

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. EDWARD BLAKE:

Will be issued with the number for..... Oct. 18.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The particular attention of all our subscribers, especially those of them who reside in the towns interested, is called to the advertisement of our Great Competition on the last page of the cover this week. No doubt every one of our friends will be glad to assist in doubling our present large circulation, especially when they can do it on terms so profitable to themselves, and thus widening an influence which is exerted—as we and they believe—for good throughout Canada. Our offer is a liberal one, while at the same time it is free from any taint of the prevailing lottery spirit. It is an honest test of honest work, so far as the competitors are concerned, while those who become subscribers are assured of full value for the money they pay, with a chance of getting considerably more than they pay for.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The political sensation of the week has been the investigation before the Commissioners of the charges formulated against the members of the local ministry by Mr. Meredith, leader of the Opposition. These charges are in the nature of a set-off to the Bribery charges laid by the ministry against Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson and Kirkland, though why the leader of the Opposition—who of course disclaimed all connection with or knowledge of the alleged bribery plot) should trouble himself to bring forward counter-charges or in any other way defend the persons who were really acting against his interests—is a point which puzzles us. Up to the present writing, the prosecution in this new case had succeeded in proving no more than what Mr. Mowat and his colleagues had all along admitted, viz.—That they advised the “Approached” Grits to go back and play with the bribers in order to trap them. Whether in law this is punishable as conspiracy remains for the

judges to decide. It is undoubtedly the tactics any human ministry would have adopted. Meantime GRIP has been quite carried away by the essential funniness of the situation. Our Cartoon falls far short of the reality in point of ludicrousness, but the feelings of trapped rodents towards the cat that is waiting to make a meal of them is no doubt the feeling entertained by Bunting *et al.* towards Mowat just now.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake told the people of Glengarry that he could truthfully claim but very little Scotch blood, though he no doubt thought that a good deal of Irish blarney would meet the demands of the occasion almost as well. If he is not by descent a Highlander, he was at all events trying on what is slanderously alleged to be a favorite Highland game—MacBlake was doing his best to steal the coo of his foeman Macdonald—a coo which MacBlake alleges the aforesaid Macdonald has no natural right to own.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In due time we shall have the “sweet girl graduates” after all. The doors of the university have been opened to the fair ones, and it is simply a question of four years’ trial—if the girls sustain their reputation as students—when a batch of them will come forth with B.A.’s on their little satchels. Our good old friend the principal has gracefully accepted the situation with a mental reservation which we have taken the liberty of blazoning forth on a placard. If the girls govern themselves accordingly they will find in Mr. Wilson a veritable guide, philosopher and friend, and their only danger will be that they may grow too tender in their feelings towards the good and learned gentleman.



THE LATEST MONTREAL HABIT.

(Drawn from life by our scandalized artist in the toniest part of St. James Street.)

TOO TRANSPARENT.

Under pretext of decorating the streets in honor of the recent exhibition, the *Globe* advised the citizens thus: “Hang out your bunting.” This covert pleasantry was evidently intended as advice to the people of the *Mail* office. A meek suggestion, truly.

GRIP rejoices in the growing success of the *Current* (Chicago), palpable evidence of which is furnished in its improved mechanical make-up, and the addition, this week, of an elegantly designed cover. The *Current* is the most brilliant literary weekly in America, commanding the best pens in the world. Moreover, it is in the hands of men who believe in God, and regard their high duties to the public as sacred. Every cultured Canadian should subscribe for the *Current*.

“Gossip.”—Montreal rejoices in a new weekly bearing the above suggestive title. GRIP welcomes the newcomer to his exchange list, and predicts for it a prominent place in Canadian journalism. This prediction is based on the fact that the editorship of *Gossip* is entrusted to a lady—sufficient of itself to ensure purity—and moreover a clever, experienced journalist, which ought to ensure sound judgment. It was from lack of these elements that every former venture of the kind in Montreal failed; with them *Gossip* ought to, and will no doubt, succeed.

HISTORICAL ORIGINS OF POPULAR SLANG PHRASES.

SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

II.

“DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?”

About the beginning of the seventh century Italy was misgoverned by a number of little tyrants who held control over certain provinces, and these, in their turn, were kept in trim by a big tyrant who, if they did not believe themselves, would threaten annihilation, or such lenient punishment as “slapping your—ah—chops,” and so forth. Historically the smaller fry were known as Sforza, Contirini, Colonna, Capulets and Mowatti, and the big fish, in different periods, as Barbarossa, etc. There was one Jacadi who was a very terrible despot indeed. Now, Mowatti, laid claims to a small farm as properly belonging to his province. Jackadi took the opposite side of the question. A fight was imminent and Jackadi used the elegant and imperishable phrase “Don't you wish you may get it?” The affair created a terrible hubbub at the time, but Mowatti crossed the seas and brought a controlling power to bear on his opponent. The result was Mowatti *did* get it and Jackadi was proportionally mad.

“WOT D'YER SAY.”

There is some little doubt as to the real origin of this now common query, but it is supposed to have arisen in this wise: Sir Walter Raleigh was, as is well known, a great fop in his day, and in Elizabeth's reign, as now, it was considered the correct thing by young bloods to affect a certain manner of speech, the custom of pronouncing the letter “r” as “w” being, as it still is, one of them. Sir Walter's serving man was named Roger—pronounced by his affected master “Woger.” In the days spoken of it was the custom for every gallant to be attended at any dinner or public banquet by his own servant, and whereas Sir Walter went he was accompanied by Roger. The condiment known as soy was just coming into fashion, and of this sauce the gallant knight was inordinately fond, and as fast as Roger poured a quantity on his master's plate, it disappeared down the latter's throat, and, as Roger was somewhat tardy in his movements and Sir Walter very impatient, the cry of “Woger, soy! Woger, soy!” was frequently uttered by the knight much to the amusement of the other guests, who made merry at it and mimicked him to their heart's content, and as a phrase such as the one quoted soon becomes popular, it was caught up by the little street gamins of the time and has been handed down to us in its present form of “Wot d'yer soy?”