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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.

#### Plans: 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.**—Sir Francis Hincks, as  
the sole surviving arbitrator on the Boundary  
question, is, of course, a valuable witness.  
His evidence supports the contention of Mr.  
Mowat, and consequently, is far from being  
satisfactory to the advocates of Manitoba's al-  
leged claim. It follows, as a natural sequence,  
that Sir Francis is now getting his share of  
complimentary attention from the *Mail* and  
other newspapers that take the Manitoba side  
of this much vexed question.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Sir John Macdonald's clever-  
ness and ingenuity in dealing with the O'Dono-  
hue and Orange factions calls to mind the story  
once illustrated by Cruickshank's pencil of the  
equally clever lawyer who settled the oyster  
dispute by eating the oyster and handing the  
shells to the disputants. Sir John has swal-  
lowed the vote of the Orange and Catholic  
parties, and presumably his appetite is ap-  
peased.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—M. Mousseau seems to be  
rather slow in getting to the polls. The people  
of Quebec are anxiously awaiting the announce-  
ment of the elections, deeming it anomalous  
that the Premier of the Province should be  
without a seat in the House. The writs were  
issued several weeks ago, but as yet the date  
of the contest has not been fixed.

Pantaloon will be worn longer in this  
month than in June—one day longer.

The New Jersey law prohibiting the sale of  
tobacco to boys under sixteen years of age is  
not a grand success. The small boy hires his  
big brother to buy the tobacco, and then goes  
halves with him on the tobacco.

The women's club of Pittsburgh listened to  
an "exhaustive paper on coal," read by one of  
its members. Reporters were not admitted, so  
that it cannot be stated whether in the opinion  
of the club, coal should be brought up by the  
husband with the kindling or separately.



The only thing that will successfully check  
a garrulous, scolding woman—not a *rara avis*  
by any means—is a toothache that compels  
her to hold her jaw.

Exchanges from Montreal report several  
"faith cures" amongst pilgrims returning  
from St. Anno de Beaupre, but I have not seen  
it stated what the patients were cured of: I  
should imagine that it would most probably be  
their faith.

The *Hamilton Times* says that Burlington  
Beach, illuminated by electric light, looks  
like a poet's dream. I am a poet myself, and  
very fond of cucumbers, which are just now  
very plentiful, and last night I indulged  
heartily in them at supper, and the dream I  
afterwards invested in was something so  
weirdly phantasmagorical, that I sincerely  
hope the Beach never looks like it.

How names do get twisted about in the  
course of time, to be sure: Sevenoaks becomes  
Snooks; De Moulin, Mullin; Bugg, Norfolk  
Howard, and so forth; and even in Toronto  
there are some that have altered during the  
past few years: for one family whose patron-  
ymic has been slightly altered, I think I could  
suggest a suitable and classical motto, viz.:  
pollon onomatopoeia morphe mia; for there are  
other changes rung on the good old name of  
Murphy, besides "spud," "praty," and  
"potato."

I observe that Courtney asserts that he was  
struck by some miscreant with a sand club,  
and that he has suffered very severely from  
the effects. This is an outrage that should  
not be allowed to pass by without some en-  
deavor being made to discover the miscreant  
who would strike the great blower and not  
kill him. The mere fact that the villain  
belted this eccentric oarsman is a matter of no  
moment, but society should rear up and insist  
on having the perpetrator of the assault  
lynched for not completing his work.

It is with far more of sorrow than anger  
that I have to announce that the first thing  
the editor of this paper did, on entering his  
sanctum on his return from the Press Excur-  
sion, was to commence a detailed description  
of a gigantic perch, several miles in length,  
according to his story, which he had caught  
while away. It does not seem to make any  
difference how truthful a young man may be  
as a general thing; once let him land a two  
penny-weight minnow and his veracity be-  
comes one of the things that used to be.

There is some chance that the sea near  
Deios will yield up a colossal bronze horse.  
Some fishermen from Egina were diving for  
sponges near the former island when they  
found an ancient bronze horse from which they  
wrenched off a foot, and archaeologists hope to  
recover the entire statue.—*Etc.* It would be  
far more in accordance with the "eternal  
fitness of things" if a wooden horse had been  
found near this Island, I think. Say a Deal  
'oss for example. If such were found it might  
be the Same 'oss that was used at the siege of  
Troy, though 'tis doubtful.

My breath was nearly taken away a few  
days ago by the apparition, on one of the pub-  
lic streets, of one of those animals which I was  
under the impression had gone to join the

Dodo, and become extinct, namely, a Page.  
Yea, a veritable foot page, buttons and all.  
In my earlier days my eyes have often been  
regaled by seeing these animals; they were  
common some twenty or thirty years ago,—  
and may be so still in England—but I have  
only seen one in Canada, and him I beheld in  
Toronto. I was so struck by his absurd ap-  
pearance that I penned some beautiful poetry  
about him, which will be found in another  
column of this issue.

"Ugh!" grunted Biggster at the dinner  
table, "this pudding isn't fit for a hog to eat."  
The boarding mistress, who overheard the re-  
mark, smiled sweetly as she said, "Then I  
wouldn't eat it, Mr. Biggster."—*Boston Trans-*  
*cript.*

This extremely facetious paragraph has been  
copied into about a million papers: the idea,  
evidently, is that Biggster gets a smart slap  
from the hash-house deity, but one moment's  
examination of the *moreau* will show that  
such is not the case: the lady, certainly, puts  
herself down as a hog, and only comes off sec-  
ond best. There, I've wasted too much time,  
already, on this matter, but just see if I'm  
not right.

The London, Ont., journals last week fairly  
revelled in detailed descriptions of all manner  
of diseases, as described by grateful patrons of  
two physicians with alliterative initials, whom  
it is the proper caper amongst our Canadian  
medicos to ignore. It is of the utmost im-  
portance that the public should know that  
Linda G., as related in the literature referred  
to, feels better, and that Mr. G. A., aged 33,  
of Port Hope, got rid of a tape worm in three  
hours, and it is a relief for a reader of these  
able publications to turn from a rampant edi-  
torial upon Copperhead organs and Hardys  
and Pardees and Lardees and Dardies, and  
Frazers and Blazers, to the grateful expres-  
sions of K. G. of Belleville, who returns  
thanks for her recovery from a pain in her  
little toe. It is indeed.

The Ontario and Quebec railway has proved  
a perfect godsend to some of the residents of  
Yorkville North, who found time hanging very  
heavily on their hands before the road passed  
through that neighborhood. Those gentlemen  
can now spend the whole day watching the  
men at work on the track and giving advice  
to the foremen about matters they don't know  
the first thing about themselves. Yes, the  
idle gentlemen, retired hod-carriers and so  
forth, of the extreme north of Toronto are  
now happy, thanks to the O. & Q. R.R., for  
what is pleasanter to a retired laborer than to  
see others sweating away in the sun and know  
that he isn't obliged to work himself, as long  
as the neighbors will pay him a good price for  
the product of his vegetable garden.

Montreal policemen,—wonderful phenom-  
en—go to sleep on their beats, and one was  
discovered a few nights ago on a citizen's door-  
step, fast "in the arms o' Porpus," as Mr.  
Winkle's sedan chair-bearer says. The citizen  
referred to writes to say that he was aroused  
from his own slumbers on the night in ques-  
tion, by a manly voice carolling with exquisite  
taste and feeling the words

"Oh! Paradis, oh! Paradis,  
It's weary waiting here,"

and, shortly afterwards, resonant snores broke  
on the atmosphere of the stilly night, and,  
upon descending and opening his front door,  
he beheld the guardian of the night fast  
bound in slumber's chains. A motion passed  
at the Chief Constables' Convention, which  
took place this week in this city, and which I  
have reported in another column of this paper,  
has reference to this practice of open air som-  
nolency.