

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The act of the demented Guiteau was done, according to his own declaration, for the purpose of "saving the Republican Party." It is not beyond hope that it may really affect that great end, though not in the way intended by the assassin. It has effectually opened the eyes of the people of the United States to the magnitude of the spoils system which curses their civil service, and may tend to nerve the arms and swell the ranks of the reformers who have been manfully struggling against this great evil. The tragic event of July 2nd may also, it is hoped, act as a timely admonition to our own public men. Canada is fast following in the steps of the Republic in the matter of the odious axiom, "To the victors belong the spoils." Notwithstanding the sensible warning words of Dufferin, spoken as his valedictory, the struggle of the office-seekers has gone on as recklessly as ever. Indeed, there is practically little difference between the methods of the two countries; the advent of a new government at Ottawa is now as much the signal for a general scramble for places as it is at Washington. It was the spirit of partizan-ship, bred by the spoils system, that nerved the hand of Guiteau, and Canada has more of that demoniacal spirit than any other country of equal population on earth.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Appearances indicate that Gladstone will be permitted to crown a life of unexampled brilliancy and success with an act of statesmanship which will be a fitting key-stone to complete the arch. His Irish Land Bill is now regarded with favor by a large section of the people of that turbulent isle, and is generally looked upon as containing the basis of a really permanent settlement of the grievances so long complained of. The House of Lords, of course, has acted with the obstructionists, but the opposition of the aristocratic faction is now likely to be borne down by the overwhelming force of popular opinion. Paddy Gladstone has his nag well under way, and these old boys will have to clear the track or the jaunting car, containing the whole weight of John Bull, will go clean over their venerable but puerile forms.

To Correspondents.

A. S., Montreal.—Yes, of course we do.

H. M. W.,—Too late for this issue.

Author, Montreal. We cannot undertake to return manuscripts. Copies should be kept.

An Advertisement.

My name is Bill Jones, and my age twenty-two;
My hair is dark brown, and my eyes are light blue;
My brow is expansive, the people all say,
And in spite of my trials, smiles o'er my lips play;
My cheek is as ruddy as a bright blooming rose;
My chin wears a dimple, and as for my nose,
It is not a Grecian, but a pure aquiline;
In fact I'm as handsome as ever was seen,
By any fastidious lady.

A "lady's companion" I wish to become,
Who has in the bank a considerable sum;
She must have a temper—and keep it herself—
(If she don't, she had better remain on the shelf.)
As for recommendations, I've them in galore,
And a similar "place" I have never filled before,
So now if you wish me, send quick by the post,
A letter and photo—or your chance may be lost—
To Bill Jones.

At Blank Square, Ninety-two.

The City.

How many have sung the praise of mine,
And all the country's wonders fine,
Of sheep and goats, of wheat and oats,
And even of weasels, frogs, and stoats?
But I will chant the city's praise,
Nor follow the popular country craze—
Oh much maligned, yet often kind,
Great world of progress, thought, and mind,
With joy I recall thy steeples tall;
Who sees not thy goodness is awfully blind.

What is it the country is noted for, eh?
Is it horrible beasts that on other ones prey?
Is it bullocks and pigs of remarkable girth,
Or horses and sheep of phenomenal worth,
Or trees and flowers the best upon earth?
Whatever is wonderful, fine, or fair,
Come up to the city, you'll find it there.

Do you want to see the tall palm tree spring,
And up to the sky its great branches fling,
Or do you think much of the butterfly's wing,
Or beautiful birds that quite heavenly sing?
Be it bird, beast, or fish, or a mineral thing,
What is it, what is it you most admire?
In the city its plenty your eye will tire.

For the city's museum, the spade and pick
Have robbed of its treasures earth's covering thick,
Every mineral is there with long names and to spare,
Gold, silver, and tinning-fork, metal so rare—
The best of fine cattle, the best of their milk,
The best of all fruit, of all flowers, of all silk,
Are all sent for the city's particular ilk—
It is just as if mad, the poor country folks had
Elected to keep for themselves what was bad.

I was once in the country where fig gardens waved,
It was by the sea side, and the fishermen braved
The toils of the ocean, their brows were engraved
With wrinkles like ruts in a road that's not paved—
These fishermen old, with their manners so bold,
Would scarce sell you some fish if you offered them gold.

When I wanted a fig, why I went to a store,
And got figs from a hundred miles off or more:
All the produce you know to the city must go,
Little fruit is ate there where the apple trees grow.

But the best of the town are its men of renown,
Its learning, its genius, its courts, and its crown,
Its colleges, temples, its science, and art,
And its homes of allaying the sufferer's smart,
But the best of the best are its ladies, I ween,
From the smiling young seamstress right up to the queen.

"He's a Cockney," you say, "let him have his own way."

He was bred upon paving stones, mortar, and clay,
For the town at its best with prosperity blest,
Can't compare with the country by nature's hand
Dress't."

That's just where you make a confounded mistake,
For the country all animal longings may slake,
But sooner or later you'll find by-and-bye,
Man has multiform needs which it cannot supply.

"Grip" on the Good News of the President's Recovery.

One serious word our comic page must say,
By that sick chamber pausing, hushed, and awed,
In hope that he, her stricken chief, this day,
To the Republic be given back by God!

Let that high heart and gallant voice grow strong,
Or more persuasion in their weakness now,
Rebuke the license that doth freedom wrang,
And brand foul murder's stain on faction's brow.
C.P.M.

SLASHBUSH ON THE U. S. SITUATION.

"I'm glad of one thing," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister Almira, as they sat in the shade of the old homestead, looking in admiration at the fields and orchards extending far away to the edge of the beach, and that formed the eastern boundary of the Slashbush estate. The setting sun's rays lighted up the lux-

uriant fruit of the cherry trees, which drooped beneath their weight. As the novelist says, "It was, in truth, a lovely scene."

"Yes, Almira, I'm glad of one thing—he's not a Canadian after all."

"Who on earth are ye talking about now?" asked his sister.

"Who! Who, but the infamous villain whose features are so graphically portrayed here," said Gustavus, producing from his pocket a *Globe* with a cut of the assassin Guiteau emblazoned thereon.

"Why, that's a colored man," exclaimed Almira, "what about him?"

"No, Almira, it is *not* a colored man, except that he being a red handed assassin may entitle him to be called so. I suppose the special artist of the paper wished to paint him in as dark colors as possible, that's all. No, Almira, that is a flattering portrait of the wretch who shot President Garfield."

"What made he shoot him?" asked the matter of fact though uninformed Almira.

"Ah! Almira! why, indeed? That's what puzzles a great many. If he was an antocrat like the Czar of Russia, who sends thousands yearly to the mines of Siberia for life, or even some of the other great potentates of Europe, who virtually beslave their young men for years in military servitude, there might be some apparent excuse given for the act; but in a country which claims to be the best governed and most enlightened on earth, it is sad to think that such shocking affairs should happen.

"Perhaps he had somethin' agin him privately," suggested Almira.

"No, nothing of the sort, except that he was disappointed in getting a situation he looked for, as was the case with thousands of others. Ha! thousands, that's where it is! There's a thousand applicants for every vacancy, and in the States at election times many people get imbued with the idea that because they have made it their business to work for a party's interest they *must* have something from the nation to repay them for their exertions. You'll see it here, Almira, often enough, but the feeling is not quite so strong, because there is not such a clean sweep made of government officials as in the States. I'm glad the people over there are awakening to the fact. It is the desire for the "spoils of office" that has caused this dastardly deed," said our philosopher. It is the spoils

"Spiles!" said old Slashbush, who at this moment opened the back door and came upon the scene. "Spiles! Git up and harness that bay team in the democrat waggon, or I'll spile you," and the old man retired muttering, "What on earth am I to do with that long-tongued critter?"

Nursery Rhymes.

There was an old shoddy named Crichton,
Who rode out each day in a pillion,
He said he'd more room,
In a laudan or brougham,
But the pillion was more cleveiton.
There was a young lady named Vaux,
And her lovers all bothered her saux,
That she thought it befitin',
To give them the mitten,
And replied to them all, "Not for Jaux."