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Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The electors of Algoma have declared in favor of the Mowat Government by electing Mr. Lyon; and at the same time they have signally rebuked the barefaced invasion of their constituency by outside corruptionists. It is quite possible, of course, that there were outside corruptionist missionaries representing the other side, who deserved the same sort of snub; if so, it is to be hoped they will get their deserts in the election court. It seems to be generally understood that the election is to be appealed against in any event.

FIRST PAGE.—The enterprising manager of the Midget Museum, now visiting this city, should lose no time in securing Gen. Luard as an addition to his attractions. That hump-tious officer would take away the honors from "Hop o' my Thumb" himself for genuine "smallness." He has made himself a nuisance in Canadian military circles, and the sooner he is invited to lay down his sword of authority in this country the better it will be for our militia forces.

EIGHTH PAGE.—An excited populace is watching the great match between Tilley and Langevin for the Conservative Leadership stakes. At the present writing the clever Frenchman is decidedly ahead, Tilley's trotter having badly broken in New Brunswick lately. Nobody seems to believe that either of them will win, but the struggle is amusing all the same, in these dull days.

De man what tells lies for de 'musement ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what tells lies for make hisse'f portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"Dear me," said a good old lady on Fifth avenue, the other evening, "how this craze for china is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying \$3,000 for a pitcher."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Our
First Person
Singular



I see that the Bostons have won the baseball championship for 1883. After this let no one say that culture is not a fine thing. Let me see: Boston now has the champion slugger, the champion baseball club, and the champion saloon owned by the champion slugger—who, by the way, has signed the pledge since going into the liquor business, which shows that he is wide awake and knows what he is selling. Show me the man who don't believe in intellectual outchaw after this.

In glancing over the London *Free Press* the other day, I saw a quotation from the *Oshawa Vindicator* in which a would be satirical allusion is made to GRIP. What is this *Oshawa Vindicator* and where is *Oshawa*, anyhow? Why doesn't the *Free Press* explain what it quotes from? Who ever heard of the *Oshawa Vindicator*, except the *Oshawaboos*, (for that I take to be the correct method of designating the natives of that place, if such a place there be).

I see it stated that at the banquet which was recently given to Mr. Irving at Glasgow, one of the guests, a clergyman, was so overcome by the presence of the great tragedian, the good fare, and, possibly, other things, that he offered his services as honorary chaplain during Mr. Irving's American tour. I believe Mr. Irving did not accept them, but that parson might succeed in getting a similar position to the one he was seeking with Mr. J. L. Sullivan, during his great tour.

I am very glad indeed that the little royal reefer approved of Niagara Falls. The old catract has been under a cloud since the apostle of knee-breeches said it was N. G., but now that Prince George has given his verdict in its favor, it makes it an equal thing for the Falls, and it only needs a casting vote from some distinguished person to show that they really are something out of the way. With pleasure, then, I say that I admire Niagara. This will settle the question at once and forever.

From what I observe in the Hamilton papers, the regular routine of action for a constable on the Police force of that city who is suspended for any offence, is to enter a charge of something or other (it doesn't much matter what) against Chief Stewart, withdraw it, and then tender his own resignation. This has been the style of thing more than once lately, but the Chief can afford to laugh at such charges as are trumped up against him by spiteful subordinates. Of the large number that have been preferred against him, or that were threatened, not a single one has come to anything.

A contemporary some few days ago, in alluding to the *Globe's* watch enterprise, connected the name of the prophet Jonah with the affair, though I forget exactly in what way. I wish to state that Jonah was not a newspaper man; at any rate he wasn't an editor, and the journalistic fraternity can never claim him as one of them. My words are borne out in the 3rd verse of the 1st chapter of Jonah, wherein it says, referring to the deceased, "So he paid the fare thereof, and went, etc." No newspaper man would have

been guilty of paying any fare of any kind whatever.

I would advise those of my friends who indulge in a summer ramble, to make a note of Parry Sound for next season. I was up there the other day for the first time, and found it a charming village, neat, clean and sober. Mr. Beatty, the "father" of the settlement, sells building sites only on condition of no liquor being sold, and the consequence is that the community is free from the debasing influence of grog. The scenery in the vicinity is very fine, and a first-class summer hotel, the *Belvidere*, will be ready for guests next summer. Cut out the item and paste it on your satchel.

I see that Mr. Tennyson has been reading some of his own poetry to the Czar of Russia. Is it possible that this can be a dodge of the Nihilists, who, finding that they are unable to get a shot at his Imperial Majesty with a bomb, have devised this deadly method of undermining his constitution, and is it likely that the Poet Laureate would lend himself to any scheme likely to bring the autocrat to an untimely end? Of course if Alfred read some of his older poetry it is all right, but the reading of his recent effusions cannot fail to wear out any listener, even though he were a man of iron nerve and adamantine constitution.

I was rather amused last Saturday, which it will be remembered was a particularly bleak and chilly day, to overhear a little cockney who had landed in Canada last March, give vent to his opinion as follows:—"W'y, 'ang it, yer know, hif this 'eres Hortumn, blow me, but what must the bloomin' winter in this country be like? Blow me if it didn't snaow hup to Joon, an' there 'asn't been a rele 'ot day, yer may say, haff summer. Blaow sich a bloomin' bleedin' country any'ow. Dash my vig! hif I don't go 'ome by the next boat, or my bloomin' monicker hain't Vilkin." And perhaps the little man had some grounds for his growl after all, eh?

"Right, thou ambitious scribe of the sonolent *Spectator*. That tale about the non-necessity of some folks' existence was never, no, never, never, told of Mr. Lincoln before, because everybody who knows anything knows that Talleyrand was the originator of the expression, *Je ne vois pas la necessite*."—This is what the *Hamilton Tribune* says, and I am glad to be set right for I always imagined that Talleyrand had said "la," not "le" *necessite*. I fail to see what that gentleman meant by using a masculine article with a feminine substantive, but if the *Tribune* says he did, why, he did, and that's all there is about it.

I have always respected the *Hamilton Tribune* ever since it first made its appearance, for its outspokenness and veracity, but I see, with fear and trembling, that it is now commencing to talk about its circulation, and I feel that it is treading on dangerous ground. Let it bear in mind the (almost) last words of the great Washington: "I would have been a newspaper man but for one thing: I should have been compelled to lie about the circulation of my paper. I cannot tell a lie—unless it is made well worth my while." Mind I don't say that the *Tri.* is telling fibs, but I know that it is in the position of a one-legged man, blindfolded, walking on the edge of a precipice on a pitchy dark night. It is liable to tumble. I know that in years to come the *Tribune* will look back on these words of wisdom and feel a deep gratitude to the great and good man who wrote them. Ahem!