



### "BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

THE CAPTAIN—(to rev. tourist) "Well, Mr. Fourthly, I hope your trip has done you good, and that you are returning to your work with renewed vigor."

REV. MR. FOURTHLY.—"O, yes, it has benefitted me immensely. I feel positively like a giant,—I believe I can preach twice a week for the next twelve months without breaking down!"

### MISTAKE, SORRY TO SAY.

LIKE many other persons and papers, GRIP finds himself unhappily mistaken as to the attitude of the Papal Delegate, Satolli, on the liquor traffic. It now appears, from official explanations of the exact scope of his late decision, that Mgr. Satolli has, as a matter of fact, expressed no opinion upon the question of saloon-keeping; he has simply decided that it is within the province of any Bishop to make such rules as to the Church's relations to liquor sellers (or any other matter involving the well-being of his flock) as he may think fit. The boquets we have been throwing to the Pope's representative, and the glory we have been ascribing to the Church as the future strong friend of the Home as against the Saloon, we are obliged regretfully to take back.

### MARS AN' US.

THERE seems to be a great hub-bub in astronomical circles again, over the planet Mars. All the big spy-glasses on earth are just now pointed Mars-wards, and a learned jabber-jabber is going on all round. The point of greatest interest at the moment is the alleged discovery of three lights on the planet placed so as to represent a triangle. This is interpreted to mean a communication to the inhabitants of earth, a D. H. telegraphic dispatch, as it were, reading in effect—"I am inhabited with intelligent beings. Understand elements Euclid. Do you? Answer. Mars." As a matter of courtesy we would like to comply and "answer," but the question is, how? Flammarion thinks he knows how it could be done, but as a last resort we can fall back on Edison, so the point need not worry us. The greater question is—after we have answered the triangle, and Mars has responded with a square figure, and we have replied with a circle, and have come to feel quite neighborly and well acquainted—the question is, what are we going to do about it?"

THE latest form of dissipation in New York is the inhalation of nitrous oxide gas. The doctors declare it to be highly dangerous. None of the city Aldermen are known to indulge in it. Aldermen don't have to.

It is proposed to purchase the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, in which Thomas Carlyle lived for over forty years, but \$20,000 is required, and the appeal for funds doesn't seem to go with the British population. It looks as if there isn't quite so high a percentage of fools as the late Thomas estimated.

### A POINTER FOR MR. HILL.

MR. HILL, of the Industrial Exhibition, probably flatters himself that he has exhausted all the possibilities in the making up of an attractive programme. If so, we have a shock in store for his self-complacency. We want to show him that he can sit at the feet of the obscure country fair, and learn a few wrinkles, and so, without further prelude we submit a clipping from the advertisement of the Unionville Fair, held near Brockville, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th:

### "SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS"

"Include balloon ascension by Prof. Leo Stevens of New York, who will probably make an ascent at 2 p.m. the last of fair. Religious services by Salvationists at 11 a.m. the second day, and Rev. D. Winter for the Methodists at 1 p.m., and Rev. Dr. Sparling at 2 p.m. Services for the 3rd day announced from stand. Salvail's Pavilion Show and Eden Musce Combination, including Lee Whitton, weighing 715 pounds, and other specialties. Lyndhurst Brass Band of 20 instruments on the grounds the 2 last days. Sporting in the ring the last two days for purses aggregating over \$300. Candy kitchen in full operation each day. See dodgers for full particulars."

There! how is that? Mr. Hill will have to confess with an abashed brow that the happy thought of working in religious features in this style is something entirely original with the Unionville management, but is there any reason why he should not improve upon the idea next year himself?

### AFTER THE BANQUET.

"O H, papa, how nice?" exclaimed the mayor's boys and girls, when the presentation portrait was hung upon the wall of his "humble home." "How very nice! They've done you in oil, haven't they?" "Yes, dears, because that's the sort of a sardine I am," replied His Worship, with a comprehensive smile.

A FLOATING paragraph says that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given his daughters to understand that they are not to be great heiresses. This means, we suppose, that each of 'em will be cut off with a beggarly million or so.

IS'NT it queer how the Aldermen just happen to be around every time the Exhibition Directors are going to sit down to lunch with distinguished guest?



### ESCAPED A DREADED FATE.

RAGGLES—"What you so scairt about? Can't you see the snake's dead?"

JAGGLES—(Not yet out of his paroxysm of fright): "Oh! I—I thought 'twas alive and m-might bite me, and I'd be 'bliged to t-take w-w-whiskey!"