



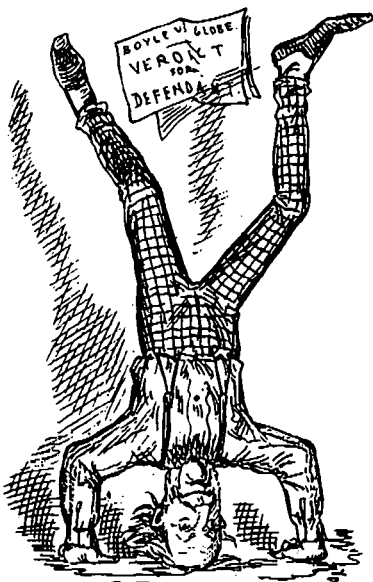
Going to England.

Sir ALEX. GALT, to the Court of St. James, which is anxiously awaiting his advent as Canadian Ambassador.—“In the words of A. WARD, ‘I’m coming along—slowly along—down towards your place.’”

Advice to Tilley.

Oh, oh, Sir BUDGET TILLEY,
You are very, very silly
To be jibing and a jeering UNCLE
SAM at such a rate—
You surely ought to know
That every time you crow,
You excite his wounded feelings
so that he'll retaliate!

Of course it may be right
For a brave Financial Knight
To recount his deeds of valour at a
jolly banquet board—
But you ought to draw it mild,—
UNCLE SAM is getting riled,
And he'll hit you pretty hard if you
once rouse him, take GRIP's word!



Jubilation!

The *Globe* came out of the BOYLE libel suit right side up, and there was rejoicing in the editorial room accordingly!

The Tale of the Clerk.

The clock struck four; but one hour more and then he would be free; up King to walk, with measured stalk, a certain one to see. As five rang out, with gleeful shout, each book away he put; swift combed his hair, then down the stair into the street did strut. His green eye beamed, his red nose gleamed, his longing heart beat high, as up and down the busy town the fair in droves passed by. Alas! no lass of his did pass, although the crowd grew thinner; so home he went, gave grief its vent, and—ate a hearty dinner.

Why is the Reform Party like a tape-worm? Because it is popularly supposed to have no head.



Perrault Annexed.

Mr. PERRAULT has brought out his much-talked-of organ, the *Colonial Emancipator*. It does not present a very creditable appearance typographically, but there can be no doubt as to its sentiments. It is crammed with annexationism of the most bare-faced type, with bold headlines of black-faced type, and it will not be for want of strong language on the part of its editor if we do not forthwith go over to the majority across the line. And yet the *Emancipator* falls flat; it lies upon the book-sellers' counters in the most pitiful neglect. This must be very discouraging to Mr. PERRAULT, but there is one resource which GRIP would affectionately point out to that unappreciated philanthropist—if Canada won't have Annexation, Mr. PERRAULT himself may. There is no law to compel a lover of Republicanism to live under the bondage of the monarchical system, and nobody would think of interfering if Mr. PERRAULT should allow himself to be literally carried away by American ideas, in the manner represented above.



A Very Unreasonable Boy.

This is our little boy TOMMY, aged seven. He is the most unreasonable child that ever lived.

It doesn't seem to do any good to scold him, coax him, or warm his jacket.

He is just as unreasonable in a warm jacket as in a cold one.

It is very singular, too, that his unreasonableness is only manifested in one particular direction.

He is fond of taffy; he enjoys trundling a hoop; he glories in snow-balling; he has an evident relish for his meals.

In all other respects he is a sane and sensible little fellow.

But he is most unaccountably queer on one point.

He don't like going to school!

No snail that SHAKESPEARE ever saw crept there so unwillingly.

We, his parents, have done our best to show him the absurdity of this repugnance. We have assured him time and again that this country has the finest school system in the world—that is, in the known world.

TOMMY replies that the known world must be hard up for school systems, then.

His chief objections to our admirable educational institutions, the Public Schools, seem to be:

1. The hours (from half-past nine, a. m., to four, p. m.) are outrageously long for youngsters like him, especially when the grown-up pupils of the High Schools get off at half-past three.

2. The atmosphere of the school room is insufferably bad, owing to the over-crowding of pupils.

3. The tasks imposed upon the children are absurdly heavy, and necessitate an altogether unreasonable amount of study.

4. The discipline in the schools is cruelly severe, resembling that of a reformatory prison more than anything else.

Now, of course, we, his parents, are aware that these charges are only too true, but what can we do about it?

We can't help but sympathise with poor little TOMMY, even though he is so unreasonable.

And, by the way, he quite repudiates this charge; he says it is the Board of Trustees we ought to talk to and not him.

Heraldry.

An exchange says:—

“G. R. Lambton, formerly of Montreal, has been appointed herald to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.”

“Ottawa King-at-Arms” will be his title, no doubt. It will probably be his duty to examine the numerous crests and other heraldic devices of which native notables now make such extraordinary use. The comparison of escutcheon with pedigrees will be exceedingly interesting.