



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

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.

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Shorthand Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Hengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The "Marmion" controversy still "thunders on the gale." The ruction being out of all proportion to the importance of the question at issue, it begins to look as though there were something more momentous behind it, and that something is, in the opinion of many, the desire of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to obtain further concessions in the way of separate education. High Schools and Collegiate Institutes supported by the public money for the exclusive use of Roman Catholics, is the next demand in order.

FIRST PAGE.—It is now clear that the Low Churchmen have lost their Bishop;—he has clearly gone over to the High section, and nothing could be more significant of this than his absence from the opening ceremonies of Wyckliffe Hall. We think it more charitable to attribute his absence to this cause than to accept the far more discreditable explanation that he stayed away because Principal Cavan and other Christian gentlemen ("dissenters") were to be present.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. John Norquay has at last screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and comes out boldly as a champion of his native province against the encroachments of Ottawa. Bravo! John! May thy patriotism last longer than political necessity dictates!

John Ross Robertson ought not to send his horse race reporter to take Dr. Wild's sermons at Bond-street, after the mess he made of it last week.



At the Royal the new American drama "Ranch 10," a portrayal of life in the cowboy districts of the West—is now being presented by Harry Meredith and Company. The subject is new to the stage, and the play is altogether a great success.

If you have a weakness for the ballet, an eye for beauty and a taste for fun, visit the Grand—that is if you can get in through the crowd—and see "Around the World in 80 days." This grand spectacular piece is admitted to be the finest thing Toronto has yet witnessed. It will be withdrawn at the end of this week, so lose no time if you intend to see it.

"NORTHERN SPIES"

AND
LORD WOLSELEY.

It was just after the bugles had blown the reveille that an orderly (Royal Irish) drew aside the canvas closing Lord Wolseley's tent, and said, "Beg pardon Gen'ral" (Gen. Wolseley always sleeps in a tent, and pitches it at Aldershot, the tented plain of that locality reminding him so much of the Egyptian deserts).

"The general advance will commence at midnight," muttered the general, but half awakened, and dreaming of Tel-el-Kebir.

ORDERLY—The sinitry sir, says there's something sent yez from the Frinch, shall I have it sint up me Lard?

WOLSELEY—(Still half asleep,) French! French! oh, De Lesseps—yes, sould him up—send him up!

ORDERLY—Very good, me Lard! (Departs and fatigue party bring up barrel).

ORDERLY—It's here, me Lard!

WOLSELEY—(Up and dressed,) What's here?

ORDERLY—The barrel from the Frinch I told yer honor about!

WOLSELEY—What! what do you mean, you blockhead? whatthe—and—do you mean by a barrel from the Frinch?

ORDERLY—Sure here it is yer honor!

WOLSELEY—(Comes out of tent and reads on barrel,) "To the Right Hon. Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lord of Egypt, Northern Spies, from J. French, Canada." Now, by the busted Memnon, what the—and—does all this mean?" exclaimed the astonished hero. If the American war was going on and the consignment came from Savannah, I would perhaps understand the transhipment of Northern spies by the barrel, but why should they send the remains to me? By the great Sisostris but this beats cock-fighting! Open the barrel, orderly, and sergeant! detail a couple of men to dig a pit to hold the Northern spies.

ORDERLY—(Opens barrel,) By the howly St. Denis, but they're apples!

WOLSELEY—Well, by the great Rameses and the seventeen sacred cats! what the divvle does it all mean? Do they think I'm going to start an apple stall! Here sergeant, see this fruit brought to the Hospital.

"Of Northern spies we'll make good pies."

"But who the deuce is J. French?"
The incident, however, proved to be a source of considerable amusement for the *blasse* men about town. Young Giggleton (son of Lord Grimmonth), in the Mucilage Office, ne er passes Lord Wolseley now without asking, "Haw Wolseley! Anything ferthaw ffrom your wiend Fwrench?"

The *Canadian Journal* is a neat little monthly published at 92 King-street East. The subscription price is only 50 cents per year.

"We want more red paper for the evening edition," said the foreman at the *Mail* office to the general manager. "Pink, you mean," responded the manager emphatically. "Pink, sir; the *News* is never read!"

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Is the picture representing Sir Garnet Wolseley, and exposed for sale in the windows, a true likeness of that warrior, or is it taken from one of Mr. Torrington, the organist?
Yours,
G. O. SPEL.

TRINITY COLLEGE'S RESPONSE TO WYCLIFFE HALL.

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the means.
We've got the Bishop too.

(With apology to the bard.)

CHANGE OF NAME.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to suggest that, as the Alderman of Toronto are so fond of changing street names, and trying to perpetuate their own, that Lombard Street, *nee* Stanley Street, be changed to Rotten Row, which is appropriate to its present condition—it may become like the great street after which it will be named, and will perpetuate the street committee of this year (especially King Street) *en masse*.

Your obedient servant,
GENERAL SHAW,
Formerly of Shaw Farm, Toronto.

THE DISGUSTED VOLUNTEER.

"A deputation has waited on Sir John, to urge the propriety of giving up the rifle ranges on the Garrison Common for Exhibition purposes."

I think I'll pack my uniform, hand in my belts and rifle, it's hard to keep one's spirit up or indignation stifled When the heavy swells who manage the Industria Exhibition,

Are going to make our "ranges" a desirable addition To the lands they have already, and exhibit sheep and cattle Where once the bugle sounded and the kettle-drum did rattle.

I suppose they'll level down the butts, and then burn up each target, And make the reserve, in fact, just like a cattle market. The space that erst was sacred to the flight of Snyder bullets

Will thus be dedicated to displays of setting pullets. A building fine they'll have, of course, for "pugs" and "black and tanners,"

Where once the bayonets glistened round the regimental banners.

The only balls have uses *base* of pitching and of catching; The only shells are those of eggs of artificial hatching.

And now, would you believe it? they have the gros effortry To suggest that we betake ourselves somewhere out in the country.

They say the march would do us good, so bracing and so jolly, And the noise we make would not be heard e'en though we fired a volley;

But I hardly think the soldier boys will their suggestion follow, In spite of rustic scenery or beauties of Hogg's Hollow.

Just let a Yankee gunboat—(such a thing before has happened), Take up position half a mile from where the pigs are fattened,

And make a proper use of her big guns and ammunition, She'd knock at once to chicken feed the charming Exhibition.

Then those who sneer at volunteer, and try to drive us out, Might like to see the pens knocked down and rise a strong redoubt.

So good bye to my uniform. Farewell my belts and rifle: Let the utilitarians now cry out "Oh be joyful! What care we for the riflemen? they can all go to the Dickens!

We'll occupy their ranges with horses, cows and chickens." But p'raps some day when Yankee shells around their heads are humming, They'll shout then for the volunteers, who p'raps won't be forthcoming.