



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2 00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—A great deal of mystery clings to the arrangement just made by the Government, by which the latter agrees to guarantee three per cent. for ten years on \$100,000,000 worth of C. P. R. Stock. The only thing which is clear to outsiders is that the Syndicate's power over the Cabinet is practically unlimited.

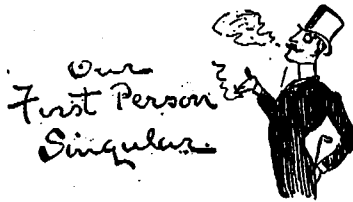
FIRST PAGE.—The Local Government horse is still very weak in the education leg, and unless something is speedily done, the animal runs an imminent risk of breaking down altogether. The limb has been very much neglected, the heal groom apparently thinking that the lameness was merely temporary. He appears to be waking up to a realization of the truth, however, as we understand that an unwonted commotion has been observed of late in the vicinity of the stables on Front-street.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The editor of the *Mail* has at last accepted the doctrine of the despised Cartwright. He now says that "there are times when no hand but the Divine can save a country from depression." This is what the celebrated "mixer and muddler" used to say—his very words. Sir Dicky must be rejoiced over his convert. But what does Mr. Bunting think of such Fly-on-the-wheel talk on the part of his editor? And above all, what does the Finance Minister think of this repudiation of his professedly miraculous Hand?

THE TAILOR'S HYMN.

As pants the heart do not protect
'Gainst winter's chilly air,
The tailor's art makes coat and vest
With all sufficient care.

France to China.—"You Hanoi me much."
Mein Gott, Isaac! mark up eferyding in der
shitore dree hundred und fifty her cend. Here
comes a shtudent vot vants trust.—*Ex.*



Talk of offended dignity! I never knew the meaning of that word till last Saturday, when a newsboy ran up to a portly, expensively attired, would-be dignified old chap, and sang out "Buy a GRIP, mister; if you can't read you can look at the pictures." The old fellow gasped in amazement, thunderstruck at the insolence of the little mite of humanity before him; then looked round to see if any one had heard the awful words, saw me laughing at him and boarded a street car.

I see that Professor C. Astronomical Johnson, editor of the *British Eagle* and the *American Lion*, is about to lecture on the Hiding Place of the Wind. This subject ought to pan out well, but, judging from some of the Professor's speeches and lectures that I have heard, I should not think he would have to look very far for that same hiding place.

The approach of winter has ever had a depressing effect on my spirits. As I watch the sere and yellow leaf flutter groundwards in the autumnal breeze, I do not, Newton-like, ponder over that fact and make a grand scientific discovery, but the unwelcome thought will intrude itself, that Christmas, with the slow, unwavering tread of a boy sent on an errand, is approaching nearer and nearer. The season of Noel, termed by the poets and others of that ilk, "gladsome," has nought of gladness for me, for in the spring, "cooard loon" that I was, I made arrangements with divers tradespeople to pay their accounts annually, and Christmas-tide, with its wassail and its Yule log, its peace and good-will, brings nothing to me but reminders that dealers in meat and groceries have no souls, and that the gates of the Division Court are ever ajar. Still, there is solace for me in the reflection that the sweet singer of the vernal season, the spring poet, has retired for a time to exercise his talents on the prosaic bucksaw, and though the "Beautiful Snow" brigand will ere long cast aside his fetters and break forth into deathless song, the imbecile who annually writes a funny paragraph in which "lilac blazes" is the pith and marrow, has for a brief season vanished from our gaze.

With these few short remarks, I conclude with the fervent wish that the base dealers in the necessities of life, before alluded to, will mislay their account-books and that I shall not be compelled to pay them with the golden dross which I have laboriously accumulated by the perspiration of my good grey goose quill. Woe is me.

I was very much struck the other day by the appearance of a young lady who rode opposite me for some little distance on a street car, and I thought what an excellent model she would be for other girls to imitate. There was such perfect neatness and spotless cleanliness everywhere, from the dainty, but not gaudy, hat, under which the hair was arranged in exquisite simplicity, to the substantial and yet natty boots; and, though her dress was made of some cheap material, its fit was perfect, as was also that of her gloves, one of which she removed to search for her fare, revealing a shapely hand with delicate pink nails of a purity beyond comparison. Were I given to the use of slang I should say I was "mashed" at

first sight. Presently another young woman, (who would be mightily offended, no doubt, at being called such and not a young lady) entered the car. What a contrast was there between this one and the one before mentioned: The new arrival sported a huge Gainsborough hat; a massive brooch, a chain of equally ponderous proportions, and I think I counted seven rings on fingers of a hue that might be classed as "murky," whose broad nails bore that unmistakable sign of vulgarity—an edging of mourning. Her dress was an expensive one, but looked very much out of place on her figure, though why, it would be difficult to say; her boots fitted badly, and I just caught a glimpse of a hole in the stocking at the ankle; and finally, her speech to the conductor, "Is them there tickets six for a quarter," in the delivering of which she displayed a set of teeth which seemed to be in the sere and yellow leaf, settled her hash completely. I felt relieved when she left the car, though her odor of patchouli clung to it still, but when the other young lady got off I was as one who wakes to behold ordinary every-day things after dreaming of celestial beings.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

OPERETTA.

"Considerable excitement was occasioned at St. Thomas on Thursday last in consequence of an affront of a serious character alleged to have been offered to the American flag. Judge Rogers, of New Orleans, has been stopping at the Grand Central Hotel in that city for a few months, and upon the occasion of his fortieth birthday, on Thursday, he was entertained to a banquet. Some of the gentlemen of the city sought to honor the occasion by elevating the Star Spangled Banner above the hotel, but Dr. Gustin, the Mayor, in company with Alderman Henry Brown, came to the house and requested that the flag be taken down, stating that unless such were done it would be torn or shot down. The flag was not taken down."—*Ex.*

SCENE.—ST. THOMAS.

Dramatis Personae.

JUDGE ROGERS.

DR. GUSTIN.—Mayor of St. Tom.

HENRY BROWN.—Alderman do. do.

Mob of Canucks and others entertaining Judge Rogers.

(Chorus of Inebriates and citizens of the baser sort.)

DR. G.—Haul down that flag I say;
Now my orders please obey,
For I'm mayor of this municipality.

JUDGE R.—But I'm forty years to-day,
And this is our way
Of exhibiting our harmless joviality.

DR. G.—Haul down that flag I say;

JUDGE R.—But I'm forty years to-day,

DR. G.—I do not care if you are forty million;
That flag it must come down
For the honor of this town
Of which I am the principal civilian.

SOLO.—(By one of the Judge's entertainers.)

Doctor, spare that flag,
For if you don't, I feel
That if you touch that rag
You'll hear the eagle squeal.

So, doctor, let it float
As it is floating now;
And do not truil your coat
Tail, eager for a row.

(Chorus of inebriates and citizens of the b. s.)

"For he's jol' goo'f'ler,"
"Wh'ch nob'dy can dn'y; 'rah-'rah-'rah."

DR. G.—Haul down that flag, I say
I cannot let it stay;
Insulting this Canadian community;