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

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

A Short Sermon on "Grip."

GRIP is delighted to notice that the *Baptist Teacher* for October, published in Philadelphia, opens with an editorial concerning his Ravenship. It is written in Rev. Dr. HENSON's vigorous style, and he knows what he is dealing with when "Grip" is his subject. The article opens with this ringing sentence:—

If there is any one thing, in these days of flaccid and fibreless muscle, that is wanted more than almost any other thing, it is that which is known by the name of "Grip."

Every diligent reader of these pages will heartily endorse this sentiment, the popularity of which is evident from the fact that GRIP's circulation is now double what it was one short year ago. But Doctor HENSON, in dissecting the subject, deals with more subtle material than muscle, and adds:—

So there are consciences that seem to be nerveless and flabby, and incapable of grasping moral principle; and this species of conscience was never, perhaps, more common than now. There is such a thing, also, as a "Grip" on the conscience.

Unscrupulous and unreliable public men and politicians will readily feel the force of this remark, as they have frequently been subject to editorial flagellation by both pen and pencil, through the medium of GRIP's printed and pictured pages. Those men know to their cost that verily there is such a thing as a "Grip on the Conscience," and they have felt, too, that same Grip upon the "flaccid and fibreless muscle," quivering under the firm grasp of a pair of sharp and tenacious claws.

The *Teacher* closes with the following sentence:—

With all your getting, get understanding; and to your understanding, add also GRIP.

This advice is worthy of the Doctor of Divinity who gives it, and his ministerial brethren will do well to heed it. Grip is happy in numbering, on his ever-augmenting list, many ministers and teachers of morality; and it is his proud boast that nothing published in his columns is beneath the notice of the most learned, or inconsistent with the morals of the most scrupulous.

In Monday's *Globe*, in the Editorial Notes and Comments, it is mentioned that motions were made in Court yesterday (*Sunday*) to have certain attorneys struck off the roll for non-payment of moneys! Well, well, we did not think the *Globe* had fallen so far from its high estate as to allow such a glaring breach of the *Sabbath* to pass without scathing comment. However we suppose it was on account of the peculiarly meritorious nature of the action that the *Globe* let the matter go. Well fares the land, in spite of all they say; for trade is booming, and the lawyer men deary.

Effects of Theological Discussion.

Some time ago we paternally warned our *confere* of the *Bowmanville Statesman* of the danger of allowing theological discussions to go on in the columns of his paper. We expressed a fear that his naturally sweet disposition would become tainted with the *odium theologicum*; but he wouldn't heed us, and persisted in his evil career. Of course our prediction has been realized, and, as a warning to all who would disregard the words of GRIP, we reproduce the following item from the *Statesman* editor's pen, to prove that he has been transformed from a truly good man into a pugnacious and dangerous character:

It was fortunate for the publisher of the *News* that we were away on Saturday, when he visited our office, and made use of such beastly, disgusting language in the presence of our workmen. Such conduct is becoming only to bar-room loafers, or street roughs. Take warning: don't do it again.

We have no doubt that, had a collision occurred on this occasion, the *Statesman* sanctum would have reeked with clotted gore.

Gush.

What is the matter with the *Mail*, anyway? Mr. BUNTING has surely imported some writers from the office of the *London Daily Telegraph*. There has been any amount of gush in its columns lately. The subjoined extracts, from the account of the Toronto cricketers' doings at Philadelphia, will serve as samples:—

The Canadians unite in speaking in the highest terms of their warm reception on the cricket field by the ladies of Philadelphia, for their impartiality in bestowing their applause, and their generous sympathy extended to them throughout the whole match, which rendered the international match of 1880 one of the most pleasant on record.

Come to think of it, the language, high-falutin' though it is, is appropriate, after all, for the Kanucks must have had a high old time. There were drawbacks, however:—

One shudders to compare the numbers who throng to see any cricket match in Philadelphia, and the scanty attendance which is almost invariably the fate of every cricket match in Canada.

Shudder is good. "A dread, ineffable horror" comes over one, when one thinks of the fate that awaits every cricket match in Canada. The writer then proceeds, most ungenerously, to remark on the want of discrimination on the part of the Philadelphia ladies, and mentions a man called *fidus Achates*, who used, when we knew him, to spell his front name somewhat differently. Friend FARRAR, give that correspondent plenty of rope. We want to see what he can do in this line.

Billingsgate Journalism.

Now let me sing, in dogg'el rhyme,
The story of the press sublime,
Beslavered with the nasty slime
Of personal abuse.

An Editor, named Gordon Brown,
Now "runs" the *Globe* (and runs it down);
He'll never miss a chance to crown
Professor SMITH the "Denise."

I would not sully GRIP's clean page
By quoting here the words of rage
In which the *Globe* assails the Sage
Residing at the Grange:

But let it now suffice to say,
He does not have it all *his* way,
For GOLDWIN SMITH gives him his pay.

Whenever he comes in tange,
On GOLDWIN BROWN's devoted head
Rains fast a Billingsgate of lead
(Type-metal, hardly need be said,
To make my meaning plain).

Oh! GOLDWIN SMITH; Oh! GORDON BROWN;
Oh! ALEC PRIZE; do not frown,
But listen to a simple clown—

For what he says is true:—
Disgrace your able pens no more,
Or, our Lieutenant—"Governors"
Will have to punch you all full sore,
And then the day you'll rue.

JA KASSE.

It is not true that Alderman PIRN is preparing "keep off the grass" notices to put up in the Toronto Zoological "Gardens."



The Essence of Bystander.

E came in without invitation and seated himself in our Easy Chair. He wore a dejected air, and we saw at a glance that he was a disappointed and unhappy man. Ourselves and the ROTHECHILDS never have anything to do with unfortunate men. He rolled up his orbs at us appealingly. We regarded him as austerely as possible, and remarked, that, to the best of our recollection, we didn't know him. He heaved a deep sigh, elevated his feet upon our desk, and feelingly exclaimed:

"I know it;—of course you don't,—nobody knows me. In the words of that beautiful hymn, 'I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, I'm an alien, I have no friends; I'm a cosmopolitan, I have no country. Nobody cares for me;—in fact I-I-I-I'm a Bystander!'" Wiping the gathering moisture from his eyes he proceeded. "I behold the moving panorama of the world go by, I do, and I'm allus movin' in the wrong direction. I am,—that's the way to see the whole business quickest. I've tramped all over the *Globe*. I have—so to speak,—I've spurned it with my feet. What? *carry*—no sir, the *Mail* don't carry me, and I don't carry the *Mail*. I'm independent; we just treat each other respectful when we meet. We may differ, but we are brothers. But sentiment ain't nowhere. Economy, profit, convenience, them's the words to make things lum. That's the reason the most unexpected things are sure to happen. A close commercial relation is one of them,—I go in for that—its a comin'. I'm down on aristocracy, I am. Every man's a friend and brother—shake agin, old fel—it's a comin' too. Say, give me a dollar jis fer illustration, ye know. What say?—one sided relation? Guess ye forgit what Solomon sez 'bout castin bread on the waters. Well, ye yield—good—knew you would. Debit Uncle SAM, a dollar—that's reciprocity—that's poolin, the incomes. Never mind where it comes—it does ye credit. Canuck, credit to head and heart, one dollar. Don't it read nice, old fel? What's money agin such a reputation for charity? Now what is this dollar? It's fiat money, and I'm down on fiat money, I am. What right has anyone to impose this piece of paper on me for a dollar? Legal tender—that's tyranny. What, convertible into bonds?—resources of the whole country the best security for a promise to pay? Bad outlook when the taxing power can't rely on its own promise?—see here old fel,—stop! That's all nonsense. I've thought of all that, I have. Do you ever drink? No! You're wrong agin. I don't think much of this temperance business myself. The Lord made wine of water,—wherefore? Cause it was better, I guess. Appetites is peculiar and constitutions is various. There's a synopsis of my sentiments. Good mor'n old fel." Whereupon the Bystander made an end of his periodical visit.

We mention, incidentally, that All-around THOMPSON (at the Grand) is not, as generally supposed, on the staff of the *World*. This mistake arose from the fact that the reporters of that petty sheet are all around. Too much so in fact.—*Toronto Telegram*. And that paper acts on the square.—*Globe*. And does not steal *Mail* matter like that—man opposite.—*Mail*. GRIP wants to know if the Exhibition is to blame for this ebullition of it among his city contemporaries.

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