



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.—The local Balaclava has been fought and won, but Mowat's light brigade has been badly cut up. The government majority is reduced to 12—quite enough for all useful purposes. The Province may certainly congratulate itself on the issue of the battle, for it has vastly improved the intellectual make-up of the House.

FIRST PAGE.—And now that Mr. Mowat is sustained, the question arises, how is he going to get the Award which remains in the keeping of the big dog at Ottawa? Time, the champion conundrum answerer, will tell.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Tory government of New Brunswick has been defeated on a straight vote of no confidence, and Mr. Blain of the Opposition has been called upon to form a government. This defeat is interpreted to mean an end, for the present at least, of Sir Leonard Tilley's influence over the Province, and a reproof of Federal interference.



The rush for tickets amongst the subscribers to the Nilsson list was something phenomenal, but there are good seats to be had yet. The concert of the great diva and honorable supporters promises to be the most brilliant thing Toronto has seen for many years, and the prospects are that the audience will be worthy of the occasion. The date, we would remind our readers, is March 7th.

Mr. J. W. Bengough was obliged to disappoint the audience at Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday evening, having been "snowed up" at Mount Forest on Saturday, and the Monday trains being cancelled.

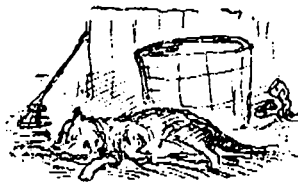
TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

IRA QUICKSLOW.—If we publish your sketch, which you admit was written in haste, we fear you would repent at leisure, though your story has some original features, one of them being your joke about a plumber, a thing never, we believe, attempted before. We are sorry that some of the words of your tale were "axidentally" left out, as we fancy they must have been the very words that would have made your sketch a humorous one. Try if you can't rummage them up somewhere. There is only one defect in your "Canadian Romance" which prevents it being classed as humorous, and that is, there is not an atom of fun in it from beginning to end, but the absence of the words "axidentally" left out probably accounts for this. We think, however, and you must not be offended, that you would succeed better as an obituary writer than as a humorist. Try and dash off something gloomy about the next corpse you are introduced to, and you might "axidentally" hit on something funny. You might, we say, but we have our doubts. We speak thus freely to you, as you acknowledge yourself to be a "new beginner" in this line.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMING THAW.

*Onward, health-inspector, go,
 Phœbus has removed the snow.*

Now, here's a back yard in the Spring.
 Ah! here is the corpse of a cat; in the fall
 She succumbed to old pallidus Moss' urgent call,
 And was slung in this dirty back-yard.



Why! here is an oyster can, battered and flat,
 That was hurled at the head of the now defunct cat,
 Who was forced to respond to the scythe-bearer's call,
 And to give up the ghost some time late in the fall,
 And now sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



A cabbage decayed, by its small I diskiver
 Breeding many a painful derangement of liver,
 Lies close to the oyster can, battered and flat,
 Which was used as a weapon to silence the cat,
 Who sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



Here's a set of false-teeth which were lost in the snow,
 And couldn't be found when they looked high and low.
 Quite close to the cabbage, all green and decayed,
 And suggesting appeals for the medico's aid,
 Which lie close to the oyster can, battered and flat,
 The instrument chosen to finish the cat,
 Who sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



A pair of old corsets, now all gone to waste.
 One half of a scissors, some mouldy old paste,
 Lie both cheek by jowl, and would make it appear
 That newspaper editors used to live here,
 And perhaps owned those teeth that were dropped in the snow,
 And couldn't be found when they wanted them so,

Not far from the cabbage so badly decayed,
 And suggesting a doctor's long bill to be paid,
 Near by is the oyster can, battered and flat,
 The premature end of this poor pussy cat,
 Who sleeps in this dirty back-yard.



But here's the inspector and nuisance detective,
 Who in doing his duty's concise and effective,
 He'll soon spot these corsets which some fair one embraced,
 And even out here they still cling to the waste,
 And close to the scissors, and green, mouldy paste,
 Lying both cheek by jowl, and would make it appear
 That newspaper editors used to live here.
 He'll banish that cabbage so badly decayed,
 Which suggests a long bill to a "doc" to be paid,
 He'll kick out the oyster can, battered and flat,
 Which ended the life of the poor little cat,
 Who peacefully here we perceive to be taking
 That last long, long sleep which will know no awaking,
 And he'll clean up this dirty back-yard.



GRIP'S FABLES.
THE TWO MEN.

One Dark Night early in Spring, when the Brooks and Rivers were released from the Icy Fetters that had bound them through the Winter, and rushed tumultuously along, swollen by the Melting Snow, two men left a tavern to walk to their Homes several Miles distant. One of them was a Good man who never touched the Cup that cheers and makes Tight, and though he came out of the Tavern, he had only been in to take shelter from a passing Shower. The other was a regular old Beat and Bunmer, and was never happy unless he was Full up to his Clavicles, as he was on this very night. The Good man walked on briskly, and was soon a long way Ahead of the old Bacchanalian, who, when he had walked two miles or so, felt Overpowered by the fumes of the Loathsome Stuff he had been drinking, so he laid down in the ditch by the roadside, and slept soundly till morning; but the Good man kept straight on, though the night was dark as Pitch, for he knew the road and his Brain was clear. And his path led over a little Bridge which spanned the Swollen Stream, but it happened that the Bridge had been swept away by the Torrent that Very Night, and the good man, not knowing this, walked straight on till he had nothing to walk on but Air; and after he had tried to walk on the air for about Two Seconds, he gave it up, and fell into the Stream and was Drowned. And when the old Bunmer came along and saw what had happened, he Thanked his Stars that he had been so Tight that he had been forced to Repose by the roadside ere he came to the Bridge that wasn't there.

MORAL.

Well, my dears, there must be a Moral to this Fable, but as we are very busy, we must leave you to find just where it is by yourselves,

Who was the first stocking mender? Xan-tippe, who used to darn old Soc.—*Ex.*