

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

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:

Will be issued with the number forNov. 16.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The query of the day is, what has Sir John gone to the Old Country in such a hurry for? The organs, to which we naturally look for information, are all playing different tunes on the subject. The *Mail* says the Premier is away on public business which the public cannot as yet be informed of. The *Montreal Gazette* says he has gone on a mission partly private and partly public; Sir John himself says he is off to get a rest from the music of the organs; the *Globe*,—which of course is always kept posted by the ministry—states that Sir John's serious illness is the occasion of this sudden departure. GRIP will be very glad to know that in this case the *Globe* is farther astray than usual; and whatever else the truth may be (providing it is not anything in favor of this crazy scheme for annexing Jamaica) GRIP will in the meantime possess his soul with patience, and trust that it's all right.

FIRST PAGE.—Universal man admires pluck, and consequently the Hon. Honore Mercier, leader of the Quebec Opposition, is a fit subject for world-wide reverence. That indomitable gentleman has undertaken to cleave his way to power in our sister province, and our cartoon is intended to give some idea of the contract he has on hand. When we say that he is endeavoring with the pick-axe of political sagacity to chip a tunnel through the Rocky Mountains of Conservatism, we speak in beautifully figurative language, which conveys the idea faintly. In plain words, Mr. Mercier's job is a tough one, and if he gets to office fairly within the life-time of any of us, he will deserve the congratulations of all beholders.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It begins to look as if there really was some foundation for the talk about Jamaica annexation. Hitherto GRIP has been inclined to regard the utterances of the *Mail* and other Government papers on the subject as well-meant but veritable slanders on the good sense of the Cabinet. We do trust there is enough intelligence in that body to ensure the

prompt kicking-out of any such crank-brained proposition as the admission of Jamaica to the Canadian Confederation. If Tupper can find nothing better to do for his salary than encouraging nonsense of this kind he had better come home. He would serve his country more acceptably by confining his attention exclusively to the profundities of dining out. GRIP generally speaks the sentiments of the Dominion, and in this case he says without hesitation that we do not want and will not have Jamaica on any terms or conditions. That ends it.

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NO. 3.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Edward Blake was born some fifty summers ago. He had an excellent papa—the Hon. Wm. Hume Blake, known to fame in Canada as an upright judge. Blake *pere* had also occupied a place in Parliament and in a ministry, but public life in that form had few charms for him, and his career as a politician was brief. From his sire Mr. Edward Blake inherited many fine qualities of head and heart, not the least of them being a distaste for political activity; for although the subject of our sketch is the leader of the Reform party, there can be no doubt that if he consulted his personal feelings only, he could be far happier in another sphere. At school Ed. (as the boys of course called him) was a paragon of excellence—the joy of the heart of the head master of Upper Canada College. He was never known to stick crooked pins on the aforesaid master's chair, or otherwise to act in a manner unbecoming to a lad of high moral and intellectual promise. The only dissipation he ever indulged in was an occasional overdose of Greek verbs; otherwise he was an exemplary boy, as has been stated. From Upper Canada College Master Blake proceeded to the Provincial University, where he continued his glorious career as a student. There were no young ladies in attendance at that time, and so he was able to devote his undivided attention to the curriculum. It is needless to remark, he carried off everything in the way of honors and medals that was within reach, and had not the building itself been unusually solid, there is no telling how much of it would now be left standing to tell the tale. He was now a graduate with big B. A. Here, alas, we must stop to shed a tear over a sudden disappointment in our subject. The high hopes of all his friends that he was to blossom into a revered bishop or a good editor, were dashed to the ground. Edward Blake, B. A., the good boy, the studios lad, the successful young man—became a lawyer. His good fairy, however, still remained steadfast to him, and he retained his integrity even after this terrible mishap. In due time he reached the head of his profession, as a matter of course. Then, having no further use for professional fees, he went into Parliament at Ottawa and Toronto, taking the leadership of his party in the Ontario Legislature—again as a matter of course. Here for a brief moment he enjoyed the sweets of office. This moment ended when the Dual-representation bill required him to choose between the two seats. He chose the Ottawa field as affording wider scope for his talents, and there he has remained to the present writing. Although a member of a Federal Cabinet (Mr. Mackenzie's), Mr. Blake has never as yet had a chance to show what he can do as Premier there. His effort in that line in the Local House was satisfactory as far as it went, and his leadership of the Opposition at Ottawa has always been able—though not as vigorous as the rank and file would like. As an orator, wrestling with a fine constitutional point, Mr. Blake is *facile princeps*

at the capital, but as a genial habitue of No. 6 committee-room, where clay pipes and good-fellowship are the test, the leader of the Opposition must sit humbly as a learner at the feet of Jamesy Trow.



THE TORONTO PRESS CLUB ENTERTAINING IRVING.

THE GLORIOUS VICTORY.

The sun sank down with glow immense,
Old Jobson's work was done;
And now before his residence
He sat with Billy, his son.
And sporti'g in the rear back lane,
His daughter, little Susan Jane.
"Oh! father, see" cried little Bill,
"What Liere has Susie found:
Oh! see her, as she runs down hill,
And skips along the ground;
What have you there, my sister dear!"
"A picture, Billy, short and queer."
Old Jobson took the picture, and
With short but hearty laugh:
"That's children, Mr. Mowat grand:"
He said, "His photograph:
He is the man whose victory
Is known as that of Boundaroo."
"Yes, father, I have heard of that,
But could not understand
How it could make that short—nay—fat
And little Premier grand.
Oh! can you tell me?" "No!" said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."
"Was it in Ontaree, papa?"
"It was, my little son;
And much champagne and mild laguh
Was spilt 'ere it was done."
"Did Mr. Mowat drink?" "Not he
He won this glorious victoree."
"But, father!" asked th' enquiring child,
"Who did he fight with, say?"
"He fought the chief, and made him wild,
Whom people call John A."
"Is John A. noble when he's wild?"
"Of that pray draw it very mild."
"Well, father, I should like to know
What was the fight about?
I've asked about it often, oh!
But never could find out.
But Mowat won, they all tell me."
"He did—a glorious victoree."
"But, father, I have heard folks say
You knew all things," the kid
Went on to say. "And till to-day
I really thought you did."
"My child, I know all things except
This Boundary Biz,"—the old man wept.
"John A. was beaten; that is clear,
And Mowat won?" "That's so,
And that is quite enough, my dear,
For any man to know."
And so, my kids, pray think with me
That 'twas a glorious victoree."

Read the advertisement of Heap's Dry Earth Closets in this number. No householder who values health and cleanliness should be without them.