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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**To Correspondents.**

*Zoo.* The mock-turtle is caught in the neighborhood of Cape Cod.

*Ceremonians.* Green cotton umbrellas are not suitable for Archdeacons.

*Sweet Sixteen.* Clocks on stockings were invented by Queen ELIZABETH and do not date from the Order of the Garter.

*A Naiad.* Wait till the public baths are opened, you will then get on swimmingly.

X. You write reminding us that GRIP has censured Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's political opinions, and you therefore infer that we have no right to censure your letter in the *Globe* abusing Mr. SMITH as a "carpet-bagger," and implying that he is a "traitor," a bad writer, and a person unfit for the high honor of being admitted to a Teachers' Convention. The cases are different. GRIP has never descended to treat Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, or any one else, with mean, vulgar abuse.

**Campaign Sheets for West Toronto.**

*(For the Beatty Party.)*

**Electors!**

Don't be bamboozled!

WRIGHT is a bad, bad man. Not only is he a rabid advocate of the Demoralizing and Dangerous Heresy of Rag Money, but he is in other respects an unfit person to represent the enlightened, intelligent and refined constituency of West Toronto.

Time would fail us to enumerate all the rascalities of this unhappy man, but we may mention that there is evidence to shew that he has been seen in the company of DENNIS KEARNEY, which fact alone is enough to secure his defeat. It is alleged on good authority also, that in his youthful days he was a notorious gobbler of marbles from smaller boys; later in his life he deliberately pled two columns of type in a respectable printing office; and every body who knows him is aware that he habitually steals political thunder from the great and only PHIPPS.

Electors! If there is a worse man than WRIGHT in America, that man is RYAN. You have all heard of the notorious RYAN-Goss prize fight. We need not dwell upon that brutalizing subject. Gentlemen, if you would save West Toronto from utter ruin; if you would see your grown-up sons prosperous, and your families happy and contented, vote against PETER RYAN. Gentlemen, P. RYAN is an Importer of Dry Goods—nay, worse, he is a Wholesale Importer. He is getting along well in business and growing wealthy. It behoves you, Electors, to say whether you wish to be ruled over by a proud and bloated plutocracy. Your only safe-

ty in this tremendous crisis lies in voting for BEATY! Down with WRIGHT and RYAN! Hurrah for BEATY and Prosperity!

*(For the Wright Party.)*

**Electors of West Toronto!**

A grave crisis is upon you. Summon all your energies and go forth as one man in the cause of WRIGHT and National Currency! We altogether deprecate the use of personal abuse in electoral contests, and therefore will not dwell upon the notorious infirmities of the two candidates, BEATY and RYAN, further than to say that they are well known to be bloated, bondholding Shylocks who support the iniquitous and lying system of Gold Basis and Banking Robbery. BEATY, moreover, is a ward politician, and as such, ought to be frowned down by all heads of respectable families. It will be in the recollection of all that he was one of the disorderly crowd that went skirmishing around Detroit and Chicago "examining pavements." Gentlemen, are you prepared to submit to this? As for RYAN, he is said to be respectable, and we would be the last to raise any question on this point. But, gentlemen, he is in the habit of taking luncheon at a pastry-cook's; and not only so, but he takes it at the unusual hour of 2 p. m. Are the Electors of West Toronto prepared to see their member carrying on in this disreputable manner? If not, vote for WRIGHT, who is no upstart TOMSONDY, but takes a good square dinner at noon, and is a tolerably honest and genuine working man. Down with RYAN and BEATY. Up with WRIGHT and the Rag Baby!

*(For the Ryan Party.)*

**Electors of West Toronto!!**

Though it may seem a work of supererogation to point out the vast moral and intellectual difference which exists between Mr. RYAN and his unworthy opponents in the present contest, nevertheless, we think it proper to do so. Mr. RYAN's record as a sound and successful business man in Toronto for the past seventy or eighty years is a sufficient reutation of the miserable, skulking insinuations which are being thrown out by BEATY and WRIGHT, both of whom are bad, wicked, and evil men. Though we despise personalities we cannot refrain from enumerating a few of the many misdemeanors which are laid to the charge of JAMES BEATY, Jr., and which that person will not dare to deny.

(1.) He has been known to go to a plain old-fashioned church on several Sunday mornings in succession.

(2.) Not only so, but while ostensibly engaged in worship, his thoughts have been known to wander to low, worldly matters pertaining to the City Council.

(3.) He habitually wears a hat of outrageous shape, calculated to bring the electors of West Toronto into contempt.

(4.) The fact that no city funds have been embezzled during Mr. BEATY's occupancy of the civic chair, is not to his credit, as it is a Mayor's simple duty—nothing more—to refrain from embezzling the public money.

With such a record as this, surely the electors of West Toronto will scorn to elect BEATY. As for WRIGHT, he is outwardly respectable, but he is a punster. We do not bring this serious charge against WRIGHT hastily or in hot blood. We speak advisedly, and are prepared to stand by the consequences. WRIGHT has been guilty of punning on innumerable occasions, and competent authorities testify that some of his puns are of the poorest and most far-fetched description. Gentlemen, consult your own domestic interests and vote for RYAN, who doesn't wander in church, who doesn't wear a disreputable hat, and who never makes a pun! Down with BEATY and WRIGHT. RYAN is the man for West Toronto!

The most incorrigible liar is the man who "lies at the point of death."

**"James" to the Fore.**

My dear Mr. GRIP:

My name is JAMES SNOBKINS, Esq. I am the scion of an ancient and honorable family, it being in the highest degree probable that I am descended from PIERE ADAM, Esq. Among our family archives there is also a very ancient document tending to show that a long dead member of the family kept some sort of a skiff of his own at the time of the flood. But, though I am so well connected, there are some things, Mr. GRIP, that I must confess my inability fully to understand, and I know well that I need only apply to you to have all my doubts set at rest, finally and forever. Now, among other things, Mr. GRIP, what constitutes a fashionable wedding? When can marriage be said to be "fashionable," and when unfashionable? When has a young fellow a right to claim that his wedding is a "fashionable" one, and to get a suitable notice of it put in the papers? Is it the ceremony that is "fashionable" or the ministers, or the guests, or what? How much money must a fellow have in order that the *Globe* may devote a quarter of a column to the notice of his marriage, when it would grudge five lines to advertise a Bible Society or struggling scheme of charity? Must the happy man be a lawyer, or a doctor, or what must he be? How many guests should be at a "fashionable" wedding? Of these, what proportion is it absolutely necessary should be persons of the most exalted dignity? How many bridesmaids should there be, how should they look, and what should they wear? How many yards or pounds of "brocaded silk grenadine," or Languedoc lace, or *costume de cours* is requisite to furnish a young lady for such a ceremony? How many clergymen are necessary to perform the ceremony? How many generations back is it the correct thing to trace the genealogy of the young couple? Is it anybody's business what presents the bride had? And, dear Mr. GRIP, can you explain how the *Globe* and *Mail* reporters acquire such a profound acquaintance with female millinery? Lastly, Mr. GRIP, and on the whole, what is "high" life? At what elevation can a man properly be said to be "high"?

Yours in deep anxiety,

J. SNOBKINS, Esq.

**Our Boys.**

GRIP has read with disapproval Admiral STERLING's kind purpose to supply the Pacific Fleet with Canadian boys. GRIP advises the Admiral to back his main-top-sail and leave to. Canadian boys are needed for Canadian work on land or water. As to there being any wish on the part of Canadians to see our boys take up the artificial and idle habits of a man-of-war, Admiral STERLING may tell that to the Marines.

**Mr. Crooks' Letter.**

We have perused with painful feelings the letter purporting to be by the Hon. ADAM CROOKS in the *Globe*. From strong internal evidence we are convinced that the letter in question is the work of one of the burglars who at present infest our city, and who recently robbed the Minister of Education of the original document which, we are informed, contained the following passage:

"The chief points I have to apologize for are, in the first place, my tolerating a book-peddling coterie in the Central Committee, and in the next place allowing the responsible position of School Inspector to be occupied by Mr. HUGHES, author of the absurd and ill-composed 'Manual of Drill.' I have also to give my reasons for systematically ignoring 'Canadian Interests' in the University of Toronto."

These were the points at issue, and these the real Crooks' letter no doubt alluded to. The bogus epistle in the *Globe* took no notice of them.

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