

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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.

MONTREAL AGENCY 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform Club is in a fair way of becoming an accomplished fact. Sir Richard Cartwright—who is really an energetic man—has been “booming” the scheme in this city, and the response to his appeals is regarded as most satisfactory by members of the party interested. In a late issue we suggested that whatever might be the usefulness of a club-house to the Opposition, a club of a certain kind, to wit: a live and aggressive policy, was certainly needed. It now appears that the Reform Club is intended to be a bludgeon of that kind. It is to be a weapon by the agency of which the hydra-headed monster of Toryism is to be in due time slain. In the meantime Sir Richard is doing a good work for his party by the agitation he has managed to kick up. We do him the honor of acknowledging his services in our cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—No intelligent person who knows anything of Mr. Goldwin Smith, will hesitate to admit the ability and scholarship of that gentleman. Indeed, we have yet to meet the man who feels disposed to dispute Mr. Smith's right to the highest place in the literary world of Canada. But it is just as unquestionable that not infrequently this gifted personage writes and speaks things utterly unworthy, both of his ability and scholarship. On the Prohibition question he evidently finds it impossible to keep within the broad lines of common sense; his statements, both in print and from the platform, are frequently such as we expect only from fanatics and cranks. Observe this, for example; a specimen from his recent speech at t. Catharines:—

“A man who has eaten too much, partaken of a large meal of rare pork, and this followed by green tea, is just as disagreeable, just as ripe for treason as the drunkard.”

We confess to being puzzled over Mr. Goldwin Smith; and after a studious effort to reconcile such nonsense as the above with the gentleman's admitted intellectuality, the most plausible explanation we can hit upon is that presented in our cartoon, viz.: that the learned Professor who haunts the Anti-Scott platform is not in reality the erudite *littérateur* of the Grange, but a sort of emanation only from the latter—a materialization of the cranky and crochety and antagonistic elements of a nature that is (though highly refined on the whole) not all sweetness and light.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir John has respited Louis Riel until the 16th inst. This is unquestionably the most difficult act that the great political equestrian has ever undertaken; he is still riding his horses, but the strain is getting greater every minute. Mortal man cannot conceive how he is going to get through without a tumble if he can't coax the horses nearer together. Well, he deliberately undertook the business; he will have nobody but himself to blame if he comes to grief.



COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

WE APOLOGISE.

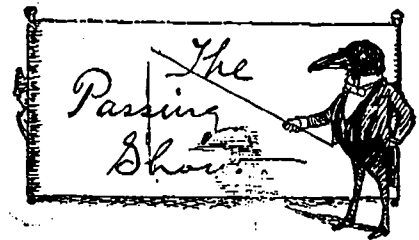
Inasmuch as the evidence now goes to show that the students of Trinity Medical School had nothing to do with the ghastly business of hanging the corpse in front of the butcher's shop on Parliament Street, Mr. GRIP, as in duty bound, apologises for the little sketch which appeared last week on the subject. It is needless to say that the exculpating evidence was not made public until after the paper had gone to press, and it is with pleasure that we take this, the earliest opportunity, of acknowledging that, with the general public, we were wrong in ascribing the scandalous affair to a silly student's prank.

QUERY?

Has he been vaccinated
Who has of vaccine ate?
I hear that it's so staid
By homoeopaths of late;
Or is it over-rated,
As claimed by Dr. Ross,
Or is the curse abated
By the vaccine of *boos*?
If one gets perforated
With poison by the act,

No wonder some folks hate it
When by some doctors backed.
How high the doctors rate it
They can't themselves agree,
And I think that far too late it
Is for you and me
To look on it with favor,
Or say, avault! around!
We are not in the way for
To see the vaccine point!

—B.



The Popular Concert set for Monday night bids fair to eclipse its predecessors. Miss Emma Thursby, the vocalist of the occasion, is, like Miss Juch, an exceptionally pretty woman as well as a great singer. The advance sale of tickets indicates a splendid audience.

A collection of oil and water color pictures by Miss Maria Brooks, of London, Eng., Messrs. O'Brien, Perre, Martin, Watson, Forbes, Fowler, White, Verner, Cruickshank, Jacobi, Harris, Reid, Hannaford, Gagen, Baigent, Smith, etc., are on view at the Art Rooms, King Street, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. Admission free.

Mr. Stuart Rogers, whose entertainments we briefly noticed last week, deserved much better audiences than he was favored with. He is an exceedingly clever and versatile performer, being equally at home in Shakespearean selections and in the broadest farcical character sketches. He fully deserves the title, the “Actor of the Platform,” and withal, his manner is so unassuming that it never fails to win the audience from the first. We hope he may revisit our city before a great while.

“The Wages of Sin,” a London melodrama, which has enjoyed great success, is on at the Grand this week. This is to be followed by Miss Rosina Vokes and her English company in a round of characteristic comedies. Amongst these works is a one-act “farcicality,” entitled “The Tinted Venus,” a dramatization from Anstey's novel of that title, by Mr. W. Wilde, a brother of the resthetic Oscar. We particularize this because of the rather striking coincidence that last summer Mr. J. W. Bengough dramatized the same work, without knowing that any other author had observed its aptitude for the stage. Mr. B.'s version, however, is in four acts, and introduces all the characters of the original with one exception. It is now in the hands of a popular comedian and may be produced in Toronto “ere long.”

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GRIP,—I read in an Ottawa G—t organ that “rum and money won the election in Antigonish.” I always thought that the elections now-a-days were decided by the count of the votes. Am I wrong?—POLITICAL STUDENT.
No, my dear boy. The contents of the ballot boxes certainly decide the fate of an election. The poll clerk will not deposit either rum or money in the urn of political fate. But if you will supply the stomach of the voter with the proper quantum of rum and his pocket with a sufficient argument in the shape of Dominion notes, his ballot may generally be relied on to coincide with your views. For the details of the application so