



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.

OUR RULE.

We invariably give due credit to all selections and outside contributions appearing in GRIP. Those not so credited are our own productions, though we are sometimes half ashamed to own to the fact.

TO WOULD BE CORRESPONDENTS.

AJAX JR.—Hardly : style played out.

JESSE, Peterborough.—Your sketch is one of the funniest things that has been sent to GRIP for a long time, and Tom Hood, who is its author, not you, doubtless thought it pretty humorous.

JAMES G., Sarnia.—His name was Chaucer, an English poet. He is dead.

J. B. G.—Send something a little less "flesh'y" next time.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory regarding the circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is printed by fully 50,000 re aders every week. Even long advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Sir Leonard Tilley has increased the duty on agricultural implements, a measure which meets with peculiar disfavor from all parties in the North-West. In doing this, the Finance Minister may have benefited the Ontario manufacturers, but he has unquestionably "sat on" the struggling settlers of the Prairie Province.

FIRST PAGE—The hero of Mr. Gilbert's ballad of the "Nancy Bell," hitherto thought a whimsical bit of imagination, has found an actual counterpart in the clever Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway—who having, metaphorically, eaten (nearly) all his competitors, can parody the "single joke" of the "weedy and long" old man, as in the legend of our picture.

EIGHTH PAGE—Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, son of the Premier, and a young gentleman of great personal popularity, was married on Tuesday to Miss Van Koughnet, of this city. We can all heartily echo the congratulations which we attribute to the "old gentleman," and it would be hard to wish anything better for the young couple than that they may always be as happy together as Sir John and the Lib.-Con. Party are.



What makes us think that Lady Florence Dixie really was wounded, is the fact that she refused to have a doctor called in.

What can one expect from a hog but a grunt? What need an inoffensive stranger expect in Petrolia but coal oil? 'Twas ever thus.

Why all this talk about a standing army for Canada? Of course we want a standing army and not one that will run away as soon as the rations begin to play out.

We rise to enquire whether the remark has yet been made that the Czar is liable to dynamitey hurry at any time? If not, we make it; if it has, we sit down again.

The Lorne Rifles, of Halton, are to have a stand of bag-pipes and six pipers for the battalion.—Guelph Mercury. Please, Sir John, will you gerrymander Halton a couple of hundred miles further away?

It is, doubtless, evidence of the Hamilton Tribune's prosperity when that paper appears twice a week double its usual size, but is it not rather queer for a journal that strongly advocates temperance to be seen more than "three sheets in the wind"?

The public must be profoundly impressed by the brotherly love which exists amongst Freemasons as exhibited by the treatment of Messrs. Westlake and Railton at Petrolia, as reported in all the daily papers, whither those gentlemen had gone to organize a lodge of Ontario masons, towards which rival branch of the order the G. L. of Canada bears an affection which it is truly touching to witness.

A barrister enters a dry goods store and after purchasing a few yards of ribbon and a couple of spools of thread, requests that the articles may be sent home, as he "really couldn't carry a great parcel like that round with him," and at five o'clock the same legal luminary may be seen cheerfully taking a blue bag along, containing several pounds of foolscap, a Webster's unabridged, half a dozen law books, an empty flask and a sandwich case, and other articles too numerous to mention, and not so much as a murmur out of him. Strange, isn't it?

An individual writes to us remonstrating with us about our P. K. Boohoo, or Society column, and we are very sad. We only did it to please society people, and here is a person angry with us because he says we mix up society people and jail-birds. What are we to do? It is not we who mix them up; they mix themselves up, and if we state that Mr. So-

and-so entertained his friends at a select party, how are we to know he intends winding up at the police station? How are we to know whether a prominent tradesman is meditating bankruptcy or not? People don't come round and tell us they are going to bust up—that is, not till they've got things settled so that they can start up again, more resplendent than ever, in a few weeks; and if our Society column is a failure we cannot help it. We modeled it on those of other newspapers, and if we can't tell some society people from jail-birds it is not our fault, but because they look so much alike—some of 'em, not all.

The *Arkansas Traveler* need not be angry with us, though at first sight it seems that he has some cause for wrath, but the fact is that (as was intimated when "Touchstone's Talk" was first introduced in GRIP) all, or nearly all, the anecdotes related in that column are gleanings from exchanges; the intimation to that effect was intended to be published in every number of the paper, but was inadvertently omitted after one or two insertions. "Touchstone's Talk," further than the comments on the stories therein told, never professed to be anything but reprints, and when the authorship of any article therein related could be obtained, it has invariably been given. The story which the *Traveler* asserts—and we now know that such was the case—to have originally appeared in its spicy pages, was related to the writer of "Touchstone," as a *bona fide* incident, and was given as such without any attempt at a "work over." We do not wish, for a moment, to strut in borrowed plumes, though some American papers do so at the expense of our feathers, and we must confess that they add greatly to the borrowers' "readableness."

ST. JUDAS' CHURCH AGAIN.

THE REV. L. JINKS RECEIVES A HINT.

"Good morning, Polliwig," I said, as that individual sauntered into my office last Tuesday, and, lighting a cigar, commenced to smoke thoughtfully; so much so, that I saw something was wrong.

"What's up? You look down in the mouth," I continued. "By the way, now you're here, you can tell me about last Sunday morning's performance in that blessed church of St. Judas' of yours. I've not been able to get at the ins and outs of it, but I hear Mr. Jinks is going to resign over it. What was it? You threw a brickbat or something at him in the pulpit, didn't you? If I wasn't afraid of getting a bad name I'd go there some Sunday myself, but it's as much as a fellow's reputation is worth to attend a service at St. Judas' nowadays." "Oh! well," responded Polliwig, "I guess there are plenty of black sheep in that flock already without you joining and making another; I haven't heard anything about Mr. Jinks resigning, but I'm told that the rector insists upon an investigation." "Investigation of what?" I asked, "that brickbat business?" "Oh! brickbat be hanged," replied Polliwig, "it wasn't as bad as that; but if you'll promise to keep mum, I'll tell you just what really did happen."

I gave the desired promise, and Polliwig continued: "You've been in St. Judas' church I suppose? well, you know it's a terribly old fashioned affair,—that is—the architectural style, you know, and when they restored and modernized some of it three years ago, they didn't touch two-thirds of it, and the pulpit is just like they used to have in England about the time that Cæsar landed there and shot Harold in the eye at the battle of Hastings." "But, Polliwig," I interrupted, "Cæsar—" "Oh! what's the odds?" he continued, "never mind the date; it's a mighty old style, anyhow, and you know what it looks like,—