



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2 00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
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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.

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mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
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Cartoon Comments

LEAVING CARTOON.—The correctness of Prof GRIP's diagnosis of Mr. Blake's "bumps" will be admitted by none so readily as by the members of the party which that distinguished gentleman is supposed to lead—the great Do-Nothing Party of Canada. Mr. Blake's admitted ability only aggravates his case, for there are few things more lamentable in this world than the spectacle of great powers frittered away. Not that we would suggest that Mr. Blake is living in illness; on the contrary, he is, perhaps, the busiest lawyer in the country, but so far as his public duties as a party leader are concerned he might as well be a "respectable mediocre" as the man he is. At the present moment (as some leading Grit papers are beginning to whisper) he ought to be educating the country on the issues upon which the next election will turn, and giving definite shape to the policy of his party. It is unstatesmanlike to leave such work to the last moment, and the party that does so deserves defeat. Meantime, Mr. Blake is in seclusion, and the policyless party is at sixes and sevens.

FIRST PAGE.—Recent English papers contain particulars of the late difficulty about Canadian cattle at Liverpool, and it is clear from all accounts that the cattle immediately concerned were saved from slaughter by the active interference of Sir Chas. Tupper, who, in a most energetic manner, took steps to prove that Prof. Duguid was wrong in his opinion that the Canadian beeves were suffering from Texan fever. It is clear that in performing this duty so efficiently, Sir C. Tupper has done a marked service to those interested in the Canadian cattle trade, and GRIP gives him credit accordingly.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cartoon requires no comment, beyond what was made by the judges who tried the Muskoka petition. The picture is literal in most respects, but it may be well to say that there are two fanciful portraits in it. (1) Sir John doesn't actually accompany Shields

to Algoma—he only loads that missionary up at Ottawa; (2) Meredith does not appear in the riding in person, though morally he is dragged in the mire at Shields' tailboard—with his own free consent. A more contemptible position for a respectable man than that now held by Mr. W. R. Meredith, it would be hard indeed to imagine.

A GRIT HOWL.

And now it is the Grit scribes (and Pharisees) that howl. Several organs of that alleged party are pitching into GRIP in furious fashion. The poor little Raven's feathers are all turned on end, and he feels smaller than a humming-bird. No sooner have the tory hacks done cursing him for daring to think and speak without permission from Ottawa, than the ink-slingers open fire, with charges of "disloyalty," "scurrility," etc., etc. Fire away, gentlemen. GRIP is satisfied with himself, and that is the only party he is anxious to please. Meantime, however, it would be well for the Grit editors who undertake to denounce GRIP to have enough regard for the intelligence of their readers to refrain from alleging what everybody knows to be false. This remark applies particularly to such writers as have the effrontery to declare that GRIP's Cartoons are characterized by indecency, a lie which everybody laughs at.

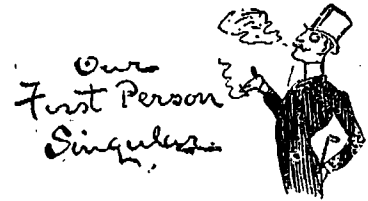
PREACHING AND

With the humanizing influence of the Sabbath upon him, the *Globe* editor opened on Monday morning with an article "on the increasing abusiveness of the Conservative Press"—in which the personalities indulged in by the abandoned Tory scribes were properly lamented. This admirable homily was followed by a scorcher entitled "Jim Stephen's Watch," in which "Jim Stephens" was handled without gloves. On enquiry we learn that the party alluded to is a Conservative politician named James.

THE SPECTATOR TAKES IT ALL BACK.

From the *Hamilton Spectator*, 25th Sept.

Several paragraphs appeared in the *SPECTATOR* a few days ago which intimated that Mr. J. W. Bengough had claimed the authorship of literary matter which he never wrote. The grounds for such a belief were that Mr. Fred. Swire, when in Hamilton, conceived the idea of writing a travesty or parody of Hamlet or some other play, and setting the words to music taken bodily from Sullivan's operettas. Soon after Mr. Swire entered Mr. Bengough's employ the latter produced Bunthorne Abroad, the plan being similar to that of Mr. Swire. In the letter from Mr. Swire, published by us, that gentleman says emphatically that he had no part in the writing of Bunthorne Abroad, and that he did not even know the play was in existence till he saw the bills announcing its production. We had already explained that the manuscript read in this office by Mr. Swire was different from any in Mr. Bengough's play, and we supposed that to satisfactorily settle the whole matter; but in order that the explanation may have equal prominence with the original statement, that the public may understand how the error arose, and that justice may be done to Mr. Bengough, we have pleasure in saying that the letter referred to, together with other evidence, makes the fact quite clear that Mr. Swire is not the author of any part of Bunthorne Abroad, and without doubt Mr. Bengough is the sole author of the libretto. The music, of course, is Sir Arthur Sullivan's. We regret that the *SPECTATOR* was led into error in the matter, as we do not desire to do injustice to any man.



I see that some one wants to have a balloon ascension at the Western fair which comes off at London next month. It wouldn't be safe unless the aeronaut could rely upon obtaining sufficient gas to ensure a safe passage across the Tems.

I see that King Coffee Kalcalli was defeated a few days ago, in a battle in Ashantee, and fled. I don't see what else could have been expected, as it is the nature of coffee to run. This Coffee, evidently, had good grounds for his conduct.

"Honri Rochefort tersely remarks of the Royalist quarrel at the Comte de Chambord's funeral—otherwise 'l'Incident de Goritz': 'Yesterday it was fusion. To-day it is confusion.'—*Ec.* Evidently a rap at the Grits, but what a queer way those French fellows have of spelling words, to be sure.

I see that a man was very ill lately in Kingston, but his wife refused to let a doctor attend him, on the ground that she had had a vision in which she saw a vacant chair in heaven for her husband. This appears to have frightened the man so much that he fled from the house and got well. He either thought that the chair seen by his wife was in some other hereafter, or else he knew that she had been mistaken, and that it could not possibly be intended for him. Now which was it? I am anxious to know.

A good deal of correspondence has lately taken place in various papers about agnosticism and atheism. It seems to me that both mean the same thing, and apropos to this matter, just let me relate a brief conversation I overheard between two laborers. "Mick, what's thim obnostics I hear 'em talkin' about: what kind av a haythensh baste is an obnostic, anyhow?" "An agnostic, ye mane," was the reply. "Well, Maurice, an agnostic is one o' thim chaps as tries to make himself believe as he don't believe anything, and thim has doubts about it." How far was Mick wrong?

Charles Courtney, do not fear to row
'Gainst Father Time,—no longer blithe
The old man is—but well you know
He bears a scythe, he bears a scythe.

And should you funk, why you can say,
As you are pretty sure to do:
He came and cut,—you being away—
Your pretty little shell in two.

Courtney vows he is not afraid to row against Time, who is nothing but a boasting braggart, anyhow. Charles has been reading up, he says, and declares that he "knows a bank whereon the wild Thyme blows," which he never does himself!

I was walking down street the other day, and in front of me was a friend of mine with two young ladies. My friend is not a dude by any means, and wears a very shabby coat.

"It is old, it is threadbare and white at the seams,
'Tis a thing that is seen in the ghaastliest dreams," &c.
Shortly afterwards the trio parted, and became a masculine solo and a feminine duet. I