



Mr. Phipps Vindicated.

Somebody has been trying to play a trick on the worthy Mr. Phipps, by tacking the republican and annexation sentiments of others on to his coat-tail. For several weeks the erudite and innocent gentleman was quite unaware of the fraud, and went on the even tenor of his way with conscious integrity and an umbrella. When he observed the general public pointing at him and making remarks, he naturally thought that they were indulging in reminiscences of the National Policy agitation, and commenting on the heartless cruelty with which Sir John had treated him. But he happened to pick up a newspaper, and there he learned to his amazement that he had started a Republican Club; he picked up another and was surprised to find that he had also established a Politico-Economic Society; then he picked up another and another newspaper, and was shocked to learn that his fame in these new characters had become national. Instinctively he clutched pen, ink and paper, and wrote a letter to the *Globe*. GRIP need not tell with what brilliancy, incisiveness and purity of English he repudiated all knowledge of or connection with these movements, and thus rescued his name from the odium which jealous and mendacious men had attempted to cast upon it. Phipps is himself again, and hereafter he is determined not to allow the affairs of state to prevent him from keeping an eye on his coat-tail.



"Sat Upon!"

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" we are told, and we have now an excellent opportunity to find out whether there is really any truth in the financial theories of

the Beaverbackers, for the Rag Baby has been crushed to earth with a vengeance by the learned Professor. The *Bystander*, weary of the erect attitude, looked around for a soft spot, a la TILTON, and he thought he found it in the soft money movement, whereupon he impulsively and emphatically sat down on the child. The youngster is apparently in a very nasty predicament, but its sponsors have by no means given it up for lost. They say Prof. SMITH, though a clever and brilliant man, is not very weighty, and there is breath in the Baby yet. Meantime the "Shylocks" and the hard-money fiends are dancing with glee, but Mr. GRIP stands by with impartial composure, waiting for further developments, and equally ready to welcome the youngster back to life and liberty, or to drop a few briny tears over its untimely demise.



No Lynch Law for Canada

One of the most startling and ominous features connected with the tragedy lately enacted in Biddulph township, is the absence of such a public sentiment of indignation as would assuredly be called forth by a similar outrage in any other section of this Dominion. There are special circumstances which perhaps account for this, and which might possibly exert the same influences elsewhere, but none the less is it to be deplored. Not only is there a lack of sympathy for the victims, but even a tendency in some quarters to palliate the deed. It is hard to believe that such a spirit could exist in this enlightened Province, as would lead to the utterance of such sentiments as have lately been heard in Biddulph. Next to the murder itself, nothing could be more shameful than this. It will be for the law to fittingly rebuke this feeling by dealing with these butchers as they deserve. Canada is not disposed to allow Judge LYNN to take up his residence on her soil, and if there are people in Biddulph who are disposed to act hospitably towards him, they must be shewn how fatally their sentiments differ from those of their respectable fellow-citizens.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE—The baby's mouth.

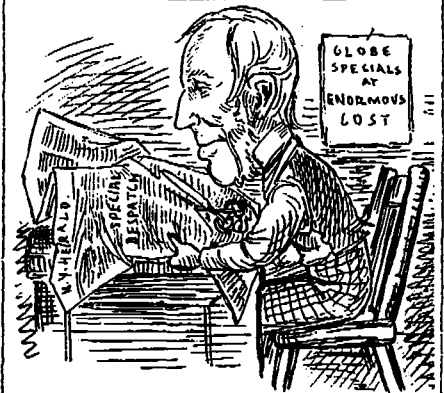
Seasonable.

Two seasons there are
Which we have to regret,
A season for payment
And a seizin' for debt.



Eddie and His Hobby.

The little public boys are flocking to Ottawa for their annual diversion, and amongst them is the darling of the nation, EDDIE BLAKE. Everybody is delighted at the prospect of seeing this promising youth in the public arena once more, and there is a general disposition to hope that before long he will begin to fulfil his promises. Of course he carries his hobby with him, and perhaps during the session he will fetch it out and ride it a little for the amusement of the spectators. Mr. GRIP hopes the lads will behave themselves this term better than they usually do, and spend at least a portion of their time in working for the indulgent public. This remark is not meant to apply to EDDIE, who is always a well-behaved and industrious boy, whose only fault is too great a fondness for indulging in visions.



Enterprising.

GRIP is always much pleased to have an opportunity of complimenting his journalistic brethren on their spirit of enterprise, and he can no longer refrain from singing the praise of the *Globe* for its recent displays in this direction. Of late the *Mail* has been making gigantic strides in public favor as a newspaper, by its liberal and enlightened policy lately inaugurated. At a very considerable outlay it has effected an arrangement whereby it is enabled to publish the special despatches sent to the *New York Herald*. This seems to be rather a brilliant achievement, until we compare it with the marvellous stroke of the *Globe*. To use a gaming phrase, G. B. saw the *Mail* and went it one better. The public began to say that the *Mail* was the best paper for news, when presto! out comes the *Globe* with *Herald* despatches too! But the superiority of the *Globe's* enterprise is shown in the fact that whereas the *Mail* pays a big figure for its despatches the *Globe* gets them for nothing, in the manner illustrated above