



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
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.

We have received several responses to our appeals to subscribers for their subscriptions, which, while they enclose the very necessary lucre, omit to give the equally necessary information as to where the money comes from, several parties having signed their names only and given no address. If any subscriber who has remitted during the two weeks previous to the 27th inst., fails to perceive the alteration on the address label of this week's paper, the mistake will probably be in consequence of his being one of the above-mentioned parties.

— THE —

Grip Printing & Publishing Co.
OF TORONTO.

Capital \$50,000.00

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OFFICE OF "GRIP."

TORONTO, Nov. 17th, 1883.

We are making special efforts to increase the already very respectable circulation of our paper and we have decided to make a special offer to our present subscribers, as we believe they can very materially assist us in this matter.

To every present subscriber who sends us the name of a new subscriber and the amount of subscription for one year, we will send, post paid, a copy of MRS. CLARKE'S COOKERY BOOK, handsomely bound in cloth, which retails at \$1.00 per copy, or we will allow a discount of 50 cents in cash, i.e., we will send GRIP for one year to any new subscriber, sent in by a present subscriber, for \$1.50.

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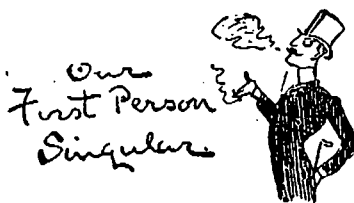
Will you be one of the illustrious number?

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The establishment of a straight out Democratic daily in this city is the latest sensation in journalistic circles. The programme of the *Daily News* appears to find favor with a large section of Canadians, while its dashing style is, even to those who do not share its opinions, a grateful relief from the monotonous dreariness of the party papers. The *News* would be still more acceptable if the man who runs the scissors had more regard for decent readers. Mr. Sheppard would do well to admonish this grubber after criminal sensations.

FIRST PAGE.—The fact that the Federal Government (of which Hon. J. H. Pope is a member) has granted a large sum of money to aid in building a railway (of which Hon. J. H. Pope is the principal owner), was stated some time ago by the Grit press. We have waited patiently for a denial from the Government organs, but none is forthcoming. On the contrary, a Government paper in Montreal frankly admits its truth. So now GRIP puts the fact in picture form to let the people see just what it looks like. Most people will agree that to say the least it looks scaly — without taking into consideration the further facts that this railway of Mr. Pope's runs through the *State of Maine*, and that it is intended as a competing line against the *Intercolonial*, a railway which has cost the people of Canada millions of money!

EIGHTH PAGE.—If you want a good illustration of the idiotic drivell which party editors are capable of writing, we commend the *Globe* of the 5th and the *Mail* of the 10th to your calm consideration. In the former, in an article on "Ottawa Intermeddling" you will find a reference to Tilley as "the only one of the Federal Government who is, even in appearance, virtuous and good." To this very childish stuff the *Mail* baby retorts by attacking the personal appearance of Blake, Pardee, Hardy and Mills. We commiserate subscribers who pay in advance for such rot.



A real eye-sore—A type.

The blind man may be said to belong to the feelin' race.

"Words are things"—to the newspaper advertising clerk.

Love may be life, as the poet tells us. But assurance companies don't risk anything on it.

That negro minstrel who offered a big thing for an approved new joke daily—hadn't he better try India. There's the Punjaub District forsta nce.

"The corset must go!" peremptorily declares Dr. Dio Lewis. And so it is going—going to waist, as it were.

The young man who boards at a hotel instead of with a private family explains that he acts *pro bono publico*.

Red being the fashionable color this winter the lobster-nose is going to have a chance. The gentle barkeeper will please pass along that mug of Tomanjerry.

A country exchange copies a long editorial about Hudson Bay. The editor is full of true solicitude for his readers and means to do his best towards making up for the lack of home-made cold this winter.

Talking of Evacuation Day puts one in mind of the anniversary of it in Ireland. Somehow they don't appear to get along very well with its celebration in Ireland. And they don't spell it exactly that way, either.

The tall, thin young man saws away evenings industriously on his fiddle at "Sweet Violets." The tortured old party in the next bedroom vainly burrows under the bed-clothes waiting till the Sweet Viol-lets up. The term "sweet viol" he varies to suit his emotions.

A Paris, Ont., editor is shocked at the discovery of a townsman who does not invariably "distinguish between *meum* and *teum*." It is now in order for townsmen to be pained at the instance of an editor who does not invariably distinguish between plain English and bad Latin.

When a cat crosses the track the superstitious engineer anticipates a calamity unless he draws up, gets off and rubs the rail with a rabbit's foot. In ordinary, every-day life when a cat crosses your track it's the cat itself which anticipates the calamity—and generally gets it, if the fates are propitious and a nice brick is handy.

It required, we are told, a special meeting of the Lindsay Town Council to decide whether the Chief of Police should have a red stripe down his trousers or not. This, presumably, did not worry the chief. But his anxiety must have been killing during the long, long nights of heated debate on the question as to whether he was to get trousers to sow the stripes on.

The Niagara Falls hackman has capped the climax of his audacity. He said to an innocent tourist the other day, "Why is the new bridge like a chap talking with his lawyer about getting a divorce." The unsuspecting victim thoughtlessly interested himself in the problem, and was finally informed in a cold voice that it was because "it is a can't-I-leave-her affair." The tourist's friends have been notified.

An observant barber has discovered that the brain is the source of the hair's nourishment. He says:—"The brain is in the skull close to the roots of the hair; it is a soft substance, percolates through the skull and nourishes the roots." Bald-headed persons are worthy of all sympathy, after this. But, of course, they will declare that this is a base attempt to create a boom in wigs and hair-restoring stuffs.

"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.