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By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

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G. E. Seymour and George Cranmond are our only authorized travelling agents.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

"TIMOTHY."—Please call or send your address to the office of GRIP.

New Industry—N. P. For Ever!!

A Manitoba exchange has the following:—
"There is a great dearth of marriageable young ladies in this part of the Dominion."

GRIP at once sees an opening for some of those young men who find it so difficult to earn their living now-a-days, and are driven to walk King Street in a forlorn way, trying to gather some small comfort from the smiles of those young ladies "who do so easily beset them." Briefly, the idea is this—let them get up a "Joint Stock company for the Propagation of Matrimony in Manitoba and the Amelioration of the condition of the Manitobans." Get out a good prospectus and advertisement, like this:—

NOTICE TO INTENDING HUSBANDS.

THE undersigned have entered into arrangements in some of the leading Ontario markets, and are now prepared to furnish intending husbands in Manitoba with a superior class of wives, in every way warranted to suit the climate well. From actual experience, and the testimonials of thousands of reliable young men, now in our possession, we are prepared to say that the class of goods we furnish is second to none in this or any other market. Intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. All goods warranted for one year, and shipped per through fast express C.O.D. to Winnipeg, with addition of a small customs' duty, rendered necessary by the N. P. Stock always kept well assorted, and purchasers, by telegraphing the No. of class out of which they want a wife, (as thus—"One medium brunette, rising 5 feet six, small feet, pug nose, haudy with boot-jack. At once, for JOHN STRUT, Emerson"), can have their wants immediately attended to. Consignments solicited from the country.

N.B.—A small stock of choice widows for sale at a bargain.

Now, wouldn't that sort of thing draw? Why, a roaring trade would be got up in a month. All our lonely girls would get married off, and the company could declare a first half-yearly dividend of 40 per cent. We hereby offer to take forty thousand dollars in stock at once, and, if the company threw in one of these widows, why of course, out of politeness, you know—well, as Bret Harte says, "since it's you, I don't mind if I do."

Pairs of 'Em.

The following appears in the columns of a contemporary:

"Pair of Geese; W. Ventress, Mrs. James McConnell. Pair of Ducks; Mrs. Thos. L. Davis, Mrs. James McConnell."

In connection with the latter observation, not being acquainted with the parties, we can't

say about the truth of the description, but anyhow, it is a dreadfully public avowal. The former observation strikes us as being a trifle personal. We infer that a rush of prize lists has driven our contemporary into a temporary fit of insanity.

Captain Tom's Meditation.

The "boys" were all in session down at the corner grocery when Capt. Tom came in, and, sitting down upon a biscuit box, took his usual "chew," and then proceeded to meditate; expectorating meanwhile upon the stove, and contemplatively rolling his "quid." The "boys" waited in silent expectancy, knowing, from long experience, that something was sure to come. The "profound cogitations and mature meditations" of Cap'n TOM were as nothing compared to the meditation of Capt. TOM. Silent, immovable, utterly oblivious of his surroundings, were it not for the amber stream of ever-increasing volume that poured almost incessantly from his lips; he might have been taken for a Patience on a monument. Presently he spoke. When Capt. TOM spoke everyone else was silent. "Boys, I've been a thinkin' 'bout ther niggur. Ther's one of them inspired prophets says 'ther niggur is a dark subject to speak 'bout.' He says its jist like goin' down inter a deep cellar, on a dark night, un' without any lantern, to look for a black cat that is'n't there. Talkin' 'bout cats, you can't tell me nothin' 'bout them. I don't wan't to compare 'em to a niggur, fur it takes a white man tur be as mean un' low-lived as some cats. Why, I'll be blamed if some white men won't do things that 'ull make niggurs blush un' cats howl un' all you've got ter do is ter go ter jails un' churches ter find 'em, too. But talk 'bout cats; why them there fellers who tells 'bout bringin' cats back ter life arter they are killed ain't a sarcumstance to the experience I once had. You see, my old cat had a litter of young 'uns. I jess took them there little uns and drowned 'em in a pail of water. Arter leavin' on 'em there fur the most part of an hour I took un' sold 'em to a sassage maker. About two days arterward, the old cat was passin' the meat market when she suddenly stopped afore a string of link saggises. Quick as light'nin' she grabbed a lot of links un' run like blazes ter my barn. Next day as I was passin' a barrel in the barn, I heard a lot of mewin', un' I looked inter the barrel, un' what do you think I saw? Why, in the bottom of that there barrel lay that old cat, un' I hope to be tectotatiously explunctified if them four links of saggises wasn't takin' their rations jist as nat'ral as if they'd never bin through a sassage chopper. Now, yer may laugh, but ain't that jist like some men? You might run 'em through a thrashin' machine un' shovel the pieccs inter a basket, un' they'd try to knock you off 20 per cent. on the funeral expenses. Why, you might strike some men with a streak of chain light'nin' un' they'd try to mortgage the cloud it come from at 10 per cent. Christianity don't never teeh such men. Why, if they ever did get into heaven, they'd be tryin' to insure the lives of all the saints, un' some of them I know of would be wantin' ter sell half of heaven for the sake of building a railroad through the other half. But what I've told yer aint the wust I know 'bout cats by a jugful. I knowed a cat once that belonged ter a widder, un' if that cat weren't possessed then I hope to scream. It makes me mad every time I think of the way it used to carry on. You couldn' git near it all day, but every mornin' at sunrise if it wouldn't come un' squat on the door-step un' mew, un' whine, un' squall, till you'd think Ole Nick un' his hull tribe had broke loose. Well, the thing couldn't be stood; the hull neighborhood was fallin' from grace all on account of that cat. So the widder tells her boy to drown the cussed varmint, un' the boy took un' threw it inter a pond, un' watched

it drown. Well, next mornin' there was that cat on the door-step, mewin' as usual. Then the boy he took un' tied a stone round its neck un' threw it inter the pond agin. Next mornin', blamed if that theer cat wasn't sittin' on the door-step, mewin' worse than ever. Then that widder's boy got mad, un' he up un' chlopped the cat's head off, un' throwed both pieccs inter the pond. Well, sir, I hope ter git down un' yell if that cat wasn't sittin' on the door-step next mornin' with its head in its mouth, un' mewin' fit ter kill. Now, beat that if ye kin; I kin, but I'll spare yer feelins this time. Yes, boys, cats are like men. Cuttin' ther heads off don't stop 'em. You jist let one of these grabbers git a mortgage on yer house un' lot, then take un' mash him so fine that there's not enough of him left to form a satisfactory basis for a funeral, un' see if it lifts the mortgage. I'd like ter know how much it helped the poor of the United States when Commodore Vanderbilt died. Has any of his money cum back to the workin'-man? Not if the Court knows itself; un' it thinks it does. You kin jist bet yer boots that killin' a man don't stop his noise—not much. But, boys, I guess I'll have ter git fur home. Mariar is sort of techy un' crabbed these times, un' I wouldn't like to vex her. Wouldn't be safe, you know. I'll tell yer what I think about this Pacific Railway business next time I cum down.

TIMOTHY.

A Colloquy on Boats.

(By Cablegram).

AUSTRALIA (loquiter):—
Hurrah for the land where the gay cockatoo
Enlivens the soul of the sad kangaroo,
And the boomerang sings in his roystering note,
"No equal has TRICKETT ashore or afloat!"

CHORUS—

"Sing loud all ye beasts in the 'scrub' and the thicket,
Oh! where is the fellow can equal our TRICKETT?"

CANADA (respondet):—
Hurrah for the land where the solemn chipmunk
Sings paeans to brighten the down-hearted skunk,
And choruses rise from the heaven and stoat,
"No rival has HANLAN on board of a boat!"

CHORUS—

You may easily beat us at bragging or cricket,
But HANLAN'S the fellow to wallop your TRICKETT.

AUSTRALIA:—
The "bushrangers" perched on the gy-bark trees,
Sing silly sonatas and trumpety glees,
And parrots repeat what the "bushrangers" quote,
"No equal has TRICKETT ashore or afloat."

CHORUS—

"Sing loud all ye beasts in the 'scrub' and the thicket,
Oh! where is the fellow can equal our TRICKETT?"

CANADA:—
Canadian wolverines, squirrels and owls,
Give vent to their feelings in deafening howls,
And gently to heaven their sentiments float—
"No rival has HANLAN on board of a boat!"

CHORUS—

You may easily beat us at bragging or cricket,
But HANLAN'S the fellow to wallop your TRICKETT.

If beasts get excited, then why shouldn't we
Sing loud in the height of our pride and our glee?
"Hurrah for NED HANLAN! If anyone can,
He'll settle this lengthy Australian man!"

CHORUS—

Hurrah for NED HANLAN; let's shout it once more,
May he soon be crowned "King of the shell and the oar!"

GRIP'S last cartoon represents the political prestidigitator, SIR JOHN, unrolling a string from the mouth of a Pacific Railway Commission witness. His right hand has apparently forgot its cunning, as he tells the audience that he extracted a ribbon of the wrong color. The political juggler is nonplussed, and his face gives evidence that he wishes the show was over.—*Dumfries Reformer.*

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL AUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Nobblest Things in the Market. WOLTZ BROS & CO.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.