

VOLUME FORTY-TWO.



ROUBLES, they say, never come singly. Other things, too, have the gregarious habit, as, for example, great events. Here as an illustration of this truth we have a new Royal Baby, a new French President a new Mowat Administration, a new Dominion Day Anniversary, and a New Volume of GRIP all starting off practically at the same moment! And each of them, let us hope, destined to prove a blessing to this poor old world. If Sir Oliver has a right to the title of "Grand Old Man" (which, without special permission of Gladstone, he allowed his friends to apply to him in the late campaign,) then GRIP, with some show of reason, may lay claim to the name of "Grand Old Raven." He went into "power" just a year later than the Ontario premier, and like the latter, has been sustained by an appreciative public ever since—if we take no account of the six months leave of absence which he took from July to December 1893. Whatever question there may be as to Sir Oliver's record, few indeed will be found to dispute that GRIP has been throughout his long career a wise and faithful adviser of Her Majesty. The opening of another volume of his useful work, therefore, is an event which Canadians of all classes do well to celebrate, as they did throughout the Dominion last Monday. This generous appreciation from ocean to ocean in his native land—not to mention the occasional flattering notices he receives from good judges of journalistic merit abroad—is both gratifying and encouraging to GRIP, and so, once more polishing up his golden motto, "With malice toward none and with charity for all," he goes forth with high faith into Volume XLII.

without special permission of Gladstone, he allowed his friends to apply to him in the late campaign,) then GRIP, with some show of reason, may lay claim to the name of "Grand Old Raven." He went into "power" just a year later than the Ontario premier, and like the latter, has been sustained by an appreciative public ever since—if we take no account of the six months leave of absence which he took from July to December 1893. Whatever question there may be as to Sir Oliver's record, few indeed will be found to dispute that GRIP has been throughout his long career a wise and faithful adviser of Her Majesty. The opening of another volume of his useful work, therefore, is an event which Canadians of all classes do well to celebrate, as they did throughout the Dominion last Monday. This generous appreciation from ocean to ocean in his native land—not to mention the occasional flattering notices he receives from good judges of journalistic merit abroad—is both gratifying and encouraging to GRIP, and so, once more polishing up his golden motto, "With malice toward none and with charity for all," he goes forth with high faith into Volume XLII.

OUR NATIONAL "SPORT."

A GOOD deal could be said on behalf of a proposal to do away with Lacrosse, and substitute Prize Fighting as the Canadian National Game. If it was Lacrosse the Shamrocks and Capitals were playing at Ottawa on Saturday 23rd ult., then GRIP votes for Prize Fighting as both more scientific and more edifying. The Governor General was present at this notable match, and must have been profoundly impressed by the spectacle of manhood he witnessed. From the fact that he left, as we read, "in apparent disgust," it is quite likely that he *was* impressed. The Countess, unfortunately, missed this lovely function, but his Excellency might send her a few descriptive newspaper cuttings. The following passages from the Montreal Star's account might be found suitable:

"When the sixth game opened an uneasy feeling that had prevailed among the supporters of the Capital team from the moment the boys in green commenced to show their superiority, developed into sort of

THIRST FOR BLOOD.

Every piece of clever play by Shamrock men was hissed and many uncomplimentary remarks were passed. Language that the vilest of men might well blush at was used." * * * * *

"It now became evident that serious trouble was brewing for the visitors. As they passed from the field to their dressing room under the grand stand they were hissed and hooted to the echo. When they got inside they found that matters were indeed assuming a serious aspect. Their water was gone and the liniment used for rubbing down had been stolen. Then when further investigation was made it was discovered that five of the lacrosses brought for emergencies had disappeared." * * * * * When Kelly started after the rubber, to relieve Neville, who was having a struggle with James, Powers followed him up and as Kelly went to take the ball, he deliberately hit him over the face with his lacrosse, tearing all the skin from his forehead down. Then some one yelled 'Kill him.' Powers started to close in on Kelly, but paid dearly for it, for the next instant he was on his back, writhing in pain from a stinging blow under the ear. The

deed was done. It was all that the vicious supporters wanted. A Capital man had been "laid out," but they did not consider for a moment that it was the result of his own freshness. They had been waiting for blood all afternoon and now the opportunity presented itself and the blood-thirsty mob of three thousand or more lost no time in clambering over the fences and surrounding the visitors. Poor Kelly was in dangerous quarters. He was alone and at the mercy of an unruly mob. But he stood his ground like a man. Then a general fight ensued. The crowd could not all fight twelve defenceless men, so started to fight among themselves. Faces were battered. Hats were smashed. Collars torn off and coats destroyed. In the midst of the battle the Chief of Police, two sergeants and fifteen men arrived on the scene."

And a good deal more to the same effect!

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

III.—REGULATING THE REPTILES.

WHEN the Animal Kingdom was organized on the plan of the Human Nation, the question arose as to how to deal with the Poisonous Serpent section of the Community. Some of the Level-headed Beasts and Birds urged that an Edict should be passed Prohibiting Fangs and Poison-Bags, but this was over-ruled as Quixotic and Unstatesmanlike. At length it was Decided that the only feasible System was that of Regulation and Control, and accordingly a Proclamation was issued in which the Snakes were licensed to do Business in accordance with their Nature, subject to certain explicit Rules and Limitations. The Rabbits were sworn in as special Constables to see that these Regulations were strictly Enforced. The Result of the System was—well, much the Same as that which has attended the Attempt to regulate the Liquor traffic in highly civilized Human Communities.

MORAL—In the case of Poisonous Reptiles or a Reptilian Traffic, Regulation does not Regulate.

FINE prospects for the pea crop in the new Legislature—P.P.A., P.I., and Proh.



PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

O'KEEFE—"Sure, now, I'd give a good dale to know whether or not that's any body in particular!"