

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

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This is a sheet, in newspaper form (any title selected), filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager Grip Office.



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.

Answers to Correspondents.

Our Specially Impertinent Reporter, Montreal.—Yes, you may engage the suite of rooms at the Windsor and remain there to represent us permanently. Your last letter is in our hands, but is unavoidably crowded out this issue.

R. W. Phillips.—We cannot assist you with either facts or figures, but unless you wish people to say, "the mountain was in labor and has brought forth a ridiculously small mouse," we advise you to make out your case very completely and to hasten the publication of the pamphlet.

W. McCreck.—You think us disloyal to our native city in that we have devoted more attention to the Mayor of Montreal than to you. We deny the inference whilst we plead guilty to the fact. Remember, Mr. Mayor, you have no foolish quarrel with the City Council, and—so far as we know—you never write poetry, at least you have never offered any for publication in GRIP.

Alex. McKenzie.—We sincerely wish you a splendid trip and a speedy restoration to robust health. Thanks for your farewell letter. Yes! we will look after Edward in your absence, and put on the brake; if we see him in danger of becoming too erratic. Will mail Grip regularly. May you live for ever, most worthy signior.

James McShane, Montreal.—Served you right, James. If you are a non-resident how could you expect to retain your seat at the City Council? By the way, where do you live? Some people say in Boston, but we can hardly credit that statement. We suspect it must be some of your political opponents who are publishing these sensational reports about you.

W. E. Gladstone.—Your cable was duly received, reading, "Cartoon admirable—Punch has rarely excelled felicity of idea or accuracy of likenesses—forward hundred copies for self, fifty for Bright—mail paper regularly—can I do anything for you?" We are greatly flattered by your approbation of our work. Thanks, most noble William, we require nothing personally; but only settle this miserable Irish business and Grip is your friend for life. Our annual subscription is ten shillings sterling. For how many copies do you wish to subscribe?

Rejected Addresses.

Although my heart was scorched and tough,
And punctured like a biscuit,
One word from her was quite enough—
I was an (*) it.

Teacher:—"John what are your boots made of? Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

Old Favorites with New Faces.

No. III.

Duett.—Hon. E. Blake as Little Paul Dombey; the "Globe" as Florence.

He. "What are those wild Grits saying
All the whole session long?
Whisper, my title's not paying!
Him that the change was wrong.
Not in your columns only,
Crowd they and gird at me,
But even Grip, who in wit stands barely,
In cartoons with my fame makes free."

She.—Because they are but deploring.
Your genius of force intense
That constantly keeps you soaring
Sky-high above common-sense—
Too high for a party leader—
And that thus from the things you say,
You have frequently proved reader,
In scarce a comatous way!

Both.—No, no no, 'tis some idle prater,
Who talks for mere talking's sake,
And Canada holds no greater
Statesman than Edward Blake.
The fame of John A. shall dwindle,
And his dupes who to vote made bold
On the Syndicate; blamed boss swindle,
Get sacked by the land they sold!

The Winking Minister of Customs.



This is how Hon. Mr. Bowell looks when the American wheat is imported in bond, to be exported as flour.



This is how the hon. gentleman appears when the aforesaid wheat is ground and sold in the Dominion.



And this is his appearance when the lordly grinders-in-bond export flour made from Canadian wheat, and thus euchre the Government out of the duty.

From the Member.

DEAR JACK,—Here I am at home again, a pretty used up community. After devoting myself to the interests of my country, running the risk of brain-fever with the effort of understanding parliamentary speeches, to say nothing of introducing the females of my family to fashionable society at the Capital, once returned to my own place I looked for rest, and expected to repose for a time in peace and happiness. The night I came back to my native town was a proud one for me. The band, accompanied by an enthusiastic number of my admirers, was at the station, and welcomed me by playing (the lord only knows why), "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Naturally I was flattered, and felt that my own "puddle," though small, was not half a bad place after all, and craved forth my appreciation of the attention of my constituents in a neat little "impromptu" speech I had learned off by heart on the train coming from Ottawa. I could do no less than invite these friends of mine, numbering somewhere over a hundred and fifty, to refresh themselves at my expense at the best hotel in town, and again my ardor I quite forgot to limit my hospitality to beer, I expect there will be the deuce of a bill to pay. However, I don't grudge that so much; but have you ever shaken hands with over a hundred and fifty men; if you have you will understand how it was I was convinced the following morning that I had inflammatory rheumatism all down my right side, and sent for the doctor immediately. His visit relieved my anxiety and gave the local papers (the Dr. is a chattering old idiot) subject for editorials, the headings of which were respectively, "A Martyr to his Country," "Our Popular Member Prostrated from Overwork," "Badly Seared," "Afraid to Meet his Supporters," etc. As I walked down street the same afternoon, the Opposition made the most of the doctor's visit. The hand-shaking is not the worst thing I have to endure; friends and foes put me through the most awful catechism as to what speeches I made, how often I addressed the House, what bills did I support, how many of their boys will I get situations, and the questions regarding the working of the N. P. have set me almost distracted; indeed I have felt that if the letter "i" was inserted between the N and P it would describe what it gives me every time I am hard pressed. I did not, as you know, make any telling speech in Parliament, and it is so hard, strange to say, to make people understand how much greater the influence of a silent member is who quietly gives the Premier the cue to take in his speeches, points out to the Minister of Railroads what routes will be most desirable, and smooths away the objections that refractory M. P.'s occasionally have to following their leader. The consequence of all this is that I am beginning to feel worn out, and every man I see coming to speak to me takes the form of an interrogation point on my mental viscera, and sends a disagreeable tremor down my spine. I find rest and pleasant companionship absolutely needful, so I am writing to you, old fellow to come with me for a jaunt somewhere. Make no excuse of business, put country before self-interest, and think how frightful the loss to the ship of state if I collapsed from too great a strain of mind and body. Throw away dull care, put a cork-screw in your pocket, and let's off to the Nor'-West. You can combine business and patriotism—by serving a sufferer for his country, and buying cheap land in Manitoba for yourself; you can make a good spec if you feel inclined. Telegraph answer.

Your faithful friend,

LUCIUS PENCHERMAN, M.P.,

Down's County.

P.S.—The girls don't seem to have benefitted from their visit to Ottawa. Their mother tells me they have put on all sorts of airs, and are of no use in the house, while all the girls in the town are madly jealous because Mary and Jane shook hands with the Queen's son-in-law.