

# • GRIP •

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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.

## 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:

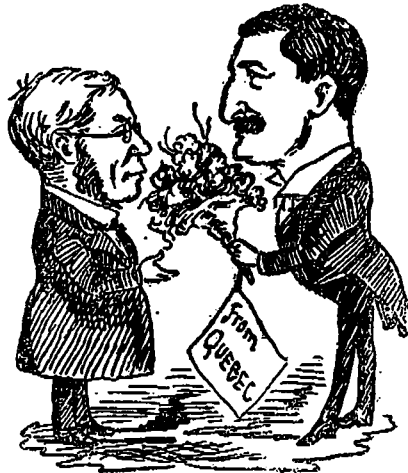
Will be issued with the number for ..... Oct. 13.

## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—A little while ago, when the volatile French Republic was in a gushing mood towards the American Republic, M. Bartholdi was commissioned to execute a gigantic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which work of art was duly presented to the Yankee nation, to be set up at the entrance of New York harbor. Not to be outdone by any such display of artistic appreciation by the French, M. Bartholdi GRIP has executed a similar statue entitled "Mowat Defying Centralization," which he herewith presents to the people of Ontario.

**FIRST PAGE.**—It is quite possible that Mr. Blake appreciated the popular ovation of Tuesday last as well as Mr. Mowat, but what a contrast there was in their respective methods of showing their feelings! The "Little Premier" behaved like an ordinary human being under the circumstances—though we do not wish to insinuate that O. M. is an ordinary person;—he smiled, lifted his hat, kissed his hand to the crowd, waved his bouquet, smiled again, and then smiled once more; repeating this elaborate programme all along the line of march. His distinguished companion, for whom the cheers and handkerchief-waving were equally intended, maintained a classic repose, leaving the multitude in doubt as to whether the goings-on were agreeable to him or not. This is a tremendous mistake on Mr. Blake's part if he intends to follow the profession of Political Leadership. It simply won't do at all. To his intimate friends, who know the infirmities of his nature—his nervousness, bashfulness, and self-restraint—this apparent indifference means nothing, but Mr. Blake must remember that he is dealing with the people at large, who judge things by their outward appearance, and who feel hurt when a man doesn't display enthusiasm on such an occasion. If Sir John would open an academy to teach the art of Responding to the Popular Pulse-Beat, and give the Hon. Edward a course of lessons, he would do a great and lasting kindness to the Reform party.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Sir 'Ector Langevin has been touring through the North-West, and has failed to see that the people there have any grievances. It would be unpolite to suggest that the able minister lacks the intelligence necessary to the task of seeing what is plainly visible; but his curious blindness is capable of easy explanation. Our picture explains it.



QUEBEC CONGRATULATES ONTARIO.

## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

It is cowardly, as well as unpatrician in the extreme, for Canadian journalists to conceal from the public the hazard attendant on this expedition, and to try and induce poor and ignorant fellows to venture on danger which they themselves would be the first to shrink from.—*Exchange.*

There was a Canuck named Bill Boyle  
Whom they wanted to go up the Nile  
On the Gordon Exped., but he just shook his head  
And remarked: "Well, I guess I should smile!"  
But they kept talking right at Bill Boyle,  
"Thinking sure he would take to the Nile—  
But he "haw-hawed" and said, "I prefer my own bed  
To the maw of some old crocodile!"  
Yet they pounded it into Bill Boyle  
That he really should fancy the Nile,—  
But he spoke of the fever, and his girl—could he leave her!  
"No! I not for a mighty big pile!"

Then of "England" they talked to Bill Boyle  
And the "glory" he'd win up the Nile—  
He said, "glory's all right but I don't have to fight—  
I shall hang on to life for a while!"  
Well, they mentioned the fun to Bill Boyle  
Shooting Arabs and things up the Nile—  
He said, "Phaps they'd be shootin' while I did the scootin'  
Go and try it, your sport I'll not spile!"  
At last they growled out at Bill Boyle,  
When they found he'd no taste for the Nile,  
"No good Briton are you!" Replies Bill, "That is true,  
"I'm the growth of Canadian soil!"

## A REAL PATRIOT'S ORATION.

Edmund the Emancipator's stirring Speech before the Knights of Liberty Association.

And so Ald. Denison (groans) has resigned his position in the Toronto Council to go to Egypt (renewed groans). Humph! (laughter). Pahaw!! (more laughter). Pooh-pooh!!! (still more laughter). Yah-yah-yah!!!! (and yet additional laughter). Think he can deceive us! (cries of "no!") by this wretched little piece of transparent dodgery? (A voice "that's the cheese," and laughter). Well, not much! (Cheers, and "we should smile!") Let us see if the gallant Majaw, who never smelt gunpowder fired in earnest (laughter) ever gets to Egypt. (Cries of "we're awaitin'!") If he does, what has he gone for? (A voice derisively "Glory!") Oh, don't you go and try to stuff us with twaddle about martial enthusiasm, soldierly ambition, devotion to "the flag that's

braved a thousand years," etc., etc., and all that sort of maudlin mush and gozling gush! (Loud and long-continued applause). We know the Denisons (intense uproar), and the Plumbs (tumultuous applause), and the Langevins. (Indiscribable hub-bub). *Et hoc genus omne.* (A voice, "what's that name?") They are barnacles! (A voice, "Hoop!") Parasites! (Another voice, "Hooroo!") Blood-suckers! (Another voice, "Good!") Horse-leech's daughters! (Another voice, "give it to 'em!") Pampered pueriles! (1st voice, "you're a dandy.")! Blue-blooded banes! (2nd voice, "give us more!") Aristocratic attenuants! (3rd voice, "something tougher!") High-bred harpies! (4th voice, "good enough!") Nosey nobodies! (Several voices, "now you've got it!") Don't they fill fat offices while we, the people, foot the bill! (Cheers). Are they not the drones in the busy hive of our Grand Country's Industries? (A voice, "right you are!" and loud hoots). Do they not grind us common trash down under the iron hoof of the despot? (A whirlwind of applause). How long are we, the hardworkers, the bone and sinew, the very life-blood of the land,—going to tamely submit to witnessing these cross-eyed cormorants (cheers), these bald-headed buzzards (cheers), these hanstrung hyenas (cheers) these yawping yahoos (cheers), run riot throughout the length and breadth of this fair Canada of ours—(a frightful outbreak of discordant sounds). We say "Canada of ours" advisedly (cheers), for it is our—the working men's—heritage (loud cheers). Our duty is plain (louder cheers); we must drive these unhallowed upstarts back to their original vocation of drain-digging (thunders of cheers)! we must worry these over-fed autocrats until they will be glad to take to the streets, soliciting jobs at sawing wood (a hurricane of cheers!) If they want to go to Egypt, let 'em go, and make 'em walk. (Hear, hear.) What we, the People, want is Freedom (cheers) and the offices (hear, hear! and great stamping); what we demand is Liberty and chances (stamping grows heavier); what we insist upon is our Rights, and the control of the Civil Service and other official patronage. (Stamping drowns speaker's voice.) When shall we strike the blow, and a shrievalty, Registrarship, or Ottawa clerkship?—(The speaker exhausted sinks into a chair, and the cheers and encores continue for seven minutes.)

## INTERESTING STUDIES.

A spring rooster practising at crowing.  
An inebriated pool-player chalking his cue.  
A cow in your unfriendly neighbor's vegetable garden.  
A young father handling his first baby for the first time.  
A three-months' old pup that has just smelt of the lighted end of a cigar.  
An engaged couple in the parlor on the wrong side of the lamp.  
A small boy contemplating his kite, in the coils of the telegraph wire.  
A killer scraping an acquaintance with itself in a looking-glass.  
A "bridal-tower" couple from the back townships in the clutches of the candy-butcher.  
A junior clerk, during the temporary absence of the errand-boy, delivering a sash-boiler and sloop-pail.  
A bon-fire brigade, when the victory turns out to be for the other party.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We have favors on hand from the following esteemed contributors, which we are obliged to hold over, T. B.; T. T.; G. P.; J. K. L.; G. M. C.; B. S.; C. D. R.