



**A Fenian's Grievance.**

The Editor of the *Irish World* invites us to drop an editorial tear over his latest woe. He says John Bull has stopped the circulation of the *Irish World* in the Emerald Isle, and has thus "outraged the postal treaty." He further intimates that a copy of Grip containing our eloquent denunciation of Old Bull for this flagrant act will be forwarded to Mr. Blaine, American Secretary of State, who will in turn fetch our daddy to time. We regret that we haven't a tear handy, but in lieu thereof we give our opinion of the case in the shape of a sketch, and for fear that the *World* man's eyes may be so sore with weeping that he cannot see the point of the picture, we add a bit of explanatory dialogue.

*Irish World to Secretary Blaine (loy):* Av ye plaze, sur, wud yez ripemaand that shpalpane John Bull. Sure, sur, he won't allow me to sow sedition in the soil av me native country!

**Lobster Salad.**

MY DEAR GRIP,



Oh! have, I trust, a firm Grip on to the seat of your pantaloons in your charming caricature of the 30th ultimo; it makes me shudder when I see myself suspended by so frail a thread. But would you be surprised to hear that after all there was no attempt made in the

suppressed edition of the *Mayflower* to which you refer to argue any case pending in the court, but that the injunction was granted to the defendant's counsel on their affidavit made (think of it) in the dead of night that the said edition would contain such attempt at argument.

I may say that there was published in that "suppressed edition" the Bill of Particulars which had been on file and open to public inspection since last fall, the same Bill of Particulars being published in the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail*. My counsel have the matter in hand and will apply for redress.

Your talent, none are more ready to acknowledge than myself, even when I am a victim to your withering satire; but in justice to a heart-broken man, with four-ten lawyers who will cling closer than a tebrother, spare, oh spare me this distortion of facts (which is a mild way of putting it). Pause, Mephistopheles, and consider that not only are the clergy holding protracted meetings far into the night, wrestling in prayer for my downfall, but that the Halifax press formed a ring and refused to do the press-work they have done ever since the poor *Mayflower* ventured to show herself. Cruel, cruel Grip!

F. H. BAKER.

**Grip's Commission on the Great Surplice Question.**

Mr. Grip, in his capacity as lay delegate to the great Synod of Public Opinion in this city of Toronto, has observed with grief the painful inadequacy of his able, but too ritualistic, contemporary, the *Globe's* commission on this all important question, as shown in the report published in the *Globe* of May 9th. Our contemporary is but half-hearted, and has not gone to the root of the matter. Mr. Grip's commission reports the opinions of the really important persons interviewed as follows:—

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Doesn't care whether he wears a surplice or not. He has always something worth hearing to say, and can always make people listen to him.

SIR L. TILLEY.

Highly approves of a surplice. Always has one himself. No; he expects that Sir R. Cartwright would oppose the introduction of such a thing.

REV. DR. WILD.

Has no objection to state his opinion that the men before Adam did not wear surplices or anything else in particular; the "men under the water" did not wear surplices; Egyptian mummies wore linen robes resembling the surplice, which is a good precedent for those who wish to bring back the church to Egyptian darkness.

THE BOSS WASHER-WOMAN OF THE TORONTO LAUNDRY.

Well, them low churchmen is a terror for objection to clean linen. It kind of exalts and sperritizes my religus feelins to see all them dear chore-boys a marchin' round in beautiful gowns, now washed at three dollars a dozen.

HON. E. BLAKE.

Would prefer to see them wear spectacles. But can not consider this or any other thing Canadian prior to the accomplishment of his grand scheme of federation with the moon and the milky way.

SAM KEE, CHINESE LAUNDRY, QUEEN STREET.

Me likee hi' church, he makee plenty washee. Me no likee lo church if he no chin-chin Joe with plenty washee. Maybe how can?



**Fellow Passengers, or the Spirit of the Press.**

G. B.—May I enquire by what boat you propose to sail for England? I am going too, and I thought it neighborly to enquire.

G. S.—Certainly, sir. I sail in the *Circasian*?

G. B.—Thanks. I'm obliged for the information. I'll take the *Polynesian* then!



**What is He Aiming At?**

**Letter about Mr. Davin.**

DEAR GRIPPY,—i am a little wee bit of a girl ony in the secon book, and ma said i might rite you this letter and she told me how to spel the big hard words. I want to say what i think about Mr. Davin and the great fuss he has got up about the lady in Philadelphia robbing him of his piece and putting it in her paper *Quiz*. Well, Mr. Davin first says the piece in the paper is made up from bits taken out of a book he once made, and his name is signed to it. Then he says he never wrote the piece, and he calls the *Quiz* lady a pirate. Now if he wrote the book he must a wrote the piece that was made up out of the book, and when the lady put his name to it that showed she did not mean to steal it. My brother Jim says Mr. Davin is an Irish gentleman, and this is one of his bulls. Yours &c. MRS. M.

**Advice to Fishermen.**

The gay and festive fisher,

So happy now, at last,  
And his wife can only wish her  
Troubles all were past.

For now the house he litters,  
With rod, and lines, and hooks,  
And sundry flasks of *bitters*,  
Crop up in sundry nooks.

With worms he fills his pockets,  
(Men are such nasty brutes),  
And his arms start from their sockets,  
As he struggles with his boots.

He sets off in the morning,  
Before the sun is up,  
Companions always scornful,  
Alone with his bull-pup.

He tramps the country wildly,  
He tears along like mad,  
He can't consider mildly,  
His luck may perhaps be bad.

For hours he chases mullets,  
Eager to decimate,  
And down their hungry gullets,  
He strives to coax his bait.

His hook cuts up his fingers,  
He tumbles in the creek,  
Enthusiasm fingers,  
But it is getting weak.

He longs for just one nibble,  
He hankers for a bite,  
He knows that a very large fil'll,  
Not justify him quite.

And yet he coolly saunters,  
Up town that self-same night,  
The jolliest of jaunters,  
Viewed by his own bright light.

He tells a wondrous story,  
A strangely mar'v'ous tale,  
And it is not long before he  
Declares he caught a whale.

But the world is full of skeptics,  
We are not easily stirred,  
We would soon be apoplectic,  
Did we credit all we heard.

And so our hero's fables,  
Don't pan out worth a cent,  
On him we turn the tables,  
His powers have been mis-spent.

Oh fishermen take warning,  
Don't angle with your lips,  
Be found with truth adorning  
Your piscatorial trips. SCRANTON.