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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY I. 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.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect monies for this office.

To Correspondents.

R. J. Cartwright.—You are quite right. TRILLEY is not justified in following your example in indulging in financial *hocus-pocus*, to make his account come out square.

Ratepayer.—By no means; you are altogether astray. The proper way is to lay down water pipes first, then put on the pavement, next put down gas pipes, then finish up the job. The City Council understand their business.

Anxiety.—The word *Eclectic* means, according to the dictionary men, "chosen from various sources." When used as the title of a magazine, it implies that the contents are cribbed from other magazines which are not protected by copyright; when applied to a Religious Congregation, it is generally understood to mean that the members are a queer lot and raked in from all quarters. *The Eclectic Church Association* is, orthographically speaking, a synonym for the Church of Go-as-you-please.

G. Smith.—We know of no legal means by which you can compel that *Globe* correspondent (whom you aptly describe as "obstreperous, not to say, insolent") to fall down and worship you. This is a free country, and the law takes no cognizance of such matters. Your only plan will be to cultivate a literary style so attractive, and a mental and moral character so sweet, that he will be constrained *volens volens*, to pay you the homage he at present withholds. There is no use in "showing him up" in the *Bystander*, as you suggest.

Backing Down.

The author of the structures upon Toronto Churches which appeared in the *Montreal Spectator*, and upon which we commented a few weeks ago, is apparently anxious to qualify his untruthful assertions. In the last number of that journal he says:

"I have the authority of distinguished ministers of the Gospel for what I wrote respecting Toronto, and also the support of our most influential newspapers, notably the *Mail*. If it were necessary I could give the names of several of the ministers and organists and churches interested, imputed by me to be exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal. I am surprised that a respectable weekly like *Grip* should become incensed at what I wrote, for it must indeed be misinformed and ignorant of the state of affairs in our churches, to publish such a bitter contradiction of my statements. I should advise *Grip* to study as much as possible the true interest of Toronto and her

churches before assuming to give the lie direct to a statement that can be supported by facts."

Grip considered and still considers, that he had good cause to become incensed, as a citizen of Toronto, at what this writer originally said. He now intimates that he merely "imputed" that certain of our churches, ministers and organists were "exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal." His real assertion was that Toronto congregations as a rule cheated their pastors and organists out of their salaries, and that there was not a church in this city which was not floundering in financial embarrassments or had not its own scandal. The "true interests of Toronto and her churches" are not served by wholesale slander of this kind, and *Grip* feels some satisfaction at the evidence that this reckless scribbler shows a disposition to modify his original exaggerations.

The Mackonochie Candle.

Several letters have lately appeared in the *Globe* and other clerical journals eulogizing our late visitor to Toronto, the Reverend MACKONOCHE, of Ritualistic fame. *Grip*, of course, endorses all this. He honors the man who has done his utmost to undo the work of the Reformation; yet there are other things to be considered. While *Grip* has the greatest respect for the genuine Catholic Church, which does such a good work in its own way in this country, he has no great respect for sham "Catholicity," a mock mass, MACKONOCHE'S masquerade in imitation vestments, and his great achievement of burning a candle before a picture in his church. Did not Bishop LATIMER, on one memorable occasion, say something about lighting a candle that day in England, which should never be put out? *Grip* backs Bishop LATIMER'S candle against that lighted by Mr. MACKONOCHE.

Grip's Society Stories.

NO I.—FANNY'S FATE—A TORONTO TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

They met at a party at her mamma's house. She wore a muslin too thin for a bathing-dress, and too *decolette* for a variety show. His diamond studs flashed from the bosom of one of those perfect shirts made by a Toronto firm, to whom we will not give a gratuitous advertisement. He was a clerk in charge of the till in her papa's bank. They loved each other. Their marriage was planned, a house was taken and furnished, the bridesmaids and the flowers were ready for the feast.

CHAPTER II.

He sat with his arm describing an arc coincident with the circumference of her waist. He had just put the engagement ring, a hoop of rubies, on her finger; when the moon emerged from a cloud, the light flashed on a second hoop of bigger and redder rubies! By the same moonlight he became aware of a second coat-sleeve encircling her waist!

CHAPTER III.

The rivals met in mortal combat. They had dipped their hands in the same bank-till; they had put their arms round the waist of the same MATILDA. There would have been a differentiation of noses, and the survival of the unfittest, but for the arrival of a policeman and two mothers-in-law. The latter claimed the two young men, who were also braeclothed together by the police officer, who soon after married MATILDA—whose name was also JANE.

CHAPTER IV.

The policeman committed burglary and bigamy; he rose to be a magistrate, a deacon, a bank director! Their brazen wedding will be attended by a select circle.

Resignation.

The melancholy musings of merchants and mechanics over their money matters and mercantile miseries, who, after the specious promises of Sir JOHN are *hopefully* waiting to share the benefits of the N. P. and Rag Baby schemes.

(After Longfellow—a long way.)

There is no stock however watch'd and tended,
But some "job lots" are there;
There is no credit trade how'er defended,
But "dead ducks" form a share.

The land is full of merchants, all decrying
The hardness of the times,
Of working men on N. P. booms relying
Yet cannot get the dime's.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the hum arise,
But oftentimes political convictions
To reason shut our eyes.

There is no dearth; what seems so is transition:
This life of want and care,
Is but a suburb of the times elysian
When all will plenty share.

She is not dead—the *child* of our affection,
But gone into that school,
The temple of rag-money and protection
Sir JOHN and TILLEY rule.

But we, aware the troubles that we suffer
We brought upon ourselves,
Yet only wait a chance to lay those duffers
On their respective shelves.

Then free'd once more from shackles we had woven,
When promises were cheap,
When next the *Fox* proclaims his true devotion,
We'll closer watch the sheep.

Meanwhile Sir JOHN might hire the famous TANNER,
To let our workmen see
How they may starve in a becoming manner
Under the great N. P.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A Queer Plea.

Quoth the *Globe*:

"Mr. RYAN is a fit and proper person to represent West Toronto in Parliament. There are great questions at issue which he is competent to deal with, and not one on which his religion will influence his action."

This extract is taken from an article which was written ostensibly to anticipate and overcome the anti-Catholic cry, but surely no greater attack was ever made on the Romish faith than is contained in it. O, why didn't the *Mail* discover this, and properly castigate the *Globe* for its insinuation that Mr. RYAN'S services in Parliament would be valuable because "his religion will not influence his action."

An Election Song.

For Toronto West hurroo!
Says the Shan Van Voght!
'Tis bold RYAN we'll put through,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
No Rag-baby ladge we wear,
We bate BARRY though he's mayor,
If we don't, oh but it's quare,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

Sure ye know we'll put ye in,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand the whisky thin,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand it once agin,
When as member ye get in,
You contrarriest of min,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

The St. Mary's *Argus* well says:

"His ideas may not accord with those of some of the other friends of the institution. The whole trouble, it seems to us, might have been avoided had Mr. CROOKS chosen a Canadian, and we hope it cannot be said truthfully that there are no graduates of the University that would not have been as successful as any imported article."

The *Argus* is a Reform paper; its censure of Mr. CROOKS' anti-Canadianism is creditable to the self-respect of the Reform press.

MARY had a little lamb,
But mint sauce scarce a drop,
She paid a quarter when she went
From Mr. COLEMAN'S shop.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Nobblest Things in the market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.