



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.

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 mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
 address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If Mr. Mowat is convicted of extravagance, jobbery and injustice, it is only right that he should be deposed from place and power, and his position given to a man who will not indulge in any similar wrongdoing. But it would be more seemly for some less extravagant, jobbing and unjust person than Sir John Macdonald to lead the prosecution in the case. There never was a more striking instance of the man with beam in his own eye presuming to pull the mote out of his neighbor's optic.

FIRST PAGE.—By the peculiar logic of politics the victory in Egypt will go down on the books to Mr. Gladstone's credit. This is fortunate for the cause of Ireland, whose sons acquitted themselves gloriously side by side with their English, Scotch, and Indian fellow citizens. The triumphant close of the campaign in Egypt will strengthen the heart and hands of the "grand old man," and we may confidently believe that that strength will be bountifully spent by him in prosecuting the great work he has undertaken for the removal of Irish grievances.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A meeting was held the other day at which Mr. O'Donohue was present, and the business in hand was understood to be the disposal of the "catholic vote" in view of the coming local election. It would be more candid and commendable if the hon. gentleman would on these recurring occasions mount the rostrum as in days of yore and auction off the chattel he professes to own. The affecting scene at the convention when the hon. John clasped the blushing hand of the Grand Sovereign was calculated to fetch a big price from the Lib. Cons., but we have reason to believe that on this occasion the vote will be sold out to the other party. By the way, we have often wondered what respectable and honorable—not to mention pious—catholics think of all this?

The cultured no longer call it hash. Mosac nutriment is the correct form.—*Boston Transcript.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY H. C. DODGE.

"Dear Jones"
 (I will not do as he
 Request and I am fervent
 In saying so)—"and I remain
 Your most obedient servant."

"Dear Brown"
 (He's not the company
 A wise man would select)—
 "And pray believe me, sir, I am
 Yours with profound respect."

"Dear Tom,
 Your favor is at hand"—
 (But I decline to lend
 The small amount he mentions)—"and
 As ever I'm your friend."

"Dear Smith"
 (I like him not at all;
 I tolerate him merely;
 He bores me when he makes a call)—
 "And I am yours sincerely."

"Dear Will"
 (It certainly would please
 Me, if for lack of breath,
 He'd go where he would never freeze)—
 "With love I'm yours till death."

"Dear Ned"
 (I hope he'll not again
 Ask favors from me)—"and
 I have the honor to remain
 Yours humbly to command."

Dear Friends—
 When we are obliged to sign
 Our names to letters duly,
 Both much and nothing we combine
 By saying just— "Yours truly."

CLERICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1st.—The rector of So-and-so endorses the action of the Bishop (Catholic) of Blank-blank, in denouncing the hair frizzes, etc., etc. He says: "To such an extent does extravagance abound that one can hardly tell mistress from maid on the street." Well, now, this is going too far, why will girls look so like their employers? But there, it's no use talking; that is just another of the many evils arising from too close proximity to the democratic element on the other side. Dear knows, it's bad enough for a rector to be ogled by a pair of mischievous eyes, laughing at him from beneath the shadow of a wonderful "friz," a "Saratoga," or a wicked "Kiss-me-quick," when these adorn or disfigure the face of one of his own "set;" but when his own or his neighbor's cook, house, or nursery-maid follows suit with frizz and frill, until there's no telling 'tother from which, it is high time to call a halt to this march of democracy, and insist that some distinctive badge of servitude be used to indicate the gulf between mistress and maid. Ye gods! Fancy a rector of the High Church of England bowing by mistake to somebody's cook! The very idea takes our breath away. What balm is there in Gilead for the wound, "the deadly stound," his dignity would, in such a case, receive. How strange that the Divine Master could be so careless as to omit in His teachings, the necessity of servants dressing differently from their employers, then the rector could have divine authority to back up his protest, and be saved the risk of such an unfortunate and absurd *contretemps* as he apparently lives in dread of. Even St. Paul, generally so explicit in his directions how to live, has neglected this, as, for instance, when he advises "to be adorned, not with plaiting of the hair, etc., but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Here again he forgets to make the necessary distinction between mistress and maid, and addresses them simply as women. MR. GRIP tenders the rector his fullest sympathy, especially as he must needs

confess that some of the Toronto girls who earn their living by domestic employment, come out looking so stylish and lady-like that really he shouldn't be surprised to find himself bowing with the profoundest respect to some of them one of these days.

2nd.—A Scotch presbytery the other day passed a resolution condemning "the practice of admiring the works of God in Nature on the Sabbath day." "Land of the mountain and the flood! Land of the extra 'unco guid,' hail! And don't forget to characteristically go the whole hog while you are about it. Close the doors, draw down the window blinds, and don't attempt to set a foot outside the door unless on your road to the kirk, and on your way there hermetically seal your eyes and ears, for the tempter is there. There is the blue sky overhead, birds are singing in the trees, whose leaves glisten and whisper and bow to you as you pass, brooks wimple and laugh and sparkle as they race along, and in the distance old ocean luxuriates sleepily in the Sabbath sunlight. It's dangerous, very dangerous, to let your eyes look abroad on such scenes, at least on the Sabbath. Dear me! dear me! what another glaring omission on the part of the inspired writers, the neglecting to forbid those who earn their bread by hard labor in close confinement six days in the week, to walk abroad otherwise than to and from the kirk on Sunday. Clearly the Blessed Book is not so strict as it should be, and it puts a great responsibility on the ministers of the kirk to be under the necessity of forbidding what is not forbidden in the divine code of morals. In fact, MR. GRIP almost feels like questioning the wisdom of recording that memorable walk among the ripening corn one Sabbath long ago, considering the bad effect of precedent on some people, you know.



THE MODEL MAJOR-GENERAL.
 LUARD KICKING UP AN AWFUL RUMPUS
 ALL ABOUT A TOWEL!

Our Funny Contributor was badly sold lately. He went into Cobourg to see his lady-love, but found she had gone up to the Fair, which led our Contributor to remark that he was afraid she was a fair deceiver. On his way home, our Contributor purchased some fruit on the train, so that his journey might not be altogether fruitless.