



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.—Lt. Gov. Dowdnoy, of the N. W. T., is the political scapegrace of the day, and shares the honors with the bad boy of Milwaukee, who has been immortalized by Peck, of the *Sun*. The evidence goes to show that this official's career has been a series of questionable speculations by which he has filled his pockets through knowledge gained by means of his position. He is a bad boy, but his "Pa," Sir John, appears to love him dearly.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir Leonard Tilley has removed all duty from attar of roses, and he has conferred this inestimable boon upon the public just at the moment of Sir Charles Tupper's departure from the Cabinet. We do not say that Sir Charles is the most corrupt politician of modern times, but there is no doubt that a good sprinkling of attar of roses would materially improve the odor of his political record.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Theoretically it is the duty of the Prime Minister to look after the form and details of all bills introduced into the House, but theory and practice at Ottawa are two different things. It is a notorious fact that Sir John Macdonald has allowed Mr. Blake and other Opposition members to perform these functions for him during the whole of the present session.

Mrs. McCople rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you, you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Bless you he ain't no friend of mine." "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband!"

A Cleveland paper relates a touching story of a joyful reunion between a brother and sister who had not met for sixty years. As the sister was only two months old, and the brother ten years of age at the time of parting, the reminiscences of early life must have been affecting indeed.—*Laramie Boomerang*.



Oatmeal keeps at the old prices, though the tariff admits sawdust free.

The Czar's latest excuse for postponing his coronation is that he heard that Tennyson had declared his intention of writing a poem in celebration of the event.

There ought to have been a large congregation at St. James' Cathedral last Sunday if gratuitous advertising is worth anything. The 'Sidesman's march' ought to draw.

A large reward is hereby offered for an amateur or college newspaper that does not contain the words 'we' five hundred times, 'our exchange list' three times, and 'waste paper basket' at least twice.

"Do not put articles that have held milk into hot water," says a recipe in an exchange; and a chorus of female voices rises, till the welkin, whatever it is, rings with the query, "Then how can the baby be washed?"

If Spring knew enough,—and she is old enough now to know it,—instead of letting that old bald-head, Winter, linger in her lap any longer, she would just boost him out with a kick sufficiently developed to make his heels break his neck.

Those parties in Hamilton who are so much in favor of cedar block pavement for that city should have taken a look at ours last week. Streets perfectly free from mud: any one could cross Yonge-street at any point without getting a particle of the stuff on his clothes—above his waist.

Well, well, hang the luck! No sooner had we collected a couple of tons of rubies and were holding on to them waiting for a rise in price, than Sir Tilley goes and lets them into the country free, and we have no use for ours but to pelt the neighbors' hens out of the cabages with. Rubies seventeen cents a peck. Apply at this office.

A marble, to look at, is about as harmless and innocent a thing as one can see, but let a fat man step on one on the sidewalk, where they are very abundant just now, and lo! the marble becomes an instrument of the Evil One, before which orange and banana peels pale into insignificance and nothingness as provocatives of profane oratory.

The city hall at London, Ontario, is to have a new and expensive roof. If London were Philadelphia we should say, "Don't do it, gentlemen," but the thing is different in Canada, and we very seldom see a man entering a pawnbroker's shop with a roof under his arm, here. Moreover, the London city officials are, and always were, scrupulously honest.

The Committee of Senators now sitting to hear the Nicholson divorce case have, by their general Dogberrian incapacity, made perfect the contempt in which the Senate as an institution is held by the Canadian people. It is not decided yet—and probably will not be for months—whether Nicholson will get rid of his wife, but a divorce was pronounced quite early in the trial between the Committee and common sense.

And now the industrious citizen begins to get his little kitchen garden into shape, and by the time he has spent twenty dollars or so, scorched all the skin off the back of his neck, and wasted bushels of naughty language upon his neighbors' chickens, to bring a peck of tomatoes to maturity, he will be able to buy the same vegetables at 2 cents a quart on the market.

Mr. F. Dunbar, the sculptor, has recovered \$300 damages from a swell family who gave him an order for a marble bust, approved of the model, and then refused to take the finished work on the plea that they thought Mr. Dunbar was doing the thing "on spec." We congratulate the artist heartily, and hope the verdict will prove a lesson to people who imagine that Art cannot understand Business.

Every newspaper smarty has something to say about chalk when writing of the adulteration of milk, whereas chalk has never yet, in a single instance, been found by any analysts when testing milk known to be adulterated. Any milkman who would use such an article would give himself as dead away as the fellows who get off the hoary old jokes about the practice, and he knows it. Read up, gentlemen.

Of course Mr. White and his special Orange Bill have been leisurely sat upon by the Government at Ottawa. Perhaps, after a while, when these fresh and verdant sons of King Billy get a little older and begin to understand political human nature, they will find out that there is such a thing as hypocrisy in the world, and that even Sir John doesn't always mean what he says. At present it is reported that Mr. White looks Blue, having found that Green is stronger than Orange in the eyes of the Government.

When a newspaper makes a specialty of religious topics, like the *Montreal Witness*, people don't expect to be deceived by anything that appears in the columns of such a paper, and yet the *Witness* heads a column in every issue 'Readable Paragraphs,' and then springs a lot of quotations from English *Punch* and patent medicine ads. on the guileless reader. Readable paragraphs! the advertisements wouldn't be so bad, but *Punch*—.

At last it has come—or rather, almost at first. Canada is to be blessed with the greatest railway monopoly in the world, by the union of the Grand Trunk and the Syndicate. Henceforth our people may enjoy the tender mercies of a soulless corporation whose powers are practically unlimited. And for this grand culmination of grasping greed the Cabinet at Ottawa may take the whole credit. We hope they will enjoy the curses that will ring in their ears before long.

In describing the sudden stoppage of a train near Trenton by the air brakes being suddenly put on, the *Globe* of the 9th inst. says that Capt. Bagot, A.D.C. to the Marquis of Lorne, was thrown head over heels from his chair in one of the cars. "He struck his head on the round of the chair, breaking it in two." The gallant captain does not seem to have been seriously inconvenienced, however, by finding his head in two chapters. That's where these aristocrats have the bulge on ordinary folks. Some people make a terrible fuss over a simple little scalp wound, but here is a blue blood who thinks nothing of having his head broken clean in two; morely gets the parts glued together again and is as good as ever: didn't even miss a solitary brain.