



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Boat is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Richard Cartwright, without intending the least unkindness, has succeeded in putting Mr. Blake in an embarrassing position, by bringing the question of Canadian Independence up for discussion. The trouble with the Opposition leader is, that so far as he has expressed himself in the region of "speculative politics," he has identified himself with "Imperial Federation," as opposed to Independence or Annexation. To be sure, Sir Richard's references to the subject were not particularly definite, but they were decided enough to draw forth hearty applause, and show that the Independence idea touches a responsive chord in the Canadian heart. It is also well known that many other Reformers as prominent in the party as Sir Richard Cartwright, have a leaning in this direction, and the question may be brought into the domain of the "practical" sooner than most people anticipate. The Reform Party is on the hunt for a strong policy, and it may be found that Independence would prove a safe plank in the platform. In that case what is Mr. Blake to do?

FIRST PAGE.—Perhaps the general effect of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech was to improve that gentleman's position in the minds of Reformers. It is an open secret that he has never been really popular with his adopted party, a misfortune which is usually attributed to his aristocratic bearing, which again is said to arise from his conceit. It is not always just to judge a man by his clothes or his manner, and it is quite possible that beneath Sir Richard Cartwright's natty garments and dudesque demeanour there beats a heart of genuine liberality. But it will be hard to convince the world of this while he continues to make such mistakes as to name himself in brackets along with Mr. Gladstone, as he did on the occasion of his speech here. In the words of a stalwart Grit of the city, "he might have let two or three names come between."

EIGHTH PAGE.—Norquay and Miller have gone home with their Bill of Rights in their pocket and their fingers in their mouths. Their mission to Ottawa failed as dismally as usual, and now the country may prepare for a Nor-West blizzard. The next act on the programme is an appeal to the Imperial Government for secession.

HELLO, MATHEW!

The mosquito is upon us.
Picnics and familiar ants and sour custard pies, and light pants and other concomitant abominations loam up in the adjacent future.
The taxes Juggernaut is grumbling louder and louder right in our tracks.
Our semi-centennial and country cousins come on apace.
Cartwright is firing off political orations, designed to save the country even if they do kill off the people.
Eggs keep dear.
This year's crop of comets won't be an average one.

The *Globe* has lost Tupper.
No reliable antidote for young onion malaria is yet in the market.
House-cleaning is over and everything is bewilderingly new about the place, including the hired girl.
Say, Arnold! where's all that sweetness and light of yours, anyway?

PASSING SHOW.

Herr Joseffy, the great pianist, will give a recital at the Pavilion during the first week in June.

Miss Fanny Kellogg and Liberati, the famous cornet player, have been secured as attractions for the musical entertainments in connection with the Semi-Centennial.

"In the Ranks," a fine specimen of melodramatic composition, abounding in brilliant scenery and startling situations is being played at the Grand this week. It affords a capital evening's enjoyment to all who have a taste for stage realism.

Claxton's Orchestra is to start on a Canadian tour early in June. We can assure our friends in the provincial towns that they will find the Orchestra well worthy of patronage. Our favorite soprano, Miss Aggie Corlett, will accompany them as soloist.

The Zoo is open for the season, and boasts several additions to its already large collection. It is to be hoped that the effort now being made to provide better accommodation for this popular institution of our city will meet with the success it deserves.

Mr. Warren, who is to give an organ recital at Bond St. Church on July 4th, is ranked as the greatest master of the instrument in America. It will interest Torontonians to learn that he is the eldest son of Mr. Warren, the well-known organ-builder of this city. Don't fail to hear him.



INJURED INNOCENCE.

Policeman.—Now, then, I've got my eye on you!
Small Boy.—Who's goin' to set off a fire-cracker?



Welland canal tug-men have formed a union. And why not? Is union less with them than with other branches of labour, a question of tow be or not tow be?

And so Ruskin is not coming to America. I rather fancied it would be so. After this, perhaps the *Globe* will be more careful as to whom it dubs "a mere helpless scold."

When a friend of mine read the other day that it had been satisfactorily established that the lark was not an early riser, he exclaimed: "Alas and alark-a-day!" But perhaps I should not have disclosed the fact that a person of his propensities was actually a friend of mine!

A Texan county is enjoying a visit from "a swarm of hungry locusts, nine miles long," with all that the news implies. I can only account for this measurement not having been made the even ten by the supposition that the item is sent by a truthful reporter who cannot lie even to the extent of one mile—or, at least, who cannot lie even.

Apart from the three columns of signatures to Messrs. Gooderham and Worts counter petition; aside from the wealth and influence of this great firm; altogether unincorporated in the cogent arguments of "your petitioners;" to the great, the grand, the unique circumstance that first in the list of seven hundred names stands that of—John Smith! Is it any wonder the appeal to the city council proved irresistible.

British Associated Press correspondents often make queer mistakes, intentional and unintentional. I wonder which of them, and for what reason, made the funny mistake of transmitting a despatch in which Chinese Gordon's Parliamentary champion, is called plain *Mister* Hicks-Bench? That is the way in which it appeared in the *Globe*, at any rate; and of course no one is prepared to make the able news editor responsible for the "mister."

It is the fashion among bicyclists to boast a duly appointed surgeon. The feelings, not to mention the profits, of the gentle doctor who has been unanimously appointed surgeon to an able-bodied bicycle club, can better be imagined than described—that is, of course, when he assumes the duties at so much the whole job. If I was a distinguished medical man and had my choice between acting as contract-surgeon to a bicycle club or a baseball team, I would unhesitatingly say, "send me out as an army doctor to a regiment on active service!"

Sometimes it is the case that a man can boast riches and friends together without finding that they both travel in company, coming and going. General Grant in his present misfortune, will cheerfully certify to the possibility of this. The nation has retired him on full pay, for one thing. For another thing Van-