

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

New Idea.

This is a sheet, in newspaper form (any title selected), filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.



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.



OUR NEW PREMISES.

To-day GRIP signalizes the commencement of Volume Seventeen by issuing from his new office, Adelaide Street East, a front view of which is presented in the above cut. Having been built expressly for the purpose of a printing and publishing business, our new premises afford many facilities which hitherto we have lacked, and the immediate result will be an improvement in all work hereafter passing through our hands. This opportunity may be taken to remind our friends that in connection with GRIP and the ILLUSTRATED SIGNBOARD WRITER we have a very complete job printing office, stocked with the best material and superintended by competent workmen; our Relief Plate Process department is also now in capital running order. We are therefore in a position to execute orders for letter-press and pictorial work of all kinds, as well as for lithography, wood engraving, etc., in a manner and at rates which we feel confident will prove satisfactory to all who favor us with their work.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The proposition of the Canadian Press Association to entertain Prof. Goldwin Smith at a complimentary dinner, prior to his departure for England, has excited the antagonism of Mr. Gordon Brown, the editor of the *Globe*. Mr. Brown objects to any such recognition of Mr. Smith on the ground that the latter is an annexationist—which allegation he clearly proves from the Professor's writings. He further warns those who take part in paying the proposed compliment that they will thereby assume the odium of the treasonable opinions of their guest. In reply the Press Association organs declare that Mr. Brown is moved by a feeling of personal antipathy towards Prof. Smith; that the dinner

has no connection with politics at all, but is intended as a compliment to one who has done valuable service to the Press of Canada by raising its tone and making it more tolerant. In short it is Prof. Smith, the editor, who is to be entertained, and not Prof. Smith, the propagandist. The spirit of this situation is conveyed in the familiar scene depicted on our central page.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Considerable interest is being manifested throughout the Dominion on the question of the Ontario Boundary Award. That the tribunal of arbitration was a just one nobody questions, nor is it denied that they did their work well and fairly. But notwithstanding this the Dominion Government seem determined to thwart their decision, which was given in favor of an increase of Ontario's territory. Sir John Macdonald has shown a disposition to favor Manitoba instead, and in this he evidently has the sympathy of the other Provinces, whose opinion is that Ontario is already large and influential enough. The recent utterances of the Quebec and Maritime press are epitomised in the sketch entitled "The Bone of Contention."

Answers to Correspondents.

S-th-r-l-m.—Very kind of you to speak of GRIP as one of the greatest intellectual engines in the Dominion. Did your Grace's fondness for the locomotive suggest the metaphor? We trust your trip through Canada will prove an eminently agreeable one.

M. H. G-att, M. P., Montreal.—Yes, we shall be happy to negotiate with you for the publication of your Parliamentary Speeches, but we would like to defer a work of such magnitude until we get comfortably settled in our new quarters. Our facilities for the production of bulky volumes will then be ample.

Hugh All-n.—We congratulate you upon the recent splendid demonstration in your honor at the Windsor. Our Special Commissioner informs us that it was most successful in every way. Although not exactly our mission, still GRIP is ready to join in any tribute of respect paid to those who aid in developing the resources of the Dominion.

Charles P-pp-r.—One of my first acts on my return is to ask you to bury the hatchet—let us be friends." Not the least objection in life, Sir Charles. We fought your railway policy tooth and nail because we thought, and still think, it a disastrous one, but we have no quarrel with you personally. Accept our congratulations on the improvement in your health.

I. T-ite, Quebec.—It was the great Dr. Johnson who said—but never mind what he said—our refusal would have been as absolute if he had never uttered so opposite a truth. Because you are out of humor with your leader we certainly will not publish obscure and vulgar conundrums about a Chapleau and a low chap. Propound them in your own paper.

P-quet, Quebec.—You ask us to defend your acceptance of the fourteen thousand dollars from the Credit Foncier. We will do nothing of the kind. If Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, equally so should be a Minister of the Crown. Rattling from one's party may sometimes be defended, but rattling with fourteen thousand dollars in prospective has, to say the least, a very ugly look.

Truth says that "Mr. Edward Lawson's reputation as the most reliable dealer in pure teas and other groceries is one to be envied by all young men growing up grocers." Mr. Lawson is certainly a first-rate merchant, but why shouldn't his reliability be copied by people who are in business of any kind as well as by young men who are "growing up grocers."

People who have been drinking coffee with city milk have taken chalk o' late.



THE HOT WAVE.

Time: Wednesday, 11th May.

First Sufferer.—Hot, isn't it?

Second do.—Hot!! Phew! This is what they mean by *Holes* in the Revised Edition!

Grip's "Old Stories Re-told."—No. I.
PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Away down in Shut Gully (*Vancouver*) there lived a farmer who had a good-looking wife called Laura, by her given name. She had a figure as straight as a telegraph pole, and hair the color of a chipmunk's tail, and by all accounts she was a dreadful nice woman. Still, none of the neighbors thought her anything so very much out of the common way, till there came to live in a grand house in Shut Gully a rich swell, wearing store clothes, and not doing anything to earn his own living. His name was Pete Mark, and some of the boys said he was a poet, like Plumb down to Niagara.—only he wasn't quite like Plumb, for nobody ever made fun of what he wrote. He wrote real nice, that's a fact, and the editor of the Shut Gully *Buster* was glad to insert his poetry without ever charging it as an advertisement. He was sort of hospitable too, living single, with an old woman who kept house for him and who wasn't much on poetry. And when the boys came along to see him, he was always willing to set up the drinks, and the boys would sit down and listen to Pete reciting of his poetry and twanging away on an instrument like a big Jewsharp, a sort of crooked frame like two handles of a buck saw joined together, and strung with wires; he called it his loot, and indeed it did not amount to much, and the twanging was a little firesome, rather too much of a straight strain. The girl who played the melodeon at the little church on Sundays kind of turned up her nose at it, but the boys liked Pete real well, and weren't going to give away him and his loot for a stuck-up thing like that, who was a prohibitionist strict, while Petewent strong, you bet, for King Dodds and another party who was dead against the Scott Act, whose given name was "backus." So one day Pete went visiting to where Laura was at a sewing-see, and he got awful sweet on Laura, and she asked him to tea at her house for next day. So Pete brought his loot and he repeated poetry all about Laura till time for him to go home. Laura wasn't much on poetry and didn't understand a word of it. But Pete was quite the gentleman, and he gave Laura books to read, and wrote his name in her autograph album. And so he came there once or twice every week, and Mr. Laura, that was Laura's husband, used to say, "Now, come again, Pete, as soon as you can, and be sure to fetch along your loot." And this went on for years. Pete walking about the garden twanging his loot, and repeating poetry about Mrs. Laura. Laura knew he was a harmless poor fellow, and besides she was kind of flattered at the poetry and the loot. At last Pete died and got planted by the parson, and Mrs. Laura, who was now a very old woman, was sorry and kind of missel him and his loot. His poetry was re-published by the editor of the *Buster*, and quite a few copies were sold by the book agents and at the leading stores and saloons. C.P.M.