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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Gilbert and Sullivan's
new opera, *Iolanthe*, lots in a flood of light on
the secret of Sir John A.'s success as a states-
man. There can be no doubt he is the coun-
terpart of *Strephon*, whose powers were due to
his fairy origin. At all events he exercises as
irresistible an influence over the Lords and
Commons as the operatic hero is credited with
doing—and our Canadian Peers can most truth-
fully sing the chorus about "carrying every
bill he may wish."

FIRST PAGE.—The editor of the *Mail* should
be cautious about slinging around his eru-
dition in the columns of a daily paper. His
reading on the subject of hairdressers is no
doubt vast, but the publication of the facts of
the noble origin of that worthy class may have
a bad effect on some hitherto obliging trades-
men by making them feel "uppish."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The movement for the
union of the various branches of the Methodist
body is still going on, and is pretty certain to
result in the accomplishment of that design
very shortly.

A WRINKLE.

A gentleman at a theatre sits behind a lady
who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me,
madam; but unless you remove your hat I can
see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him.
"Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove
your hat something unpleasant will happen."
Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on
his own hat. Loud cries from the audience,
"Take off that hat! take off that hat!"
Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes
it. "Thank you, madam."

The difficulty of distinguishing a "society
swell" from a waiter, owing to the similarity
in dress, is causing trouble in New York city.
The waiters are exceedingly annoyed over the
matter.

THE LAUREATE'S LATEST.

DEAR MR. GRIP:—I send you copy of my
new poem. I am beginning to think I made
a mistake in my figures in my estimate of the
number who returned from the Valley of
Death. Somebody blundered, at any rate, for
since I wrote the "Charge" I have been ac-
costed by fully 1015 veterans who took part
in that memorable event. They must have
been there, for I do not think the British sol-
dier capable of uttering a falsehood. More-
over, every man Jack of them suffered from
the effects of the Russian gunpowder smoke,
which made them so terribly dry to this day,
that all they wished for was something to
drink my health with.

Yours fraternally,
ALF. TENNYSON.

THE NOBLE LEGION.

Down to the valley of death,
Sweeping like a stream of fiery lava;
Rode six hundred warriors, history saith,
At Balaklava.

Six hundred gallant braves the saddles sat in,
Bent on earning death or deathless glory;
Shouting, the few of them who could quote Latin,
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

Those gallant hearts in whom their country trusted
Rushed on the Russians, and, rushin', the Russians
busted.

There in that gory vale,
In two shakes of a lamb's tail.

To that scene of slaughter and devastation,
With headless Russians strewing their gory track,
Six hundred troopers rode: at a moderate computation
About two hundred or one-third of them got back,
(Or so we used to think in days gone by;
But now, methinks, that figures sometimes lie.)

When shall their glory fade?
Never!

What, never? Never!

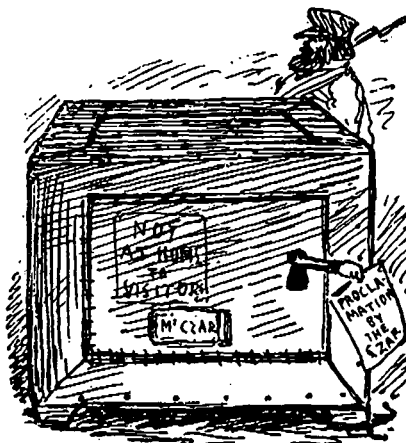
Why not?
Because those survivors will live for ever!

Death, who rides the pale white steed,
Has failed to lay those warriors low,
Their cord of life he cannot sever.
And, if we credit what we read,
Then men may come and men may go,
But they live on for ever.

And when I meet a warrior grim
And hoary,

And get a chatting unto him,
He'll point to mutilated limb
And spring that story,
That old, old tale,
Which ne'er grows stale—
Of reminiscence gory—

Of Balaklava, and the charge they made,
He and his comrades of the Light Brigade!



ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 7.—The Czar's mani-
festo in reference to his coronation says:—
"We are determined not to perform this
sacred rite until the feelings excited by the
crime to which the late Czar, a benefactor to
the people, fell a victim, have had time to
calm."



The Canadian Shorthand Society is arrang-
ing with Miss Churchill, of Boston, to give an
elocutionary entertainment under their auspi-
ces next month. Miss Churchill's impersona-
tion of "Widow Bedott" is pronounced by
press critics to be a superb piece of acting.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest comic opera,
Iolanthe, which has met with such immense
success whenever performed, is now being
presented at the Horticultural Gardens by the
Rice Opera Company, a performance taking
place each night this week with Saturday
matinee. Mr. J. F. Thomson, the manager,
has spared no pains nor expense in fitting up
the stage and proscenium and in making all
the alterations which are necessary to a thor-
oughly good representation of the work.

MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY ACT.

"THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW."

Impecunious Husband to Wife (who has prop-
erty)—As a last resource, my dear, I come
to you to see on what terms you will discount
a small bill for me to pay the quarter's rent.

Wife.—Well, I'll let you down at 40 per
cent., but remember, if you fail to meet the
bill at maturity, I have it in my power to make
a bankrupt of you, so consider what you are
about. (*They retire to dinner.*)

ADVICE TO THAT SYNDIC.

Oh? Mr. B—h, oh! Mr. B—h,
Pray tell us that 'tis not the truth,
As things would seem to indicate,
That twenty-four good men and true
Reposed their confidence in you,
And joined you in a syndicate.
And now those men who in you trusted,
Declare their confidence is busted:
Up, up, your honor vindicate!
Give up those stamps without a sigh,
Before you eat more humble pie
Than ever any Syndic ate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Can you account for the milk in the cocoa-
nut?" CYNTHIA writes to ask. Partially, my
dear, partially. Several theories about this
matter have been sprung by other philoso-
phers besides ourself, but the one which seems
to us to hit the thing about right is that it was
not a milkman to whom the construction of
cocoanuts was entrusted.

LEDGER says:—"I want to be a leading
member of society and hold a prominent posi-
tion in the church. Will you map out a course
of life for me by following which I may attain
my desire?" If you want our advice you must
make a clean breast of things to us. An open
confession is good for the soul. Now, how
much are you going to let the bank in for, and
what will be the amount of our "divvy" if we
undertake to advise you?

"Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "Here's dat
\$10 what yer lent me about a year ago."
"Brudder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de
course what yerself is now takin'. 'Fore de
Lawd I neber expected ter git dat money again,
an' I'd dun thought I had gin the money ter
yer." "Ef dat's de case, Uncle Ben, I'll jes
put it back inter my pocket. I always make
it a rule neber ter disappoint a man."