



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.**

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**—Mr. Mowat's majority is large enough for working purposes, but it is just possible that it may be somewhat diminished before the House meets, and nobody can tell what may happen after that event. There are to be appeals to the Courts in several ridings and two constituencies may be opened for the re-election of ministers. It will be seen, therefore, that our plucky Premier is not out of the woods yet, and it would be premature to shout at present. The reader who will carefully study the features of the forest in the cartoon will see that it is a peculiarly dangerous-looking place.

**FIRST PAGE**—We hope we have not in any way misapprehended the allusion of the learned editor of the *Mail* in thus illustrating his remark that Sir John will go down in history as the Canadian FOX. We entirely agree with our erudite contemporary that there has not been a greater political FOX since the days of the distinguished Charles James.

**EIGHTH PAGE**—Mr. County-Crown-Attorney Fenton has entered on a too-long delayed crusade against the promoters of, and participants in the Lotteries. Our sketch is intended to convey some slight idea of the labor our learned friend has undertaken in sending out summonses against the thousands of defendants, and it must be peculiarly aggravating for him to find—as he undoubtedly will—that in every case he has summoned an entirely innocent person. Tenders ought to be called for amongst the printing-offices for the purchase of the concentrated *lie* that will be accumulated in the courtroom before these cases are disposed of.

Prof. Brewer says the trotting horse is a modern American invention. Thank heaven there is one thing that wasn't invented by the Chinese twenty-three thousand years ago! Later returns, however, may rob us of this honor.

**LET US OFF, MR. WIGGINS.**

We write in fear and trembling  
There's no dissembling,  
And we really hardly know what we're to do,  
For we're very much inclined,  
If we rightly read our mind,  
To think what Wiggins says is coming true.  
We observe the dreadful capers—  
In the Nova Scotia papers—  
That the storm is cutting up down by the sea,  
It's a little ahead of time,  
Just slightly previous,  
And, like this rhyme,  
Its course is somewhat devious.  
But we have to own that we are  
Not wholly without fear,  
But most sincerely hope  
And most devoutly trust  
That Mr. Wiggins will find scope  
For his storm, and give it rope  
Somewhere else; not let it bust  
Upon us with a squash.  
Gosh!  
We write this in a hurry  
For the press,  
And our nerves are in a flurry  
And a mess,  
E're two more days elapse  
We and many other chaps  
May suffer from collapse,  
And we guess  
That Mr. Wiggins had better keep clear  
Of us at the uttermost Latter day,  
If his storm swoops down and removes us from here  
Before we are published on Saturday.

**TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.**

**McTUFF** :—Come on, McTuff,  
We'll not be first to cry enough.  
And now we've given you the tip,  
Send us another manuscript.

**GEORGE S., Port Hope** :—Write on the very thickest and heaviest paper you can procure; write two words on each page and send ten thousand pages. It is the paper we want.

**K. K., Montreal** :—Not funny enough for us. Send it to editor of *Punch*. He is not particular as long as you italicise and bracketically explain your jokes.

**HIS DIAGNOSIS,**

AND HOW IT WAS A LITTLE OFF.

Really, I'm beginning to look with suspicion on some of these druggists who prescribe, and I don't believe they know much more than a doctor, after all. I stepped into Chibblethwaite's the other day—first-rate fellow, Chibblethwaite—and said, "what's a good thing for a sore throat?" "Hum, well," he answered, looking about fifty times as wise as any man could ever possibly be, "I should recommend a gargle of chlorate of potash." "No good," I replied, "tried that, and it didn't amount to shucks; anything else good?" "Oh! yes, we have scores of things in the profession," he said, "but all throats are not the same. Let's just take a look," and he advanced, spatula in hand, and wrenched my mouth open. "But, Chibblethwaite—" I began. "Oh! it won't do you any harm to let

down it; open your mouth." "But, Chib—" "What's the matter man?" he interrupted, "now, then," and he rammed his spatula into my mouth, and jammed my tongue down. I struggled violently, but he held me with a hand of iron, and I was as a babe in his grasp, and was compelled to submit as he clinched me, and forcing my teeth wide enough apart to enable him to see clear away down to the eighth dorsal vertebra, remarked, "Tut, tut, tut; never saw such a case of cyclopaedic tonsillaria in my life. The valvular mucilage of the pericarditis is absolutely congested. Why, man, you have had as narrow a squeak for your life as ever any one had, and you may thank your stars you consulted me in time," and he removed his gag and smiled with an air of self-congratulation. "But, Chibbleth—" I began, as well as the lacerated state of my tongue would permit. "Wait a bit, wait a bit," he said, prying open my jaws once more, "I must study this case before I dare prescribe for you. I'll just take another look. Sit down," and he forced me into a chair. "Whew," he whistled, "it's worse than I thought; two of the metatarsal peritonaes are positively tuberculous. Your throat's a holy terror, sir, a terror." "But, Chibblethwaite—" I gasped out, swallowing the tooth he had knocked out in his explorations, "I was going to tell you, only you were in such a confounded hurry, that it wasn't—" "Oh, never mind, they all say liquor wasn't the cause in their case, but that's neither here nor there. Now, take this bottle—dollar seventy-five, and this gargle—eighty cents, and go straight home, and stir out at your peril till I can call round and see how you get on." "Now, look here, Chibblethwaite, I came in to get something for my wife, who's got a sore throat," I said, and pretty sharply, too, for I was naturally angry, "only you wouldn't let me tell you. I never had anything the matter with my throat in my life, and haven't now, and what the deuce do you mean by your outrageous conduct?" "Well, well," he replied, unabashed, "perhaps I did not diagnose your—" "Diagnose your grandmother," I yelled, "give me something for Mrs. Slabberwick's throat, or let me get." "No good being mad," replied the man of the pestle and mortar, "here, take this," and he wrote a prescription; "I haven't the article in stock, but Jamboys will make it up for you; seventy-five cents—thanks." I went to Jamboys and presented my document, which ran as follows:

Sodium chloride.....1 oz.  
Aq. dist.....½ pt.  
Garg. scope qui mal y pense haust sumond;  
dum spiro spero.

I paid Jamboys a dollar for the stuff, and took it home. "It tastes very salt," said my wife. "Well, then, that confounded Chibblethwaite ought to take a dose of it, for he's too fresh altogether," and I related my experience. Chib. won't crow so much when he sees this, though.

**A CONVERSATION ACTUALLY HEARD VERY LATELY.**

An Englishman and a Canadian were discussing the expenses attendant upon the enlarging and improving of a mutual friend's house.

**ENG.**—But, my dear feller, think of the eating. What a hextra at once!

**CAN.**—The eating! Well now, I can't see how Snooks and his family should get larger appetites just because their house is larger—

**ENG.**—Why, no, no, yer don't hunderstand. Not the *heating*, but the *eating*, the *warmth*, yer know.

**CAN.** (mildly) Oh? I see. (Then he wonders what he shall say next and avoid pitfalls!)



me look at your throat; I don't want to jump