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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## A Letter from "The Ward."

Friend GRIP:

There's a theng I'd spake til ye about that happened til a young mon of my acquaintance, what was goin' til marry a gal by the name of MARGARET ALLEN JOHNSTON. It was young WILLIAM BEATTY, I doubt but ye know him, a fine young mon—and MARGARET ALLEN is well to do, her mother, Mrs. JOHNSTON, holds large property on Terauley street. The reason I write ye is this, that when the Attorney who made out the marriage settlement from MARGARET'S mother to her daughter when she'd marry young BEATTY, came to the part of the conveyance where it says "to her heirs and assigns for ever," BILLY couldn't understand it. He said he had enough of her airs at LOURNE Park and elsewhere—and the signs she made, especially to JOHNNY MCCORMICK, was not to his liking, and that if she could only obtain the dowry on these conditions "for ever" he wouldn't agree til it, and when the lawyer went to explain the matter, BILLY hit him on the nose and bate him bad. Do ye think it wad be better to break off the match, and say good day to the whole theng? I'd like to hear from ye on the subjack.

Yours obediently,

WILLIAM HENRY MCGOWAN.

In our opinion, BILLY must marry the young lady—though perhaps it would be well to kill Mr. MCCORMICK before the ceremony.

ED. GRIP

## Our Distinguished Visitors.

Our Orange fellow-citizens are to be honoured by the presence at their demonstration on the 12th, of Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON and Mr. HUNT W. CHAMBERS, both of Ireland. As the general public may not be aware how great these gentlemen really are, GRIP takes this opportunity of giving a short account of their distinguished services to the cause of Orangeism.

Being duly born of true blue parents, the subjects of our sketch began early to develop the genuine principles of the Protestant faith. With the very first dawn of intelligence they began to manifest the most intense affection for pretty colored ribbons and rosettes. As they emerged into youth this passion became stronger and stronger, and to it was added a craving for kettle-drums and music. In the days of boyhood they were much devoted to the water, as all boys are, but it was not for fishing, swimming or boating purposes that

they loved the streams of the Emerald Isle; no, it was because they delighted to wade out after the glorious, pious and immortal lillies which floated upon the surface. Arriving at man's estate, they obtained a still wider view of the grand principles of the Faith, and became inspired with the beauty of civil and religious liberty. This new-born enthusiasm found its legitimate outward manifestation in frilled shirt fronts, blue sashes, tasseled neckties, flags, banners, dust, sweat and long-winded orations in the Park. When the faith was endangered in 1609, these enthusiastic and chivalrous youths were among the first to flock around the banner of King WILLIAM, and the gallant manner in which they crossed the Boyne with that gentleman secured them the most flattering notices in the local papers. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this great historical incident in their career, or to dilate on the equally brilliant display of heroism they made in defending the Walls of Derry. Time would fail us to recount all their labours for the cause of Protestantism, the thousands of miles they have walked in muddy streets, the millions of resolutions they have moved and seconded in lodge rooms, and the scores of votes they have given in favour of the Conservative Party. They are truly great men, and we hope that when our citizens who crowd the streets on the 12th see them go past in a cab, they will not fail to give them a right royal welcome.

## A New "Laon."

Our little boy, who is a fearfully advanced thinker, and a voracious student of *Laon*, the writer in *Belford's Magazine*, has prepared a powerful essay for that publication, an extract from which we give herewith. It will be observed how happily he has caught the style of the great *Laon*:

Now, is it true that modern philosophy offers no substitute for the religion which it tends to supersede? By no means. It offers something far better than what it takes away. It offers the glorious theory of development. When we think what a vast place this precious doctrine now holds in the minds of men; when we think how profoundly it has modified thought, what a light it has shed abroad, and what sustained intellectual interest it has power to create, we find in it much more than a substitute for religion in its popular forms. Religion teaches that the world is under Divine government, and that its great Maker absolutely takes an interest in all things; our philosophy rises beyond this mean conception and teaches the universal reign of law, that is, that law is superior to Deity, and that if there be a Deity He is too great to know anything of what is going on. It must be plain to every thinking person what a depth of consolation there is in this cheerful thought. The wayfarer in life's journey, worn out with care and trial, longs for rest, and he finds it in the blissful contemplation of the suggestion that perhaps ages ago man was a mammal that lived up a tree; the poor aged widow, going all alone and with feeble steps down the incline that leads to the grave, buffeted by the rude tempests of earth, turns a tearful eye to the starry heavens above her and cries out for a strong arm whereon she may lean, and she finds both strength and consolation in the rapturous thought of a primordial protoplasm. Now, does the Christian religion offer anything so sure and good as this? No! We have known Christians to fret and grumble when troubles came upon them, therefore the Christian religion is a mockery. We vastly prefer a system of thought which by taking away from us all idea of a Divine Fatherhood,

elevates us to the grand dignity of soulless orphans, sprung from nothing and going nowhere, and this enables us to take things as they come, 'the best of now and here.'

## Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

I observe that the cold and clammy skepticism from which Mr. GEO. STEWART, JR., rescued *Rose-Belford's Magazine* is beginning to creep in under the new editor, who himself appears to be a disciple of the glorious gospel of Evolution.

The St. John *Telegraph* says that *Pinafore*, as at present played in that city, is "shorn of its deficiencies." This is a rather bothersome expression, but no doubt it means that the portions that were hitherto wanting in the opera are now left out.

The dramatic and musical critic of the *Globe* ought to be put on exhibition as a curiosity. Did you read his remarks about the performance of this same *Pinafore* in the Gardens on Monday night? Fancy him puffing the *Josephine* of that occasion, a young woman who can neither sing nor act better than an average amateur, whereas Mr. LAURENT, who as *Rackstraw*, was the conspicuous figure of the evening, gets no mention whatever. And this is the "leading journal"!

The *Mail* man wasn't a bit better. He joined the *Globe* in saying that the performance was extremely good, the best we have had, etc., etc., when he must have known he was talking bosh. Let lies be confined to the editorial and advertising columns, if they must be printed at all.

I beg to move for the sentence of the court upon the editor of the *Mail* for maliciously and outrageously writing "Mr." CARTWRIGHT instead of "Sir RICHARD" in his leading article of Tuesday. What is the use of Her Majesty bestowing these titles if they are to be set aside? or is it only the Grit Knights that are to have their ornaments lopped off?

Mr. BLAKE has been airing his Aurora theories again, and all the organs of his party are tuning up to "Compulsory Voting," "Representation of Minorities," etc. But when is EDWARD going to take his seat on the Reform Coach, and show us how he can drive?

Sir JOHN is restored to health once more, to the sincere satisfaction of all his countrymen. It is to be hoped he will feel mentally and physically competent for the interesting performance indicated in GRIP's cartoon this week, which must come off before long.

JEFF DAVIS was right when he said it wasn't a "Lost Cause." An old lady has just died in the South and left him a big purse of money. This is a fitting tribute to his ability as a masquerader in female apparel.

I have received a copy of the *Montreal Police News*, a journalistic offspring of the murders and lawlessness with which that city has been lately afflicted. It is to be hoped this wretched sheet will be quickly squelched out, as such "papers" are unmitigated evils. I am astonished at so promising an artist as M. JULIEN lending his pencil to such a low concern.