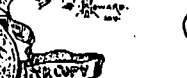
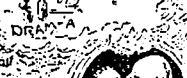


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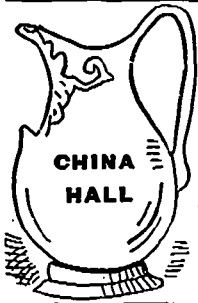
The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S APPEAL TO LORD RANDY CHURCHILL.

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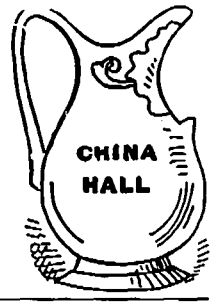
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Was sent by my medical adviser to the General Hospital. After one month's treatment for indigestion I returned somewhat better, but remained in very poor health, unable to stand straight up, as I had a constant pain in my stomach. Got your St. Leon Water one week ago, drank freely, felt it do me good at once, in three days pains all gone; to-day, sixth day, feeling well and can stand straight up.
Very Gratefully Yours,

MARY MORRISON.

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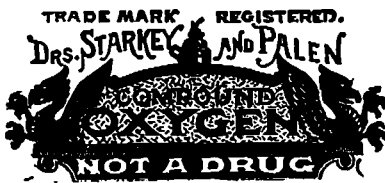
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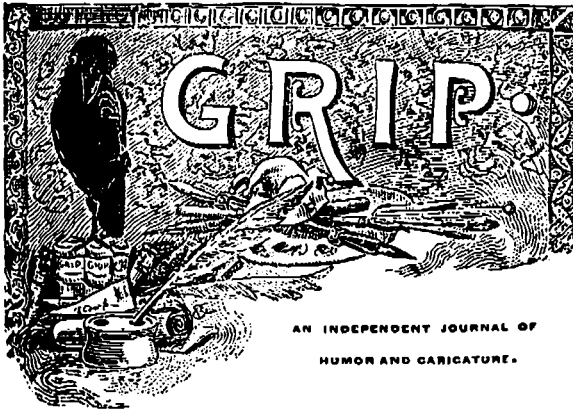


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Comments on the Cartoons.



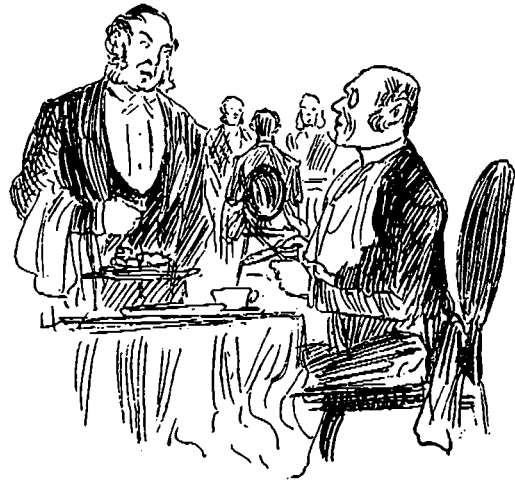
PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF THE COUNTRY.—The people of Canada without distinction of party will, we are sure, appreciate the politico-scientific portrait we lay before them this week. Photographs and lithographs of the eminent gentlemen now at the head of affairs are scattered throughout the land, but none of these—excellent as they may be—give any real insight into the make-up of that master-mind. A portrait based upon the science of Phrenology can alone convey a clear idea of Sir John to future generations, and this it is the pleasure of MR. GRIP to submit. It will be observed that the Premier has what the Phrenologists denominate a "great head." The conformation of the cranium—aside from the fly, which we wish to say is a mere accidental circumstance, and has no connection with the fly on the wheel—betokens great powers of leadership; and the sub-divisions, setting forth the various qualities of the subject, fully bear out this promise. The more candid professors of Phrenology admit that a man's head is more easily and accurately read if you happen to know him well, and we may admit that it is upon this principle that the present chart is made up. We hope it will meet with the approval of the authorities at Ottawa, as we are sure it will with all the other learned bodies of the Dominion.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S APPEAL.—Archbishop Lynch's letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, has made a ripple upon the sea of politics. The document is severely criticized in some quarters, but surely a less objectionable method of aiding the cause of Ireland could not be conceived. The Archbishop regards Lord Randy as a bright and promising man, with his future yet to make, and he is doing a kindness to the young politician, we think, in advising him to take a course of action which will lead him ultimately to a high and honorable position. Churchill could render important service to the

cause of justice at this juncture by joining Gladstone's forces, and in so doing he would only be resuming the position he occupied on the Irish question a short time ago. The only question is, will he have the political wisdom to do so? The introduction of this odious and uncalled for coercion measure gives him a splendid opportunity to break with the Government.

THE COFFEY APPOINTMENT.—A great pother has been raised amongst the Grits of Carleton County over the appointment of a young man named Coffey to the office of Registrar, which has been for a long time eagerly sought by older — and, as they allege, more deserving—followers of the local Government. The *denouement* is attributed to the influence of the Hon. Mr. Fraser, the appointee being a Roman Catholic. We know nothing—and care less—about the merits of this little party dispute, and only refer to it as illustrating the disadvantages of the present system of appointment to such offices. Why should not the people of Carleton County elect their registrar? Is it not just possible that the intelligent voters down there would select as efficient a man as young Mr. Coffey?

THE COMING MAN.—No member of the new Parliament will be more closely watched by an expectant people than Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P. for West Assinibioia. Those who have noted his ante-election address have a right to regard him as an independent member, who will retain his manhood, and in his own words, "rise superior to party." That he will take his place in the front rank of our parliamentary orators, goes without saying, and we trust his eloquent voice will be invariably on the side of right. It will be no easy work for him, however. The Government, no doubt, counts him amongst its chattels, and will do its utmost to suppress any indications of independence on his part. We hope he will mark this down in his little book.



WORSE AND WORSE.

Jones (to old club waiter)—Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?

Michael (hastily)—Willingly, sir.

Jones—Well, Michael, that isn't very complimentary!

Michael—No, sir; I didn't mane that, sir. I wouldn't be seen there, sir.

INSCRIBED TO HON. C. F. FRASER.

THEY talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it,

—*The Chiel.*

How to make the long winter pass quickly. Discount your note in November payable in May without having any certain prospect of meeting it.

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Willie Fulton's Rebuke

TO A TIME-SERVER WHO STOOD UNCOVERED IN HIS PRESENCE.

PUT on your bonnet on your heid,
Gin ye hae ony brain;
Hoo daur ye gie a thing like me
What's due to God alane?

I'd rather that the very earth
Would ope' and swallow me!
Than I should stand, wi' hat in hand,
To ony lord I see.

Are ye o' Robin Burns's line,
A country'm o' Knox;
Wi' nae mair harns than yon auld cairns,
Green kail or cabbage-stocks.

Can ye no honor worthy folk?
And some deserve it well,
Yet staun na like a barber's block
Dishonoring yoursel'.

It's time that potentates and kings,
And men of ev'ry station,
Should learn that honor never springs
From human degradation.

No, never throw your manhood down,
Whatever may befa';
Aye see aboon sceptre and croun,
God's universal law.

He sets the highest dignity,
Upon the human brow;
To our common humanity,
Both King and Czar must bow.

It's time indeed that all should know—
Tho' titles may look braw,
Such things are but a passing show,
And worth's aboon them a'

And manhood is aboon a' price,
Tae shield us frae the wrang;
Gin ye are wice, tak my advice,
And never let it gang.

The line that separates t'ween
The coward and the brave,
The mark that God has set between
The freeman and the slave.

The man's fit to do anything,
The man that sett'st aside.
Be slave and tool, waur than a fool,
A sumph I ne'er could bide.

Set *onnythin* upon a throne,
And on his knees he'll fa',
And rather he'd be trampled on
Than noticed not ava.

Its really lauchable to see,
The antics o' the creature,
And yet hoo sorrowfu' to me!
This glimps o' flunkey nature.

Gie honor to the brave and good,
To them and them alone,
E'en tho' inspired by gratitude,
Do keep your bonnet on.

So put your bonnet on your heid,
Sic nonsense gives me pain;
And strive to be a man indeed,
And never do't again.

Great God thou only shalt adore,
Tho' far beyond our ken;
Revere, yet ne'er fall down before
The godlike that's in men.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"How do you feel now, Crinkle?" enquired Coddleby, as the unhappy poet was propped up against a tree in a sedentary attitude, with his hair falling over his eyes and his head lolling helplessly to one side. "Are you getting better?"

"Soon be aw ri'," he responded, "but shna' bi' would ha kill me f'hadn' tak'n whiskey. Feel awf'l hun—hung—ungry."

"Come, come, what am I thinking about?" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, taking off and opening the fishing creel; "here, sir; you'll be better for some solid food. Here is—let's see—yes, try this ham sandwich. Mr. Coddleby, kindly step down to that stream and fill this glass with water." Coddleby set off at full speed down the hill; but his foot catching in the root of a tree near the water's edge, he shot violently forward and alighted, head foremost, in the soft mud at the brink of the stream, sinking into the oozy mess as far as his nostrils.

With an immense spluttering and struggling he managed to extricate himself, with his hat completely ruined, and with the mud trickling down over his face and inside his collar. He was indeed a pitiable looking object, but stooping down, he continued in some measure, to wash most of the mud off, and having manfully retained the glass in his hand as he fell, he filled it at the stream and returned to Messrs. Douglas and Crinkle.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the former, "I never saw such an unlucky set of fellows in my life. Excuse me for not coming to your rescue, Mr. Coddleby, but I really couldn't leave our friend here."

"Oh! I'm not hurt," replied Coddleby, "though I'm afraid my hat is," taking off that article and regarding it with a very rueful expression of countenance, as well he might, for its appearance was decidedly dilapidated, "but that's nothing. Well, Crinkle, feel better?"

"Mush better," replied the gentleman addressed, attacking another sandwich, valiantly. "Be all ri' now." and, indeed, it was evident that the effects of the snake bite antidote were rapidly passing off.

"Will you try a cigar, Mr. Coddleby?" asked Mr. Douglas, proffering his cigar case, "we may be here for an hour yet."

"Thanks," replied Coddleby, accepting a choice Havana, and for some moments he and Mr. Douglas sat silently puffing away, whilst Crinkle satisfied his appetite, which was enormous.

"Ah! I think I hear wheels," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, at the end of half an hour or so, "yes; I thought so; I can make out my trap coming down the road. "Hi, James, hello! there, hold on where you are; we'll meet you," and taking Crinkle by one arm and Coddleby seizing the other, the poet, who was in much better trim than when first discovered, was assisted to the buggy and placed therein, Messrs. Douglas and Coddleby getting in after him.

"Drive home, James," cried the former. "Well, this has been a day of misfortunes for you gentlemen, but I'm glad that none of them have turned out seriously."

"And I too," said Coddleby; "Crinkle's asleep again," he continued, as that gentleman gave unmistakable evidence of the fact by emitting a most portentous snore.

"Oh! well, let him sleep," said Mr. Douglas, "it will do him good; now, my dear fellow, I don't want to seem



(London Fun.)

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

Showman—'Ere you see Wirtue a triumphing over Vice.

Johnny Bull—Please, sir, which is Vice and which is Virtue.

Showman—You pays your money, my dear, and you takes your choice.

inhospitable, but I think your best plan is when you've dropped me at the house, to take your friend straight home in the buggy."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," replied Coddleby, I'm sure I can not sufficiently thank you for your kindness."

Both relapsed into silence, now, which was broken only by Crinkle's nasal melody, and in a quarter of an hour the residence of Mr. Douglas was reached.

"Now, I'll say good-night, Mr. Coddleby," said that gentleman, stepping out of the buggy. "I will tell your friends that you have gone home, and the ladies that Mr. Crinkle is indisposed, now, good-night," and he shook hands heartily with Coddleby and entered his garden, as James drove off in the direction of the Rossin House.

When Mr. Douglas entered his drawing room he found only his wife, Mr. Burgoodle and Yubbits there, the lady being engaged in pouring out tea into several cups, whilst Mr. Burgoodle descanted with a most important air on several subjects which did not appear to interest his hearer, Yubbits, in the least, for he was making heroic efforts to prevent himself from yawning and seemed to hail the appearance of Mr. Douglas with the greatest relief.

"Why!" exclaimed the last named gentleman, "where is my little girl, and where is our friend Mr. Bramley?"

"Oh! papa," answered his wife, who usually addressed him by this title, "they thought it was such a beautiful night that they strolled out into the garden, but here they come," as the missing pair stepped into the room through the open venetian window.

"Ha, so you found the wanderer, Mr. Douglas," exclaimed Bramley, "what have you done with him?"

"Well, as he felt somewhat stiff after sleeping in the open air, and not fit for company, (which was very true), he has gone to the hotel accompanied by Mr. Coddleby."

"Well, I'm glad he's found," said Bramley, "I trust his poem will be entertaining."

Mr. Douglas feeling that a change of subject was desirable, handed his daughter a cup of tea, and requested her to favor them with some music, to which she immediately assented.

(To be continued.)

OUR HORSE.

WE live in the country. That is why we keep a horse—this horse, that is. He would not do for the town, he would frighten the other horses.

We call him a horse, but he is more like a cow. Not that he gives milk, but in his action and rate of speed. Indeed we are thinking of driving a tandem some day by hitching the cow in front of the horse. No one would know the difference between them.

The sensibilities of our horse are blunted. We use a whip—in fact we use a great many whips in the course of a year; they wear out—we use a whip, but he doesn't seem to feel it; when smitten on one cheek he placidly turns the other.

What do we keep him for? What a stupid question. We keep him because we cannot sell him. It would be a pity to shoot him, too. The powder and shot would cost too much, compared with his value. And besides, there is a peculiarity about our horse that makes him worth keeping; instead of sleeping at night, as most horses do, we have every reason to believe he chooses the time of day when we go out for a drive to sleep. The only thing that wakens him is a Salvation Army procession, so that if we want to drive a little less slowly than usual (fast is out of the question), we choose a time when the Salvation Army is out and follow the procession.

ONE OR T'OTHER.

(SCENE—Road from Busby to Eaglesham. Two countrymen who have left Busby behind are staggering homewards.)

First Countryman—Whit o'clock is't Bob?

Second do. (after spending some time examining his watch in the moonlight)—It's either ten minutes past eicht or twenty minutes tae twa.—*The Bailie.*



THE YANKEE TURTLE.

Canada — COME ON, FELLERS! ITS ON ITS BACK!

THE GAMBLER'S APOLOGY.

I REMEMBER most distinctly in my very early youth
I developed quite a tendency for sport,
And what I now unbosom will be nothing but the truth,
For I don't unbosom any other sort ;
I had quite a keen desire for to clean out Noah's ark,
Which was mainly animalia minus tails,
And I'd lay on heavy wagers from the early dawn to dark
On a race between the elephants and whales.

I would bet the yellow grampus that he could'nt beat the horse,
And incite the red giraffe to try five miles
With the piebald alligator, while around the open course
In my mind I'd pocket many little piles ;
But when I matched the beetle for a two-mile steeplechase
With the beaver, which was us'd to steer the ark,
I'd scoop in all the money as was in that little place
And expend it in a manner that was dark.

When I grew a little older I would catch the cat and dog
And tie them to my toys—a cart and train—
And start them down the garden, whilst behind I'd soundly flog
The one as hung most loose upon the rein ;
I would match a duck and chicken or a rooster and a goose
For runs along the baryard, while I'd bet
Imaginary millions, for I then could go it loose,
And the fascinating feeling's in me yet.

But the best of all the fun was when I used to go to school
And bet a mate upon a match with frogs
At jumping over straw piles, and I'd win, too, as a rule,
As I would likewise in swimming pollywogs ;
And it's from these simple notions I believe the love of sport
Was ingrained into my nature so secure
That I'm ready now to bet you, though my funds are rather short,
That my spider can run yours across the floor.

P. QUILL.

THE KERMISS.

II.

THIRD, then, as to the young men. Speaking as one who was once a young man but who has grown old (and poor) in his attendance at charity fairs, the writer may say without hesitation that at a kermis the young men are very much to be pitied—very much indeed. They labor under a multitude and variety of disadvantages. Poor fellows. The more strenuously the fair vendors try to carry out the two rules given above, the prettier and the more gracious they are, the more pitiable is the plight of the poor (in both senses of the term) young man. The beauty lavished around him dazzles him ; the extra graciousness deprives him of the faculty of reason ; and a young man, above all a poor young man, deprived of this God-given faculty that is an object of laughter to the gods—and, alas, also to goddesses. Beguiled by blandishments, and by loveliness led captive, he goes he knows not whither and buys he knows not what. With no use for pins he purchases pin cushions for the score ; with no babies to rattle them, babies' rattles by the dozen. Now he raffles for an ottoman ; now he gorges himself with ices, forgetful (until the following day) of the fact that he has but just dined. Poor fellow.

For the young man, then, some rules are hugely necessary. One only does the writer venture to offer ; and it is this : *Grin and bear it.* Think not of the methods by which you are allured to barter the wherewith to pay your last year's debts for pin-cushions, babies' rattles, or ottomans. Dwell not on that ever-pressing yet ever-put-off necessity of economizing. Economize when the kermis is over. You will have to. For once be glad that you have been bereft of reason—if by means unfair, at least by maids so fair ; by smiles so soft to look on ; by words so sweet to hear. Often have you before this been

deprived of the same divine faculty by things very dissimilar to these. Your first cigar ; your first—ahem ! And these things too did cost you money ; why not then once again permit your head and your pockets to be emptied ? Why not for just four days revel in the ravishing sights and sounds spread for your regalement. Secondly, that is ; primarily of course for the infants of the Infant's Home ? Nay then, calm yourself. Bask in the sunshine of the extra graciousness, nor pass it through the spectrum of questioning and critical analysis. Buy freely, and remember that at all events some part of your spendings (after all expenses are paid) will go towards increasing the pleasures (and perhaps the pains) for perchance with some portion of the proceeds nasty physic will be purchased for the poor crying infants of the Infants' Home,—infants crying in the night, infants crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.—Surely such an appeal will touch the most obdurate of hearts.

Only a few more hints will the writer add for the now doubly, nay trebly poor young man :—On the morrow, after your reason (but not your small change) has been returned to you, do not resolve never to go to kermisses again, for it will be a vain resolve. You will go again ; you know it. Long, long will you remember those soft smiles, those sweet words, those still sweeter ices—the last perhaps longest of all. They will haunt you by day and night, by land and sea ; and when again another Kermis is announced you will go, you will purchase pin cushions, rattles, ottomans, and ices ; your senses will be delighted, and your emotions will be stirred, and your pockets will be rifled—all for the good of the crying infants of the Infants' Home.

But do not, do not I pray you, wish to heaven you were an infant in the Infants' Home for when all these good things were spread, all the fair sights were shown. Remember that we cannot all be infants—not all our lives ; and perhaps the next best thing is to be the young man who contributes to their pleasures—and their pains. Let this latter thought be to you a source of solace. If you have suffered, so also will they ; for, as I before have said, perchance with some portion of the proceeds nasty physic will be purchased.

T. A. H.

OTTAWA POLITICIANS—A NIGHTMARE.

ONE morning as the Kirk Bell rang Wright merrily and birds sang "Tyrwhitt !" Ouimet passing Mills, Hall, Burns and Temple, in a White cart, a Cook, Carpenter, Smith, Taylor, Porter, Mason and Fisher (seven Grand-bois) smoking Small Clays and Caron with them a Chapleau but Guay.

"Make Roome !" they cried.

Then our Marshall Barron his Armstrong gave them some s-Lang.

"Kenny Audet accounts ?" they asked derisively. "We Trow not."

With a Yeo-heave we Bowell'd their Cartwright over.

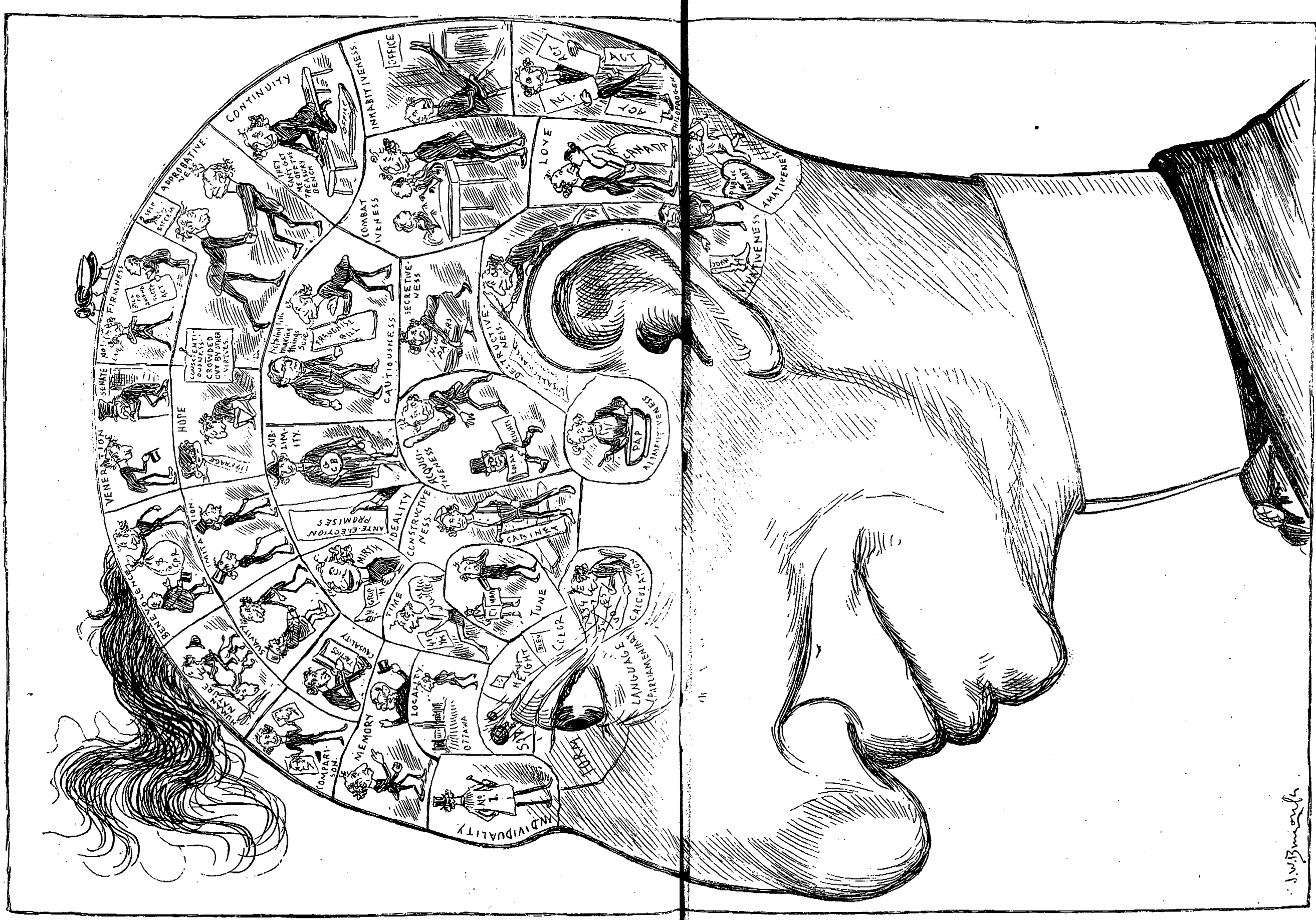
"Holton," said one, don't Bowle and Hall that way ; it's Bain-ful ; I'm a Freeman and Lovett not ; you've one Madill ; call a Sir John Daly till I'm well ; I'm White and Haggert though naturally as Brown as Turcot or Bourman. I Wood my Ward and Foster-son were here ; 'Tis dale with you he Wood right Royal-ly."

A White Curran at him.

"Oh Brien (O'Brien) !" he cried, "Choquet with Brien, or you, McCulla,* Skinner alive !"

They knocked it all to Flynn-ders.

* My cully.



PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF THE COUNTRY.

A PATTI-FUL ROMANCE.



Three little maids and an elderly fairy,
(The chaperon of the chaps is chary,
Strolling out from a Seminary—
A high toned ladies' school.



Three little dudes struck with Belle, Em Hattie,
Making signs to the maidens natty,
Get their consent to go hear Patti,
(Which is against the rule.)



Here are the dudes—the same three graces—
Alone at the show they find their places,
They called for the girls, but she slapped their faces—
This grim chaperon so cool!

"JACK, please don't. You muss my hair." But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAP. I.—OUT IN THE COLD.

I was sitting before my grate, in my room in University College, one November night, when I heard a cough at the door. I opened it. "Come in out of the cold, O man!" He came. "Take a chair or sit on the sofa. What will you have?" He stretched out a gaunt hand and put a small tobacco pouch in mine. "There, take it in trust—you will find an MS. that explains everything within—fulfil the trust or I'll haunt you." He was gone. Next morning a policeman picked him out of the river.

CHAP. II.—THE TRUST.

I examined the bag. It had a little boy in it five years old. He was rather squeezed. How did he get there? Don't know, only know how he came out. Called me uncle. This was the trust. MS. said "Take the boy to the home of his ancestors, in the heart of Africa. Skirt the coast till you find a nigger cut in rock. That's the spot. Go instant—go!" There was a cheap Cornelian ring with a mosquito cut in it—and a sum of money, \$100,000.

CHAP. III.—WE WENT.

When he was 25 years old we went. I skirted, found the nigger. Went up the river—shot crocodiles, lions, etc., and had a good time. Waded through 500 miles of swamp. Went to sleep, one night, in the boat, and woke with 500 niggers thrusting spears through our throats. An aged man, with white beard, Billy by name, was their commander. He said "cease." They ceased. "What color are they?" he demanded. They pulled us out and held us up to the moon. "Three white and one black." "Spare the white," he said, "He—She—It has commanded." "What shall we do with the black?" "Spare him also." We got into palanquins which He—She—It had sent down for us, and went jogging merrily up country. Went through 200 miles more swamp. Came to valleys which were craters of extinct volcanoes. Green, lovely. Found a beautiful race of women, and ugly men dwelling in caves. This was the frontier of He—She—It's country, the beautiful man, woman, thing who lived at the capital and was 100,000 years old, yet ever young. She lived on little liver pills and thus defied death. Halted, put up for a few days. Ustane took a fancy to my protege, Leo put her arms round his neck and married him like a streak of lightning. Billy went off to see He—She—It or "The one who must not be further declined." We made ourselves at home, awaiting the return of Billy, and a little anxious as to what He—She—It was about to do with us. All which the next chapters will disclose.

To be continued.)

PUNDEROUS PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN a woman's sighs gets beyond 25 lbs., there is danger, even from a burst of grief.

Out in Nebraska cities they don't arrest a man for yelling in the streets. Omahaler all you wish.

"That was a terrific windstorm we had yesterday," said Boddlewinks to Spinks. "Yes," remarked Spinks "it raised the dead in our neighborhood." Boddlewinks—"Raised the dead! You are an exaggerator, sir a base exaggerator!" Spinks—"Dead leaves, you know.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

THE spring is surely coming, for the robins have returned,
And soon we'll see at dawn of day snipes fishing in the gutter;
Spring chickens are in market, and 'tis also gladly learned
That the grocer man is selling what he swears is new-grass butter.

Toboggan, ice-boat, snow-shoe fiends their orgies have postponed,
And talk of rowing, picnicking, and sundry substitutes,
For my spouse's new spring bonnet I already have been "boned,"
While for myself I resurrect last summer's cast off boots.

That spring is near these symptoms prove, and yet I am not glad,
For there is something in the fact that sets me in a worry;
The bills for sealskin cloaks and furs I know have made me sad,
But more than all I dread to face my wife's spring millinery,
W. H. T.

TELEPHONE MESSAGES FROM HIGH LATITUDE.

EDW-RD BL-KE TO THE REFORM PARTY.

No, I am not going to resign just yet. I am at present engaged in formulating a policy in regard to Prohibition, Free Trade and various other things—you need not expect me to lead, but I shall still maintain my position as head of the party.

SIR CH-RLES T-PPER TO SIR J. A. MACD-N-LD.

When are you going to hand me over the leadership? Did you never hear the motto, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day"? Things are beginning to look fishy, so I can't wait any longer.

SIR J. A. MACD-N-LD TO SIR CH-RLES T-PPER.

Wait a little longer. Did you never hear the motto, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow"? Ta-ta.

THE M-A-I-L TO THE PUBLIC.

We are a perfectly independent journal. We bow to no party, we give the news fairly and squarely (with a slight leaning toward the Conservatives). We love the *Globe* like a brother.

THE PUBLIC TO THE MAIL.

Rats!



Canada, and other Poems by T. F. Young.—The author of this little work is a young Canadian, glowing with a patriotic ardor which ought to be more general and aggressive than it is. He has a goodly share of the *divine afflatus* and evidently writes because he feels the impulse to do so. Many of the poems are of marked ability; others fall short of the average standard, but in all there is a pure and noble sentiment. The book is neatly printed by Hunter, Rose & Co.

Land, Labor and Liquor.—Under this title Rev. Wm. Burgess has added a very important work to the library of the student of the day. It has often been alleged that the liquor evil is really at the bottom of the whole sad trouble in the labor world; here the allegation is proved by an array of information gleaned from innum-

erable sources by a skilful and intelligent hand. Mr. Burgess has long been known as a very clear and forcible writer, and this is certainly his *magnus opus*. The work is sent forth in a very acceptable manner by the Willard Tract Depository, and costs but \$1.

We shall soon be even with England for sending Lonsdale over to this country. Sullivan is going over there.—*Clinton Bugle*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE issue of Grip, dated April 23rd, will be a 20-page paper, with a colored cover, and a double-page cartoon printed in colors; also a supplement sheet, size 12 x 17 inches, being No. 1 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day, a series of finely executed Lithographed Portraits, which will be issued about once a month.

The price will be 10 cents a copy.

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All who pay \$2.00 for a year in advance, have their choice of either of the large premium plates of Reform or Conservative Leaders—size of each 18 x 24 inches, in addition to these special numbers.

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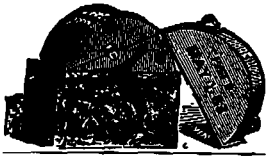
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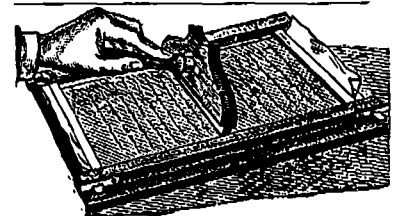
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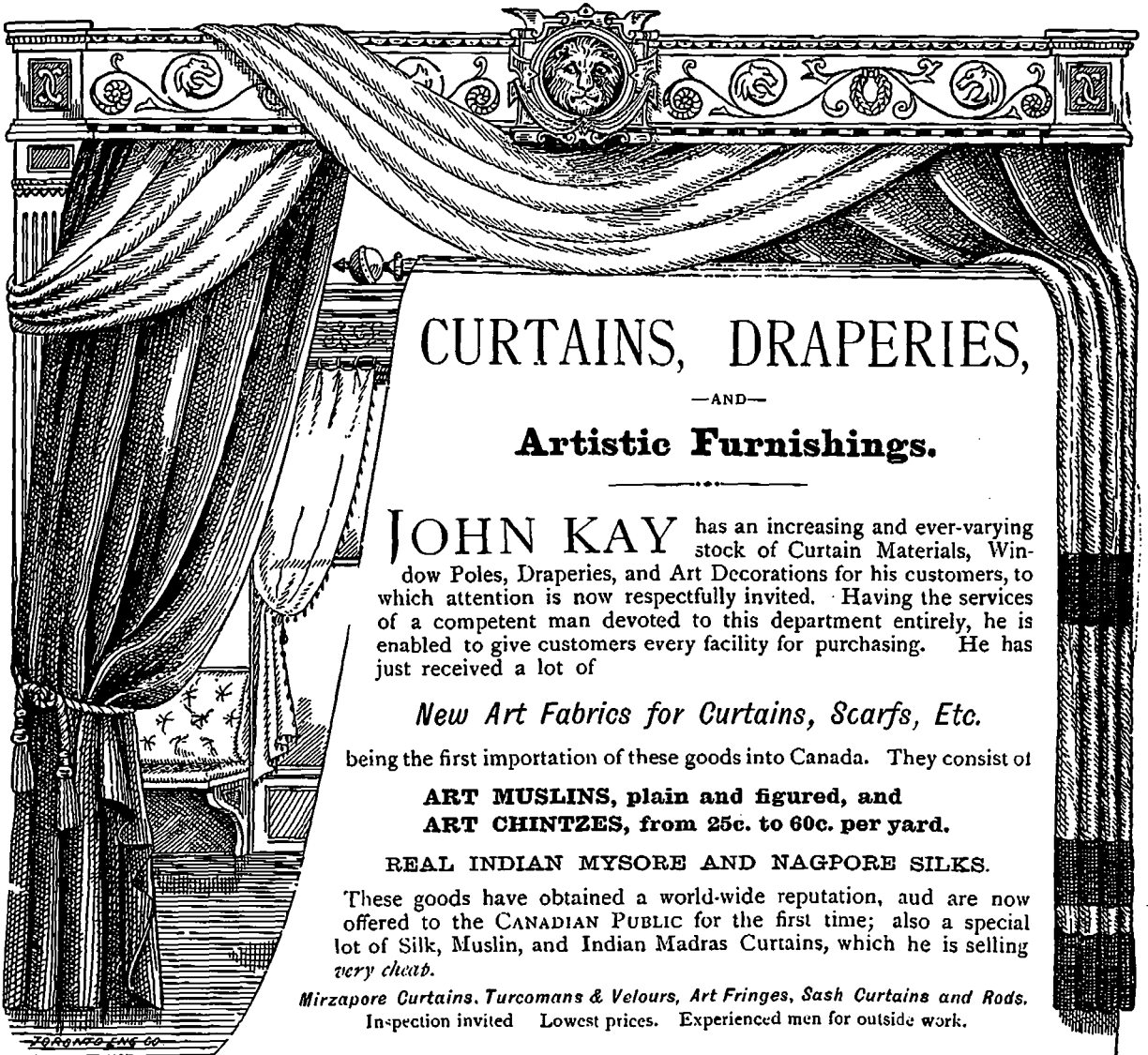
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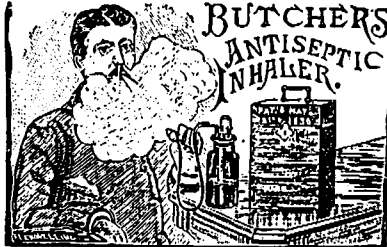
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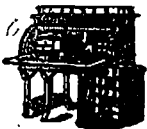
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