



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

### MARK OUR OFFER!

To any Present subscriber who sends us new name with the money (\$2.00) we will send, post-paid, a handsomely bound copy of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book," retail price, \$1.00, or  
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### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The lessee of Her Majesty's Parliamentary Theatre, Ottawa, opens his House this week for the regular season, and the critic has good reason to hope that the performance may be better than that of last year. A more dull and insipid session could hardly be imagined than that was. The management cannot, at all events, plead that they have no material for an interesting show. In the North-West question, the License Act, the Pacific Guarantee, the Orange Incorporation Bill, the Charlebois Investigation, etc., etc., there are abundant elements of tragedy, farce, comedy, and melodrama. GRIP buys his gallery ticket gleefully, and anticipates a huge treat.

FIRST PAGE.—His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne has made a brief preliminary appearance in our midst, and although his opportunities for making himself known have been limited, he has made a decided impression, and a very pleasant one. GRIP has been particularly struck with the new Viceroy's manner, and, unless that sagacious and infallible Bird is woefully mistaken, Canada has at this moment a Governor-General who combines the finished grace of Dufferin with the honest sincerity of Lorne. The Marquis is unquestionably an orator who would rank well even amongst Irishmen, and at the same time

he has a good business head. One of the pleasantest incidents of his visit to Toronto was the little episode which occurred as his carriage was leaving the City Hall, when an exuberant Irishman rushed from the crowd and exclaimed, "Give us howld av yer hand, yer Honor!" This was the very best answer which the Irishmen of Canada could give to the cowardly mouthings of the Buffalo Fenians, and as such Lord Lansdowne may accept it, as he did, with a hearty hand-shake.

EIGHTH PAGE.—MR. GRIP exceedingly regrets that pressure of business prevented him from being present at the opening of Parliament in Ottawa, as he would have given a great deal to have been an eye-witness of the affectionate meeting of the knightly financiers, Cartwright, and Tilley. The long separation must have intensified the joy with which, in any case, they would have rushed into each other's arms, and perhaps the real scene was beyond the power of pencil to depict. GRIP feels, however, that some effort ought to be made to preserve that scene in black and white, however feebly, and so he has tried to imagine what it was like.

### GRIP'S HUMBER ACCIDENT RELIEF FUND.

Total amount already acknowledged	\$106 60
Mrs. J. L. Morrison	5 00
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The following letter is received from Mrs. Jas. Newton, of Richmond Hill:

Mr. S. J. MOORE, Manager GRIP, Toronto.  
SIR.—I enclose check for \$23.00, amount contributed by the employees of Newton Bros., "Elgin Tannery," Richmond Hill, for the relief of families suffering from the Humber R. disaster:

Newton Bros., \$5.00; R. Walker, 1.00; W. Hamilton, 1.00; T. Hicks, 1.00; W. Brackin, 1.00; J. Brydon, 1.00; C. Whitcombe, 1.00; J. Jeroy, 1.00; J. Connor, 1.00; G. Williams, 1.00; J. Glancy, 1.00; W. Glancy, 1.00; G. Sims, 1.00; H. Shersmith, 1.00; J. Robinson, 1.00; T. Terryett, 50c.; W. Hislop, 50; J. Williams, 50; L. McKinnon, 50; T. King, 25; J. Claffy, 50; T. Cosgrove, 50; F. Claffy, 25; R. Garness, 50.—\$23.00. Collected by Mrs. Jas. Newton.

Total amount to date..... \$142.25.



The British army has adopted a new rifle. Those Africans really must be civilized.

Oscar Wilde first saw his affianced at one of his lectures. And yet there are young ladies who will persist in attending lectures!

France gained a watch trade by establishing watch-making schools. The *Globe* gained its watch-trade by throwing in a newspaper with its watches. France has a thing or two to learn yet.

I am still in search of the man who has not been writing on the "University Question." Specimens of this class of *genus homo* seem to be about as "seldom" as are arguments in some of the articles on the subject.

In answer to a number of inquirers, I wish to state that Sir Richard Cartwright's vocabulary of "Adjectives" and "Substantives" is not copyrighted. It would, however, be in the interests of self-preservation, before making any extracts therefrom, to consult the editor of the *Mail*, who is, I am informed, the original compiler of this great work.

Mrs. Langtry is playing in a new piece entitled "A Wife's Peril." I have not seen a sketch of the plot, but no doubt it details the dangers surrounding a professional beauty who is followed persistently by one dude, and persecuted by innumerable mashers, and whose husband is never within a thousand miles of her. Mrs. Langtry ought to be able to make a great hit in such a play.

I beg to extend to the Kingston police force my deepest sympathy in their terrible affliction. They were recently ordered to salute all aldermen who chanced to pass them on the street. And the frequency with which the unfortunate policemen are called upon to bare their heads to these ostentatious Geslers, is only surpassed by the regularity with which the average alderman neglects to attend to the people's business.

Nicholas Flood Davin and Ed. Farrar, having exhausted all their editorial resources in the way of strong language, in the fight now raging between the *Regina Leader* and the *Winnipeg Times*, have "sicked" their poets on to one another. The poetry is by no means bad, and a deal more pleasant to read than the Billingsgate that preceded it. Farrar's muse opens the fray by rehearsing the fall of Regina, which

—"Explains these mounds of stones,  
They mark the place where once stood Pile of Bones."

Davin's poet is equal to the emergency, and makes at least one capital hit. Of course he sings the future glory of Regina, painting it as a polished city with parks and fountains. Referring to Farrar and his attacks on the poor water of Regina, he says:—

"The lot of one wild scribbler stands alone,  
The gods in anger turned him into stone;  
And by an irony Ned calls "divilish quare,"  
Him made a fountain in Regina's Square;  
And there he stands—no wonder you're amused,  
Spouting the water he so oft abused!"

The *Mail* is perfectly right in condemning the Grit committeeman Rowland for telling lies to Weeks in West Middlesex. Lying is not excusable under any circumstances, so long as sound morality rejects the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." But neither was it right or moral for Weeks to be in possession of money for bribery purposes, as he confessed he was. Why doesn't our contemporary condemn this part of the affair? It cannot surely be from motives of party expediency? Perish the thought!

Mr. John Joseph Hawkins is no longer M. P. for Bothwell. Indeed, it turns out that the enterprising gentleman never was M. P. for Bothwell. The electors there were the unfortunate victims of a case of mistaken identity, though perhaps J. J. H. represented them just as well as the real member would have