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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.**—The Grand Jury after due deliberation brought in a true bill in the Conspiracy case and the matter is now before the Court of Assize.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Everybody is glad to welcome the Morning *World* (on'y a cent) to the fellowship of the press again, after a brief eclipse. The energy displayed by Mr. McLean certainly deserves to win success, and GRIP hopes the brave little paper is now here to stay.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—It is reported that five members of the ministry are about to retire, viz.—Messrs. Tupper, Tilley, Pope, Costigan, and Macpherson.

### MONTREAL DEFINITIONS.

BY A STRANGER.

Canada at large (to the eye of the pilgrim in Notman's studio).—Undoubtedly the original frozen region of Dante's Inferno.

The Ice Palace.—Very cold piece of architecture.

The Four-in-hand Drag.—Triumphal car, (attached to circus) outside of which the bodies of captured strangers (with life still in them) are dragged about the city by wild horses (as in barbaric times).

The Rink (of iniquity).—Instituted by the society for the further propagation of (v) ice, including the cultivation of bad language, assault and battery, attempt at suicide, murderous assault, with intent to kill, etc.

The Racquet Court.—Means by which to court a racket.

St. James's.—The knave of clubs—though disguised, like some other knaves with a saint's name.

The Toboggan.—Ancient Indian instrument of torture—to be seen to advantage at Notman's photo. studio (the only place where it, and the savages wielding it, can be viewed in a perfect state of preservation).

The Snow-Shoe.—Indian relic (to be seen in vast quantities at Notman's—with white men rolled up in bed clothes and tied to them—the men probably surprised at night by Indians, and carried off during their sleep).

Lord Lansdowne.—Great Britain's tooter. ("blow bugle, blow," etc.)

Lady Lansdowne.—Canada's English governess.

What struck me most.—Canadian hospitality—and a board fence, in vicinity of a toboggan.



Yesterday afternoon as I was walking up King-street, I met the Lieutenant Governor coming down arm in arm with a strange gentleman, "Good aft, Beverly," said I, "who's your friend?" His Honor gave me a rather stern and gubernatorial look and said, "Mr. Fiend, allow me to make you known to Hon. Trevelyne Truffles." The Hon. Trevelyne in response to my "How'd ye do, Truff?" mere stuck his glass in his eye and stared at me. As I showed no intention of leaving such good company, his Honor said to me aside, "Mr. Truffles and I are going to a restaurant for lunch, so you'll excuse,——" "Hold on, J. B.," said I, "I'll bet you a new hat that he'll grumble at the spread." "I'm inclined to think not," he said promptly, "as I have ordered everything of the best that the place affords." "All right," said I, "I'll join you just to see if my words don't come out true," (there's nothing like keeping up a stiff upper lip with the swells,—I always do). "Hah, very kind," said his Honor, but he didn't seem to be very cordial, and I noticed that his hands had partaken of that form known in P. R. circles as a "bunch of fives." However I accompanied them, and after telling them that there was luck in odd numbers, took my seat at the table. The lunch I must confess was excellent, and I enjoyed it the more from the fact that I had eaten no breakfast (I seldom do, except upon an urgent invitation from a friend).

There were oysters on the half shell as an appetizer, roast duck, quail on toast, all sorts of entrées, followed by a magnificent desert, and during the whole affair there was on hand Sillery, Moselle, Hockheimer, Claret and Champagne, galore. Everything *recherché* and *au fait*. The Honorable Truffles had the appetite of a coal heaver, and the way he polished off the viands, and got away with the vinos made the Governor stare. After devouring everything eatable not devoured by Hizzonner and myself, Mr. Truffles looked around the table with a discontented, not to say, gloomy air, "Tumble to his nob's?" said I to the Governor. "By're Ladye, he'll shortly growl, else I'm an Ebrew Jew! B' the Holy Grail! I knew it! I knew it!" At last we arose to depart, "Well, Mr. Truffles," said Hizzonner, "How did you enjoy your lunch, not bad for a Colonial town eh?" "Aw, ya's! I!" said Mr. Truffles, "the aw lunch was good enef in its way, but after all it's a wediculously stwange wepast that don't pprovide cheese!" His Honor had forgotten to order cheese!! I smiled significantly at his Honor as I touched my hat and departed, merely uttering the words of the now almost forgotten Dick Deadeye, "I told you so, I told you so."

While in the Soudan a few weeks ago, where I went with the view of purchasing a few tons of Gum-Arabic to serve as the basis in the manufacture of Jujube paste and gum drops for the different ladies' boarding schools in Ontario, I did myself the honor of calling upon the now renowned El Mahdi. The false prophet is a small, slim man, and has a com-

plexion similar to that of an indifferent cigar, with coal black eyes of the gimlet order. I found him seated a *la* tailor, or *turque*, on a mat of once gorgeous coloring, but now through age and long service of an esthetic gallery-gum hue. He was smoking a T.D. pipe to which he had fastened a very long and elastic stem tipped with amber. "Morning El," said I as I entered the tent passing between the sentries, two Nubians clad in towel, spear and shield. "Pretty good for an old man, How's yourself?" was the reply of the dread chief. "El," said I, "I'm a correspondent and an interviewer, do you comprehend?" "Bishmillah, on my eyes be it! I tumble, what Son of Shaitan except a reporter would have the gall to call on me. By the beard of Mahomet? say your say and depart or the jackals will be paying a La Crosse match with your skull before the sun sets." "I won't keep you long El," said I, "I want to give you a little advice. You call yourself a prophet and 'The Deliverer.' Other people call you the false prophet and are bound to scoop you in, which will be an unprofitable thing for you. What's the use of staying here anyway; this is no country for a prophet. Put on your overcoat and let's get out. Come with me to Canada, there you'll get properly appreciated. We have already Prophet Wild, Prophet Wiggins, Prophet Vennor, and Prophet Moses—" "Dog of a Giaour!" roared the infuriated Arab, interrupting me ere I could say Oates, "May the grave of your ancestors be defiled! Do you mean to tell me that the great prophet Moses is hanging around the wretched country of the Franks! Ho! there, Mustapha and Suliman, take this unbelieving dog and chuck him into the Nile!" At this moment a six-inch shell from one of Graham's batteries exploded in front of the tent blowing it to pieces, and landing El Mahdi headforemost into a holy well. In the confusion I jumped on board my favorite trotting camel, and made my escape to the British lines. What became of the two sentries, Mustapha and Suliman, I can't say, as they were rising towards the zenith the last I saw of them.

### THE "FINISHING" SCHOOL.

Miss Cynthia Susan Sarah Jane White  
Lived out on her father's farm,  
She was blessed with a excellent appetite:  
Three meals a day, and a lunch at night,  
She would take with a gusto and feel all right;  
The amount seemed to do her no harm.

For she grew up healthy, and sturdy and strong;  
And could run and jump round like a colt,  
And all the good "vitals" they'd bring along  
She would straight polish off—and as for Soochong,  
Bohea, Young Hyson, Japan or Oolong,  
She, cup after cup, would bolt.

At last the young lady grew rather too fat,  
Too rounded and full for her age,  
She scarcely had room on the chair that she sat,  
Each lounge in the house she had rendered quite flat,  
And her bed was compressed to the depth of a mat,  
And her parents flew into a rage.

"This is getting too thin," the old man roared,  
"Too thin?" said the old woman, "No,  
"She's getting too stout, and we can't afford  
To feed her so highly, we'll send her to board."  
Her weighty objections were all ignored,  
To the boarding school off she'd to go.

Alas! for Miss C. S. S. J. White,  
What a great falling off in her food!  
Thin porridge for breakfast, for supper at night  
She had thin bread and butter, and tea very light,  
And the dinner! 't would hardly suffice for a bit,  
But she swallowed it not to be rude.

Six months the young lady passed in this retreat,  
And her adipose tissues reduced  
To such an extent on oatmeal and cracked-wheat,  
The absence of beefsteak, or even cold meat,  
The puddings and pies that at home she would eat,  
That she felt she was very hard used.

But when the old man came and brought her back home,  
She jumped up for joy and delight,  
For although she was nothing now but skin and jbone,  
She knew she was in a much healthier tone,  
A lover soon came who now calls her his own,  
So the boarding school "finished" Miss White.