

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyater; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When the business managers of *The Mail*, whose actions are influenced by stern facts, rather than by editorial poetry, find it necessary to cut down the wages of their printers, an outsider may be permitted to mention that we are now enjoying hard times, without being liable to the charge of Gritism. This is the paralyzing reply of the Tory organ to any statement which may be supposed to reflect on the Government, just as the equally dreadful cry of "Tory" is the crushing answer of the *Globe* to any criticisms from the independent press. We are having a depression, whether or not the Ottawa Cabinet is responsible for it. They are certainly responsible for the N. P., and the point we wish to make just now is that the N. P. bears with undue severity on the very classes that need its help most. The wage-earner is crushed beneath heavy taxes on the necessaries of life, and meantime he finds his wages (if he is, perchance, receiving any) cut down by competition "assisted" from the old world by the Government, out of the public funds. This is all very sad, but the average working man of Canada does not ask for sympathy. He steadfastly believes in Sir John as the workingman's friend, and would rather endure hardship under the present régime than live in clover—if he believed that possible—under a pestilent Grit premier.

FIRST PAGE.—The Democrats have, for a wonder, made a good nomination for the Presidential ticket. Cleveland and Hendricks are more acceptable to the decent American voter than Blaine and Logan, but it will be a marvel if their very goodness does not bring about their defeat. Kelly, representing the Tammany Wing, and Butler, who represents a little of everything implied by the word demagogue, have practically bolted the party ticket, and unless these doughty leaders can be reconciled their opposition will more than counterbalance the Independent Republican vote, which, it is anticipated, will be cast for the Democratic nominees. Adversity, it is said, makes strange bed-fellows. So does a virtuous democratic nomination, when it drives Kelly and Butler into the same bunk with Blaine.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Complaint is made against the *Week*, or rather against its controlling spirit—Mr. Goldwin Smith—that nothing on the temperance question is allowed to appear in its columns from the pens of contributors,

which is not in accord with that gentleman's personal opinions. The consequence of this is that the Anti-Scott Act party get an undue advantage. Of course Mr. Smith has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own paper, but so long as he follows the policy here indicated he cannot expect the public to recognize the *Week* as the unbiased free and independent journal it claims to be.

PRESS COMMENTS ON OUR LAST ISSUE.

A COMPLIMENT TO KINGSTON.

GRIP's cartoon, representing the adoration of Toronto by her sister cities, is interesting. Several young ladies, bearing the names of the cities they represent, on their coronets, dance around Toronto who is seated on a dais. The handsomest of the group bears the name of Kingston, thus showing that Mr. GRIP has an eye to the eternal fitness of things.—*Whig*.

GRIP had an excellent cartoon in last issue. It represented "Public Opinion" blindfold, in female attire. The *Globe* and *Mail*, in the form of two yelping curs are each endeavoring to drag her in his own direction, but in vain. Underneath is the statement, "Wanted an honest dog to lead her." Behind her are the *World* and the *News* as candidates for the leadership, with the *News* in advance.—*Dundalk Herald*.

That very interesting bird, GRIP, entered his twenty-third volume last week, which was not the least important event of Toronto's semi-centennial celebration week. GRIP is and always has been an enterprising, energetic, humorous, interesting, instructive, and clean cartoon paper, and deserves the hearty support of all Canadians.—*Fleisherton Advance*.



GIVING ONE ANOTHER TAFFY.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME HEARD FROM.

BWADVIVIEW, N. W. T.

DEAR MR. GWIP.—Contwawy to your advice, which at the time I confess, seemed to me,—haw,—a little curt, and,—aw,—shall I say, impertinent, I did not return to England, but as you may gather from the above address, came out heah, and purchasing an improved fawm enticed with enehgy upon agwicultural peshuts I have I may say,—aw,—added vewy gweatly to my pwactical knowledge of fawming, and,—aw,—buolic work in genewal, and am now moahovah shuah that your advice was well-meant and cowect. Your kindly intewest in my affaiwys may justify my,—aw,—wecounting some of my expiehences since lawst you heard frowm me. Well, at the vewy outset, I suffehed,—aw,—

a most intolewable insult frowm one of the uncultivated clauss which fawms the majority of the,—haw,—population out heah. When I left the C. P. R. twain at this place, seeing no portah on the platform, I requested the station-agent to see awfiteh my luggage, and cawy it faw me to an hotel: noting some appawent,—aw,—embawassment on his pawt, I added in an explanatoway way, ye know, "I'm a son of a lawd ye know," wheah upon be jove he weplied, "I don't care if you're a son of a gun." Now this, ye know, to me, by jove was nelfectly surpwising, such depth of,—aw,—diswegard faw the,—haw,—privileges of birth I could hawdly have imagined. Howevah, so fixed was my determination to avoid twade and follow a fawm life, that I next day pwocceeded to puhchase a yoke of cattle, they being as I am infowmed moah able to stand hawd work on poor feed thau hawses. The only yoke faw sale weah vewy obnoxious on account of theah color, one being white and the other a flaming wed, vewy unasthetic ye know, and quite offensive to my welfined tastes. Howevah, I,—aw,—stomached this drawback, puhchased the team faw \$300, and set out faw my fawm. I may add,—aw,—that the pwospect of abundance of milk from my cattle was what finally decided me upon theah purchase, theah ownah assuring ne that they came of good milking stock. Well, I suffahed anothah seveah twial when I found that my oxen had,—aw,—contwucted a vewy nawsty habit of licking theah chops awfiteh dwinking, quite disgusting to one brought up in the lap of luxury; faw several days I was compelled, by jove, to watch them awfiteh din-hah, or my own appetite would be intefcawhed with, ye know.

The only cwop I have plawnted faw this yeah is hwan, that being, I understand, the best,—aw,—awficle of diet faw cattle. I plawnted an acre three weeks ago, and am becoming,—aw,—quite discouraged to find that it has not yet come up. My seed I feah was bad. Anotheh gwievous disappointment is that my oxen have not yet begun to give milk; I pwopose waiting a week longer faw my cwop and the oxen. If my hopes wemain at that date,—aw,—still unfulfilled, I shall at once leave this countwy and go back to Huddlecome Hall, looking in upon you as I pass through Towonto.

Yours dejectedly,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME.

Late of Huddlecome Hall, Hants, Eng.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

(Fragment of a letter from Hamilton.)

He was a poet, he said. Then he unfolded a large roll of manuscript which he begged me to read and criticise. He said the *Palladium of Labour* had given him two dollars for a poem of the Jude species. But he would read several of them to me. The *Hamilton Spec* reporters had praised his poetry very much, and would get some of them inserted in their paper, but really they had so much already in hand, that they could not definitely say when they would be free. However, they would furnish him with letters of recommendation to Whittier and other great minds, to whom they advised him to send some of his pieces. He had done so, and was waiting an answer. Yes—well, yes he was prepared to admit the ability of Shakespere, but he thought I would prefer his. He would now recite to me this exquisite piece of word painting commencing with "Oh! who can fathom a poet's fancy." I sat it through to the bitter end. The rhyme rattled, and hobbled, and grated like an empty waggon over a newly macadamized road, but I bore it like a hero. I suffered and was strong; although, I confess, the old Adam would keep protesting in an undertone, what have I done? what have I