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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.

The Political Economy Club.

The Montreal Political Economy Club has brought its meetings to an end, and the country breathes freely once more. The favorite battle-horse, Annexation, is once more stalled in his stable, where he will eat his head off for some little time to come. What are the prophets to do with such facts as these? To think that all GOLDWIN SMITH's philosophy; all the *Globe's* denunciation; all the *Mail's* cynicism, and all the *Telegram's* terrible editorials, haven't hatched out one solitary egg amongst them, impresses one with a distressing sense of luke-warmness somewhere. These social traditions of the Political Economy Club will no doubt remain, and reminiscences of gorgeous feasts at the Windsor will be referred to as mementoes of its past glories, but where are the converts? The managers of the club made a grand mistake from the very first. They ignored PHIPPS. PHIPPS was their man. PHIPPS was the persuasive orator who would have had a phalanx of young men about him within a week, for PHIPPS is used to saving countries, and knows all the points in the game. It is all very well for men, who have a taste for novelties and who like to be bizarre, to get together and make political geography; but there is only one man in Canada who has had practical experience in the matter, and he was ignored. GRIP knew how it would end from the very first. Directly he missed the name of one from the list of members, whose efforts in managing his own property have been crowned with such success, he knew the whole business would collapse in a state of paralysis. Genius isn't an every day affair, and Canada cannot afford to slight it. If PHIPPS had only been asked to run that Political Economy Club we should have had Annexation by this time, and HURN's Bill, the fishery embroglio, the Pacific Railway, and a whole host of minor matters would have been peacefully settled. GRIP endorses PHIPPS. He is one in a million, and what he doesn't know about political economy isn't worth learning.

Carpets and girl's hair are both banged about now. The only difference is that the carpets are banged with a switch, and the girl ought to be.

Senatus Populuseque.

It appears to be the will of the people of Canada that marriage with a deceased wife's sister shall be legalized. This opinion they have expressed through their representatives in the Commons, "by a large majority." But the will of the people is one thing, and the pleasure of their lordships of the Canadian Senate is quite another. These venerable and rather amusing old gentlemen, feeling that of late they had not been quite so obstructive as the law allowed, and thinking, moreover, that the general cry for their abolition had become somewhat faint, peremptorily pitched out the bill which had been sent up from the Lower House. It is too bad that the people of this country will persist in treating the Senate with indifference. Anybody with a grain of perception can surely see that the Upper House is dying to be abolished. It has given no end of broad hints to this effect, and yet it is allowed to drag out its painful existence, and drain millions from the public exchequer every year. By impeding legislation, by discredit exhibitions of partizanship and still more disgraceful exhibitions of bear-gardenism, it has time and again pleaded to be put out of existence, but its petition has not been heeded. It has demonstrated its uselessness and its expensiveness long ago—but it will perhaps require a few more emphatic acts of folly like the rejection of GEMOUAN's bill to bring the general public to a proper state of mind.

Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

GRIP notices with some surprise that a few Canadian newspapers are ridiculing the old women—he means the Hon. Senators—at Ottawa, for having thrown out the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. This is very wrong. Has it never struck the editors of those papers that the Senators are married men, and that they have very unpleasant reminiscences of all women's bills? It is very easy to account for the passage of the measure through the Lower House. Amongst members of the Commons there are many bachelors; men who don't know how women love bills, both those bearing a government and bank imprint, and those which are ruled in dollar and cent columns, and which latter are constantly turning up when least expected. But amongst the Senators there is no such ignorance. Those very estimable and cautious old gentlemen have had considerable experience with wives and daughters, to say nothing of mothers-in-law, and the remembrance of their experience has set them against all bills with which women are in any way connected. Another phase of the question, and one which shows what really clever fellows the Senators are, is the wonderful proneness of women's bills to increase. A milliner's bill, for instance, will be a dollar in the morning, and before evening it will have grown into a hundred, and no one ever expected it. Dress-makers' bills have been known to accumulate in amount to such an extent that they have knocked many a man clean out of his senses, and if this particular bill was once allowed to pass it would soon include our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts before we knew where we were drifting. The Senators have acted with their customary wisdom in throwing the thing out altogether and washing their hands of it entirely. It is true they only did so by a majority of one, but that only proves what a narrow escape the country has had and for how much we have to be thankful. The folly of teaching one's grandmother an easily acquired art is insisted on by the proverb, and therefore those who complain that the Senators set themselves against public opinion in this matter should look at the question from all sides. The Senate is one of the bulwarks of the country, and the Senators themselves are philosophers, and for editors and journalists to speak of them as a "grubby lot" is reprehensible in the extreme. The Senators must do something to show their utility, and

that they are worth the money they cost the country. If they never disagree with the Commons what is the use of keeping them? Have those gentlemen who run over whenever the Senators are mentioned ever seen one of SEYMOUR's caricatures? It represents two chimney-sweeps, one of whom, pointing to a passer-by, said to the other, "BILL, that's CHARLES KEAN the hector," and the other replied, "Don't holler like that! You shouldn't be 'ard on him. He can't help it, poor cove!" Just in the same manner we shouldn't be hard on the Senators, for they can't help it, poor men.

Political Amenities.

The Conservatives appear to be in a most amiable frame of mind just at present. First we have Sir CHARLES actually forgiving the *Globe*, and now the *Mail*, not to be outdone, forgives Mr. MACKENZIE. The springs of love and hate lie proverbially close together: and the vindictive ferocity and venom which politicians and party newspapers have been in the habit of using towards each other is forthwith to be turned into a dove-like chirrup, and all that has been said is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. It is a very pleasant to reflect upon. Mr. MACKENZIE, after all, hasn't got hoofs or horns, but is a charming, dear, good soul, of whom the country may well feel proud, and of whose genius the *Mail* has really never had doubts. GRIP hardly knows what to make of it all. To think that all the *Mail* has said for so many years was nothing but playfulness, mere striking with a feather and stabbing with a rose, and that the paper actually weeps for what it has been obliged to do in the past, is such a sudden conversion that he is completely taken aback. It is much to be hoped that in this case DAMON will find his PYTHIAS, or in other words, that Mr. MACKENZIE will have a change of heart and forgive the *Mail*. It won't do to let the Conservatives have a monopoly of this sort of thing. Why can't Mr. HUNTINGTON forgive Sir JOHN, or Sir RICHARD forgive Sir LEONARD? Let the public have the satisfaction of witnessing a good round game of hand shaking, just for the mere novelty of the thing, and not a one-sided reconstruction. The party leaders would be ashamed to say in private conversation what they have no hesitation in saying publicly. It is unfortunately true that many of the debates in Parliament would be unendurable unless they were from time to time enlivened by personalities which the dullest members can understand and relish. Inveective is often a great ornament of debate, and many of the parliamentary debates have been of a highly decorative character, but still no one has been specially hurt by the explosive bullets which have been shot off; there has been more smoke and noise than real damage done, which only makes the whole thing the more ridiculous. GRIP offers his services as a mediator between the different belligerents and will duly publish all reconciliations which may take place.

Dr. SIPP, the famous tenor at London the Little, claims to be a Canadian; but we have it on excellent authority that he is a son of Mississippi.

The late Government made a great mistake when they issued that light summer clothing to the volunteers. When a man has serge on he is very likely to be a Sir John man.

An alderman, returned from the block pavement excursion to Detroit, says the lager of that city is wonderfully seductive, and that the paved streets are very wide. Put that and that together.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world," is it? The hand that use to rock the cradle now handles the reins while its owner sits comfortably on the seat of the reaper.

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