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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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mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Mowat is at present in England. It has not been officially stated what the precise business is which has taken him thither, but it is safe to assume that he has gone to see John Bull, and "tell on" the naughty Ottawa boy who has been endangering this Confederation by encroaching on the rights of the Provinces.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe* declares that "the Senate must go." We are glad to hear it, for we regard the Senate as a monstrously costly sham, but we shall be still more joyful when the Senate has gone. We see no probability, or, indeed, possibility, of getting rid of the incumbrance for many weary years to come. It is the veritable "Old man of the mountain," and having got its scraggy old legs entwined round the neck of the body politic—especially of the Grit section thereof—it will require a prodigious effort to shake it off.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Jumbo is here—don't you notice a trembling of the ground? Jumbo, according to the voracious circus posters, can reach his trunk 26 feet into the air, Sir Leonard Tilley's patent white elephant, though a smaller beast, can go higher than that—in some instances reaching 30 *ad valorem*.

THE ONLY WAY.

When worn-out fop, replete with folly,
Discerns too soon his hair turn grey,
What charm can soothe his melancholy,
What art can chase his grief away?

The only thing his loss to cover,
His falling hide from every eye,
And aid him still to play the lover
To foolish woman, is—to die.

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't want to see you in this court-room again?" asked a police judge of an Irishman. "Yes, sor," "And didn't you promise that I would never see you again?" "I did, your honor." "Then, why do I see you?" "Because you are not blind, yer honor."—*Arkansaw Traveller*.



"Small checks are in favor with persons of taste"—*Fashion note in Exchange*. Not always. We are a person of taste, and very much prefer large to small checks, that is, when it is more blessed to receive than to give.

The affairs of Toronto, if not even of the world, are satisfactorily settled every market day morning in the grocers' parliament, which is in session on those days at the corner of Yonge-street and Davonport-road, waiting for the early honest farmer to come along, and so get the bulge on the dealers further south in the city.

The words "chic" and "pschutt" are dead, and "tehouk," imported from Moscow by visitors to the late coronation, is the new claimant for public favor, though we would modestly suggest that the word is by no means new, and has long been in vogue with women when calling their "chic" kens at feeding time. Oh! pschutt up.

The egg editor of the *Mail* heads some advice, "How to tell good eggs," but we have nothing to tell them. We eat 'em. But we give bad eggs a piece of our mind, which statement gives some funny man a chance to say that charity begins at home, and that we shouldn't give away what we can ill spare. Headed him off that time, eh?

"The Inspector of Weights and Measures might 'take stock' in some of those box measures that strawberries are sold in. It is said that many of them contain little over a pint and a half, but are sold as a quart."—*London Tiscer*. We don't believe it, and the strawberry box should rear up and proscenite the *Tiscer* for libel. When we assert, boldly and defiantly, that we don't believe it, we mean that we don't believe the boxes contain as much as a pint and a half, to say nothing of "a little over."

During the heavy thunderstorm that passed over the city one afternoon last week, some very large hailstones fell. One keeper of a liquid refreshment depot was overheard to remark, as he carried one of them into his bar and deposited it in the ice-box, "I wonder what that fellow means by delivering my ice at this time of day." He had been unable to distinguish between the hailstone and his diurnal twenty pound chunk of ice. Either the hailstones were very large, or a 20lb. block of ice is—well.

A wholesale something or other clerk up in London in the bush, made a hog of himself by eating a peck of strawberries in an hour after supper, on a wager of nearly the amount of a week's salary, namely, \$5; and the newspapers have all devoted a paragraph (just as we are doing) to that misguided youth, and he is made of more importance than great and good people like us, who go to church regularly and would also eat three pecks of strawberries if anyone would give us \$5. What with the new Munro doctrine recently started there, and her athletic strawberry vanquishers, London is becoming heard of, and may yet become a flourishing town. London, jr., on the Tems, has our best wishes.

It would appear that some of our best citizens are addicted to the vile practice of gambling, as one was heard to remark to another the day before yesterday, "Terribly hot nights just now. Can't sleep a wink, and I just pitched and tossed about all last night." "So did I," said the other, and though both had been lying, this was, we believe, the truth. Hero Mr. Fenton might have had two offenders at one fell swoop. "Pitch and toss" comes under the head of gambling, and if the worthy C. C. A. doesn't get that \$15,000 from Ballyduff, he might cast his net a little nearer home.

Why is the grocer, or any other tradesman who answers, when asked the price of any article, "So much to you," permitted to live? Does he suppose that, an article being valued at say 36 cents, we are unable to pay that amount, and so utters that horrible sentence, "It will be 35 cents to you." Does he imagine that we can't pay 36 just as easily as 35 cents? Does he know he is insulting us? Does he know that we don't like it, and that we are muscular, eh? Does he want to curry favor with us, and, as an easy way of doing so, does he throw off a miserable copper from the price of something or other? Bah! We believe he says the same thing to everybody, but he's not going to say it more than once to us—that is, the same man isn't—and the very next time those words are spoken to us—that brief sentence, "So much to you"—the utterer of it shall be felled to his shop floor, and welter in his out-pouring life stream, with a face that will be altogether fashionably "crushed strawberry" in appearance.

A poem in last Saturday's *Globe* entitled *Miracles* is very beautiful, and we wept over it; wept to think that the bright-haired, innocent boy spoken of in that poem should ever become less innocent, and should ever be convinced at his early age that eggs are chickens, a fact he failed to get through his wool (in the poem) till his mother took him out into the hen-house and fished up an egg she was saving to sell to the boarding-house keeper four blocks away, and the shell of which she broke and so convinced the boy that eggs are chickens. Such stern truths as this come home to a young man all too soon, and it was wrong of that mother to act as she did. That boy will look with suspicion on everything now. He will lose faith in his sister's hair, his aunt's teeth, and his father's herculean shoulders. We should not be surprised to hear of him cutting the cat open to investigate the mysteries of pork sausages. Mothers, take heed what ye do, and what ye show your children, and follow not in the footsteps of the woman spoken of in the *Globe's* (selected) poem.

Our soul goes out with a profound and fathomless pity for "the Scrutator." "the chiel wha's amang ye takin' notes," of the *Hamilton Spec*. Our tender heart is touched when he pathetically tells how some vandals, some goths, came and cut the branches off the trees near his house, beneath which (the trees, not the house) he has sat for years past on summer evenings and smoked his pipe. He can do so no more. Waly, waly, likewise willow. Can it be possible that those vandals, those goths of tree pruners deprived "Scrutator" of his shade, because—no, no; it cannot be; 'twere best left unsaid. But how different with us; there were no trees in front of our palace, and the citizens rose as one man and waited on us, and dragged us out of the cellar, whither we had fled under the impression that they were creditors, and took us out and made us witness them plant full-grown oaks, beeches, cauliflower, mangel-wuzel trees, atar of rose bushes, and so forth, whilst they said, "Come forth; sit beneath the shade of these trees;