



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the circulation of GRIP at 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—If Mr. John Shields and his fellow contractors of Section B. really mean business in the matter of the libel suit they have threatened against the *Globe*, et al., now is a very good time to show it. The un-abashed defendants stand at the bar, having joined issue in regular legal form, and are only awaiting the arrival of the accusers with the judge, jury and crier of the court to have it decided once for all whether we are to call it the Section B "Slander" or "Scandal." Let Mr. Shields hustle himself if he wants the public to believe him in earnest.

FIRST PAGE.—The independent journals of this Dominion—which, by the way, are happily growing both in numbers and importance—are beginning to point out with something like befitting earnestness the positive danger which threatens our country from the growing callousness of the people toward corruption in politics. That many of our national departments and institutions are hotbeds of intrigue and dishonesty—that the Senate is a sickening sham, whose only effectual function is to enforce the truth that age is not necessarily honorable—that political life generally is actuated by the spirit of brigandage rather than patriotism—and, worst of all—that the Canadian people as a whole are content to know all this and accept it as inevitable—these are considerations well fitted to alarm the hearts of true Canadians. The party papers cannot be expected to cry out against

it,—even if they did their warnings would carry no weight with the public. The political partisans in Parliament and the country are in the same position. It therefore becomes the one present duty of the independent press to raise a warning cry, and to persist in it. If Canada means to be anything but a by-word and reproach amongst the nations, let her lose no time in clearing her skirts of the corruption which at present she apparently enjoys.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It appears that Sir Chas. Tupper's acceptance of the High Commissionership has the effect of voiding his seat in the House, under the provisions of one of our statute laws. The statute referred to prohibits any member from accepting a Government position to which a salary is attached, and this is certainly the sort of post Sir Charles has accepted. The only point to be decided is whether his declining to actually take the salary which is attached makes any difference. The Conservative party ought to be anxious to have this point decided. Is it possible that Sir C. has been cutely cut adrift by his colleagues?



In stentorian tones the question is asked why will young women going to their work in the morning wear red stockings when their boots are in holes. No one can possibly object to the boots having holes in them, but why do not the wearers black their stockings? Ink will do it, and that's what we use for ours.

We pride ourselves on the immaculate glossiness of our patent leather boots, and something has got to be done with those fiends of storekeepers who disport themselves with a sprinkling can just as soon as they see our form looming up in the horizon. Why should we be subjected to the infernal machinations of these demons, merely because we are proud of our own natty little boots, whilst the storekeepers referred to only black their great 15's once a year? We won't. Police!

In another column will be found a poem by one of our best and most esteemed correspondents. All lovers of genuine poetry will appreciate "McTuff's" effort, the beauty of which will be seen as soon as read. We wish there were more McTuff's. Of course when our poetry machine is in full running order we can turn out the best versification in the world (W. S. Gilbert not excepted), but sometimes it gets out of gear, and at such times something that so nearly approaches our own bits of perfection is invariably welcome,—and "McTuff's" always are.

Who will say now that the Cologners are not a go-ahead lot. They commenced to build a church about 640 years ago and rushed the thing through with such haste that they finished it the other day. Too much hurry is to be condemned, however, and it seems to us that a building run up in that style cannot

but be a shell, and must be scarcely safe in a high wind. It is understood that the church members there are advertising for \$150,000 to pay a Brooklyn preacher to go over for a few months, and expound: anyhow, whatever the amount is wanted for, it is required for something, but we won't give a scent to a place like Cologne.

GRIP has made a new departure, and the editorial rooms are now downstairs. We are glad of this, as the wholesale slaughter occasioned by throwing poets etc., out of a three storey window was something very terrible. The exertion to ourselves, moreover, this hot weather, was more than we could bear at times, and the accumulation of debris in front of the office, mangled out of all semblance to the human form divine, was objectionable to the police, and they have remonstrated with us. In our new room we have devised a patent trap door, and the first man who enters our chamber of horrors who looks like the poets we all so often read about, or any individual who appears as if he were about to enquire concerning Bengough's Shorthand Bureau, (with which, for the last time, we state we have nothing whatever to do) will be inveigled on to that trap door, and before he can say, "I just called to enquire—" he will never forget the "sharp swish" with which he will drop down "GRIP's Patent Hatchway." It is unpleasant to do these things, but time has inured us to imbruing our hands in gore, and the feeling of horror does not last long. It will hereafter be mere child's play to touch the spring which will let the trap door go, and then—look out.

TO WOULD BE CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

R. C. P., Highgate.—Your communication duly received. You certainly make use of some very choice expressions for one who would set himself up as an instructor of polite literature. Were not your letter so utterly low and vulgar it should be published in our columns. We may, however, yet consider our determination and let the world see how prettily you can write when in a bad temper.

"NORMALITE," Toronto.—Your poemlet appears this week, though we broke through a rule in publishing it. Next time you send us anything, please send your real name (not for publication). We are always pleased to aid the weak against the oppressed. We have a suspicion who you are, or we would scarcely have ventured to fracture a well-known newspaper rule.

DR. BLAZES.

O how shall I, unskilful, try
The poet's occupation,
The tuneful powers in happy hours
That whisper inspiration?
For they must soar with effort more
Than aught that most amazes,
If they rehearse in equal verse
The charms of Dr. Blazes.

For when he speaks, his voice it squeaks,
His feeble powers surrender,
And O, his ire! with eyes of fire
His face gleams livid splendor.
Each eye it cheers when he appears
Like Sol in morning's hazes,
How sad each heart! How loth'to part
From charming Doctor Blazes!

His musty notes he gently quotes,
His talk is nought but grammar,
His lectures all, both great and small,
Are so much scolding stammer.
But I in vain essay the strain—
The deed my conscience dazes,
I'll drop the lyre, and mute admire
The Reverend Doctor Blazes!

—NORMALITE.

The first sign of spring is the feeling that your hat is shabby.—Ez.