



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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The gravest beast is the Am; 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.**

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing 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 perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—We fear our artist has been a trifle too imaginative this week. It is probably too much to assert that Mr. Blake is as yet in the throes of composition—evolving a policy for his party. No indication of any such effort has of late been given by that secluded gentleman;—so far as the public knows, the great Reform Party still emulates the immortal Micawber in waiting for something to turn up. Perhaps, however, our draughtsman merely wished to depict a scene which would be refreshing to Crit eyes, and if Mr. Blake takes the hint no harm will be done.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Sir C. Tupper has left for England to assume the duties (without salary) of High Commissioner,—a post recently vacated by Sir A. T. Galt, who found \$10,000 a year insufficient to meet the exigencies of the position. Sir Charles, however, retains his seat in the Ministry with a salary of some \$8,000.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—GRIP finds it quite useless to argue with the rabid partizans who write him terror-inspiring protests against his cartoons. They are not open to reason on either side. Henceforth these correspondents, one and all, will be left to rest calmly in the waste-paper basket, and meanwhile GRIP, conscious of his own rectitude and his whole-hearted devotion to Canada, will simply refer the party hacks to the little picture on the eighth page of this issue, and consider the matter settled.



Those clever fellows, Fred and Fawdon Vokes, with a select company, have given us something new in their peculiar line at the Grand, this week. Their play is entitled "In Camp."

On Wednesday evening next the Standard Opera Co., of New York, will give the first representation of a new comic opera, entitled "Bunthorne Abroad, or The Lass that Loved a Pirate." The libretto is by Mr. J. W. Bengough (editor of this paper), and presents an entirely original plot, in which the principal characters and best music of "Pinafore," "Patience," and the "Pirates of Penzance" are introduced. The work is in two acts, the scene being laid on the quarterdeck of the Pirate ship. Bunthorne having been disappointed in love, sails for America on a lecture tour, on the pirate craft, mistaking it for an "honest trader." He is seized by the Pirates, who decide to hang him from the yard arm for having perverted their wives with æsthetic notions, but for good and sufficient reasons they forgive him. Later on the Pirate ship is overtaken by H.M.S. Pinafore, and boarded by Capt. Rackstraw, Sir Joseph Porter, Dick Deadeye, and others, when a good deal of funny "business" ensues. The Pirates' escape by a ruse suggested by Bunthorne, and all ends happily, the æsthetic poet securing the hand and heart of Ethel, a ward of the Pirate King, whom he has loved throughout the play. The Standard Company is strong both in voices and dramatic ability, and a capital performance may be anticipated.



**CONGRATULATIONS.**

HON. OLIVER.—Very good indeed for one so young!

**ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.**

**DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.**

"MR. GRIP, you know everything; can you tell me from whom the Welsh are descended?" asks Ap-Shinks.

Wales was first peopled, not by Jonah, as some would tell you, but by a few individuals and their wives shortly after the deluge. History has preserved the names of Caractacus, Llewellyn, Jenkins, Morgan, Meredith and Jones. Half the population of Wales claim descent from the first two mentioned, and half the remainder from the last.

When the languages were distributed at Babel, some midnight prowlers stole the Welsh tongue, and basely extracted the vowels from it; at the same time they threw away the Russian in disgust, which, lying exposed to the night air, accounts for the 'offskis,' 'atishouskis' and 'sniffskis' in that language. The Welsh are especially patriotic. They call themselves the *Old Cymri*, and for the very love of similarity of sound, drink *wholesome rye*, of which they are extremely fond, and call oddwicrddllwfr. (See Ap-Jones Ap-Rhuys on Carmarthen Toddy, and Burrows on Welsh Rabbits.)

"Who was Pestal?" enquires MAY; "I heard a beautiful song of that name, and was told it was called after its author."

Pestal was a Russian prisoner, and was put to death by being blown from a mortar, at least so says report. He was a chemist who had attempted to poison the czar, and the insignia so frequently seen in front of modern drugstores are said to have had their origin with Mr. Pestal and the mode of his death. The song, "Pestal," was found written on the wall of the cell in which the author had been confined, and has rendered his name immortal.

Musty would like to know what the legend of St. Dunstan is.

He shall be informed. Like all othersaints, Dunstan was a very good man, and, of course, the Evil One, very properly for him, no doubt, determined to make the saint as bad as himself; but the good man rejected every temptation. 'Auld Klobtie,' as a last resort, visited him in his cell, and, triumphantly reckoning on the irresistibility of his offer, presented him with a fee entail of an Irish estate, on condition of his living on it. Dunstan, fully appreciating this, quickly stirred the fire until the tongs were red hot and then adroitly seized the tempter by the nose, with the expression "Is it 'Boycotting' me ye'd be, ye ould villain?" The monkish legends speak rapturously of the horrible gyrations of the fiend under the muscular manipulation of the saint. The nasal organ in question still bears the indelible marks of this interview, and to this day ardent interviewers of the evil spirit in a liquid form, as tentatively display the ineffaceable souvenir, and the brotherhood of the 'Jolly Red Nose' is one recognized everywhere.

**IN THE GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.**

**THE AMATEUR ELEMENT.**

It will probably be admitted by all who know anything about the drama that it has few adherents more faithful, none more devoted, than the amateur actor. From whatever grade he may have sprung, and whatever his degree of proficiency, he belongs to a class that is distinguished from the rest of mankind by the love of its members for the histrionic art; and whether he be a descendant of that noble line, the features of the scions of which have "that repose that marks the caste of Vero de Vere," or whether he be the humblest little clerk that ever sold a few yards of ribbon behind a counter, there is one touch of Nature in their common love of that art that makes the whole of this little world kin.

Indeed, in its way, quite a little world apart is that in which amateur actors live. There is as marked a difference between them and the rest of society as between professional players.

As a rule, the amateur is a born actor (at least that is his impression), and whatever profession he may adopt in life, it is certain that he will always consider that the dramatic army, in failing to enlist him, lost a valuable recruit. And this view is not altogether un-