



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.

**An Episode in Grip's Career.**

This number of Grip brings the Sixteenth Volume to a close, and auspiciously concludes the eight year of its existence. Grip's history during that period has been one of constant advancement, and to-day the journal enjoys a prosperity and popularity never before achieved by any similar enterprise in Canada. The publishers, while enjoying the satisfaction of seeing their labours crowded with success, do not feel at all disposed to "rest and be thankful." Grip has not yet reached the standard they have set for it, and until that is securely achieved, the efforts of its proprietors will not be relaxed. We have now secured the pens of many able contributors who feel a pride in sustaining the literary character of the national humorous paper, and arrangements are also being made which will lead to the alliance of fresh pencils with the one that has hitherto supplied our illustrations. The first number of Volume Seventeen will in all likelihood be issued from our new offices, Adelaide St. East, — the operation of moving being now in progress — and when once comfortably settled there, we feel confident that Grip will start out upon a new career, marked by even greater success and popularity than have attended him in the past — and for which we take this opportunity of returning thanks to an appreciative public.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

*Student.* — We haven't time to explain how it is that the St. Lawrence Rapids give the town of Morrisburgh "a pure and healthy atmosphere," but respectfully refer you to the corporation of that hamlet for the necessary information.

*G-d-w-n S-m-th.* — The request comes too late. If you had not announced the discontinuance of the *Bystander* during your absence, we would have given the matter our serious consideration. Any stander by with sufficient culture and discernment to give an intelligent opinion will satisfy you that the *Bystander* would not have suffered in our hands. We can write sonorous sentiments and be as loftily critical as our neighbors when we please. Your own premature action compels us to say that we decline to assume the temporary editorship of your pet offspring.

*Mack-m-e B-w-ll.* — No sir! we will not "let up," as you phrase it, on this subject. A joke's a joke, and we appreciate a good one, but the best you ever uttered will not purchase Grip's silence when a flagrant abuse is in question. By the way, Mr. B., if one of the solemn enactments of Parliament can be set aside with a wink, how much reverence will the community feel for kindred enactments? or, to vary the question, if the importing miller is allowed to violate the law, will that fact lead other importers to observe the law more strictly?

*J. A. Ch-pl-an.* — You are a clever boy, and we would like to oblige you. Perhaps a few more indiscretions, similar to this Credit Foncier business, would obtain for you the object of your ambition — a central place in one of Grip's cartoons.

*John A. M-c-d-n ld.* — "Do stop those absurd reports about my unwillingness to open any of the constituencies. Of course they are all

nonsense, but it requires a delicate hand, at times, to grapple with these unvarnished Grits. The *Mail* is willing enough, but it does blunder so that I appeal to you." And not in vain, Sir John, you proved your courage too often for any sensible man to doubt it. We are sure you would be ready to contest South Durham with Blake, or Kingston again with Gunn, if opportunity offered. We beg to state officially that the sole reason why O'Connor does not receive his judgeship is, that his services are so valuable in the Cabinet that his colleagues insist upon his remaining there.

*Prof. W-l-s-n.* — We do not need your assurance that you would rejoice in any honours paid to a distinguished brother professor. The rumor of the intended knighthood may be incorrect; but whether or not, there are men who win distinctions prouder than that of knighthood. Our University can boast of at least one such, and it is not necessary to designate him.

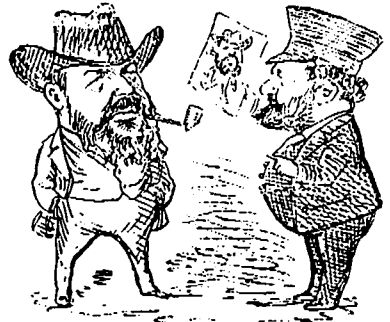
**Our Representative Man.**



Most POREN Mr. Grip: I believe I promised to tell you and your thousands of readers something about that press trip to Collingwood on Wednesday week. As I am a man of my word, sir, I proceed to do so, although by this time you probably know all about it from the accounts in the *Globe*, *Telegram*, and other organs represented on the occasion. (N. B. — I take back the epithet *organs* as applied here inadvertently to the *Globe*.) It will therefore be needless for me to tell you anything about the start, the scenery by the way, or our proceedings while at Collingwood. I will confine my remarks to a few things the other fellows omitted. Amongst them I would first refer to the lingo, etc., — especially the etc., which appeared to go down even better than the lingo. The sketch at the commencement of this article represents the suave Mr. Mumford vainly endeavoring to induce our Representative Man to partake of the aforesaid etcetera. The second sketch is a counterfeit presentation of Mr. Mayor Dudgeon — as genial and whole-souled a chief-magistrate without as ever drank a toast. He is "taken" in the act of telling a story — a vice which, I regret to say, he is terribly addicted to — though he always tells them under protest, and only when compelled by one Mr. Cameron. They gave us an excellent luncheon at the Grand Central — a fine hotel, whose landlord's name is known wherever the English language is spoken — Tom Collins. The meal being ended with pudding and fruit instead of toasts, we proceeded to the harbour, where we were shown the fine steamers of the Great



Northern Transit Company, all gorgeous in their spring coats of paint and ready for the busy season's work. We also had the pleasure of meeting the worthy Capt. Campbell, whose countenance is given above. This will serve as a sort of pass to the hospitalities of the Manitoulin, if intending passengers will take the precaution to preserve this copy of Grip. Having done a good three hours of inspecting, we started for home under the paternal care of



Conductor Amough. Everybody knows Amough is a jolly good fellow, but he has one serious fault — he loves to lacerate the feelings of any fellow-mortal (say the Collingwood Station Agent) by showing him a rude caricature of some mutual friend. But travellers magnanimously overlook this, as he always fetches his train in on time. We reached Allandale just in time for the evening meal, and if there is one place more than another that the hungry passenger likes to "strike" at meal time it is the Allandale Restaurant, where the parrot warbles his tuneful lay and the English thrush passes humorous remarks. But, alas, it was here that we were freed from the society of our Hamilton



brothers. We were sorry to part, not only because we would miss the puns of brother Gardiner (of the *Times*, not the *Linn Kilo*) and the uproarious mirth of the *Spectator* scribe, but chiefly because we knew these esteemed contemporaries were doomed to travel home on a mixed train. However, the tedium of travel between Allandale and Toronto was wiled away with a *recherché* concert of vocal music, dramatic declamation, and legerdemain (by Prof. Pirie), and in due time we reached our destination without any signs of damage, excepting that Mr. Gregg complained of an attack of hunger, and Devine's pulse beat rather faintly.



**YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.**

**The Village Gossip.**

Her forehead is low, contracted, and mean,  
Her eyes are deep set, and in color they're green.  
The shade of her cheeks is much darker than rose,  
And it sometimes extends to the end of her nose.  
Her mouth she draws down and keeps firmly compressed,  
Her chin is so small that it's almost non-existent.  
Her figure is one that's remarkably rare —  
It sounds very strange, but she's perfectly square.  
She just measures four feet from every side,  
She's four feet high and four feet wide:  
Every girl is assailed by her venomous tongue,  
And also the matrons are frequently stung.  
Some ill-natured folks even say they have caught her,  
Indulging too freely in "Paddy's eye water."  
She circulates news with remarkable zest,  
And she is known as "Biddy, the village pest."