



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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 **ONE** 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 A cash discount of 50 cents, deductible from the \$2.00 when forwarded.

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Every present subscriber can secure us one New Name! Please try.

### HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO OUR READERS.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!  
Pleasant your passage wherever you steer.  
Trim all your sails for a favoring gale,  
Keep up your courage, and never say fail!  
Look to the future and never say die!  
The ship is autarko, seaworthy and dry,  
Think not of lost hopes, that have gone in the past,  
Nail up your colors aloft to the mast.  
Fret not on politics, 'Tory or Grit,  
Take such things easy, and care not a whit.  
All will come right in the end, so they say,  
Keep on rejoicing upon your own way:  
Treat your wives kindly, and cherish your bairns.  
Give the poor tramp his small quota of "farins."  
Go to your church, and sit down in your pew  
(Surely you can spare a short hour or two).  
Don't get too pious and leave the world's scene,  
Follow the footsteps of the Nazarene.  
God speed ye all on your New Year's trip.  
Is the wish from the heart of your sterling friend,  
GRIP.

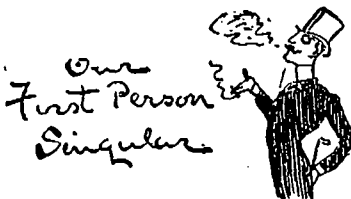
### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The governments of Ontario and Manitoba have mutually agreed to refer the question of the Boundary Award to the Privy Council, so far as it affects the relations of the two provinces. It is expected that the Federal Government will be a party to the reference, so that the question as between the Dominion and Ontario may be settled. Hereupon the party papers raise mutual shouts of "Surrender!" and do what in them lies to make the incident an occasion of further strife. GRIP, on the other hand, sees in the spectacle a beautiful illustration of the season of Peace

and Good Will. He has accordingly seized the opportunity, and idealized the facts as far as frock coats and awfully literal trowsers will permit.

FIRST PAGE.—One of the most beautiful and appropriate events of the Christmas season is the generous distribution of fatted calves and other butchered farm stock to the poor and needy, usually conducted by the St. George's Society and other benevolent corporations. Mr. GRIP, not to be outdone in liberality, has this year got up a similar distribution on his own account, a faithful illustration of which he now supplies. His clients are well known to be severally "noedy," and the reader who happens to know the peculiarities of the individuals will appreciate the nicety with which the munificent Mr. GRIP has met their respective requirements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP's cartoons are rarely anticipatory—they are usually founded on well authenticated facts. At this season of the year, however, special poetic license is permissible. It is by virtue of such a document that we venture to give this little sketch, though the Reform party will be only too much pleased to believe that there is really some foundation for the idea that Mr. Blake has been making such resolutions for the New year.



A growing root of bitterness—the Hudson Bay Route.

If the Buffalo Invincibles don't stop talking they will use up all their blow before they get to Canada. It is pretty well understood that they carry their dynamite in their lungs.

I saw a Professor at the Royal Museum last week eating molten lead and swallowing blazing sealing-wax. The exhibition would have been very edifying to Mr. Meredith, who has an engagement to do something similar in the political way.

Mr. Ross, the new Minister of Education, is anxious to get back to the common sense system of having a uniform set of Readers for the whole Province. I'm afraid it's too late now. To engage in such a task will be to drive a Campbell through a needle's eye.

I am glad to learn, from the Winnipeg Times, that the farmers of the North-West are not grumbling against the Government or C. P. R. arrangements. What they are driving at is left to conjecture. Very likely they are agitating for the Agricultural Right of selling salt at 25 cts. per lb. under the title of butter.

"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 inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W., Toronto.

### A CHRISTMAS "WAIT."

Ring out loud bells, Christmas bells!  
Of late  
Their sound portends, as it loudly swells,  
That I must wait,  
Wait on the street before the lordly halls,  
Wait 'fore the window where, at high-toned balls,  
In dance the great  
To tread the measure of the mild quadrille,  
Or whirl in giddy waltz, until  
They've had their fill.  
'Deed some are ill,  
And heavy is the dude's well cared for pate.  
Yet I must wait  
On Christmas eve,  
While people skate,  
And I do freeze.  
It's not the cheese!  
Altho' I am a scamp,  
Or, if you are particular,  
A tramp,  
The vamp  
Is off my boot; my left auricular  
Is froze.  
My nose  
Is damp,  
Yet this is Christmas, merry, happy season!  
And here I am, forlorn and almost freezin'.  
I fain would sing a Christmas carol,  
I would if I had, say, about a barrel  
Of beer or rye,  
At least I'd try  
To make myself, alas! a little jolly.  
What folly!  
For what is mistletoe or holly  
To me?  
I'll go to the Queen's Park and there encamp,  
What is this Christmas season to a tramp?  
Nay, I'll seek some box car void of freight,  
And rest  
My wearied pate;  
Mayhap go west,  
Though tired,  
I may get fied.  
There is no refuge for a Christmas wait.  
D'ye see?



On Thursday evening the East Toronto Cricket Club gave their annual concert in the handsome hall connected with All Saints Church. The audience having obtained its innings, the game was commenced by Mr. J. S. Pitman, who made a fine square hit, by his rendering of the Club Song. Mr. H. English next went in and scored "Once Again," after which the St. Matthias choir gave the "Song of the Tritons." Mr. Paul then went to the bat and stayed until he had made several capital runs on the violin. Miss Hamilton then bowled a maiden over (vocally), and Mr. H. M. Field, at the piano, did some splendid fielding, considerably increasing the score. Miss Morgan made a good hit before retiring, and then the first part of the programme was concluded by Mr. Darby, who shewed some funny play with the bawl, and retired with a good song to his credit. In the second innings the only new figures were Miss Wright and Mr. Morley Punshon. Altogether the concert was a fine success. The chair was appropriately occupied by Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who of course put in a little by-play. Shortly after ten the last player was out, and the concert "over."

MISS ADA GRAY—this is not the lady's real name, but it neatly intimates the fact that her appearance as "Lady Isabel" duces 'way back—has been the Christmas detraction at the Grand this year. Of course she has been playing "East Lynne" just as she played it when our grand'parents were young. Surely Mr. Sheppard can give us something better for our holidays than this venerable and boshy drama! In fact he has declared he will, for next week Augustine Daly's much-talked-of "7-20-S" will be seen here. Unless we are entirely misled by the New York critics, this piece will prove a genuine treat.