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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, after a successful passage of the Lower House, is now being discussed in the Upper Chamber. The temper displayed by the peers makes it probable that it will ultimately be handed back to its originators in something of the condition represented in our cartoon.

FRONT PAGE.—Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, duly elected M.P. for Northampton, made a physical force attempt to enter the British House of Commons and take his seat one day last week, but was prevented by the authorities of the House, aided by the police. He signifies his intention to renew the struggle, though it is said he sustained serious injuries in the scrimmage attending the former effort. We have elsewhere in this issue expressed our opinion on the question involved in this unpleasantness.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Yonge street, from King to Queen, is at present "No thoroughfare, by order of the City Engineer," the work of laying a new pavement being in progress. Grip is glad to see Yonge street improved, for there was plenty of room for it—but he joins with the majority of the citizens in condemning the one-horse manner in which the contract is being carried out. If the present system continues, it will be months before the job is finished, whereas an increase in the number of men, and the addition of a night gang would greatly expediate matters. Electric light has been suggested, but the contractors declare it would be too expensive. Our cartoon suggests another method by which our city aldermen might assist the contractor and prove that they are really of some use to the ratepayers.

The agitation at present going on amongst the dynamite wing of the Fenian body, and the universal wail we are hearing over Ireland's wrongs, may commend this "Happy Thought" to the attention of some of the hot-headed patriots.

To Correspondents.

H. J. C.—Verses respectfully declined, chiefly on account of the extensive repairs needed before they are suitable for use.

Alarmed Reader of the Mail.—Calm your fears; Hartmann has not joined Blake and Laurier in the lower Provinces. His whereabouts at the present moment are unknown.

Cell.—Many thanks for your letter, with enclosed clipping of a "vile insult to a race that, whatever their faults, could never be accused of cowardice." You cannot belong to that race or you would not have sent us an anonymous letter, therefore we trust your personal feelings have not been injured.

Yonge Street Merchant.—You should not allow your feelings to get the better of you. Be reasonable, and reflect that so long as the car-tracks are torn up and the street in that impassable condition, you can carry on your business without having the constant din of the wheels in your ears, and need fear no annoyance from the snow blockade battles you suffered from last winter.



The Press Association party who participated in the excursion this year numbered 22 genuine journalists and, according to the Peterborough *Examiner*, "one interloper." A very pleasant time was enjoyed by the brethren of the quill, chiefly due to the presence of Mr. Stewart of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, who was pronounced "a genius and the prince of good fellows." Mr. A. J. Barker Pen-ø, of the *Kingston Whig* was elected president of the Association for the ensuing year.

Collectors of literary curiosities should find space in their albums for the unique series of lingual variations on the popular gag, "Are you going to the ball this evening? Not this evening," etc., etc., which have just been concluded in *Puck*. Commencing when the expression first came out, *Puck* has given it regularly every week since, each repetition being in a different language, all genuinely translated. A Sanscrit version, and a rendition into the native tongue of the Sandwich Islands, in last week's number, concluded the series.

Messrs. James Campbell & Sons have favored us with some specimens of their Christmas cards, already in the market for the approaching season. The cards are of highly artistic design and execution, and are entirely worthy of the London house from which they come.

"Fair Trade" is good. The genius who hit upon the phrase is the natural heir of Beaconsfield, and ought to get the leadership forthwith. It is commented on as a peculiar coincidence that John A. happened to be in England when the happy battle-cry first made its appearance.

By the way, seriously, if Sir John was a little younger (though he is even now many years the junior of Gladstone) he would make a first rate successor to the late Earl. He has many of the mental as well as physical endowments of Beaconsfield, and approaches more nearly to that statesman in capacity for leading a party than any of the English public men. And if the arrangement suited the Conservatives of the old country it would no doubt suit our Premier still better. He would not give the world so many scholarly aphorisms as Dizzy might, but there would undoubtedly be a repetition of the policy of glitter and jingo.

The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears to retain its hold on the affections of the people more than any similar work in existence. At present this fine drama is receiving an elaborate representation at the Pavilion by Mr. Fred R. Wern's Company. A pack of genuine Southern bloodhounds take part in the performance, which is realistic in the extreme.

The Oddfellows' Grand Lodge of Ontario have been holding a gala in Brantford this week, and as a consequence the gay little city has been gayer than ever, whereas the merchants have had cause to rejoice. The visiting brethren were handsomely treated, which is no more than they deserved, for a better lot of men than the Oddfellows, taking them all round, do not exist.

The *Saturday American* comes to us from Toledo, O. It is a handsomely printed sheet of the society gossip order so popular across the lines, and appears to be well edited. The editor, however, is rather too much given to the dispensing of taffy to his brother paragraphers, devoting in fact a regular department in each issue to this sweetmeat business. The *American* is good, but what sort of a citizen is a *Saturday American*?

The people of Quebec are excessively touchy on certain points, especially on all subjects appertaining to their ecclesiastical relations. The *Globe* correspondent has aroused a hornet's nest by stating a few simple facts as he alleges them to be, whereas the editor expresses astonishment. He should have been prepared for this sort of thing, for the social condition of the Province of Quebec could no more be treated of without taking the priesthood into account than *Hamlet* could be played without the Prince.