

A MORE stupendous piece of folly than the attempted construction of the Canada Pacific Railway beyond our North West settlements was never, in GRIP's opinion, entertained by any intelligent nation. The absurdity of the thing is only equalled by its expensiveness, and were it not that the crazy undertaking is likely to land us in bankruptcy, we would laugh at it as a huge joke. Of course railway communication with Manitoba is a necessity, and has been achieved. There is no call whatever for doing any more just now. It has always appeared to us that none of our public men ever really believed in the "Policy," but both parties have allowed themselves to be committed to it. The above map gives our own private view of the project—both Grits and Tories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

NO. VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The intelligent reader who has scanned the picture of King WILLIAM on horseback, which always accompanies the advertisement of L. O. L., No. 7936, must be aware that the Battle of the Boyne was fought in the year 1690, for that date is written in bold figures just under the off hind foot of the prancing charger. He is also probably aware that the parties engaged in that memorable fight were King WILLIAM of Orange, and King JIMMY of Scotland, and that they were fighting for— but of course the reader has heard all about it from the dusty and perspiring orators up in the Queen's Park on many a 12th of July. It was a glorious, pious and also immortal affair, and so is its annual celebration, barring, perhaps, the piety. It is believed that on the occasion King WILLIAM crossed the Boyne, though none of the banner-painters appear to have seen him go further than a couple of yards from the shore. His army consisted of a strong force of lodges, embracing thousands of deputy district grand masters in flowing red robes and white factory-cotton trousers. Mr. MACKENZIE BOWELL and ex-Mayor MITCHELL were unavoidably absent, but notwithstanding this the display was most imposing. The noble defenders of civil and religious liberty marched into battle to the inspiring strains of "Teeter-tawter," and "Boyne Water," played simultaneously by twenty-five life-and-drum bands belonging to the 'Prentice Boys and O. Y. Britons. We needn't describe the fight, further than to state that it was a success. It was more general in its character, and more respectable than some of the fight which occur on modern Twelfths. And, by the way, it didn't take place on the Twelfth at all, but on the First of July. There must have been some misunderstanding about this; and it is strange that such a mistake could have been

made. Perhaps King WILLIAM had no almanac at hand, and merely guessed at the date; or very likely he was knocked a little out of time on the occasion. Subsequent conventions of grand lodges have, however, left the matter alone, and we think very prudently, for it would be a most calamitous thing to crowd the Orange demonstration into the First of July, which is already full of firecrackers and general combustibles. The battle of the Boyne is worthy of being commemorated, for it secured the blessings of liberty to Irishmen of all creeds. Its indirect fruits are also notable. It has secured to the horny-handed son of toil (who is a native of the Emerald Isle) an annual holiday on which he may indulge his appetite for ribbons and rosettes without sacrificing his reputation for sanity. It is the only day in the year on which he can do this. Again, certain candidates have to thank King WILLIAM for a solid vote which in many ridings is simply irresistible. To secure this vote a man must be liberal and enlightened in his views, a friend of progress and good government, and in favor of equal rights to all. So that the country and Parliament are benefited at the same time.

Crowings.

CANADA'S way of HAN'LIN' the ears surprises JOHN BULL.

A POPULAR BEVERAGE.—Fresh from the press.—Tyne-sider.

THERE is danger of Toronto becoming known as Golgotha—a place of souls.

THE DIFFERENCE.—HANLAN won as he liked. HAWDON would have liked as he'd won.

'ANLAN and 'AWDON.—The Englishman's feelings—ex asperation. Ditto's pronunciation—in-aspiration.



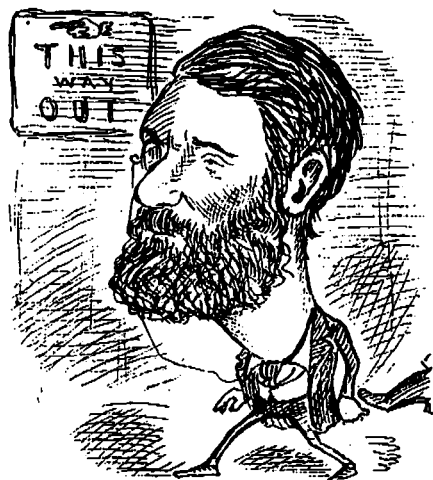
Mr. Phipps' Terrible Revenge.

R. W. P. (log).—Now, sir, in retaliation for your treachery and cruelty to me, I am going to return the Mowat Government to power, and see how you'll like it! Tr-r-remble, thou wretch!!

"LIERS IN WAIT."—Bakers, whose 4 lb. loaves contain but 3½ lbs of bread.

MISS-PRONUNCIATION.—Ladies of Toronto will persist in speaking of the now Lord Bishop of Toronto as a Sweet-man.

CLOCKED stockings should never be allowed to run down.—Boston Transcript. This is a ticklish subject to discuss.—Boston Post. They should certainly be up—to time.



Grossly Insulted.

I am angry, dweadfully angry. Of cawth it isn't good fawm to be angry, because a fellow cawn't manage his eyeglaus unless he contwols his feelings, you know, but I am angry nevertheless. And I think I have vewy good cause, too. I have been grossly insulted in the pwesence of the whole countwy, and evwy follow in the Club knows about it. I suppose you wead about it, dear boy, didn't you?—the wow in the House the othaw day. That beathly Globe fellow pwinted a lot about it. But I am not so angry at the Globe fellow, who is a wretched Gwit, and doesn't know any bettaw, as I am at the Speakaw, who belongs to the Liberal-Consewvative Pawty, and ought to have good mannaws. The Speakaw actually had the pwesumption and the asshawance to awdaw me out of the chambaw! And what for? Why—aw—simply because I took the oppawtunity of expwessing my sentiments on the flaw of the House like a twue Bwiton; simply because I uttered a few sentences about that vulgaw fellow HUNTINGERON, to the effect that he was a wogue and a liaw, or something of that sawt, I don't wecollect pwecisely. Yes,—aw, my boy, the Speakaw awsked me to wetire! And I did wetire; though I came back once or twice maw, just to shew them I wasn't to be cwushed out in that mannaw. And then the cawespondent of the Mail, too,—the fellow who dwinks bwandy and soda with me, and is like a bwothaw—he adds insult to injuwry by weferring to me simply as "a person"—doesn't even mention my name! But the wuffest pawt of the whole dweadful mess is that the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN has had me bwought to the baw of the House. I thought I could take anything fwom Sir JOHN in the way of a joke, but down't you know, this is weally going too faw with it. Of cawth, I'm not a membaw of the House, and stwictly speaking it was a piece of impudence on my pawt to do what I did,—but isn't the Pwemier a fwend of mine? But no mattaw; I will weak a terwible wevenge for this!

Grip's illustration of the Hanlan-Hawdon race is capital. Canada's comic journal is a creditable sheet. Let it keep independent in politics and it must succeed—in fact it is the only way it can succeed.—Kingston Daily News.

Thanks; don't be alarmed about our independence, brother. Whenever you find us hitting anybody who don't deserve it, just let us know, and we will take back the blow and apologise. And if you observe any rascalities which have escaped our lash, don't be too bashful to mention them.