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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.—Mr. Plumb's strictures on Grip, in the Mail, (to which allusion is elsewhere made in this issue), were followed by an editorial outburst in the Montreal Gazette, the organ of Mr. Thos. White, M.P. Mr. Plumb's letters were well written, and, under the circumstances, in every way creditable to him; the Gazette's remarks were bitter, untruthful, and malignant. Between the two or ous poor Cook Robin has come to a sad end, and thousands of mourning subscribers will drop a tear over his lively remains.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The first exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is now in progress at Halifax. Those who are unable to attend personally will have to content themselves with the "view" here given. With two or three exceptions the figures represented are those of well known Halifax citizens.

**Farewell to the Duster.**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this duster: I remember The first time ever Tompkins put it on; 'Twas on a red hot evening, on the stoop. That day he won the race up at the cricket ground; Look, in this place, bit Snider's bull-dog through; See what a slit Dick Jackson's terrier made; Through this Jones' pup two eye-teeth jabbed, And, as he tore a mouthful quick away, You should have seen how Tompkins' head got up, As rushing down the street, he wildly asked If that canine was often taken that way, or no; For Jones' dog, you know, was Tompkins' pet, And Tompkins, you can bet, thought something of him. This was the most worst trick of all: For when our poor friend Tompkins felt him grip, Pedestrianism, quicker than the record, Developed in him; then burst his gulluses, And, in his duster tripping up his feet, Even at the foot of Jarvis street, Which all the while was full of mud, poor Tompkins fell. O, what a drop was that, you fellows! Then I, and you, and all of us cleared out, Whilst all these dogs careered round Tompkins. O, now you laugh! and I perceive, you think It sort of funny; you're a sturdy crowd, Brave boys. What, laugh you when you now behold This busted duster? Look you here. Here is himself, and if you don't look out, He'll knock the whole party of you into the Middle of next week, and don't you forget it. (Exeunt omnes.)

SCRANTON.

A Kentucky boy while playing base-ball, Sunday, was struck by lightning. He was very fortunate that it wasn't the ball that hit him.—Boston Post.

SIR HECTOR AT CORNWALL.

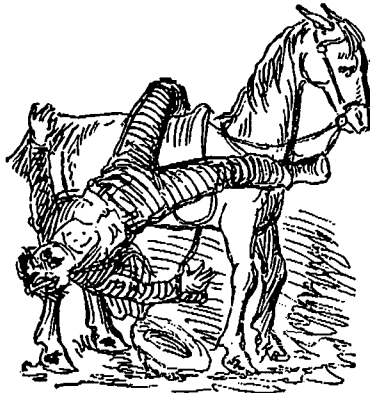
CORNWALL RESTAURANT.



(VERGE-TS LEFT ME OF THE GREAT LANGEVIN FIZZLE AT CORNWALL, BY THE "GLOBE'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Reception Committee (at head of table).—Well, waiter, what have you got for our distinguished visitor?

Waiter.—Nothing, sir, but a little cold shoulder!



(ANECDOTE TO THE ABOVE BY SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL," FROM A RELIABLE GENTLEMAN OF CORNWALL.)

The Langevin reception was the grandest affair of the kind we have ever seen in Cornwall. The only failure about it was the failure of the Globe's correspondent to keep his place on his horse in the procession, owing to the influence of old rye.

**Mrs. Briggs on the Perihelion.**

Which I don't believe I ever did put in such a time, an' Briggs he said "Stuff an' nonsense, old gal, cum to bed, can't yer?" "Not if I die for it, Briggs," says I, "an' you oughter be ashamed of yourself, a thinkin' of goin' to bed this blessed night when yer doesn't know as there's ever goin' to be another mornin'." An' Briggs, he only laughed in an aggravatin' sort of way an' says, "Well, old gal, I'm off, an' you can call me when you see anythin' a cummin'." Briggs is that unbelievin' about things it makes me all of a tremble when I think on it. Says I, "Am't yer read it in the papers, an' don't they know everythin' as is goin' to happen, an' if they say there's to be a perry-he-lion, is sich a ignoramus as you agoin' to dispute it?" An' Briggs, he said he didn't know nothin' about no he lions nor tigers neither, he only knowed he was agoin' to bed, an' I was that vexed I let him, though I could a pinched him, that I could. I didn't know jist wot to expect, cos sum said one thing an' sum another, so I jist went an' stood at the winder a lookin' an' a tremblin' like anythin'. An' after a while

there was that Briggs a snorin' in the next room like a pig with a bad cold. It giv' me the creeps to hear it, that it did, for I thought as how, wot if he should never wake no more? Which I couldn't forgit as he was my husban' an' the father of the little an' as only lived three weeks, an' then went where the poor little thing wouldn't never cry no more. So I went an' stood over him an' "Briggs," says I, "it's a most three o'clock, wouldn't yer like to wake up now an' be redly for wots a cummin'?" "Bother," says he, "don't worry me, old gal, I'm too sleepy to talk; cum ter bed, can't yer?" Which I couldn't a thought a man would a bin so blind to the warnins as the papers give, for he jist turned over an' began to snore agen like all possessed. I was that struck all of a heap I didn't know what to do, and jist then I heard the fast stroke of three on the clock. All of a -hale I was, so I give Briggs a great pinch an' pulled the clothes of him an' rushed to the winder to look for the perry-he-lion. Would yer a believed it—there wa'n't nothin' to be seen but jist the slays a shinni' as calm an bright as little Willie's eyes afore he was took? Thinks I to myself, thinks I—the clock's fast, an' I waited an' waited expectin' a earthquake an' I didn't know wot, but all was as quiet as a cat a watchin' a mouse. Then I remembered all to wunce as the clock was a quarter slow, an' says I, them papers as bin a lyin', an' I'll never believe them no more. An' thankful I felt as they was all liars, not but wot they oughter be punished for frightnin' people so an' keepin' them awake most all the night. I was that tight hearted I went an' knelt down an' said my prayers quite heart-felt like, an' then crept into bed an' giv' Briggs sich a hug as most wakened him. I felt that dead tired I was asleep in less than half a minit, an' didn't wake till near ten o'clock on the blessed Sunday mornin'. Briggs says the next time there's a perry-he-lion he hopes as I'll be able to tell him wot its like, but you won't catch me a sittin' up half the night for another, you bet, wotever them nasty papers may say.

**Double U. Tea Ache Mus., Emm., Dia., Ell., Ell., Doc.**

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I notice among your numerous and well-deserved titles that of F. I. D., and I am surprised you have not welcomed to that high plain of scholastic distinction, one of Canada's sons and Toronto's citizens, who has recently been hooded by a distinguished university which is noted for its stringency in requiring great literary attainments in those upon which it confers honorary degrees. In this recent bestowal of the degree of L.L. D., this university has maintained its character for wise discretion in selecting persons only who have won renown in the fields of literature and science. The gentleman honored, and who in turn so honors (or pays) the university, is well known as a constant contributor to scientific and literary journals, and as a distinguished member of many scientific societies. The profession which has the honor to claim him as a member, is much indebted to him for his discourses in medical science, and for the unselfish manner in which he has worked to advance its interests apart from self. As an author of many works on medical subjects, as a regular contributor to the medical press during the thirty years he has been in practice; as an active member of medical societies, always ready with original and practical papers; and withal, as one so indifferent to office and self-interest, he has made himself beloved by all his conferees. His articles on scientific matters, apart from medicine, enrich Canadian, American, and foreign journals. In a word all that he has done to entitle him to the honor is simply immense. And how beautiful the relationship between the *alma mater* and the *alumnus*. Please record this happy family event.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS —