

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.—Mr. Blake's concurrence, without a word of protest, in the item adding \$500 to the sessional indemnity of the Members and Senators, on account of the length of the session, makes him equally guilty with the Government in this matter. Both deserve the lash of public scorn, for a more contemptible piece of business never occurred even in Canada. The "indemnity" paid to members of Parliament is not regarded (except by the hireling-spirited fellows themselves) as wages; it is an honorary fee intended, as its name implies, to indemnify them against actual loss while performing their public duties. It is quite safe to say that in the case of nearly every member who conducts himself respectably the thousand dollars already provided is ample for the purpose intended. The theory is that if in any case there is a balance against the member, he will have patriotism enough to fill up the gap out of his own private purse. In short, the indemnity is based on the presumption that the members of Parliament are gentlemen, who do not serve their country for pay but for the honor of the thing. It was never supposed that gentlemen would feel free to help themselves out of the public till because, through their own fault, the session was longer than usual, but it appears that that is about the size of the "gentlemen" who sit at Ottawa. With the single exception of Mr. McMullen, the members of the Grit party under the "able" leadership of Mr. Blake went in for this disgraceful grab, and we hope the fact will be kept in memory when the election comes round. Meantime let us hear no more of the high-mindedness of the Opposition leader. Well may the lion's hide make way for the calf's skin in his case.

FIRST PAGE.—The receipt which our gallant volunteers received from the sound-

hearted public on their triumphant return from the field of action could not have been surpassed for enthusiasm and sincerity. Amid the cheers that rent the heavens and shook the earth, the brave young fellows must have forgotten the hardships they endured during the past four months, or thought them insignificant in comparison with the "weight of glory" to which they led. The public rose equal to the occasion, and did themselves as well as the citizen soldiers honor. But how have the volunteers been received *officially*? How has Canada spoken by the mouth of its supposed representatives, the Government? Most meanly! The Volunteer returns in his toil-worn uniform to find (in many cases) that he has been robbed of his dearest civil right—that of casting his vote! He is further insulted by being offered the miserable pittance of \$40 for his four months' hard work, by a shabby Cabinet that has in the meantime distributed \$500 to each of the Members and Senators for three months' dawdling at Ottawa! It is quite clear that Ottawa does not represent Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—During the session just closed, Mr. Blake, by dint of hard study and earnest work, built up a grand record for his party on the various matters discussed before the House. That record was greatly helped by the work of many members of the Opposition, and great results were anticipated from all this effort when it came to the hustings, fruitless as it proved in the House. But just in the last day of the session the whole effect was destroyed by guilty complicity in this miserable salary grab. Mr. Blake, with his eyes wide open, walked into the pit Sir John had prepared for him, and took all his followers (excepting McMullen) with him! Rare spectacle of leadership! If hereafter fiery orations on the Rebellion, or the C. P. R., or the French Subsidies, or the thousand other vulnerable points of Government policy, are stopped short with shouts of "Salary grab," it will be just what this stupidity deserves. A leader with a vast legal brain is no doubt a good thing, but for practical purposes, common sense is what a leader chiefly needs.

"PAYING THE PASTOR."

Mr. James Beaty, Jr.'s, book, entitled as above, bids fair to make a stir in the religious world. At very great expenditure of time, reading and research the author has conclusively proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the "hireling-system" of the modern pulpit is unscriptural. We are not prepared on the spur of the moment to combat this conclusion, as we cannot recall many scriptural instances in which Evangelists drew fat salaries. We do not even remember that it was the custom in the Apostolic Church for the pastor to "break down" through overwork every summer, and go to the seaside for recuperation. We must look the question up. Mr. Beaty's work may be had at Winnifrith's book store, 6 Toronto St.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

THE "UNCO GUDE" PRESS TO THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

But is it wise, Stead? is it wise?
To shock us so with such outreries,
Of deeds of darkness, deeds of shame,
Iniquities one cannot name?

Of course—we, all of us, all know—
I have always known such things were so;
At least, 'twas always understood,
That London life was far from good.

But then—good gracious!—thus to go
And stir the stinking cauldron, so
That the foul fumes of Piccadilly
Rise rank as murder—willy-nilly.

Go to! Why don't you and your chums
Confine yourselves to dingy slums?
The poor you always have, you know!
They're lawful prey for word or blow;
Or press or parson, "cop" or "beak"—
Quite in good form of them to speak.
Quite in good form, my dear *Pall Mall*,
Their history really would appal
The fine nerves of the upper ten.
In fact, again, and yet again,
The aristocracy have spent
Large sums, and some indeed have sent
Paid missionaries, to scatter tracts,
And other most benevolent acts,
Among the wretched, hungry poor
That all too close herd near their door;
The poor who steal, and beat their wives,
And, oh! dear me! do lead such lives.
Here were a field for your bravado!
Of ugly facts, an *El Dorado*!

But thus with ruthless hands to tear
The golden veil—thus to lay bare
The hidden life, the features dread,
The lopsided, horrible death's head
Of our "veiled prophet"—society!
Why!—this is *impropriety*!

Better to let us hug the dream
That all is fair as it doth seem;
To only see the golden veil
That hides the monster, than bowail
The horrors that will down no more,
Horrors that we, of course, "deplore."

'Tis true—quite true—that humble worth,
From rural safety driven forth
By stress of poverty, to toil
Amid great Babylon's turmoil;
To feed this monster's maw depraved,
Is hopelessly entrapped, enslaved;
Whilst parents wait and pray—in vain—
For those who ne'er return again.
'Tis true that children, dear and sweet
As those that play around our feet,
Are stolen—sold without a name,
And trained to lead a life of shame;
That women, fair and pure as snow,
Are powerless sold to death or woe!

But then, consider, after all,—
Look back some centuries, dear *Pall Mall*:
Look at the history of the Georges!
Nell Gwynne and their contemporary orgies!
At Charles Second's court, pool! pooh!
You know, Stead, this is nothing new.
It is not that there is more sin,
It's people's hides that grow more thin!
What with this mingling of the classes,
This education of the masses;
This spread of literature bombastic,
Full of Ideas socialistic,
And doubts of rights aristocratic;
With Gladstone's franchise democratic,
(The fates confound the grand lunatic.)
The poor have somehow got to thinking—
But not yet so advanced as winking—
At sins 'gainst nature, such as you
Upon your oath declare *à tro*.
Next thing, they'll brutally declare,
If lords even children cannot spare,
Their victims must henceforth, alas!
Be forthcoming from their own class!
Society has no show whatever
Against this fearful *Pall Mall* fever.

Too bad!—the whole thing such a business affair—
Ledger, day-book, everything balanced quite square.
Debit—two children, aged 13, half-grown,
For his lordship—so many pounds sterling cash down.
So on, each transaction with date, price, and name;
Which, if published, would show where to fasten the blame.

In this way the poor man's child is sold to the rich,
And by "best masters" trained to the requisite pitch
Of "culture," "refinement," best virtue untrained
Might prove for their lordships' fine taste too coarse-
grained.

Of course, all this traffic in childhood is wrong,
But this agony, really, you should not prolong;
Like us, be content with "deploring" the fact,
And ring down the curtain upon the whole act.

—JAY KAYELEE.