



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.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

OSWILDE CARR.—Your poemlet will go in under the terms of your second clause. Hope you're satisfied.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Mowat's limited majority has suffered a still further reduction by the victory of the Conservative candidate in Muskoka.

F PAGE.—The Editor of the *Mail* is undoubtedly a gentleman of education, but his habit of exhibiting his erudition on all occasions is one which no true scholar would cultivate. On the contrary, nothing is more repugnant to the mind of a really learned man than such vulgar ostentation. The *Mail's* editorials, when not devoted entirely to smartly written philippics, are elaborately ornamented with quotations from obscure writers—the evident intention being to convey an impression of wide reading amongst those who never heard of 'Ready Reference Dictionaries for the use of Editors.' This sort of thing places our contemporary in the same category as that pompous old pedant, *Dr. Pangloss, LL. D., and A.S.S.*, and causes about as much laughter as J. S. Clark provokes when performing that celebrated comedy part.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The License legislation foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne has been entrusted to a Select Committee composed entirely of Ministerialists. The Oppositionists at first named for this Committee declined to act on the ground (1) that it is unconstitutional for a Cabinet to appoint a Committee to shape and suggest a Government measure, and (2) that it has not as yet been authoritatively decided that the Provincial Legislatures do not possess the power of legislating on the subject. Sir John Macdonald made no reply to these objections when urged, and it may therefore be inferred that he re-

gards them as sound. If so, it is unfair to allege hostility to the cause of Temperance as the motive of those who declined to serve upon the Committee. Besides, the present Cabinet is admirably fitted in its *personnel* to bring down a perfect License Act without any outside help.

CROAKS.



E are puzzled how to get out of being present at this coronation business to come off in Russia in a few weeks, and to which we, with the rest of royalty, have been invited. We are not afraid; we know not what fear is, and if we did spend the day when Wiggins' storm did not come, in the coal cellar, it was merely because we had heard that corns might be cured that way; but we know that the Russian climate would not agree with us, especially in May, and we are at our wits' ends what excuse to send. We should unhesitatingly practice a little innocent imposition and send our foreman to impersonate us, were not our *tout ensemble* so familiar at all European (police) courts, our general appearance having been said to strangely resemble that of the first Nicholas of Russia, accounted the handsomest man of his day, and the deception would be instantly detected, and the foreman subjected to the knout, an indignity this office could never tolerate unless it was the only way of escaping similar punishment to our own person. We fear we shall be compelled to decline the invitation, however, as our health is important—to us, though by so doing we feel that we shall incur a yearly loss of \$2.00, for Aleck has been a good subscriber and paid in advance for his paper. Things may so turn out that we shall be compelled to strike him off the subscribers' list anyhow, after May next, but at any rate we are in a fix, and do not wish to snub Russia.

"Do not measure a man's intellectuality by the size of his hat; the weight and size of a man's brain have very little to do with his intellectuality," says an exchange, and gives instances of obscure bricklayers with three and a quarter pound brains, whilst those of Cæsar Napoleon, Shakespeare, and others, were all small. It appears to us that the weight of a man's brain and the size of the head of the same individual are very apt to vary at different times, and that the weather or something has a powerful influence on them, for we have experienced it ourselves, our brain feeling all right one day and our hat fitting comfortably, whilst next morning, after attending a press banquet or some such affair which calls all a man's intellectuality into play, we could swear that our brain weighed half a ton, and that no hat of smaller dimension than a forty gallon sugar-boiling kettle could be squeezed on over it. Thus does scientific investigation throw light on obscure matters, and the man with the big head passes away, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

A Brantford lady, writing in *Hearth and Home*, gives a recipe for making pea soup, and advises us to "take a handful of peas," etc. This is very vague, as a Brantford young lady's handful would be about a bushel or so, whilst the most we can enclose in our pearly fin is seven whole peas and half a split one.

The ladies of Brantford have manual extremities admirably adapted for spanking purposes, but as gauges of the amount of any article for culinary use they are dead failures.

We purchased a very neat little pair of letter scales the other day, warranted to weigh as high as two pounds. These machines are too modest altogether, for we weighed half a ton of coal we became the owner of the same day, all at once with them,—every bit of it. How is this?

An Exchange, the western *Figaro*, Plymouth, Eng and, has just got off an "original" joke about our Cavendish. The same bit of facetiousness appeared in a Canadian paper the day after the Phoenix park assassination, but that doesn't matter to an English humorous paper, and the *Figaro* is to be congratulated on the comparatively lightning like rapidity with which it has worked off this scintillation. Why, a whole year has not yet elapsed since the affair took place, and here is an English paper with a full-fledged joke about it already.

Last Saturday's *Globe* published some useful hints for us society fellows on "card etiquette," but failed to tell what is the proper caper for a chap when he is detected with three kings up his sleeve.

"Black silk stockings are now worn for full evening dress."—*Fashion Paper*. Come, come now, this is just a little bit too too, for though we are not so terribly modest and rather fancy the symmetrical proportions of our figure, we'll be jiggered if we go capering round in that costume. Nothing but a pair of black silk stockings! Tut tut; we'll stay at home sooner than pander to the vicious tastes of modern society.

It is rumored that Lieut. Governor Aikins has at last consented to give his guests something strong to drink at Government House, Winnipeg. He has ordered a supply of 'Johnston's Fluid Beef.'

"Senator Bayard started in life," writes a vivacious correspondent, "as a clerk in a Philadelphia hardware store; Senator Beck began as a farm hand, Conger as a lumber hand, Davis, of West Virginia, as a brakeman; Daves as a school teacher, Fair as a bartender, Farley as a coach-driver, Gorman as a Senate page, Jones, of Florida, as a carpenter; McMill as a department clerk, Morrill as a country storekeeper, Plumb as a printer's devil, Sawyer as a laborer, Sherman as a surveyor, and Vest as a reporter." And these men are now Senators! Ah, me, see what drink will do for a man.

The above choice *morceau* appeared in the *Mail's* Gossip Column. Wonder how Senator J. B. Plumb likes it?

FRATER ALFRED, AVE ATQUE VALE.

TO ALF. TENNYSON, AFTER READING HIS LANT.

Row us out from old Toronto, to the Island, boatman,
Row:
So he rowed, and said, 'ere landing, "You a dollar, sir,
me owe.
"A. 'you cannot land, young fellow, till you pay it, no,
sir, no."
So we paid the knave and landed on the isle in summer
glow,
Where beneath no Roman ruins do not purple flowers
grow,
But a dead cat on the beach lay, decomposing, smelling so.
And from out Ned Hanlan's bar-room, from the glitter-
ing crystal show,
Came that "Trust us for a liquor" of the Poet's hope-
less woe;
And the "Non, sirree" of bar-keep, "Non commodamus
bummero."
There we drink the sparkling beer, for who shall pay the
dice we throw:
Gazing at the hoodlum laughter in the bowling shed be-
low,
Sweet Ned Hanlan's too too island, just across from To-
ron-to.