

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

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

TO SUBSCRIBERS—OUR EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

In accordance with our announcement in last week's GRIP, we publish with this number a magnificent colored portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B. This handsome work of art is worthy of a place in every refined household, and possesses the additional interest of being the first and only picture of the Premier in the costume of the Order of the Bath. Every subscriber forwarding us ten cents will receive a copy, post free. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the edition is limited, and the demand is already active. Non-subscribers may secure the picture (with GRIP), for 15c.

Cartoon Comments.

DOUBLE PAGE CARTOON.—Our artist informs us that this is an attempt at the heroic. He has for the nonce (so he says), spurned the low ground of the ridiculous, and boldly attempted the sublime. He has imagined himself called upon to design a cartoon for the historic walls of Parliament, and has done his best to rival Maclise and other masters of fresco work. Our editorial opinion is that the outside world will fail to catch his meaning. The yeomanry of the country, especially those belonging to the Grit party, will insist on considering the picture a literal representation of the manner in which Sir John went in to the banquet. This is certainly a mistake. It is, we assure those noble yeomen, a purely imaginary sketch throughout. Sir John walked in to the banquet, and he did not wear a cloak or a cocked hat. But then it was a triumphant occasion. That's the point, sec? Our artist has tried the grand, classic style of depicting Triumph. But his mind is essentially modern and matter of fact. That is very evident.

FIRST PAGE.—Our Roman Catholic friends have been jubilating over the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Dr. Lynch. Twenty-five years ago the right reverend gentleman was united to the fair diocese of Toronto, and the silver wedding, which was celebrated last week, was an event which evoked pleasurable interest from all, without regard to sectarian lines. There is no more sturdy Protestant than Mr. GRIP anywhere—nobody is more fully convinced that St. Michael's cathedral ought to be devoted to the proclamation of good

Presbyterian doctrine—and yet Mr. GRIP takes off his hat most sincerely to the good archbishop, and wishes long life both to him and his venerable spouse.

EIGHTH PAGE.—For an exhibition of amusing, yet humiliating child's play, commend us to the list of "bad words" now being paraded in the *Globe* and *Mail*. Surely neither of the editors imagine any of their readers read the "adjectives" and "substantives" with any seriousness, unless it be a seriousness occasioned by the reflection "What fools these mortals be." To say the least of it, the editors are wasting time in this work. Everybody knows that the *Globe* has called John A. everything that would indicate a "bad old man;" and that the *Mail* has exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate on Sir Richard Cartwright and, by-the-way, both knights still live.

POTPOURRI.

When is a piece of hen fruit like a miasmatic fever? When it is an egg-you-shake.

Charlie Ross is said to have turned up at St. Catharines. Charlie turned up some time ago—his toes.

A St. Louis paper says that the men who cross their hands under their coat-tails are growing less. So are the coat-tails.

The London *Globe* says that the higher the civilization the later the dinner hour will be. And, it should add, the more indigestible the dinner.

Winnipeg sports have asked John Lightening Sullivan to visit them and win-a-peck or so of their real estate profits.

Dr. Tauner, the faster, has gone to Mexico, where he is living on a cattle ranch. That's better than living on nothing.

Alphonse Daudet announces that he never has offered himself and never will offer himself to the French Academy as a candidate for "Immortality."

"Riding whips as wedding presents are quite the thing. They have the monograms of the bride-elect on the silver handle." Rather suggestive, aren't they?

Here's another chunk of fashion news. "Fine push has made a mark in displacing furs." It is expected that in Toronto this winter, as last, the highest mark in displacing fur will be made by burglars.

George Augustus Sala is going to give fifteen lectures while passing through the United States on his way to Australia. Raise a statue of him in New York bay, and call it "G A S enlightening the world."

"Fichus of bright crimson velvet are worn," says a fashion paper. Notwithstanding this the average man, when he goes fishing where he has to stand knee-deep in water, will wear ordinary rubber fish shoes.

A man in Pittsburg has over a hundred customers whom he supplies with hot water. They must be strange people who pay for being kept in hot water—but perhaps they're not married.

It is said that an unoccupied Philadelphia plow factory, which was closed because the joint stock company which ran it got into financial difficulties, is haunted. The "ghosts" must be the sad-eyed stockholders looking for their lost plow-shares.

An American paper says "girls of marriageable age are worth \$16 a piece in Japan, with few takers." That's nothing to blow about Here in Toronto there are lots of girls worth \$16,000—in their own right, too. There are few takers, but many askers.

Wonder if General Gordon is a regular subscriber to Canadian country newspapers. If not he ought to be for they take a great interest in Egyptian affairs, and present about 1725 different ways of getting him out of his fix. They are intimately acquainted with roads about Ambigol, Akasheh and Akweh, and it is certain that the editors could walk from Khar-toum to Bacninh with their eyes shut. It is positively funny to hear them talk about Wady Halfa, Wady Matugah, Wady Atterah, Semna, Tangur and Del.

THE HUM OF THE B—G.

PREPARATORY TO RETIRING FOR THE WINTER.

Oh! I'm a biting bed-bug bold,
And this is no time for me;
For the weather is far too chilly and cold,
And I have to retire, d'ye see?
But, oh! when the spring comes round,
With its warmth and song of the bird,
Then I wake from my lethargic sound,
And my little song is heard.

(Which is)

Coal oil hasn't killed me,
Here I am alive;
Deep revenge hath filled me,
On human gore I thrive.

Ah! even now I look ahead
To the time of summer's coming,
When I shall crawl from crack of bed
To the tune of skeeter's humming;
And alack-a-day! how, throughout the night,
I shall make to wince the winners,
As they start in bed in dire affright
At the wince of my little pinchers.

(Chorus, please.)

I shall drive my forelegs in,
I shall bite, and bite, and bite,
And mortals will swear like sin,
Through the watches of the night.

They strive to kill us, mortals do,
When winter comes around;
And they search all cracks and crannies through,
And they think that all they've found;
But bipeds—people—make mistakes,
For, though they deem us dead,
The spring once more us b—gs awakes,
And we crawl from our little bed.

(Chorus, all together, if you please.)

And we bite, creating pains,
As we nip the suffering cowards;
For the best of blood runs in our veins,
For ain't we Norfolk-Howards?

So now, as I've said my little say,
I'll retire till winter's o'er;
But at the first note of the cuckoo's lay
I'll appear on deck once more;
For it's very well known you can't
Kill one of our glorious race,
So I'll wind up this, my lyric chant,
With the chorus here in place,

(And that is)

Oh! I am a bed-bug bold,
And I shall not die just yet;
Please wait till we're through
With this weather cold,
And I'll be on hand, my pet, good-bye—
Put me in my little bed-crack.

NOTE.—The vulgar but well-known singer of the above in his allusion to the Norfolk Howards intends, doubtless, to recall an incident which may not be known to some of our 50,000 readers, and which was, that several years ago a person bearing the low-sounding appellation of Bug; felt disgusted with it, and, by Act made and provided in such cases, was permitted to change it for that of Norfolk-Howard! Since that time, in England, would-be-extra-refined but silly people always refer to the objectionable pests, commonly known as bugs, as Norfolk-Howards.—Ed.

"An Original Belle," by E. P. Roe, now in course of publication in *The Current*, having been begun in the issue of December 6, has advanced sufficiently to show that it will be his most important work, for he has taken a noble theme, and essayed an elaborate exposition of the philosophy of human nature, at the same time preserving that fascinating play of incident in which he is so conspicuously successful.