



THE POLITICAL ÆSTHETE.

The *Mail* is engaged in fitting the garments of "Mr. Maudie"—which it has boldly "borrowed" from Mr. *Punch's* wardrobe—upon Mr. E. Blake. Grip is anxious to do what he can to assist in the accomplishment of this worthy literary design, and he therefore supplies the above portrait. It will at once be recognized as a particularly life-like representation of the Opposition leader. As is well known, Mr. B. is a long-haired, white-faced, morbid and intense-looking person of the Oscar Wilde type, who loves to stand in uncomfortable attitudes and pay deep-souled devotion to a water lily. Of course we are speaking now in a political sense. The lily is typical of the policy which the hon. gentleman longs after—and which, of course, the *Mail* understands thoroughly. There may be some individuals—dullards and duces—who regard this attempted parallel as too far-fetched, even if it were not a plagiarism; but nobody will deny that Mr. Blake is really inclined to Uttor ideas.

**Our Montreal Commissioner.**

WINDSOR HOTEL.

The question of Lawn versus Potatoes was incidentally discussed during the debate on the Estimates in the Quebec Assembly. Not the snowy lawn used for the adornment of bishops, but the verdant one which has for generations been an ornament of the old historical mansion of Spencerwood. This has been ploughed up and planted with potatoes, very much to the disgust of Mr. Irvine, who properly termed the ploughing and planting acts of desecration. The *Montreal Gazette*, however, is delighted that we have a Governor who prefers a potato patch to a lawn, and draws a brilliant parallel between His Honor and Cincinnati, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Says the *Gazette*, "the lawn may suffer, but a bright page is being prepared for our future history." Fancy the historian of the future dilating on the masterly way in which His Honor plucked the weeds from the potato patch in front of the gubernatorial mansion, whilst groups of distinguished visitors looked on in speechless admiration. Your Commissioner is of opinion that future candidates for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province should be required to undergo a severe examination in æsthetics, or there is no telling what future acts of vandalism may be perpetrated.

As Captain Grip marches several paces in advance of the front rank of Canadian journalism, should he not buckle on his armour and lead his conferrers in the light against telegraph monopoly? Your Commissioner is amazed at the apathy of the press and business men of Canada ament the consolidation of our telegraph lines with the Western Union. That was virtually the question before the shareholders of

the Montreal Telegraph Company, at a special meeting, called to ratify an agreement made by the directors with the Great North-Western Leasing Company. Uncle Sam's stock jobbers are quite too cute to call it a direct lease to the Western Union, but since that great Yankee monopoly is to guarantee the dividends, the veil thrown over the transaction is a very light one. It is said the law courts will be called upon to decide on the legality of the lease. In the meantime public opinion should be aroused, and as Grip's pen and pencil are all-powerful in this respect, I hope to see them both gallantly at work.

COMMISSIONER F. T. P. O. Q.

**Nonsense.**

There was a Chaldee saw the comet,  
Who gaily exclaimed, "By Mahomet!  
I'm happy to say,  
We are safely away,  
Some millions or so of miles from it!"

TO MY GIRL.

Sweet girl, though fondly I would dream of you.  
How strangely varied are the thoughts that rise—  
Oh! what *brown* studies, and what *devil's blue*,  
—Just like your hair and eyes!  
Angel and demon in your nature blend,  
The temper that we dread, the love that wins—  
Only one knows not where the first has end.  
Or when the last begins. C. P. M.

**We Draw a Line Somewhere.**

The comic organ should beg the dismal organ to cease its ostentatious presentation of the same old bouquet. It's all very well for an employee of the troupe to occupy a front seat and throw a bunch of flowers on the stage at a performer on the first night, but when the thing is done more than once it looks too much like a put-up job. But the organ is wise in its generation. It thinks a free advertisement will purchase for its party Grip's everlasting gratitude, and its continued support.

This highly facetious paragraph appeared in last Saturday's *Mail*. The same issue contained a self-written puff of "the leading journal" extending over three mortal pages. Grip confesses to a certain gratification over bouquets from whatever source (though their purchasing power is small), but there is one thing he would hesitate to do, and that is to descend to the nigger minstrel act of throwing a bunch of flowers over his own shoulder to himself.



**INJURED INNOCENCE.**

*Jealous Wife* (accosting husband who has just returned from a Saturday afternoon's outing.)—Ha! you old scoundrel, I've got you now! Mrs. Grundy was here, and she told me she saw you going off on an excursion with a young lady! Is that true?

*Deeply Wronged Husband*.—It is. I must confess it is only too true.

*Jealous Wife*.—And who was the lady, you unspeakable villain?

*Deeply Wronged Husband*.—The Lady—Rupert.



"LAUGHTER IS BETTER THAN PHYSIC."

A Toronto gentleman, now in England, writes to a friend that, on arriving in London he called upon Sir John Macdonald, and found that ailing gentleman enjoying a hearty laugh over Grip's cartoon representing Dr. Andrew Clark delivering his professional opinion on the case. Sir John evidently knows the sort of specific his complaint requires, and Dr. Grip feels a satisfaction that he has done something definite for the great man's health.

**Old Silas, the Black-hearted Darkie.**

Old Silas was a colored man,  
His color was of deepest tan,  
That you or I or any one can  
Conceive.

But Silas' face was not as black  
As was his heart. It did not lack  
That worst of humors in the pack,  
Revenge.

Now, whether Si had simply boned  
It, or to him it had been loaned,  
In some mysterious way he owned  
A mule.

One day this mule its hind legs raised,  
And smote Si's head. He, much amazed,  
Upon the barn floor sat half-dazed,  
And wept.

But suddenly a smile most bland  
Crept o'er his phiz, and with deft hand,  
He filled a grain sack up with sand,  
And rocks.

And round that sack, to be a blind,  
A leather apron he did bind,  
And hung it from a beam behind  
That mule.

A shudder rippled o'er the beast,  
He smelt a mouse, to say the least,  
But braced himself, and, as if greased,  
Let fly.

He sent the bag up to the roof,  
It bounded back like hoof for hoof,  
As if he had been bullet proof,  
It did.

That mule was grieved, astonished, shocked,  
He wasn't used to being knocked  
About, and his intentions balked,  
Not much!

Old Silas laughed until he roared,  
The tears his cheeks with furrows scored,  
He shook until his sides implored  
A rest.

The mule kicked on; the bag kicked back,  
And all day long 'twas whackety-whack,  
But neither gave a sign of a sack,  
Nor sack.

Old Si retired to his humble cot,  
And the contest raged both fierce and hot,  
The mule for mercy brayed, "Guess not,"  
Said Silas.

But when to the barn next morn he hied,  
He found the bag unscarfied,  
But the mule in despair had gone and died,  
Heart-broken.

SCRANTON.

The Opposition mystery—Mr. E. Blake.