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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.

Sniffington's Essays.**ON NOSES.**

Strictly speaking, the science of *Nasology* has nothing to do with the nose, in any sense; no more, in point of fact, than has its sister science *Conchology*, which to the careless observer might savor somewhat of it. Some forward people, with the swinish instinct strong in them, viz., of poking their noses into affairs none of their own, have gone so far as to affirm that they are all identical. Since the invention of the Jewish nation, however, these views have been looked upon with suspicion by all who consider the subject worthy of reflection; and I am very glad of it, for such people are "as a stink in my nostrils." Who engineered the Thames Tunnel? and whence did he derive the idea of the double tunnel? I have not the remotest idea who the engineer was, and for the matter of that don't care, but I am convinced that his nose had something to do with the work. Schneider means tailor in German. Now, tailors are celebrated in all languages for the exorbitant length of their bills. The person who has never heard of the *Schneiderian membrane* in the nose is indeed to be regarded with pity as an ignoramus. But the construction of the nose is an abstruse subject, and the less we say about it the better odour will we be in with the world at large. The uses of noses are manifold, so much so that its functions have been brought into requisition whenever the idea of acuteness or perception or sharpness in detection is intended to be conveyed. Witness the horribly vulgar term "smelling a rat," which perhaps the Beak, metaphorically speaking, may do some fine morning when you present yourself before him with discolored eyes and a swollen nose. Take warning.

How could anybody indulge in a delightful pinch of snuff without a nose? No hearty old gentleman strong of lung and an awful cold in his head could waken up a congregation with any degree of efficiency if unprovided with a nose. How could a gentle, loving wife lead back her erring spouse into the pleasant paths of virtue and domesticity were he noseless? How in all the world could a man go anywhere if he did not

blindly, unquestioningly and trustfully follow his nose? The use of noses is strongly exemplified in the case of the great American People. Were they as a race noseless, not one of them would be able to speak a word of their noble mother tongue. To approach nearer home, what can a man do, in passing a newspaper office such as the *Globe*, *Mail* or *Telegram* for instance, but hold his nose and hurry away? Imagine that man's feelings had he no nose to cling to. It is eminently useful to hold up high over your head when you meet your adorable Ada walking out with that detestable snob from the Coboconk Bank, FRZNOSELEIGH. It is also a most convenient handle to use on subsequently meeting the abovementioned blue-blood. If unheard of stupidity on your part permits FRZ. to marry your adored Ada, you richly deserve having your own nose put out of joint, and you should wear it in a sling and never show the tip of it again.

Oh, a nose is a useful thing; even in small matters its eternal, beautiful utilitarianism blazes forth radiant in rainbow colors. Look at the drunkard's nose. No one will deny that it is a useful institution. As a lighthouse throws its warning beams over the waters beneath, so this bright nose keeps watch and ward over the waters which never by any chance are ever put under it.

SAM SNIFFINGTON.

"A Pledge of Mercy."

The juvenile scholars of the Normal School, Truro, N. S. have organized themselves into a society for the prevention of cruelty, and have signed the following pledge of mercy:

"We hereby pledge ourselves never to torment any animal, large or small, and to do all we can to prevent others doing so."

Mr. GRIP heartily approves of this action of the children, but would kindly remind them that, as they have no doubt learned from their books, man also is an animal, and their pledge therefore prohibits them from tormenting their indulgent parents in future for pocket-money or bread-and-butter-with-sugar-on-it, as they have been in the habit of doing.

An Accomplishment.

A peculiar accomplishment of a gentleman in Clinton is being commented on by our exchanges. It is said he is able to write with both hands in opposite directions simultaneously. This is certainly clever, but we could name several Canadian editors who can write in opposite directions on the same subject with one hand, and yet nobody seems to think it so very wonderful!

Remarks on Spring.

BY A MAN WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.

Sprig! tedder, gedtle, balmy Sprig! (*ptchew!*) Season of the poet's adspiration, of the lover's rapture, of blossoms ad buds, ad birds. Birds—the robid, for instance. The robid comes ad sigs of Sprig, with full-throated—oh h-h! *ptchew!* Rosa said so—said his sog wad divide. I say decidedly the other thig. I took off the double widdow to listed to hib, ad caught this dasty cold id my head. Face swolled the size of two, ad eyes ad dose rudding the log, log weary day. Wid bed id the North-east over side, sdowing, ad blowing ad raiding ad hailing. Oh, go 'way, robin, you little beast—you ought to know better.

Sprig! (*ptchew!*) I sig the Sprig! (*ptch-ch, ah!*) The housewife's Sprig cleadig. The mop, the scrubbing-brush, delightful thesmos! Especially taked id codjunction with the meltig moods of people's back yards, ad the scavengers going about the streets in broad day-light. Rosa edtreates me to look up ad behold the blue empyread with its thonsad gracious promises! (*ah-h-h! ptchew! ptchew!*) Oh, goodness! Where was I?

Sprig! A dew Sprig suit. Stop. Dot much! Deuco take me if I codtemplate the subject id that branch of it. We will go od to frogs.

The frog comprises adother aspect of Sprig. Frogs croaking id the pods. Something meladcholy id the thought of frogs. Don't know what it is, but the soddess is there. Their doto sounds like Go? wurrup! Go! wurrup! Have oddeavoured to adalyze this—adsuccessfully. Id itself, Go! wurrup is dot strikingly sad. Proddouced rapidly, with a rising idfection, it souns almost codvivial iddeed. It has to be uttered gutterall! to produce a complete meladcholy. Try it.

Rosa's soul goes out to the frogs, of a Sprig cveding, id tadder longings. She says the mysterious mystic plaidh of their voicings adds to the soft influences of the hour a supreme something that mortal tongue—*p-p-p-tchew!* Oh-h! goodness gracious—Mustard ad hot water!

The Latest Conundrums.

What did Mr. BLAKE prove by his Pacific Railway Speech? We have already received the following answers.

- (1.) That he can speak for five consecutive hours.
- (2.) That he does not agree with the *Globe*.
- (3.) That his nerves are too weak to allow him to say so, plainly.
- (4.) That he calculated well when he left his friends in the lurch in 1878, so that he might not be responsible for their Pacific Railway Policy.
- (5.) That he thinks he is virtuous because he has always been consistent in advocating repudiation.
- (6.) That the Confederation should be broken up.
- (7.) That Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has fascinated "Canada's greatest Statesman."
- (8.) That Mr. BLAKE will be pleased to reverse the policy of his party.
- (9.) That Mr. PHILIPS has a rival in capacity to deal with figures.
- (10.) That Canadians should wait Macawber-like for something to turn up.
- (11.) That it is almost impious for a young country to strive for its advancement.
- (12.) That Canada isn't much of a country anyhow.
- (13.) That it never will be till Mr. BLAKE is Premier.
- (14.) That he will give Home Rule to Ireland—when he has the power.
- (15.) That Mr. BLAKE can make a speech without quoting poetry.
- (16.) That it is difficult to be eloquent in arguing material dishonesty.

But the above incorrect answers all come from all ill-natured Conservatives. The country knows that Mr. BLAKE is a great and good man trying to get into office; and nobly and wisely raising a good old fashioned howl for economy. Nobody supposes that he would postpone the Yale-Kamloops line if he were given power to-morrow. He is far too good a patriot for that. But what did he prove by his speech? That the Yale-Kamloops line should not be built promptly? No—certainly not. And small blame to him—sure nobody could prove that.

The correct answer is that Mr. BLAKE proved that Mr. BLAKE is bilious. His admiring friends should purchase and present to him a very large liver pad.

Going to Grass.

We commend this item to the utilitarian citizens who look upon the Queen's Park as so much unproductive prairie: "A gentleman and scientist, who has recently arrived in Ottawa from the North-West, believes that our vast fields of prairie grass can be made to furnish the necessary raw material for the starting of a new industry in the North-West, that of the manufacture of a substitute for lumber."

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