



MR. BLAKE LEADING THE REFORM PARTY.

## THE PASSING SHOW.

The Montrealers are booming their Winter Carnival, which commences on Feb. 4th. They promise to excel the great affair of last season, and, incredible as it may seem, we venture to say they will do it. Why cannot Toronto have something of the kind? There's millions in it.

Those who have any taste for the modern melodrama should pay a visit to the Grand and witness "The Roman Rye," a piece which is perhaps the very best specimen of its class now on the stage. The thorough excellence of the drama may be guessed when it is stated that the author is George Sims, the great London journalist; but to get any idea of the scenery and mechanical effects you must go and see it.

Those who have made up their minds to hear Theodore Thomas' celebrated Orchestra (and who hasn't?) had better hie themselves without further delay to Messrs. Suckling & Sons and secure their seats, unless they prefer to take their music standing. The plan is rapidly filling up, as was anticipated.

## LOST.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that there has strayed on the premises of Mr. GRIP the subjoined correspondence. The owner will please call, prove property, pay expenses, and take it away. Otherwise it will be dealt with according to the law. Herein fail not.

BARRIE, Nov. 27.

RESPECTED SIR,—Oh! that I were in Toronto to grasp your honest hand in a great grip of fervent fellowship! Your sentiments are heaven-born! Your enunciation of them unparalleled for vigor and terseness—and good, clear type! Your courage is immense and lion-like! With you I say, "Down with the despot! Perdition seize the purse-proud aristocracy! Away with the pampered office-holders! Raise aloft the banner of Liberty! Give the toiling masses the worth of their money! Let us have government by the people, for the people, among the people! Why are we crushed under the iron heel of the despot and provisions so dear! The great, beating, bleeding heart of Canada must be doctored up, even though a mighty wave of revolution sweep o'er the land! Hail to every champion

of popular rights! Agitate! Agitate!! Agitate!!!

Whack away at the bloated holders of sinecure jobs! As the embodiment of the Spirit of Freedom, you will, of course, want to join our association here—The United Unterrified Legion of Light and Liberty. Terms, \$1 a year, strictly in advance.

Yours, with heart and soul,  
JOHN DUMPHY.

YORK-STREET, TORONTO, NOV. 28.

mister its rule gud of yu to giv us Gurls a kinder lite settin out that potry was fly put in moar ples Give it to them Sneekin Kops Wun of em is gon to git slugged prity sun—giv him a Bad Bar wen it koms Of. ther ol n. G. Yu stand in with us Gurls an well maik it ol rite. Us Gurls taks yur papur ill sen yu mor "Parsonils" timorow. so Long

BIRDIE JACKSON.

HALL OF DE KALSIMINING KLUB, NOV. 28.

DEAR NED,—De Klub has leeked you a honable membah. Go on wid de good fite. Make it as libely as de—well, as you jest ken, foh de bawnacles, de big-pay snobs, an de fatted Kine gin'lly. You say you don't pesplah foh office! But how would Ald'man fr de noble wawd ketch you?

In brudderly feckshun,  
LILAC BROWN.

LOMBARD-ST., NOV. 28.

ME BYE,—Shure it's a brick y're—divil a bit av a lie in it. Illigent work ye do, an' no mistake. Baste the lan'lords, bad scan till thim! No rint, no taxes, no polis, no ginthr! Prache ahid, alan! An' more power till yer elbow. Faugh-a-hallaugh!

In respect,  
PHINEAS O'DOUGHERTY.

P.S.—D'ye happen to know e'er a place a chap cud buy a thrifs av dynamite? I'm right in wid ye, darlint, d'ye see?

AGNES-STREET, NOV. 28.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In your nice notice about Mr. Dusenberry's party, you never put my name in. Please do so, and also say Isang "Grandfather's Clock." You know best how to fix it.

Yours Truly,  
CHRISIE McFOODLE,

## A FRAGMENT.

That shop-moving was a great scheme. You and Chris ought to have a street-fight, and make the "severed connection" complete—as an Irishman might say. Don't fancy the fund over here won't hold out. We want Canada! This mail brings you more old-time editorial clippings. Don't be scared to use 'em.

Say—I like me to read dot paber putty seldom von yours. It was yust immense all about sackin dose peebles vot got more like sefen tollars and a baff a week, und der hired man done all der rest von der work. Shuff der knockin ouid von dem all. You und me wants a chop like dot myself, ain'd it? Wride a pit about der shkaloons don't given a bint lager for funf cents, already.

Your vrient,  
JAKE SCHLEIFENHEIMER.

CATARRH.—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



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