editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* and wrote able articles on the Pumpkin as a Shade Tree, and similar topics. He completed his legal studies in the office of Sir Geo. E. Cartier, and it is suspected that he often tried that distinguished statesman’s overshoes on during his absence on court days. He duly became a lawyer, and took up his residence at Quebec, where he has ever since paid his municipal tax. He became a member of the Quebec Assembly in 1857, representing Dorchester. After Confederation he sat for the same constituency in the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself in his first session by precipitately moving the vote of no confidence in the Brown-Dorion administration—not a good example of French politeness, the authorities agree. Sir Hector does not know what a back bench in the House feels like, having been continuously in office during Conservative regimes, and Conservative regimes have been pretty much the fashion since 1867. He was first made Secretary of State, and in connection with that dignity, *ex-officio* Registrar-General of Canada and Superintendent-General of Indian affairs. In 1869, he took the portfolio he now holds. One year before this, he had been created a C. B., (civil) but he hankered for three letters, like some of the other little boys wore. In 1870, he was created a Knight Commander of the Roman Order of Pope St. Gregory the Great. This sounds pretty big, but it wasn’t large enough to fill the aching void in his title-loving heart.

In 1873, he retired from office with his colleagues, because Sir Hugh Allan saw fit to contribute something out of his abundance to the expenses of the general election. In ’76, he returned to Parliament as member for Charlevoix, but he was unseated. He was again elected for the same constituency in ’77. At the general election in ’78, he was again defeated, but by the grace of Mr. Wm. Macdougall, M.P. for Three Rivers, who stepped down and out, Sir Hector was returned for that constituency, and became Postmaster-General in the Cabinet. He subsequently (1879) exchanged this for the portfolio of Public Works. In due course he attained the dignity of Knighthood, and took his place in that

bright galaxy which every patriotic Canadian is so proud to point to as representing the virtue, the purity, and the chivalry of our great Dominion. Sir Hector Langevin has no reason to feel small in this company of mighty Knights—and he doesn’t. He has, since the death of Sir Geo. Cartier, been the acknowledged leader of the French Conservatives, and is often spoken of as a possible successor to Sir John A. Macdonald as head of the party at large.

## AN ESSAY ON WAR.

MR. GRIP having offered a cash prize, a leather medal and a chromo for the best Essay on War, has received an immense number of brilliant articles on this subject, from such men, amongst hosts of others, as Otto Von Bismarck, General Lord Wolseley, Dr. Mary Walker, Col. F. C. Denison, Susan B. Anthony, Chief Stewart, of Hamilton, Generals Grant and Logan, Harry Gilmore, &c., &c., &c. These essays were all subjected to a thorough examination by a committee of men competent to judge in such matters, who finally declared in favor of the production of General Von Swiz-Touffel, commander-in-chief of the Noble Ward Brigade, whose effort is herewith published.

## WAR.

From the most remote periods of which we have any authentic records War has asserted its horrible sway.

Probably the first battle of which any details have been handed down to us was that one which took place in the celestial regions, and in which a gentleman, whose conduct cannot be too strongly condemned, took an active though ignominious part. He was thoroughly routed and put to flight. Curiously enough, this battle and its result confirm the belief, prevalent throughout the entire world, that matrimonial engagements are ratified in the realms above. We often hear the expression, “Matches are made in Heaven.” This is amply shown by the fact that the first Lucifer was put out there. He must have been made first and doubtless was. He, however, as is the nature of lucifers, “struck” and flared up mightily, but was, finally, as I have said, “put out,” and very much put out, indeed, you may depend upon it he was, when he found he was no match for his conquerors.

To come to more modern times, let us consider those of Cæsar. This gentleman was a Roman, and came roamin’ across the channel between Gallia and Britain, with the intention of showing how appropriate was his name, and becoming a seizer of whatever land he could grab. The athletic Britons, however, treated him very contemptuously, and did not even remove their coats when he tackled them. This is partially accounted for by the fact that their coats were composed of paint, and were the only garments they wore, with the exception of a few streaks of a dye called wood. The suits of wood worn in our own times are not assumed till the wearer is in a state which contrasts strangely with the activity of the first wearers of wood-en suits; in fact no one in the present century ever thinks of putting one on till he is past thinking altogether. Though I treat this matter in a light manner it is really a very grave subject, and not one for s-coffin’ at. Tomb many of our modern writers shroud their effusions with a light veil of mirth, but this subject is one to be spoken of in the grave-stone.

Julius Cæsar, then, at last effected a landing on the shores of Britain, and fooled about the country at his own sweet William. He had an excellent idea of paving, however, and some of his roads remain in good repair to the present day, colossal monuments to his genius in this line. From what I have said my youthful readers will probably infer that Ju was the Colossus of roads: this is a mistake: he