

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Citizens of Canada, without regard to political opinion, will have received with gratitude the announcement that Sir John Macdonald's illness is not considered serious. Sir Andrew Clark, an eminent physician of London, whom Sir John recently consulted, gave it as his opinion that prostration from over exertion was the sole cause of the Premier's illness, and that "he was not troubled with any organic disease." In the natural ecstasy of the moment we may well conceive of the witty leader winking at Mr. Gordon Brown (whom it is likely he chums with in London) and remarking that his chief organic trouble ceased when the *Globe* ceased to be an organ.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We have already recorded the fact that Hon. Mr. Langevin has been made a knight. The occasion of our pictorial allusion to the subject is that gentleman's recent internee at Montreal, when, in an address to some of his admirers, he hinted that the honor was rather unexpected on his part. This is what in parliamentary language might be called a whopper. It is notorious that Sir Hector chased after his tinsel ornament with all the eagerness and recklessness of the proverbial boy after the traditional butterfly.

The Fortune Bay dispute has been settled by the payment of an award amounting to \$75,000 to the "outraged" American fishermen. Great Britain being in this case the losing party, of course the money has been promptly paid over, though in our opinion no more flimsy claim was ever laid before a court. However, it is done, and verily Uncle Sam has found Fortune Bay happily named. And, by the way, if a few minutes' fishing on a Sunday is worth \$75,000, our Uncle can't very well hereafter dispute the value of our fisheries at large, can he?

Answers to Correspondents.

W. C.—Lindsay.—Good; come again.

M.—Halifax.—If you will hand your contributions over to Mr. Baker and have him put them through his lobster-boiling machine before sending them to us, perhaps we might be able to find space for them, and at the same time preserve their essence. At present they are ever so much too long.

Ardent Liberal.—We really cannot tell you why Mr. Blake wears spectacles instead of using an eye glass. Write and ask him. Stay, though; it has occurred to us that it may be because he prefers them.

Undergraduate—McGill.—We agree with you that a gentleman of Principal Dawson's world-wide reputation would have better consulted his dignity had he declined to take a rank below that conferred on a mere politician with a record none of the cleanest.

Alfred J. Bry, Montreal.—You ask us why we do not follow your example and adopt the first person in our articles. We reply that we are not enamored of its use as exemplified by you in the *Spectator*. We have no taste for an unstinted parade of the egotistical "I."

W. P. Ham-ul.—You object to being dubbed a prodigal, and say you have always been a Liberal at heart. Very well, Sir William, we accept your statement, and the next time you leave your friends for a far country we shall understand that it is only for a visit.

H. G. Joly, Quebec.—Pleased to greet you as a correspondent. We admit that we have somewhat neglected our English-speaking friends at Quebec, but will endeavor in future to give more attention to the House of which you are—permit us to say—so distinguished a member.

Guard.—We hold over the matter of your lengthy letter until the settlement of the matter in question.

Our Intentions.

Our brother of the San Francisco *Wasp* has written a splendid little editorial, which expresses so neatly the intentions of Grip's publishers that we print it here:—We mean to make this journal a first-rate journal. We mean to make it grave, gay, lively, and severe. We mean to unload its defects and double up its merits. And, as the youthful Disraeli, his lips touched with a live coal from the altar of prophecy, said when his maiden speech expired in a storm of derision: "The time will come when you shall hear us." In return, we will hear you, good friends. We will ask your assistance—we would fain have your shoulders to our wheel. Every man has in him latent possibilities of literary achievement. No man but from the treasures of his observation or experience can draw forth some interesting anecdote, sketch, or thought, and put it into a setting of words. Literary composition is an art; one may not have studied this art. His expression may be crude and faulty, but that can be amended by him who knows the trick—by us. Send us the cub and we will lick the interesting little beast into shape, if needful. Ladies are born writers, and right tenderly do we deal with what they honor letters by writing. Shall we not, then, hear from them? Ah! if they but knew how we love them! We will pay, too, where payment is required—not much, probably, at first; only a trifle more than we can afford. But the broad sunlight of the prosperity now dawning shall assuredly gild an increasing output of shekels from our swelling store. We shall be rich—rich as old Croesus; then we shall not forget our friends, but with a reckless and prodigal hand make their bottom dollar smile welcomes to thick-coming companions of its kind. See if we don't.

"HERALD" AND "GAZETTE" AGAIN.



The pertinacity with which the Montreal *Herald* and *Gazette* insist upon quarrelling with each other is something remarkable. They rival the celebrated Kilkenny cats in persistency, but we sincerely hope the ultimate result will not be so awful. The managing directors of the two companies have lately been at it tooth and tail. Both were mem-

bers of the Committee of Arrangements for the Allan dinner, and a question as to who was responsible for neglecting to send tickets to the editor of one of the evening papers originated the dispute. He of the *Gazette* opened the ball with a letter, published in his paper, stating that he was not present at the meeting of the committee at which arrangements were made for the issue of the press tickets, and therefore he disclaimed all responsibility for the neglect; adding that if any one were to blame it must be the managing director of the *Herald*, who was secretary of the committee. He of the *Herald* followed, in his paper, with a dignified rebuke and an attempt to prove that the *Gazette* director's statements were inaccurate. *Gazette* director replied viciously, and so the fun waxed fast and furious. Other letters, besides the published ones, passed between the belligerents, copies of which, as curiosities of literature, GRIP is fortunately able to lay before his readers.

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "GAZETTE" TO MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—My name is White and so is my record. Ask John A. if you doubt it. You say I was present at the meeting of the committee. You—well, you do what no gentleman does.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Who cares what your name is? I say you were present at the committee meeting, and can prove it. Apart from this my word is as good as yours and better too. Ask Mr. Huntington if it isn't. You're a whippersnapper.

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

M. D. OF "GAZETTE" TO M. D. OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—Whippersnapper eh? Wouldn't you feel more comfortable if you apologized immediately if not sooner. Suppose you do—your nothing but a miserable Grit anyway, and I don't want to be forced to buy a new whip to snap round you.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Apologize! and to you? Never!! You challenged my veracity in your wretched old rag of a paper, and no man does that with impunity. Buy your whip if you want to—who's afraid? You just come over here and I'll show you what pi is.

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

M. D. OF "GAZETTE" TO M. D. OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—Shan't come over, shan't buy a whip—dignified contempt, that's the ticket for you—but don't you dare to look at me again. You're a low bred person, sir—yes sir, that's what you are.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Look at you—oh! no. I never look at insignificant things—too much trouble. Fancy a humble bee buzzing about "dignified contempt," ha! ha!

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

GRIP regards the above letters as models of a lively and graceful style.

The cycle of life—Baby, girl, woman, wife, baby.—Etc. Sometimes its baby, girl, woman, old maid, poodle dog.