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The gravest Bear 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.—The wonderful faculty
of "mind reading" displayed by Mr. Stuart
Cumberland is at present occupying a good
deal of attention. It is alleged that the
power in question is, after all, a mere trick,
which anyone may acquire, and we are inclined
to accept this assertion in view of the facility
with which Sir John has been for some time
(through the medium of the *Mail*) reading
the mind of Mr. Blake. It is found that the
Opposition leader's powerful intellect is con-
centrated on the startling subject of "An-
nexation." If we are to believe the mind-
reader, Mr. Blake is a most dangerous em-
bodiment of incipient treason, whose one
single aim is to give Canada to Uncle Sam.
The excitable reader of the *Mail* is cautioned
to remember, however, that as yet Blake is
only an annexationist "in his mind."

FIRST PAGE.—Travellers in Russia are
sometimes driven to desperate straits when
pursued by the wolves of that inhospitable
region. It is said that parents have been
known to sacrifice their children one by one,
by throwing them out of the flying sleigh to
stop the greedy maws of their fierce pursuers.
Sir John and his Orange colleagues appear,
at present, to be in a similarly desperate situ-
ation. The French Catholic party are after
them in full cry, and before the end of the
season it may be necessary to throw the poor
little helpless Incorporation Bill to them.
How it must lacerate the heartstrings of the
glorious, pious and immortal Bowell to do
this! As for the equally glorious and pious
Sir John—he wouldn't think two minute
about it if it had to be done.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The election of a member
for Algoma will finish the Ontario tribulation.
This contest is to come off shortly, and so far
as we can learn, it will result in an easy vic-
tory for the Conservative candidate.



We rise to enquire if it is true that our es-
teemed co-laborer, Joseph Keppler, attended
Mrs. Vanderbilt's fancy ball in the character
of *Puck*—arrayed in a swallow tail coat and a
crayon-holder?

Mr. Blake's new moustache and whisker
give him a decidedly American appearance.
Ha! we have it! This is another outward
development of his Annexation proclivities.
Let the *Mail* man investigate this suspicious
affair.

The great comet of 1882 will not be visible
from this earth again till the year 2670, and it
is a sad and solemn thing to think that no one
now living will see it except a few survivors
of the Balaklava charge. It is indeed a grand
though overwhelming thought.

Riches are not fairly distributed in this
world, but we live in hopes that things will
come all right in time, and that editors will be
able to abscond as well as bank cashiers who
at present monopolise that industry. Dawn,
bright days, and let us have something to get
away with.

The New York *Sunday Mercury* is a splendid
paper and shows great judgment and discretion
in making selections for its columns, but *GRIP*
is touchy, and likes to get credit when credit
is due. This may be one of the "Spring
Emotions," spoken of in the *Mercury* of March
25, but it is a fact.

"It is said of Mr. Barnard, the editor of
Punch, that 'he jests incessantly, has been
twice married, and has fourteen children.'"
—*Exchange*. Well, all we've got to say is that
it is a confounded pity that some of his jokes
don't get into *Punch* occasionally, as it is a
long, long time since anything in the shape of
a jest appeared in that gloomy periodical.

The Boston *Herald* says: "The physicians
of ex-Governor Head, of New Hampshire, re-
port that he is in a critical condition. His
friends hope that he will be able soon to take
a tropical journey." Now, just bear this in
mind, that, when we are sick, we don't want
any such insinuations as that made about us.
Tropical journey, indeed; tropical journey
yourself.

The body of a man, in a complete state of
preservation, was dug up the other day among
the ruins of Pompeii. It crumbled to dust on
exposure to the air, but a piece of parchment
in its hand remained as sound as ever. Several
antiquarians have deciphered the charac-
ters on this parchment, and declare that
their translation is a joke about a plumber.
This should be a warning, but it won't.

Oh! the latest agonies
Of tip-top societies;
'Tis a most peculiar craze,
Strangest seen for many days.

What is that?

Draw a cat.

Draw a little swearing, tearing,
Mussy, cussy, pussy cat.

Draw a cat

Sitting flat

On a mat.

Shoot the cat!



Sir Charles Tupper is taking his departure
from the Cabinet. Already his household
effects have left Ottawa. "Well, good-bye,
Charley," says Sir John, "take care of your-
self." "I never forget to do that, old boy,"
responds the other gallant knight.

A kleptomaniac is a person who is unable to
distinguish clearly the difference between *menum*
and *num*. An exchange gives an account of
a fight between two men, in the course of
which one combatant bit off the ear and nose
of the other. We are unable to see any differ-
ence between mayhem and chew'em, but are
we necessarily kleptomaniacal? There is a
classical twang about this paragraph and it is
at the disposal of any of the College papers.

"Whew! this is hot work," observed Chief
Stewart, of Hamilton, during the Tug of War
between the bobbies of that city and our fel-
lows. "Oh! you'll feel cooler now you've
'crossed the line,'" remarked Sergeant Stark,
as the Toronto men yanked their opponents
across the chalk mark. We had intended to
write a poem on the victory of our men, but
we forgot it till too late. For this and all
other mercies let the public be truly thankful.

The Peterboro' *Examiner* man is angry be-
cause a poet in *GRIP* said that the girls of that
hamlet "pranced and chattered," and he at-
tempts to wither Toronto with a story about
a young lady of that city who visited Peter-
boro' and found herself unable to turn in the
street there (we believe there is only one) on
account of the size of her feet. "A lie that is
half the truth is ever the blackest of lies," and
the *Examiner's* little story comes under that
head. The facts of the case are as follows:—
A young lady from Toronto did visit Peter-
boro'; it was in winter, and a masquerade was
going on at the skating rink, which the lady
was desirous of attending in the character of
the hero of the Seven League boots. She hunted
for five minutes, during which time she visited
every store in the village, but was unable to
find any boots large enough to suit the char-
acter till chance led her past a certain dwell-
ing where a pair of boots were standing outside
the front door; the owner had been compelled
to take them off there, for nothing short of a
miracle could ever have got them through the
door. The young lady borrowed them, and
started in them for the skating rink. Is it to be
wondered at, when the breadth of that street,
which may be compared to that strait and
narrow way, etc., and the size of those boots
are taken into consideration, that she did get
stuck fast?

In his indignation the *Examiner* scribe says
that it is the birthright of Peterborough girls
to chatter. That is all right; Buffon claims
the same privilege for the *simiades*, and, we
believe, rightly. Comparisons are odious and
we don't make any.

Seeing it stated in several papers that a com-
mercial traveller, employed by a Hamilton