

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—On the evening of the 24th of May the pleasure steamer *Queen Victoria* capsized in the Thames River, near London, Ont., causing the death of nearly three hundred persons. The narrowness and shallowness of the stream, the apparent absence of all danger, taken in connection with the shocking extent of the fatality, gave the disaster a unique prominence in our annals, and the overwhelming grief of the stricken city extended to every corner of the Dominion, and indeed thrilled the whole continent. Our issue of last week being ready for the press before the occurrence of the great catastrophe, we had no opportunity of recording our sympathy by a memorial drawing; but alas! it is not too late now, for the grief of thousands of hearts will remain fresh for many long days yet to come.

ETOURN PAGE.—It may be well to explain that this sketch—unlike most of those which appear in these venacious pages—is not founded on fact. It is not literally true that Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, and Mr. Oliver Mowat are tormenting the unhappy Premier, whom they have met at the English health resort all alone and unprotected, by intimidating, in pugilistic pantomime, what they intend to do with him and his party at the coming general election, but it is true that those distinguished Grits and that illustrious Toxy are at present in the old land, and from what Mr. Grip knows of the spirit of Canadian politics, it is quite possible that such a scene may be taking place.

Answers to Correspondents.

GURDE.—Many thanks for your kindness. We regret that some of your matter is unavoidably left over this week.

John A. McCall.—How well you know how to do a graceful thing. Yes, we will see that Grip is mailed to you regularly, since you assure us you would miss its weekly visits so much. We have thought it our duty to aim an arrow at you occasionally, but malice has never winged the barb. Our sincere wishes for your speedy restoration to health.

Grand Open Air Concert.

A grand open air vocal concert was given by the Phelandemoniac Society of Toronto last evening. Although no complimentary tickets had been issued, the several representatives of the Toronto Press deemed it a duty to be present, even at the risk of getting the G. B. (not of the *Globe*). About 9.30 p. m. the singers began to put in an appearance. Professor Thom and Signora Poosi (a polish lady attired in white ermine) sang the opening duet, "I know a bank," very sweetly; after which the whole

company adjourned to the roof of the Society's rooms. This was a decided improvement, as the night was bright and clear, and the performers could be seen and heard to great advantage. Signor Whiskerini gave the "White Squall" with great power and feeling. He was followed by Prof. Grimalkino, Mus. Bac., who, assisted by his class, rendered the famous catch of "Three Blind Mice" in a thrilling manner. His daughter Kitty Selina, a shrill soprano, sang the solo "I love Little Pussy" which was cheered by a shower of hot-jacks from a neighboring window. Madame Tabbi, a powerful contralto, who occupied a prominent position on the top of the chimney pot, then gave a vocal rendering of the "Storm," accompanied by sundry variations by the whole company. Immediately after which Monsieur Cato sang a war song, an original composition, interspersed with whoops, cat-calls, and tramping generally. The Grip Waltz, a new dance for gentlemen, introduced last night for the first time, was then begun by Professors Thom and Grimalkino, it being deemed improper for the different sexes to dance together. This dance is got up after the fashion of the singing quadrilles, the parties screaming tumultuously as they hug each other in the fierce delight of the dance. The fun was beginning to prove infectious, several of the performers landing a chorus, when some Nihilists, who are well known to be boarding in the adjoining attic, and who are sworn to exterminate all musical talent, threw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers among the performers, which exploding like the rattling of musketry, caused a most terrible catastrophe. Startled by the report Professor Thom and Grimalkino looked in each other's arms rolled off the roof, alighting on the upturned face of the *Globe* reporter, clawing and disfiguring it in a fearful manner. The representative of the *Mail* turned to flee, but was startled out of his senses at the vision of Signora Poosi, who bounded on his shoulder, tore down his back, and disappeared down the nearest alley-way. How the other performers escaped your correspondent is unable to state, as at this juncture a shrill whistle was heard from the watchman, the dogs began to bark, the fire-bells to clang, and night became hideous generally. Your feline reporter,

The Irrepressible Interviewer.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS OF JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

"See here, we want some good, live, interesting interviews," said the city editor.

"Well, who shall I tackle this time?" asked the interviewer.

"Anybody you like. Write up something lively and sensational—illustrative of the phases of social or industrial life. We must have special articles dealing with some subject that the other papers have not touched. Any smart newspaper man ought to be able to pick up half a dozen subjects when he is walking along the street by simply keeping his eyes open. Start off now and do your level best."

The interviewer accordingly procured a fresh note book and hied forth—down King street. He had not proceeded far before he met a man

SMOKING A COB PIPE.

The following conversation then ensued:—

Reporter. Good morning. I see you smoke a cob pipe.

Smoker. Yes.

Reporter.—Why do you smoke a cob pipe?

Smoker.—Because I prefer them to any other kind.

Reporter.—Ah! good point that. It throws considerable light on the question which must have sug-



gested itself to every thinking man as to the prevalence of cob-pipe smoking. You may have noticed other people smoking cob pipes?

Smoker.—I have.

Reporter.—So far as your observations extend do you suppose that they are actuated by similar motives to your own?

Smoker.—I should smile.

Reporter.—Suppose we do smile. (And they smiled.)

THE PEANUT BUSINESS.

A peanut stand on the street corner was the next object that attracted the interviewer's attention. He bought a pint of peanuts in order to give him an opportunity of interviewing the proprietor, which he did as follows:

Reporter.—You are an Italian?

Peanut Merchant.—Yes, signor!

Reporter.—Do all peanut sellers have to be Italians?

Peanut Merchant.—Non mi ricordo, be jabbers, dolce far niente, and other remarks to the same effect.

Reporter.—You sell a good many peanuts, I presume?

Peanut Merchant.—Si, signor.

Reporter.—Yes, I see. Do you regard peanuts as a valuable adjunct to our natural resources?

Peanut Merchant.—Zo peanut is one of ze vat you call—institution! Si, signor.

Reporter.—Do you find your trade affected beneficially by the S. P.?

Peanut Merchant.—What are you giving us? *Carpo di Lavecha!*

The interview here terminated.

THE GAME OF MARBLES.



Several boys were playing marbles on a vacant lot on a side street. The reporter eagerly seized the opportunity to elicit some information with respect to this ancient and popular pastime.

Reporter.—Good morning, boys. You seem to be playing marbles?

Boy.—That's so! You guessed it first time.

Reporter.—Ah, yes. It is an interesting and healthful pursuit, calculated to, &c. I judge that the game of marbles is popular among the youth of Toronto.

Boy.—It's a big scheme.

Reporter.—Do you play for fun or for keeps?

Boy.—Both. It aint any fun unless it's fur keeps.

Reporter.—Do you regard the practice as in any way demoralizing by inciteing gambling propensities?

Boy.—Which?

Reporter.—There are, as you are doubtless aware, some moralists who are disposed to regard it as reprehensible. What are your views on the subject?

Boys (all together).—Oh, git out! Put your head to soak! Clear off. We aint no time for foolin', and want to go on with the game.

The reporter did not pursue the subject further.