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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Boat 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
ONE new name with the money (\$2.00) we will
send, post-paid, a handsomely bound copy
of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book," retail
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A cash discount of 50 cents, deductible
from the \$2.00 when forwarded.

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THREE new names, with the money (\$6.00) we will
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Cookery Book" IN ADDITION TO A
cash discount of \$1.50, deductible as
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To any Present subscriber who sends us
FIVE new names with the money (\$10.00), we
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or "The Girl's Own Annual," (retail price
\$2.25 each), in addition to a cash discount
of \$7.50, deductible as above.

Every present subscriber can secure us one
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It is happily not often
GRIP's duty to step aside from the path of
mirth to join in the general lamentations over
such catastrophes as that of last Wednesday
morning. And yet, although his hand is not
trained in the art which can fittingly mark
such an event, he feels that some memorial
should be made in his pages of a grief that has
touched the great heart of the people. His
picture, however feeble, may tell how, as the
sun of a new year dawned upon the world, it
witnessed a terrible railway accident, by which
more than a score of hardy toilers were sud-
denly ushered into eternity, and how instantly
Sympathy sought to clasp the widow and the
fatherless in her divine embrace.

FIRST PAGE.—Our noble friend the Marquis
of Lorne is making himself generally useful in
the old land. Ever since his return he has
been going hither and thither—not, to be sure,
in the ostentatious manner of our picture, but
in a highly effective way, nevertheless—sound-
ing the praises of Canada as a field for emi-
gration. The addresses he has delivered can-
not fail, at all events, to make our Dominion
better known amongst people who require a
phenomenal amount of information on the sub-
ject; and if they have the further effect of de-
ciding a good many of Lord Lorne's sturdy
countrymen to come out and take up land as
actual settlers, they will all the more deserve

our commendation. We only trust that those
who do come out for the purpose may find it
possible to secure homes in the great North-
West, and to this end we would rejoice to see
further amendments made in the Government
regulations in the direction of encouraging set-
tlers. Go ahead, most noble Lorne, but be
very careful that you do not, by word or look,
give any endorsement to the "wild and guilty
fantasy" that Canada is at present a paradise
for working men, or for superannuated in-
mates of old-country poor-houses.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP is not in the habit of
boasting any vast proficiency as a constitu-
tional lawyer, but he sometimes gives an opin-
ion for what it is worth—never charging more
than 5 cents per copy. Touching the matter
of *Hodge versus the Queen*, he is inclined to
think that the Privy Council's decision leaves
Sir John and his little McCarthy Bill homeless
and unprovided for, while it seems to ensure
Mowat and his little Crooks bantling a nice
home for the winter.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER PLEASED.

THAMESVILLE, Jan. 2.

To the Manager, GRIP Office.

DEAR SIR,—The book, "Girl's Own Annual"
to hand, in good order, and is much more
beautiful than I expected, and, to use the
words of the lady who received it, "It is a
lovely book." Stress of business and absence
from home are reasons for not acknowledging
sooner. Wishing GRIP every success,

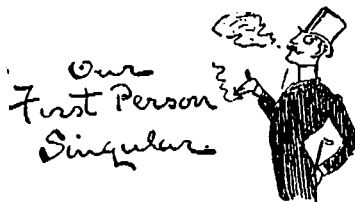
I am, yours,

J. McW.

* *—See premium offers on this page.

GRIP'S HUMBER RELIEF FUND.

J. M., 25c.; W. A. G., 25c.; M. E., 50c.;
A. W., 25c.; K. S., 50c.; B. K., 50c.; A. Y.,
25c.; S. McJ., 25c.; R. W., 25c.; F. B.,
25c.; R. L., 25c.; J. L., 25c.; J. M., 25c.



I hope there is some well understood plan of
distributing the funds raised in so many
quarters for the benefit of the sufferers by the
Humber accident. If possible, it would be
well to hand all the money over to some
central committee, the members of which
could make it their business to enquire into
the circumstances of the various families and
apportion the amounts accordingly.

Detroit *Chaff* objects to the expression "fit
as a rat," just coined by the Prince of Wales,
as far from elegant. The British throne being
thus scoffed at, I hasten to the rescue. *Chaff*,
my boy, cool yourself. H. R. H. did not mean
that as a synonym for "good condition;"
you have entirely misapprehended him. It
happened this way. H. R. H. was telling the
Earl of Mount Ararat about a dog fight, and
in describing the valor of his favourite canine
he declared that on the occasion "the little
beggar fit as a rat!" I trust *Chaff* will not
hesitate to apologize now.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* has gone
under at last. Canada heaves a sigh of relief.
From its heading—adorned with banks of
snow and other things suggestive of the arctic
regions—through to its last page it was, gen-
erally speaking, a libel on the country. Nei-
ther in letter-press nor illustrations was it
in any way representative of life in Canada out-
side of Montreal, and in every respect it was
flat, stale and unprofitable, the last especially
to its proprietors. The failure of the *News* is
gratifying, as a proof that the people of this
country will not support a paper that is un-
worthy of patronage.

A friend in the old country sends me a copy
of a journal recently started in London. With
the originality which a casual sight of Cana-
da's Cartoon paper can inspire in the British
mind, the projector of the paper in question
has christened it "Grip." The proprietors of
the original and only greatest "GRIP" on
earth would no doubt put a stopper on this
Cockney chap if it were not for the anti-Can-
adian copyright law, which enacts that regis-
tration in Canada does not protect your right
in England, though the same formality in
England extends to all the colonies. It's a
queer state of things; but let us console our-
selves that English publishers are content to
have Canadians do their thinking for them, in
the matter of journalistic names at least.

Gilbert and Sullivan are to the fore with
their regular annual Comic Opera. The new
piece is called "The Princess Ida"—a playful
variation on Tennyson's *Princess*. It is doubt-
ful if their last production will ever rival its
predecessors, as the librettist has departed to
some extent from his native element of satire
on contemporary institutions, and the plot be-
ing a borrowed one, leaves no scope for the
exercise of his unequalled ingenuity. If Sir
Arthur Sullivan is in his old vein, however,
the music will ensure the piece a fair measure
of success. Speaking of Gilbert and Sullivan,
I may mention that the operatic melange,
*Bunthorne abroad, or the Lass that Loved a
Pirate*, is at present under consideration at one
of the Philadelphia opera houses.

I note with pleasure the presentation of
silver plate and an illuminated address to Mr.
Murray, by the employees of Mr. C. B. Robin-
son's printing office, on the occasion of his re-
tiring from the foremanship of that establish-
ment. Mr. Murray is well known as a strict
disciplinarian, and the fact of his popularity
notwithstanding this shows that workmen ap-
preciate a foreman who does his duty without
fear or favor. Mr. Robinson gracefully sup-
plemented the printers' testimonial with a
liberal cheque. Your company, Mr. GRIP, is
to be congratulated on having secured the
services of Mr. Murray as foreman of the
printing department. He is not a Scotchman
for nothing, I can tell you. The address above
referred to I have examined with great in-
terest. It is a very elaborate piece of work and
would do credit to any embosser in the city.
But you will be surprised when I tell you that
it is the work of an amateur, a compositor in
the office, who is only known outside for his
taste in fine type work.

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him
and say something funny. "How can I?"
she asked. "Don't you see I am busy baking
these pies?" "Well, you might say," an-
swered young hopeful. "Charlie won't you
have a pie?" That would be funny for you.

"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.