



'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' and editors are notorious for a lack of jewellery. Here are our journalists wishing their readers a happy new year, and then proceeding to dish up the 'Record of 1883'—occupying a whole page, to the exclusion of advertisements and other interesting matter.

Newfoundland had better come into the Union. In her present isolated position she is in danger of being rent asunder with faction fights. As a Province of the Dominion, her sons of the Orange and Green would at once fall into the ranks of the Conservative party, and live in loving unity under the benignant sway of our clever Prime Minister.

The terrible disaster at the Humber has stricken the whole city with grief, and marred the happiness of the opening year. Every circumstance of the accident is inexpressibly sad: That the lives thus suddenly cut off are those of earnest bread-winners, whose desolated families will, perhaps, be left in need of the very necessities of life; that the fatality should have occurred on the first working day of the new year, and, perhaps saddest of all, that the terrible affair should have been the result of culpable negligence on the part of an employee of the railway.

Holidays are not an unmixed blessing. I am led to this reflection by contemplating the state of mind my Editor has been put into by the blank Tuesdays of these last two weeks, which have upset the printing arrangements, and resulted in a late publication of the paper. The result of this has been shocking in the extreme. The Editor has been driven almost to the verge of very nearly using some strong language. He says it isn't on his own account at all, but he hates to have his subscribers disappointed even for an hour.

The Ontario Legislature and the Dominion House both assemble this month for the manufacture of raw material for the Cartoon industry. Our artist says the sooner they get to work the better, and the livelier they make things when they do get to work the more he will bless them. If all I hear is to be depended on, the session at Ottawa promises to be a trifle hotter than usual. It might easily be more thrilling than the last sitting, which was lazy, stale, flat and highly unprofitable to the country and all concerned.

Come back to the fold, Dr. Wilson,  
Don't you know it is very bad form  
To go praying and preaching extempore,  
And looking excited and warm!

Why, dear me, your collar is crooked,  
And your trousers look worn at the knees,  
Don't you know that such things are unseemly,  
And far from the clerical cheese?

It's awfully vulgar, dear Wilson,  
—A man of your breeding should know—  
To go in for earnest religion  
Amongst the uncultured and low.

Your talk about "grace all abounding,"  
And "perishing mortals to save,"  
Is all very good, but the Barracks  
Is not half so nice as the Nave.

Come back to your desk and your surplice,  
And be the calm curate of yore—  
Your "knee drills" and "all nights" and  
"messes,"  
And "majors" and "captains" give o'er.  
Religion is good—for a Sunday—  
A little can do no great harm—  
But the first vital matter with Clergy  
Should be to preserve their good form.

#### GRIP'S HUMBER DISASTER RELIEF FUND.

We have opened a subscription list for the relief of the families bereaved by the recent terrible railway disaster, desiring chiefly to appeal to our individual subscribers and to manufacturing establishments throughout the Province. Will some friend in each town make it his business to wait upon the employees of such establishments and send us the collections, which will be thankfully received and acknowledged. Thousands of workers are waiting for the opportunity of thus testifying their sympathy with the afflicted ones. Following are the amounts already to hand:—

#### GRIP OFFICE.

J. W. B., \$5; J. L. M., \$5; S. J. M., \$5;  
C. L. L., \$2; W. S., \$2; G. Y. R., \$2; A.  
L. W. B., \$1; G. C., \$2; G. E. H., \$1; J. D.  
K., \$2; W. Stuart, \$1; L. McD., \$2; J. M.  
M., \$1; C. M., \$1; M. J. McC., \$1; J. W.  
R., \$1; R. D., \$1; J. M., \$1; W. M., \$1;  
H. R., \$1; A. H., \$1; G. H. W., \$1; W. R.,  
\$1; A. C., 50c.; W. W., 25c.; R. S., 25c.;  
J. H., 50c.; J. M., \$1; J. B., 25c.; F. B.,  
50c.; S. O. D., \$1; M. Y., 50c.; F. Y., 25c.;  
J. B., 25c.; R. S., 50c.; S. J., 50c.; G. B.,  
25c.; F. M., 50c.; T. T., \$1; B., 25c.;  
Potts, 25c.; H., 25c.; B., 25c.; Y. B., 25c.;  
B., 25c.; J. B., 25c.; W. D., 25c.; C. and S.,  
\$2; L. B., 25c.; L. W., 25c.; L. W., 25c.;  
M. W., 25c.; A. A., 25c.; A. F., 25c.; M. A.  
F., 25c.; M. C., 25c.; J. W., 25c.; W. J. S., 25c.

#### WM. WARWICK & SON.

W. W. & Son, \$5.00; E. S., 1.00; G. R. A.,  
1.00; A. F. R., 1.00; G. R. W., 1.00; F. B.,  
1.00; G. S. M., 1.00; Y. W. R., 1.00; J. S.,  
1.00; H. M. H., 1.00; C. E. W., 1.00; E. B.  
H., 1.00; H. Y., 1.00; G. C., 50c.; J. M.,  
50; G. B., 50; A. F., 25; A. H., 25; Mr. W.,  
\$2.00; McK., 1.00; Mr. S., 1.00; K. H., 2.00;  
C. N., 1.00; Mr. M., 1.00; E. H. M., 1.00;  
P. & J. K., 1.00; P. & B. G., 1.00; J. H.,  
1.00; J. H. M., 1.00; J. W. W., 50c.; W.  
Y., 50; A. O., 25; A. A., 25; S. F., 25; M.  
G., 25; R. E., 25; S. H., 25; F. B., 25; Y.  
D., 25; W. F., \$1.00; L. S., 25c.; A. L., 25;  
L. W., 25; J. D., 25; L. H., 25; L. W., 50;  
M. G., 50; Y. D., 50; F. W., 50; C. Y., 25;  
N. M., 25; H. Y., 25; L. Y., \$1.00; J. S.,  
50c.; E. W. C., 50; M. L., 50; B. L., 50; J.  
R., 25; A. P., 50; B. R., 50; L. D., 50; W.  
R., 50; Miss J., 50; L. S., 50; Mr. M., 50;  
M. M., 25; M. E. M., 50.

#### A NEW YEAR EDITORIAL.

As a Bird of Progress, GRIP believes in the motto "Keep moving."

But only in so far as that does not apply to one's printing presses, type, and general paraphernalia. GRIP has had quite enough of moving, as understood by Mr. Colville, the drayman. He is consequently overjoyed to know that the state of transition in which he finds his office and belongings at the present moment, will, in the course of a few days, be followed by a long and blessed rest, which he hopes to put to good use both for himself and his many patrons.

It is doubtless pretty well known to our friends—to wit, the population of the Dominion—that in a short time GRIP will take up his abode in new premises on Front-street, oppo-

site the Iron Block. Here the visitor will find him in an office combining convenience with elegance, with a place for every man and every man in his place. If the visitor cares to step up stairs, Mr. GRIP's polite office boy will have pleasure in showing him, first, a fine, bright and spacious composing room, occupied by fleet-fingered printers, who are putting together all kinds of work from visiting cards to mammoth posters, and on the flat above, an equally attractive press room, in which twenty shining presses are humming busily. If the visitor is real good he may then be permitted to gaze upon the designers and engravers at work, and even to behold the marvellous processes by which we make "cuts" and counter check-books, and all the other specialties for which GRIP office is famous. It will be worth the while of our friends to come and see us, and no mistake, for GRIP is going to have the largest, best equipped and best managed printing establishment in Canada. This is not an advertisement, bear in mind. It is a New Year editorial, and the Editor never felt happier in writing one in his life.



#### SIR JOHN HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To do or not to do it—that's the question!  
Whether 'tis better to keep up the squabble  
Over the western boundary of Ontario,  
Or to take Alowat's challenge and refer,  
And by referring, end it? Refer—Submit—  
No more; and by a reference to end  
The trouble at Rat Portage and the shock  
Of rival constables—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. Refer, submit—  
Submit—perchance get left; ay; there's the rub;  
For in that reference what defeat may come,  
When we have sent our case and argued it,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes procrastination seem so shrewd;  
For who would ask poor Meredith to bear  
The people's scorn, the Globe's rank contumely,  
The pangs of self-contempt, the Mail's sweet gush,  
The vanishing of office, and the spurns  
That twisting leaders of the electors take,  
If he but knew that he could win the case  
When he referred it? Who would not seize the chance  
To prove his weight in constitutional law,  
But that the dread of something in the facts,  
Those stubborn things that Privy Councils love  
And dwell upon, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather sick to what we have  
Than join with Alowat in the reference?  
Thus policy makes cowards of us all.  
And thus the brag and bounce that I've indulged  
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And Boundary questions of great pith and moment  
With this regard are stuffed in pigeon holes,  
And lose the name of action.