



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President	JAMES L. MORRISON.
General Manager	J. V. WRIGHT.
Artist and Editor	R. W. BENGOUGH.
Manager Publishing Dept.	R. T. LANCEFIELD.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

United States and Canada.

One copy, one year	\$2.00.
One copy, six months	1.00.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

A finely executed portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, from a recent photograph, will be issued shortly as No. 2 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day. This will be uniform with No. 1 of the series, and will be forwarded to all subscribers sending us 5 cents to pay for tube and postage. Subscribers sending us 30 cents, will receive this and the next five as issued (six in all), free of postage. To non-subscribers the price will be 10 cents each.

Comments on the Cartoons.



A SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL RUDDIGORE.—All last week Toronto laughed at Gilbert & Sullivan's latest absurdity, "Ruddigore." One of the scenes proved especially effective—that in which the portraits of the unhappy baronet's ancestors step down from their frames, and protest against his evasion of the conditions under which the wearer of the title is permitted to live—namely, that he shall "commit a crime every day," on pain of an agonizing death. The predicament of the virtuously-disposed Baronet is worked up in Gilbert's inimitable way, his desire to live decently and at the same time to avoid the horrible punishment to which he is liable, being represented in the librettist's usual vein of grotesque seriousness. "Ruddigore" has not yet been given at Ottawa, but meantime a political parallel to this scene has been presented in Parliament. From the exhibition of malevolence on the part of the ministers and some of their followers towards Mr. Patterson, of Essex, because that gentleman refused to take part in a mean and crooked party transaction (the Queen's County matter), it would appear that Government followers are permitted to exist only on condition that they are willing to commit a political crime whenever called upon, and any evasion of this obligation is likely to bring upon them a series of untold tortures. Hon. J. C. Pope had the impudence to sneer at Mr. Patterson in the presence of the House—as though a manly, honorable course of action was something which the Government could not understand and would not tolerate; and since the episode took place it is reported that the member for Essex (certainly an ornament to his party in the present House) has been persecuted persistently for having thus grossly betrayed "the principles of Conservatism!"

THE ASS AND THE FIGURE-HEAD.—With a very few exceptions, the organs of opinion throughout Canada, regardless of party leaning, are opposed to the mission of Mr. O'Brien, on the broad ground that with Lord Lansdowne in his character of landlord we have nothing to do. Many of these papers, like GRIP, are in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, as the only practicable settlement of the most troublesome question now before the world, but O'Brien's business is entirely apart from this issue. In Canada the Marquis of Lansdowne is known only as the official representative of the Queen, and he has done nothing in that character to justify any ill-will on the part of Canadians. If Mr. O'Brien has a dispute with Lansdowne, the master of Luggacurran, let him argue it out in that charming locality. It is a matter with which we have nothing to do, and should have no disposition to meddle.

THE FLOWERS THAT DON'T BLOOM IN THE SPRING.—The "majority of one" has not been heard of for some time. Figures can't lie, and the *Globe* has often pointed out that it is always right about things—and nobody can fail to admit the ability and dexterity with which the election returns were counted up by the *Globe's* statistician. And yet the majority of one is missing, while all the other flowers that bloom in the spring are coming up beautifully.

THE LOVE TEST.—The announcement that Mr. Charley Rykert is not to receive the Deputy Speakership—or, in other words, that the Conservative party will not be called upon to blacken that gentleman's boots, has been received with a great sigh of relief throughout the country. That it was seriously contemplated by the Government to make this outrageous nomination, and to call upon the faithful to vote it through is hardly to be doubted; that Sir John has relented seems to prove that he is not entirely without pity for his faithful followers. Perhaps after all it was merely a pretense, to test the length and breadth and height and depth of humiliation to which the Conservative majority would stoop to serve him. He is satisfied Rykert could have been elected, and that is all he wanted to prove. We are sincerely glad that it has gone no further, for it would have been a disgrace to the country for Parliament to have even in appearance conferred an honor on the member for Lincoln in the face of his recent record.

SOME LITTLE POEMLETS.

We're glorying in the spring, tra, la,
The beautiful, blooming spring.
Mosquitos and flies it will bring, tra la?
Well, that is another thing,
And I guess we had better postpone our ode
Till the plowing's done and the grass is mowed,
And the harvest all in the barn is stowed;
In fact till the cloudlets have once more snowed;
And then we may write it, but we'll be blowed
If we know why these poets "sing."

A little boy in fun fired with his little gun
At his pa, and his bullet was a pea, pea, pea,
But the old man earned the bun, for he took his little son,
And walloped him over his knee, knee, knee.

There was a girlie, O, who had too poor a beau,
Who followed her around everywhere, where, where,
So she swore he had no show and informed him he could go,
As she wanted to procure a millionaire, aire, aire.

I sat me down upon the dock, near where a sewer enters,
And fell asleep, and dreamed that all these miasmatic centres
Had opened up and let their demons loose upon the city,
As they had done in former years when mayors had no pity.

I saw a man, both brave and good, who held the sword of power,
Attack these demons as they rose—his blows fell like a shower,
And back into their element they dropped before their slayer;
Then in the man who held the sword I recognized the mayor.

'Twas but a dream, a foolish dream; could one man do the fighting
Against these foes, that all mankind in some sense are indicting?
I rose, and wondered if these fiends we ever must endure,
And marvelled why we all refused to build that big trunk sewer.

W. H. T.

CUSTOMER—"Here is your sugar back. I don't want it." **GROCCER**—"What's the matter with it?" **CUSTOMER**—"Too much sand for table use and not quite enough for building purposes."