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J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.S. J. MOORE,
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"Grip" Printing and Publishing Co.

To Correspondents.

Mr. Grip makes his bow to H. J. W., of Manitoba, and is glad to hear that he "feels it the duty of every patriotic Manitoban to subscribe for a paper which fearlessly sticks up for our rights." It is gratifying to hear that at a late meeting of the Agricultural Society, "a copy of Grip's Temperance Colonization Cartoon claimed half the attention of the members, though a sale of twenty-four thousand dollars worth of property was being discussed." H. J. W., will ere this have discovered that Mr. Grip has made his debut in Manitoba.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—That the Canadian Senator is as entirely superfluous in our governmental machinery as a fifth wheel would be on a coach, is one of the political truisms. The clamor now being raised by certain senators because the speeches made in that chamber are not reported in the press, is only forcing the truism more deeply into the public mind. Considering the work done and the price paid for it, the Senate evidently needs but one thing to make it perfect, and that is immediate abolition.

FIRST PAGE.—The announcement that Mr. Edward Farrar is about to proceed from his New York position to the editorial staff of the *Winnipeg Times*, is regarded as an unmistakable sign that there is something important in the wind. Mr. Farrar is the most brilliant journalist available for the ministerial side, and he usually comes to the front on the eve of a general election.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The case of the Scottish Church Temporalities Fund is doubtless familiar to all our readers. The matter has been referred to the Government, and a Parliamentary Committee is now considering the proposal for a bill to legalize the union committee at present in charge of the funds. This measure is opposed by Rev. Gavin Lang and a few others, who claim that they have a right to the funds as representatives of the "Old Kirk," they having refused to enter the union.

Mr. Grip is an acknowledged patron of Canadian art. He has reason to be so, and he knows it. He loves native genius with his whole soul, and nothing would grieve him more than to see it pining among the backyards of Lombard-street, clothed in the cast-off raiment of an unæsthetic former generation, and trying to sustain nature on a tomato. If such a fate were to overtake Canadian art Mr. Grip would die, he couldn't help it.

And next to the pain that such a fate would occasion Mr. Grip, would be that caused by the sight of Canadian views by foreign artists: "The Banks of the Taddle," by A. Merican. "Tinning's Wharf by Moonlight, Hanlan's in the Distance," by J. A. Pan. Not that Mr. Grip grudges these charming scenes to the Heathen Chinee or any other he, but he doesn't want them to have the first chance. He wants Canada for the Canadians. And so does the Marquis of Lorne!

This explains why the Marquis commissioned "our" Mr. O'Brien to paint "Quebec" for a wedding present for his brother-in-law, Prince Leopold. Truly we have had plenty of "Quebecs," they have been as plentiful as Mr. Pecksniff's views of Salisbury Cathedral,—Sal. Cal. from the east, Sal. Cal. from the west, Sal. Cal. from the N.E., Sal. Cal. from the S.E.—but none of these "Quebecs" were this Quebec. And really we are not sorry. There is positively nothing to regret in the matter. Quebec looks just as charming in Mr. O'Brien's new picture as it did last June, when we saw it from the Grand Trunk Wharf, at Point Levis. But Mr. O'Brien didn't stand on the Grand Trunk Wharf last May when he sketched his present view, he went some distance further down the river. And truly the grand old bluff with its martial crown looks as blunt and bold as ever; civilization nestles under its shadow in conscious security; and on the deep, blue waters of the magnificent St. Lawrence at its feet rides many a gallant ship in assured safety; idly gazing upon its own reflection in the stinging river, or firing holiday salutes, which wake the echoes of the beautiful Beauport Mountains in the distance, thus reminding all good Canadians of "the day we celebrate,"—the Queen's birthday. The fisherman's little craft at anchor in the middle of the stream, the holiday suit of the old marine in the boat, no less than the vigorous puffs of smoke from the lively little steam tug at the wharf, all betoken a holiday; and the bunting so liberally displayed by the shipping, as well as the fairy wreaths that float gently up until they lightly rest upon the brow of the regal hill, all tell of peace and joy. Mr. Grip congratulates Canada on sending a beautiful picture to England, and England on the knowledge she will thus gain, that there are Canadian artists who may rank among her own cherished A. R. A.'s.

Principal Grant, of Queen's, has been doing battle during the last several weeks before the Private Bills Committee of the Ottawa Parliament, in defence of the United Canada Presbyterian Church, against a Lilliputian church of Presbyterians, who refused to enter into the project for union, and now claim a share of the Presbyterian Church property rather out of proportion to their number, which is that of a baker's dozen of ministers, as opposed to many hundreds of the Canada Presbyterian Church. We never approved of a "Benjamin's mess" arrangement of good things which ought to be shared alike all round.

Mr. Grip on Strikes.

Having been requested to give his valuable opinion on strikes at the present striking crisis, Mr. Grip has consulted with the highest authorities on the subject, namely, The Indian Chief located on the Kent Homestead, Yonge-street, and the "people in the steeple," at St. James' Cathedral, St. Lawrence Hall, and Queen-street Fire Hall; and now considers himself sufficiently posted on the subject to deliver himself with his usual authority.

Strikes are good things—if they don't hit you. If they do, look out! they mean something; it is well to ascertain what they mean.

In looking on while other people strike, it is "good form" to keep quiet. Carelessness in this respect is apt to be dangerous, as it is quite possible you may get more than you give, and that not always of a kind you would specially select.

To be effective, strikes should be straight out from the shoulder; and to deliver effectually, the striker should keep his eye on the main point; divergence always misses the mark, and an unsteady outlook is a primary cause of failure. Strike true or do not strike at all.

Always strike for a good cause. The welfare of humanity is a good cause. Humanity means everybody, man and woman. Therefore, strikes that are not made in the interest of humanity are not good strikes, and should be defeated. On second thoughts, Mr. Grip recollects that none but good strikes can succeed. Many strikes that have made a great noise in the world and have seemed to succeed at the time have failed in the long run because they lacked the first element of success—righteousness.

As a last word Mr. Grip may be permitted to say that in his opinion strikes show that there is something wrong somewhere, and Mr. Grip himself is always careful to strike for the right.

Old Friends with New Faces—"Who shall be fairest?"

Who shall be Rector, who be director, who shall be Dean in the Church of St. James?
The fashion's creature, the exquisite preacher, so expert at greeting great folk by grand names?
Or he Ritualistic, with altar lights mystic, the title of Priest who so boastfully claims?
Or he with soul fervent, Heaven's humblest, true servant, the friend that can pity worst sins and worst shames?
To that last, the laymen would gladly say Amen, since they do not think him too young for St. James.
—Lay-I-Cuss.

I pride myself on possessing the true Parisian accent.

On the cars at Richmond was a great, bony French-Canadian. (?)

"Mong amy," said I, in the blandest of tones, "voos avey ici ung bow patry."

"Nay, comprenay"—

"Jay dee, voos avey ung bow patry; tu"—

"If it's a son of Patrick, too, that you are, you mane, sure, why didn't you spake. I'm an Irishman myself, and was born in the beautiful city of Cork."

We fraternized at once, and on parting at Montreal shed many bitter beers.