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Comments on the Cartoons.



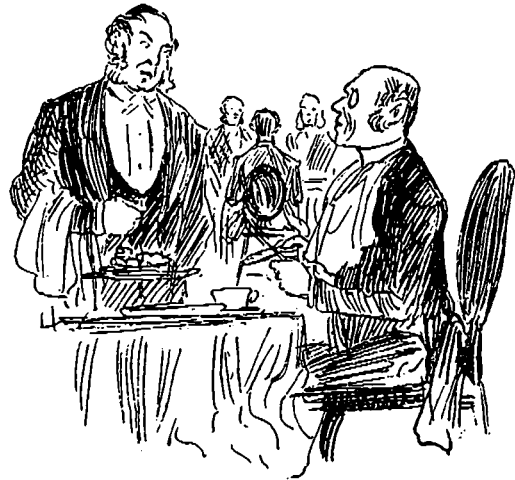
PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF THE COUNTRY.—The people of Canada without distinction of party will, we are sure, appreciate the politico-scientific portrait we lay before them this week. Photographs and lithographs of the eminent gentlemen now at the head of affairs are scattered throughout the land, but none of these—excellent as they may be—give any real insight into the make-up of that master-mind. A portrait based upon the science of Phrenology can alone convey a clear idea of Sir John to future generations, and this it is the pleasure of MR. GRIP to submit. It will be observed that the Premier has what the Phrenologists denominate a "great head." The conformation of the cranium—aside from the fly, which we wish to say is a mere accidental circumstance, and has no connection with the fly on the wheel—betokens great powers of leadership; and the sub-divisions, setting forth the various qualities of the subject, fully bear out this promise. The more candid professors of Phrenology admit that a man's head is more easily and accurately read if you happen to know him well, and we may admit that it is upon this principle that the present chart is made up. We hope it will meet with the approval of the authorities at Ottawa, as we are sure it will with all the other learned bodies of the Dominion.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S APPEAL.—Archbishop Lynch's letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, has made a ripple upon the sea of politics. The document is severely criticized in some quarters, but surely a less objectionable method of aiding the cause of Ireland could not be conceived. The Archbishop regards Lord Randy as a bright and promising man, with his future yet to make, and he is doing a kindness to the young politician, we think, in advising him to take a course of action which will lead him ultimately to a high and honorable position. Churchill could render important service to the

cause of justice at this juncture by joining Gladstone's forces, and in so doing he would only be resuming the position he occupied on the Irish question a short time ago. The only question is, will he have the political wisdom to do so? The introduction of this odious and uncalled for coercion measure gives him a splendid opportunity to break with the Government.

THE COFFEY APPOINTMENT.—A great pother has been raised amongst the Grits of Carleton County over the appointment of a young man named Coffey to the office of Registrar, which has been for a long time eagerly sought by older—and, as they allege, more deserving—followers of the local Government. The *denouement* is attributed to the influence of the Hon. Mr. Fraser, the appointee being a Roman Catholic. We know nothing—and care less—about the merits of this little party dispute, and only refer to it as illustrating the disadvantages of the present system of appointment to such offices. Why should not the people of Carleton County elect their registrar? Is it not just possible that the intelligent voters down there would select as efficient a man as young Mr. Coffey?

THE COMING MAN.—No member of the new Parliament will be more closely watched by an expectant people than Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P. for West Assinibioia. Those who have noted his ante-election address have a right to regard him as an independent member, who will retain his manhood, and in his own words, "rise superior to party." That he will take his place in the front rank of our parliamentary orators, goes without saying, and we trust his eloquent voice will be invariably on the side of right. It will be no easy work for him, however. The Government, no doubt, counts him amongst its chattels, and will do its utmost to suppress any indications of independence on his part. We hope he will mark this down in his little book.



WORSE AND WORSE.

Jones (to old club waiter)—Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?

Michael (hastily)—Willingly, sir.

Jones—Well, Michael, that isn't very complimentary!

Michael—No, sir; I didn't mane that, sir. I wouldn't be seen there, sir.

INSCRIBED TO HON. C. F. FRASER.

THEY talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it,

—*The Chiel.*

How to make the long winter pass quickly. Discount your note in November payable in May without having any certain prospect of meeting it.