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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.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cry from the Government side at Ottawa—the shout which was loud enough to drown down all criticism of the Syndicate Loan—was "Patriotism! Patriotism!" Somebody once said that patriotism was the last refuge of scoundrels—in this case it certainly appears to have been the refuge of gentlemen who had no arguments to defend the position they had taken. The House contains some precious blockheads, but we cannot believe that there is a single member who sees the slightest connection between "patriotism" and this purely business—or unbusiness—transaction. We have agreed to "lead" \$22,500,000 in addition to the original grant, in order that the railway may be finished in two years instead of five, as stipulated in the contract. The only question is, is this object worth the money—for nobody really expects to get the money back. GRIP holds that it is not worth the money, nor any fraction of it. On the contrary, he believes it would in every sense pay better to complete the work as at first agreed. There may be "millions in it" for our Political Col. Sellers—and our Canadian Bardwell Slote may see big things in the "appropriation," but that does not alter the fact that the whole scheme is a ruinous mistake for Canada.

FIRST PAGE.—We have a Liberal Government in Ontario. Liberal, mark you; and

please don't confuse the title with the old worn-out cognomen, "Reform." That there are things calling for reform is probably well known to the ministry, and certainly to the people of the Province. Amongst them we might mention the Exemption question, and the building of a new Parliament House. A strong feeling has long existed in favor of the abolition of unjust exemption from taxation, and the country is ripe for action on that important matter. As to the new building, no sane person can doubt the absolute necessity of it, not only on the score of self-respect—for the present barn is a disgrace to the Province, but also on the score of prudence, for the public records are in danger of destruction every hour. Mr. Mowat apparently fears to move on, lest he should come to grief, but we hope he will soon "make a spurt," and find—as he probably will—that all his fears were unfounded.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If these sketches will do anything to inspire our city authorities with a desire to do away with the system of Non-Protection against Fire now in vogue, they will accomplish their object. The point we wish to emphasize is, that the old plan of bringing out the steam engines should be adopted, as it is plain the hydrants cannot be depended upon.

STARTLING NEWS FROM KINGSTON.

The other day we read in our Mail:

"Chief Horsey has resigned his position as Chief of the Fire brigade. Notwithstanding that, the weather 'is very cold; and raw robins are flying about the city.'"

Are we to understand that Chief Horsey manages the weather for Kingston since Sir John left, or is there something wrong with the punctuating machine up in the tall tower?

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are acknowledged from the following: "Peck's Bad Boy," J.B.M., Juvenal; H.H., T. McTuff; T.B., T.T., C.M.R.; M.L.S.; J.H.C.; C.M.; Mok; B.M.; N.L. Such of the above as are found suitable will appear in due course. Contributions should reach us on Friday to insure insertion in the number for the ensuing week.

NEWBURY, VT.—Subject matter too old now.

In reply to enquiries, Mr. GRIP would say that he has no office on Adelaide-street now, having moved all his plant, machinery, and paraphernalia into his new premises 26 & 28 Front-street W., where he will be glad to see his friends and show them the finest printing office in the country. The windows on Adelaide-st., in which the funny cartoons are displayed, belong to the office of Mr. C. V. Boughton, the energetic agent of the Citizen's Accident Insurance Co. We do not feel jealous of Mr. B., but hope each succeeding cartoon may be better than the last, and that he may take the life of every man who stands to laugh at them.

Crows don't study natural laws. Else, why after being chased away from a newly-sown field, do they not better understand how effect follows cause?



THE POOK BLUNDERING PREMIER.

NORQUAY.—Boo hoo! Boo hoo! I've gone and smashed the pitcher and now I'm scared to go home!

INES TO G. F. FRANKLAND.

(On reading his recent letter in the Globe.)

Let Premier tinker at the nation's laws,
And teacher cultivate the youthful mind,
Stick thou to thy beloved Cattle Cause,
A nobler one it would be hard to find.

Good laws will tend to make the nation good,
And culture from good schools is sure to flow;
But what's the use of either minus food,
Good, tender, juicy beef, I'd like to know?

Go on, brave Frankland, send off vessels full,
Of all the Cattle Kings we hail thee chief;
You'll win a laurel from old Johnny Bull,
Who knows the virtue of Canadian Beef!



OUR OWN AT THE ASSEMBLY.

GARRULOUS, GUARANTEED, GO-FOR-'EM GALLERY GOSSIP.

The people of this unfortunate Province have only begun to learn the merest trifles about the doings of the Cabinet members—individually and collectively. What of Mr. Meredith's *expose*, in view of the information now in possession of your indefatigable reporter? I tell you it sinks into the nothingness of an Ottawa civil service clerk's duties when my little story is told. And do the masses fear I shall fail to tell my little story? Bah! There is no fear in me—if you don't count a very natural indisposition to go into the Mail sanctum just about leader-writing time. What if libel suits do follow? Common-place considerations of this nature will never restrain me! I can stand libel suits, if the promoters of them can. So here goes:

MOWAT'S MISSION.

The real object of the Premier in going abroad last summer was to get new blood for his poultry yard and piggery. Hardly, not many persons are aware, will eat nothing but pedigreed pork—that is to say when he is in the pork-eating mood. The Premier, unable to reason him out of this extraordinary taste,