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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 defection of Sir Win. P. Howland from the Conservative party—caused, it is presumed, by the Government's action in the Pacific Railway Syndicate matter—and his somewhat ostentatious re-entry into the Liberal ranks by occupying the chair at the recent banquet to Hon. Edward Blake, is an incident which has given rise to considerable comment in political circles. Sir Win. Howland was originally a member of the "Grit" party, and as such entered the Coalition Government by which Confederation was achieved. He did not retire after that object had been accomplished, but remained in his Conservative allegiance until last session of Parliament, when the offer sent in by himself and other Canadian capitalists to build the Pacific Railway on terms more favorable to the country than were those which the Ministry had laid before the House was rejected. The effusion with which Sir William's return has been greeted by Mr. Blake—and the suggestion immediately thrown out by the latter that an Opposition seat should be secured for the "prodigal" in Parliament—is typically depicted in the cartoon. At the same time it may be mentioned that there are not wanting a good many "elder brothers" in the Grit family who feel hurt at the manner of Sir William's reception.

ERRATA PAGE.—The question of the future leadership of the Conservative party continues to agitate the public mind. The rival aspirants for the office are popularly supposed to be Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley, and the present condition of the party—during the absence from Canada of Sir John Macdonald—is aptly represented by the equine monstrosity in the sketch.

The adjoining sketch is a playful allusion to the absence just mentioned. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Gordon Brown (his political *hete noir*, of the *Globe*) sailed from Quebec for England in the same steamer, Saturday 21st. It was currently reported that Mr. Brown's departure meant the severance of his connection with the *Globe*, and his permanent settlement in the old land. Hence the pun imputed to Sir John.

The London Disaster.

The river's bank, in its fair morning verdure,
Echoes the myriad voices of a throng
Of merry-makers, loosed from thralls of labor,
Free as the air, and thrilled with such a joy
As Queens know nothing of,
For though it be a royal holiday,
The monarch, bound in golden chains of State,
Must learn the art from the blest sons of toil.
If she would keep it royally

The river's bank at eventide is grim,
And echoes cries of anguish, grief and woe;
The grassy slope that nursed the morning beam,
Now bears a ghastly burden of the dead;
And torches, held in trembling hands of love,
—Sullenly mirrored in the passive stream,
As black and cruel as human avarice—
Move to and fro, casting at once, alas!
The light of hope, and darkness of despair!

Take up the dead ones; give them solemn shrouds
Instead of these poor trappings of the park;
Lay them away to rest, and weep for them;
Nor let us be unapt to lay to heart,
The lesson taught at such an awful cost.

Announcement Extraordinary.

It has been intimated to the public that during the absence of Mr. Goldwin Smith abroad the *Bystander* will be suspended. The admirers of that brilliant periodical will be overjoyed to learn that this is not the case, as an eminent literary Personage, not less renowned for his mastery of English than the celebrated Professor himself, and a great deal more influential than that gentleman can ever hope to be, has been prevailed upon to carry on the work during the "moral interregnum." In other words Mr. Gur, M.A., L.L.D., etc., has succumbed to the pressure brought to bear upon him from various quarters and will take up Mr. Smith's pen immediately after the steamer sails from Quebec. *Bystander*, however, will not appear in magazine form, but will be condensed into a couple of columns and have a place amongst the other good things in the pages of this journal.

Answers to Correspondents.

Civil Service, Ottawa.—No, we have not the slightest intention of removing our Office to Ottawa, in order that the Minister of Customs may assume the sub-editorship of GRIP in addition to his official duties.

Thomas White, Montreal.—Yes, we think you have deserved well of your party, but remember—you are a young member yet, if an old soldier in the cause. Your claim for a portfolio in a Conservative Government will probably be recognized in some future shuffle of the cards.

Professor Hind.—Pray don't trouble yourself to furnish us with facts and figures to prove the correctness of your position on the Fishery Award. The public are sick of your figures and do not believe your facts. Are you fond of proverbs? Here is one that seems peculiarly suited to you. "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest."

D-r-l-n-g.—We beg to refer you to our Montreal Commissioner's despatch, in our present issue, for a brief account of the nature of the dispute between the two Archbishops. No, we think it natural you should feel an interest in the church of which they are such distinguished dignitaries.

Isaac B r p-e, St. John.—We are unable to inform you why a member of the House of Commons, from your Province, was not chosen to replace the Minister of Justice in the Cabinet. If you are spoiling for a fight it is not a far road to Pictou. There will be music in the air of that district ere long, and you, as an ex-Minister may aid in swelling the strains.

M. P. Ry-n, M. P., Montreal.—You overrate our influence with the powers that be, when you say that a word from us would secure you either the Montreal Collectorship of Customs, or the Wardenship of the Penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul. Apart from that, we would not, if we could, assist you to the Collectorship, but think the Government might, with propriety, give you the Wardenship of the Penitentiary, supervising always that it is the duty of governments to reward steady partisanship.



MOVEMENTS IN HIGH SOCIETY.

The anniversary of Her Majesty's Birthday was this year signalized by an event—or rather two events—which will long be remembered amongst the *elite* of the Dominion. Upon that auspicious day the high honor of Knighthood was conferred upon—but let us borrow the spirit of our esteemed contemporary the *Mail* to chronicle the first ceremony, which took place at Quebec.

At the hour of noon His Excellency Sir John Sutherland Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne, proceeded to the royal purple room, where were assembled a brilliant galaxy of Canadian noblemen, duchesses and promiscuous gentry. In a few well chosen words he intimated that the Queen had authorized him to make a Knight of Mr. Hector L. Langevin. Her Majesty did not know Mr. Langevin personally and had never heard of him excepting on one occasion when his name had been mixed up with some \$82,000 or so, but her faithful Ministers of the Dominion Government had assured her that he was as good raw material as the majority of Canadian knights were made of, and the bestowal of the honour would, Her Majesty hoped, put an end to the importunities with which she had lately been pestered. The ceremony was then successfully performed and Sir Hector Langevin arose with his chances for the leadership immeasurably improved.



From our contemporary the *World* we learn that at the same hour His Worship Dan Dwan, Mayor of Lombard Street, conferred a similar honor upon the distinguished Toronto citizen, Doc Sheppard.

Mr. Gur congratulates both gentlemen upon their elevation to the giddy heights of Canadian nobility, and trusts they may long live to roll logs and push carts in a manner that will shed lustre on the history of their country.