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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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE- CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

MARY ANNE, Port Cobourg. You are both
wrong, for the flea does not, as you think, get
its name from the fact that it 'flees' away so
quickly, nor is Louisa any nearer the mark
when she says the word 'fleet' is the deri-
vation of the name. You were wrong to bet,
but as neither of you were right, we will put
you so, in order that you may know in future.
The word 'flea' has a strictly classical deri-
vation and comes from the Latin word 'fleo,'
I weep, and the insect is called what it is
because a person feels inclined to weep with
vexation when he jabs his finger on the spot
where the flea was.

JAMES LINDSAY, Gananoque. Thanks very
much for your contribution: We had heard of
the Dude but had not, till beholding your
M.S., seen anything written about him. Now
you have set the ball rolling, probably some of
the papers will get on to the Dude, and we
shall see lots about it. Your article shall be
published—in our 1889 Christmas Number,—
so keep your eye open, and tell your friends
it is accepted.

LIEUT. O'TOOLE, Kingston. Is that the
best you can do?

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—One of the very best
things done by Parliament during the Session
just ended was the voting of an appropriation
for a painting of the Founders of Confederation.
This was a good act in itself, and made
still better by the selection of a Canadian
artist—Mr. Robert Harris—to execute the
commission. Knowing Mr. Harris' ability,

we confidently look for a splendid picture,
and no doubt one of the leading figures in the
foreground will be that of Sir John A. Mac-
donald. This distinguished gentleman cer-
tainly was one of the Fathers of the Union,
but he has apparently forgotten that the basis
of that union was the principle of Provincial
Self Government—Local control over Local
affairs. During the Session just closed several
measures have been carried by the Govern-
ment which undoubtedly interfere with the
unquestionable rights of the Provinces.
Amongst these measures may be named the
License Act and the amendment to the Rail-
way Act. The time seems rather inoppor-
tune, therefore, for Sir John to pose for Mr.
Harris.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Goldwin Smith has deli-
ghted the Grits by writing a letter to the
Pull Mall Gazette, in which he declares
against the Protectionist tendency of Sir. S.
L. Tilley. A while ago he delighted the
Tories by a brilliant support of the N.P. He
explains the apparent inconsistency by saying
that the N.P. was announced as a measure
the one object of which was to equalize
revenue and expenditure. That object has
been more than accomplished, and a further
increase of the tariff is therefore Protection-
ism, which G. S. (a member of the Cobden
Club) cannot approve.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Norquay proposes to
ask his brother Provincial Premiers to meet
him and talk over their troubles, and if pos-
sible arrive at some clear understanding of
the B.N.A. Act, which defines the rights of
the provinces. Such a meeting would be un-
necessary if the representatives of the various
provinces in the Commons had as much
patriotism as the Quebec members display.
Whenever the Federal Government (be it Grit
or Tory) threatens the rights of Quebec,
Blens and Rouges join hands and protest. The
members from the other provinces are a par-
cel of cowards who never think for one
moment of merging party interests in the
larger interest of their native Province.



The Standard Opera Company of New York
are at the Pavilion. They gave "Pinafore"
on Wednesday night, and the actor who said
"Hardly ever!" was not assailed by an in-
furiated mob. Mr. Thompson is making
liberal preparations for a summer season at
the Gardens.

Mr. Sheppard's benefit on Wednesday night
was a bumper, as was anticipated when the
cast of characters was announced. "The
Ticket-of-Leave man" was splendidly done,
with Billy Florence in the leading role. The
Grand will close for the season after next
week's performance.



"Decayed Pumpkin," is rapidly superseding
"Smashed Strawberry," as a fashionable color,
"Sat-upon Cranberry" and "Wilted Spinach,"
are also said to be claimants for public favor.

Now the young man leads his lass
Where their footsteps shall not pass
The ice-cream and the lemonade saloon,
For the songsters of the air,
And the flowers everywhere,
Proclaim the month as bright and leafy June.

There is only one objection that we can
possibly see to the executions of the Phoenix
Park murderers, and that is, that, from their
large number, the crop of "dull thuds" in
the papers will be too terrific for the imagina-
tion to properly realize.

"There is an enormous deficit in the accounts
of the late Mr. Makoff, Russian Minister of
the Interior."—*Ex. Well*, we should think so.
A man with a name like that would never be
placed in a position in which he could handle
other people's money in Canada. Wonder
how much he *did* Makoff with, anyhow.

"Mamma, pray let me, if you can,
Become a godly clergyman
To steer the sinners' steps away
From quicksands whither they might stray."
"My dear, I'd rather that you should
Become a rich man if you could;
So get insured to blows and knocks,
Go forth, my son, and learn to box."

"Dr. Martin and family, of Allentown, Pa.,
are suffering greatly from metallic poisoning,
caused by eating ice-cream last night."—*Ameri-
can Ex.* We do not give this as a piece of
news, but in order that young men may paste
it in their hats to be used when occasion re-
quires. It may save them from a very heavy
ice-cream bill. Understand?

If it be true that every time a man takes a
drink (cheering and inebriating understood)
he puts a nail in his coffin, we can't quite see
how some gentlemen, when they are put into
their little boxes at the end of a lengthy life,
are going to be carried from the house to the
hearse to attend "the last sad rites."—
(*Hamilton Times*.) Nothing but a derrick will
be able to lift 'em.

Will some one of our co-tenns, please rise
and explain why that joke "It is tempus fu-
git were here" has not yet made its appear-
ance? It is due, and in former years, has
been promptly on time, but it seems to have
dropped out this season, somehow. But
whether the joke comes or not it is safe to con-
clude that the "fugit" will. We adore
classical jokes and yearned to clasp this one to
our bosom as an old friend, but we suppose we
must put up with its loss, and another vac-
ancy is made in our list of old acquaintances.

"In the words of Gilbert's *Lord Chancellor*,
this august body 'did nothing in particular
and did it very well.'"—*Oh, corr. Hamilton
Times*. Strange how liable a man is to be
mistaken. Now we could have sworn that
Lord Mount Ararat made use of the above
words, and we fancy W. S. Gilbert himself
intended them to come into that nobleman's
long, but the *Times* says the *Lord Chancellor*,
and the *Lord Chancellor* it must be. The