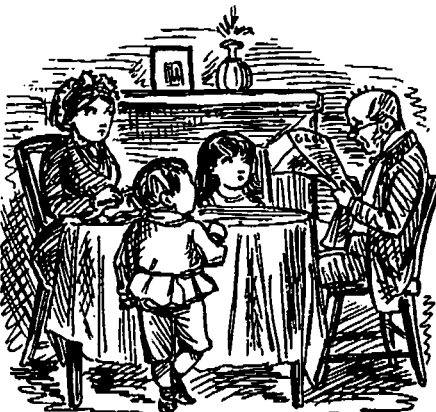




Gull River and the Trent Valley Canal.

The Peterborough Review excuses the brevity of Sir CHARLES TUPPER'S visit to that town on the ground that it was "of the greatest importance that he should get a good look at Balsam and Cameron lakes, and their feeders, Gull and Burnt rivers." In the above illustration Sir CHARLES is taking a particularly good look at Gull river, and judging from the expression of his countenance and the present state of our national finances, he is a mentally soliloquising: "Gull river. What an appropriate name! I cannot conceive of any word which so aptly expresses the true inwardness of my present undertaking; though, when the people around here who believe I am going to build the Trent Valley Canal right away come to realize that I am only on a little pleasure trip, I shouldn't wonder if they were to change the name of Gull river and call it—Tupper!"

If some unforeseen calamity should rob the world of the watermelon, the small boy, the mule, the parental boot and the front gate, the American paragraphers' occupation would be gone.



The Great "Family" Journal.

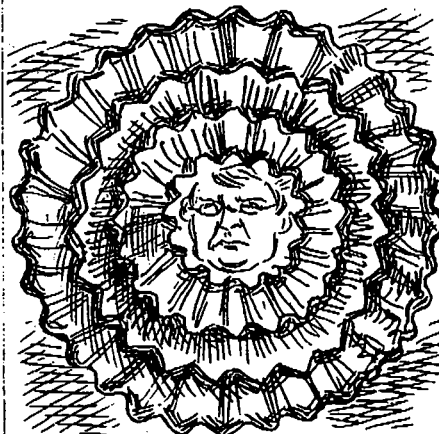
Mamma.—Don't be so selfish, SAMUEL; read out your *Globe*.

Papa.—No, JANE; it's all about the brutal Ryan-Goss fight; it wouldn't do to read it out before the children!

(Similar scene in *Mail* patron's house.)

Royal Selfishness.

Prince LEOPOLD, being of opinion that it is no fault of his that he belongs to the Royal Family, has determined not to allow that unfortunate circumstance to interfere with his pleasure and comfort on his present visit to Canada. He has elected to travel as a private gentleman, without any banquet or address accompaniments. Now, this is very cruel of him. A large section of the Canadian people are burning for a chance to show that they are truly loyal to the British throne, and the constitutional method of doing so is to read and present elaborate addresses to scions of the House of Brunswick. This glorious opportunity will be lost through the obduracy of the Prince, and the world at large may not be convinced that the Canadian people really are loyal. Again, there are hundreds of mayors and councilmen, clad in a little brief authority, whose hopes of doing the grand at royal receptions will be dashed by the Prince's decision. We are afraid His Royal Highness has not taken these matters into consideration. He is said to be a very affable and thoughtful young man, and there is every likelihood that if he was made aware of the serious consequences which this regard for his own comfort may have, he would readily change his mind, and tranquilly submit to the torture which our gushing people would be only too delighted to inflict.



The Conservative Pen-Wiper.

GRIP, ever ready to encourage the growth of industrial art in this fair Dominion, has much pleasure in presenting the above sketch of a neat little article which is at present greatly in vogue in the editorial rooms of Conservative newspapers. It is a new pen-wiper, known as "The Blake," and is said to have been originated by the clever Premier, and distributed to the faithful journalists under the auspices of the Government. Like all pen-wipers, it is intended to be used for cleaning dirty pens, though we understand the Cabinet "instructions" accompanying each one recommend that only such quills as are befouled with personal attacks on the present leader of the Opposition are to be used upon it. Considering the short time the BLAKE Pen-wiper has been in use, it is remarkable what an amount of editorial ink has already been smeared upon it. In fact, a casual visitor to the office of any leading Conservative paper who poked up the article, would hardly be able to recognize the portrait in the centre as that of the honourable EDWARD at all.

Our funny contributor says that when his tailor presses him for that little account, (now several years over due,) he in reply sings the tailor a verse of that beautiful song, "O loving heart, trust on."



Vox Populi.

The old lady is beginning to get agitated, and not without cause. Since our last issue the Press of the country has been talking about little else than the abolition of the Senate. The journalistic followers of the *Globe* are of course *en masse* in favor of the proposition; and, as might be expected, the Conservative organs are nearly all the other way. Time will have to decide the matter, but in the meantime the venerable dame has received unmistakable "Notice to quit."

The Political M. Loyal.

FOREPAUGH'S big circus is coming, as everybody knows, and the dead walls of the city are flaming with gorgeous pictures which delight the heart of the small boy and the elderly deacon alike. Among these faithful illustrations of what is actually to be performed, is a out representing the thrilling act of Mons. LOYAL, who allows himself to be shot from a big gun away up into the air. GRIP takes the liberty of reproducing this picture on his eighth page, not for the purpose of immortalizing the name of FOREPAUGH, but because another great manager is about to perform the same sensational act in the political circus. It is believed (though there are no coloured posters announcing the fact) that Mr. J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON is about to emulate the daring of M. LOYAL. He has proclaimed himself willing, nay anxious to allow Sir JOHN MACDONALD to fire him into the high position of Lieutenant-Governor, and there is every probability that Sir JOHN is going to accommodate him. GRIP only hopes the affair may pass off successfully, and that when JOHN B. reaches the dizzy height he may not lose his head altogether.



Our Cricketers Abroad.

The "spare man" of the Canadian team.