

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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## NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



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.

## Q. C.

## AN ACROSTIC.

Queer, was it not?  
Every one stared,  
Every one thought  
None would have dared  
Strip off our silk.  
Cruel the ukase,  
Oh, what a bilk!  
Using a new case,  
Never a precedent  
Shewn for the action,  
E'en like plucked geese we're sent,  
Laws! It's distraction!

## Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 9.—HON. DAVID L. MACPHERSON.

This gentleman, like his namesake, DAVID, of old, is a mighty man of valour. He is ever ready for the fray and at a moment's notice to rush into the bubbling cauldron of political warfare. Although a member of the Senate, which is popularly supposed to consist of old gentlemen of slow motions and antiquated notions, he has always demonstrated that instead of being content to lie quietly and allow others to clear him from off the track, he, on the contrary, is continually endeavoring to give strength and power to those who make it their duty to shove others out of the way.

He has proved to Canada that there is at least one in the Senate who is not to be considered a mere figure-head, and yet he has shown that he has a good head for figures, by diving into the public accounts and pointing to them as the proof of what he maintains in connection with the politics of his province and of his country.

It is an old, and until later years, a generally received maxim, that "figures cannot lie," but thanks to Senator MACPHERSON and the Ontario Government, we have now discovered that this is utterly untrue—in fact, that the maxim lied when it said that figures couldn't. In the campaign of last June the worthy Senator maintained that there was in each year a deficit in the public treasury of Ontario. Mr. Wood and the rest of the Cabinet, on the contrary, argued that there was always a surplus. Each party of disputants, though urging distinctly contradictory theories as to the state of the accounts, actually proved, at all events to

the satisfaction of those who were inclined to listen to them favorably—their statements by the figures of those very accounts as to which there was such a wide diversity of opinion. Thus, leaving the vast political achievements of Mr. MACPHERSON out of the question, we find, at all events, we are indebted to him for enabling us to perceive that no matter how old or hackneyed, or universally believed a proverb may be, the course of events may prove it utterly unworthy of confidence.

Those who have the blood of the Highlanders running in their veins labor under a heavy debt of gratitude to him. When the outrageous insult was flung at their heads that in times of old their forefathers sometimes peculated cattle, the great Senator indignantly repudiated the charge, and from his seat in the Senate cast it back in the teeth of him who made it. For this valiant act Mr. MACPHERSON was presented with an address of thanks signed by we don't know how many hundred Scotchmen, and of which he is justly proud.

The Senator also travelled in state through the district of Saugeen, and made several speeches to his old supporters there, explaining and elaborating his great pamphlet to those who had not enough ability to understand it thoroughly by reading it. He did intend to do the same for all who were similarly afflicted throughout Canada, but finding that the number of those who had penetration sufficient to appreciate it was so few that his work would be practically unlimited, he gave it up.

If we were to detail to our readers all the great deeds of the subject of our sketch, the space we would be obliged to give would also be practically unlimited—so that we must fain be content with setting forth those above mentioned which are amongst his greatest.

We found it impossible to obtain an interview with him, but hope that this little sketch of a great man will not be unacceptable.

## The Mysteries of Toronto.

SOCIETY VISITED! ITS HOLLOWNESS REVEALED! STARTLING REVELATIONS!

As it is the province of the *Mail* representative to visit the slums of the city and *chassez* to right and left with the black and tan dames at the *Hotel de Berri*; and that of the *Globe* man to inspect the cheap eating-houses, and learn from the truthful proprietors thereof whether everything is on the square or not—(It's interesting to some youths to know if a place allows any crookedness,)—so it is the evident duty of GRIP's reporter to visit the "Halls of the Gay," a duty his acknowledged standing in our first society, together with his dignified deportment, and unexceptional manners eminently qualify him. Hence, and actuated by a desire to enlighten the multitude who are not fortunate enough to have access to high society, as to some of the mysteries in the lives of our aristocracy, Mr. GRIP despatched one of his most fashionable and promising young men to "make calls" and take notes. His first visit was to the house of the

HON. MRS. SARSAFRAX,

whose palatial mansion is situated on Hurtleberry Avenue, near Tamrac Square. Mrs. S. is a lady of fashion, and a leader of the *ton*. Our reporter handing in his card, which was received by a man in tights—(or was tight, it mattereth not)—was ushered into the presence of the lady of the house who was seated in her

GORGEOUS DRAWING-ROOM.

The following conversation our reporter has sent in as the result of his visit.

Mrs. S.—Why Mr. GRIP! How are you? Quite an unexpected pleashaw, I am shaw. Pray be seated.

REPORTER—(Taking chair).—Thanks, I am in tolerable health, and am now happy in the possession of a magnificent salary, thanks to the generosity of the princely firm which I have the honor to represent. I trust you are quite well?

Mrs. S.—Well, we have hardly recovered from the excitement of the Vice-Regal visit. Poor MARTINA MAUD was quite worn out by the attentions of the different *edge de congs* and other gentlemen of his lordship's suite, but the dear girl is gaining strength every day. The Chautauqua Lake affair has also upset us to a slight extent. We hear, indeed, that that poor, dear youth, HANLAN has grown quite delicate and of a *spirituelle* appearance through the crooked actions of the Americans and their *Sawyer-Duffer*.

REPORTER—Ah! It is indeed sad. Poor EDWARD! So young, too! But of Miss SARSAFRAX. I trust she will soon be in her usual good health. I had some hope of having the pleasure of seeing her this evening.

Mrs. S.—(Smilingly).—So you shall. The sweet girl is now in an adjoining apartment, where (I don't mind telling you), two of her admirers are already with her, one an American gentleman of most *distingue* appearance; but of whom, I confess, I know but little,—the other, a gentleman from Montreal, very wealthy, and in my opinion, every way desirable. I will introduce you—and dear sir, do use your well-known discriminating powers and let me know which of the two gentlemen you consider the most eligible suitor.

REPORTER—Correct! Lead on.—(Both enter next room. Introduction follows. Mrs. S. returns to drawing-room, followed at a short distance by reporter).

Mrs. S.—Well, what do you think of the American?

REPORTER—He is a song and dance man from the "Lyceum."

Mrs. S.—What!! And the Montreal gentleman?

REPORTER—Well, he's a C-o-n-l-d Bank Director—that's all.

Mrs. S.—Just Powers! Police! This last is too much, ah!!—(faints).

Our reporter, (being very much agitated) refreshes at sideboard, and steps down into the outer darkness).

## The Only Cure.

We're informed that not gas—was nor e'en carb—oline.

Will restore the lost hair to a pate that's worn clean,

That the secret is known

To one mortal alone,

Who enjoys the cognomen of "WINTERCORN."

I've an old sealskin cap that for ages has been

My right staunch protection 'gainst wintry blasts keen,

But the fur from the skin

To depart doth begin,

And, reluctant, I own, it's best days it hath seen.

Dear GRIP, if you will, you can answer, I mean.

A question that bothers my intellect clean,

Deign to tell me, sage seer,—Is there "o'er a spalpeen"

Can restore the lost hair to my winter "carbreen?"

## Awfully Embarrassing Position.

The bank clerk of the village said: The old woman had brought her deposit, you know, but did not seem to be in a hurry to hand out the money. I was, though, and told her so. Whereupon, by Jove, what do you think the old wretch did? Coolly sat down in front of me, took off her boot, next her stocking, and, by Jove, wasn't it there in the heel. Fancy my disgust!

And then his hearer modestly remarked, "She was a real sock-dollarger."