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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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THE ELECTION GRIP.

We have still a few copies of the Election Number of GRIP, which will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c.

Comments on the Cartoons.



SAVED—BUT ONLY JUST.—The perilous voyage of the Governmental balloon has ended without absolute disaster to the political aeronauts. They have reached *terra firma*—thanks to that trusty grappling hook, the N.P.—but they have lost most of their sand, and have had their nerves considerably shaken up. Sir John, it is said, is reckoning upon a good majority, but in this the old gentleman is certainly astray. He may consider himself lucky if he has a bare working majority—and in view of the ticklish questions that are shortly to be on the order paper, such a majority must be a large one.

PLAYFUL OPENING OF THE LOCAL HOUSE.—The Ontario Assembly opened for business on March 2nd. The debate was characterized by more than usual good humor on both sides of the House and we join the *Globe* in hoping that the good feeling will continue throughout the session. The spectator who gazed down upon the chamber, however, and marked the hopeless minority of the Opposition, could not but be impressed by the feeling that Mr. Meredith's joviality was not so much that of the late Mr. Tapley, as that of the mouse which consents to join in a little hilarity with a friendly cat and her kittens.

STRAINED "RELATIONS."—The Retaliation Bill has passed the American House and Senate, and is now ready at the President's hand to be used at that high potentate's sweet will. If we understand the position of affairs aright, Canada is expected to desist at once from all further attempts to vindicate her fishery rights, or to take the consequences which may ensue from a species of legislative bull-dozing on the part of our big neighbor. Dear old Uncle Sam, compose yourself. We don't want anything we haven't a perfect right to, but we're bound to have that, Ingalls or no Ingalls.

"SOME men are born great." Yes, but how some of them do shrink!

THE LION.

CEASE braggarts all thy silly prate,
Cease from thy strife and battle;
We brook not here within our state
Such silly infant's prattle.
Ye both are sons of brave old men
Who fought for England's glory;
Who helped to build my empire when
Each brick was red and gory.
Ye ought to have a pride to know
That though of different birth,
Our Kingdoms now, united, grow
The bravest men on earth.
Let Ireland still her shamrock hold,
Let Scotland keep its thistle,
And while each country pays her gold,
The rose will sit and whistle!

W. H. T.

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

MONTREAL, Feb. 19th.—The census of the city recently completed shows the population to be in round figures 186,000. This was somewhat disappointing to many, and it is certain the figures would have been larger if the time of census-taking had been postponed till the month of April, when we usually have a very large floating population. April is our month for floods.

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MR. GEORGE MURRAY tells me he has given up smoking cigarettes. He has given up writing poetry, thus breaking off two bad habits "at one fell swoop."

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ARCHBISHOP TACHE is here, and is not in the best of health. It is said his eyes are troubling him. It is to be hoped the holy see will not be affected.

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THE ice palace is the most prominent reminder we have of the recent carnival. It is a beautiful architectural effect, and the frieze has been very much admired.

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THOSE who are not in favor of Canadians being knighted claim that the title "Sir" should be written \$ir; such as \$ir Geo. Stephen, \$ir Donald Smith, \$ir D. L. McPherson, and others.

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THE abattoir question here is an important topic of discussion. It is a difficult problem to meat.

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THE Montreal *Herald* is a C.P.R. organ, a Liberal organ, a Knights of Labor organ, an Independent organ, a Mitchell organ, and with the result that it is really a hurdy-gurdy and horribly out of tune. Peter Mitchell discovered Turveystone, and the latter has been discovering Peter Mitchell ever since. He says Peter is a trump. Granted, but he is a trumpeter.

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A BLUE NOSE here lately speaking on the situation in Nova Scotia, said it was a coal day when they got left.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs, rather sneeringly; "why the word itself conveys its own meaning." "Does it?" "Well, really I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?" "Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"