



Misther Tim O'Day.

Mr. Gurr begs leave to introduce to the public of Canada and the world at large the form and features of the now celebrated Misther Tim O'DAY. It is Mr. GRIP's province to bring secluded genius to the light; and hence this introduction. Misther O'DAY has recently risen into fame by means of letters to the *Whitby Chronicle*, or strictly speaking, one letter, in which the Finance Minister's visit to the Oshawa manufacturers was richly belauded. Misther O'DAY is "agin the N.P.," and may be trusted to continue so until he changes. Meantime he has developed a great fondness for Mr. George Brown, though it is quite untrue that he has offered to black that hon. gentleman's boots. Besides writing to the *Chronicle*, Misther O'DAY acts as ex-officio manager of the town, and a large portion of the county.



Our Own Diogenes.

One day when Athens was in a tremendous turmoil with preparations for war, DIOGENES, looking on the busy scene, bethought himself that he too should be at work. Soldiers were polishing armor, porters carried out military stores, officers debated the plan of the campaign, masons were repairing the city walls, armorers were fashioning weapons. All citizens were working as though their lives depended on the early completion of their tasks, and only DIOGENES was idle. At such a moment the philosopher felt that he too must be employed, and so went off in a heat of patriotism and with exceeding energy took to rolling his tub. It was no time for a philosophic bystander to be lazy.

Our Canadian Bystander is about to take part again in the general labor of the country. He rolled his tub in England with as useful effect as ever cooper's ware was trundled. Then believing that a busier world existed on this side of the Atlantic, where a tubroller would be more heartily welcomed, he came to America, and blessed Ithaca with his endeavors. Then seeing a hubbub in Canada, he came to Toronto, and to the great

amazement of the people rolled an entirely new tub. Public interest died out soon, however, whereupon he got into the tub and only did a little rolling now and then when ALEXANDER or some of his friends insisted on standing between the great cynic and the sun. People are said to be now getting busy again, and the eminent philosopher once more proposes to benefit his adopted country in the manner represented above. More power to his elbow!



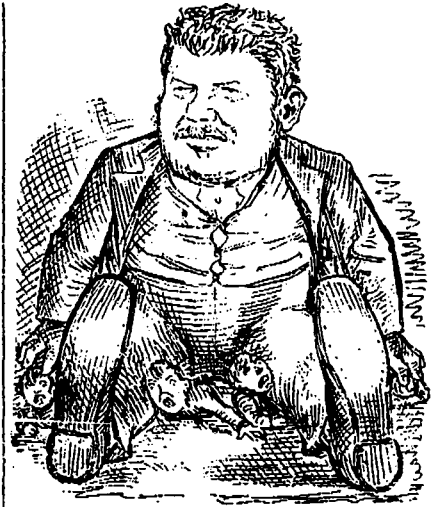
Will you take them now or wait till you get them?

The Editor of the *St. John Telegraph* was, at last accounts, in the unpleasant position depicted above. He had asked the Minister of Customs for a copy of the returns for the past month for the port of St. John. (Former Governments having accommodated him with such documents,) but the Minister had failed to respond. This silence may be considered equivalent to the school-boy query, "Will you take them now or wait till you get them?" Everybody who has gone through the tantalizing experience knows how hard it is to answer that question, and will readily understand the lac-lustre expression of the worthy journalist's face. In the meantime it is fair to assume that the returns do not contain anything very flattering to the N. P., for if they did the Minister of Customs would have handed them over almost before he was asked.



His Position!

It is all very well for certain persons to advocate this Frontage-tax Scheme, but just look at the injustice it would be to those who have broad fronts!



The Manitoba Election.

At the moment when the above sketch was drawn, the news agent the general election in Manitoba was conflicting. The Conservative papers were publishing despatches announcing the overwhelming defeat of Mr. NORQUAY's government, while their Grit brethren were jubilating over that gentleman's signal triumph. The matter was altogether too important to be passed over in silence in these pages, and Mr. GRIP confesses that for a time he was in a quandary. But of course he was equal to the emergency. The picture he has made, it will be observed, aptly illustrates the event whichever way it was. If the Tories triumphed, here you have the fall of NORQUAY, and the crushing of his colleagues; if the Grits were the victors, the picture represents how NORQUAY sat on his presumptuous enemies.



Grip's Welcome to His Grace.

MR. GRIP.—*Cued mille failthe!* Just in time, Your Grace, to enjoy the fun of the season. My Almanac is just out!

"Dis pair is useless," as the negro said when he threw away his old boots.

Something that has a good many "ups and downs" in the world — The thermometer. This is positively the last joke possible on this useful article.