

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.—What a great pity it is that the spirit of Prof. Fanning does not permeate the legislative halls at Ottawa! How much more beautiful it would be if the members on opposite sides of the House overwhelmed one another with politeness instead of, as at present, keeping studiously near the outside edge of what is barely parliamentary! As GRIP's mission is, amongst other things, to infuse sweetness and light into the politics of the day, he pictures the wind up of the debate on the Government's North-West Policy as it should have been—but was not. Mr. Blake had somehow brought himself to believe that, prior to the outbreak, the course of the Government had been marked by grave instances of neglect, mismanagement and delay in matters affecting the welfare of the people of the North-West. This conclusion was in all probability the result of pernicious reading in the shape of papers laid before the House, and documents obtained elsewhere. The hon. gentleman proceeded to express the opinions he had formed, and occupied some six hours in so doing. These hours were packed full of solid facts, sifted through the best legal intellect in Canada. And what was the result? Sir John made a few trifling remarks in reply, and then the House was called upon to say what the truth really was. Without a moment's hesitation the House decided that the course of the Government had *not* been marked by grave instances of neglect, etc., etc. Now, here is where the spirit of Fanning should have stepped in. Mr. Blake ought to have removed his hat, bowed profoundly and begged pardon of the Premier for having made such a serious error. That there has been delay, neglect, and all that sort of thing in the management of the North-West is beyond question, but as the House of Commons says it has not been on the part of the Government, of

course that settles it. Mr. Blake should have apologized for this unprecedented case of mistaken identity!

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail* defends the system of press patronage in vogue in Canada on its merits. It is practised by both parties and is not accompanied by any evils worth speaking of. The *Mail*, it need hardly be said, is referring to the system of patronage in the shape of advertisements given by the party in office to its own newspaper organs. Nobody finds fault with this. What the people do complain of as a serious scandal is the practice followed by the present Government of giving out *printing* as well as advertisements to its friends, and paying the outrageous overcharges made for it. It has been proved that in many cases no value whatever has been given for the public money thus squandered, and it is also to be remembered that the holders of the Printing Contract invariably sue and recover damages for every dollar's worth of work thus fraudulently put past them. This whole business we denounce as wrong and indefensible, a scandal to the Government, and a disgrace to Canadian journalism. It is precisely the sort of crime for which Boss Tweed went to prison.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is, we venture to say, a more striking dissimilarity between the portraits of Sir John A., drawn respectively by the *Mail* and *Globe*, than there was between the photographs of the deceased king which Hamlet displayed to his mother. "Hyperion to a Satyr," just about expresses it.

REV. DR. DEWART'S POSITION.

On our first page last week we published a cartoon which was intended to convey the idea that Dr. Dewart was proposing certain amendments to the scheme of university confederation which he declared to be of small importance, but which really meant the breaking up of the scheme. To convey this point we made use of the familiar scene in which the circus clown punctures a paper hoop, and expresses astonishment that a "little hole like that does any harm." We are sorry to learn that the picture has been misunderstood, and taken as a slight upon Dr. Dewart's learning and good sense. It was *not* intended as an implication that Dr. Dewart is "a clown," and we sought to guard against such an interpretation in the comments which accompanied the picture. Nevertheless the wrong impression has been taken, as we are informed.

So much for the personal aspect of the picture. It is a more serious matter to have it pointed out that our idea itself was untrue. Since the date of our drawing, Dr. Dewart has shown, over his own signature in the public press, that the charges embodied in our cartoon were unfounded, and that the representations of President Wilson, upon which our picture was built, were not in accordance with fact. In short, Dr. Dewart's amendment—which asks that a three fourths majority be required for changing the division of the subjects agreed upon as between college and university—is totally different from the same amendment as quoted by Dr. Wilson, and, so far as we can see, its effect would be to make the confederation more permanent instead of breaking it up. Dr. Dewart has indicated his position, and until it is clearly shown that his statements are untrue, he is entitled to an apology at Mr. GRIP's hands. The cartoon in

question is therefore declared null and void, being proved to be destitute of the only element Mr. GRIP cares to deal in—Fact.

GET ONE.

The Committee of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, (Richard Butler, Secretary, 33 Mercer Street, New York,) have prepared, and are selling to subscribers a very handsome fac-simile statuette of the great French work, as a means of increasing the pedestal fund. The price asked is only \$1. We have pleasure in bringing this to the notice of our readers, many of whom we feel sure will be glad to secure the miniature images, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but as a memento of a unique display of international courtesy.

GRIP is always glad to call attention to worthy efforts in literature on the part of Canadians, and he thinks the poem recently read by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, at the meeting of the alumni of Ottawa University, deserves to be thus ranked. Irish blood has a natural affinity for poesy, and if Mr. O'Hagan—who possesses that poetic fluid—continues to woo the muse, he will do something ere long to make his name known beyond our own borders.

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

"SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEK."

Can it be that there are epidemics of literary dishonesty!!? Does it break out in spots!!? affecting equally high and low, weak and strong? GRIP comes to the conclusion that Jordan and Front Streets being rather contiguous, he had better, as a precaution, have the sanctum thoroughly disinfected and all plagiaristic papers duly quarantined. When a journal of such literary pretensions as the *Week*, publishes in its columns a story which, it solemnly assures its readers, has been "Translated from the French for the Week," when, in fact, the same story had just appeared in good Queen's English in the *Globe*, some days previously—GRIP may well ask himself the solemn question—who will be the next to go? He has a forlorn hope, however, that this universal lapse from uprightness may be accounted for, by the editor's possible practical illustrations of liberal temperance principles at the Orange hooray the evening previous, and that in any case "the devil" is responsible for the—ah—oh—well—yes—fib.

MORE POWER TO YOUR ELBOW!

At a ladies' college to-day, so a *Globe* reporter informs us, a clergyman delivered an address to young ladies of great power. Now that characterization of the ladies was a work of purest supererogation. As if we didn't know that all young ladies were "of great power!" Power enough to turn the heads and break the hearts and play the mischief generally with all the reporters in town. Not only that, but also power to upset the grammatical arrangement of their sentences in such a way that there's no knowing what it is the poor fellows really mean to say.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.

The *Telegram* announces that "a respectable woman wants washing!" For shame! We don't believe it. No respectable woman wants washing; at least, it isn't respectable to come out and declare the fact in the public papers. If she wants washing, why don't she go and take a bath, instead of announcing her unwashed condition to a scandalized public?