



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.  
FRED. SWIRE, B.A., Associate Editor.

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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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#### TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

Please refer to paragraph in italics in last week's issue, this column.

**J. LOES**—You have boiled all the juice out of your subject, if there was ever any in it, for it is uncommonly dry now—too much so for us.

**MR. JAWVIS, PETROLIA**—In reply to your curt epistle, we would state that if the style of your contributions is anything like that of your letter, our prices would be about one-half cent per pound, and not that much unless you write only on one side of your paper. We want to use the other side for jotting down, roughly, the conceptions of our gigantic intellect.

**DICK DUMPLING**—To ensure publication, contributions should contain, at least, a small leaven of humor and originality.

**K. K., MONTREAL**—Please don't rehash the ideas and productions of others. If you can't be original, go to, and saw wood. The Detroit comic papers might appreciate your efforts, however, but we want something really funny.

**J. H. C., BRANFORD**—Your Elegy on the Death of a Mule reached us safely, but why you should bother us with your family troubles we cannot tell. The Elegy is, moreover, a gross plagiarism, many of the lines being taken *holus bolus* from Oliver Goldsmith's *Mad Dog* and Mrs. Blaze poems, and as such is unfitted for our columns.

#### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—Although a majority of members of the new Manitoba Legislature have been ostensibly elected to support Mr. Norquay, there is good reason to believe many of them will "bolt" if that gentleman gives indications of again surrendering Provincial rights to the federal authorities. Nobody doubts Mr. Norquay's own willingness to oblige Sir John; it is another question whether he can carry Parliament with him.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Prof. E. Stone Wiggins' prediction of a great storm on a certain day in March of this year, has caused a wide sensa-

tion, which is likely to be increased by the publication of an Almanac by that weather-wise gentleman. March is ordinarily a windy month, but it has never known such a blow as the one foretold. If, as we anticipate in the sketch, the wind on that occasion gets away with the hair of people in general, the date will always be remembered as that of the great Wig-gins storm.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—No comment is required in this case beyond a perusal of any ordinary number of the *Mail* in which you will be pretty sure to find the double action machine at work—dealing out panegyrics to the members of the opposition and ditch water to the "hon. gentlemen opposite." When are our leading papers going to treat their readers to something better than this fools' food or par-tizan twaddle?

**A FINE PICTURE.**—We have been favored with a private view of a very fine oil painting of ex-Mayor McMurrich's two children, by Mr. Patterson of this city, in whose studio the picture at present hangs. It is a magnificent piece of work, perhaps the best specimen of the portrait painters' noble art ever seen in Canada, and reflects infinite credit on Mr. Patterson.

**STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.**—Enter **JOHN BROWN.**—"Please, yer Majesty, hae ye seen this buik o' whilk a' folks are claverin' the noo?" **V. R.**—"Nay, good John, how is it named? and of what treats it?" **J. B.**—"They ca' it *GRIP's Almanac* for aughten honered an' aughty three, an' it's aw about a' things, ye ken, an' has a bit writin' by Sir John A. Hanlan, the premier o' Canada, ye ken, an' yer Majesty's cousin, Mac Swez, has, aiblins, ane o' the best articles i' the buik." **V. R.**—"Now, methinks that I recall to mind that I have heard of that same work, and I would fain encourage my young relative to whom you refer, so, good John, order 3,000 copies at once of *GRIP's Comic Almanac* for 1883; where may it be obtained?" **J. B.**—"At a' buik stores, yer Majesty."

#### ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

I was perusing the paper the other day and somehow or other my eye was arrested by this paragraph in the prospectus of a Ladies' Seminary, "*French is the language spoken in the College.*" Possibly the name of the institution may have had something to do with the matter, as I was engaged to attend at that very college in my professional capacity—I am an architect—on the following day, to arrange about some alterations in some of the rooms. "Ha, ha!" I said to myself, "it is now 13 years since I was on the European Continent, and it will bring to my mind many reminiscences of *la belle France*, to hear nothing but the language of that country spoken," and with such fond anticipations I took my way, next day, to the Ladies College. Upon my arrival I was shown into the large drawing-room which was to undergo several changes, and between which and a back room were two folding doors, at that moment partially open, and through which I caught a glimpse of several girlish figures. "I wonder," I thought to myself, "whether the *servants* of this institution converse in that polite language which the prospectus mentions." My doubts were quickly dispelled. "Well, yez might have wiped yer brogues on the mat for-nist the dure, and not be dirrtyin' the flure wid mud," said the housemaid who had escorted me. "No," I murmured, "that's

not French; however, I perceive, that the prospectus was too modest, as it made no mention of Russian." I apologized to the female from the area and she retired. I could plainly overhear the conversation of the young ladies in the adjoining room, and as I have a great passion for hearing French spoken with that pure accent for which Canadian ladies are famous, I—I confess it—listened. "Say, Julia," said No. 1, "didn't Reginald look stunning? I'm clean mashed on him." "Oh! ah baw lay garsong!" cried Julia, "I should twitter to see myself gone on a feller with no stamps and only eighteen. But, anyhow, I'd make him anti up for all he's worth in the way of *shokolau et crame day glass*." "You bet your sweet boots," ejaculated No. 1, "that's just the kind of a hair-pin, I am." "Surely," I said to myself, "that prospectus was not concocted by any modern (i. e. W. Why, that isn't French; maybe it is, tho', for 13 years do make a difference." The conversation in the next room was here interrupted by the entrance of some one whom I took to be a lady in authority, as the tones dropped suddenly and a silence ensued, which was broken by the voice of the last arrival saying, "Vonnay, may fills, vonnay ay pronnay laire: Le,—le—*l'architect* ah be sworn der wvor cat tchomber: vonnay, may fills." "Wee, mer prangsipol," was the reply of the cultured demoiselles. They then rose and left the room, which I entered with a view of seeing what the necessary alterations were to be. As I was looking round the Rev. Principal of the College entered,—culture, language, wit, form, color, etc., etc., stamped upon every bump and depression of his magnificent head and countenance. "Now," thought I, "for the pure Parisian accent"—then, bowing to his reverence, I said, in very choice French, "Pardon me, sir, but these chambers of alterations a large number require." "Wee," he replied. "As to this alcove, for example, you will it, in truth, dis-establish, is it not so?" "Wee," he replied. "Pleases it your reverence to make well the doors folding or to them do away with?" "Wee," he replied. "Oh! dash it! man," I yelled, now thoroughly roused, "have some gumption and tell a fellow what you want and don't stand there like a bosthoon! You must be a gay old omadhaun to run a feminine menagerie, if you can't say anything but—" "Wee," he replied.

I left the spot, and slammed the door behind me. And I sail for France to-morrow, in order to see whether the language of that country has undergone the remarkable change it *must* have done, if the accent, nowadays, is the same as that given by those young ladies at that Female College, in which "French is the language spoken."

What branch of the Civil Service did the principal glacial pillar in the Ice Palace at the Montreal Carnival resemble? The Post of ice. Gurreo! Put him out.

**HIS REASON.**—"What do you always wear that confounded plug for?" asked Bumbleby of Bluggs, alluding to the latter's stove-pipe hat. "Oh," was the reply, "some ass is always boring me with his imbecile questions, and I take that plug to stop the hole with." They pass on.

**PHENOMENAL.**—"I'm suffering from sun-stroke," said Michael O'Sullivan, as he entered No. 1 Police Station, and dropped wearily on a bench. "Impossible, man," replied the Inspector, "It's frost-bitten ye mane." "I tell ye it's son-stroke, for didn't my eldest b'y, Pether, give me a polthogue wid his brogues, that's nigh kill me, an' I want him arristed immadiately."