

• GRIP •

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Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake's speech at Newmarket was considered remarkable by some because it contained no reference to the subject of Canadian Independence, or to any other question of Speculative politics. The fact was commented upon in sarcastic terms by some of the Independent and Tory papers. Their jibes brought forth the explanation that Mr. Blake, being leader of his party in trust, could not move any faster than the Party authorized him to do. When the Opposition has discussed the question in full caucus and formulated their opinion upon it, it will be time enough for Mr. Blake to speak.

FIRST PAGE.—The display of fraternal regard between the Anglican Synod and the Presbyterian General Assembly, by the mutual reception of delegations at their recent sessions, formed one of the most pleasing and promising episodes in the religious history of this Province. The action was spontaneous and hearty on both sides, and cannot fail to leave lasting results of the most beneficial kind. It is particularly noteworthy that the initiative was taken by the Synod, acting in the name of a church which has heretofore been supposed to partake of the exclusiveness of the parent body in England, a stigma which can no longer exist. The matter which offered the opportunity for this friendly intercourse was the important subject of Religious Instruction in the schools, and no doubt there are many other weighty questions of a general kind which may hereafter have the benefit of the united action of the churches. Hail to the day of Pan-Christianity!

EIGHTH PAGE.—To the happy and contented reader of the *Mail* who reads no other paper, and never reads the police court proceedings in the *Mail* itself, our picture may contain all the elements of truth and soberness, without any admixture of irony. The Editor in the tall tower has convinced himself, and does his best to convince his readers, that the persons now on trial for conspiracy are Mowat, Hardy, Pardee and Fraser. In other quarters quite a different impression has got abroad. The judges, for instance, are laboring under the delusion that the prisoners in this case are Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson, and Kirkland. Facts, they say, are stubborn things, but so are creditors who are working for bread and butter; and when these two opposing forces come together the facts have got to go.

BOOK NOTICE.



TORONTO PAST AND PRESENT, by C. P. Mulvany, M. A., M. D. This work, which has been brought out in a typographical style worthy of the city it describes, and worthy of the literary ability with which it is written, deserves a place in every Canadian library. The author is well known as one of our most learned and skillful *litterateurs*, and in this work his reputation is fully sustained. The details of our municipal history are presented in unhaakeney language calculated to make it pleasant reading even for those who have no personal interest in the Queen City of the West. Dr. Mulvany devotes a good deal of

space to the literary progress of the city, and does most of our local writers the honor of favorable mention. Amongst these, words of deserved praise fall to various contributors to GRIP, whose names are not generally known in that connection. Throughout the book the author has evidently made a studious effort to be fair in his criticisms of events and persons, and if he has erred at all it has been on the side of moderation. Mr. Caiger, the publisher, has added an interesting chapter dealing with the principal business firms of the present. We hope the work will have a wide sale, as it deserves. It may be mentioned that Dr. Mulvany is now engaged on a "History of Liberalism," which is shortly to be published by a Toronto house.

THE SCALPEL.

PUN UPON PAWN.

"Before the Police Magistrate, A. Wayren, white, and Henry Harris, black, two boys, looking like white and black pawns on a chess-board, were placed in the dock charged with stealing some caps."—*Local paragraph.*

"White and black pawns on a chessboard" are nothing extraordinary. You should have seen the white and black pawns of these boys—on Queen-st., probably the shop was.

TWO OF A KIND.

At Madrid, Iowa, on Tuesday night, the office of A. K. Webb, lawyer, was wrecked. Webb is very unpopular. He recently attached a boy's wages for a fee.—*States item.*

This mean man recalls the hitherto unpublished account of another money-grubbing lawyer. He was a Canadian Member of Parliament. As such he got blue books and Departmental papers and Voters' Lists and whole heaps of other printed matter. He made money out of the stuff by taking periodical trips to distant towns and selling every leaf of the pamphlets in the barber shops.

NOT FERTILE IN RESOURCE.

"A butler has not been able to recover his wages in a law-suit because he had refused to shave off his beard, though it was proved that he was unable to shave and the nearest barber was eight miles off."—*Trans-Atlantic item.*

If this had been an Irish butler, when he found he could not get shaved he would have compromised the thing by "latherin'" his employer for insisting on it so obstinately.

YOU KNOW THAT, DO YOU?
To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR,—I rely upon your usual courtesy and sense of justice to allow me, etc., etc.

Need it be formally stated that the author of the communication in the *Mail* of which the above is the style of the opening stanza is not Mr. W. H. Higgins?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"On Tuesday night one of the electric light globes on Queen-street was broken, and a piece of the glass fell into a buggy that happened to be passing at the time."—*Evening News.*

The only disappointing feature in this powerfully conceived and startlingly written paragraph is that instead of the piece of globe falling into the passing buggy it wasn't the passing buggy that fell into the piece of globe—or something like that, anyway!

DON'T SPEAK OF HIM!

"In the opinion of every loyal Canadian and of every man who knows the history of this continent, the connection between Britain and Canada is essential to the interests and the glory of both."—*Mail editorial.*

Rah! And moreover, the man who once declared that "if the N.P. is going to endanger British connection, so much the worse for British connection," was a ruffian and a Radical and didn't write *Mail* editorial one half so-so-so nice as you, did he, Brother Griffin?

TOO MUCH FORMALITY.

"A Madrid despatch says the Liberal press are indignant because the Government dissolved a meeting called to devise means for bettering the condition of the journalists now in prison awaiting trial."

Well, why couldn't they have sent their tobacco and beer without holding a meeting over it?

TOO BAD!

"Lord Tennyson has been elected president of the Society of Authors, formed chiefly for the purpose of effecting international copyright laws between England and America. Mr. Matthew Arnold is vice-president of the association."—*English brief.*

And John Ross Robertson has been left out of the business altogether. Just as if he didn't have a particle of interest in it!

REMEMBER THE HON. WILLIAM, DON'T YOU?

"Richard Cartwright is evidently a man of progress. He began life as a Tory, and continued so until fourteen years ago, when he became a Grit. Now he has abandoned Gritism for Democracy. May he continue a Democrat to the end."

So he will maybe—to the end of Democracy in Canada. That is, if he doesn't start to go the old round again.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Zoo stage is occupied this week by Baird's Minstrals, a company that enjoys a high reputation throughout the States.

The management of the Grimsby Camp Ground and Burlington Beach, taking a lesson from the only financially successful Beach upon Coney Island, viz., Manhattan, which paid Gilmor's Band \$2,500 per week last season, have opened negotiations with a view of securing Claxton's Celebrated Orchestra for an afternoon and evening concert each week during the coming season. The engagement would undoubtedly prove a great additional attraction for the patrons of the popular Grimsby resort.

The summer amusement season opens this week in a highly auspicious manner for the lovers of the variety stage. Messrs Drow, Pride & Sackett, a firm of American managers, have established themselves in a Pavilion on York-street nearly opposite the Rossin House, and proclaim a great array of novelties at the popular admission of 10 cents. Amongst the attractions of the opening week is Lucia Zarate, undoubtedly the smallest person in the world. The stage performance is above the average.