



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tougal McTuff.—Good. Come again.

Charley Jay.—Your articles will appear in due course—one of them in *Grip's Almanac* for '83, now in course of construction.

F. J. M.—Splendid. Call and welcome.

Inquirer.—Author's name and address should accompany each article sent in. We cannot undertake to reply by mail nor return rejected MSS, unless stamped and directed envelopes are enclosed.

ARTICLES and EXCHANGES received:—W.O. C.D., Montreal; J. Loes, C.P.M. *Pat*, Dublin; *Moonshine*, London; Pamphlet, J.L.F.; *Puck*, *Judge*, New York; *Western Figaro*, Plymouth; *Bellman*, Hull; *Owl* and *Dart*, Birmingham; *Momus*, Manchester. Where are you, *Yorkshireman*?

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Hon. Mr. Crooks, Minister of Education for Ontario, has withdrawn Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" from the list of text-books now in use in the schools on the ground, 1st, that it contains passages offensive to Roman Catholics, and 2nd, passages that are questionable in their morality. This Mr. Crooks is the same gentleman who but a short time ago appointed "Marmion" as a text book, and, as far as we can learn, the objectionable passages were in it at that time. This new "death of Marmion" has caused a good deal of amusement at the Minister's expense, though it has brought a much deeper feeling of pleasure to the breast of Archbishop Lynch and his co-religionists.

FIRST PAGE.—The disgusting hypocrisy of the *Globe* and *Mail* was never more strikingly manifested than in the "discussion" now going on over the interdiction of "Marmion" by Mr. Crooks. Mr. C. is a Grit, and therefore the *Globe* holds that "Marmion" ought to be interdicted, although this same pious fraud a few months ago defended Voltaire's "Pocket Theology," when it was interdicted by the Custom House officer of this city. But the Custom House officer was a *Tory*, of course. The *Mail* Tartuffe is in precisely the same box.

In the Paton dispute, it violently denounced Voltaire's work, and defended its party-pal, while now it turns its smut machine on Crooks, and defends "Marmion." But, of course, Crooks is a Grit. Canadian journalism is disgraced by these smug-faced hypocrites, neither of whom know what the word morality means where politics may be concerned.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir John and his sympathisers have received a bad set-back on the Crooks-act question by the Methodist conference, in the resolution which is copied in the cartoon. There is one supreme satisfaction about this expression of opinion—namely, that it cannot possibly be considered as inspired by political motives—the Methodist ministry being largely Conservative in politics.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH ARABI.

Between sleeping and wak'ng GRIP has received intelligence by inspiration, and states on this authority that P. T. Barnum is prepared to offer for Arabi twice what he gave for Jumbo, and as Arabi has always been in Egypt a man high above other men, he is in the future to ride Jumbo. O'Donovan Rossa has offered a fabulous sum as rent for the pair when not on other circuit, and the proceeds are to be applied to fitting out an expedition to free unhappy Ireland—assist in the next Egyptian rebellion, or any other earnest scheme that may shake the British Lion by the mane and tail. Let England Beware!

THE TWO DOGS.

A FABLE WITH AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

One evening, as a big dog was trotting along the sidewalk, he passed a picket fence, the gate of which was securely fastened, and the pickets so close together that he could not possibly get through if he had wanted to. A small dog in the enclosed yard set up a tremendous barking and snarling at the big fellow outside, who became quite angry, but could do nothing but swear to himself.

"Never mind," said the larger dog, "I'll see you later, when I'll give you fits." "Not this evening, some other evening, good evening, bow-wow-wow," said the despicable little cur behind the fence, and the big dog trotted away.

Next day, the latter had occasion to pass the same yard, and behold! the gate was open. He entered, and there was the little dog, who, however, kept his mouth severely shut this time, and didn't shoot it off worth a cent. "What d'ye bark at me for, yesterday?" said the big dog.

"It wasn't me, sir," said the ungrammatical little dog, "it was another dog looked just like me."

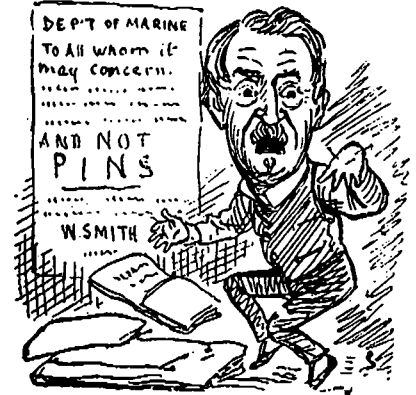
"You're another!" rejoined the big chap, "I know you by your voice. I'm going to lick you."

But the little dog was so positive in his denial of having ever even seen the big dog before, that the latter finally had to go away unrevenged.

THE MORAL,

which is not exactly a moral is this. When an editor in his paper gets very abusive of some individual, and thinks he is all solid, way up four or five pairs of stairs, and is afterwards confronted in his sanctum by the abused individual, with a biceps like a ham and limbs like a Dundas girl's, he always doesn't think the fellow who wrote that article is in just now: doesn't know, in fact, who it was that *did* write it, anyhow; is extremely sorry that it crept into the paper; and so on, very much like the little dog. Ponder this, editors.

SWIZ.



A POINTED NOTICE.

Mr. Deputy Minister of Marine Smith does not appear to be a gentleman who has a very keen perception of the point of a joke, or he would never have issued the following Official Notice, which, however, demonstrates that he can feel the point of a pin.

"To all whom it may concern.

MARINE DEPT.,
Ottawa, Sept. 18th, 1882.

In attaching letters or papers together, a small piece of common string should be used, *and not pins*, as in getting them out, and in the official bag, in the office and at my house, the pins stick into my fingers and render the papers difficult of handling.

(Signed)

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine.

NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

FASHIONABLE SCIENCE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Taking it for granted that your readers and yourself have noticed, if you have not regretted, my silence, I will begin, as ladies usually do, by apologising and explaining. The apology please take for granted, the explanation lies in the word *illness*. Yes, the subduer of Emperors, Bishops, and Generals stooped so low as to subdue your humble correspondent. Having regained my freedom, however, I return gladly to my duty. It is no light or unimportant duty that of showing the beauty, sincerity, grandeur, and happiness of the men and women who live in and for society, and whose noble and elevating object in life is to shine therein. Some people, I have heard, consider us fools, and to refute this accusation I wrote my last letter on the "Science of Dress." I showed to my entire satisfaction that it is the most important science in the realm of thought and that we of fashion are proficient in it. Now I would speak of another science, which if less important is more widely understood. I mean the science of "Flirtation." There are some who while they love dress, know nothing whatever of it as a science, but take any lady or gentleman you like, from the shyest school girl or boy to the crankiest of maid or bachelor, place them under favorable circumstances and they will flirt in a most scientific manner. That this science is not only useful but absolutely necessary, I need not waste time to prove. Just picture to yourself, society without it! Horror! Such a picture is impossible; for balls and parties, concerts and skating rinks, in fact all the entertainments in which society indulges must die a natural death without it. Every one acknowledges that while dress is the great duty, flirting is the great pastime of society. I venture to say that there are many among us who have never given a serious thought to any subject