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Comments on the Cartoons.



JOHN A. BARNUM.—There is a striking likeness between our great political showman Sir John, and the redoubtable proprietor of the "greatest show on earth"—Uncle Sam's Barnum—probably because there is the same strain of humbug in both. It is always an easy matter to secure the raw material for a cartoon on the chieftain whenever Barnum makes one of his annual farewell appearances. He has invariably some feature beneath his "acres of canvas" which is analagous to some political curiosity on exhibition by our own Barnum at the time. This season one of the chief attractions in the "mammoth menagerie of world's wonders" is the skeleton of Jumbo, the great elephant that was killed by a railway train at St. Thomas last year; and when we glance John A.-wards we find that he too is depending for patronage upon the skeleton of an elephant—known in 1878 as the great N.P.—and which, by a peculiar coincidence, was also killed in a collision (with hard facts). Here, however, the parallel ends. Barnum, no doubt, finds that Jumbo in ivory is almost as good a drawing card as the live beast was; whereas John A. is conscious that his elephant was a much better property before the people in general and the agricultural voters in particular could "see through it."

THE INTERNATIONAL SINRADS.—It is not related in the Arabian Nights story of the "Old Man of the Sea," that Sinbad the Sailor was an unusually wise individual, but we are given to understand that he was entirely unable to see the advantage of carrying round on his shoulders the dead weight of the old party in question. He didn't put the old man on his shoulders in the first place as a

business move, but as a mere matter of charity, and when he found that the burden seriously impeded his progress, he certainly tried his best to shake it off. The United States on the one hand, and Canada on the other, are each carrying a burden in the shape of a customs officer, as entirely useless and "worrying" as was even the old nuisance on Sinbad's shoulders. And, to still further aggravate the case, these intelligent nations are aware that these burdens were self-imposed, for the express purpose of making commerce difficult across the international boundary line! What a spectacle for Common Sense in the nineteenth century! If the hard, prosaic facts of this system of "protection" between the two nations of North America, were thrown into the form of Eastern allegory, the story would seem more absurd than any nursery tale. Neighboring people, willing, able, and anxious to trade, with mutual advantage to each other, deliberately setting up artificial obstacles in the way of the desired trade. The folly has seen its best days, we are glad to believe, and Commercial Union will shortly end it for ever.

TORRID TOPICS.

ONE may say of snow that it melts, but not that it wilts; and of a *boutonniere* or lily of the valley that it wilts, but not that it melts. Collars, however, are very successful in achieving both these feats.

\* \* \*

THE bald-headed man is, as a rule, refined and intellectual; he cannot even take off his hat without displaying his skull-sure. He is also, of course, the coolest-headed of men.

\* \* \*

It is said that the proverb about paying Paul is quite popular in Peterborough. This is a new style of joke, got out specially for the summer trade. A Japanese fan goes with each one.

\* \* \*

It is strange, indeed, that during the heated term the naked truth should be more exhausted and lifeless than in the ice-bound winter months. If there is a time when the naked truth ought to be feeling pretty well, it is surely now, when the warm, fragrant breezes whisper over yellow cornfields spotted with flaming poppies, and when fine, light mists trail over the dappled purple of heather on the far-off hills.

\* \* \*

It is about time, by the way, that some philosophic patron of the Island ferries should arise to observe that a cheap, rank cigar, smoked to the windward, is the cheroot of all evil.

\* \* \*

AND now the English tourist equips himself with the weapons and general outfit of an explorer in Africa, under the mistaken impression that in Muskoka he will track the wily musk-ox to its lair.

TRISTRAM S.

FLOR DI CABAGIO.

THE poet reclined in a hammock,  
And sang as he twanged his guitar,  
"Oh a cabbage-leaf under the hat is now worth  
Two cabbage-leaves in a cigar."

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

WITH the western sun fled the bright glory of the golden dust. There sprung up a Dickensesque wind, which, tiring of mad pranks, whooped and tore down the road, swinging to, as it passed, the toll-bar. The rusty hinges wheezed out:—

"Pitying stranger, I know I am a nuisance and all that is vile; but please don't call me a relic of barbarism."