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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.—As these explanatory
comments are written chiefly for poster-
ity, our readers are kindly requested
to overlook this paragraph, which is intend-
ed as a plain statement of the facts so well
known to the living generation of Cana-
dians. A Board of Arbitrators appointed by
the Governments of the Dominion and the
Province of Ontario, to settle the western
boundary of Ontario, brought in an award
which gave that Province some additional
territory. The Dominion Government re-
fused to ratify this Award, and for several
years the territory in question was left with-
out the advantages of municipal government,
although it contained a considerable popula-
tion. This state of things was ended by the
action of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, who, a few
days ago, as Premier of Ontario, took formal
possession of the land, and sent special con-
stablers there to look after the interests of the
settlers. Our cartoon recalls an historical
parallel in which another doughty Oliver
made a decided stand against the powers that
be.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch is meant to illus-
trate a little story which runs as follows: A
certain man owned a pup, which he intended
to train as a watch dog. He gave the animal
a regular diet of raw meat, blood, and other
stimulants, and in due time the dog grew ex-
ceedingly savage. One day he took a terrible
hold on the calf of his master's leg. The latter
roared for his little boy (who had prudently
taken to the roof of an adjacent shed) to take
the dog off, when the youngster retorted:
"Never mind, dad: stand firm to your prin-
ciples,—it will be the very making of the pup!"
This little story may fairly be applied to the
present position of Hon. M. Bowell, who is at
present suffering many things from the Orange-
men whom he has so long fed on the raw meat

of ultra Protestantism, and who have now
seized an opportunity of "protesting."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The census report, of which
the Third Volume is just published, contains
so many statistical blunders that it makes de-
cidedly funny reading. As for the GRIP-SACK
—that mirthful book is just leaving the press
as we write.



"A handful of hay in a panful of water neu-
tralizes smell of paint," remarks an exchange,
and it might just as well have gone on further
and said that, when the water is hot, and a little
skim milk is added, it is, apparently, a sub-
stitute for tea in some of those rural boarding-
houses which the city family flees to in sum-
mer, to enjoy the luxuries of the country in
company with those honest sons of toil—the
corny-palmed farmers.

There seems to be no end to those pugilists
who have "met and beaten all the best men
in England," for still they come, the latest ar-
rival being Mr. Sheriff, who must be a beauty,
as he is said to strongly resemble Mr. Tug Wil-
son. Mr. Sheriff manifests the usual amount of
anxiety to meet John L. Sullivan, Esq., and
as soon as his challenge to that gentleman is
accepted, he will probably hear that the Cali-
fornian climate is just the thing for him,—
they all do.

The susceptible young men of this city, and,
in fact, of every other place, should feel deeply
grateful to Dr. Ellis for his discovery that
soda water is unwholesome. If the learned
analyst would only find out that insidious dis-
eases lurk in ice-cream, and that caramels
and so forth are only one degree removed from
the deadliest poisons, many youths who are at
present unable to meet their landladies with
that clear conscience which all who are out of
debt enjoy, would rise up and bless him as a
benefactor.

Duelling amongst journalists is becoming
quite common, now-a-days, in America, and
we should not be a bit surprised to hear of
horrible bloodshed in a city about forty miles
from here. One reporter has, through the
columns of his paper, actually called another
reporter of another paper a "lad," and blood
would seem to be the only article that can
wash out so infamous an epithet. Our sym-
pathies are with the "lad," and we will act
as his second if we can steer clear of our lynx-
eyed C.C.A.

Whew! hot, eh? and to make matters
worse we are in receipt of a remonstrance from
one of the "uncol' guild" because we made
some little bantling joke about 'hades' five
months ago. The person who lectures us goes
into a long dissertation about the heated here-
after, and the different degrees of sultriness
that some of us may expect, but we must say
that his writing about such matters just at
this season of the year is in most execrable
taste, and he might have kept his three
pages of nonsense till winter. Our jest about
'hades' has cost us a subscriber—who never
paid, however,—so perhaps we are just as
glad we made it, after all.

We are surprised. No less than three city
papers came out during the past week with
the following misquotation:

"When Greek meets Greek then comes
the tug of war;"
and yet the *Mail* has not as much as a line of
editorial on the subject. If we didn't want to
be taken for a literary chimpanzee and a
pedantic journalistic dude we would tell those
papers what old Nathaniel Lee really did say
as far back as 1692, when he remarked that
"When Greeks join Greeks then was the tug
of war."—Hevings! we've done it after all.

Toronto is to be congratulated on the
efficiency of her police force, which has two
tug of war teams of matchless superiority; at
least one of 'em is. This fact ought to strike
terror to the souls of would-be malefactors,
and if our gallant boys in blue could only
manage to raise another team there is no
doubt that the morality of our city would be
materially improved.

Tug, tug, tug with care,
And banish the presence of the bad bur-
glair.

A detective in grey for a safe blowaire,
A blue coat cop for a bold forgaire,
The tug o' war team for the murderaire.
Tug in the presence of Toronto's fair,
Tug, tug, tug with care:
Never mind the presence of the malefactaire.

"I may say the country here is filled with
English tourists to an extent which surprises
an Eastern man, and it is the general remark
that for true, well-bred behavior they equal
the most cultivated of our own people."—
California Letter in Philadelphia Bulletin.

This should be highly gratifying to English-
men, some of whom will doubtless recollect a
sketch in *Punch* some years ago in which a
Californian was represented levelling a re-
volver at the head of another diner with the
imperative demand to the latter to "pass the
mustard." When an Englishman can equal
this, he may feel assured that he has reached
the highest pitch in good breeding—regarded
from a Californian point of view.

We observe that the Hamilton Chief of
Police has applied for leave of absence on ac-
count of his "head being wrong." Though we
sympathise with Mr. Stewart and trust that
he will soon be as well as ever, we must say
that we scarcely think his reason a sufficient
one to obtain a holiday. Why! if every one
in Hamilton was to be permitted to take a
rest and have an easy time because "his head
was wrong" the city would soon be left with-
out an Alderman, to say nothing of other cor-
poration officials.

No, no: if our gallant friend wants a holi-
day, just let him produce about sixty pages of
foolscap, written on, and gently hint that he
has got some very valuable advice to read to
the Commissioners, and just see if he doesn't
get all the "good times" he wants. Take our
advice, Mr. S., and "keep your head cool."

Edmund Yates of the *World*, London,
Eng., is in hot water on account of a bitter at-
tack in his paper on one Ponsonby Fane and a
Lord Lonsdale, the result of which is a libel
suit, which is pretty certain to go against Mr.
Yates.

How thankful we in Canada ought to be
that we have no aristocracy, except amongst
the journalistic class, to attack, and are thus
spared these annoying libel suits. The worst
we can say about our very highest society is
that So and So puts more than the average
quantity of sand in his sugar, or that What's-
his-name & Co. are idiots to imagine that
people believe they sell below cost, or that