



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.—Last week we had the pleasure of publishing a cartoon on the subject of the New Dominion License Act, and in connection therewith we remarked that, if passed in the form in which it left the hands of the Committee, the measure would be satisfactory to the temperance public,—that is, to those who are not in favor of any extension of the liquor traffic. It is our unpleasant duty this week to record several injurious changes in the Bill during its passage through Committee of the whole—changes which may be traced directly to the influence of the Licensed Victuallers' Organization.

FIRST PAGE.—The last gun of the local general elections is soon to be fired in Algoma. The leaders of the Legislature are awaiting the report. Mr. Meredith is all composure; Mr. Mowat is more or less agitated. GRIP does not pose as a prophet, but these attitudes are probably significant. Wait and see.

EIGHTH PAGE.—His Holiness the Pope has forbidden the faithful, clerical and lay, to contribute further to the Parnell testimonial, or to persist any longer in overt resistance to the British Government. It is now a question of Pope or Patriot. While thousands of good Catholics will instantly obey the Father, it is questionable if the ultimate result of this interference will be beneficial to Imperial interests.

Pressed for time—mummies.—Ez.



Those Hamilton *Spectator* and Dundas *Banner* men need not imagine that, because they are beautiful, they are consequently the only ones that are so.

We understand that the London *Advertiser* has published a map of Egypt or somewhere. We have not seen it, but we have seen some previous efforts of the *Tiser* in the map line, and such being the case we are very joyful that we haven't.

"Very full neck ruchings are in vogue."—*Fashion Journal*.

We advocate ruchings and have no objection to seeing them moderately full, but one that gets full to the neck is no gentleman and should be ruched without delay, or sent to Roosher. Oh!

We consider, and we hope justly, that it is an insult to Canada and her people, that the best thing the Old Country could do for her, is to send out a Petty Fitzmaurice as her new Governor-General. We should have preferred a large Fitzmaurice, or at least a medium-sized article, but a petty one: bah! our soul recoils at the thought, and smashes all the windows in the neighborhood.

Last Monday will probably long be remembered as the brightest, most genial and beautiful spring day that has ever struck Canada. It makes us poetical and bosomically tender when we think of it. The birds sang—in other climes than ours; the blossoms blossomed—on that tall policeman's nose; the sun shone.—as Longfellow beautifully remarks:

"Be still my heart and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

All of which shows that this may be "rote skarkastical," but that there are spring poets lurking around who will rise up in their might some day soon and astonish the waste paper baskets of this country. Let them rise, but please permit the sun to do so sometime.

Those 'unco guid' folk who have been in the habit of decrying George Peck's now famous Milwaukee Bad Boy as a youth who is doing so much to demoralize the rising generation, ought, if they read of his actions as set forth in last Saturday's *Sun*, to immediately take a seat somewhere as far back out of sight as possible, for anything that the horrible youth may have done before that, must be redeemed by his conduct on the occasion referred to. Gentlemen of the melancholy and elongated physiogny, instead of running down that boy and his doings, try and be a little more charitable after this, for he has proved himself a hero, and if you more nearly resembled him you would do well. But perhaps after all there is no such boy.

Speaking of Tugs of War, the St. Catharines *Journal* says:—"This seems to be a popular game instituted by the police forces of Canada. A few days ago it took eight full-sized Hamilton peelers to bring three drunken roughs to the cells. The act did not show much tug of warism."

The St. Catharines *Journal* errs in this case, though it is usually as near the truth as village papers generally are. It is not with a desire to bring disgrace on the profession we adorn, but a love for that veracity which has ever been our distinguishing feature, which compels us to give the truth. Instead of "three drunken roughs" please read three newspaper men, as was the fact, and it will be seen that it was a wonder that eight policemen could ever get them there at all. Tut! tut! Eight policemen indeed! when we get that way we knock them out one after the other just as fast as Mitchell placed poor Sullivan *hors de combat* the other day.

CHARADE.

My first is a kind of significant grasp
Much in vogue amongst secret societies,
Which their members employ as their hands they clasp,
And of this there are many varieties.

My second's a name for the bounce or discharge
As clerks and employees can tell you,
And my whole is a thing, neither little nor large
Which for twenty-five cents we will sell you.
ANSWER ON SEVENTH PAGE



ISABELLA GORDON.

In the village of Todmorden, near the deep and flowing Don,
Dwelt Miss Isabella Gordon, who used to live in Vaughan,
She was tall,
She was stately,
Indeed, all
Admired her greatly,
Especially one young man who entirely was gone.
On Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She moved not in society, nor was she *de bon ton*,
But noted for her piety was this young girl from Vaughan,
She'd recite
Lovely sonnets,
Dressed in white,
And whew! her bonnets
Were the envy of the maidens fair whose bright eyes
looked upon
The bonnet of Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She could write such pretty verses of the sacerdotal sort,
Rhymes for children's nurses, or critiques upon "high
aut."

Each fine day
Might be seen,
On her way
To the green
And mossy banks adjacent to her aunty's spacious lawn,
Miss Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She would work such pretty mats and pincushions for
bazaars,
She'd exhort the wild young flats to avoid all tavern bars
She was sweet,
She was nice,
At her feet,
In a trice,
She brought down all the bachelors from Markham, King
and Vaughan,
For they doted on Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the
Don.