



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.

#### Plains 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.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—If the worthy premier of Ontario understood the science of bamboozling the public as well as certain parties we could name, he would not hesitate to act upon our hint—go at once and get a razor and a suit of bishop's canonicals, and proceed to assume an appearance which would insure him success amongst those Catholic voters who couldn't see the difference.

**FIRST PAGE.**—These are the facts as nearly as we can get at them—and they are well worthy the study of the people of Ontario.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Government deserve commendation for their action in refusing to allow North-western colonization companies to transfer the settlement duties undertaken in their charters to other shoulders. The immediate effect is the collapse of nearly three hundred of these fraudulent speculating concerns. We sincerely trust this good work will be followed up, and the evils of speculation and monopoly counteracted as much as possible.

#### A CLASSICAL ODE.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

I.

Oh, what afflictions Mr. Crooks' crochets  
Brought on the hapless people of the Province!  
Publishers, parents, bookstore men and students,  
How they must suffer!

II.

Were I a school-marm, I on Marmion studied;  
Publisher were I, published an edition  
Which students ordered and their parents paid for,  
Gage's or Campbell's.

III.

For the wicd Crooks has suddenly discovered  
Archbishop Lynch first gave him points about it;  
What we thought purest poem of the period  
Is most immoral.

IV.

O most unhappy, miserable creatures!  
Gage's expense who'll recompense, and Campbell's?  
Gage from the fence will get and poll the Tory  
Vote next election.

V.

But the most wretched sequence of it all is  
The dull and spiteful scolding of the Mail man,  
Which neither Crooks nor any one else cares for  
One continental!



The Lingards appeared for the first three evenings of the present week at the Royal, and did a fair business. The present attraction at this house is the McDowell Company. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are highly popular with Toronto audiences, and in fact throughout the Dominion. After a tour of the Provinces it is their intention to proceed to the West Indies, where on a former occasion they achieved a brilliant success.

"The Lights o' London" is drawing immense audiences at the Grand. The play is a melodrama of the modern school, and depends chiefly for its success on splendid scenery and realistic effects, though it is by no means deficient in plot. The engagement concludes on Saturday night.

All lovers of music, and especially those who have an ear for the quaint melodies of slavery, are promised another opportunity of hearing the famous Jubilee Singers of Nashville, now on their third Canadian tour. The company give three concerts, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, 16th, 17th, and 18th inst., respectively, at the Horticultural Pavilion.

Reeves' American Band, of Providence, R. I., give two more concerts at the Pavilion, to-night and to-morrow night. The feast provided by the managers of these concerts is such that no one who delights in music would willingly miss it. In addition to the band there are no less than seven instrumental soloists of first-rate ability—as well as several popular vocalists.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated French novelist, will contribute to the November *Century* a vivacious and entertaining paper on "Victor Hugo," which it is said will have the double merit of being an intimate portrait of the great poet, with glimpses into his social and literary daily life, and of giving much information about Daudet himself. The writer describes his intellectual indebtedness to Hugo, and explains how his serious studies for his novel, "Kings in Exile," were made in Victor Hugo's drawing-room.

Charles Dudley Warner will discuss in the November *Century* the material and intellectual domination of "England," in which he will give due praise, it is said, to the commanding position of England in the modern world, and undertake to define the elements of English power. He will mingle some sharp criticism with the praise, and have a good deal to say about the relations of England and the United States.

In a profusely illustrated article for the November *Century*, Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell will tell the story of the "Sculptures of the Great Pergamon Altar," which have been discovered in the last four years. The chief illustration of the paper will be a full-page copy of an ideal bronze head for which the British Museum is said to have paid nearly \$50,000.

"Keep off the grass" is a corporation way of interdicting a certain class of duelling; it forbids the public to cross swards.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

#### MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

GRIP copies the following editorial from the *Mail*. His readers must not suspect him of changing or substituting in the text, that being a thing which GRIP hardly ever does—at least, not more than is fashionable with leading newspapers. And GRIP must keep up with the procession. So he gives the following editorial from the *Mail*:

#### MR. MOWAT MUST GO!

We have previously explained the reasons why he must go; and, moreover, there are other and better reasons which have just occurred to us. They are:

1.—Because he is evidently in league with evil geni—probably diabolic.

2.—This is undoubtedly proved in certain ways.

3.—In this way, that his measures do not show those flaws, weaknesses, and stupidities observable in those proposed by folks on our side, and which, if proposed on his side, would enable a journalist fellow to get a good hit at him.

4.—His diabolic connection is therefore proved in this way:—Our men in the opposition, as we have frequently shown, are first-class men. They commit errors. All men commit errors. In Mowat's governmental career, we can't find much of the sort. But it is there. It *must* be there. It is the nature of things, upheld on the uncontrovertible basis of the physical foundations, that Mowat commits errors. But we cannot clearly discern what they are. Therefore, he shields himself by supernatural influences—probably infernal—and of course this cannot be permitted, and he **MUST GO!**

5.—We would respectfully direct the attention of the public to the condition of our own mind. We ask them if it is not plain that we are not in the full possession of our faculties. Our editorials are, we blush to say it, wild. Our readers,—our warmest friends,—observe with pain and frequent comment our injured state. Whence is this? Why, when we would be brilliant, are we muddy?—why, when we wish clever apothegms to pour from our pen do we produce the astonishing platitudes which fill our columns? It is the sorceries of the vile, the little, the tyrannical enchanter Mowat! It is he! **HE MUST GO!**

6.—He has extended, and does extend, his fiendish influence over our opposition members. As we said, all men commit errors. But let any one notice the state of the Ontario opposition. Is it in the power of the excellent Meredith, the commanding Lauder, the graceful Morris, the arithmetical Creighton, to evince statesmanship? Certainly not. And why? They are all born statesmen. The most clever men—except the Ottawa Government—in the Dominion. Then whence their illogicalities—their failure to overthrow the tyrant Mowat—their weakness in statement and in proof—in attack and in oration? Whence but from the enchanting glamour cast over them, across the House, by the fiendish eye of the wizard Mowat. And shall it be suffered? Never! **MR. MOWAT MUST GO.**

7. Because the ideas of Mr. Mowat frequently clash with, oppose, and contradict those of Sir John, Sir Charles—no, we mean Sir Charles, Sir John, and Sir Leonard. These three gentlemen are the salt of the earth, the cream of knighthood, the very savor of nobleness and essence of statesmanship. Proof is necessary, but if the vulgar demand proof, it is uncontrovertibly given in the fact that they have made us editor of the *Mail*. And he disagrees with them—disbelieves in them—contradicts them. Now, these gentlemen respectively represent the foundations—the