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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Not to be outdone in
enterprise by the mere dailies, GRIP has se-
cured—at enormous cost—correct portraits of
the noted “Sluggler” and “Bull Pup” of
Rat Portage—characters made famous by the
Mail. The sketches are entirely reliable, as
they were secured by our special artist on the
spot, and just after the knocking out of John
Norquay, *alias* the “Caretaker.”

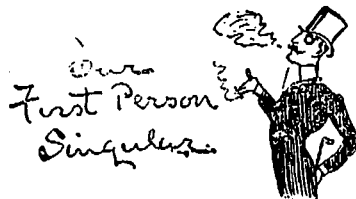
FIRST PAGE.—The question of co education
is again to the fore. Our Provincial Univer-
sity authorities maintain their opposition to
the entrance of ladies, and when all the chaff
is blown away, their argument amounts to no-
thing more nor less than that conveyed in the
cartoon—that whereas, girls and boys may de-
corously study side by side, young men and
women have so little sense that they cannot
be safely placed in the same class room.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The coming questions for
our political leaders are the Bible in the
Schools, and the Preservation of the Sabbath.
In these vital matters is bound up the charac-
ter of our nation, and if the people are true
to their best interests they will tolerate no
trifling with either. Meantime there is a fine
opportunity for statesmen who profess to be
Christians to show their faith by their works.

TO WOULD BE CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

J. F. B. GANANOUE.—Your poem came to
hand and now fills a long felt want—in the
w. p. b. Try sleeping on the left side. Read
what the learned Dr. Delauney says: “Sleep-
ers frequently compose verse or rhythmical
language while they are lying on the right
side. This verse, though at times correct
enough, is absolutely without sense.” We
think you must sleep on your right side.

All too true. Photographer—Don't like
your picture? Why, you couldn't have a
better likeness. Brown—That's just what's
the matter, confound it!—*Boston Transcript*.



They were “mashers” first and then
“Dudes” we called these silly men,
Once more fashion takes a whim
And the dude becomes a “slim.”

Moses Oates says we will have a mild win-
ter.—*Ec.* Thanks, Mo, but if I recollect
rightly you also remarked that we were going
to have a hot summer this year, therefore—

I hear that Kaiser William has been asked,
by those high in authority in this country, to
make Gen. Luard a colonel of an Ulhan regi-
ment, and then compel him to ride through
the streets of Paris in the uniform of his
corps. This is a strategetic move, and unless
the gallant field officer takes the precaution to
throw a militia towel over his tunic before he
starts out he will probably fare as roughly as
he speaks to his brother officers. I hope the
German Emperor will do as he is requested.

Mr. Charles E. Courtney says, “John Brister
is ready to wager \$5000 that I can make better
time for three miles on dead water than any
living man.” Well then all I've got to say is
that Mr. Brister puts the cart before the
horse, or else Courtney has misunderstood
what he said, which probably was that he
(Courtney) could make better time for three
miles on living water than a dead man, or else
that he could beat a dead man if he could
muster up pluck enough to row a good sound
corpse.

A man has to be very cautious nowadays,
when he is reading a newspaper, if he doesn't
wish to be sold. Let him, then, if he desires
to keep his temper, before starting to peruse
the account of “A Marvellous Adventure,” or
“A page from a Detective's life” or some
such thing, cast his eye cautiously down the
column and the instant his eye lights on the
big B in Bright's disease, or the large R in
Rheumatism, one of which the article will be
pretty sure to contain, let him say “Ha, ha;
not bitten this time,” and chuckle in glee that
he is not the victim of a patent medicine ad.

I am glad to see that Boston is still to the
fore in matters of culture and aristocratic be-
havior and so forth. This will be acknowl-
edged by all who read the following para-
graph from the *Boston Gazette*:—“A tiny—
very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable din-
ner the other evening, and when he was placed
on the table a howl went up from the as-
sembled rank and fashion surrounding him.”
There now: there's a picture. A tiny—very
tiny pig standing up in a bed of Marshall Neil
roses, surrounded by some of Boston's nobility
and aristocracy, all except the pig—“howl-
ing.” The “Boston howl” will be the next
society caper, see if it won't.

After the treatment to which King Alfonso
was subjected at the hands of rather mouths of
a French mob, Sergeant Bates had better
think twice before he carries the Stars and
Stripes through that country (as he is said to
be thinking of doing), the politeness of whose
people (as lately evidenced) has been prover-
bial from time immemorial, whatever that
means. If the French kick up such a hulla
ballo at the sight of an Ulhan tunic (for it ap-

pears that it was that garment and not the
king they objected to) what in the name of all
that's wonderful would they do if they be-
held a man in one of our own militia forage
caps just as it is first served out and before it
is blocked into shape? The sight would prob-
ably throw the highly nervous messieurs into
convulsions, and I shouldn't wonder at it.

I think that the authorities ought to pro-
hibit boys from crossing over the new bridges
of the O. & Q. R. R. now in course of con-
struction in Rosedale. Last Sunday I saw
several lads skylarking on the two narrow
planks which serve as a walk for those who
desire to cross, at an elevation of 100 feet,
seemingly regardless of the fact that a false
step meant nearly certain instantaneous death.
They cannot have been good boys or they
would have been killed to a certainty. None
but bad boys should be allowed on these
bridges; and then if they do get killed, which
is very improbable, they won't be so badly
missed. I was surprised to see the reckless
way in which some citizens tripped across the
airy two foot way, for I had seen the same
gentlemen on the preceding Saturday, and at
that time a twelve foot sidewalk was far too
narrow for them.

No sooner has my system partially recovered
from the shock sustained in learning, through
the columns of a talented co-tem, that Shake-
speare is a greatly over-rated man, than
another of the idols I have worshipped from
my youth up is shattered, and I am compelled
to believe that Sir Walter Scott was no good.
Mark Twain says so, and that ought to settle
it. It might be amusing, were Scott still
alive, to hear his opinion of the writings of
Mr. Clemens. If Waverly, Ivanhoe, The
Lady of the Lake and the rest were bosh,
what is the Prince and the Pauper? If the
author of *Marmion*, *The Antiquary*, *Monas-
tery*, etc. etc., did, as Mark Twain says he
did “measureless harm; more real and lasting
harm, perhaps, than any other individual that
ever wrote,” what good result has been effected
by the efforts of the author of such a work as
Tom Sawyer? However, I don't think many
people will be strongly influenced in their
opinions of Sir Walter Scott by anything that
a man of Mark Twain's calibre can say, and
probably the lovers of Scott will still continue
to admire his works though the person whom
the production of a few volumes of light and
ephemeral literature appears to have sapped
dry, declares he is not “what he is cracked up
to be.” As for the “lack of humor” with
which the Northern Wizard is charged, I hon-
estly think there is more genuine humor, but
of a nature too refined to be appreciated by
the ordinary American mind, in St. Ronan's
Well alone, than in the *Innocents Abroad* and
all the rest of Mr. Clemens' works put to-
gether.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

THEY VISIT LONDON IN THE BLOOMIN' BUSH.

Well, GRIP, old feller,
Ow are yer, my bloomer? what cheer oh?
Me an my pal, Arry, ave jest come to this cre
kentry, and we thought as ow you'd like to
ear hour himpressions, though we've honly
been hout about two weeks. Well, the fust
thing we done was to visit London, not
London, Hengland, yer know, the metropolis
of the world, but London hin the bloomin
bush. It so appened that me and Arry
both ails from the former place and we
thought as we couldn't do better'n go and
see hour namesake in this bleedin kentry.
Of course we didn't hexpect to see
hanythink like Hold London, yer know, but
I must say we was a bit hastonished at wot we