



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 notice of address.

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Sheet and 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.

LEADING CARTOON.—The extraordinary din which the *Mail* keeps up amongst the empty pews of the "Marmion" discussion is clearly understood by all who know anything of politics. The object is plainly to attract attention from the important issues in the coming Ontario election—the Boundary Award and the Crooks Act. There are few Conservatives who approve of the policy of the *Mail* on these questions, and this fact that journal is thoroughly aware of.

FIRST PAGE.—The ignorant cry, that the public schools of this Province are "Protestant," has been uttered again of late, and again it is necessary to rebuke the heresy. Our schools are free and unsectarian, and the man or newspaper that wilfully inculcates the "Protestant" idea is an enemy to the best interests of his country.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The party managers who started the cry against the Crooks Act are beginning to see that they made a mistake. On this one question of the control of the liquor traffic, hundreds show themselves able to rise above party considerations, and the determination of a great majority of our people is that nothing shall be done to weaken the chain that holds the evil in check. The next step is to kill the "Dog" outright, and thus make a chain unnecessary.

New motto for the *Globe*—"The subject who is truly loyal to Archbishop Lynch will neither advise nor submit to Marmion being read in the High Schools."



Mr. Barney Macanlay is once more with us, delighting the patrons of the Grand with his "Uncle Dan" in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section." The usual matinee on Saturday afternoon.

Everybody and his children ought to go and see Moffatt and Bartholemew in their great pantomime at the Royal. It is one continuation of startling tricks, clever transformations, and bursts of fun, and affords an evening of rare enjoyment.

A VEXED QUESTION.

Our "Corpulent Constant Correspondent" (or, as he or she initializes himself or herself for shortness and disguise, "C. C. C.!") anxiously inquires, "What is Allen's Anti-Fat," the *Globe* man having given up the conundrum. Our dear sir or madam, we don't know, how should we? If your question were, "Why is Allen's aunty (excuse our correction in the spelling,) fat?" we might have possibly given some information, that is, supposing we knew Allen, which we do not! We regret to say also that we know not whether Allen has an aunty, or (granting that he has one) whether she is fat or lean. Mr. GRIP, however, is seized with a brilliant idea, and can perhaps give a clue. Allen advertises, and, appended to his advertisements, is a beautiful and telling pictorial illustration, representing two ladies. One (to the left of the cartoon) is very good-natured looking, and, oh! very, VERY (apparently hopelessly) FAT! The other lady (on the right hand) is slight, and, in our opinion, a trifle sour-looking. Now many persons suppose these portraits to represent the same lady under different aspects. Mr. GRIP doesn't believe it, hence his clue to "C. C. C." If the right hand lady is Allen's aunty,—she is slight and somewhat stiff—if, on the contrary, the left hand lady is Allen's aunty, the question, "What! Is Allen's Aunty fat," (we've taken the liberty of altering the punctuation this time,) the question, we say, is answered. She is, she is, and what is more, she looks as if she meant to remain fat, fat, FAT, for the rest of her natural life!

ANECDOTE OF A PULLET.

The pullet who distinguished herself in the ancient conundrum "what preserve would a pullet name in informing her maternal parent that she had deposited her first Shanghai-berry?" (answer, mar-me-laid,) has a great-grand-daughter who has just become notorious. All this autumn she has been very absent-minded, and during the last week in September she became absent-bodied also, in-so-far as the hen-yard was concerned. Her mother became quite alarmed at her non-appearance, and set out in search of the missing one. Approaching an outhouse, she heard a snore surpassing all cackles (N. B.—This joke is adapted from the late *Toronto Sun*), and immediately crawled under the building, and found her charming daughter. "What doest thou here, my child?" spake the mother, whose gizzard yearned for her offspring with a large-sized yearn. "Mar-me-on!" quoth the enterprising pullet, who, with commendable zeal, had attempted the unprecedented task of hatching three eggs in the same year in which she herself was hatched. She was indeed on

the nest. The old hen, instead of being lost in admiration at the pluck of the pullet, gave her a severe pluck and said, "Your Crooks and turns are too utter for this yard: march out, for you shall not go Scott free!" Thus was the pullet crushed.

"I DO REMEMBER AN APOTHECARY."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Telegram* of last Saturday:—

"Young Gentleman wishes the privilege of spending evening in a drug store. Box 133, *Telegram*."

It is hard to perceive the true inwardness of this advertisement. Is it that "young gentlemen" are a drug in the market in Toronto and therefore naturally pant wildly for admission, on any terms, to a drug store? Are there more recondite reasons at which we can but darkly guess. After 7 p.m. on Saturday, and on certain hours on Sunday, a drug store is for certain reasons a favorite haven of refuge to some "young gentlemen."

NOTE FROM THE CAPITAL.

Some one at Ottawa said that Bourinot was French, and therefore couldn't write English. "Voll," said M. Stanislaus Sebastian De Courville, "Ef ee's French ees no better than ee's Engleesh, ve don't want heem!"

DAVIN vs. BOURINOT.

Tompkins, of the Cabbage Department, Ottawa, (reading from the Irish Canadian): "Mr. Bourinot is not the only literary pretender at Ottawa. The Marquis himself has made grave mistakes—" "Of course, just as I said to Smalfry, we all make mistakes. Why, even I, myself, have fallen into errors at times. Poor Bourinot is not so much to blame, after all."

Of all the humorous sketches written by Frank R. Stockton, the drollest is said to be "The Lady, or the Tiger?" in the *November Century*. It gives an account of an ancient king, who had an arena in which offenders decided their guilt or innocence for themselves by opening one of two doors, behind which were placed, respectively, a tiger and a bride. The king's daughter, her plebian lover, and her rival, are the characters, and the point of the story, like that of all good humor, lies at the end.

DEAR GRIP,—Pray help me: I am puzzled. Mr. McDougall in his work on "Torts and Negligence" says, (p. 138), "the train in fault was then moving and not the stationary one." I cannot make out how a stationary train can be moving, and am in mortal terror. Because, you know, Mr. McD. examines on Torts at Osgoode Hall, and I fear he may pluck me if I fail to comprehend his meaning in every particular. Can the bird of wisdom throw a little light on this dark question and relieve the mind of an humble

PUZLED STUDENT.

A Bradford lady's husband was detained late one night at his business in Haverhill and could not join a whist party to which he had been invited. "Why didn't Charlie come?" "Because," answered his wife, "he had to stay at the store"—after a vain search for the word she wanted—"teetering his accounts." "Balancing" was the word she was hunting for.—*Lowell Courier*.