

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

New Idea.

This is a sheet, in newspaper form, (any title selected) filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

To Correspondents.

- M. E. M.—Lakesfield.—Respectfully declined.
- F. A. D.—Norwich.—Thanks for your favor.
- H. R. S.—Penetanguishene—Will probably appear next week.
- B. L.—Lindsay.—Will look over your MSS. and probably write you.
- E. R. B.—Charlottetown.—We will attend to the case you mention all in good time.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. V.



This oddity belongs to the *genus* Nuisance. He is the Young Man who Loiters Outside. When the crowd is slowly dispersing from the theatre on a Saturday afternoon, or from the fashionable church on a Sunday night, Oddity No. 5 is always on hand numerously. He is a strictly gregarious animal, and is rarely seen alone. He generally forms one of a gaping, staring, cigar-smoking, and sheepish-looking

flock, who line the edges of the curb-stone for ten yards on each side of the door of exit. He is always dressed up in his best clothes, and bears the outward semblance of a young gentleman, but his attitude and occupation forbid us to think that he possesses any of the elements of good breeding. A gentleman, we know, would not make a habit of stationing himself in a given attitude for the express purpose of glaring into the faces of respectable young ladies as they pass out of a matinee. Nor would a gentleman (if, perchance, he had occasion so to stand) demean himself by passing remarks on those who filed out before him. Among the many questions which have come up for solution in these days, none is more profound than this, What is the Young Man Who Loiters Outside Waiting For? Of course he always pretends to be waiting for something or somebody; though his assumed air of impatient expectance is too thin to deceive anybody. Incidentally, however, it is hopeful to observe, for it shows that the young man feels ashamed of his conduct, and is capable of reformation. This question we must still leave unsolved; meantime we call the attention of the policeman to the matinee loiterers—perhaps they're waiting for him.

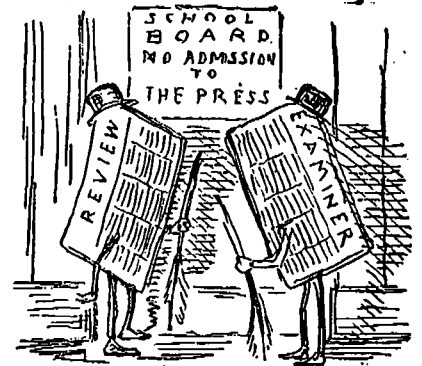
Question and Answer.

Mr. GARR's appreciation of a joke is keen; he therefore makes the hon. Minister of Customs a profound bow, and, as a fellow humorist, extends to him a fraternal greeting. For the why and wherefore let the following question and answer speak:—

Mr. WHILER asked whether it is the intention of the Government to amend the order-in-council dated the 31st day of April, 1880, respecting the importation of wheat in bond for milling purposes, so as to remove any doubt of such wheat being ground and sold for consumption in Canada without duty having been paid thereon.

Hon. Mr. BOWELL said the order-in-council dated the 21st April, 1880, provided that no wheat manufactured into flour could go into consumption in Canada unless duty had been paid; hence there was no necessity for amending it.

Mark the italicised words, and now for the point of the joke. Mr. GARR believes he is entirely within bounds when he states that at least 250,000 bushels of American spring wheat have been ground in bond, and the product consumed in Canada, since the imposition of the duty. The amount of duty collected has been something less than \$700. Funny Mr. BOWELL. Of course the flour could not go into consumption in Canada without paying the duty, but where then is the duty? There must have been a wicked twinkle in the hon. gentleman's eyes when he got off the above reply. Ordinary mortals may tremble at the sanctity of an order-in-council—only our jocular Minister of Customs would venture to poke unlimited fun at one of these sacred documents. Notwithstanding the hugeness of the joke, Mr. GARR suspects that the farmers and country millers of Ontario would have been better pleased if Mr. Wheler's question had received a serious reply. They will probably think that this winking at violation of law, and the loss of \$37,000 to the revenue, by an N. P. Government, however instructive and moral it may be, is, after all, no joke.



Peterborough's School-Board.

Mr. GARR feels particularly like throwing up his cap in honor of our glorious popular institutions after reading an account of the exclusion of the local press representatives from the meeting of the Peterborough School-Board on a recent occasion. This indignity to the fourth estate, and slight upon the ratepayers of that town, has naturally caused a bit of commotion. It has been *Examined* into and scathingly *Reviewed* by the townspeople generally, and their sentiments of indignation have been echoed by the neighboring press. Mr. GARR is of opinion that a representative body should not transact the people's business with closed doors, except on very special occasions. Such as when they contemplate some crookedness, or intend squandering money. And it is a curious fact that they never propose to lock the doors unless there is "something in the wind." On the occasion referred to the Peterborough School-Board increased the salaries of the teachers by \$1000. Surely they might have done such a creditable action in the full light of day? Ah! we have it! It was not from contempt of the public, but through fear, that the doors were locked! Perhaps they dreaded what the School-Boards of other towns would do, if they heard of such a display of generosity to that hard-worked and underpaid class—the schoolteachers.

Instantaneous Conversion.

The Hamilton *Spectator* has turned Grit; at least it published the following eulogy on Mr. Blake in a late issue:—

"The wise educator (Mr. Blake's tutor), who belonged to the peripatetic school of philosophers, was once walking in the country with his ingenious pupil, seeking occasion to store his young mind with knowledge and to teach valuable lessons by practical illustrations, when the parson seated themselves upon a grassy bank to rest. The tutor remained seated, but the pupil instantly rose again with wonderful alacrity and enthusiasm. Looking for the cause of this unexpected change of base the teacher discovered a remarkably healthy, fully developed, and well-armed thistle. "Emulate the thistle, my son," he cried; "present so many and such penetrating points that nobody will ever care to sit down on you." The lesson has never been forgotten. Mr. Blake does not now put forth a speech without endeavoring to decorate it with as many points as a thistle wears, while to his own partial way of thinking they are quite as sharp."

Our San Francisco contemporary, *The Wasp*, appears to have lost its old cartoonist, F. Keller, who was a very good artist. The illustrations are now done by one Joseph Stroug, whose work betrays the immaturity of youth. The literary matter of the *Wasp* is better than that of any other American comic paper.

The sixth anniversary of the establishment of the hospital for sick children, Elizabeth street, was celebrated by its promoters on Wednesday, by a happy meeting. This is one of the most deserving charities of the many noble ones of which Toronto can boast, and GARR is sincerely pleased to know that it is prospering. Although no appeal is made in any form for financial support, funds are always forthcoming when required.

The Baron Tweedledee.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

It was the Baron Tweedledee, A youthful bride selected he,

"A little girl of barely nine, To flirting ways will not incline."

While I go hence for years to come To fight the Lord of Tweedledum.

Years passed, with warlike fame well earned, The Baron Tweedledee returned,

Disguised in darksome pilgrim's weeds, To seek his lady he proceeds.



He wore a long great coat, a helmet and a cotton umbrella.

He found her midst a festive throng, Which seemed to him extremely wrong.

And said to her with look severe, "Young lady, say, what do you here?"

"Kind sir, I dance with bank clerk gay, 'The Boston Dip' and 'Rock-away.'"

He dragged her thence, with anger fell, He slew her with his umbrella!



If you'd be wise subscribe for GRIP, Don't let this from your memory slip.