



### The Mayor Awake.

His Worship the Mayor is awake! For several weeks the powerful Conservative organ had been trying to bring him to his senses on the subject of the York street dens, but all in vain. Mr. GRIP, earnestly sympathising with the *Mail*, came to the rescue, and last week put the case in a nutshell—or rather, in a barrel,—and plumped it down immediately under the nose of the Chief Magistrate as he sat dozing in his chair. Presto! the odour of the "city's shame" ascended into the Worshipful nostrils, and the thing was done! The Mayor leaped from his seat sniffing and coughing like a thoroughly disgusted man, and shouted for the Police Commissioners, and the Police Commissioners shouted for the police, who came on the double quick. The word of command was given, and the guardians of the peace charged on the dens, capturing and carrying off a large assortment of white and colored trash. Thus was the beginning of the end of a crying nuisance consummated. Well done, Mr. Mayor! Well done, Mr. *Mail*! but especially and particularly, Well done, Mr. Grip!!



### Courtney Once More.

The redoubtable Duffer, COURTNEY, has beduffered himself still more by running away from HANNAN's second challenge. The excuse he gives for this latest exhibition of his prowess is about as thin as the saw with which he, or somebody very much like

him, severed the boat at Chautauqua. It is to be hoped his friends and the public generally will be content to let him retire now into the seclusion which a carpenter shop grants, for next to the nuisance of his constant humbugging, is the infliction on inoffensive newspaper readers of those unending columns of explanations and apologies furnished on his behalf. In fact Mr. GRIP is of opinion that altogether too much attention is paid, at any rate, to these boat-rowing fellows. To judge by the space devoted to them in the daily papers, one would imagine that Aquatics was some intellectual science, whereas it is generally admitted to be merely a trade, and a crooked one at that. It is worthy of remark in this connection that it was announced officially in the editorial columns of *Globe* and *Mail* that aquatic sport had received its "death-blow" at Chautauqua. The tremendous amount of stuff they have since printed in their sporting columns is, we presume, to be taken as connected with the inquest.



### Distinguished Arrival.

The Rag Baby has come to town, and is exhibiting itself in Albert Hall before an admiring and inquisitive public. It has grown wonderfully since its birth, a few months ago in St. Catharines—indeed, it can now stand alone, a good deal bigger than its foster father Captain WYNN, though its head does not contain anything like the amount of financial lore that the Captain's does. Mr. GRIP welcomes the Baby and its friends to town, and advises everybody to go and see it, and hear what the advocates of a National Currency have to say for themselves. They will find it both interesting and profitable.

### Evening.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her peaceful livery all things clad,  
And calm and joyful Gair walked forth to feel  
The balmy quiet of a autumn air.  
"All day," he said, "the busy streets have rung  
With labor and with toil and traffic clang,  
And now shall silence reign, the while they all  
Rest and repose within." He said, and lo!  
Against the walls a thousand idlers leaned,  
And smoked, and spat and swore; ten thousand more  
Swarmed all along the street, and carriages  
Dashed everywhere in haste; the blaze of lamps  
Flashed always in his eyes; then drums were beat,  
The files they whistled, and commotion loud  
Rung, roared, and rattled, till with quickest speed  
The moralizing Gair his steps retraced  
And locked his door.

JINGO LETTERS OF ADVICE.—What to do with the Afghans and Zulus—N X M.



### The Organ Duet.

The *Hamilton Times*, and some other papers on that side of the fence, express their astonishment every few days at the rather remarkable unanimity existing between the editorial utterances of the *Ottawa Citizen* and the *Toronto Mail*. Not only the general sentiment but even the wording of the articles are often strikingly similar,—so much so that the gleeful grip papers are in the habit of parading them in parallel columns.

The above illustration of the exact position occupied by the two conservative organs accounts for the union in question. The handles are turned by one and the same individual. Hereafter let no Grip marvel when he hears governmental direct.

### Tory and Grip.

TORY—What have you now to say?  
Have not the times improved, as great Sir JOHN

Declared should come to pass?

GRR—It was not he, nor thou, nor any one Of thy detested tribe, did better them.

TORY—What, note the rise of wheat! A dollar and a quarter, nay, 'tis more. And said we not that this our great P. Should make farm prices rise, and fill with joy

The farmer's rural home, by Grittish art Made desolate and poor?

GRR—What, wilt thou dare to say, Wilt dare imply, insinuate, or infer Thy Tory Cabinet of nincompoops Discharged the floods on Britain, and procured

That scarcity of grain, which, which alone Raised high the prices here?

TORY—I own that supernatural it seems, Yet I far more than natural regard The powers of great Sir JOHN, and cannot say

What he can do or no, I only know He promised, and 'tis here.

GRR—Besotted bigot of a rotten cause, Insensate idiot! how could he avail To move the elements? Were it CART- WRIGHT, now,

Or wise MACKENZIE, I should not deny They *might* the thing have done.

TORY—I have lived long, but never thought to see

Delusion like to this. O gudgeon, fool, O thrice be-donkeyed donkey, what canst thou

See in that stupid twain?

GRR—Blasphemest thou? (beats him).

TORY—Worshipper of stupid! (beats him). (Eloquent, beating one another).