



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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.

**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.

**Special, Particular Notice!**

It will be observed that this is the last number of Volume XIX. Will those who are in arrears signalize the auspicious commencement of the new volume by sending along their dues. Our subscribers are, as a rule, prompt—but there are some exceptions. Look at your address label, and remit if you are in arrears.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We are favored with so many contributions from old and new writers that we are compelled to hold MSS. over for want of space every week. The following articles have been accepted and will appear in due course.—“On-looker;” “A few Remarks;” “A Mystery of the Deep;” “Lucy and Maria;” “Consolation;” “De Principle Devolved;” “The Model General Officer;” “Versa Vicey;” “Keep Dark;” “Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.” SWIZ.—No, you are not the man. It is the yarder fellow.

F. C.—If your story proves as lively as your letter, it will be a very lively story. Too busy just now to read it.

**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—Manitoba begins to grind her teeth. Sir John, with all his knowledge of human nature, appears to have forgotten that it is impossible to make a passive squaw out of a young woman who has white blood in her veins and a love of freedom in her heart.

FIRST PAGE.—Messrs. Smith and O'Donohue have not as yet received an answer to their letter to the Bishops, protesting against the course of Archbishop Lynch. And the worst of it is the Postmaster can't tell them when the looked-for reply will come.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Tariff reform was a plank in the democratic platform. And now that the party is triumphant it is to be hoped that something will be done to reduce the duties. Any movement in that direction will benefit Canada. Sir Leonard set out to bring the Yankee to time with the N.F., but no doubt he will be just as well pleased if our cousin comes to time of his own accord.



Mlle Rhea, the brilliant and beautiful French actress, is delighting the patrons of the Grand this week. No greater performer has ever been in Toronto, not excepting Sara Bernhardt.

Mr. J. F. Thompson, late of the Remenyi Concert Co., has accepted the management of the Horticultural Pavilion for the current season, and already a vigorous and intelligent policy has been inaugurated. It is intended to give musical performances of the first class every week if possible, at popular prices of admission. As an initial attraction—and certainly a stupendous one—Dr. Damrosch's Famous Symphony Orchestra of fifty-five performers is engaged for two concerts, Dec. 1st and 2nd, in connection with Mlle Martinez, the renowned vocalist. All lovers of music are aware that Damrosch's Orchestra is the glory of musical New York, and if Toronto doesn't turn out *en masse* to enjoy these concerts it will be an evidence of woful ignorance or want of refined taste. We have no idea, however, that the management will have any reason to regret their enterprise, and sincerely trust that Mr. Thompson's efforts throughout the season may be so well supported by the public as to place the affairs of the Horticultural Society, in the easy condition they ought to enjoy.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

FATHER MICHAEL STAFFORD, OF LINDSAY.

Father! most sacred name,  
And never worn more sacredly by man  
Than by this gentle Priest,  
Who held a widening parish in his love,  
And still had heart for more!  
Not by the majesty of princely Rome,  
The pomp of ceremony, mystic rites,  
Authority's swift fiat or fear's spell,  
He held his place, and won men to his will,  
But by the holier force of blameless walk,  
And tender pity, he made captive all!  
A Priest most pure, a man, a patriot true,  
A Christian soldier, fighting as he fell.  
See at his tomb the mourners weeping kneel,  
Learning and Temperance, widows sore bereaved.  
'Twere impious now to ask them of his creed—  
Leave that to God—we know He loves the Good.  
Raise no vain shaft to mark his resting place,  
None graven of cunning art, or man's device;  
His life work rises grandly o'er his grave,  
And from its front in gentle, steady flame,  
Shines forth a name revered by rich and poor,  
And loved by every creed, and honest men of none!

J. W. B.

**CROAKS.**

Alderman Withrow is out for Mayor, and about the first of January expects to be in for the same. Mr. Withrow has served faithfully as a member of the Civic Board for the last ten years, and has fairly earned the honor of the mayoralty. He is the best candidate yet announced.

The National Liberal Union is the last movement in politics, and its principles as expounded in the address of the President, His Worship the Mayor, will commend themselves to the thousands who are sick of the meaningless wrangle of Grit and Tory. The full text of the inaugural address maybe found in Saturday's World.

Henry James, Jr., has made a new study of American character and manners in a brilliant satirical sketch, which will be published in

the December Century. The article, entitled “The Point of View,” consists of a series of letters supposed to have been written in this country by an educated Englishman and a French Academician, who have come to study American institutions, and by Americans who have lived in Europe and who are alive to the short-comings of their native land. By way of contrast, one of the letters is a criticism of Parisian life by an American. The persons who write the letters are clearly enough defined in character to give the sketch the interest of a story. As a criticism of American life it is as noteworthy as the same writer's “Daisy Miller.”

**A SEASONABLE IDYL.**

Now doth the merry maiden  
Cease her leaning on front gates,  
And each closet keeps invadin',  
To hunt up last winter's skates.

Her lover, steady caller,  
Now selleth his bull pup,  
To raise the needful dollar  
For his ulster, long hung up.

The rich matron, filled with *hauteur*,  
Now overhauls her furs;  
And her lovely youngest daughter  
Wishes that nice sacque were hers.

Now the tapster's flash attendant  
Has assumed his winter *role*,  
And with diamond pin resplendent,  
Mixeth up the deadly bowl.

**RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.**

HON. MOWAT.—I'm afraid, Crooks, the *Mail* people will be offended if we don't accept that kind invitation of theirs.

HON. CROOKS.—Well, that's so, Hardy, but then what will our country friends say? I'm sure, from the way they have spoken lately, they particularly wish us to remain. It would be too bad to dis-appoint them.

HON. MOWAT.—Then I won't go!

HON. CROOKS.—And I won't go!

A certain M.P.P., living not far from the metropolis, was asked his opinion as to the merits, *pro* and *con*, of the “Marmion” controversy. He pondered a moment, and then sentimentously remarked, “Well, although I am a Conservative in politics, I must confess that in this case I must allow my religious to override my political opinions, and I heartily endorse the *Globe* in its attempts to exclude *Mormon* literature from our schools!”



**THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**

Father (sternly to little boy)—“Come here, instantly, for punishment—I'll teach you to tear your new trousers!”

Little Boy (whimpering)—“I don't need it, papa, I know how to do it now.”