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SAVE US FROM THE TELEGRAPH VULTURE.

* See Comments on Page 2.



A HINT TO SALISBURY.

OUR JOHN A.—My lord, cherish this little quadruped. With good management he'll soon be strong enough to carry you into power!

"The Tailor Makes the Man."

"What's to be done? I've got this man to meet, And not a coin have I wherewith to treat A liquor, in return for those received. Let's see what happy thought can be conceived, To 'raise the wind,' and stand a social round. Amongst my things a trifle may be found, With which into the 'shah's' I warily might drop, Fix him with eagle eye, and do a wily 'pop. That pair of sable 'bags' perhaps might suit, But he won't give enough for 'blacks,—the brute. I'll look my tickets up and try the dodge, Seeing there's nothing decent left to lodge. Mercy me! What memories these revive As calmly I glance over them and strive To arrogate to each its lawful spree, Now of the past—alas! sad thought for me. But wait! a happy thought arises, (This world is full of strange surprises), These tickets need not lacerate my mind, Perhaps in some back-pocket I may find Enough to see me through this festive night; And if I do but happily alight Upon the needful, what a joy 'twill be, (Be still, my heart, 'tis yet too soon for glee.) Now here's the very pair of 'bags' I wore, When distant Sutherland's Isle I did explore; They're too much injured by the sea and rain, And cannot decorate my limbs again. What's this! With anxious hope my heart is filled, I'st something round—its edge not smooth, but *mitlen*, I need not to the 'shah' go borrowin'! It is—Oh! thanks, great Jove!—a florin! Oh! rare good man! Oh! estimable snip! Who first conceived that pocket on the hip. Full many a time thy fertile brain I've blessed, When tempted sore to 'stand,'—yea, hardly pressed— By greedy men too anxious for a drink, I say, 'No coin have I,—with cautious wink. Oft after leaving haunts of boisterous men, I slowly slunk to some mysterious den, Alone to quaff the fruits of frugal care, Accumulated in those pockets rare. And when my mouth drew in the gen'rous nip, I thought of thee—thou grand inventive snip! When thoughtless men at morning time arise, And search their pockets with a mute surprise, For money which was spent the night before, And only find their keys—'tis here I 'score'! For though the 'bash' be festive, fast, and free, I've something left, after the wildest spree, Wherewith to get my morning's B. and S. While these poor dogs are dry enough, I guess. But when the sparkling fluid I do sip, I don't forget thee—kind, creative Snip. But hark! it's striking six, I do declare, At the half hour I promised to be there. But ere I with this man do hob-a-nob, I'll change this florin, and just hide a 'bob In that back-pocket, which nobody sees, And then make tracks direct to Sop's."

Make a note of the *Chicora's* cheap excursions.

A Study of Grip's Trade Mark.

(By a Contributor.)

GRIP has a trade-mark, though he can scarcely be said to have a trade, unless one may say that his business is a constant *trade* against evil-doers and mischief-makers of every kind.

Let us for a short time, however, study his trade-mark, and find out the meaning of some of the symbols, independently of what the author meant them to be—on our own hook, as the saying is.

First of all, there is a "G." A *Gee*—How many a lazy, duty-shirking steed has been stirred up by a "Gee." What is the mystic symbolism of the G? Everyone knows that "Gee" means go right, and as GRIP is always urging fools to go right, it is very appropriate that his trade-mark should begin with a "G."

In the centre of this moral and commanding letter stands—Ah! who stands there calm and contained? Prevaricating politicians! Cringing office-seekers! Know ye not who this is? Ye who would sell your country for gold! *Geo*, or *teremble*!

The next letter is "R," and of course stands for right, to which GRIP always most rigidly adheres. Here you may see what, in my opinion, must be an author's devil. Printers have devils—why should not authors? There he is, ready with well inked pen, to prod the expectant scribbler with a happy idea, on the spur of the moment.

Then comes "I." The meaning is plain. My eye is on you—can't you fancy the noble bird giving this warning as he sits there in quiet majesty?

"P"—The last letter, of course stands for punster, in which capacity GRIP stands as we all know, pre-eminent—and in this letter you may see a paunchy bull-frog, bearing on his back a no less well-developed author. Eh! can it be an author? Grown fat, no doubt, laughing at his own jokes, and so considered worthy of enshrining in this immortal niche. The only fat author ever known. It must be, look at his pen.

The bull-frog testifies to the comfortable state in which all readers of GRIP will ultimately find themselves if they give full vent to those hearty bursts of cacination which are

invariably induced by a perusal of that wonderful paper.

Finally—Take the letters in couples or threes—You still have a wonderful meaning, found nowhere else. "G. R." *Gur* Rex. *Gur* the king of komical papers. "R. I." is of course a *fonetic* way of spelling Rye; old Rye, to which *Gur* has a decided objection—he being a bird confines himself to the rippling stream. "R. I. P.," every one knows this is *Requiescat* in pace, may he rest in peace. This is no doubt a quiet sarcasm directed against the man who suffers from *Gur's* pointed and cutting jokes. May he rest in peace! May he! Ha! ha!

"I. P." spells *Ip*—"Ip, 'Ip, 'oorah!" as a *Cookney* would be sure to say after reading GRIP. And we are all bound, I think, to shout between our bursts of laughter, "Three times three for *Gur*! Hip! hip! hoorah!"

But to be finally final, and take the whole name together. Note ye politicians! "G. R. I. P." means "Go Right Irrespective (of) Party."

The Heartless Man.

"Would you like to see 'Olivette?'" said Mr. Golightenham to the sharer of his joys and sorrows as they sat at the breakfast table one morning in the early part of last week.

"Above all things," said Mrs. Golightenham, whose face brightened up at the thought. "They say it's very good; we might bring a couple of the children, they are so fond of music you know, and then we could go early and walk around the Gardens. It will be so pleasant!"

"But coming to think," said Mr. Golightenham, "coming to think, Maria, you've seen 'Olivette' already."

"Oh, no, Golightenham. You recollect that I wanted to go to the last opera people that were here, but you said on account of pressing business that evening you couldn't take us."

"But Maria," insisted Mr. Golightenham, whose face was now growing purple with suppressed mirth, "you have seen it!"

"Why, when may I ask?"

"Why, this very morning," roared the witty gentleman; "you saw those eggs and those two pieces of toast, that's *All I've ate*, aint it? Ha! ha! ha!"

Poor Mrs. Golightenham burst into tears as usual.