

GRIP.

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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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

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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 Blako.....	Oct. 18.
No. 4, Mr. W. F. Meredith.....	Nov. 22.
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No. 7, Hon. John Norquay.....	Feb. 14.
No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee.....	Mar. 23.
No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P.....	Apr. 25.
No. 10, Mr. Thos. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:	

Will be issued with the number for..... May 23.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It looks very much as though the Franchise Bill, now being discussed in Parliament, will become the law of the land without any material alteration. If its purpose is not really what the Grit speakers allege—namely, to secure the perpetual success of the Conservative party—it stands badly in need of alterations. Passing by many minor points that may or may not be objectionable, surely no man who understands the first rudiments of British liberty can approve of the clauses referring to the Revising Barristers. The Bill proposes in effect to place the franchise of the people entirely at the mercy of certain officials who are to be appointed by the Government. Not only are they to be thus appointed, but no future Government can displace them without the concurrence of both House and Senate. This makes it certain that no Grit Government can displace them at all. Then, finally, there is to be no appeal from the decision of these local Czars on questions of fact. Grip has turned this matter over in his mind, and has just one amendment to propose. It is, to let the Revising Barristers do the voting. This would save time, trouble and expense, and would no doubt be satisfactory to the Government. Truly the people of Canada have reason to boast of their British descent, when they allow a measure like this to pass unchallenged!

FIRST PAGE.—When the Dominion Government passed the McCarthy Act they did so under a heavy sense of moral necessity. The Provincial Liquor Acts, according to the Premier, were worthless, and the whole country was at the mercy of the terrible grog-men. The very thought of this was more than virtue could endure, and hence the famous Act, with its army of commissioners to rake in the shokels of the down-trodden trade—for new Dominion licenses. And now, presto! the Act is gracefully withdrawn, being found to be unconstitutional. The rollers go from under Sir John, as it were, and he comes down good and solid on the prostrate form of poor muddle-headed Boniface! The tumble doesn't hurt the lively politician, apparently, but what does his friend the other party say to it? He ought in common justice to get his money back, but will he?

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is safe to suppose that a very large majority of the people of this city and Province are strongly opposed to Sunday newspapers or any other manifestations of business enterprise which, if allowed to develop, would destroy the day of rest as it is at present enjoyed. If newspaper men are permitted to carry on business seven days in the week, there can be no logical reason for prohibiting any other branches of trade from enjoying a similar privilege. Men and women of all religions, and of no religion, feel and know this, and they also know that the seven day's work system brings about a state of things most damaging in every respect. The battle is being fought just now in Toronto, and thanks to a Chief of Police whose heart is not in his duty and never was, public opinion is likely to be borne down and ultimately vanquished. Chief Draper is never so efficient as when he is down South shooting alligators.



"Pinafore" was successfully put on at the Grand by the Toronto Opera Company the first three evenings of this week. Mr. W. J. Dill was in charge of the affair.



The Major, Mr. E. C. Rutherford; The Duke, Mr. A. B. Brodick. A splendid performance may be confidently expected.

"Patience" is to be given by the Harmony Club on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 1st and 2nd. Mr. E. W. Schuch will direct the music and Mrs. G. Morrison will act as stage manager. The piece is cast as follows: *Patience*, Miss Robinson; *Lady Jane*, Miss M. C. Strong; *Lady Angela*, Miss Walker; *Lady Ella*, Mrs. E. D. Boswell; *Lady Saphir*, Miss Parsons; *Bunthorne*, Mr. H. R. F. Sykes; *Grosvenor*, Capt. Geddes; *The Colonel*, Mr. G. S. Michie;



The Toronto Quartette Club brought a successful season to a close on Friday evening by a fine concert of classical chamber music, given before a large audience at the Normal School Theatre. The performers were Messrs. Bayley, Haslam, Martons and Jacobsen, assisted by Herr Rentz (violin), of the Buffalo String Quartette, and Mrs. Caldwell, soprano. The programme was a choice one, and its rendering evoked hearty demonstrations of pleasure. In the course of the evening Rev. Septimus Jones spoke a few well-chosen words of congratulation on the successful establishment of the quartette in Toronto, and on behalf of our music-loving citizens thanked the artists for their unselfish devotion to the good work they have taken in hand. Mr. Robert Marshall was present to enjoy the realization of his active efforts, and his pleasure was manifest to all beholders. GRIP congratulates the club, and wishes them a long reign of prosperity.

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SONS' clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.

THE WARD MAIDEN'S SONG TO HER SOLDIER.

My Billy's gone away,
With his pack upon his back
To sleep on prairie hay
And live upon hard tack,
While he lies upon his blanket in a tent—
I'm afraid he'll find it hard
When he's standing out on guard.
Oh! he said he wouldn't leave me,
But he went
Oh! he looked so spruce and fine
With his bearskin on his head,
As he stood so straight in line,
In his belts and tunic red;
And his sharpened bayonet glistening in the sun.
And if he meets old Riel,
He will make him feel the steel,
Sure I know my darling Billy'll
Take the bun.

My Billy is so bold,
I'm afraid he'll be too rash,
And if he gets a hold
Of a rebel he'll make hash;
And the ugly Indian savage he won't spare.
And then, old Pie-a-Pot,
If he once has Billy got,
It's just as like as not
He'll raise his hair!

Just to think my Billy's curls
Should adorn an old teepee,
At the thought my poor head whirrs,
For when he'd come back to me
He would be as bald as Bismarck in Berlin.
Then I s'pose I'd have to rig
My bangs into a wig,
But the boys would say, "I twig,
That's too thin."

But still I do not care,
If he only does prove true;
If his heart goes with his hair—
Oh! whatever should I do,
If he casts his young affections on a squaw!
And become an Indian chief,
Or a painted red-skin thief,
And live on buffalo beef,
And eat it raw!

Yet still I never fear
That my Billy will come home,
Like a valiant Grenadier,
From the muddy prairie loam,
His loving Margaret Ellen's heart to cheer.
At the station we will meet,
And so proud I'll walk the street,
With my darling gay and neat
Grenadier!

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.