

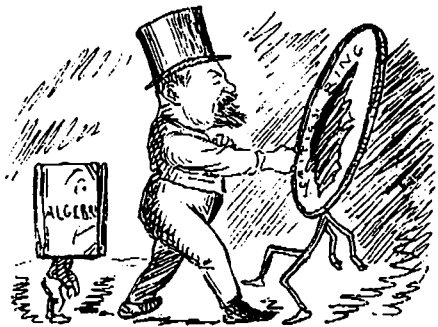
Our Big Show.

Next week on the 6th, Toronto's Own and Only Greatest Show will be opened by his Deputy Royal Highness, Hon. J. B. ROMAN, and for the ensuing fortnight the city will be crowded with our esteemed country cousins, together with innumerable visitors from our beloved sister-cities of Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London etc., who will come to get hints as to what constitutes a first class Exhibition. The above imperfect design is submitted as a bird's eye view of the great Toronto circus and the various side-shows in other places. Next week Grip will celebrate the opening with a fine double number, amply illustrated; and the week following he will make a similar extraordinary effort to please his thousands of readers. He will, moreover, be glad to see all his friends at his department in the main building during the progress of the Exhibition.

The Fruits of Love.

By her marriage with Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, an American, the Baroness BURDETT COUITS would forfeit, it is said, £100,000 stg; that amount being left her on the condition that she would lose it by marriage with an alien.—*London Paper.*

*De gustibus non est disputandum, I trow,
And tastes vary much as to fruits, we all know,
But the relative values of plum and of pear,
To our Baroness maid is a thing very clear.
Two plums and a half, just, she'd give every year,
To possess the one-half of a BARTLETT pear (pair.)*



On His Muscle.

Dr. McLELLAN does not feel disposed to allow the critics to go on abusing his poor little Algebra any longer. So he has taken off his coat in good earnest, and made a display of his ability in the manly art of self-defence. In other words he has written a long letter to the *Globe*, in which his censors receive a rather severe handling. The Doctor emphatically denies that there is any "ring" existing in connection with the Education Department, but alleges on the other hand that there is a veritable and more villainous "ring" amongst cer-

tain sore-heads outside, who are devoting themselves with all the zeal and craftiness of Jesuits to the task of ousting the present occupants of desirable berths, with a view to securing the same for themselves. According to the letter in question Dr. McLELLAN is a most worthy and efficient educationist, whose efforts have been singularly successful in the great work to which he has devoted his life, and his Algebra is an able and admirable work which fills a want long felt. Of course Grip feels bound to accept this view of the situation, in the absence of evidence in rebuttal, and therefore he takes pleasure in paying the learned doctor the compliment conveyed in the above representation of his prowess as a gladiator.



Consolation for the Reformer.

In view of the unexpected and painful result of the election in West Toronto, the Reformers no doubt stand much in need of consolation, and Mr. Grip is not the bird to stand by and witness their sorrow without attempting to alleviate it. He therefore hastens to present a little balm which he trusts may prove effective in taking away the sting. This balm is to be found in the following reflections:

1. The election of DEARY is in no wise significant of public opinion, as it is altogether likely that his votes were basely bought, or else the ballot boxes were stuffed.
2. Mr. RYAN would not after all have made a very good member, as it is well known that he is subject to colds in the head.
3. The election of DEARY means another rise in the price of coal, and those who voted for him will—ha! ha!—have to bear the additional burden all by themselves.
4. It is but three years to the general election, when not only West Toronto, but all the other constituencies are going to return Reformers.
5. The Rag Baby suffered more in the fray than the Reform party, and yet it comes up smiling. Surely Reformers are not going to be surpassed in bravery by a Rag Baby!
6. Never mind West Toronto; the party carried North Ontario, which unmistakably shows that there is a reaction against the N. P. and the Government.
7. At all events, we've probably heard the last of the Huron & Ontario Ship Canal for a while.
8. Violent changes are always bad, and it would therefore have been a misfortune to have elected a man of much intellectual force to succeed Mr. J. DEVERLEY ROBINSON.
9. This additional coal tax will have to be balanced by a corresponding addition to the flour tax, and thus poetic justice will be done by punishing the people of Halifax for the defeat of RYAN.
10. Lastly, it is consoling to know that Mr. PARCLO did not put forth any official prophecy as to the result.



Handing over the Belt.

We understand that the Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER is about to formally hand over the Belt to his Chieftain, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The belt we allude to is, of course, that held by the *Champion Stretcher*. Sir JOHN has fairly won the trophy by a recent brilliant display of exaggeration at one of those complimentary dinners in London. In alluding to the military matters of the Empire, he told his auditors that every man in Canada between the ages of 18 and 45 was a soldier. This amply sufficed to secure the Belt, but we fail to see why the astute Premier didn't take full advantage of the occasion and further state that this enormous force was drilled and disciplined up to the highest point of efficiency, that it was thoroughly armed and equipped, and ready for active service at a moment's notice; that the towns and cities of the Dominion were strongly fortified and provisioned for a long siege, and finally that it was all owing to the great N. P.



Still At It.

That naughty little *Globe* boy is at it again, bespattering Prof. SMITH with dirt. It appears to be quite hopeless to wean him from this very discreditable practice by moral suasion, for only the other day his scandalized brother of the *Mail* read him a most admirable lecture, on behalf of journalism in general. Grip has also frequently expostulated with him, and endeavored to let him see pictorially that his conduct is not only mean and unmannerly, but also highly ridiculous. Notwithstanding all this he loses no opportunity of attacking the unfortunate gentleman in question—sometimes using mud balls of his own manufacture, and sometimes borrowing them from other sources. A policeman appears to be the only alternative, and if this little *Globe* boy doesn't mend his ways forthwith, Grip will shout for one.