



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL  
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**SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.**—Two dollars per annum,  
payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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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**Notice to Exchanges.**—Editors of weekly ex-  
changes are reminded that copies of their  
papers need be sent hereafter only when they  
contain references to GRIP, and in such cases  
should be enclosed in a marked wrapper.

**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—In his recent impor-  
tant speech to his constituents in West Dur-  
ham, Mr. Blake made no reference whatever  
to the prominent Provincial questions which  
are at present agitating the local legislature—  
an omission which has caused surprise and  
called forth comment from the press. On the  
occasion referred to the leader of the Opposi-  
tion devoted most of his time to the problem  
of representation in the Commons.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The youthful year starts off  
briskly on his adventures. There is no tell-  
ing what may befall him, but no youngster  
ever carried with him more good wishes for  
his prosperity and peace.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—The death of Leon Gam-  
betta, which proved to be the first important  
event of the new year, has carried profound  
sorrow among the friends of the French Re-  
public, and it is even feared that the cause  
may suffer seriously by his removal. La  
Belle Republique has the deepest sympathy  
of Liberty throughout the world.

The Double Holiday Number of the *Art In-  
terchange*, from an artistic standpoint, is the  
best thing that has ever come from an Ameri-  
can Press. It has all the vim and brightness  
of the French journals, and proves conclusively  
that there is an uncommon amount of good  
art in our own country. Editorially it refers  
to the lamentations of the French critics that  
the art prestige of Paris is passing away, and  
that New York is taking her place in point of  
importance to the Art World. The contents  
are as usual excellent—not only giving ser-  
viceable information to the practical worker  
in ceramics, embroidery, painting of all kinds,  
metal work, etc., but supplementing such in-  
struction with copious pages of full size work-  
ing patterns and designs together with full di-  
rections for using them. Leading artists are  
represented.



**GRIP AT DINNER.**

On Saturday evening MR. GRIP sat down  
to dinner in company with a genial party,  
made up of the attaches of his printing office,  
and a number of invited guests. The table  
was spread in the elegant apartments of the  
Coffee House, King St. East, and, as the re-  
porters say, groaned under its weight of good  
things. In the chair of honor sat Mr. Jas. L.  
Morrison, the popular president of the GRIP  
Printing & Publishing Company, and under  
his practised direction the programme of the  
evening was pleasantly gone through. This  
was in at least one respect an original pro-  
gramme, as the toast of "the ladies" was ably  
responded to by members of the fair sex. Songs  
and speeches followed one another in  
rapid succession, until the adjacent cathedral  
clock admonished the company that Sunday  
had arrived, when, like truly good folks, they  
ended the amusement and departed. Thanks  
are due to Messrs Taylor and Wilson for the  
courteous loan of a magnificent stuffed raven,  
which graced the principal table and formed a  
conspicuous and appropriate ornament. Dur-  
ing the evening, Mr. S. J. Moore, the Manager  
of the Company, was presented by the em-  
ployees with a handsome fruit epergne, and Mrs.  
Moore with a china tea service, a token of their  
appreciation to which Mr. Moore responded  
feelingly.

Why is Gordon Brown's new scarf-pin like  
the Principal of the Brantford Blind Institute?  
Because it's a Diamond of the former *Globe*  
staff.

The *World* "would like to know" "when  
GRIP is going to be funny just for once."  
Can't say really, will try and obtain the  
services of the *World's* overcoat clown.

Senator Morgan of the United States has  
offered an amendment to the Bankruptcy Bill,  
making it an act of bankruptcy to deal in  
"futures." It does not apply to Canada, how-  
ever, and Dr. Wild is safe.

The February *Century* (the "Midwinter"  
number) will contain a frontispiece portrait of  
Mr. George William Curtis, which is said to be  
one of the most successful engravings that  
Mr. Cole has yet made. The accompanying  
article will be from the pen of Mr. S. S.  
Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*.

The editor of the *Mail* is tickled at Mr.  
Blake's calculation of the vote of Ontario,  
which gives twenty members and a half to  
each party. The idea of a *half member* is con-  
sidered very funny and very ridiculous. What  
Mr. Blake means, no doubt, is a political quan-  
tity like Hon. Wm. Macdougall, who is as  
nearly as possible half Grit and half Tory.

It is in order now with the day papers to  
exercise themselves about the change of di-  
rectorship in the *Globe* Company. The *Mail*  
acknowledges that the Messrs. Brown were  
stern dictators but good newspaper men, and

avers that the Browns were the *Globe*, and the  
*Globe* the Browns—ergo, no Brown, no *Globe*.  
The *World* is a very bird of ill-omen in the  
matter and in a series of semi-editorials fore-  
tells the desertion of the whole of its old-  
fashioned Scotch supporters. Its new rulers  
are low fellows, attorneys, pulp-makers, slab  
manufacturers and shop-men, and likewise  
prognosticates its speedy demise. It moreover  
delicately hints that a certain morning paper,  
like Major Joe Bagstock, is "Alive, sir, wide-  
awake and staring, sir," and—only one cent!

In the above connection it may be as well  
to let our readers know that there is no likeli-  
hood of Mr. Gordon Brown falling into a state  
of absolute penury. "Thirty years of editorial  
labor," as our doleful contemporaries put it,  
may possibly have made the gentleman capa-  
ble of earning an honest living in some other  
walk of life, say as a sheriff, a street-car con-  
ductor, or even as a proof reader or county  
registrars.

A Mr. Kenneth McFadyin, who, from his  
peculiar name, is open to the suspicion that he  
may possibly be a Scotchman, sends us a touch-  
ing poem of four-ten stanzas. We regret that  
our limited space debars us from giving it to  
our readers in its entirety, but we are pleased  
to be able to publish the chorus:

"For a' that an' a' that,  
And twice as much a' a' that,  
List shier ye'r gabs 'boor, pulp and slabs,  
The *Glob's* the *Glob* for a' that."

The Hon. members will soon be back from  
the holidays. Poor fellows! they surely required  
rest after their ten days' hard work, especially  
the opposing leaders and new members who  
waxed verbose even unto the verge of inebria-  
tion. The speeches of those sophisticated and  
unsophisticated rhetoricians should be con-  
sidered after the manner of the "disputed  
territory" question, inasmuch as they need a  
defined limit to their boundaries—especially  
their length; their breadth or depth will not,  
as a rule, have any particular effect, good or  
bad. Here arises another boundary question.



Mr. W. D. Whitehead is giving a series of  
his musical lectures in the various city  
churches. He is an excellent vocalist, and as  
a speaker is forcible and witty.

Hartz, the great magician, is at the Royal,  
and in addition to the best performance we  
have had this season he gives his patrons  
valuable presents. Next week the Boston  
Ideal Double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company,  
including the famous Sherwood Sisters, are  
announced to appear.

Devene's Allied Attractions at the Grand  
played a splendid engagement for the first  
half of the present week—providing a pro-  
gramme which for fun, novelty and sensation  
has never been surpassed in this city.

Mr. James O'Neil, announced as the great-  
est American star, is the present occupant of  
the Grand, to be followed on Monday by  
Miss Emma Abbott and her Grand English  
Opera Co., who remain throughout the week.