



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

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BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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To Correspondents.

M.B.S.—Glad to hear of your convalescence, and shall welcome the return of your pen.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—By and with the advice and consent of Parliament, Miss Canada was a few months ago inoculated with the virus of monopoly, by the distinguished political doctor, John A. The results are every day becoming more manifest, and the opposition physicians are predicting the worst consequences. So far as we are aware, however, they have no particular method of treatment to propose in the case, and nature (or the Syndicate) must take its course.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch requires no comment. It is intended to express the view Grip takes of the much argued question of Canadian loyalty.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Temperance Colonization scheme may be a good one on its merits as a money-making speculation, but as an exhibition of philanthropy it is calculated to provoke laughter, if nothing more. It is just such a combination of piety and grab as would have delighted the heart of Tartuffe, though there is probably more grab than anything else about

it. If truly good people feel disposed to take a share of the truly good things that are going in the Nor'-West, by all means let them do so, but let it be done frankly and above-board, without cant and hypocrisy.

Ballad of the Blisterers.

THE BLISTERING MATRON.

(BY THE BLISTERED BOYS.)

Air, "A Japanese Young Man."

Conceive her if you can,
This motherly, mild wo-man
This humanitarian,
Disciplinarian,
Blister-out-ricks wo-man;
Who for each childish fault
Immures us in the vault,
Or claps on the blisters
To us and our sisters,
Yet no one bids her halt!
This "Christian, kind wo-man,"
To-the-ladies-mind wo-man,
This starve us, and thrash us, and down
Cellar-lash us,
Motherly, mild wo-man.

THE BLISTERING BRIGADE.

(BY THE ANTI-BLISTERERS.)

Conceive this fair brigade,
Who no objections made
To these applications,
Or very short rations,
And making of lalies afraid:
The reason we have sought,
'Tis children they have not,
If they ever had any,
'Twas years ago many,
And their hearts are as hard as a pot:
This tender, fair brigade,
This blistering *sar* brigade,
'Tis very delectable, highly respectable,
'Error-of-judgment' brigade.

THE BLISTERING MINORITY.

(BY THE MINORITY.)

Conceive this packed committee,
With hearts unknown to pity,
Whose investigations
Of these allegations
Aroused the ire of the city;
But the *blisterers*, their wives,
Would lead them such sad lives,
Did they find aught amiss,
Since women *who hiss*
Must make it quite hot in their lives.
This Presbyterian clan,
With a very well-laid plan,
Against the minority, held the majority,
And whitewashed this dark wo-man.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Believing that many of our subscribers would be glad of an opportunity of securing some share in the proprietorship of Grip, we beg to call their attention to the fact that a joint-stock company, having this journal, and our special artistic, printing and publishing business, as a basis, is now being organized. The capital stock of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$10 each. It is intended to call up only \$30,000 of this amount, upon which sum the business, as at present running, will guarantee a dividend of ten per cent., and with the aid of the additional capital, it is quite safe to calculate on the net profits being doubled in a very short time. Enclosed is a prospectus of the Company and a form of application for stock. Those who wish for shares will do well to secure them at once.

Applications for stock may be made to Messrs. Gzowski & Brehan, Bankers and Brokers, Toronto; or to the promoters,

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH,

Grip Building, Toronto.

Bridget O'Flanagan gives her Reasons for Leaving her Last Place.

Och, Mollie Moriarty, as soon as I set fut in this country, me throables began. An', in-dade, I had me tull share o' thim afore landin'. But yez'll remember the very lasht advice me mother gave me afore her partin' worruds o' counsel.

"Biddy," says she, "niver lit on till thim Americans but fwat yez untherstand ivery-thing, they'll think all the more av ye, an' yo kin jist kape yer eyes open, an' watch, an' yez'll soon find out."

Well, Mollie, yez cau pioter me to yerself, sated in Mrs. Loughton's kitchen, jist runnin' round a sort av maid-av-all worruk to assist the cook.

The very mornin' afther I came, I hearrud Masther George playin' the pianny. "Sure," sez I, "that's the chiver boy, an' fwat is it he's playin'?"

"Och," said Mrs. Travers, (that's the cook) "it's nothin' but scales he's practisin'."

"Scales!" sez I to meself. "Well, it's the quare country, fur I niver heard av weighin' music in ould Ireland," but I niver lit on.

Well, afther a while, "Biddy," says Mrs. Travers, "I'm wantin' to make a cake an' would yez jist weigh me out the ingrejnces?"

"It's meself that kin do that same," sez I. So she tells me how mooch av butter, an' sugar, an' flour, an' other things she wants, an' goes off down cellar.

Mollie Moriarty, I was all av a thrimble, fur I didn't untherstaud their new fangled scales at all. But I puts the things intil the bashkit an' goes intil the parlour, an' glad to find no one there. But fur the life av me, I didn't know fwat to do. But I jist takes a little package o' flour, an' one o' butter, an' one o' sugar, an' sits thim down outtil thim little black an' white things they call notes, an' av course, they weighed down all right, but bad luck to thim papers, didn't they all break jist whin I was liftin' thim off, an' the flour an' sugar wint scatterin' all over the carpet, an' btwane thim litte cracks in the pianny. Yez'll believe Mollie, that I swipt it all oop in a hoory, an' ran down and tould Mrs. Travers that I had weighed the ingrejnces. But somehow the cake turned cut heavy, an' she said I musht have made a mistake in the weighin', but I niver lit on.

But the worrest av all was, there was company that avenin', and whin Miss Evy wint to play, didn't that pianny make the greatest sounds, an' they was all worrukin' at it, but couldn't find out fwat was the mather, till the next day a man cooms oop an' takes it to paces, an' finds the ingrejnces betwano the cracks, an' av course they all thought it was the baby's worruk, but I niver lit on.

Well, jist a few days afther, Miss Evy takes sick. Och! she looked bad though, an' Mrs. Loughton was with her constant, but one day she had to lave her, an' sez she, "Biddy, can I thrust yez to tako care av Miss Evy," an', sez she, "kape very quiet, but say anythin' cheerin' yez can think av." Thim she shows me where the medicine was kep an' tells me to give her too av the litte white powthers, an' to mix the powthers in the sugar. "I'll do that same," sez I.

Well, poor lamb, it wint to me heart to see her lyin' there so white an' quiet, so I jist goes up an' takes her hand, an' sez I, "I'm not goin' to talk till yez, honey, but I jist like to thry to remember yer face, fur we'll not be seein' it long, but," sez I, meannin' to be cheerin', "shure ye'll be missed, an' if the dead could come to life, wouldn't you be a proud gurrul to see all the fine carriages follyin' to your funeral, for yer father's hild in grate respit." Well, wid that, she burrust out cryin' an' whin I sez "don't cry honey, though the partin' cooms harrud, and Mr. Morton," that's her swateheart, "gone up to Manaytoby, but they say thim land booms is dredful up there, an' there's few