

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Notwithstanding the dreary presagings of Sir R. Cartwright—the wish no doubt being father of the thought—that Canadian credit was so low on the London money market that it would be a difficult matter to float a new loan on almost any terms, Sir Leonard Tilley is able to announce that he has succeeded splendidly in his mission. He has effected a loan of \$25,000,000 for fifty years, at 4 per cent, placing the same at a premium of £1 17s 8d. When the tenders were opened it was found that the amount had been applied for four times over.

FIRST PAGE.—Rev. Dr. Dewart has of course never been to a circus, and is not likely to visit even the great John B. Dorris' show which is coming here on the 18th. He is therefore perhaps unaware that, in connection with the University Confederation question, he is playing a piece of "funny business," which is in the repertoire of every properly equipped circus clown. The amusing professional gentleman in question is asked to hold one of the paper hoops for the fair equestrienne to jump through. He accidentally punches his finger through it, whereupon the ringmaster expostulates warmly. "What!" cries the Jester, "you object to a little hole like that?" punching a bigger one. "Why! a little hole like that is a mere trifle" (another punch)—and so on until there is nothing left of the "balloon" but the rim. Dr. Dewart, speaking as a friend of Victoria University, has punched some good-sized apertures by means of now propositions, in the basis of confederation finally agreed upon at a convention in which all interests were represented, and in reply to the alarmed outcry of Dr. Wilson and others he says their demands are mere trifles. Dr. Dewart is drolly blind to the fact that although the holes do not count they make an end of the compromise scheme.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In the immortal words of the country editor, when he published an account of how his rival in the village captured the county printing—"comment is unnecessary!"

NOTICE.

The Montreal agency of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company, formerly conducted by Mr. F. N. Boxer, is now in charge of Mr. Jos. S. Knowles, Mr. Boxer having retired from the service of the Company.

Mr. Knowles is a newcomer to the commercial metropolis, but we feel confident that the qualities which have made him so universally popular in the business circles of his native city, St. John, N.B., will soon win for him equal appreciation among our friends and customers in Montreal. We heartily commend him to all whom this may concern in the city and Province generally.



Mr. Fraser's comedy, "Muddled," was presented at the Grand on Dominion Day, afternoon and evening. It went fairly well, considering the company, which, excepting only Mr. Rich, was about as bad as it could possibly have been. The leading character, *Augustus Bimm*, is a strong one, and fits Mr.



Rich like the proverbial glove. Perfect familiarity with the lines is all that is needed to enable this clever young comedian to make *Gus* one of the best things on the American stage. The play itself needs a good deal of cutting down, especially in the second and third acts. As it now stands there is too much of the melo-dramatic element in it in proportion to the comedy. We would like to see the play again, amended as suggested, and presented with decent support. It didn't get a fair show by any means.

NEW MUSIC.

The Rebellion in the North-West has inspired our musicians to give expression to the prevalent spirit of patriotism. Amongst the publications already on the music store counters are:

Welcome Home, Brave Volunteer. Words by John Imrie, music by F. H. Torrington. The air is a quiet, undemonstrative one, and fits the sentiment very well.

The Batoche Polka, published by Nordheim, is a tasteful composition for the piano, by Miss Delaney, of Peterboro. It is highly spoken of by competent judges.

The Charge at Batoche, a descriptive song. Words by J. W. Bengough, music by Barton Brown. This composition is in press, and will appear next week. The music is very fine, and although written for baritone, is suitable also for a tenor voice of ordinary compass. The words are as follows:

CHARGE AT BATOCHÉ.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

By J. W. Bengough.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
That swept the fields of deathless fame,
When heroes led our soldiers on?
Let tyrant Czars, grown great on wrong,
Believe that fable if they will;
While I rehearse, in martial song,
A story of Canadian skill,
And Canada is British still.

In duty's name, we lay before the pits
All day like targets for the rebel lead,
Wasting our bullets on the sullen hill,
In whose grim breast the enemy was hid.
In duty's name, we choked our anger down
And clenched our rifles in impatient grasp;
Blazing at random, just in duty's name,
While comrades round us gave their dying gasp.

Out rang the signal shrill,
Each soldier's heart to thrill,
Along the line the glorious signal—
Charge! charge!! charge!!!

All eager sprang the gallant 90th then!
Up flashed the scarlet of each Royal Gren!
Forth thundered Boulton's scouts and French's men!
On dashed brave Howard's Galting in the van!
"Twas charge! charge!! charge!!!

With rousing British cheers,
The loyal volunteers
Swept grandly on,
Blanched at the whirlwind dread,
The shattered rebels fled—
Batoche was won!
That's how Batoche was won!

Won! but, ah, dearly won those stoeps,
For on the field in manhood's pride
Lay heroes whom our country weeps:
It was for Canada they died,
For Canada—fair Canada—
Our gallant heroes fought and died.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
Must first forget Batoche's name,
Our volunteers and Middleton!

THE REBELLION ILLUSTRATED.

The Souvenir Number of the *Illustrated War News*, to be issued in two parts, is intended to epitomize all the salient points of the rebellion, in print and pictures. Part I., which is just out, carries the story up to and inclusive of the battle of Fish Creek, twelve pages being devoted to illustrations. The letterpress, by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., is in that well-known writer's best vein. An extra tinted picture, "Canada's Sacrifice," and a splendid group of the commanding officers, are given with Part I. The price of each part is 50 cents, and certainly no equally good historical work was ever offered at the figure.

A TERRIBLE FALL

At the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. We have heard from very good authority that there has been a terrible fall in the prices of harness. Their harness is the best in the city, and got up in the latest styles. They use nothing but the best of stock and the best of trimmings, and they are all hand-stitched. You can save from \$5 to \$10 a set. Call and see for yourself, or send for catalogue. We will send you a set of harness for inspection, and if not satisfactory, send it back at our expense.

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.