



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

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### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The overpowering dullness which still reigns in the political world is the only apology we plead for again making the Boundary Question the subject of a cartoon. Those who are not sufficiently posted in history to grasp the profound meaning of our Oliver Cromwell sketch last week, will probably be able to understand this scene from domestic life. Perhaps some of our readers may know from practical experience what it is to have an ideal mother-in-law coming in upon them with a pounce and declaring her intention of staying all summer. Sir John is undergoing that experience just now and he doesn't find it at all to his taste. Nevertheless, Madam Mowat is doing no more than her duty in standing by her daughter Ontario, who has always been kind to her.

FIRST PAGE.—To the student of political human nature there are few things more amusing than the tears which Grip papers shed over the failures of manufacturers now-a-days. Every such disaster is recorded in these sympathetic sheets with the most decorous display of sorrow, though everybody knows that inwardly the editors smile in the most calm and complacent fashion and whisper "another one for the N.P!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Privy Council has just rendered a decision in favor of the Province of Ontario in the Mercer Escheat case. Mr. Mowat now thinks the Council a "most just and learned judge," though he lately expressed little confidence in their knowledge of Canadian affairs.

Something sound in the state of Denmark.—When an old toper read that "a law just passed in Denmark provides that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages at the expense of the landlord who sold them the last glass," he exclaimed, "Now that is civilization!"



"Early to bed and early to rise"—  
Next day you'll feel sleepy and have red eyes.  
—Puck, July 18, 1883, also *Noah's Herald*, at the time of the Deluge.

It is a matter for study why ladies consider it necessary to array themselves so extensively when bathing, when they attend evening parties, the theatre, and so forth, with about half as much apparel on.

It is by no means certain, after all, that Lord Lansdowne will come to this country as our Governor-General; he is not a rich man, and "honorable" and "reverend" relations are already putting in their claims to kinship with his lordship.

What a local co-tem. styles "an exchange of courtesies" between the Toronto and Montreal lacrosse teams, would seem to have been something very similar to the swapping of those articles indulged in by Messrs. Hanlan and Courtney. The times are changing.

The recent flood at London was a grievous disaster, and the sufferers by it deserved the sympathy they received on all hands, but why the *Free Press* wishes to add to the sufferings of the unfortunate people by publishing such poetry about the occurrence as that quoted from the Oxford *Tribune*, in last Saturday's edition, is a mystery. Such outrages ought to be squashed with a heavy hand.

It is rumored that a Hamilton lawyer has challenged Hanlan to a "chinning match." A specimen of the former's ability in this line is given in an interview with a reporter of the *Hamilton Tribune* published in last Saturday's issue of that paper. Betting will probably be about even. Hanlan's choice epithets and the legal gentleman's profanity seeming to leave but little to choose between them.

"Just then the Idle Spectator got mixed up in a drove of sheep coming down the mountain side."—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Too bad, too bad; we can just fancy that shepherd's language when he found he had one too many. We have left ourself open to a retort, here, in which B. A. would figure conspicuously, but it will fall flat after our mentioning it. Headed off again.

The chief of police has issued a stringent order to have all persons prosecuted who leave horses standing alone on the street, as run-aways have become so frequent here of late; and the detectives want to know if an order can't be promulgated authorizing somebody to hold all runaway defaulters till they (the sleuth-hounds of the law) are enabled to put some salt on their tails and catch them; a feat that they seem at present wholly unable to perform.

American papers have, before now, taken much pleasure in twitting the Old Country journals with their ignorance of the geography of "this glorious continent of ours," but what have they got to say to this, quoted from a heading in a United States newspaper? "Rapid subsidence of the angry waters of the St. Lawrence! Terrible picture of desolation presented by ruined bridges, wharves, and houses. London, Ontario, the scene of the disaster!"

"Dr. Brown-Sequard has discovered a new anæsthetic which destroys sensibility for an entire day or more."—*Ev.*

For goodness' sake, what next? What in the name of all that's idiotic do the doctors want to destroy sensibility for? Is there so much of it knocking about that they must needs make away with a lot of it? We don't wish to see the sensibility of any one destroyed, and the more sensible people become, and, consequently, the more like us, the better, we say.

The picture of Lord Lansdowne which appeared in this paper is declared by an English authority to be more like his Excellency than that of other papers.—*Hamilton Tribune*.—It is to be hoped that it was, as in the majority of papers the beholder was left to decide for himself whether the portrait was that of his lordship, or of "Skin-the-Goat;" the picture in the *Globe*, however, was at first mistaken by many for the first instalment of a patent medicine 'ad., the portrait given being supposed to represent "Before Taking," and "After" was anxiously waited for, but came not.

A man can't be locked up in 'quod'

On a simple *ipse dixit*;  
So Wentworth's learned C.C.A.

Has now seen fit to fix it.  
But when a peeler bold and brave  
Comes forth with open lips, he  
Can keep the man in durance vilo  
By saying "Dixi tipse."

Which being loosely Anglicised  
Means "I have sworn him tight";  
The changing of the letter 't'  
Just makes the matter right.

There is a girl in Sandusky, Ohio, whose feet measure eighteen inches in length, twenty one round the instep, and whose big toes are about as much in circumference as an ordinary man's lower arm. Crowds of people from all parts have visited this young lady, the size of whose feet is regarded as phenomenal in that part of the world, though a man from Hamilton, Ontario, is reported to have gazed long and lovingly on the immense extremities, apparently not at all surprised at their development, and, turning away, to have muttered with a sigh, "Ah! how they remind me of home."

"In centuries to come, when savans turn up the ground where Hamilton now stands and come upon the remains of the public buildings, they will find in a receptacle under a cornerstone a yellow envelope addressed to

Constable Ferris,  
No. 1 Police Division,  
Hamilton.

July, 1883.

and they will wonder at it and say, "There were police in those days."—*Spectator*.  
True, oh king! and those same savans, if they are very savants, indeed, would also add, "but folks often had a mighty hard time finding one of 'em when he was wanted." And their words would be words of wisdom and truth.

Dr. Donald Padman (who, by the way, ought to change his name to Patman,) of Louisville, says: "To quiet a baby roaring with colic lay it upon its back and pat it from the neck downward over its little abdomen, taking care not to pat upward, as the latter course is sure to be productive of infantile squawls." To look out for squawls, it matters not how the word is spelt, is the first law of nature. This paper professes to be a comic one, and the above advice may seem to be out of place in its columns; but it is not. We have neighbors with babies; we occasionally