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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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 Fisheries.

"S'posing we go fishing to-morrow," said MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN to her friend and confidante, ALMIRA SLASHBUSI, on the eve of Dominion Day, as she was inspecting with a critical eye a new "bunnet" that ALMIRA was going to wear, to the envy of all the young ladies in the neighborhood, on the approaching festival. "Let's all go down to the crick on the town line and ketch trout; there's nuthin I like so much as a good days fishin'." GUSTAVUS, who had caught her last words, looked up from the *Mail* which he had been attentively perusing, and smiled grimly. "Fishing," sneered GUSTAVUS. "Fishing. What do you think, MARTHA JANE, of wanting, nay, even demanding offensively \$103,000 for being prevented from having one day's fishing! Just think of it, MARTHA JANE, \$103,000! Yet, this sum is actually asked for by the grasping and avaricious Yanks, because the natives at Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, would not let them spread their sacrilegious nets on a peaceful Sabbath morning. Now, if I go out to work on Sunday, I'm taken up and placed in jail, but here are the Yankees with their usual impudence, sending their Sisco chasers from the sterile shores of Cape Cod, and o'her down East dens of iniquity, to try and over-ride the laws of the land, and make us British subjects as bad as themselves. They charged us a fabulous price which we paid, because old SEMMES and a lot of other long-haired, lantern-jawed JOHNNIES managed to get away from Liverpool a couple of Southern cruisers, and now they growl because they have to pay \$5,500,000 for the use of our Fisheries. Why, consarn them! all they live on down East is fish from our waters, except now and then a clam chowder! It seems they've sent a man-of-war up there; well, let 'em. I reckon, we can find men-of-war, too, that'll soon make that broken up old "Vandalia" take water. What we want to do is to keep 'em out of the Gulf altogether, and let 'em keep their money. If they want war we can give 'em enough and have plenty to spare. For my part, if I held the helm of State, which, mind you, MARTHA, I may in the course of time, for politics is my best hold,—I would drop all friendly relations with 'em and trade direct with the Old Country." "GUSTAVUS, be you goin' to feed them hosses to-night, or be you not?" roared his father from the front gate. "If you don't look lively and get them lazy legs of your'n around a little faster I'll make you stay at home and help your mother to make soft-soap to-morrow." "I'll tell you more about the fish business again, girls," said GUSTAVUS, as he "doubled up" for the barn.

Angelina Thompson on the Toronto Sunday School Union Picnic.

DEAREST MR. GRIP,—I have often heard mama say that marriages are made in heaven, and I am quite sure that such a picnic as we had last Tuesday must have been prepared in Paradise. We had a perfect sort of a day, a real beauty, dressed in a sky of *blue royal* trimmed with floating clouds, like bits of Valenciennes lace. And papa got me such a love of a new dress, silver-grey, with a lace jacket, and a pull-back, so tight, that though I am only "sweet fifteen," I felt as much "grown up" as the oldest inhabitant. At least so TOM BEVERLEY thought—he is our biggest boy at the Sunday School. We had such fun at the picnic! We began with the "handkerchief flirtation"—of course you know all about that, Mr. GRIP, and then we took to talking to each other with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. He said to me, "You bet, I love you awful well." I replied that I liked him as well as any boy in his class. Then he said "that wasn't enough; he couldn't begin to fizz on that." So I told him to prove the sincerity of his affection by getting me at least six ham sandwiches, as I was real hungry, and didn't care for cakes and tarts. I wanted something solid. Then TOM made a rush for the sandwich plate, and we had all we wanted, and then cherry-pie, and trifle, and orange jelly, and pound cake, and strawberries and cream, of course, and plenty of lemonade and tea. Then we had comic songs, and archery, and games, and all sorts of fun. And TOM sat opposite me and got writing love-letters and throwing them at me, and he hit the Superintendent of our Sunday School on the spectacles. He is a cashier in a bank when he is not teaching Sunday School, and is a most grave and polite person, and he picked up TOM's note and handed it to me with a low bow, saying that he hoped I would find the contents agreeable. You may fancy how glad I was to slip away, and keep TOM's note in my hand all the same. And I colored up, and TOM said I looked like the rose he wore in his coat; and he gave me the rose, and said he bought it for me, it cost him ten cents on King street. Oh, I do love Sunday School!

And, dear MR. GRIP, I often hear papa talk about the disputing in the different churches, and the quarrels between High Church and Low. Now, why could not the church imitate the Sunday Schools, go somewhere altogether and have a picnic, and learn to love each other—if only the big people would not mind taking a lesson from the little children?

I am yours,

ANGELINA THOMPSON.

Jones on the St. Andrew's Concert.

"What's the use of howling for 'Commercial Union?' We have already had an 'App' union of commercial interests resulting in nearly perfect harmony, in the concert given by the combined Rochester Orchestra and the St. Andrew's Choral Society. People say it paid. Shouldn't wonder. That's the usual result of working for each other, instead of each for self. The concord that has been thus effected in musical circles is exactly what we want to see in commercial ones; but we don't want it limited to one Nationality—not much.

What's the good of an "N. P." that don't protect us against musical talent? Let's put a duty on orchestras to protect home industry. Why should our audiences be made a slaughter market for American musical excellence?

Free trade in concerts must inevitably ruin home talent; for of course nobody will feel stirred up by such visits from foreign artists to improve the native article till it can successfully carry the war into the enemy's (?) country. Can't you see it?

What! you don't consider Canadians second in talent to any nation? Self-conceit will be

your destruction yet, my friend. The only question is—have you enough of that commodity to enable you to drop the "N. P." musical or otherwise, and rise to the height of 'commercial union,' till that again lifts you into the serene air of Free Trade, alike in music and grey cottons? But—excuse me—there's a friend of mine across the street—must talk to him."

And off JONES rushed, to worry another hapless victim into hopeless frenzy.

High-Class Religion.

The following advertisement has actually appeared at one of the Churches of Clapham, London, England, "N. B. The afternoon service of June 27, will be for the children of the upper class. Tickets for this service may be had from the vicar or the churchwardens of St. Matthews. Each child is requested to bring a small coin for the Madagascar Mission, or a cut flower which will be left in the church, or forwarded to the children's Hospital." How very nice! Of course the small coin must be genteel silver, not plebian copper, and the "cut flower" a hot house exotic, not a mere vulgar lily of the fields! But we have read of One who in giving this benediction to little children, did not by any means confine His attention to the children of the upper class, the rich Scribes and hightoned Pharisees. But they have changed all that it appears at St. Matthews Church, Clapham.

Sense in Nonsense.

There was a great Preacher who had rented each pew, And who had so many "hearers," he knew not what to do; So he built them a gallery forty feet high, And his flock for the first time to heaven got nigh!

A Polish Tale.

His name was SNOBLOVOPSKI. Her name was SNOBLOVOPSKA. They lived in the ancient town of Snoblovopskowski. As the chimes of the cathedral clock struck twelve, he was summoned by the pew-opener to attend a meeting of annihilationists in the vestry parlor. The legend on their blood-red banner was this, "No God and no Government." The order of the meeting was interrupted by Freedom shrieking at the fall of some patriot, with an unpronounceable name. The police rushed in. "Fly an thou wilt," she cried, and he wilted accordingly. Thus it befel that he and she were parted. He escaped to Canada, where he attained great eminence as a fishing Pole. Ultimately she was knouted, he was knighted. Such is life.

Grip on Graphiology.

MR. GRIP has engaged the services of a Professor of the hitherto lost art of Graphiology. He has been favoured by some leading politicians, *literati*, professional beauties, and young ladies with specimens of their hand-writing, each specimen accompanied by a quarter-dollar. He herewith publishes one of these graphiological sketches, for the edification of his readers, and the general furtherance of science.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

This hand-writing denotes a child-like frankness and gaiety, an invincible devotion to truth, a Spartan simplicity of life, and habits of self-denial pushed to asceticism. The writer is a statesman whose grand political idea is to make the people of Canada prosperous, by carrying out a system of tariff which will force them all to quit this poor country. The writer's name, "JOHN," is a Hebrew word and signifies "the grace of Heaven"—it does not seem a felicitously chosen appellation for the great financier who devised the N. P.

A fast man.—DR. TANNER.

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.

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