

## FINAL CHALLENGE.

I hereby challenge the world for the amount of the United States' public debt to produce a book for summer reading equal in any respect to PUCK ON WHEELS—just out—price 25 cents—to be had everywhere and vicinity—that contains more solid amusement to the square inch, funnier pictures, epic-or-poems, side-splitting sketches, and wholesomer and eruditor philosophy. Man and money ready at five minutes' notice.—Puck.

## ACCEPTANCE.

I hereby accept the above challenge, and match my offspring.

## THE GRIP-SACK.

(comic summer annual for 1882) to knock out Puck on Wheels in four rounds, and I further agree

To give the disputed territory of Ontario, if *The Grip-Sack* is not a wiser, wittier, and healthier book.

To give five and a half sections of Manitoba to any Philanthropic Colonization Co. if *THE GRIP-SACK* is not a better quarter-dollar's worth in every respect. I further stipulate that the stakes be placed in the hands of Mr. Hunter of Montreal, and that the Public act as judges.

The judges each to buy a copy of *The Grip-Sack* and read it thoroughly.

Man and money ready and payable on P. O. order.

GRIP.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH,  
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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.—A French lady doctor has been exciting the city for the past fortnight, and astounding the multitude who gather around her chariot by a series of marvellous cures performed *free gratis* upon impromptu patients. We fancy there are subjects in our cartoon who will tax her skill, however, and if she can cure these unfortunate gentlemen, she will deserve a good word, even in the *Telegram*.

FRONT PAGE.—This cartoon goes only on facts, but in this case he has based a picture on rumor. If Mr. Mowat does really secure

the co-operation of the redoubtable Phipps, Meredith might as well hang up his fiddle, and Sir John needn't go on with that Convention.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lieut.-Gov. Dewdney has fixed upon Pile of Bones as the site of the capital of the new Province of Assinobia, and the Dominion Government have confirmed the selection, much to the disgust of a large majority of the settlers in the new Province. To make everything agreeable, however, the Governor-General has substituted the euphonious name "Regina," for the original (and perhaps more appropriate) Pile of Bones.

## A CUR-IOUS POEM.

THE EDITOR OF GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—For several days I have felt most peculiar and uneasy sensations pervading my whole being. My mother says they are the premonitory symptoms of a case of yellow jaundice, but I believe it's poetry working itself out through my system. In this belief I retired to my chamber; I never wrote a poem before, but I had heard that the poet's eye must roll in fine frenzy. I rolled mine nearly out of my head till I was rewarded with the production of the following lines. You will perceive that the metre is peculiar, for whilst the lines all rhyme the same as any other poet's (except Joaquin Miller and a few more) they also rhyme at the beginning as well. This convinces me that I am *poeta nata non facta*, though I hope my poetry will yet be the making of me. Here is my poem:

## ODE ON MY DOG

ALIVE AND DEAD.

Hark! at night I love to hear the dog  
Bark, for it shows his trusty watch he's keeping;  
Never off guard, with semi-closed eye,  
Ever alert whilst drowsy man is sleeping.

Dog, you're a noble brute, quite equal to  
Hog for the making of the rich bolcnga,  
Restive in life, oh! dog, I cherish you:  
Festive in death and useless to your owner.

Then comes the butcher and he spies your corse;  
Men at the sausage mill your requiem grind,  
Civil to you now, do they feel remorse?  
Devil a bit, unless 'tis in their mind.

Sporting about we'll see you never more  
Cavorting round in happy, jound play,  
You have departed for fair Canine's shore,  
True is the saying "Each dog has his day."

Oft have I watched you as upon the coal,  
Soft as they make it, you with lissome ease  
Turned nearly inside out, your valiant soul  
Burned as you hunted, rarely captured, dead.

True, I have risen in the dead of night  
Blue with the cold, when you have bayed the moon,  
Fully resolved to slay you upon sight,—  
Bully for you, you skipped away too soon.

Ladies, my dog is dead and gone; but where?  
Hades, perchance, but peradventure not,  
Weep, gentle readers, drop a silent tear,  
Sleep, little doggie: ("Sausage, smoking hot.")

Such are the words that burst my reverie—  
Much as I hate to, I'll devour thee.

There, Mr. Editor, is my first attempt. BY publishing it you may be encouraging a rising poet, by refusing it you will crush to earth one who feels the, till now, latent germs of minstrelsy already sprouting in his teeming soul.

Faithfully yours,

SWIZ.

Our Funny Contributor says the reason he wishes to marry is because the tenancy and the spirit of the age is all towards union or amalgamation. Our contributor says he has fought against this spirit as long as he can, but can resist it no longer.



## HIS LORDSHIP'S NETHER GARMENTS

1ST PROMISING CITIZEN.—What's the matter with His Lordship's legs?

2ND Do.—He wants to show that that 'ere Rectorship has made his seat easier!

HIS LORDSHIP, (*aside with an effort*). Sit still, my heart, sit still!

## ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. VI.—THE MAN.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Someone will surely say when they see this article that I am a lunatic for asserting that the man is an animal. They may say as they like. Other mortals have been called names, and yet they didn't lose their appetites or die of a broken heart. I am right. The man is an animal, but there is this to say in its favor: it is a little more civilized and has a trifle more of common sense than the rest of animals.

The man is the finest animal that was ever invented. Through all the centuries that have intervened since the beginning of the world, it has been spreading its numerous progeny over every part of the globe. Other animals inhabit only certain portions of this sorrowful earth. You can find the kangaroo in Australia, but not in Canada; you can see the orang-outang in the heart of Africa, but not swinging among the oak trees of old England; you can (if you get there) see the Arctic bear climbing the North Pole, but you don't see him basking in the sun where the Florida alligator lives on young darkies. But the man is superior to these and all others. It is found in all countries, all climates, all latitudes. It is as universal in its habitation as the air it breathes. From East to West, from North to South, up and down, from one side to the other, down the centre, up the back and all the way round—even in the bowels of the earth is the man found. We find it inhabiting the seas, the deserts, the mountains, the caves, the wildernesses, the rocky passes and the hearts of forests that are almost impenetrable. We find it in palaces and canal boats, churches and wigwams, colleges and balloons, houses of parliament and insane asylums. Is not all this enough to show the overwhelming superiority of the man over all other animals that were, are, or ever will be, not even excepting the elephant?

Let us take the man from its birth; let us carefully examine the development of its character, its tastes and its muscle; let us make a study of its good points, and without that