

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.—Sir John Macdonald's English-speaking followers, judging by the tone of the press that is supposed to speak for them, are decidedly of opinion that the sentence of the court on Louis Riel ought to be carried out; his French supporters, on the other hand, demand the exercise of executive clemency. This places the celebrated political athlete in a decidedly awkward position; but he is used to being in such predicaments. The Fates are kind to the truly good, and it is safe to promise that Sir John will come out right side up, whatever becomes of Riel.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, has been knighted. Just how the conferring of the "honor" was brought about is not known outside, but the probability is that Her Majesty, who has of course long watched with deep interest the career of this rising statesman, observed that when the rebellion broke out, and the Militia Department got a job, Mr. Caron actually engaged more or less in the performance of the work for which Canada has all along been paying him a large salary. This could not fail to evoke the enthusiasm of the Queen, and she forthwith made a knight of him. Caron is not a bad sort of a fellow, but his mind runs too much to eye-glasses and tin-pot titles. He ought to know by this time that "knighthoods" are as much out of place in Canada as they are in the United States; but there are a good many things Sir Adolphe ought to know, but doesn't.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Blake has received an address from the French Liberals of Murray Bay, in which he is assured that his pitching for the Grit club has been all that could be desired. It has certainly been very good pitching, looked at scientifically; the balls have been delivered with much grace, and many beauti-

fully curved daisies have been sent in, but the Tory team have "pounded them all over the field." He's an elegant pitcher, but he doesn't "put the rascals out." The Grit battery is at present somewhat rattled.

ISLAND REVERIES.

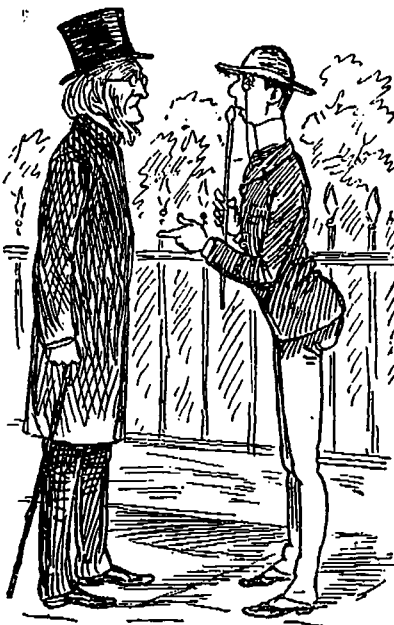
I stood on the Island at Mead's,
Mid the cat tails, the rushes and reeds,
And I viewed the expanse of the sandflies and ants,
And the tentists like pirate half-breeds.

And I saw a young man in striped tuque,
Near a young maiden reading a book;
He looked like a rover, tho' all he'd sailed over
Had been a bayou or a brook.

And the old roller coaster rolls on,
In it's eccentric curve at the Point;
And the Russians from far Islington
Throw themselves, so to speak, out of joint.

An excellent place is the Island,
And the view from the light-house is grand,
Its residents never lack style, and
They always have plenty of sand.

—B.



NATURAL SCIENCE.

Dudekins.—Professor, I want to awsk you something. If I stand on my head the blood all rushes there, doesn't it?

Professor.—Of course it does.

Dudekins.—Now, when I stand on my foot, why doesn't it all rush there?

Professor.—Because there is no vacuum in your feet.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

[This important serial is resumed, the writer having just returned from the holidays which his arduous labors necessitated.]

NO. VIII.—THE "GRIP" OFFICE, EDITOR, STAFF, ETC.

The stranger in Toronto should certainly pay a visit to—but no; modesty, gentlemen, modesty; *everybody* has heard of the GRIP Office, that majestic building on Front Street, and there is no person in the world having reached the age of five who is not as familiar with it, either through actual personal observation or through the perusal of accounts of it written by the most eminent and brilliant *litterateurs* of the day, as with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; so we had better pass on to

NO. IX.—THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES, ETC.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better not to advertise these establishments free, so we will skip on to

NO. X.—VARIOUS OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

In Rome stands, or rather stood, a building called the Coliseum. Part of it still remains, though the stonemason's art would be required to put it in a thorough state of repair. In speaking of Rome we may seem to be Roming from our subject. Not so, as will be seen, for Toronto also boasts her Coliseum or Colosseum, and a magnificent erection it is. It stands, towering pre-eminently above the lesser buildings around, on Alice Street, Piper Ward, and its *top storey* is devoted to gladiatorial encounters, about which a *tip-top story* might be written. The entrance to the building is on Alice Street, though there is an exit at the back which might be found convenient in case of a man wishing to dodgo a dun. Men who are compelled thus to dodge their creditors are generally at the front at the beginning, though they usually come out in *ar-rears* in the end.

However, to proceed. The entrance on Alice Street is a massive pine doorway, at one time richly covered and decorated with two coats of paint at 9 cents a lb. We mention the pounds because the Coliseum is the spot selected by Toronto's pugilistic citizens as a suitable one for doing their pounding in.

Ascending a spacious staircase, emblazoned and embossed with the quids of other days, we at length reach—the top. Entering a large hall, we shall, if we chance to be out of luck, find ourselves amongst a motley assemblage of gentlemen of evident sporting inclinations and who would at once be set down as tough seeds. They speak a languago peculiar to their class, the peculiarity lying in the fact that it consists of two oaths for every word not profane. They are mostly sluggers and those who desire to acquire this enviable and honorable title. In fact, we are now in the haunt of the sluggers, and were Solomon to drop into Toronto some day and meet one of these gentlemen on the street, he would probably address him, with his proverbial wisdom, in the following words: "Go to thy haunt, thou slugger," and would trundle him off to the Coliseum.

As our readers will not care to remain here longer than to witness a scientific fistic display or two between the redoubtable lion-tamer, Marcus Checklorius, and some other "sport," we may as well descend the grand stair-case and get a mouthful of fresh air. Visitors will stare into one another's eyes with astonishment at what they have witnessed, thus making another grand stare-case, and, if there be four of them, it will consist of two pair of stares.

Where next? What is the next grand edifice worthy of a visit? Ha! we have it! The City Hall! This erection, which stands on the Market Square, is a credit to masonry, so splendid are its proportions and so exactly on the square is it. The style of architecture is that known as the tumble-down-ram-shackle, blended with the more modern go-as-you-please. The building was visited many hundreds of years ago, by a party of eoldermen of the then witenagemote, who were all decidedly drunk, and they painted it a brilliant red, so ancient is this custom of imparting this hue to a town or a part thereof.

Entering by the front door, we immediately right about face and got out again, so overpowering is the odor that salutes our olfactory. In the words of the poet:

"You may whitewash and plaster the Hall as you will
But the smell of the sewer gas clings to it still.
It half kills the clerks, and it poisons the air;
And the cholera microbe will find its way there.
And then, and then only, will something be done;
At present 'tis well this old rook'ry to shun."

No words of ours can better describe Toronto's