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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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

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Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
No. 4. Mr. W. F. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pender..... Mar. 23.
No. 9. Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for..... April 23.

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

We have issued the first number of the
ILLUSTRATED "WAR NEWS," and the
demand for the paper has been tremendous.
Presses have been running night and day, and
yet we were unable to keep up with the de-
mand. We are still printing, and are now
able to supply all orders. The paper consists
of 12 pages, 12 x 18 inches, and is lithographed
in tints. It is our intention to publish the
"War News" weekly so long as public interest
warrants it.

The second number will be issued on Satur-
day, April 11th, and all orders for the first or
second number will be mailed promptly on
or after that date. The price of each number
is 15 cts, mailed post paid from GRIP Office on
receipt of price, or copies can be obtained
from stationers throughout the Dominion.
It is an excellent paper to send to friends
abroad.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The title, "Old Tomor-
row," bestowed upon Sir John Macdonald by
Piapot, has been entirely justified by the Pre-
mier's action in connection with the North-
West troubles. Only after the rebels had
taken the war-path did he appoint a commis-
sion to investigate their grievances, and it is

just a question if the proceeding may now be
of any practical avail. We can only hope that
in this case Sir John's good luck may not de-
sert him.

FIRST PAGE.—It is alleged that some of the
most interesting of the *Mail's* special de-
spatches from the seat of war are got up in the
premises on King-street. It is felt that no
absent member of the staff could possibly
have invented the Indian chief "O'Soup,"
whereas a certain member of the home force is
known to be capable of such acts of creation.
Our sketch is intended to explain the mystery
as to where the despatches in question come
from.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is reported that Sir D. L.
Macpherson is to be made the scapegoat of the
Government in the trouble their North-West
policy has brought about. Sir D. L. has un-
doubtedly been an inefficient Minister, but the
country will not be induced to hold his col-
leagues guiltless by any punishment he may
be called upon to suffer. If there is to be a
cleaning out of dunderheads, Dewdney ought
to go first, by all means.



MR. BLAKE'S PRESENT ATTITUDE.

THE CADET.

The prettiest thing I ever met
Was called a "Gentleman Cadet"—
I don't know what that means—
It stalked, a sweet embodied joy,
In likeness of a pretty boy,
Emerging from his teens.

It went to balls whenever lot,
Of course it was the ladies' pet,
Ca va, mesdames, sans dire,
The darling little trusting souls,
Poor things, he netted them by shoals
With his enticing leer.

His pretty head was dressed in fleecy,
Torn from the backs of martyred geese,
Or lambs, I mean—and so,
Which ever way the darling took,
Like Mary in the story book,
The lamb was sure to go.

The gossips—those "Opinion's kings"
Declare, by this and that, that things
Have reached a pretty pass,
When thus without a single quail
You sacrifice the harmless lamb
To decorate the ass.

The G-e-n-t-l-e-m-a-n C-a-d-e-t, my eye!
A goodly mouthful—sounding! high!
Small marvel one should do or die
In such a title clad.
As brevity's the soul of wit,
Suppose we cut it down a bit,
And in its stead let's dub the chit,
Say—well, the gentle cad.

When e'er his warhorse he bestrode,
His manly bosom fairly glowed
With military ardour.
Not knights alone, but ladies too,
He tilted at and overthrew,
Unhorsed, behended, spitted through,
And hung up in his larder.
No sentiment of knightly shame
Restrained his military flame;
In fact, when ladies were his game
He only smote the harder.

Then he had wondrous store of wit,
And oftentimes the things he writ
Would sore enrage the wights he'd twit—
Bob, Harry, Dick or Tom,
For he had quips and quiddits too;
His jokes appeared both crisp and new,
Until you happened to look through
The book he'd got 'em from.

The hero in the wrestling scene,
With sawdust calves and direful mien,
Why did he snort and blow so?
Well! well! let's cease the point to press,
Here's one who in all kindness,
In language forcible and plain,
Has promptly risen to explain—
Orlando Furioso.

—JOSEPHUS BOUNCER WARMINGPAN.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE SELECTION OF A HUSBAND.

Don't be in a hurry to select. Take time.
Pause. Consider. Reconsider. Turn it over
in your mind, being careful to keep the right
side up. Pause again. Slow up. Put on
brakes. Now take a good long breath and then
re-pause. It may be hard work, but repaus-
ing at leisure is much better than marrying in
haste. In the morning of your days don't be in
too big a hurry to get up and get around. Turn
over and take another nap. It is the peace-
fullest part of the day if you only knew it. Let
the song of birds break in pleasantly upon
your dreams. You will probably have to rise
early and light the kitchen fire when you are
married. Remember it is the early worm that
is sure to be eaten.

When you get to be twelve or thirteen, or
from that to thirteen and a half, and feel as
though you could not possibly wait another
instant, bring all the wisdom of that mature
period to bear upon the principle of natural
selection. Mankind, my dear girl, may be di-
vided into two classes, animal and vegetable.
Some feminine naturalists have claimed the
discovery of a third class called the angel, but
later researches have proved this to be a slight
modification of No. 2 when in bloom.

The animal man in his native state is some-
times difficult to manage, but when sufficiently
tamed is generally tractable, and if rightly
treated often proves a credit to his fair owner.
He may be known by his fondness for a good
dinner, politics, his own opinions, his own way,
the display of his own powers. He frets at
confinement and requires a large range. He is
best when caught young.

The vegetable man does not amount to much.
There is no danger of his running away with
you and breaking your neck or your heart.
He thrives best in a mellow soil on a sunny
spot where the winds of adversity blow but
seldom. He is light and digestible but there is
a lack of ginger in his make up. There is no
snap to him. He is a great favorite with the
ladies, in fact everyone likes him, but he does
not amount to much.

Now, my dear young friend of thirteen or
thereabouts, you will find a great many modi-
fications of these two grand classes, but the
question to which I wish to call the attention
of your well matured intellect is this: Do
you really wish after all to secure a specimen
of either class? There are as good fish in the
sea as ever were caught, but what would you
do with one if you had it?

In this connection let me relate a little story
—a true fish story. Nearly every day last
summer I went out rowing and did my best to
catch a fish. When I could get any one else