

ADVERTISERS, LOOK AT THIS!

We make a Specialty of

COMIC DESIGNS FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES,

And the following extract from a letter just received from Mr. Jackson, the enterprising and flourishing hatter of Clinton, Ont., bears unmistakable testimony to their value to business men:

Clinton, Feb. 17th, 1881.

Manager Grip Office, Toronto, Sir,
Since I received your last comic cut I have found it has done me an immense amount of good, and I can recommend the cuts highly as a medium of advertising. I intend getting another larger design for the spring.
W. Jackson.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. J., Montreal. — Very good indeed. "Come again."

Enquirer. — The real name of the person who occasionally contributes to these columns under the nom de plume "Ja Kasse" does not "begin with H." Everybody but you knows who "Ja Kasse" is.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. I.



Preserve us, O Fate, from that most wearisome of bores, the attractive looking young lady amateur who poses in the character of a professional "Reader!" You see her at many of the literary and musical entertainments with which our modern civilization is adorned, and she is always the same sweet little bore. Her sex alone protects her from the hisses she often deserves.

Now, if the dear girl could only get rid of the preposterous idea that she is anything but an amateur, and clear herself at the same time of the still more preposterous platform airs and mannerisms of the professional elocutionist, she might really add something to the interest of a programme. But this is too much to hope, so long as newspaper reporters feed her vanity on their windy puffs, which are devoid alike of truth and sense. The young lady has usually a pleasing stage presence, an intelligent face, and a melodious voice, and the expectant auditor is apt to congratulate himself that he is going to hear something good as she comes gracefully down to the front of the stage. But when, in sepulchral voice, accompanied with grotesquely tragic shrugs of the shoulders, she announces the title of the "piece" she is about to "say," his expectation begins to droop. Before she has done half a dozen sentences his anticipated pleasure has curdled into the sourest of disappointments, and thenceforward to the end—which is generally half an hour distant—he passively gives himself up to boredom. Why can't the charming young person be natural? Is it one of the first principles of elocution that you must get as far as possible from nature? And why does the dear young woman always select those wailing, moaning, sobbing pieces of literature with which to display her gift? If this is the necessary result of a regular training under professional elocutionists, the sooner we have a law passed to abolish that class of the community the better.

The Legal Lexicon.



CALL TO THE BAR.



ILL-EMBLE.

AN EXECUTOR.



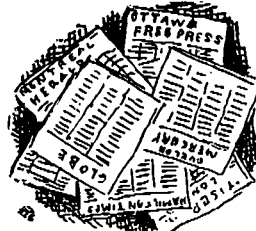
A CONVEYANCE.



GUARDIAN OF AN INFANT.



FILING A BILL.



THEM SONANS.



A SOLICITOR-IN-CHANCERY.

Genuine Carlyle Anecdotes.

Carlyle anecdotes being now in order we may state that our special anecdotist has now in stock an entirely new and original assortment, which will be disposed of in lots to suit purchasers at the very reasonable figure of \$1 per half dozen, or 25 cents per single anecdote. The following are samples:—

One day the illustrious author was much bored by an American tourist, who invaded his sanctum, put his feet on the table, and expected with fluency and reprehensible lack of precision in the direction of the grate. All American tourists in Europe do this. "I like your style, I do," he remarked; "the way you everlastingly give it to the bloated oligarchies and iron-heeled tyrants. Say, old man, why don't you come to America and lecture? Big thing!" "Humph," retorted Carlyle, "ye're a blethering cedit, mon. Aiblins weel Ecclefechan clamjamfy, no that muckle blate, pair doited birkee," and other remarks to the same effect. Shortly afterwards appeared that celebrated article in the *North American Review* which stated that Carlyle had become so permeated with German thought that in his intenser moods he involuntarily expressed himself in the Teutonic language.

Carlyle, during the concentration of his thoughts on his "Life of Frederick the Great," used often to frequent a lager beer saloon in the east end of London, in order, as he said, to obtain the inspiration of a German atmosphere. One day he was approached by a kindly frequenter, who noticed that he smoked his churchwarden in silence without joining in the surrounding dissipation, and remarked, "Was willst du haben?" "Dummkopf!" shouted the sage, indignant at the intrusion upon his meditations. "Vell, I dinks you don't vas go var to vind von, py shiminy!" was the response. Carlyle rose and muttering the single word, "Ausgespielt," left the place never to return.

The visit of the celebrated authoress, Melinda Bigglesworth,—whose "Soul Echoes" have just reached a 14th edition—to the Chelsea philosopher marked an epoch in literature. After her introduction they sat silent for fully a quarter of an hour, Carlyle smoking vigorously and the authoress toying with the narrative of his famous striped cat. "Goethe." Finally he said slowly, "You voice the Verities, and the Verities are eternal." Then she remarked, "It is only the Summits which pierce the clouds." "Ay, ay!" he replied, his eye gleaming with the force of the thought, "Eschew grovchments and en-sphere yourself wi' the sunlight." Then they parted. The recent biography of Miss Bigglesworth states that this brief though memorable interview influenced the whole of her subsequent career.

On receipt of the price the above will be forwarded, securely sealed from observation, to any address.

A few very rare Tupper anecdotes will be disposed of cheap. Also a batch of John A. stories. They are well adapted to the columns of the Tory press.

A minister out west, who has been troubled a good deal about marriage fees, issued the following circular and price list:—"One marriage, plain, \$2. Ditto, kissing the bride, \$3. Ditto, trimmed with one groomsman and one bridesmaid, \$4. Fifty cents extra for each additional groomsman or bridesmaid. Bachelors past 30 will be charged extra. Maids of the same age ten per cent off. Mileage will be charged in long distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; notes or securities not accepted. No money refunded, or rebates made for poor goods. Come early, and come often.—Steubenville Herald.

The domestic closure—"Oh, shut up!"

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
30 Patterus. The Noblest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS. & Co., 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.