

THE NEW PEER.

GRIP, as the organ of the people of Canada, seizes this, the earliest opportunity, of expressing to the Imperial Government the profound thanks of the colonists of this Dominion for the great honor done them in the elevation of their fellow-citizen, Mr. George Stephen, to the dizzy heights of the Peerage, as Lord Mount Stephen.

This mark of maternal affection on the part of the mother country has touched our hearts, and cannot fail to deepen our veneration for the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

We feel that what is most needed to transform this raw, rough and democratic country into a land of true culture and standing is the establishment in our midst of an Upper Class, enjoying privileges and immunities beyond the reach of the people at large. In the absence of live lords to whom on all occasions the common people may take off their hats and before whom our middle classes may cringe and grovel, the community is liable to be permeated with a most unhealthy independence of spirit.

Our proximity to the United States of America, a country in which the abhorrent doctrine of the equality of men finds favor, affords an additional reason for the establishment here of an Aristocracy, because we are at all times subject to the influence of the larger community beside us, and that influence is in the direction of democracy. There is good reason to believe that the existence of Canadian Lords in our midst would not only counteract Yankee influence, but might in time inoculate the Yankees themselves with sound views. It is a proved fact that no man surpasses the American citizen in his love for a live lord.

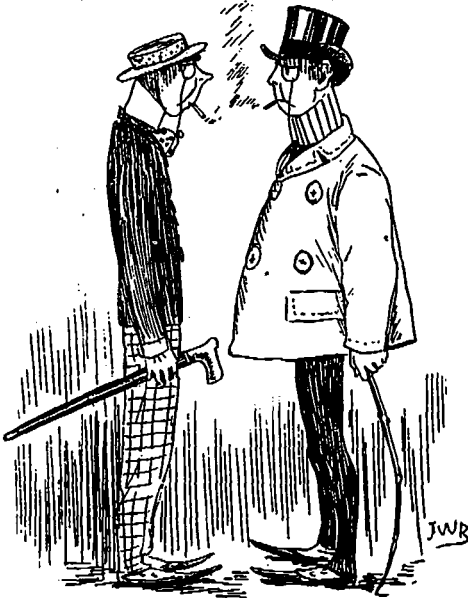
We are under obligations for the outfit of knights and baronets which we have long possessed, but these titles



TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE?

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?

If you would really like to know
Go to Clarke's College, Guelph.
He'll teach you how the busy bee
Can make you piles of pelf.



TOO RIDICULOUS ALTOGETHER.

CHOLLY—"Aw—have you heard the vewy latest fad in our set?"

CHAPPIE—"No, deah boy, what is it?"

CHOLLY—"They pwopose to go in for common sense, don't you know."

CHAPPIE—"Oh, come, I say—these fads are a bore when they carry them to such widiculous extwemes as that!"

have not been strong enough to effectively counteract the growing democracy of the people. Lord Mount Stephen himself did not inspire absolute awe so long as he was merely Sir George.

It adds to our sense of the honor done us to know that the new Peer has personally earned the great reward which has been given him. We presume it has been bestowed on account of his distinguished service to Canada in accumulating some millions of money. Considering that no Canadian has hitherto ever earned one million in a lifetime of work of whatever kind, and that no man in any country is capable of doing so, some signal recognition of the achievement was certainly in order.

SIGNOR EARLO.

THAT oft-abused individual, the Intelligent Composer, occasionally has an eye for the fitness of things in the little liberties he takes with the "copy." A case in point is his Italianizing of the name of the Philharmonic Society's energetic President, which appears in the circular announcing the Theodore Thomas concerts as John Earlo. Considering that the great conductor and most of the members of his famous orchestra are foreign born, and that Herr Joseffy, the pianist, and Signor Campanini, the tenor, are from abroad, Earlo seems more appropriate than plain-English Earls in this connection. The concert takes place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of this week, and will be a brilliant wind-up of the musical season. Thomas, Joseffy and Campanini—not to mention Miss Katherine Fleming, contralto, who wouldn't be with these Titans if she wasn't first-class—the attraction is simply overwhelming.