



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.—MR. GRIP'S position in regard to politics, local and general, is that of an onlooker who reserves to himself the right to expose the elements of insincerity or absurdity in either party as these may become revealed to his eye. In the contest now going on in Ontario, he cannot but be amused at the desperation of those who are boiling with fury to cast Oliver Mowat from place and power, while, in or out of Parliament, they have not even alleged any good reason why a change should be made. The intense interest taken in a purely local contest by the Federal authorities is another diverting element, comically at variance with the oft-repeated aphorism about non-interference, and the "autonomy of the Provinces." No better representatives of the melo-dramatic farcical politicians can be found than the valiant "Pirates of Penzance," at whom play-goers have rolled with laughter. If the contest results in a material strengthening of the local opposition, it will be a decided benefit—but the deposition of an admittedly able and honest government in the present crisis would be a calamity which Ontario would soon feel reason to mourn.

FIRST PAGE.—The Reform Opposition at Ottawa (like the Conservative ditto at Toronto), is badly in need of strengthening. The success of a party depends largely on its leader, and in this view there is undoubtedly truth in the startling theory lately announced by "Dr." Victor Hall, that the patient is affected by what his doctor eats for him. We commend the suggestion in the sketch to the earnest attention of Mr. Blake.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is announced that the Ontario Campaign is to be managed for the opposition by the Dominion Premier. Considering that the Ottawa House is in session, and public business pressing, this sounds improba-

ble, but Signor Macdonald is an exceedingly clever performer, and will get through his act without the slightest difficulty. But how does Mr. Meredith relish this sort of an arrangement? We should think his gorge would feel inclined to rise!

An admirable portrait of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, produced by the process of zincography, has just been published by Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Brothers, of this city and Whitty. The picture, which is not quite life size, was drawn, engraved, and printed by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Co., and is a remarkably striking and faithful reproduction of the original photograph of Mr. Mowat, and may be looked upon as a great triumph of the art of zincography.

Dans l'absence de notre redacteur Francais nous endecaverons a remplir son place et deux etat (to state) que nous avons recevu le premiere nombre de *L'Eclair*, un papier nouveau des nouvelles, publi dans Montreal. Il est un papier de grand merit both typographiquement et otherwise, et est plein de nouvelles and got up bully. Nous esperons que *L'Eclair* sera successful. Nous ne sommes pas le regulier redacteur Francais, et nous avons mi-laid notre dictionnaire, mais nous avons fait notre meilleur. Hoop la!

#### ALL BUT ;

OR,

#### HOLLOW, HOLLOW, HOLLOW.

We never speak as we pass by,  
I look, she does not, then I sigh,  
And oh! I think of Love's young dream,  
And how things are not what they seem.

Not many months ago we met,  
I never can that day forget;  
I loved her madly from the first;  
My love was welcomed,—spurned and curst.

Oh! why? my tale I'll strive to tell,  
In princely state my love doth dwell;  
Of noble, haughty blood is she,  
Her pa a baronet is he.

And I, with fiery passion bold  
Discouraged to her of lineage old;  
Of relatives of mine who thought  
That rank below a duke's was nought;

Of earls, my cousins, 'cross the sea,  
Of my far-reaching pedigree;  
And of my proud ancestral line,  
And wealth that surely would be mine.

She heard it all and all believed,  
And little dreamt that I deceived;  
She owned her love and owned that she  
Would leave friends, home and all—for me.

Time fled; the month had just begun  
In which we two should be made one;  
When tempests troubled life's calm stream,  
And swift dispelled my fairy dream.

One morn my love came sauntering down  
To make some purchases in town,  
To buy some female trifles sweet  
To make her *trousseau* all complete.

She paused ament a dry goods store,  
Glanced in, then stepped the threshold o'er;  
Whilst I, my face suffused with blood  
Of shame—behind the counter stood!

The truth was out, she knew that I  
To her had dared to basely lie;  
That I, who'd fanned her pure love's spark,  
Was but—a dry goods junior clerk.

One look of withering scorn she cast,  
Then from the counter swift she passed.  
Next day we met, my love and I,  
But—never spoke as we passed by.

"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse. "What am dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold; and ef hit turns red, den I know dat de water am too hot."



On Thursday and Friday, February 8th and 9th, Carmilla Urso, the renowned violinist, and company of talented artists, appear at Shaftesbury Hall. The well known reader and reciter, Mr. Alf. P. Burbank, is with this company, and is not the least of its attractions. Plan to be seen at Nordheimer's.

The *Black Crook*—Kivalfy brothers—has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week and has nightly drawn large and appreciative audiences. Next week Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company, of New York, will take the boards on Monday and Tuesday, and will doubtless meet with the success so magnificent an organization deserves. Mr. Sheppard's enterprise in securing such first-class companies is meeting with the recognition it so richly merits.

The Nilsson Concert in the Horticultural Gardens, to take place on March 7th, will doubtless be a rare treat to the lovers of high-class music, the names of the performers who take part in it, being alone sufficient to warrant us in predicting an entertainment of no mean order. As there will doubtless be a great rush for seats, no time should be lost in securing them at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, where the subscription list was opened on Monday last.

The entertainment given by the officers of the Q. O. R., on the evenings of the 5th and 6th inst., passed off with great eclat. In addition to the *Naval Engagements*, which was admirably placed upon the boards, the audience, a most appreciative one throughout, was entertained by some well-executed gymnastic feats and gun drill. The music by the regimental band was a very enjoyable feature of a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

The annual exhibition of the Poultry Association of Ontario, now taking place at 83 Yonge-street, is a very fine one, and some magnificent birds are on view, and will be till the 14th inst. It is however anticipated that the Tory editors will make even a finer display of roosters on the morning of the 28th inst., though possibly the other side may have to exhibit theirs.

#### WHISKEY DID IT.

"Leave my presence, sir."

Stern, imperious words were these to issue from the delicately chiselled, rose-bud lips of Alberta Cavendish Bullins; surely 'twas some matter of more than ordinary gravity, some insult of more than usual grossness that had so raised the haughty temper of the wealthy pickle-maker's daughter. Aye, was it, as a perusal of this story will reveal. 'Twas the twenty-first anniversary of the natal day of Alberta Bullins, and the exquisite drawing-rooms of Gherkyn Hall resounded with the merry laughter of those who had there assembled to congratulate the lovely girl on her attainment of her majority. The noble apartments were thronged with the gayest of the gay, and elites of the *elite* of the place. Here, gracefully posing on the crimson ottoman, lolled young Flamingo Stuckins, chief salesman at the immense warehouse of Jeremy, Diddler & Co., drapers. There on the sky-blue sofa, conversing with Mlle Bonne-bour, in exquisite French, sat Sprightly de Tote de Mort, recently returned from a "tower" on the "continuing dee Yurope," and who re-