



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.

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### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—No hotter contest has ever been fought in this Province than that which is at present raging between the Mowat and Meredith forces. And on no occasion have the issues been more worthy the attention of the electors. Next Tuesday night we shall know whether Mr. Mowat is to continue in charge of our affairs, or whether the onerous duty of forming a Cabinet is to be imposed upon Sir John Macdonald.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Unprecedented floods are afflicting the residents of the Ohio Valley. The suffering is wide spread and very serious, and help is earnestly called for.

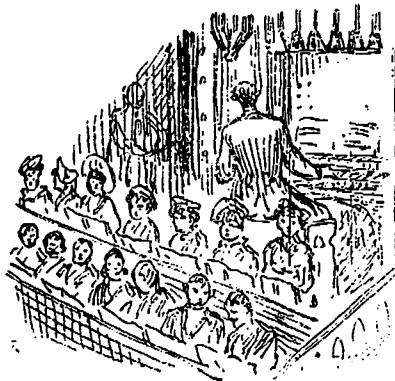
**EIGHTH PAGE.**—This sketch gives a true synopsis of the much talked of Streams Bill question, and the intelligent reader is left to decide for himself whether or not Mr. Mowat's position in the matter is that of a "criminal," as the *London Free Press* intimates. In the discussions of the Bill in Conservative papers we observe no mention of the fact that the owner of "improvements" on a river or stream was to get remuneration for his outlay in the shape of tolls collected from those who used those improvements—an essential point, one would think, where loud talk of "infringing private rights," etc., is indulged in.

#### NURSERY RHYMELETS.

DEDICATED TO THOSE FEMALE COLLEGES WHERE  
"FRENCH IS THE LANGUAGE SPOKEN."

Digerie, Digerie, Doge;  
Le souris ascend l'horloge,  
L'horloge frappe,  
Le souris s'échappe,  
Digerie, Digerie, Doge.

Oh ! bon et aussi bonne !  
Le chat et le Cremona,  
La vache sur la lune cabriole ;  
Le petit purp grimace,  
En voyant sa grace  
Et la serviette la cuiller vole.



#### A GIFT ENTERPRISE.

"As paw thaw haw for cawlaw straw  
Waw haw waw au the claw."

This is not an Indian quotation, gentle reader, it is merely a sentence introducing the choir of St. Judas' church performing that beautiful hymn

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,"

for the congregation of that place of worship was of the most ultra fashionable stripe, and consequently the members of the choir were way up, and had acquired that truly fashionable method of pronunciation. It is with the members of this choir that our story deals. The brotherly and sisterly affection which pervaded the sixteen young people composing this celebrated choral band was as remarkable as it was unusual. If the primo tenore saw fit to pass a handful of caramels to the yellow-haired contralto during the solo by the basso, did the raven-tressed soprano call her a "nasty thing" on the first opportunity? No, indeed; all she would do would be to whisper "behind her richly bonned Ancient and Modern, "Divvy, Ducky," and a further transfer of chocolate creams would take place. Having thus shown how goodly a feeling of brotherhood prevailed throughout these harmony distributors, let us get on with our story.

Mr. Meredith Clifton, the splendid basso profundo, was about to sever his connexion with the choir of St. Judas. He had been promoted from his already lofty position of deputy-assistant floor-walker of the immense corset establishment of Snifty, Snide & Co., to that of lieutenant inspector of cashboys, and examiner of the hands of "salesladies" in a branch establishment of the same firm in another city, and as this would necessitate his removal from his present residence (Mrs. Towzler's hash-house on Claridge St.) to the city wherein his vast talents were henceforth to be exercised, the members of the choir of St. Judas resolved to make him a present prior to his departure. As Mr. Clifton was inclined to be literary in his tastes, as so many of his profession are (for he had contributed to the Poet's Corner of one of the local journals, and his "Ode to a patch in my trowser-loons" and "Sniff not tho' eastern breezes blow," had been conceded to be very masterly efforts), it was resolved that this parting gift should take the form of a complete set of the works of Dickens. Accordingly the sum of fifty dollars was subscribed by the sweet singers of St. Judas, and handed over to Mr. Slimpy Smythje, the baritone, to invest to the best advantage.

Mr. Slimpy Smythje was an uncommonly smart young man, so much so, in fact, that he had been twice booted out of the law office in which he had been an articulated clerk, for trying to get ahead of the members of the eminent legal firm of Payne, Payne & Lyght, in matters connected with the profession, but in which the method adopted by Mr. Smythje

had been decidedly peculiar if not dishonest. Not to mince matters, he had cashed post office orders belonging to the firm, and had received fees from clients, which fees should have been handed over to his employers, but which he had seen fit to pocket. However, as Mr. Smythje was known to be a keen hand at a bargain, it was deemed politic on the part of the choir of St. Judas to entrust the purchase of the volumes mentioned to him, and with this view the fifty dollars subscribed was placed in his hands. Now mark what this smart young man did. In the city in which the scene of this tale is laid was a tea-store, the proprietors of which made a practice of giving away, with every three pounds of tea purchased, a handsome volume of some standard author's works. To this store, then, Mr. Slimpy Smythje vended his mystic way, and planking down the fifty dollars on the counter demanded one hundred pounds of tea and thirty-three books! stating at the same time that he should prefer Dickens' works if they had them, and if not, he wished the tea firm to procure them without delay. It so happened that the desired books were in stock, and ordering his purchases to be sent to his rooms, Mr. Smythje went his way. As there were not thirty-three volumes of Dickens, the firm suggested that what they had, *i.e.*, the works of that author, complete, should be still more handsomely bound over; the expense of which would amount to about the same as if Mr. Smythje had obtained a volume with every three pounds of tea. To this the baritone agreed, stipulating also that the name of Meredith Clifton should be stamped in letters of gold on the back of each volume. "Thus will I hide all traces of my little game," chuckled Smythje, "and I shall be 100 pounds of tea to the good."

There is not much more to relate. The presentation came off in due time, and Mr. Meredith Clifton was taken completely by surprise; at least he said so in his speech, and no member of a church choir would lie, surely. Mr. Smythje was complimented on the splendid bargain he had made, no one suspecting the real state of affairs. Having disposed of his hundredweight of tea at 37½ cents a pound, he managed to get terribly intoxicated with a portion of the proceeds, and, having presented himself in a beastly state of inebriation in the choir of St. Judas on the following Sunday, he was gently but firmly requested to git up and git by the Rev. Silas Slopoke, B.D., who was the presiding clerical genius of the above-mentioned place of worship. As Mr. Smythje was making his erratic course down the aisle of the church, after his expulsion, his foot catching in a piece of ragged carpet surrounding the font, which had been filled with water for a christening to take place that day, he fell head first into that receptacle, and being, in his deplorable condition, unable to extricate himself, was drowned before any of the congregation could rush to his assistance, those of them who had observed him not being anxious to get their Sunday garments sprinkled with water, and those who had seedy raiment being too intent on their devotions to notice him. The moral of this story is obvious, and does not need to be pointed out.

When the Egyptian "fellahs" saw the Highland troops advance on them, they feared an attack on their breeches and couldn't stand the pressure.—*Judge.*

A lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied that he had been in the company of two friends, "Friends!" exclaimed his tormentor, "two thieves, I suppose, you mean,"—"They may be so," replied the witness dryly, "for they are both lawyers."