

GRIP

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J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Boat is the Ark; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 15.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith: Will be issued with the number for..... Nov. 15.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, has, after due examination, assured Sir John A. Macdonald that there is nothing seriously wrong with his health. This welcome news has delighted the Conservative party quite as much as it can have pleased the chieftain himself, and no doubt the people at large share the satisfaction most sincerely. But it cannot be denied that the Grit hen had begun to prospect the prematurely made tomb of the Tory leader, and must feel somewhat disappointed when she finds that for the present, at least, her hopes are to be thwarted. If the chieftain retains his vigor till the next election, and succeeds by some happy chance in carrying the country again, he will have realized the bull of "eating the hen that scratches over his grave."

FIRST PAGE.—At the farewell banquet tendered to him at Belfast recently, Lord Dufferin spoke some very kindly words of Canada, words which MR. GRIP hereby accepts and responds to on behalf of the Dominion. There can be no doubt that Lord Dufferin—notwithstanding his diplomatic training and his naturally warm temperament—entertains a most sincere regard for Canada, and that his words are to be taken as the utterances of a genuine friend. We cannot see that he has any personal end to serve by speaking honied phrases that he does not mean. But the *Olobe* thinks it decent to sneer at our ex-governor's expression of kindness as "oratorical confectionary," a course in which we venture to say the "leading journal" will find no intelligent followers. We trust to Lord Dufferin's own knowledge of our people to save us from the imputation of being, as a nation, destitute of ordinary manners.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Scott Act has been grandly carried in three counties since our last issue, and confirmed by the popular vote after due trial in a fourth. The whiskey guns in Bruce, Dufferin and Huron have been spiked. In the two last places the vanquished foe have stolen some of the ballot-boxes and thus endeavored to thwart the popular will. In

this piece of felony—so exactly in keeping with the general character of a "benevolent trade"—the burglars have fortunately failed of their object, not having stolen enough ballots to overcome the majority. May Canada soon be delivered from a "trade" that finds this sort of thing a congenial occupation.

THE LADY MEDICOS.

AN ANATOMICAL LECTURE BY PROFESSOR NIPPERSON, M.D.

"Now, ladies," began the lecturer of anatomy, Professor Julia Nipperson, M.D. "we will proceed to examine the conformation of the human frame."

"Doesn't she look just two awfully dowdy for anything in that old grey merino she wore last summer?" whispered little Emily Tittle-tat, B.A., to her sworn friend Grace Fitzgossipe.

"Yes, and her teeth are false, I do believe," was the reply, "—say, what do you think Frank Flippity told me last night?"

"I don't know, 'm sure; what was it?" eagerly inquired Miss Emily.

"He said—"
"Less talking there, please, ladies," interrupted the lecturer.

"Ugh! the old cross-patch," from Emily in an undertone. "The nasty thing! I'd like to scratch her green eyes out," from her bosom friend.)

"Well, ladies, as I was saying," continued the Professor, "if you will do me the favor to



look at this skeleton"—opening a closet and displaying the framework of the human form divine.

"Oh! oh! oh!" from half a dozen students, "oh! take the nasty thing away," "Oh! my, I'm going to faint," "Hand me your vinaigrette, Mary," "Quick, quick, Lucy Snippetts is swooning," and so on.

When order was in some measure restored the professor proceeded.

"Ladies, you will observe that nature insists that the lower limbs should be free, and that the body, at this point, should measure more in circumference than the chest; that is, of course, in the bony structure we call the skeleton. What do we find is the mandate of fashion? Why this: That the waist should be compressed till the vital organs underneath these lower ribs are crowded against one another in a way most unnatural, and consequently most baneful in its effects. There are many of you, here present, who are so tightly laced that it is a wonder you are able to breathe at all."

"Oh! what a story," exclaimed Miss Maudie Rosemary, "look, Jonnie, I am quite loose," and she performed some wonderful trick known only to the fairer portion of creation, by which she gave herself the appearance of having plenty of room to spare beneath her corset—"oh! isn't she just horrid? the spiteful old thing!"

"Yes," joined in Susie Milkauwater, "and do you know Marion Mussybangs says that Julia Jones told her that Georgina Jimeracks heard Ellen Sourgrapes say that she never had an offer in her life, so there."

"Oh! my, isn't that too charmingly ridiculous, now?" replied Miss Rosemary.

"Now ladies, to continue my remarks," went on the professor; "but first, will any lady kindly lend me a cake of chewing gum, I forgot mine this morning."

Several boxes of the delicious confection are held out to her with such remarks as, "Do try a piece of mine, my dear Miss Nipperson," from Miss Rosemary. "Please take some of this, dearest Julia," from Miss Tittle-tat, B.A., and so forth. Having selected a piece of Miss Boodle's gum, causing that young lady to be regarded with looks of intense hatred and jealousy by the rest of the fair members of the class, Miss Nipperson once more proceeded.

"Ladies, you may possibly think I am going too far when I say that fully one-half of the disorders from which we suffer are due to this abominable practice of tight-lacing. It is my duty to tell you this, and to beseech you to cultivate—by the way, I heard that Daisy Highflyer is going to be married to that Dr. Tourniquet; can any of you tell me whether it is true or not?"

"Yes, yes," cried several, and a chorus of such sentences as, "I'm sure I can't imagine what he sees to like in her," "She wears No. 4's," "She's the puggiest nosed thing I ever saw," "A pretty figure she'll cut with her red hair under a bridal veil," and "well, some men do have queer tastes, that's certain," was heard on every side.

Quiet being once more brought about, Miss Nipperson went on, "Ladies, as I remarked, you must cultivate strength of mind sufficiently to enable yourselves to dispense with those enemies of our sex, corsets. You must be



above little feminine weaknesses—Oh! oh! oh! a mouse! a mouse! a mouse!" and amidst a terrific course of screams, screeches and yells the lecturer scurried out of the room, followed by the whole class, forms chairs and skeleton being overturned in their precipitate flight.

And the mouse, laughing softly to himself, picked up a crumb or two and went back to his hole."

A STREET-CAR EPISODE.

Though some of the city papers make out that men have as much right to a seat in a street-car as women who have only been shopping, and who could easily go home half an hour before the six o'clock rush comes on, still, when a man has to stand he can wile away the time and forget his weariness by listening to some of the conversation indulged in by these ladies of leisure and ease.

The street-car was crowded the other evening when GRIP's representative was going home, and he had to stand. Two immense, stout, muscular females occupied enough space to have satisfied half a dozen smaller people. Great, sturdy, well-fed specimens of femininity