



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.

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To Correspondents.

"My Valentine" is too, too long.
M.D., Montreal.—Too late; the fun is over.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The opening of the present session of the Dominion House was signalized by a debate which was short and sweet. The brevity was a sort of fatherly reproof to the little Ontario legislators, who spent more than a week in windy warfare over the "speech from the throne," while its sweetness will give it a place in our annals as a model for all succeeding Parliaments. Mr. Blake's kindly personal allusion to Sir John Macdonald led to a graceful return of courtesy by the Premier, and the whole exhibition of good-fellowship struck the House and country as being eminently in keeping with the St. Valentine season of love. G.R.I.P. ventures to hope that this spirit may last throughout the session, and that both parties may devote themselves so earnestly to the affairs of the State that they will have neither time nor inclination to renew the personalities of bygone days.

FIRST PAGE.—The three leaders of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature have, in the most cowardly fashion, deserted the cause

of their own Province in the matter of the Boundary Award, and, as is customary with cowards, they have shewn themselves capable of great bravery in the way of swallowing their own words. The resolution for which they voted last session, expressing the opinion that the Federal Government was exceeding its rights in withholding the territory awarded to Ontario, has this session been voted against by this precious trio of patriots and their spaniel-hearted followers, although the conduct of the Federal Government has not been changed in the meantime, excepting for the worse. We trust that the constituencies misrepresented by Meredith, Lauder, Morris, *et al*, will take summary means to let these gentlemen see that they are not sent to the Local House to play the part of Ottawa puppets, and to sacrifice our provincial interests to accommodate outside parties.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Premier of Ontario, although an estimable gentleman, finds himself obliged to employ the arts of statescraft in dealing with the liquor question. Feeling that unripe public opinion is a very unhealthy fruit for little premiers to indulge in, Mr. Mowat does not venture to commit himself to anything like prohibitive legislation. But the world is moving. People who never spend their time in listening to temperance lectures are beginning to realize that this liquor business is a gigantic curse which has no more right to the countenance of the law than any other species of evil; and before long we hope it will be safe for a leader of a Canadian Government to throw his weight decidedly on the right end of the "teeter."

The Montrea mustard-plaster scandal has been ended by the "resignation" of the fiendish matron, Greig. We rather regret this, as we have on hand several capitally written things on the subject, sent by talented contributors at Montreal, which we will now be unable to use. However, what is G.R.I.P.'s loss is undoubtedly the Hervey Institute's gain, and we will have to be resigned.

The *Canadian Manufacturer* is a new journal devoted to the industries of our country which ought to obtain a large circulation amongst the class it represents. It is neatly printed, and its columns are controlled by writers who are competent to deal with the subjects they take in hand. Mr. Fredric Nicholls is the managing editor of the paper, and a right lively newspaper man he is.

A correspondent alleges that Sir John has assured Commander Cheyne that he will assist in the North Pole project. The writer (who is jealous of the Government's reputation) thinks this is decidedly carrying the N.P. to extremes.

Ottawa Citizen: Over its dispatch from Ottawa, the Hamilton *Times* of Saturday contained the heading: "Dr. Orton and his Alleged Bigamous partner." What on earth has Dr. Orton

got to do with the conduct of a former business partner, that his name should be associated with this scandal? Nothing under the sun. But Dr. Orton happens to be a Conservative. Hence the contemptibly mean conduct of the *Times*.

This sort of journalism is certainly most disgraceful, and nothing could better illustrate the evils of extreme partyism than such an exhibition of unreasoning malice as is here given by the editor of the *Times*.

We fear that our artist was a trifle hasty in drawing the cartoon for this issue. While it was being engraved the evil spirit entered into the House again, and one of the old fashioned scenes of vituperation occupied several hours of the time for which the people pay so heavily.

The Latest Imported Novelty.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

What form is that with face so muchly sad,
And eyes far gazing into distant nought
And hair long hung athwart his head? (the cad
Is evidently sick or lost in thought.)
Methinks I've seen that face on *Punch's* page;
I'm sure that form—perhaps I am beguiled—
But no, 'tis true, his teaching's all the rage.
The form is that of England's Oscar Wilde.

What holds he highward in his hugesome hand?
A flower it is, a lily, too, forsooth!
He feebly sniffs its scent, so soulful, and
Grinds up its fragrance 'neath each every tooth.
He's quite the king of aesthetics in his power—
Is that a target in his buttonhole?
Avant! ye nothing! 'tis a sweet sunflower,
So quite! so all but! and so full of soul!

His nether limbs adorned with tight knee-breeches
Like our great-grand-dads wore in days of yore,
So tight and hurting that his sweet face twitches
With pain so sharp he never felt before.
And pumps and buckles, stockings made of silk,
His favourite hue a cross twixt 'brown and green,
His favourite food sunflower seed and sweet milk
Drawn from a calla's snow-white breast serene.

Then, hail! headmaster of a modern school,
Whose pupils wear limp clothes and utter faces:
Ah! if there were like thee, apostles dual,
We'd have three lovely pre-Raphaelite graces.
But thou'rt alone in thy aesthetic joy,
And may thou be so all thy live-long days,
We'll let thee quite monopolize the toy
And keep from thee and thy aesthetic craze.



THE CHAMPION BOWLER; OR, PROVINCIAL PLAYTHINGS.

FRASER.—See here, ole man, do you 'spose we have nothin' else to do but set up nine-pins for you to bowl over?