

• GRIP •

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Editor.

The gravest beast is the ass; the gravest bird is the owl;
The gravest fish is the oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

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Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan 17th.
 - No. 7. Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—No comedian of the present day ventures more on his established popularity than the Premier of Canada. Sir John has the most childlike and unquestioning confidence in the good nature of the "House," and accordingly conducts himself in a manner which is often contrary to all the accepted rules of ministerial success. Look at him at the present moment. The audience is assembled in expectation of something unusually brilliant. It has been whispered abroad that the popular Star is to make his first appearance as the *Friend of the Factory-hand*, and intends also to give several other novelties on the occasion. Under such circumstances almost any actor would feel put upon his mettle, and however old in his profession, could not but feel nervous lest he might in some measure disappoint his anxious friends. But Sir John isn't a comedian of that sort. He sends the Vice-regal Chairman out to announce a programme in which there isn't a taste of novelty, and which makes no mention of *factory hands*, whatever. He feels perfectly confident that a round of his old business will secure him just as much applause as any attempt at novelty would, while it will be a deal less risky and troublesome. The Session's entertainment will therefore consist of a screaming three-week comedy, entitled "Nothing to Do," followed by a six-week farce, entitled "The Blather-skite," the whole to conclude with a one-week pantomime, called "Subsides all Round," John A. in his old familiar characters in each piece.

FIRST PAGE—Professor Foster will please accept GRIP'S condolence on the sudden demise of his dear little Parliamentary offspring, the McCarthy Act. Perhaps no words of ours will mollify the wound in the fond parent's heart, but it ought to be a consolation to reflect that the deceased Act was conceived in

cussedness, and brought forth in unconstitutionality. Moreover, the Professor has the gloomy satisfaction of attending the funeral alone, and acting as hearse, chief mourner, and sexton himself. Nobody else can be induced to follow the corpse. McCarthy, its god-father, has an engagement elsewhere, while John A. and Tilley wish it to be distinctly understood that this is none of their funeral. This comes, dear Professor, of sitting behind a Government which has invented the convenient trick of divesting themselves of their responsibility when it seems desirable to do so, and casting all the onus of doubtful acts on those who are soft enough to assume the blame.

EIGHTH PAGE—For the information of the bucolic Canadian, who has never been at Ottawa during the opening ceremonies of the House—who, in fact has no share in the magnificence, except the felicity of paying the piper, we present a graphic picture of the scene with which Parliament is opened. The back country subscriber may be surprised to learn that the three knocks and three bows here depicted are an integral and highly precious part of the British Constitution, and that they cost more than \$500 each. They are dirt cheap, too, for the entire intellect of the Usher of the Black Rod is concentrated on their proper delivery. We do not publish these pictures with the view of bringing about a sudden abolition of Black Rod and his nonsense. We hope, indeed, that the average Canadian will be able to look upon them with composure, if not with pride, for we can conscientiously assure him that the Usher of the Black Rod renders more public service for his salary than half the members of the House.



HOW TO BECOME AN ART CRITIC.

I'm a critic—picture critic—and some hints I will impart Upon the way to criticize the modern works of art. You really needn't know a thing of art; you merely need To be well posted in its terms, and, if so, you'll succeed. If to be a picture critic you desire, set to work. And some technical expressions learn; and don't attempt to shirk. And leave your task half-finished; for the person who intends To be a critic must have "terms" right at his finger-ends. And when critiques you start to write don't care about their sense;

Use terms judiciously and folks will say you are immense! I'll mention just a few of them to put you in the way: They are so sweetly simple you can learn them in a day. You may depend upon it that if you use them right, Your defects and lack of knowledge will be hidden—out of sight. Those artists who exhibit, when you praise them, will declare That, as a picture critic, you've no equal anywhere; They'll treat you to the best on earth; good dinners; choicest wine; And—if they've got them, bank-notes they'll lay before your shrine. They'll see the power your good opinion has: each painting Will do his best to win that good opinion for himself. Those others whom you castigate, of course, will angry be, But they'll strive to win you to their side with dainty, golden fec. Then, next year, give them "taffy," and declare their work is fine; By following these rules, be sure, a critic you will shine. At times, of course, upon some works you must not be decided, But be a little vague, for that's the very way that I did: And when you see that picture "takes," then praise it to the skies! Its author will declare you have a judgment sound and wise. Now, here are some expressions which I vary as I choose, But some of them, of course, in every article I use. "Breadth," "depth," "light," "shade," "style," "energy," "tone," "outlining" and "repose," "Foreshorten," "unobtrusive," expressions such as those Will stamp you as a critic of discernment, rich and rare: Next, "chiaro-oscuro," that you'll see's a settler everywhere. Then, compound terms, as "harmony of coloring," and such, Next, "easy-flowing pencil" and "facile grace of touch." "Great dignity and grace" is good, and "grand relief" as well, And "boldness of foreshortening's" a term that's sure to tell. Then "admirable study," and "exquisite moreaux." And "grand perspective beauty" "an idea of deep repose." "Fine receding of the objects," then hint, with some asperity At "B's great youthful boldness which borders on temerity." "Colored with dainty sweetness," sounds really very fine, And "union of harmony" 's a ripper in its line. "Delicious depth of vagueness in the foreground and perspective." "The chiaro oscuro wonderful; decidedly effective." These few will do for praising: next you must use the lash. Well, "faulty in expression," "his use of yellows rash." "Not exempt from vice of mannerism," "slovenly production," "Gaudy to offensiveness," "injudicious introduction." "Somewhat awkward and constrained," and "too clearly out of keeping." Such terms as these will send a youthful artist mad with weeping. When you wish to praise, yet not too much, say "This artist" (giving name) Is rapidly ascending the glittering steps of fame; His latest work might rank with some now hanging in the Loure— But he might have added, certainly, to this, his real *chef-d'œuvre*, Had he given more attention to what we, last year, said, And been just the voriest trifle more sparing with his red." Now, to be an able critic, you really do not need To know the least of art itself, but of its terms take heed. And use those terms judiciously, and artists as they pass. Will acknowledge you a critic; or, if not that, an—ass!

A SLANDEROUS PICTURE.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! I've got to laugh; can't help it. I got a copy of the *Illustrated London News* the other day, and lo! it contained a miraculous picture entitled "Christmas in Canada." I will endeavor to describe the scene.

A man and a woman are depicted descending a gloomy, disolute-looking mountain path, apparently on their way to worship, as the female carries some books. (The artist is generous enough to allow that some Canadians can read.) The man is attired, as becomes a person who has to encounter the fearful blizzard that blows continuously in this country, from September the 30th to May the 15th—in