



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
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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 at 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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The great International
Fisheries Exhibition has been opened with
royal pomp at London. Canada is well repre-
sented with specimens of our piscaculture.
Had the list of available entries been extended
to queer political fish, Sir Charles Tupper's
visit to England might have been better
timed. He is undoubtedly the best specimen
in our national collection.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John's Committee of the
House have concluded their labors on the
Temperance question, and the result is a draft
bill which appears to be excellent. If passed
in its present form the measure will give
satisfaction to the country, and especially to
the temperance section of the people. The
Opposition leader may well regret that he had
no share in the honor of producing this Bill.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Some members of the House
have signed a "round robin" to be presented
to the Government asking for an increase of
indemnity to the extent of \$500. This is a
peculiarly cheeky move at the tail end of a
session in which next to nothing has been
done. The members are already over-paid, if
the indemnity is to be regarded as wages.
The Tory papers allege that this "round
robin" originated with the Opposition, and
the Grit papers declare there is not an Opposi-
tion name on it. To settle this dispute and
show who the salary grabbers are, let the
document be published.



A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN ART.

(A Studio. Mr. Harris about to begin his
great Painting of Confederation Enter the
Premier.)

SIR JOHN.—My dear Harris, you needn't
trouble me for sittings for that "Confedera-
tion" picture—accept these volumes—they
will give you an idea of my style from every
point of view!

THE BEST MEDICINE.

If your health you feel declining,
If you have, when after dining,
A kind of heavy feeling in your epigastric region;
Or if you feel dyspeptical
In your organ or receptacle
For food, then don't be sceptical,
But learn how all your ills will fly away tho' they be
legion.

The cure we recommend you
For a quarter we will send you,
As soon as it is ready, as ere long it will be;
It will add to your profundity,
And corporeal rotundity,
It contains far more than one ditty.
And the name of it's the GRIP-SACK for eighteen
eighty-three.

NOW BRING PACKED.

A LONG FELT WANT.

It has always been our principle, in conduct-
ing our paper, to leave nothing untried that
we, or our numerous correspondents, could
suggest as likely to render it more suitable for
the Home, the Hotel Bar, the Sunday School,
the Asylum for Idiots, the City Council and
the Penitentiary. Acting upon this system,
we have resolved to establish, for one week at
least, a department of puzzles, under the care
of a competent special editor. On examining
the files of the majority of papers which con-
tain a similar department, we find it is cus-
tomary to offer prizes—usually chromos—for
the first correct solution. We shall adopt the
principle, but instead of a chromo, we offer a
prize of \$100,000 for the first correct solution
of the annexed problem.

PROBLEM No. I.

Given—Nothing. Taken—Long odds about
anything. To find—The money for the prize

Solution, which must be accompanied by an
accepted bank cheque for one-tenth of the
prize, not necessarily for publication; but
merely as a guarantee of good faith, should
reach our office not later than 2.30, as the
banks close at 3, and the train for the States
leaves at 3.15.

In case any solutions are received, no more
problems will be given, owing to the unavoid-
able absence of the puzzle editor.

THE FLAG OF BRITAIN.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF DAYS GONE BY.

CHAP. I.

Reader, didst ever hear the origin of the
Red, White and Blue? Ah! you have; but
the true one? Nay, methinks not, for but
lately has the old, old MS. been discovered
wherein is told in quaint and antique language
how it all came about. The style of the writer
of the MS. is early English, very early English;
long, long before the fourteenth-century Flor-
entine-days. Bunthorne never dreamt in his
wildest and most ecstatic dreams of anything
so old and very early English as the MS.,
which is here spoken of. It was an exceedingly
hard task to decipher its characters and lick
them into some kind of shape, and the vastest
intellects of this day were hired to translate
it into sense at so much per yard, and the
writer of this tale was one of those gigantic
intellects. Never mind, keep your hats on;
he is not proud.

Following is a condensed epitome or resume
or synopsis or anything, in fact, that presents
a great deal in a very little, as a quart of
strawberries in a quart box, which is said to
be the acme-est illustration of *mullum in
parvo* in the world. Have at ye, for the
story.



King Athelstane is seated at the festal board
surrounded by his nobles. Queer-looking fish
some of them, and deficient in the matter of
grammar, yet stout withal, and each with his
halidome in his breeches pocket, (so says the
MS.) under the heavy armor in which the
nobility slept and bathed in those days. The
king himself was very drunk, and so, for the
matter of that, were most of his doughty fol-
lowers, for the Scotch Act was in force in the
county of Wessex, in which all the things to
be related occurred, and it had become a ne-
cessity to keep hogsheads upon hogsheads: of
the nut brown ale and metheglin of those times
in the dwelling of everyone who took his tot—
and they all did.

A fierce dispute was in progress at the time
this story opens, as might be gleaned from the
fierce language of those who sat round the
table. "I say," quoth Sir Egnog Toman-
jerie, "that I can knock the Yankee churl out
in three rounds, and I challenge him to mortal
combat on the morrow." "Aye," roared
Athelstane, hiccupping furiously, "to-morrow
be it: the prosecuting attorney is away after
yonder miscreants who got up the Druidical
Lottery scheme, and the set-to can come off
uninterrupted. Ton to one on Sir Egnog."
"Tis but hill becoming my noble berud to
fight with one of low degree," said Sir Egnog,