

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Boat is the Jar; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with 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. R. 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. PARSONS: Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 28.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Headmaster Gladstone is in a peck of trouble with the boys in Dame Europa's School. At the present moment his attention is chiefly concentrated on the obstreperous Russian boy—a great, hulking mischief-maker, who is evidently intent on disregarding the rule as to tooting the Afghan line. Alexander appears to want thrashing, and we hope that if it comes to that Mr. Gladstone will give him something he will not forget for several ages. Indeed, Mr. GRIP is inclined to the opinion that Europe would be improved by the abolition of Russia altogether, as that power seems to have no mission in the world beyond grasping for territory to add to the possessions she has proved herself incompetent to govern.

FIRST PAGE.—The old, old story of Protection is being told again at Ottawa. The millers, whose requests it would be fatal (in the opinion of the Finance Minister) to disregard, have levelled their "persuader" at the devoted head of that functionary and demanded an increase of 15 cents per barrel on flour. The very thought of 65 cents duty on this prime necessity of life makes the flesh of the Maritime Provinces creep, and Sir Leonard knows this very well. According to reliable information from the Capital, the astute Minister proposes to get out of the difficulty by bribing the Maritime Provinces members to permit the robbery of their constituents, by lavish promises of "aid" to local objects. We are glad to note that this scandalous proposal meets with little favor. Peter Mitchell denounces it roundly in the terms it merits—and other representatives from the East are reported as "reluctant" to yield. They should come out emphatically in opposition to it, if

they would prove to the country that virtue still lingers in their vicinity.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mayor Manning is popularly supposed to be on friendly terms with the owner of the Grand Opera House, and the latter gentleman in turn has, no doubt, a good deal of influence with the enterprising manager of the Institution. Now it has struck us that Mr. Mayor might request Mr. Manning to intimate to Mr. Sheppard that leg shows and all their attendant evils might very well be dropped hereafter from the programme of the Grand. They offend the susceptibilities of the best friends of the theatre, and their advertising matter is unquestionably demoralizing. Mr. Sheppard naturally keeps his box-office in view in making engagements, and his judgment in bringing such attractions cannot be questioned so far as receipts are concerned. If the gentleman who empties the cash-box is willing to sacrifice a little, *pro bono publico*, we have no doubt his manager would be perfectly willing to adopt the new policy.



THE CHIEF VICTIM.

How comes it that we hear no word of sympathy with our uncle Solomon Isaacs? His business is the one that will suffer most by prohibition! *Compensation for Solomon!*

OH, DAMOZELS! OH, MORES!

[The Rentz-Santley Company had a full house last night. Five ladies present.—Daily paper.]

Of all the males that walk the town,  
I no'er a single one have known  
Whose normal sense  
Was so intense,  
Whose feelings were so quickly hurt,  
As those of Fyfurshame McWirt.

He called it horrid, called it rude,  
When nurse brought him his first-born nude.  
'Gainst low-cut dress  
He warred sans cesse;  
Street urchins clad in pants and shirt,  
Were gall and wormwood to McWirt.

The sight of naked boys who swim,  
The sopping of a female limb,  
And all of such  
Distressed him much.  
At least he so would oft assert,  
And who'd know better than McWirt?

McWirt he scanned the boarding o'er,  
And careful read the words it bore,  
Which loudly spoke  
Of dance and joke,  
And song and maids of scanty skirt—  
Then pondered long and deep McWirt.

"I long have held the present age  
Receives instruction from the stage.  
There's little wrong  
In dance or song  
Or joke," quoth Fyfurshame McWirt;  
"I'll risk the maids who shun the skirt."

The damsels sung, the damsels danced,  
Their limbs in winsome rhythm pranced;  
Their bosoms heaved—  
Will 't be believed?  
No signs of being sorely hurt,  
Betrayed our upright friend McWirt.

Nay, rather did his sparkling eye  
Quite other sentiments imply,  
No hint of bile  
Was in that smile;  
That gentle rippling did begirt  
The cherry lips of McWirt.

His buxom laugh was to the fore,  
First was he in the loud "encore."  
'Twas sadly strange  
To note the change  
In one who was so quickly hurt—  
(Or feigned to be so) as McWirt.

Could you but know what visions fair  
Entrance your husband slumbering there;  
What heavenly sights  
Of maids in lights,  
Your wrath were great, your language curt,  
Oh, Mistress Fyfurshame McWirt!

The morning meal was scarcely done,  
When quoth the wife—"When will men shun  
These evil sights  
Of maids in lights,  
And give applause  
To girls in gauze?  
The world were better, I assert,  
Were half the men like my McWirt!"

PASSING SHOWS.

THE CANADIAN ETCHERS.—The beautiful art of etching is being revived these days, and we are proud to know that Canada is doing her share in the good work. The first exhibition of works by the Canadian members of the Etchers' Association, supplemented with specimens by the leading European masters of the needle, opens to-day (21st) at the Art Rooms, King Street. The collection will well repay a visit, and we hope the artists may be encouraged by a liberal patronage until the closing day, April 4th.

Our Own at Ottawa.

Our Own all broke up—Has Collected Himself a Little—Huggins' Diary Again—Monthly Budget—Figurative Speeches—Athletic Orators—Traps to Catch Premiers.

OTTAWA, March 14.—You have already heard by wire the cause of my silence last week. I was foolish enough to let myself be taken down the slide at Rideau by a greenhorn. We came down fast enough, but it took some time to separate us after reaching the bottom, and to sort out the debris belonging to each. I have barely recovered my usual individuality of feeling—indeed I am not quite sure yet about my nose and a few fingers—but I think I am pretty unanimous now.

I had my usual look at Huggins' diary to-day, but the whole of it for two weeks would be too long—so I only send on the most interesting items.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Budget Speech from Tilley. Brilliant effort of imagination—claims that it costs us no more to pay thirty millions a year of taxes than it did to pay twenty-four millions—says country is prosperous and cotton operatives are enjoying a well-earned holiday after years of productive toil—believes they're enjoying it hugely. Farmers are rich and happy with wheat at 70 cents a bushel, and wool at 18 cents per lb. We spend three times as much on public works as in '78—but it all goes back to the people