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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.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—Sir Leonard Tilley, emulating his protege, Wiggins, has made a prophecy, and intends to govern himself accordingly. Wiggins foretold a great storm—Tilley predicts a blissful financial calm to last for the next seven years. Having faith in his own powers as a seer, of course the Finance minister will go right on in his extravagance. Whatever Patterson, Blake, or anybody else may say as to the danger of such a course, it will be bad for the country if Tilley's prophecy turns out to be, like Wiggins', a miscalculation.

**FIRST PAGE.**—In view of the fate of the Orange Incorporation Bill at Ottawa, GRIP suggests a slight alteration in the crest of the loyal order, as the design at present in use does not represent fairly the influence of the Papal Bleu party of Quebec.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Fenton's attention is called to the game of chance now going on between the Mowat and Meridith parties. It is a variation of the old Aunt Sally game, and is exceedingly demoralizing, especially to those of the members elect who may be knocked out of their seats.



And now the day is drawing nigh when the young man, who has posed on the street all winter as the possessor of a Herculean torso, casts aside his overcoat, and behold! his shoulders are skimp and sloping, even as are those of a champagne bottle.

"What is woman's sphere?" asks an exchange, and then proceeds to define what it is in an article three quarters of a column in

length: We can answer the question in two words, viz: A mouse. How *Punch* would revel in explaining this joke!

Look here, Mr. New York *Sunday Mercury*, where did you get that "Quite a Rover," that appeared in your edition of Sunday last? The architect of that poem is right here, and though very happy to see his productions quoted he likes to get credit for them.

As we write, the mellow note of the robin strikes our ear, on every hand the opening buds proclaim the presence of the sweetest season of the year, and once more arises the question as it has before arisen, in all its gaunt and hideous deformity, Shall we be able to redeem those summer garments?

We see by an exchange that, 200 years ago, the Indians indulged in Turkish baths. A specimen of the noble Lo passes along Adelaide street at this moment, and to judge from his appearance we should guess that 2,000 would be nearer the mark, but we will knock off the odd 1,800 and let it go at two centuries.

The *Westminster Review* has an article entitled, "Common Sense about Women." We are puzzled. We cannot decide whether this article was written a thousand years ago, or is written for a thousand years hence. On one point only are we assured, that it certainly is not meant for the present time, for "Common Sense about Women" is entirely out of fashion.

#### MOBBING A VICAR.

SCANDALOUS SCENES, FIGHTING AND SHOUTING IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

Such is the heading of an article in an exchange. For pure, unadulterated blackguardism, commend us to an old country congregation when it gets its back up with the parson.

The latest arithmetical puzzle is this: "Two girls met three other girls and they all kissed: How many kisses were exchanged?" We have engaged four very pretty girls, and intend to practically demonstrate this thing, though we think and hope that we shall be some time before we get at the right solution. In the mean time we exclaim with the philosophical Oriental, "Kissmet."

*Bystander* is really nervous lest Canadians become enamored of a monarchy, and goes a long way out of his road to prove that that institution is effete, and coming to a certain death "in its own hemisphere." He says, "A tree so sickly"—as he makes it out to be—"will scarcely bear transplantation to an alien soil." But is it worth while to cry "Wolf! Wolf!" before the wolf appears?

The Church of the Ascension T. A. S. in Hamilton is an admirable organization, but the initials of its title C. A. T. A. S. are suggestive to a punster, who wants to say something about "strophes" at the entertainments, musical and literary, which are frequently held by the society; however it is to be hoped that the association will never meet with a catastrophe. There, we had to do it. Couldn't hold it in.

"Dudey" wants to know which of the four Georges was the Saint George, patron saint of England. We are not quite certain, Dudey, but we rather incline to the belief that it was No IV; the whole caboodle of the Georges were celebrated for their brilliant intellects, (No III especially), sincere piety and exemplary religious and moral conduct, but in our opinion George IV. was the old rooster who was elected patron saint of England.

A sign in a Yonge-street fish, fruit and candy store bears this legend: "Finnan Hades, ten cents a lb." We have looked through both editions, revised and otherwise, and don't see the article mentioned, but it is our opinion that ten cents per pound, is exorbitant for any kind of Hades, as we can and do often get it for nothing. What is it? Is it some new name for brimstone and treacle or what? Imagine it must be what. Hello!

"All fish dressed here," proclaims a fish-monger's sign board on Yonge street—(strange, is it not, that all these things are to be seen on Yonge street?)—and the modesty of the maiden who enters that shop is shocked as she beholds salmon in a state of absolute nudity, codfish with their vests open all the way down and without as much as a necktie on, and other gentlemen of the piscatorial species in the "skanderlous costum of the Greek slai," as poor Artemus hath it.

The *Hamilton Evening Tribune*, a new one cent paper, made its first appearance about a fortnight ago, and is a most healthy-looking and promising inf— we were going to say infant, but as, strictly speaking an infant has nothing to say, the term would be inapplicable, for the *Tribune* has plenty to say, and says it in a manly, straightforward way which would do credit to a much bigger boy. The lusty youngster is in able hands and a flourishing future is predicted for it.

The *American Funeral Gazette*, published at Cincinnati, is a journalistic curiosity. It is a monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the fraternity of undertakers. It carries the funeral tone into every department, and its most lugubrious articles cannot fail to strike the reader as being remarkably like those of the English comic papers. We can cordially recommend the *Gazette* to our hypochondriacal friends on the other side of the fish pond, as it cannot fail to enliven them after a course of British humorous literature.

Some of the Yankee papers are talking of "D—ing the Delaware." We hope they won't do it. In the interests of morality we protest. If responsible people begin to use the big, big D. in such a reckless way, what will be the consequences to the crowd? Therefore we say to the intending big-D-ers—don't. Think twice before you set an example that may be followed in quarters where you would least like it, or it is highly probable you will, like us, have a Rivers and Streams' Bill on your hands before you know it, and will have the same difficulty in deciding upon its legality.

Mr. M—n G—n has found a friend in Mr. Mozley, of the "Reminiscences." Mr. Mozley says, "It is too true, however, that very good gentlemen sometimes denude themselves of their Christian livery when they enter the anonymous arena. Strange to say, the more good people abuse the press the worse do they behave when they find themselves taking a part in it." And, says Mr. M—n G—n, "This is true to the letter. We have known men who objected very strongly at times to the 'partizanship,' and 'virulence,' and 'abuse' of the press. But when these very critical persons come to reply to assailants—especially on semi-theological or professional questions—their language has been so outrageous that no editor, however reckless, would use it in an article."

Well, Mr. M—n G—n ought to know, for has he not been there?