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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.

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**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—A list of factories of various kinds started by the influence of the N. P. was laid before Parliament some days ago. The Opposition journalists have been examining the list with loving care, and the consequence is a number of corrections of inadvertences on the part of the Finance Minister who "got it up."

EIGHTH PAGE.—We trust the Marquet quotations here given will be found of much value to those of the fair sex who contemplate investing in Manitoba bachelors.

FIRST PAGE.—From the profound silence of the Government on the subject of the general election, and the exceeding difficulty even Conservative members find in getting any enlightenment thereupon, we begin to think that Police Constable Brown has rung a false alarm. Sir John acts as though he thought so too.

**Meat in Lent!**

God help the poor inmates of Father Malloy's "home" at Ottawa. We notice the following in the *Ottawa Citizen* of the 9th. The italics are our own.

"A seizure of beef, unfit for use, was made by the Market Inspector along with the constable. The victim was a farmer from Onslow, who was frothing with rage at the market officials for confiscating his bad meat. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and, accordingly, Father Malloy benefited by this breeze, inasmuch that the captured quarters were donated towards the benefit of his home."

Perhaps the worthy Father thinks that any meat is good enough for the Lenten season.



**EXCEEDINGLY HAPPY THOUGHT.**

Aldermen Taylor and Hallam in the same breath—"Let us secure that splendid building for Toronto's Free Public Library. It can, it may, it must, it shall be done!" And so say all of us.

**Sorrel-Top.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Herbert Archer was a young man holding the high position of bank clerk on a salary of \$400 a year. The position required fashionable appearance, swell clothes, whether it was limited to one suit or no, stylish hats, and loose cash for cigars and treats, for what is a young man thought of now-a-days unless he is always ready to stand treat to half a dozen, and, of course, any useless, expensive trifle the fellows may have bought he must seem to be able to get too, even if the large, ever-increasing tailor's bill does run on unpaid. But other things engrossed Herbert's mind on this particular evening—a telegram just received, informing him that his two nieces would be in town that afternoon. Rumors had arisen of the Tam O'Shanter fever spreading in the village, and their mother was so anxious, hoped it would not put him out; "out of pocket-temper," growled Herbert as he crammed the telegram into his pocket and strolled off to play billiards with the boys.

"Nice state of affairs," groaned Herbert, as he plowed through the debris in the dining-room, next night, "two children hoisted on you, spoiling everything they can lay hands on. Madge, hurry up the tea, I am going to the opera to-night. Oh! I can't take you, there are a half a dozen of us going, and we will toss up for treats. Who has been meddling with my dressing-box?" he exclaimed, after mounting the stairs to titivate himself up. "My wax looks as if it had been chewed, everything pulled about—you bet those children have been around—what will I do for scent? I suppose Miss H— will be there to-night, she was evidently impressed the other night," he complacently thought, stroking his moustache as he viewed the faultless figure in the glass. "I wonder how much old money-bags will come down for her. She is a good catch if she has a sorrel-top. Goodness me! why what was that?" he said, as he rushed down stairs, tripping over the eldest girl in the doorway, where she had been surveying operations. Matters were explained when he found the youngest child with the door-key trying to wind up his treasured music-box; of course it was not improved by the experiment. Affairs reached a climax when Daisy, the eldest one, came in

with his best silk hat reduced to a shapeless mass, she had fallen with it in her hand, hence the result. Mentally anathematizing children in general and these in particular, he seized a Christy stiff, and, telling his sister to get tea without him, left to shed his fascinating smiles on the dog or more mashes he had lately made.

A letter from his brother next morning inquiring after the health of the darlings, and full of the usual sickening eulogies of their merits: "Tottie was such a sweet, amiable child, and Daisy was so smart, never had to be told anything twice; picked up things so quickly, it made him think he would like to make her smart when he arrived home. He found his divinity, Miss H— there, and taking to himself the motive of her call, brought to bear his utmost fascinations; and in his own mind, as in those of most young men of the present day, they were not small.

The children, making their appearance at the door, were called in and gushed over by the lady who doted on children—little innocents. "Miss Holland, do you like Uncle Tom, because he said all the ladies fell in love with him?" said Daisy, little innocent of nine summers. "I said that if all were to fall in love one alone would be worth the rest," hastily answered Herbert, with a killing glance at Miss H—, as he gnawed his moustache and vowed vengeance against all smart children. Conversation ensued for a short time when Daisy again interrupted, "Miss H—, are you rich?" "Rich enough," answered the lady, "why?" "Well, have you a sorrel-top?" "Why?" again asked Miss H—, crimsoning to the roots of her warm-coloured hair, ignoring Herbert's attempts to gain possession of the child. "Because last night Uncle Herbert said that some one was sick, and had money-bags, and would be a good catcher even if she had a sorrel-top. Didn't you, Uncle Herbert?" looking innocently at the mortified Herbert, who, hastily excusing himself, dashed out of the house, telegraphed for the instant recall of the children, and then returned to the privacy of his room, where he forcibly declared against the folly of children visiting, bewailed his lost prospects, things had looked so prosperous, and he could have cut such a dash—drat the children—till after having cooled down he smoothed his ruffled locks, waxed his miniature moustache, and determined the next time he soliloquized aloud before the glass on warm subjects he would take care that his nieces were not around.

The fond mother returned. As for Herbert, he rushed past post office and cathedral, down Yonge-street, on by Front-street,

He rushed by tower and temple,  
And stayed not in his pace

till he stood, not "before his master's door in the stately market-place," as Lord Macaulay has it, but before Miss Holland and his two nieces, whom that young lady had taken for a walk, "I was telling Miss Holland dat I'm sure oo love her." "Tottie, Daisie, go on to that fruit stand and spend this quarter—Miss Holland," he went on "you know the truth is spoken by children and fools; what that child has said I am fool enough to repeat." Miss Holland blushed redder than Uncle Herbert when accused of calling her a "sorrel-top." Just then Daisie returned, her arms full of apples. "Dat's right, Uncle Herbert and Miss Holland, oo have made friends, now oo must kiss." And we are not sure that this excellent practical advice was not soon after adopted by "both consenting parties."

T. S.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The whale at the 200. Manitoba lots. Spring styles in hats. Opening days.

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.—Furs and firs. FAST FRIENDS.—Wind and cold. Toronto and mud.