



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. Bengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

Cartoon Comments.

The principal pictures this week are founded upon current topics so generally understood that comment seems unnecessary. In case there is any obscurity about the leading cartoon, however, the anxious enquirer might apply to Dr. Orton, or any other competent authority on agricultural protection.



William Stafford, the rising young tragedian, is the present attraction at the Royal, and lovers of the legitimate have an opportunity of witnessing admirable performances. Mr. Stafford bids fair to realize the high position predicted for him by Edwin Booth, who was an interested spectator at his debut in Boston a few years ago.

The programme at the Royal next week embraces the production (commencing Thursday evening) of the fine new play "Ranch 10," a beautiful portrayal of western life, by Harry Meredith and company.

Dr. Townsend is delighting all who go to witness his mesmeric entertainments at Shaftesbury Hall. For downright fun, mesmerism beats comic drama "all to pieces."

A total abstinence man drank a good deal of city water on first coming to Toronto, and it made him wretchedly sick. "I don't think I should have recovered at all," said he "if I hadn't given up my drinking habits."



A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

GRIP sincerely hopes that Mr. Mowat really will "consider" the suggestion made to him by a deputation the other day, that an open fence should be placed round the Government House grounds, so that passers by might have a chance of at least looking at the beautiful park for which they pay so handsomely every year. And it would be well if some influence could be brought to bear to have the same excellent idea carried out in the case of private parks throughout the city which are at present selfishly hidden by close board fences. The good effect of thus enhancing the beauty of our city can hardly be over-estimated, and it ought to be possible to devise a scheme whereby it might be practically carried out.

Dr. Wild is a prophet who appears to enjoy honor in his own country. Not only has he the satisfaction of preaching to the largest regular congregation in Canada, but he is frequently the recipient of other marks of favor. At present a movement is on foot to present the distinguished Israelite with a purse as a Christmas gift, and already a goodly amount has been subscribed: Mr. Geo. Clarke, of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is the acting Treasurer of the Committee.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Messrs. Jas. Campbell & Son have kindly sent us samples of their line of original Canadian Christmas cards for the forthcoming season, and we have great pleasure in calling attention to them as a striking instance of what native enterprise and talent can accomplish. The designs are all by Canadian artists, and the elaborate lithography is also of home performance, though as a series the cards are equal to anything imported.

CAUTION TO LADIES.

Organetta Pavaffina, writing to Adolphus Clarence, acknowledges "the receipt of several grips." Ladies making such an acknowledgement must not write the last word of the former sentence with a small "g." If they do, they can be fairly understood as referring to divers amatory pressures—or, in plain English, loving hugs—received, say at the front gate while watching for the comet. If they mean copies of this publication, they must use a capital "G," and underline the word. Said grips, alias amatory pressures, alias loving hugs, and the gift of copies of this publication are in perfect harmony with each other. The one may lead to the other, and both may bring about—ah well, the wedding ring and so forth. Still, they are two perfectly distinct things. Ladies, therefore, who do not wish to be misunderstood, must ponder well the foregoing rule, and govern themselves accordingly.

TORONTO, Oct. 20th, 1892.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Referring to the communication of "Puzzled Student," did the idea never occur to him that *Mabee* it was a mistake on the part of the printer?

Yours, etc.,

A STUDENT NOT PUZZLED.

YE MOURNFULLE BALLAD

OF YE PAINTER MAN AND YE PASTRY COOK'S DAUGHTER.

It was the lovesick painter man
The pastry cook's fair daughter
Loved, "I'll color if I can
From the crowds who've sought her"

Cried the painter in his prime;
But she spurned his pleading—
"I dough not love you, sir," she said,
"Your suit I am not kneading."

"Does it not ochre to you?
That I love you deeply?
Can you let me potter on,
Brushing me off cheaply?"

"That you do not love me, miss,
Is my blue impression:
My blood with love-sick, pulsing throbs,
Through my heart is rushin'."

"Down, away down, in my boots,
Now my hopes are zincing;
For your helpless painter's sake,
Change your mode of thinking"

"I can't sienna girl like you,
Oh, pink of all that's beautiful;
Prythee do not umberage take,
I mean but to be duteous."

Came the maiden's cornful laugh—
"I'll oven no man like you, sir,
That twistful look is only chaff,
Leave me now; pray do, sir."

"All your floury speerches are
To meal like low-bread flattery:
True you do not go so far
As assault and batter-y."

Thus she tartly answered him,
"Carmine know and heartless
You must be," the painter said,
"If you are not to tie s."

"Will you then, no putty take?
I'd lose you not vermillions;
I would give you all my gold
If I owned two billions."

"You have lead me on to this!"
Thus he cried in sorrow,
"I care not one snap for you,
Sir," she said; "good morrow."

Deeply breathed the painter's size,
His tongue clove to his pallet;
"The curse is on me," then he cries,
"Like the dame of Shalott."

And he wailed, as, losing hope,
He varnished from her, shrinking,
"The only cure for love is smart,
And so he took to drinking."

SWIS.



MORRISBURG REJOICING.

A little sketch dedicated to the citizens of Morrisburg on the occasion of their unanimous vote in favor of the Ottawa, Waddington and New York Railway By-law.