



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Next Week's "Grip."

Pressure on our space has obliged us to hold over several favors from esteemed contributors until next week. The Grip-buying public will then, we hope, have an opportunity of reading, amongst other good things, "The Everlasting Punsters;" "Kizzio; a Drama;" "Face the Music;" "Slashbush on Imperial Federation;" "Domestic;" "The Maiden Margueito," and another letter from our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

To Correspondents.

P. W.—Will probably appear next week.
John A. M-cl-n-d.—Thanks for your very appreciative letter. We imagined our artist had caught your somewhat expressive features pretty accurately, but are pleased that his efforts meet with your approbation. For the rest—Oh! fie! Johnny—the offer is very delicately put, but we must maintain our independence.

Gordon Br-w-n.—Take out your injunction an't please you. You have the letters,—we have the extracts from the diaries, and we must say the extracts are much the racier reading. No wonder you are vexed, but who cares?

Edward Bl-ke.—Good boy, Edward. We knew you would take the cartoon in good part. Stick to *terra firma*—don't banker after the clouds and you'll do.

John J. M-cl-r-n, Montreal.—We refer you to our Specially Impertinent Reporter at the Windsor. If you object to the telegraph-pole-and-hatchet simile tell him so. For all his roaring you will find him as gentle as a sucking dove.

Cheap Cocoa Nuts.



IR SAMUEL sat in a great arm chair
At the Windsor, weary and
triste;
A smaller man would have torn
his hair,
Or broken the pledge—at least.
From afar the wail of a great
defeat
Rang gloomily in his ears—
His eyes were heavy and red,
alas!
And his heart was sick with
fears.

"Why is this thus," he cried in his grief—
"Did we ever vex or flout her?
No, we gave the dimes for the Murray Canal,
Then oh! why has she chosen Crouter?"

Though sad, though bitterly sad, his cup
Not yet was filled to the brim—
For cheer upon cheer rang wildly out
And he knew the cheers were for *Him*.

For Blake, for Blake, 'twas the banquet night,
And the Windsor was all a-throng—
With rapturous Grits—dress-coated Grits—
Grits hungry—short and long.

Then Sir Samuel bowed his head and cried,
"Oh! why is the world so bitter—
I gave these ingrates Cocoa Nuts cheap,
Ah! to cheer for me would be fitter.

"But they leave me here to my musings lone—
Whilst they laud that Blake to the skies—
Oh! they don't deserve—no! they don't deserve,
To feast on cheap Cocoa Nut pies."

But there came a gleam to his weary heart,
A gleam of comfort and cheer—
Of the Carleton contest he thought, and cried
"There is consolation near."

"For I know them well—of my earnest faith
They will ever prove deservin'—
Let the Grits crow now, but their pride will fall
With the fate of Farmer Irvine."

Then, like the great, good man that he is,
He lifted his weary head,

And rung for a cup of catnip tea,
Then sturdily marched to bed.
How oft our lives are weary made
By disappointment's leaven.
Sir Samuel stared—"What! Irvine in—
Majority forty-seven?"
He crushed the telegram in his hand—
He muttered a mournful "Oh!"
'Twas a pitiful sight, I faith, to see
Such a good man grieving so.
"But three are left—three followers left—"
He cried in his agony—
"Three followers left to the great arch chief
Of the Cocoa Nut N. P."
He danced around—"Bring, bring my bill—"
He cried in his blank despair—
Then fled from the Windsor, moaning still,
To I'm sure I don't know where.

GARDE.

*The Knight of the Cocoa Nut was staying at the Windsor at the time of the Blake Banquet.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.

On opening our customary envelope from the *Globe* commissioners this week we found, instead of the expected extracts from their diaries, the following communications, which put an abrupt end to a feature in *Grip* which must have proven both interesting and instructive to all readers:

FROM THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

BOSTON, April 13.

EDITOR *GRIP*,

Sir,—We'll have to let up on that diary business. We've had the misfortune to lose our diaries containing full notes of adventures up to date. It was all owing to the voracious appetite for the crooked which has grown upon my prohibition companion, who prevailed upon me to go with him into a dark cellar for a drink on the sly. We went, and were just in the act of noting down a memorandum of the quality of the stuff when an alarm of police was sounded, and in the terror and excitement we dropped our books in a barrel of Bangor rum, and they were instantly consumed. The alarm proved to be false, after all. Perhaps it's just as well this accident happened, however, as judging from that editorial in Tuesday's *Globe* G. B. don't seem to like our arrangements with you. In place of the usual extracts I will merely give you a brief account of our rambles. Our experiences in Bangor were tolerably pleasant, the quantity of drink to be had there being unlimited. When we left Portland the personal appearance of my esteemed prohibition companion was something like this. When we left home you may remember he was strictly shaped on the Bernhard pattern. His appearance as presented in this sketch speaks several volumes as to the laxity of the law in Maine. We went from Bangor to Augusta, and there we went through the usual boozing, interviewing, and slum-exploring programme. Augusta whiskey is very fattening in its nature; at least I should judge so by the remarkable effect it has had on my esteemed companion, who on leaving that town looked as nearly as possible like this. We did several other small places in Maine, and having unanimously come to the conclusion that the liquor law was a decided boon to the State, we left the State and came here. I haven't time to write more just now, as we have been invited to attend a lecture by Bronson Alcott on Transcendentalism viewed with reference to the Affinities of Differentiation. We expect to have a big time.



Yours, W. H. SETEMUR.



FROM THE PROHIBITIONIST.

EDITOR *GRIP*,

Sir,—This diary arrangement with your journal will have to be dropped. We lost our books accidentally, through the execrable craving for rum which distinguishes my unfortunate companion. I need not detail the particulars, but let me show you what that individual looked like on leaving Portland. I think this is a rather forcible argument for prohibition, and if a still stronger protest were needed against the accursed traffic which desolates my native land, I have only to give you another picture of him sketched from life a little later on,



to wit, on our departure from Maine a few days ago. We are now in a State where there is no prohibition law, and therefore we will not need to drink so much—that is, he will not. Thank fortune, I am able to control myself. I don't suppose you will feel interested in a detailed account of our wanderings since you last heard from us, so I will not go into particulars. The loss of our diaries will give your readers a rest. Speaking of a rest, reminds me that this expedition has been tough on our sleeping facilities. We suffer more or less from a species of night-mare, which takes the horrible shape of Portland crooked rum, and causes us great inconvenience. I wrote to



Mr. Brown, as you suggested, with reference to using your illustrations in connection with our letters in the *Globe*, but he wouldn't come up to your figure. He has no enterprise, anyhow. Adieu, till next we meet.

T. TOTAL.

Everybody is expressing astonishment at the specimen of veal now on view at H. R. Frankland's stall, 22 St. Lawrence Market. "Four months old; live weight, 480 lbs.; dead weight, 880 lbs.!" exclaims a certain Alderman, "pshaw! that's even a bigger calf than I am!"

A countryman who had never heard of a bicycle, came to town, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop skirt."

Ask your Grocer or **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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