



The greatest beast is the Ass; the greatest bird is the Owl;
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Fool.

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COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



KIGHTLY CHIVALRY IN CANADA—We regret to observe in some quarters a disposition to sneer at Canadian knighthood. It is pointed out that Sir Oliver Mowat has nothing about him suggestive of the days of chivalry, and that he is in all respects utterly unlike the romantic worthies who sat at the Round Table in King Arthur's court. This is unfortunately too true. The fact is that the Grit party furnishes very poor material for the manufacture of knights. We don't know why

it should be so, but such appears to be the case. It was no doubt this consideration which decided Brown, Blake and Mackenzie to decline the honor. They knew they would fall ridiculously short of the ideal of knighthood, and Mr. Mowat would no doubt have followed their example, had it not been for the pressure of his colleagues. But, for some equally inscrutable reason, the Conservative party is fortunate in the possession of men who are fitted by nature to wear the insignia of this order. According to the story-books, a knight was always a true gentleman, *sans peur et sans reproche*, gallant, chivalrous, and with the most sensitive honor. To see all these qualities in the concrete, look at any of our Conservative knights—Sir Abbot, Sir Thompson and Sir Caron, for example. These noble persons seem to exhale the very atmosphere of the "brave days of old." Every move they make in the tournament of politics is fraught with chivalry. See with what grace they accomplished the steal of the London seat for Carling. Observe with what frankness and virtue they fixed up the Edgar charges so as to make them "explicit"; recall the sternness with which they suppressed Lister's motion for a committee in the Haggart case; and bend an admiring eye on them now as they put the finishing touches on that essence of knightly valor and generosity,

the Gerrymander Act. Find us a Sir Calahad of the olden time who was so recklessly daring that he insisted on having his adversary's hands tied before he entered the combat with him; or a Sir Peveril who ever went back on a friend with finer honor than these three gallant knights have gone back on Uncle Thomas McGreevey. No; it is a mistake to suppose that the days of chivalry are past, or that knighthoods are out of place in Canada. Only the Queen should avoid bestowing titles on such humdrum respectabilities as Mowat, Howland, Cartwright, Dorion, etc., and select only such of our public men as are "to the manor born."

OLIVER ON OLIVER.—"Take away that bauble!" said Oliver Cromwell, pointing to the mace that lay on the table in the degenerate House of Commons. "Er—having taken the matter into my consideration—don't take away that bauble," said our own Oliver, when Her Majesty offered him a title. "My colleagues are of opinion that it is my duty to accept, in order that I may demonstrate to the Canadian people what a genuine knight is."



REMIER ABBOTT has indicated that it is his wish to be addressed hereafter as Sir John. By special dispensation we are relieved of the necessity of referring to him every time his name comes up as Sir John Joseph Caldwell; and for this boon we are duly thankful, because life is short. There will be some difficulty, perhaps, in differentiating the two Sir Johns, who are jointly endeavoring to carry on the work of the departed Sir John, but we will find some way of doing it. The distinction could be made neatly and in a way which would no doubt be gratifying to the Conservative party by using the Premier's initial and calling him Sir John A.

AS to the other Sir John, he is slowly but surely impressing himself upon the country as one of the strongest or most dangerous leaders (as you happen to look at it) that this country has ever produced. He is intellectually far superior to Sir John A. Macdonald, and in the matter of tact and finesse is little if any behind that notable man. On the Opposition side he is credited with a profundity of "shenanigan" and unscrupulousness which quite puts the name of the late leader in the shade; but of course allowance must be made for these critics. The atmosphere between the benches on the right and left of the Speaker is a medium which distorts objects looked at through it.

IT is not often that anything so awfully witty as the following finds admission to the columns of the chief Government organ:

To the Editor of *The Empire*:

SIR,—GRIP calls itself an independent journal, but if you will repeat quickly the following lines you will see how the paper and the "party" are mixed and in about what proportion:

If gritty GRIP should "grip" a Grit, the Grit so gripped would growl; if Grit should grip GRIP in return, how gritty GRIP would howl. Yours, etc., OSHAWA.

The logic, however, is not on a par with the poetry, if the intention is to show that GRIP is unduly kind to the