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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 *Globe* has un-  
 earthed a—mare's nest or a scandal: it is im-  
 possible as yet to say which. The charge,  
 briefly, is that the contractors of section B.,  
 C.P.R., have been contributing vast sums to  
 help the Government in the elections, in re-  
 turn for which the Government have granted,  
 or intend to grant, them corresponding privi-  
 leges and emoluments. The *Globe* is threat-  
 ened with a libel suit, and declares itself anx-  
 ious to appear in court. More of this anon.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The last person we ever wish  
 to see sent out as Governor-General to Canada  
 is a prince of the blood. Royalty is rich food,  
 and we have had all we can stand of that  
 commodity for a long time. Good average  
 blue blood is all we want, and therefore Mr.  
 Gladstone has our thanks for quietly snubbing  
 the aspirations of Prince Leopold to "serve  
 his crown and country" by coming to Rideau  
 Hall, and sending us his lordship of Lansdowne  
 instead.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Reform party up to  
 the hour of going to press continued without  
 a shadow of a policy beyond the miserable  
 Micawberian programme of waiting for some-  
 thing to turn up John A.

"Mr. Isaacs, can you tole me vere vas the  
 first diamond?" "No, Mr. Yawcobs; vere  
 vas it?" "Vy, Noah's son on der ark; he  
 vas a Schem of der dust water."—*Boston Com-  
 mercial Bulletin.*

**ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.**

DEAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE  
 DROUTHY.

"I came across this quotation a few days  
 ago," writes Politician, "and should like to  
 know what it means and to whom it applies:

'This kind of legislation  
 Don't pay, so here's my resignation.'"

The quotation occurs in a poem composed  
 by one Hugh de Brass, temp. Charles II., and  
 is supposed to apply to the resignation of the  
 leader of a great political party, who, finding  
 himself and followers out in the cold, thought  
 it best to retire into the obscurity of private  
 life. The name of the party referred to was  
 the 'Gryttans'—a corruption of 'Cretans,' a  
 people whom Paul of Tarsus seemed to hold  
 in slight estimation, if his own words con-  
 cerning them mean anything: "They, the  
 Gryttans, once held power but were ignomi-  
 niously expelled, and passed their time in griev-  
 ing over their fallen greatness, and hurling  
 maledictions at the heads of their victorious  
 opponents." The full quotation from which  
 your words are taken is

"The anti-patriotic Grytz  
 Were nearly frightened out their wits  
 When their great leader, Sandy light  
 In session stood on's feet one night,  
 And said, 'This kind of legislation  
 Don't pay, so here's my resignation.'  
 The Grytz calmed down, chose, as their  
 leader,  
 The next best to the great seceder,  
 And placed the laurels on the head  
 Of the utilitarian Ned."

There are still some Grytz in this country,  
 though it was believed, on the 22nd of June,  
 882, that they were nearly all extinct, as it  
 was an extremely difficult matter to find one.

INNOCENT wishes to be informed whether  
 the Weights and Measures Act is recognized  
 as a just one.

By the customer, yes; by the seller, no.  
 The latter, possibly on the score of consan-  
 guinity with the good folk on the other side  
 of the line, have arithmetically analyzed  
 the question as appertaining to unknown quan-  
 tities, and frequently use the following table:

13 ounces make 1 pound.  
 94 lbs " 1 cwt.  
 17 cwt " 1 ton.

This is used as dry measure, from tea to  
 coal, especially the latter.

112 cubic feet make 1 cord,  
 and nothing will persuade a wood-dealer to  
 the contrary.

2½ gills make 1 pint.  
 3¾ quarts " 1 gallon.  
 1½ gallons " 1 peck.  
 3½ pecks " 1 bushel.

The latter measure is called the "Farmer's  
 Fancy," and is extremely popular. A couple  
 of hidden men, one fat saloon-keeper, or a few  
 specimens of the geology of the neighborhood,  
 greatly assist in the weighing of hay, straw,  
 etc. Other changes are made as ingenuity  
 and the apparent verdancy of the purchaser  
 suggest.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a certain  
 man, when the subject was broached. "What  
 more rights do they want? My wife bosses  
 me, our daughters boss us both, and the ser-  
 vant girl bosses the whole family. It's time  
 the men were allowed some rights."

Patti says that "music belongs to heaven  
 rather than earth." A great many of us will  
 have to defer hearing Patti sing until we reach  
 heaven, where she will not charge five dollars  
 for a reserved seat.—*Norristown Herald.*



The season at the Grand is being brilliantly  
 closed by the performance of Mr. John T. Ray-  
 mond in his new play "In Paradise." The  
 situations of this piece give the comedian even  
 more scope for his peculiar talent than his old  
 part of "Col. Sellers," and as a consequence  
 the performance may be truthfully described  
 as "a perpetual laugh." Take the opportuni-  
 ty of seeing Raymond before the curtain goes  
 down for the season.

Mr. Thompson's Standard Opera Co. have  
 returned, and are giving the 'Pirates of Pen-  
 zance' at the Pavilion in a manner never be-  
 fore surpassed in this city. Miss Walsh proves  
 to be a capital soprano, possessing a sweet,  
 clear and well-cultivated voice; Mr. Hatch,  
 the tenor, is very captivating, and the other  
 soloists are far above the average. The com-  
 pany will continue with us through the sum-  
 mer, with occasional trips to the adjacent  
 cities, and in the course of the season it is  
 the manager's intention to produce 'Patience,'  
 'The Sorceress,' and other popular comic  
 operas. A little bird whispers that we may  
 perhaps see the first production of a new work  
 by this company before long.



The young 'gent' with tight 'pants' who  
 says bo-kay, is very frequent just now.

Regina, N.W.T., is going ahead with light-  
 ning like rapidity, and a bank teller there has  
 already embezzled \$4,000. Such evidence of  
 prosperity and civilization cannot fail to be  
 gratifying.

'Whiskey-merchant' is the new name adopt-  
 ed by some papers for a grog-shop keeper.

A Hamilton paper heads a paragraph "The  
 silent dead." That's the sort of dead people  
 we like; if there is anything that annoys us  
 and makes us want to get up and do something  
 violent, it is a noisy, garrulous, overbearing  
 corpse.

"The grooms are brothers and so are the  
 brides," is the way the Boyle Roche of the  
*Guelph Mercury* speaks about a recent double  
 wedding here.

"The Merry Duchess,' the new comic  
 opera by Sims and Clay, and of which Fred  
 Archer, the jockey, is the hero, has proved an  
 immense success at the Royalty Theatre, Lon-  
 don. The play is replete with puns and racy  
 hits."—*Exchange.* We quote this for the sole  
 purpose of saying that any play having a  
 jockey for a hero ought to be replete with racy  
 hits.

A curious test, says the *Boston Journal*, for  
 determining whether a person has negro blood  
 in his or her veins or not, is as follows; a negro  
 has no division in the gristle or cartilaginous  
 substance of his nose, such as all of pure white