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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.—This picture is a trifle  
in advance of the fact, but the fact is quite  
sure to come ambling along in due course.  
GRIP will stake his reputation as a prophet—  
or what remains of it—on the statement that  
the majority in the Federal Parliament will  
swallow the new Syndicate dose without a  
wince, and that while the operation is going  
on the fellows on the Opposition benches will  
conduct themselves in a more or less frantic  
manner. It may be supposed that this car-  
toon will make the ministerial gentlemen  
at Ottawa very angry; perhaps it will; we  
hope it may, for in case it does there will be  
some reason to suspect that they look upon  
the swallowing of this dose as something un-  
becoming and objectionable. If it makes them  
so very angry that they determine to give it  
the lie by refusing to do the swallowing when  
it comes to be demanded of them, the country  
will undoubtedly applaud their righteous in-  
dignation. But at the same time it will be  
a marvellous sight to see a voting machine re-  
fusing to work when the crank is turned,  
though GRIP will hold himself in readiness to  
feel infinitely snubbed and humiliated, and  
indeed rather hopes he may be in this case.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Meredith can sympathise  
with *Hamlet*. He knows what it is to bear  
"the insolence of office." The other day the  
Attorney-General, in a taunting spirit, advised  
Mr. M. to get his friends in Ottawa to do  
something or other, whereupon Mr. M. meek-  
ly admitted that he was "powerless at Ottawa."  
"And I may remind the hon. gentleman,"  
roared Mr. Mowat in a voice of thunder, and  
with blue fire streaming from both eyes, "that  
he is powerless *here*, as well!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—Judging by the manner in  
which motions for returns and information,  
moved by the Grip members at Ottawa have  
been dealt with, it looks as if Sir John had  
adopted the suggestions of the *Mail* about  
sewing up their mouths.

"Parliamentary" language is sometimes a  
little coarse, but its coarseness is generally ra-  
deemed by its wit. Now we venture to doubt  
the *Mail's* prediction that "Piggery" Cook  
will become a popular phrase among the mem-  
bers, because it is not at all clever or funny,  
and any member who didn't want to put him-  
self on the level of certain vulgar editors would  
take care not to use it.



#### THE DONKEY'S DREAM.

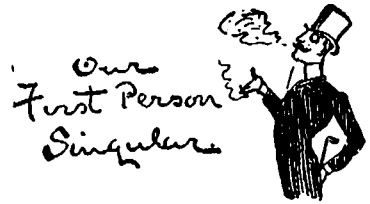
A donkey lay him down to sleep,  
And as he slept and snored full deep,  
He was observed (strange sight) to weep,  
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by  
The donkey roused, and with a sigh,  
And kindly voice enquired why  
These tears he did exude?

The donkey, while he trembled o'er,  
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,  
Made answer in a fearful roar—  
"I dreamed I was a dude."

"Have you weak eyes?" said a lady to an  
applicant for a kitchen position who wore blue  
spectacles; "No, ma'am," said the applicant;  
"but I scour pots and things so thoroughly  
that the glitter of them hurts my sight."—  
*Somerville Journal*.

"Let no man enter into business while he  
is ignorant of the manner of regulating books.  
Never let him imagine that any degree of  
natural ability will supply the deficiency or  
preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextric-  
able confusion."—*Day's Business College*, 96  
King-st. W., Toronto.



I have received a copy of the "skit" which is  
just now shaking London with laughter. It  
is a cleverly-written thing, purporting to give  
a particular account of the prize fight between  
Merrydick and Huskisson—the reference being  
of course to the squabble of the leading council  
in the Weekes perjury case now going on.

I wonder whether it has occurred to any  
other great mind than that of the writer that  
ex-alderman Baxter is now more like the  
world than ever; he always bore a great  
resemblance to this footstool, in that it is a  
long way round him, but now that he has  
been flattened at the polls every one must  
admit that the similarity is greatly increased.

I observe that Mr. W. H. Higgins has taken  
the first opportunity on his return from the  
Old Country to reply to the attacks made upon  
him in his absence by the Editor of the *Mail*.  
Those who are familiar with the pen of *Tim*  
*O'Day* will not need to be told that Mr. Hig-  
gins gives as good as he got. His reply appears  
in the form of a letter to the *Whitby Chronicle*,  
the paper which he for so many years owned  
and edited.

I see that Hamilton rejoices in a barber shop  
where good-looking female "tonsorial artists"  
alone are employed, and the proprietor of  
that establishment is on the high road to mil-  
lionaireism, as the youths of Hamilton have  
discovered that it is necessary for them to be  
shaved thrice a day. Women have a natural  
gift for removing the hirsute adornments of  
the opposite sex, as numbers of married men  
can amply testify, and they are likely to prove  
successful as barbers, but I think the man who  
is bright enough to start a shop with none but  
bald-headed barbers is the man who will have  
a bonanza, as people would certainly patronize  
an establishment where the knights of the razor  
could not, consistently, be eternally, if ever,  
recommending specifics for producing a lux-  
uriant growth of hair on the most billiard-ball-  
like head. Let some of our barbers ponder  
this thing, there's something in it.



Mr. John T. Raymond is the present attrac-  
tion at the Grand. He is still doing "Col.  
Bob Belter," and from all appearances the  
character will develop into a second "Sellers."  
The play, "In Paradise," is very clever and  
amusing, as all can testify who saw it on a  
former occasion.

Mr. William McDonnell's opera, "Marina,  
the Fisherman's Daughter," is announced for  
the 7th Feb., and following nights. The re-  
hearsals are going on actively, and we hope  
the result will be entirely satisfactory to the  
author and all concerned. It should be borne  
in mind that this piece, in both words and  
music, is original and Canadian.