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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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.

OUR RULE.

We invariably credit all selections and contribu-
tions.

All other articles emanate from the editor-
ial staff of GRIP.

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
several years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 6,000 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 Orange Incorpora-
tion Bill has received the six months hoist,
and the brethren are consequently in open
revolt against Sir John and the Government.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John has brought in a
Bill in which he extends the electoral suffrage
of the Dominion to women—a measure of re-
form which, if carried to a successful issue,
will be the crowning achievement of his career
as a statesman. The ladies, who naturally an-
ticipated a long, hard fight for the ballot, will
be as much delighted as surprised if they ac-
tually get it without striking a blow.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Peter Mitchell, M.P.,
has been declaring in the House that the N.P.
has been of no benefit, so far as his constitu-
ency is concerned; whereupon there has been
a commotion, as it is unprecedented for a sup-
porter of the Government to speak in this
fashion. The fact probably is that Mr. Mitchell
never did believe in the N.P.—for he, like Sir
Leonard Tilley, Sir Chas. Tupper, and the
other Lower Province men, lived all their lives
in the faith of Free Trade or Revenue Tariff,
and only converted themselves at the eleventh
hour for political purposes.



Jokes about maple sugar should be sent in
not later than the 23rd inst.

Mr. Blake and his more prominent followers
voted solid against Orange Incorporation. It
is now in order for the French Bleus to walk
across the House and take seats in the true
Conservative party.

An Arkansaw newspaper, the *Lincoln County
Lance*, in a news paragraph, says, in all good
faith, that John Howard Payne, author of that
grand old song, Home, Sweet Home, died in
New York the other day and was buried with
great honors.

It is with deep gratitude that we thank the
Philadelphia Sunday Item for the information
that Sir Walter Scott wrote "Lalla Rookh."
One by one the Americans are removing the
delusions under which we have been laboring
for so long. Thanks, *Item* of 15th inst.

Among "household hints" in an exchange
we find the following: "If the chamber carpet
is dusty, throw snow over it and sweep quickly
and thoroughly." As June and July are
months that are usually very prolific of dust,
this hint will probably come in very useful.

Still no sign of the coronation of Aleck of
Russia coming off when advertised, though the
Peterborough Examiner urged the advisability
of the ceremony taking place some time ago,
and as much as hinted that it would be the
proper caper not to postpone the affair any
longer.

Local freight rates on the C.P.R. at Winni-
peg have jumped from \$8 to \$14 per car on
building stone—"and this," quoth the corres-
pondent, "is but the beginning of sorrows."
Now what the Government needs to do, is to
send up a strong detachment of "Mark Tap-
leys," to teach the people how to extract the
fun from this sort of thing.

Apropos of the discussion at present going
on between several of the States of the Union
as to which contains the nicest girls, we sub-
mit the following:

"Missouri girls are sweet; we'll strive to show
No soury misses come from state of Mo.;
The reason why their sweetness all surpasses
Lies in the fact that they are all Mo.-lasses.

"If illness is the cause of his retiring from an
arena which, with his instincts and habits,
must be to him what the water-washed towers
and brine-born air of Venice were to the young
Foscari, our regret deepens into a pang. The
blood-horse self-strained falls in sight of the
goal." This is not a gleam of moonshine on
the prairie, but a little clipping from Mr.
Davies' *Leader* on the retirement of Sir Chas.
Tupper. It expresses our sentiments to a T.

We take this opportunity of requesting
those post office employees, who read our
Pecks, *Sun*, and other American exchanges be-
fore placing them in our drawer, to be kind
enough to occasionally lend us those papers
for half an hour or so before they peruse them,
as we like to glance over them occasionally
ourselves on the morning of the day of their
arrival. We shall be happy to return our

papers to the employees alluded to as soon as
ever we have had a glimpse of them. There
is nothing hoggish about us.

In the *Hamilton Spectator* of the 12th inst.
a reporter piles on the agony pretty steeply in
describing a detective's wedding in that city
on the 11th, and assures us that the sun was
"coilyly commencing to climb above the west-
ern horizon," on that day; we are not told
how high old Sol had risen before he discovered
his mistake and skipped over to the east and
began "coilyly climbing" over again, but
nothing wrong was observed about his move-
ments around here, and we should doubt the
veracity of the reporter's statement had it ap-
peared in any other paper but the *Spec*.

An exchange says, "Neither Babylon,
Rome, Athens, or any of the other much-boast-
ed cities had a decent house drain, a gas jet,
a door bell, a grate, or knew how to make oyster
soup. You didn't lose anything by waiting."
Don't know about that. Where there were no
drains, gas jets or bells there would be no
plumbers, gasfitters or bell-hangers, and where
oyster soup was unknown the probability is
that church social oyster stews of one fish and
a half to a pint of juice were never seen; so,
on the whole, the advantages and disadvan-
tages are about evenly balanced.

In reply to "Oiborn" who writes to ask
what classes of people are permitted in Can-
ada to put a cockade on their flunkeys'
hats, we would say that no one under the
rank of a retired second-hand clothes deal-
dealer can do so with propriety, though
we believe there is no law governing the
matter in this country. An editor's coach-
man is entitled to his master's cast-off trousers,
and can legally claim them if it can be proved
that his employer has a second pair; the in-
ferior male menials of newspaper men are not
bound down by any law as to what they should
wear, but may assume the cockade in their
hat if they choose.!

Nearly every paragrapher on the American
continent has had something to say about that
body that was recently dug up at Pompeii, and
each has tried to explain why its hands were
placed on its stomach; some ascribing cucum-
bers as the cause, others favoring the idea of
boarding house and restaurant pie, and so
forth. The antiquarians have now discovered
that they were in error as to the position of the
hands of the late Pompeian, and that those
members were really placed behind the body,
a little below the small of the back. This
strengthens the conviction we have always en-
tertained, that the corpse is that of a youth
who had just had an angry interview with his
girl's old man. As the vital spark, however,
was quite extinct when the gentleman was dis-
covered, no really reliable information can be
hoped for from the party himself.

The *Hamilton Tribune* of April 13th quotes a
biographical sketch of John Brown, the Queen's
late henchman, from the *Court Circular*,
which is made to say, "In 1749 Mr. John
Brown entered the Queen's service, and by his
careful attention, steadiness, and intelligence
he rose in 1858 to the position of the Queen's
personal servant in Scotland, which in 1864
was extended to that of constant personal at-
tendant on her Majesty on all occasions."
Thus are integrity, honesty and nationality
(when it is Scotch) ever rewarded. Here we
see a poor uneducated man rise in one hundred
and fifteen years to a position of trust in a
royal household. This example should encour-
age us to lead better lives, and who knows but
what, in another couple of hundred years or
so, we might have charge of the key of the
royal beer collar too. Ah!