



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Latest Manitoba exchanges to hand inform us that the Hon. Mr. Norquay has deliberately accepted the responsibility of the Disallowance policy of the Dominion Government. He has, with a measure of frankness, informed the people of the Province that however unpleasant the situation may be, they must grin and bear it. The only mitigation he promises is in the shape of some equivalent for Provincial Rights, which he has reason to hope the Federal authorities will grant. Now, if we are not mistaken in our belief that Disallowance means Monopoly, with all its accompanying evils, we fail to see what adequate compensation can possibly be given for the loss of the power to charter competing lines of railway. When Premier Norquay seeks to belittle the bad consequences of Disallowance, he acts as absurdly as we have represented him in the cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—Hague's Minstrels at the Grand next week are certainly "immense" in their way, but no troupe in the theatrical profession can rival the company headed by the great and only Mowat. This superb combination of political stars are announced to appear in two grand Convention performances in this city on Jan. 3rd and 4th. The affair has been thoroughly advertised throughout the province, and "packed" Grit houses are certain to greet the performers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cut is intended to speak for itself, though it is not likely to say much for the *Globe*.

Said an eloquent preacher: "It is very likely, or in other words, highly probable that—something or other was going to happen. We have forgotten the latter part of the sentence, but it really seems as if the former part is the sort of thing that the world does not willingly let die.



A few opportunities still remain of witnessing the brilliant performances of "The Merry War" by Haverly's Opera Company at the Grand. Next week crowded houses will be certain to greet Hague's British Operatic Minstrels, whose former appearances in Toronto proved them to be by far the finest troupe that ever visited the city. Although the comedy element and the specialties are far above the average, the Company are strongest in the musical line. Every singer is a star whose voice would do honor to grand opera or oratorio. If you love merit, wit, and refined amusement, go and see Hague's Britishers.

Mr. Charles Gardner is drawing good houses at the Royal, where his stirring and interesting play, "Karl," is growing in popularity. Mr. Gardner in the role gives a capital delineation of German character, and is no less truthful and amusing in the other parts assumed during the progress of the piece. Miss Patti Rosa, the leading lady, plays her part excellently, and the support is on the whole good. Next week, the Western drama, "Nobody's Claim," will be presented at this popular house.

OUR JOURNALISTIC FRIENDS.

We are glad to observe that *The Consulting Engineer of Canada* evinces every appearance of prosperity. This journal of which No. 5 of Vol. I is before us, is a representative paper in every sense of the word, and is edited by gentlemen who are experts in the branches of industrial science and art treated of. Its twelve pages are filled with articles on topics interesting to architects, engineers, mechanics, artisans, operatives and artists,—and large original illustrations are also given. The office of publication is in the Mechanics Institute building, in this city.

Truth.—Mr. S. Frank Wilson the enterprising proprietor of *Truth*, seems determined to make that journal to Canada what its celebrated namesake is to London. The paper has just been enlarged, and embellished with a highly artistic title page. In addition to the liberal amount of original and select reading matter given in each number, *Truth* now contains several sheets of music each week, which are engraved specially for its pages. Such enterprise deserves recognition, and we trust that Mr. Wilson may receive a due share.

How to build a railroad without buying the right of way.—Coax or bully from Council a right to use streets or roads free. Warranted to work. For terms and instructions as to mode of operating apply to London Junction Railroad Company's offices.

LUCY AND MARIER.

A SCIENTIFIC NOVELLETTE, IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

Not many weeks ago a vast wave swept over the bosom of Lake Erie. Scientists and savants set their gigantic minds to work to ascertain the cause of it. They found it—in their gigantic minds. They proclaimed it to have been one of those periodical tidal waves which will occur in the best regulated lakes and oceans, but these scientists were as far

away from the real cause as Vennor was in his October forecast. Three people alone on this globe know what made that wave. I am one of the three.

CHAP. II.

A sultry day, with a faint mist nestling on the bosom of Lake Erie. Two young ladies from Peterboro' spending their vacation at a little hamlet on the shore. This is the scene: these are the *dramatis personæ*. (This is Latin.) The waves ripple, ripple, on the sandy shore. The young ladies walk by the murmuring waters and talk about their fellers. (This is slang.)

CHAP. III.

"Marier," said Lucy, "wouldn't it be too sweetly precious to dabble our feet in these pellucid waters?" "It would indeed be chawming," replied Lucy, "let's." Next to Bawsting perhaps Peterboro' boasts of more double distilled "culchaw" than any village on this boundless continent. The two sweet innocents sat down on a projecting tongue of land, and with many "ohs" and "I shall screams" divested their pedal extremities of their coverings.

CHAP. IV.

When a solid body is plunged into water it will displace an amount of that element equivalent to its own bulk. (This is science.)

CHAP. V.

"Now then, Marier," said Lucy, "both together," and into the water went the four feet. And immediately there arose that vast wave of which we have read, which caused so much terror and destruction as it swept onward in its course. Lucy and Marier were cast on a high cliff near by. Their shoes were found some days after, miles away. A cat and five kittens had taken refuge in one, whilst several barnyard fowls had found protection in the others. What does all this prove? Why, that scientists and savants are but human, and *humanum est errare* (this is Latin), and consequently they sometimes make mistakes; and that, besides "culchaw," the Pete. boro maidens are possessed of most astonishing understandings. (This is fact.)

—DABBADACK.



Current events—Freshets.
The best thing out—A bad cigar.
Ties between cities—Railway ties.
The worst thing going—A poor watch.
Bread-stuffs—Putting insertion in turkeys.
Behind the *Times*—Its editor and proprietor.

A corn dodger—A darkey when you throw an ear at him.

Are stockholders called "bulls" on account of the bullion they deal in?

The top of a mountain should be warm as it is often "wrapped in clouds."

Servants in the old country keep their eyes open and their mouths shut. In this country these conditions are precisely reversed.