

WELL, how comes it then that we have to work all day and many of us far into the night? Not because work is a blessing in itself, but just because the comparatively few favored mortals who own the earth (without giving anything adequate for the monopoly) keep the keys of the storehouse, and scoop into their own coffers the lion's share of what labor brings forth. What GRIP would like to see Oliver Mowat turn his powerful mind to now, is a Bill to compel the Early Closing of Landlordism.

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"THE news from Ottawa is of less interest than usual," said Scratchly, the other day. "Yes, so I observe," sadly replied Scrapely, who has a deposit in the P.O. Savings Department. "Sir Charles proposes to reduce it from 4 to 3¼ per cent. News of less interest, just as you say."

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THE Eastern war-cloud (ting-a-ling-a-ling) is rising above the horizon once more. Premier Tisza thinks it 'tisza sure thing that Hungary will have a set-to with Russia before long. We warn the Czar that if this thing goes on much longer GRIP will feel it his duty to advocate the wiping out of Russia as a public nuisance.

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THE jury aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid, do further present:—

"And we do further find that there are at the present time five female and three male lunatics confined in the gaol—one of the females being there since 1885. We think this to be a disgrace to our common humanity, more especially in a Province as rich as Ontario is, and when we could, by very little extra outlay of money, have our present asylum accommodation enlarged."

This is the expression of a coroner's jury in London. They are cruel and unkind to poor Mr. Mowat. Perhaps they don't know that the entire energies of the Government are just now bent upon scraping together enough money to buy a new flag for the Parliament House flag-pole.

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THE Mining Commissioners have been appointed; and will go to work at once. We are pleased with the personnel of the Commission. John Charlton is a safe man and will do nothing wreck-less; Bell, of course, is sound; Merritt,—what more need be said of this gentleman? Nothing could be more appropriate than that the report should be in the form of a Blue-book, hence Archibald of that ilk is secretary, and the fifth member is Coe—a graceful termination of the firm name, Charlton, Bell, Merritt, Blue & Coe.

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SOME wild-eyed Southerners are over here trying to secure the extradition of Adam Morris, a respectable colored gentleman, who fled from Savannah, Georgia, because he had so far forgotten himself as to strike a white man who had grievously assaulted his (Morris') little boy. The Southern officers of "justice" merely want to put the refugee in the chain-gang for life, or perhaps lynch him. Of course, they won't get him. Col. Denison has got his Union Jack wound round the poor fellow, and any Southerner who takes him has got to walk over the Colonel's dead body, and slay every gallant lad in the Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers, and Governor-General's body-guard to boot. This is a British country, this is!

PLAIN TALK WELL MERITED.

DIGBY BELL and De Wolff Hopper, both "leading" comic opera comedians of the day, have been contributing to the New York *World* their personal experiences as "gag"-makers, and their literary efforts fully justify the following caustic allusion by Adam Clark, a writer in the Washington *Hatchet*:—

In an age which seems well-nigh "actor-mad," an age wherein the most trivial word or action of the strolling player is chronicled and "chestnuted" *ad nauseam*, the disillusion of these Thespian confidences comes none too soon. Let the fool-girl of the period still hug to her tailor-made bosom, as she will certainly continue to do at all events, the portrait of that darling Bellew or that adorable Kelcey, along with her matinee caramels, her pet dog and her programme. But if any one says in your presence that slang, vanity, coarseness, vulgarity and folly are not inseparable from some of the dearest idols of the petted and pampered profession, tell him boldly that you know better—you have read "Bell on Topical Songs" and "Hopper on Gags," a great light has entered into your soul, and you are aware that the actor is sometimes quite as much of an ass as all too frequently he appears.

(Drawn for Grip.)



NAT. HIST.

Lady Teacher.—Tell me now where these animals are to be found—the lion, the tiger, the monkey, and the cat?

Small Boy.—Please miss, lions, tigers and monkeys is in the Zoo, and cats is found on our back wall.

THE "GLOBE" TO JOHN NORQUAY,

(MAY 9TH.)

NORQUAY, dear Norquay, come over to us,
The doom of the Tories is rung;
You know you are really a Grit, you sly cuss,
Tho' old John A.'s praises you've sung;
You've fought for your Province for all you were worth,
Tho' alas, you've been on the wrong tack,
Tom Greenway is waiting to give you a berth—
So Norquay, dear Norquay, come back!
Come home, come home, come home,
Oh, Norquay, J. Norquay, come home!