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"Grip" Printing and Publishing Co.

To Correspondents.

J. E. Yates, Montreal.—Too local. Try again.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—In the recent debate on the Budget at Ottawa, certain prominent members on the Government side alluded to Mr. Mackenzie's deposal from power in terms which were far less truthful than we ought to expect from good little members of Parliament. These gentlemen declared that Mackenzie and his colleagues were turned out with the brand of ignominy upon them—or words to that effect. Of course it all depends on what you call ignominy. The Grit Government lost office plainly because it would not listen to the public demand for a protective policy. If Mackenzie was disgraced by such a defeat, noble John Maynard also went down in dishonor when he died at the helm of his burning vessel. There is no man in Canada more sincerely honored by Conservatives for his pluck and principle than this same Mackenzie, whatever they may say when "talking" in Parliament.

FRONT PAGE.—The Dominion Government have been graciously pleased, after a vast expense of breath on the part of Premier Norquay (who, by the way, can badly spare any breath) to increase the amount of the subsidy granted to Manitoba. If our pathetic picture of Norquay, endeavouring in vain to make ends meet, had anything to do with bringing about this

happy result—and it is well known that the powers at Ottawa keep a sharp eye on GRIP—we are exceedingly glad of it, and would heartily join in the pow-wow if we happened to be a big Injun instead of a little crow.

EIGHTH PAGE.—At the request of Dr. Orton, M. P. for Wellington, a committee has been appointed to inquire into the effects of the N. P. upon the agricultural classes.

Who Calls?

Ah, who! GRIP would like to know. If he had a list of the multitude who called at Messrs. Pellatt and Osler's office on Tuesday, 28th March, 1882, to take stock in the Qu'Appelle Land Company, GRIP would never cease laughing to the end of the week. For on the list he would have names he would expect to see there, and names he wouldn't. Names he would like to see there, and names he would not like to see. It would be a long catalogue of land grabbers, and yet it would be but a few of them; for how many are there at the North-West?

And all these "callers" were men of muscle. They showed it by breaking the glass in the partitions of the offices, straining the woodwork, undermining the counters, and overmastering the clerks, strangling each other, and tearing the clothes of every registrar to ribbons. And they were earnest men, too! Earnest in being first. Every man was determined to have his name down first, and so they tore the subscription papers into strips that each man might have a fair opportunity. Now when the claims of a great scheme are made manifest to GRIP, and he wants to do his little best to help, say to build an Industrial Home for our street waifs, an Institution of Domestic Economy, to teach our daughters how to keep house, or a hospital for the care of the victims of man's sin and selfishness, he will advertise for those gentlemen who made such a spurt for Qu'Appelle land stock on the 28th March, 1882, and they will come rushing in ready for every good word and work. And Hey! Presto! we shall have all we ask for in no time. But first, GRIP will line his office with cast-iron, take all his doors off the hinges; put mica in his windows instead of plate-glass, and insure the lives of all his clerks to their highest figure.

"Who calls?"—first.



At the Grand Opera House, Miss Genevieve Ward was greeted with large audiences at each performance during her brief engagement. The play "Forget-me-not" has really very little in it, though its title would lead us to expect a great deal. However, Miss Ward is a star whose brilliancy casts a glare over less attractive figures, and though we might sometimes wish she had a little more tenderness of conception and manner, she pleased everybody.

Herne's "Hearts of Oak" ought to draw well. The Bicycle Races at the Horticultural Gardens are a novelty, and if well conducted may prove attractive and entertaining.

He That May Not When He Will.

A STORY OF TORONTO LIFE.

CHAP. I.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

—Dr. Watts-his-name.

"Rebecca."

"Yes, dearest."

"To resume our conversation, for we must not allow the day to pass idly by without improving our respective minds (and furthermore conversation fills up the column beautifully). By the way, what do you think of the anti-polygamy bill recently enacted by the U. S. Congress?"

"There was probably never a time in the history of the nation when legislation of the kind was more imperatively demanded by the public exigencies. The Mormon question has assumed an importance which fully warrants the contemplated action of the government. Do you not think, dear Wellington, that there are crises in the affairs of nations, when the wisdom of the true statesman must supersede the arts of the wirepuller and the demagogue?"

"I quite agree with you, and, as a case in point, would refer to the magnificent Pacific Railway undertaking, which will ere long span our continent with an iron girde, and link the Atlantic with the Pacific coast, pouring the wealth of the distant Indies into the lap of our growing nationality."

Thus in sweet love converse did Wellington Wharndcliffe and his betrothed, Rebecca Maltravers, pass the fleeting hours. How different to the sentimental and twaddlesome commonplaces which too often occupy the minds of young lovers during their interviews. Want of space precludes our publishing the remainder of the report, which principally relates to the Scott Act and the Boundary question.

CHAP. II.

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made."

—Bill Shakespeare.

"She is a glorious girl," said Wellington to himself as he quitted the Jarvis-street mansion in which Rebecca resided, "and the pinkness of her locks is more than compensated by the brilliancy of her intellect, though I hardly agree with her estimate of Sir Charles Tapper. Ah! could I only succeed in overcoming the objections of her father, who has all the prejudice against his daughter's choice incidental to a first-class novel, I should indeed be happy. However, I have conciliated the bulldog and that is a point gained, as the man said when he sat down on a bent pin. I fear Gladstone's position is daily becoming more insecure. I am aware that I have a rival, but the reader is not, and therefore I may mention that his name is Hamlet Bulstrode—a man without a single redeeming quality—he does not even redeem his notes at maturity."

He paused an instant, and drew forth a vellum-covered note book in which he carefully entered the jest for future use. Jokes are a cash article these days.

Little did he reck of the stealthy figure which, enveloped in the folds of a long cloak, dogged his footsteps and noted his every motion.

Wellington resumed his progress, closely followed by the muffled figure, whose threatening gestures seemed to betoken a deep-seated malignity and a vengeful purpose.

"Aha, Wellington Wharndcliffe!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, "the hour of my vengeance approaches, you have made me the object of your a-c-c-corn because I am middle-aged and comparatively bald-headed, but I will be terribly revenged—I swear it—or rather I make a solemn declaration to that effect according to the Act for the Suppression of Extra Judicial Oaths."