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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.

Our Own Egotist.

I received a note of invitation to the meeting of the press-men at which the reception of ARCHIBALD FORBES was discussed, but unfortunately was unable to be present. I am very glad, however, that the matter has been taken up so energetically, and have every confidence that the distinguished journalist will have no reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hand of his brethren of Toronto.

My brilliant friend NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN is to lecture at Ottawa under the immediate patronage and presence of Vice-royalty. Everybody knows this for it has been advertised in a thirty-line space, display type, in the *Globe*. No doubt hundreds will flock from Western Ontario to hear the gifted Irishman—else why make the announcement in these parts?

And by the way this advertisement of the strictly Hibernian variety. It gives all the particulars of the forthcoming event excepting the subject of the lecture. Great perturbation is going on in literary circles over this omission, the lecture-going public being in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether NICHOLAS FLOOD's theme is to be "The Moral Lessons of the Royal Commission," "The Duty of Members in Relation to the Syndicate," or "Home Rule for Ireland."

I heartily endorse the suggestion of the *Globe* that some tangible recognition of the heroism displayed by Fireman DOUGHERTY and his noble companions should be made by our citizens. Surely if it is a fitting thing to honor a phenomenal display of aquatic genius, an equally striking display of moral greatness ought not to go unrewarded.

A testimonial fund for these brave fellows ought to be at once started, and it would be a capital idea to make the presentation as a feature of the grand HANLAN *fele*. NED himself would be delighted at this arrangement, I feel sure. And from expressions I heard outside of Toronto on Monday, I am convinced that the people of the province at large would consider it a privilege to take part in the raising of this testimonial to the firemen.

A good purse of money would no doubt be acceptable to them as an expression of public admiration, and it would go a great way in mollifying the effect those wood-cut portraits in the *Globe* must have had upon their nerves. Dear, esteemed Mr. *Globe*, do give up publishing pictures until you have a machine capable of printing them fairly. Moartime leave portraiture to Mr. GRIP.

The municipal election is upon us and the war now trebly thunders on the gale. Much to the unspeakable disgust and chagrin of Mr. GRIP, and many other good citizens, it is to be a straight party fight. The *Mail* says the Grits are to blame for this, and the *Globe* casts all the odium of it on the Tories. Evidently both parties apprehend that it is something to be ashamed of, as it certainly is. But if it must be a party wrangle, let us have partizans who are in other respects worthy of the confidence of the ratepayers.

The Conservative party has endorsed Mr. CLOSE and in so doing it has pinned itself on to a candidate who cannot command that confidence. This gentleman has been proved to be a political jobber, and it would have been no more than common modesty required if he had sedulously avoided the public gaze until the discreditable revelations in connection with "Section B" had (in the words of the late Mr. TWEED) "blown over." It is hard to believe that a man who thinks it proper to engage in dickering on a public contract would have a very severe frown for those who were doing a little of the same thing in municipal affairs.

POOR EDWARD TRICKETT goes home a sadder and a wiser oarsman. His pockets have been emptied, turned out and shaken, and the proud plumes he wore have received far rougher usage than the wizard ever dreamt of for LOCHIEL'S. Of course this sad catastrophe is crammed full of moral lessons. One of them is never bet on boat races—unless HANLAN is barred out.

Mr. LAYCOCK still hangs around London hankering to be shorn. The date of his aquatic funeral is set for the 17th of December, and Mr. HANLAN has promised that the "corpse" shall be ready. It is a pity our Sunday-go-to-Meeting our-man should be called upon to settle these aspiring rivals, when our Every-Day scullers like ROSS and SMITH seem competent to do the work.

A clever lady, "Gunhilda" is writing a series of letters in the *Ottawa Citizen*, addressed to Bishop LEWIS, on the subject of the deceased wife's Sister Bill. She is doing her best to show his Lordship that he is altogether astray in opposing that measure, and I bet she will succeed.

An Evening With Some Press Chaps.

At the head of the table sits a man with a high forehead, Roman nose, and straight, sandy whiskers, a tall, thin, ungainly individual. It is PHILLIPS THOMPSON of the *Mail*, at one time on the *Telegraph*, afterwards of Boston; then employed in reporting JOSEPH COOK, now the Pres. of the Free Thought Association; the "Jinnel Briggs," of Cobococock University, the writer of satirical poems, the composer of National Currency, Rag Baby songs; a stalwart Beaver-backer, an uncompromising Athiest, a profound thinker, and a genial, jovial gentleman. On his right is a tall, ungainly, raw-boned man, with hair of the color known as brick-top, and whiskers the color of MACKENZIE'S front name. That is Wm. HOUSTON, of the *Globe*. A splendid editorial writer, and a distinguished graduate of Toronto University; the author of many of those heavy Leaders which are as the oil of life to the bone and sinew of the "Fairty." Opposite him sits a young, handsome, fine-looking gentleman; rather below the middle height, hair nicely combed, whiskers well brushed out, and clad in purple and fine linen. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. D. K. BROWN, of the *Telegram*, and

you know him at once. He is the city editor of the city paper, also a lecturer, likewise a writer. A Liberal in everything; religious, political and social; the exponent of FOUNTAIN'S Socialism, the perfect gentleman always. Below Mr. HOUSTON sits what looks like an "odd fish," but isn't. A medium-sized man, with a moustache that never fades, irregular features, coat buttoned close up to his chin, white "choker," and clay pipe. GEO. B. BROOKS has been everything and anything. The son of an English clergyman, he consequently has a good education. As a sailor, he has visited many parts of the world, His inspiration is drawn from India, Australia, China, Borneo, and Africa; at one time a brick-layer's assistant in Toronto, now the scissor fiend and special reporter of the *Telegram*; probably the best sketch writer in the city, and known as an orator throughout Canada and a part of the United States. It was while on a stumping tour through Maine that he was dubbed the Rev. GEO. BROOKS. He is a thorough Socialist, communist, infidel, Beaver-backer, and gentleman. Opposite him sits what looks like an "odd fish," and is. A good sized man, with clean shaven face, very red in appearance, somewhat carelessly dressed, not taking much part in the conversation, but keenly noting every word uttered, a face and figure that the wildest stretch of imagination could not call handsome, a man you would be inclined to laugh at, and if you do you are the fool. That is the CHARLES P. MURPHY, on the staff of the *Canada School Journal*; one of the best Latin scholars in America; contributor to half the papers and periodicals in the Dominion; the man quiet, unobtrusive, backward; his writings clear, keen, incisive, sarcastic. At one time Church of England Minister, now professing to be an Diestical Agnostic; beneath that uncouth exterior lies a massive intellect, and a big, warm heart. Who is this comes slinging into the room? A young man with reddish moustache, prominent features, tall, straight figure, good-humored throughout. It is KENNELMAN, sketch writer for *The World*, the author of "Gilhooley," "Dwan," and "Sheenan," chock full of fun, and one of the best reporters in the city; a man bound to distinguish himself if careful. At the foot of the table sits

TIMOTHY.

Answer to "A Conservative Ballad" in a Late Issue of Grip.

DEDICATED TO ANY ONE YOU PLEASE.

Should auld Mackenzie be forgot,
The while you sing for JOHN?
I'm sure he used *his* influence
To get his people on.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

He too, did rin about to seek,
For a' the contracts fine,
Of rails he furnished mony a fool,
In auld lang syne.

He too has paddled in the funds,
Frae morning sun till dine,
But votes, against him, a' hae turned,
Sh' auld lang syne.

Then here's a sang, my Tory frien',
To match that sang o' thine,
We take up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll send in your vote,
And surely I'll send mine,
We'll fight when next election comes,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the Establishment no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Plus 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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