

# • GRIP •

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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.

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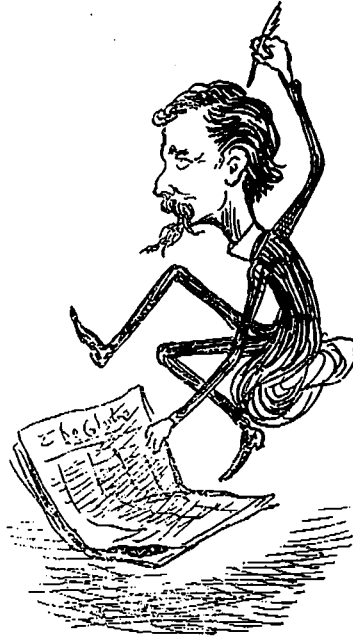
## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Toronto has just been honored with a visit from Chang, the celebrated Chinese giant, and while the hundreds at his levees have been content to regard him purely in the light of a physical marvel, Mr. GRIP has been inclined to view him more as an allegory. As he towers head and shoulders over his tallest visitors, he very fitly impersonates his Race, and presents a picture of the conditions of labor as they now exist on the Pacific slope, and as they may shortly nearer home. Once let the Chinese get a thorough foothold in Canada, and our cartoon will be realized. Let Sir John study it even more carefully than he does the average number.

FIRST PAGE.—If Mr. Mackenzie happened to be running a newspaper just now, he would assuredly be called upon to stop Mr. Blake's copy, for has he not, in the most emphatic way, condemned the Salary Grab, by sending the \$500 back to the Public Treasury? Between this downright repudiation of the money and Mr. Blake's more politic method of disposing of it, Mr. Edgar has hit upon a happy thought—that of starting a fund to be used in fighting the Revising Barristers. This action can hardly fail to meet the approval of the Opposition party, but it puts the Reform M.P. who wants to keep his extra indemnity in a nasty plight. If he doesn't come up smiling and drop his \$500 into the "bar!" he will be open to criticism as deficient in patriotism; if he does do so—bang goes the siller!

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is fear and trembling in the Grit camp over the possible outcome of the Young Liberal Convention. The chief dread is that the delegates, in the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience may go so far as to lay down a definite platform, and announce a

positive policy. This is what the leaders of the party have religiously abstained from doing—much to their own detriment, as we believe. Well, if a move forward is going to startle them, they may begin to brace their nerves for the occasion, as we are given to understand that many of the resolutions to be submitted and probably carried are of the most radical description.



### ECSTATIC DELIGHT

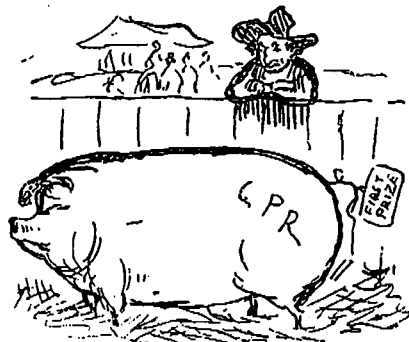
Of the Editor of the *News* on reading in the *Globe* that Independent journalists may, if they please, discuss the future destiny of Canada.

### FUMIGATED VERSES FROM MONTREAL.

Tommy Ruggles,  
Mother's joy!  
Vaccination!  
Healthy boy.

Alphonso Daudet,  
Mother's pet!  
Smallpox patient;  
Dead—you bot!

—B.



### BEATS 'EM ALL.

John A.—Yes, and I fattened 'er all myself!

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

## GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XII.—THE POLICE COURT.—COL. DENISON.—MR. MEYERFEY.—THE PEELERS AND DETECTIVES.

Before making an excursion to Toronto's Flowery Suburb, Parkdale, we may as well take a look at the Police Court, a building, externally, not altogether unimposing, and erected, in partnership with the Fire Station, on Court, or Caught, Street, so called because all prisoners caught by the peelers and detectives, are brought along this thoroughfare. It is, in fact, a modern Via Dolorosa, an Italian road so named in order to distinguish it from the Appian Way; the Via Dolorosa was a very un-'Appy-'un! Court Street may also be likened to the Bridge of Sighs in Venice. It leads to dank and gloomy dungeons, though in the upper portion of the Court buildings it is possible to find A-dry-atic, it is said, which must be, in the words of the Dude, a Ve'nice thing to come across.

Internally the Police Court Buildings are famed for the variety and repulsiveness of the odors that there abound, and on a hot summer's day it is no uncommon thing to behold lawyers and reporters streaming out of court during the solemn proceedings, overcome by the stenches which pervade every nook and corner. The only cure for the faintness caused by these perfumes seems to be a trip either to the Alhambra (a magnificent pile modelled on Spain's great edifice of the same name), Mike's, or the Senate. All these establishments keep constantly on hand a profuse stock of disinfectants and anti-stenches, to be taken internally. These medicines are very popular with the *attaches* of the Police Court, many of whom require to be disinfected several times whilst the diurnal proceedings last.

The Police Court is presided over by His Serene Benignity Colonel George T. Denison, an officer, a magistrate and a gentleman. (For full particulars of the Court proceedings see files of *Evening Canadian*, now disjunct, from January to April, 1884.) The Czar of All the Russias once offered a handsome prize for the best essay on Cavalry Tactics, and though every cavalry officer of note throughout the civilized world competed for it—Capt. Carter, of St. Pipor's Ward, being amongst the number—Col. Denison's essay proved successful, and the coveted prize was awarded to that gallant Guardsman, and the news of his success was received with loud huzzars.

The tariff for drunks at the Police Court is a graded one, and the amounts charged run all the way from \$1 without costs up to \$50 and costs or three months, though "\$1 and costs or thirty days" is the most common penalty. Military punctuality was never better exemplified than in the person of "the Colonel" Precisely as the clock chimes ten, the courtroom door flies open, a tall, lithe figure dashes into the apartment and ascends the bench, and before the last stroke of ten is heard, the quill pens are all neatly nibbed and the first "drunk" makes his bow to

### "THE COLONEL."

Occasionally Toronto's famous zoological lecturer, Alderman Harry Piper (who, so Dame Rumor says, is ere long to receive the honor of knighthood as a reward for his philanthropic efforts in behalf of the down-trodden Africans of this city, whom he has taught how to vote—invariably for Mr. Piper) accompanies Col. Denison on the Bench, and assists him in his arduous duties by waving his well-brushed, sleek and glossy plug hat to the reporters, and inviting those ever drouthy gentlemen over to Head-Quarters. This is a great help to the Magistrate.

Mr. Meyerfeiy, the Clerk of the Court, deserves a passing notice, inasmuch as he is Toronto's most talented swordsman with the rapier, with which weapon he can belt the stuffing out of any man who has the hardihood to face him. He is an ex-officer of a