

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..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardo..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:

Will be issued with the number for..... April 26.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The departure of our gallant volunteers for the scene of the rebellion in the Saskatchewan country was, perhaps, the most stirring event which Toronto has over witnessed. The alacrity with which the noble young fellows sprang to the call of duty excited feelings of infinite pride in all beholders, and the enthusiasm of the enormous crowd assembled to see them off on Monday was never surpassed. The rebellion, meanwhile, has assumed most alarming proportions. The insurgents have been joined by a number of Indians, and it will require vigorous and well directed action on the part of General Middleton to suppress the uprising. That this will eventually be done and that at no distant day, we cannot doubt. Our volunteers are not soldiers by profession, but they are British, and when it comes to action they may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves. In the martial enthusiasm of the moment, the energy of the Government is being nobly seconded by the Opposition. It will be time enough to debate the causes, and affix the blame when the rebels have been subdued.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat's Franchise measure, which is now the law of the Province, is but little short of manhood suffrage. Our esteemed contemporary, the *News*, urged the Attorney-General to go the "whole hog" while he was about it, but this advice was disregarded.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Some time ago Mr. Edgar, M.P., endeavored to get some official information as to the character of the work being done on the Sudbury division of the C.P.R., but, on what struck us as rather a weak plea, this was

refused by the Government. From a private source, we learn that the road in that section is shockingly bad. If our informant is not greatly exaggerating—and we are unaware of any motive he could have for so doing—the attention of Parliament is urgently required. We will be highly gratified if the military expedition passes over the section in question without a mishap.

BEWARE!

We have sometimes had occasion to complain of esteemed contemporaries who reprint matter from these chaste columns without affixing the customary credit-marks. A new variety of the wickedness has just come to our notice, the culprits being, in this instance, the *Glasgow Chief* and the *Birmingham Blade*. Our Scottish friend honors us by copying a piece, to which he adds the name of our editor, who was not the writer; the English gentleman, likewise, copies an article—also the work of *Switz*—but he takes the trouble to remove that gifted individual's name, and substitutes another. These distant fellow-toilers forget that Ravens have sharp eyes. We warn them to be more careful in future.



POPE'S LITTLE GAME.

When members talk of Railway jobs
Pope gently goes asleep,
His attitude betokening
A slumber very deep;
But when the wind has ceased to rage
And calm succeeds the clatter,
He wakes at this particular stage
And asks, "Please, what's the matter?"

APRIL.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

This month takes its name from the Latin verb *aperio*, I open, not because, as poets tell us, it is the month of opening buds and blossoms, for it is *not*, but for the reason that it is necessary for the students of hygiene and health generally to consume large amounts of aperient medicines. Poets will say anything as long as they imagine they have struck on a pretty and fanciful idea, but as a rule they are frauds and the truth is not in them.

People born on the first of this month are said to be April fools. It must not be inferred, however, that all the fools in the world first see the light of day on the first of April. If such were the case it would be found that the day in question was that of the nativity of over six-eighths of the population of the globe.

The amount of profanity that is hatched during this month is most alarming, for it is a period of taking down stove-pipes and of house-cleaning. There is not, possibly, nay,

almost certainly, a humorist in the whole wide world who has not said something execrably funny about stove-pipes. Why the stove-pipe, a seemingly innocent and unobtrusive article, should be provocative of so much profanity it is difficult to see. The jokes born of it probably do more to arouse a man's anger and fit him for everlasting punishment than the stove-pipe itself, which has very little to say in the matter. The horse, a noble animal himself, has been the cause of a vast amount of rascality for which he must be held blameless, and in like manner, we must not execrate the poor stove-pipe because it has given rise to so much bad language on the part of heads of families and would-be funny men who make it a target for the slings and arrows of outrageous jokes which make the readers thereof say naughty words.

The month of April has another opening effect. This is on the eyes of the good man of the house, who has been wondering during the long winter where on earth the many magnificent plaster-of-Paris statuettes, China dogs and other articles of Italian bric-a-brac which adorn his mantel-piece and other coigns of vantage have come from; but when he ransacks every closet and obscure nook in the domicile for his spring garments, the unwelcome truth forces itself upon his mind that the quondam owner of the articles of *virtu* mentioned has borne them away in exchange for his works of art, aided and abetted by his partner for life.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

THE KINGSTON INFANT PHENOMENONS.

DEAR SIR,—I love to encourage the young in the paths of learning, and it is with great delight that I see that two children belonging to the festive city of Kingston are progressing with their reading and writing, and have actually (with the help of dictionaries) composed two letters on Kingston affairs. No doubt their teachers will soon promote them to the "second book." It is sad that ones so young should be so depraved, but they have been seen rejoicing over the lacerated feelings of the damsels and youths they abused. We are told that the youthful blood is warm. I doubt it. These letters were cold-blooded atrocities. Their extreme infancy is their one excuse. The little girl whose remarkable effort, "The Bitter Cry of Criticized Kingston," was last published is doubtless very young, and we must admire the production as being extremely good for a child of six. We can all imagine the boy's letter being written in printing letters and copied from a newspaper.

Dear sir, I have the honor to be,
Yours truly,
AN ELDER KINGSTON GIRL.

The Washingtonians have got their monument inaugurated at last, and every illustrated paper has a picture of Uncle Sam's gigantic toothpick. I can't say I am struck very forcibly with the beauty of G. W.'s obelisk, but it is its height that the Yankees are crowing about. Let them wait till the Paris Exposition, and their Washington darning needle will sink into utter insignificance alongside of the 1,100 feet high ornament that the French are going to run up. Then will the bald-headed old bird of freedom fly shrieking away before the triumphant crowing of the Gallic cock. Yes, they do these things better in France.