



The Kingston Mitre.

It comes within Mr. Grip's province to take a note of anything of public interest which may transpire in any part of the world, or in any department of life, civil, military or ecclesiastical. He therefore feels at liberty to present his readers with a succinct view of the Kingston mitre question, which is at present agitating the mind of the Roman Catholic clergy in general, and sundry correspondents of the *Globe* in particular. The facts are simply as illustrated above. The mitre of the Kingston Bishopric is going a begging for a head to fill it.—a head that must be the abode of a great intellect, a lofty mind and a devout humility befitting the high station to which the symbol appertains. From the activity displayed by many of the clergy in endeavoring to try the mitre on, it is presumable that there is no lack of such heads in the Diocese the owners thereof being the judges. The archbishop, or whoever it is with whom the appointment rests, might save himself much trouble and at the same time provide a rare bit of sport for the ecclesiastical public, by departing from the usual method on this occasion and disposing of the mitre in question by submitting it for a general scramble.



Portrait

Of the good-natured visitor at the Exhibition who feels in duty bound to take and carefully preserve every hand bill, card and circular which is handed to him.

Pearls.

The genius who is doing the fine descriptive writing in the *Mail* just now, began his article the other day with:—

"Those whose duties are such as to necessitate their remaining at the Exhibition all night, opened their eyes upon a glorious morning yesterday."

Why, dear me! those were not the only people whose eyes were greeted with glory that morning; the weather reached clear down to the city!

From the same graphic pen comes the following:—

"The horticultural building, with its many plants, glistened in the dew spread from innumerable watering pots."

Grip would very much like to see the interesting operation of "spreading" the horticultural building with dew from watering pots; and he would further like to enquire why this new apparatus, a watering pot that sprinkles dew, was not put on exhibition in the curiosity department.

Again, this all too picturesque writer says:—

"During the afternoon many of our prominent citizens displayed their horseclothes on the long drive."

Now this may mean that some of our distinguished aldermen took a promenade in the ring, or it may refer to the speeding of crack animals. This dashy journalist ought to be more careful or he may get his paper into trouble, especially if he writes many more sentences like the following about McCLEARY'S stoves.

"They have all been produced under the benign influence of the N. P., without regard to trouble or expense."

This would look better in a *Globe* editorial on the Cost of Raw Material.



In Armour Clad!

Mr. Grip is glad to find that he is not the only journalist who has enough feeling for the unhappy *Bystander* to endeavour to protect him from the fiery darts of the *Globe* and other evil beings. Our esteemed contemporary, the leading Government organ, has also generously come to his assistance, and now Mr. *Bystander* bids defiance to his enemies, being sustained inwardly by the moral sympathy of GRIP and shielded outwardly, from head to foot, with a coat of *Mail*!

How to realize the disabilities of women: Put a corset round your waist, lace it tight, and try to catch the boat, or run up or down a flight of "L" road station steps, with three yards of skirt flapping about your heels. Women's slavery commences at the dress-maker's.—*New York Graphic*.



A Nice Distinction.

PURCHASER—You are a fraud, sir! When I bought this horse from you, you assured me that he hadn't a fault; why sir, he's stone blind!

VENDOR—I know he is, but I don't consider that a fault; I call that a misfortune!

Nonsense!

BY JA KASSE.

Though the *Globe* may continue to howl
And the Liberal journals to growl,
That "cussed N. P."

Keeps its place still I see,
While the people grow poor, "be me sowl."

With four people out for the West
The Liberal chances looked best,
But the folks went insane
And elected again
The man who protection professed.

Still, Selkirk would surely prove true,
At least so I thought, didn't you?
But it turned right about
And it kicked "Donald" out,
So Scott's got the "bulge" on us too.

Oh when will the party grow wise
And take the whole world by surprise,
Let us tell the truth straight
That the N. P. is great
And "shake" the *Globe* system of—misrepresentation!

NOTE.—The rhyme here suggests an ugly word, which we decline to print, in our highly respectable paper.



From Halifax.

(See the *Globe* of 11th inst.)

Sir SAMUEL TILLEY!
You surely were silly,
On your hum-seeking mission to come
Where everything's dead,
And the *Halifax* ain't read,
And the Editor's starving "to hum"