



The Lilliputian Romanists, or, "High" Jinks at Holy Trinity.

The mingled amusement and contempt which we have put into the face of the respected prelate in our picture, must be the expression with which he looks upon the present goings on in the Protestant Church of Holy Trinity—if he thinks it worth his while to give them any attention at all. The reverend and Protestant incumbent of that church appears to be making the most of his like-minded guest, the reverend and Protestant J. KNOX-LITTLE, and they are having what their Methodist brethren would call a glorious time of it. The spirituality of the Christian religion is being forcibly displayed by means of gyrations and genuflections, and the adaptability of the gospel to sinners is being beautifully illustrated through chasubles, stoles and other millinery. No doubt the good Mr. DARLING is happy—comparatively—for we cannot help thinking he will never feel perfectly at ease until he has passed from the make-believe to the real, and transferred his allegiance from Bishop SWEATMAN to Archbishop LYNCH.



The New Cromwell.

It is recorded that on a certain occasion that grand old fellow, CROMWELL, whose gorged always rose instinctively against sham in any shape, marched into the House of Commons, and, pointing contemptuously at the golden mace, thundered out: "Take away that bauble!" Mr. GRIP, a latter-day embodiment of the Cromwellian virtues, re-enacts the role of the great Protector by metaphorically marching into the Local House of Ontario and ordering the veritable bauble of a mace, which lies upon the table of the Assembly room, to be taken away instantaneously. And let the equally ridiculous cocked-hat, and all the other tawdry emblems of mock royalty be pitched out too; for, besides

being a laughing-stock to all sensible people, the office which they symbolize is enormously expensive. The people of Ontario are paying \$700,000 per year to keep up a lot of tomfoolery and snobbery under the title of a Lieutenant-Governorship, while many deserving institutions of an educational or charitable character are languishing for want of funds. It is high time common sense had a place in public life.

Who is Moses Oates?

The excitement which is raging in the Western peninsula of Ontario around this question is apparently spreading eastward, as is attested by the following letters which have found their way into Mr. GRIP's post-office box. :-

MR. GRIP—Sir—Please inform the public that MOSES OATES is not a member of our family, and, so far as I know, is not a York Pioneer.

Yours, &c.,
R. OATES, Y.P.

Editor GRIP—Sir:—I am not MOSES OATES, nor do I know who that individual is. Please publish this and oblige

Yours,
D. J. MACDONNELL, B.D.

MR. GRIP—Sir:—I understand that I have an unfortunate resemblance to the notorious weather prophet of the West—MOSES OATES. This resemblance is purely accidental, as I can assure you I am not the aforesaid OATES, nor will I hold myself responsible for any debts he may contract.

Yours,
O. MOWAT.

MR. GRIP—Dear Sir:—Notwithstanding a striking resemblance in personal appearance, MOSES OATES and I are two entirely distinct and separate personages. I am the leader of H. M. L. Opposition; he is a weather prophet. We are both great successes, especially he. The confusion, I suppose, has arisen through the frequency of the expression, "It hakes" seems to feel his oats." Please publish this and oblige

E. BLAKY

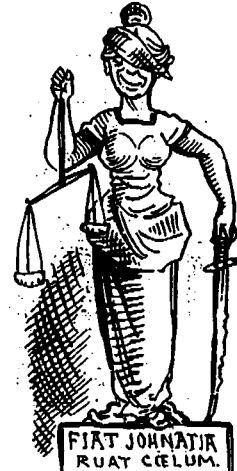


The Heartless Minister.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY is known to be a humane and kindly gentleman, and yet he is represented in this sketch in an attitude of monstrous heartlessness. Has GRIP, then, misrepresented the noble Knight? GRIP never misrepresents anybody, and he is prepared to stand by this picture to the last. If there is a terrible inconsistency in the attitude of the Finance Minister, as shown here, it is nevertheless his present position exactly. The Mail of a recent date declares:—

There are destitute and thoroughly deserving people in our midst who are without fuel and almost without the means of keeping body and soul together.

Now, it stands to reason, that if Sir LEONARD TILLEY has the means of alleviating this distress, and fails to do so, he simply mocks the sufferers. And everybody knows that he forms one of a Cabinet the members of which have often declared that it is in the power of the Government to remove the distress of the people. He is cognizant of the suffering, he claims to have the power of curing it, and he doesn't do so; ergo, he is a heartless wretch as represented above. Q. E. D.



Statue of Justice.

Designed by Mr. GRIP, R.C.A., and proposed to be erected upon a pedestal of brass in Parliament Square, Ottawa, to commemorate the faithful and single-eyed labors of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate into Pacific Railway matters.

Apology.

FROM AN OTTAWA EXQUISITE TO HIS DULCINEA FOR HIS HAVING FORGOTTEN FANNING'S INSTRUCTIONS ON A MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

Be pleased to forgive and forget
That once, on the street, when we met,
I was stupidly blind,
Or was troubled in mind,
And so, blind as a bat,
Never lifted my hat
To one, whom to greet is a pleasure;
But of this be assuredly sure,
That, as long as the earth shall endure,
I shall scan every face
Of the whole human race,
Lest again I offend,
By thus cutting my friend,
For whom my esteem's beyond measure.

I may add that it's not very clear
How I passed you without recognition;
For it must be that, when you are near,
I would know it by pure intuition.



An Embryo Democrat.

GAMIN, (pointing to number over the door)—329! Gimminy, BILL, this must be whar GARFIELD lives!