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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.

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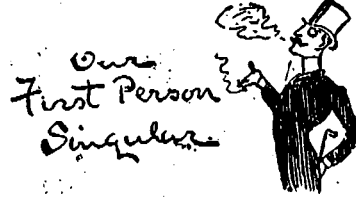
### Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—A good deal of interest has been excited through the Dominion by the fact that Sir John, when in Kingston lately, repeatedly attended the meetings of the Salvation Army. The Kingston News—his own organ—naughtily suggests that it was principally the Sal the old premier was interested in, but all right-thinking papers will scorn the idea. It is not true that Sir John joined the force, and was decorated with the army shield. As he intimates in the cartoon he has more use for Shields like the doughty John of Muskoka.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The event since our last issue is the unseating of Sir John Macdonald in Lennox—a disaster brought about chiefly by the over exertions of a "friend," in the person of Mr. A. H. Roe, M.P.P. It is understood that Sir Richard Cartwright will now make a determined attempt to capture the constituency, which he formerly represented in the House.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The question which at present agitates the minds of all who feel disposed to be agitated is—What are they waiting for in Rat Portage. Mr. Mowat has refused to refer the question of the Award to the Privy Council, except on conditions which the Dominion Government decline to accept. Meantime Ontario has formally taken possession, but finds herself obliged to exercise the same in company with the officials of another Province who are supposed to represent the Federal Power. It is clear that both sets of officials cannot continue to occupy the territory. One of them "must go." And here the question arises—Why doesn't one of them go?—What are they waiting for?

What is the difference between a trooper and an officer of Her Majesty's Life Guards?—One swells the ranks and the other ranks with the swells.



"While the lampholds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return."

Sir John A. has been attending the meetings of the Salvation Army at Kingston.

"What will the Poet Laureate do for the Premier" asks an exchange, "for permitting him to read some of his poetry before the Czar?" I give it up and wonder instead what would the Czar like to do to the Premier for having given that permission?

"At the death, which was an amusing one by master Reynard showing fight in gallant form, &c."—This is from the *Mail's* description of last Saturday's run with the hounds. Amusing! very much so for the fox, of course. Any one who can find "amusement" in seeing a poor animal fight for its life against overwhelming odds, well—

It may be humiliating that such is the case, but it really is, that when a newspaper man selects from his pile of exchanges a paper that he thinks is *Peck's Sun*, and gets himself all ready to indulge in its contents, and opening it discovers that it is the *Dominion Churchman*, and that the *Sun* hasn't come, he experiences a sensation of something or other that is not pleasant. Why is this? I know it is so.

I see that Mrs. Langtry came out ahead after all in the beauty contest in England, though she dropped behind very much at one time. The next thing on the programme, according to the English papers, is a ballot to see who is the handsomest man amongst Her Majesty's subjects. In order that other Apollos may not be deterred from entering for this contest, I wish to state that, under no consideration, shall I be a competitor.

"My dear F.P.S.," said a friend to me the other day, "what are those bars in front of the windows of the editorial rooms of GRIP for?" (Be it known the said windows, being on the ground floor are barred) "They give the place the appearance of a prison or a lunatic asylum." "Those bars," I answered, "are put there to prevent people from breaking in and stealing our jokes, though they are only partially effective." "Hm:" muttered the other, "when I come to think of it, it is the jokes that come from those rooms more than the bars before the windows that made me say the place might be taken for a lunatic asylum."

This is the latest story of animal intelligence—"A clergyman had a very intelligent dog who committed a grievous fault one morning. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. He talked on and on for a long time in the same serious and reproachful strain, and the dog died in the course of a day or two."—*London Spectator.*—Can it be possible that the reverend gentleman was one of those prosy, long-winded preachers so common in England, and merely recited one of his own sermons to the erring canine? If such was the case I do not see that the poor animal showed such a high degree of intelligence in dying, after all. But the punishment was too great, no matter what crime the dog had been guilty of.

I wonder if Sydney Smith really ever did make that remark about the joke, the surgical operation and the Scotchman's head: If he did I am sure he need not have selected a Scotchman to vent his wit upon, as I am of opinion that the English, as a rule, are just as dull in seeing the point of a joke as their brethren beyond the Tweed. Here is an instance. I happened to show this item from the *Boston Post* to a young English friend: "What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Tawmus. "O, it's important of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting." He read it; seemed lost in thought; elevated his sandy eyebrow and screwed an eyeglass into his orbicular orifice; pulled his tawny whiskers and said nothing for several minutes, at the end of which time he observed, slowly; "Well; where's the joke? By Jove, you know, fielding is no use without good batting, you know;—and good bowling. I don't see anything funny in that paragraph." This is only one of many similar instances that have come under my notice.

I see that in Springfield, Mass., the popularity of bicycling is so great that the number of gentlemen who adopt the bicycling costume of knickerbockers makes the town look like an Oscar Wilde colony. It would be a good thing if this style of leg apparel were more universally adopted; at present a fellow with a fine symmetrical pair of understandings has no more show than a lanky individual with a couple of pipestems for supporters, and Nature never intended her good gifts to be hidden under a bushel, in other words, in baggy and voluminous pantaloons. It would only be fair for someone whose lead would be followed to set the fashion of wearing knickerbockers so that those whose soli and gastrocnemii are well developed may have a chance to display them. The present style of gentlemen's trowsers is a snare and a delusion, and sooner or later must go. Of course some of my extra refined, double-distilled modesty readers will raise their eyebrows in horror on perusing the above paragraph, and will say "How vulgar," but if they will kindly tell me why they think so I shall be obliged.

I witnessed a little incident the other morning which caused me to reflect how like is human nature everywhere, whether it crops out in children of tender years or is seen in those of larger growth. This is what I saw. Some half-dozen or so of little children, boys and girls, aged apparently from about five to eight years, were teasing and tormenting one of their number, all of them doing or saying something to add to his bodily and mental discomfort, the result being that the victim burst into tears, his doleful lamentations attracting the attention of a gentleman who was passing and who seemed to feel quite sorry for the youngster's forlorn condition, for he stopped and, by way of a salve for the little fellow's wounded feelings, put ten cents into his hand. It was amusing to witness the instantaneous revulsion of popular feeling in little Tommy's favor. He had now become a man of wealth and as such was entitled to fawning and respect;—and he got it. The big girl who had been foremost in her efforts to tease the little chap, now sidled up and offered him a very much bitten apple; and the rest vied with one another in their endeavors to curry favor with the bloated capitalist, and as the procession filed away with Tommy in the van towards the nearest candy store I could not refrain from muttering to myself, "Verily, this is the way of the world."

The editor wrote, "The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient to meet the wants of the millmen," and the compositor set it up "milkmen."