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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
two years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 7,000 and
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
readers every week. Intending advertisers will
do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The British North
America Act vests a power of veto over Local
measures in the Central Government, but it
was never intended that such power should be
used tyrannically. Neither did it contem-
plate that the Central Government should be
at liberty to usurp the functions of the Local
Houses in matters specified as exclusively
under local control. The B. N. A. Act conse-
quently never intended that any Dominion
Premier should deal with the Provinces as our
present illustrious First Minister is doing.

FIRST PAGE.—HON. T. W. Anglin has duly
entered upon the duties of his new "place."
His principal chore will be the feeding of the
political pig with good Grit swill, with a view
of having it fat and docile "agin the next
election."

EIGHTH PAGE.—They have now an Opera at
the Zoo, performing the light operas—"Pina-
fore" amongst the rest. The Zoo, by the way,
is getting on famously, and promises to be a
great success this season.

VOL. XXI.

Immediately before the coronation of the
Czar, an immense stir was observed amongst
the assembled nobility and swells in the front
yard of the Kremlin. Soldiers and policemen
fell back before the approach of a tall, gen-
tlemenly-looking bird, clad in plumage of the

glossiest and most eminently respectable
black, and wearing on his breast the Order of
the Maple Leaf and Canadian Thistle, who
was pushing forward through the dense masses
of military towards the spot where the Auto-
crat of Russia was standing, quaffing long
draughts of 'vodki' and soda, and surrounded
by royalty, nobility, and gentry of every de-
scription.

"Who can he be?" asked the Czar, with
some trepidation in his tones, "and what is
that he is carrying? Sneezowitch," he con-
tinued, turning to a distinguished military
officer, "don't let him approach our royal per-
son till you find out who he is and what he has
got." "Aye, aye, sir," answered the general,
and the glossy bird was pounced upon and the
package he carried wrested from beneath his
wing.

"Out upon ye for dastard knaves," he cawed
in hoarse, angry tones. "An' ye know not me
from a Nihilist, beshrew me, but methinks ye
are but knaves of little wit; odds-boddikins,
but an' I had ye in Adelaide-street—" "By
the cut of his jib," whispered H.R.H. Alfred,
R.N., "I took him to be a parson, but his lan-
guage is unclerical. Who art thou, fellow?"
he said, addressing the bird.

"Who are you?" yelled the other aristo-
crats, and the Czar, taking a long and strong
pull from his vodki flask, joined in the general
query and asked, "Whosipoff artwitch thou-
ski?"

"Why, you precious lot of duffers," scream-
ed the bird, "I'm GRIP." At this the air was
filled with crowns, coronets, tiaras, plug hats,
and Derbies, and terrific cheering ensued.

"I'm GRIP," continued the sable visitor,
"And I was bringing you the first number
of my TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME, published a
few days in advance for this occasion; but I
feel strongly inclined to return to Toronto, see-
ing how I have been received."

"Behold Sneezowitch," roared the Czar,
"and knout every one who dared to impede this
genial bird. Despatch Hotwiski and those
who took his book from him to Siberia, and
give me the package. Bah! what care I for Ni-
hilists now I have GRIP? Come here, old fel-
low, and give my wife a kiss." GRIP obeyed,
and embraces, hugs, and so forth were show-
ered upon him by the princesses, duchesses,
etc., etc., present.

"Put my name down for fifty copies, and a
dozen GRIP-SACKS when they come out," said
the Czar.

"How much is the subscription?" demand-
ed the cautious Dook of Edinbrog. He was
informed.

"Let me have it for six bob and throw the
GRIP-SACK in, and I'll take it," he said.

"We already help to keep you, your R. H.,"
retorted GRIP, "but if you're hard up you
can have the paper and GRIP-SACK free."

"Them's my sentiments," rejoined the gal-
lant mariner, twanging a few bars with his
fingers on his fiddle. "Send 'em along."

Every one present put down his or her name
as a subscriber, and shortly afterwards Mr.

GRIP departed, leaving a handsomely got-up
copy of the first number of the XXIST VOLUME
of GRIP in the hands of Sandy Romanoff; and
he now presents copies of the same to his many
admirers everywhere.



A reader of the Mail writes us to know if
the Diet of Worms might be called an Anglin
Banquet.

Why doesn't some paper ask whether the
Orange Bill isn't Bill, prince of Orange?

Mrs. Livermore says: "Alone, man grovels
and woman cannot rise, but together, like two
birds with one pair of wings, they soar heav-
enward together." Ha! there is food for reflec-
tion in this.

The Hamilton clergy have decided not to
take part in funerals on Sundays. This is
right, and if people can't time the hour of
their "shuffling off this mortal coil" so that
they can have a week day to be buried on,
they had better not die at all. But some
people are so presumptuous, and will go on
dying, just to spite the parsons, who are com-
pelled to bury them on Sundays this hot wea-
ther.

Strikes of every description have been very
prevalent during the past year, and now—no,
nothing about baseball—those two Indians
who whang the hours out of the bells in front
of that clock store on Yonge-street, are re-
ported to have struck this morning. They
say their time wasn't properly kept.

Being in the humor for advocating the pas-
sage of new and beneficial laws, we wish to
have one made to do something with the
married women who eat gingebread snaps and
crackers in bed. If such a law cannot be
built, we offer a piece of plate to the man who
will invent some kind of cracker the crumbs
of which will get soft when lain upon, and
not convert themselves into engines of torture
in comparison with which the thumbscrew
and the rack were provocatives of hilarity and
mirth.

Our readers will kindly overlook any errors
in this number of GRIP, as a German band has
insisted on serenading us every day this week
at our busiest time. It was the trombone that
knocked us out; but the performer on that
instrument will play no more. We read some
poetry contributed by R. W. P. to him, and
he died—willingly, blowing one last, dull sick-
ening thud on the trombone as he passed
peacefully away.

It is with deep gratitude that we announce
the fact that some of our peas and beans, sown
six weeks ago, have at length made their ap-
pearance, though we could wish they had
not come up double leaved, as they have—
about a foot apart. What has become of the
missing links is known only to our neighbors'
poultry. We are discouraged, but not cast
down; still we shall give up gardening here-
after, and go out of the business of feeding
other people's chickens.

A youth, to whose homely but substantial
garments the hayseed fondly clung, and in