

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Next week we—to wit, the residents of Toronto and our neighbors from Sarnia to Quebec, and a few thousands of friends from beyond—propose to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen City of the West. We are to have bands and banners and tableaux, lemonade, ice cream, Oratorios, fireworks, processions, speeches, cornet solos, and everything that the ingenuity of man can devise to cover ourselves and our beloved town with glory, and make the event memorable to our visitors. The occasion will be marked by numberless repetitions in one form or another of astonishment at Toronto's growth, and it will be evident to all who examine our surroundings and resources that although she is "getting a big girl now," she is as yet only in the first period of development; and is destined to be a veritable giantess.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Grip, the village schoolmaster, is puzzled, and he is beginning to think that there is a good deal of ignorance or knavery, or both, in the world. Having carefully read his morning papers—Grit and Tory—on the subject of the Loan, a proceeding which only muddled his poor old head—he calls up his clever financial pupils Tilley and Cartwright, and writes a simple proposition on the blackboard, viz: Which is the better Loan, £91 1s. 6d. for 3½ per cents., or £92 for 4 per cents.? Mr. Grip frankly confesses to the boys that he asks this purely for information, and beseeches them to tell him if they can. Tilley promptly replies that the first is the best, and Cartwright says just as promptly that the second is. Mr. Grip is now still more anxious to have another question answered, viz: which of these exemplary statesmen it is that displays ignorance of a simple question of arithmetic.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A correspondent of one of the morning papers the other day suggested that the liquor "Trade," should be represented in the Semi-Centennial Trades procession, by a tableau illustrative of their finished work. If, as Mr. Dodds and other champions claim, the liquor trade is on the same level as other commercial enterprises, how comes it that this suggestion is regarded as ironical by the liquor dealers? Some say it is because they do not really share Mr. Dodds' estimate of the nobility of their calling. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think, however, that it is because they are

too modest to make a display of themselves. He hopes they will reconsider the matter, and has much pleasure in presenting a design for a tableau which conveys a slight idea of the noble work carried on by the Benevolent Trade in question.



THE SCALPEL.

NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

"Mr. Ross was able to boast that those opposed to the Mowat Government cannot point to a single thing done by it of which an honest man need feel ashamed."

This was at the North York picnic, you know, and the *Globe* editor is reviewing the bun-come, that is the outcome of the buns and things devoured. "Mr. Ross was able to boast," etc., etc. Only that and nothing more! Well, the *Globe* editor can't afford to be so reckless as the Minister of Education, because it means more work for him.

ME, TOO, SIR JULE.

"The parody on 'A Warrior Bold' was as humorous a performance as can well be imagined, the way in which 'I'll Steal them Chickens or Die' was sung, bringing down the house. 'Mary's Gone with a Coon' was mirth-provoking in the extreme."—*Globe's Musical Critic*.

Is not Sir Julius Benedict rather too sweeping in his strictures on the absence of highly cultivated musical taste in America?

WORSE AND WORSE.

"The extent of his injuries are not yet known."—*Brieflet in Globe*.

Schoolmaster, what of the *Globe* reprobatorial staff?

WON'T WORK TOGETHER.

"A charity fair in Brooklyn resulted in a dead loss of \$2,400."—*American Note*.

This was because there was too much fair in proportion to the charity. Generally they come out about even; but if anything has got to give way it's usually the "charity" side of the thing. This ought to teach people to keep their fairs and their charity in two different bottles as it were.

AWFUL DEMORALIZATION.

"The investigation into the charges preferred by Mr. John A. Macdonell against Mr. S. H. Blake, Q. C., are now being investigated at Osgoode Hall."—*The Mail*.

This shows into what an alarming condition worry, and passion, and perplexity can drive a man—or more properly a whole newspaper staff.

PERSONAL!

"What hang-dog rascal, loafing round the Ottawa corridors, has not a limit, or a ranch, or a mine, or a reserve of some kind which he intends to make hard-working settlers pay for in some fashion?"—*Globe Editor*.

"Oh! here, now! Come off! come off!"—*Globe Ottawa Correspondent*.

Sponge cake—any that may be on a free-lunch table.

OSCAR'S NAME.

"Oscar's full registered name on his marriage was Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde."—*Cable Despatch*.

Sure I thought all the time he must be me first cousin,—

A smellin' av sunflowers an' lillies so mild; Wid his knee breeches nate, an' silk hose be the dozen; Ne swate Oscar Fingal O' Flaherty Wilde!

Mushu now, I remember the furst time he lectured Av art in the household an' pratics soft bled; Sez I, now that face on me mem'ry's pictured; Small wonder, 'twas Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde!

Arrah! he was the bye that could fool them completely, Wid his glib, clever tongue Yunkce purse strings he led;

Ah! he'd wink at the dollars and talk art so nately, Ne velvety Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde.

Well, now that he's married, the knot safely toiled, Let's hope art will soothe him whenever he's riled; For the present he vows it is bliss an' a-Lloyd, An' his name its O. Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde.

THE CASE OF DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

"Hello Sam! Didn't know yer. Been buying a new spade eh?"

"Yes, hush!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Hush! Speak low. Got a job yet?"

"No—nothing doin' in my line."

"Well, say, hush! Have yer a couple of good-sized bags to home!"

"I guess, yes, I think we have."

"Come along then, and lets go halvers."

"Halvers, as how?"

"Hush! Stiff-uns. Dr. Wright says they want subjects for the Medical College very bad. Let's goin' in for stiff-uns."

IN TRAINING.

A gentleman, a stranger in Montreal, strolled into a certain club in that city the other night. There was but one other individual in the apartment which he entered, but the air was filled with a variety of strange, weird sounds. It was evening, as previously stated; the streets were comparatively quiet, but, had they not been so, the awful din which greeted his ears would have made itself distinctly audible above all.

First came a fearful torrent of oaths and bad language, mingled with some of the choicest Billingsgate; anon a dull "slug, thump, thud," as though some pugilist were knocking out a sawdust bag; then the sharp "cr-r-rack cr-rack" of a weapon evidently held in the hands of some muscular wielder, who was doing terrific execution on something or other.

"What on earth does it all mean?" enquired the gentleman of the other occupant of the room, his hair beginning to rise in horror. The other smiled and said,

"Come with me," and led the way to the door of another apartment. "Peep through the key-hole," he continued, and the gentleman obeyed.

In a distant corner he beheld an athletic young man roaring out a choice vocabulary of profanity, with the lungs of a stentor or a Mississippi steam-boat mate; in another portion of the room he saw another athlete pounding away at a sack filled with saw-dust; a big, burly fellow was whacking with all his might at a dummy figure of a man, with a stout ashen stave, whilst a herculean youth was doing his best to kick the interior out of a bag of chips. The gentleman was amazed.

"Who are these?" he at length found voice to ask.

"These are the sons of some of our best citizens," replied his oicerone.

"Are they lunatics or what?" enquired the visitor.

"Lunatics! bless you, no," was the reply. "These are the members of our Lacrosse Team and they are practising for the next match with the Toronto men."

"Oh."