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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eyes on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.

Song before Synod.

Toronto, June, 1880.

The Archdeacons came down with the sheep of the fold,
Like croziers they seemed their umbrellas to hold;
Their orthodox legs were as pillars that be
Where the pepper-box pinnacles crown "Trinitee."

Like the leaves of the cabbage when summer is green,
When the Synod begun the Archdeacons were seen
Like the leaves of the cabbage when Autumn is cold,
At its close the Archdeacons looked sorry and old.

DeCoursier.

GRIP sincerely hopes that Rev Mr. RAINSFORD may meet with success on his merciful mission to Ottawa, to secure if possible the commutation of the sentence of death passed upon ROBERT DE COURSIER. The whole force of public opinion seems to have set in on the prisoner's behalf, and should the Executive see fit to exercise clemency, it is not likely that a single word would be heard against the decision. No one goes so far as to say that DE COURSIER was justified in murdering his brother, for in the eyes of Heaven at least, nothing can justify murder; yet among men the fiendish cruelty of the provocation he received from the deceased may well be pleaded in mitigation of the punishment if not in palliation of the crime. A case like this is well calculated to give force to the arguments of those who oppose capital punishment altogether. Not a few of the murders which from time to time shock the community are the result of vengeance wrecked upon the perpetrators of just such offences as EDWARD DE COURSIER committed against his brother—offences of which the law of the land takes no cognizance,—and so long as human nature is what it is, such things will happen. One of two things is imperatively demanded, either that an adequate legal penalty be visited upon the betrayer, or the punishment affixed to the act of the outraged avenger be definitely settled as something at least short of execution.

Nonsense.

A certain young miss of Rosedale,
Always looked feeble and pale.
She was not energetic
But very æsthetic,
And turned up her nose at the male.

When a prize fighter comes up smiling, does it mean that he is groggy at the time?

Mrs. Church in Canada.

A CHAPTER IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY CONTINUED FROM THE "TALE OF A TUB."

Mrs. CHURCH, came to this Dominion when things were much ruder than at present. She was thought rather too proud, for she refused to return the call of the Methodist minister's wife, or to be introduced to the Presbyterian clergyman. She prided herself overmuch in her relationship to Lord PRER, although she quarrelled with his Lordship because he was too fond of buying plaster of Paris casts from Italian image boys. However, Mrs. CHURCH obtained a free grant of some hundreds of acres, in connection with which she had a law suit, which went against her. But her property increased so much, that she had to employ several stewards who worked the land on shares. In Quebec she had a steward named BILL. He had been Schoolmaster in the Section and the trustees gave him such a good recommend that he was made steward. In the East the steward was a younger man, but too fond of pleasure, and apt to overdraw his account. In Toronto the farm was entrusted to a young man, highly recommended by his last employer, but he gave offence by refusing to go to a party where some of the daughters of the chief families of the neighborhood were anxious to dance with him. And the other farm was entrusted to a man by name DIVES, who got acquainted with the boy who was employed to sweep the office of the local paper. This boy was able to get personals inserted in the paper and not a week passed but a paragraph appeared with some such heading as "Great personal holiness of DIVES!" "Disinterested conduct of Mr. DIVES!" This impressed the public so much that DIVES was generally recommended for the stewardship of the farm, which, to do him justice, he managed remarkably well.

A New Coin.

The learned *Canadian Spectator* speaks of the scheme of trade reciprocity between Great Britain and her colonies as "a fevered dream bred from our inherent selfishness." This last word will be recognized as a new one, for which the *Spectator* must take the whole responsibility. Selfishness is good, though the writer of the article probably "ment" to say selfishness. Another case of the intelligent compositor, no doubt.

Tabitha on "Cramming."

I have been readin a good deal lately about weak eyes and hedakes increasin among school children and other stewartents, and a doctor lecturin on the subject stated that it was greatly caused by teachers insistin on their pupils studyin a variety of subjects, thus obligin them to work at night. (I hope that only parents and teachers will read this profusion, as I would not like to lead boys and girls into rebellious ways).

Another lecherer, (who seemed to think more of a broad chest than a broad forehead) sed that many a man had succeeded better in life through havin spells of idleness in his boyhood. My late lamentable pardner, who was fond of obtuse readin, used to tell how the great Sir ISAAC NEWTON always stood at the foot of his class at school. I suppose because his head was so full of his own thoughts that he couldn't cram in as much book learnin as the empty header boys. Don't think MISTER GRIP, that I undervalley a good eddication, but I differ from some folks about what eddication is. I've heard people talk about teachin the young idea how to shoot, and then set to work to cram the little heads with attics and olergies for eksaminashons, etsetra, till, if they had any young ideas, they couldn't fill a spare corner of brains to shoot in, with any amount of searchin.

I had a little boy stayin with me onst, and he wanted to plant a bed of beans, well, he took a whole cup full and jest rammed em into the

ground one a top of the other, so, of course, they never come to anythin. SAMUEL sed the boy was a simpleton, that the youngest child in the naborhood would have had moresense. Now aint menny people parents and teachers jest as simple? When they take the children's heads, which is the soil they have to cultivate, and pack them so fast with the seeds of learnin, that them same seeds have neither room nor time to do any sproutin; fortunately, most children have objections to havin much plantin done in their brains, they naterally take more kindly to eksersizin they heels than their heads, and them is oftin the ones that makes the finest, go aheaddest men.

A boy onst came to board with us, in the Summer hollidays, at the "Clearings," he was considered a perfect prodigal of learnin, a pale, sickly lookin fellow without a bit of gumption about him. Though it seems almost inkredulous to say so, he actually did not know a beech tree from a butternut. His mother told me that he akwired the dead langwidges with wonderful felicity. "Ma'am," ses I, "I'm not the woman who would speak with disrespect of those there dead langwidges; when Toronto Universal students have been boardin' here in summer, I have taken up their Greek books, writ in queer outlandish letters, and though I could not read a word of it, I have sometimes felt thrilled right through with em-shuns when I thought how the men whose thoughts was stored in them had onst stood in the light of God's sunshine, and breathed the fresh sweet air, and how, though they and all their nashun had passed away, their thoughts, shrined in them queer lookin' words, had come down to us through all those ages. I have a reverence for books, Ma'am," ses I, "and for them dead langwiches, too, but it is because it is nothin but dead larnin, because your boy is storin his mind with words and facts that will lie dead there, without any meanin or life or resurrection power in them, that I have to say my say. Look at him, sittin in there porin over his books and shuttin his eyes to all the wonders of God's beautiful world. Why, if he would sit for an hour or more under that old elm tree watching the sunlight flicker on the leaves, and its graceful branches swaying in the breeze, and think how God had brought it out of the dark earth and clothed it in that soft beautiful green, or would lift his eyes and look at the fleecy cloud floatin across the sky and think how the moisture comes down to refresh the-thirsty earth, and how God guides the raindrops so that they give new life to the green leaves, though he cannot understand it altogether, if he only feels humbled and awe struck by thinking of the wonders of the earth and sky, he will have learned somethin, but as it is, he it only dwarf in his fakulties insted of eddycatin them." My words was quite lost on that woman, I heard her afterwards describin me as a ignorant and presumptshus female, who didn't know her place, but I had my say and felt better. I am goin to attend various meetings this week. I will tell you about them in my next letter, so reservoir for the present, yours,

TABITHA TWITTERS.

A Bystander stood an interested *Spectator* of one of the most *Graphic* incidents he had ever witnessed in *Town and Country*. An *Irish Canadian* who had visited most parts of the *Globe*, and whose *National* love made him prefer the *New Dominion*, desired to send a *Telegram* to the *Christian Guardian* of his children in Ireland. He wrote his message as if despair had him in its *Grip*, at the same time enquiring the cost. The reply he received shocked him. "The *Monetary Times* are too dull to enable me to pay so much," he said. It will be cheaper for me to *Mail* the matter, and in the meantime I shall appeal to the *Tribune* of the people, regarding your prices. "By all means do so," said the *Clerk* who stood *Sentinel* at the desk, "and much good may it do you."

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