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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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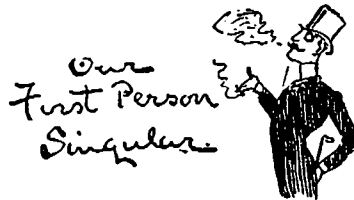
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The opportunity which is at present offered to Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, to enshrine himself in the affections of the people of our Great Northwest—to achieve a popularity which will out-rival that of the Premier, and last beyond the limit of his own life, is an opportunity seldom offered to any statesman, and the work required to earn this brilliant reward is a very simple one. All Mr. Macpherson has to do is to acquaint himself with the grievous wrongs under which the settlers of the west are groaning, and remedy them. These troubles arise almost exclusively from evil legislation, and can be cured effectually by the simple method of abolishing the enactments complained of. That ardent young Canadians are led to settle in the United States because decent treatment is denied them under Canadian Government, is a lamentable fact, and one that speaks eloquently in condemnation of the present Regulations. We commend our cartoon to the new Minister's earnest attention.

FIRST PAGE.—In a recent interview, Sir Leonard Tilley expressed himself as well pleased with the present condition of affairs in Canada, and as quite unaware of anything re-

sembling hard times. Seeing that he spoke within easy walking distance of factories in which reduction of time and dismissal of employees were the order of the day, it is only possible to suppose that our Finance Minister possesses a good deal of the mercury which characterized the disposition of the late Mr. Mark Tapley.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. GRIP is aware that Insurance men have long been in the list of victims of that awful fiend, the modern humorist, and that they have been painted as the embodiment of everything that is unlovely. But when Insurance men come forward promptly, pleasantly, and in a thoroughly business fashion, and hand in their checks in settlement of a claim—as the gentlemen in our picture did in the case of GRIP's fire—we sweep aside the calumnies of the would-be funny man, and declare boldly that Insurance Agents are bricks; and, what is more, we do our best to make pretty pictures of them.



The Montreal *Witness* headed an article a few days ago "Is Weather Forecasting Wrong?" I briefly answer the question thus: Yes, generally, as far as Mr. Vennor is concerned.

The Hamilton *Tribune* of last Saturday heads an editorial article, "Shall woman hold her peace?" Well, after deep study of the subject I have come to the conclusion that if she would consent to do so it would be very desirable, but, as far as I can see at present, there is but little hope that she ever will.

A Hamilton paper said a few days ago, "Chief Stewart was back in the Police Court this morning his cold being almost better." I am glad to hear it, and sincerely trust that the gallant officer's affliction won't be almost worse again. By the way, what state is a man in when he is "almost" better? It is almost always almost wiser to leave out such words as almost in almost all such sentences.

The latest addition to my library of exchanges is a 24 page journal from Montreal. It bears the terse title of *Dominion Dry-Goods Report and Fur Hat Clothing Record*. It isn't a very funny paper, but it is great on solid information. As I am thinking of getting a seal skin overcoat, I shall read this exchange earnestly hereafter. If you want to see a sample copy write to 162, St. James St., Montreal.

General Luard appears to have behaved nearly as well as the private soldiers when on his tour of inspection round these parts. It wouldn't do for him to be insulting our artillery men: a duel with cannon might be the result and then where would he be? Call to mind the fate of that vessel anchored in the bay once upon a time as a target for our gallant fellows to play away at. Ah, ha, general, you did well to keep civil.

A long list of people alleged to have been duped and "swindled" by Mr. D. B. Chisholm, of Hamilton, having been given by one or two papers notoriously opposed to the temperance cause, it is now in order for those who have swindled Mr. Chisholm and imposed on his good nature in the past, to hand in a list of themselves for publication. To the best of my belief it would prove a very much longer one than that already presented to the public. Now then, gentlemen, wheel into line: itinerant temperance lecturers take particular notice.

The gratifying intelligence comes wafted across the surging ocean that Victor Hugo never wears an overcoat: gratifying, that is to say to us poor unappreciated sons of genius (or something) who have no overcoats, or having them, have foolishly left them in charge of that avuncular relative who is base and sordid enough to retain them till we proffer a certain sum of the root of all evil. What Victor Hugo can do, I and the rest can likewise do, and if Moses wants to keep my ulster, let him; people will now know, when they see me shivering along in my alpaca, that I do so from choice and because M. Hugo does so.

Some fellow remarks in a paper I was looking at the other day, that it is a sad blow for that fresh reporter, a graduate of some classical college, who imagines that his efforts alone make the paper readable, to accidentally come across the pay sheet of the office and find that he only draws about a tenth part as much salary as the business manager, a mere, every day fellow from some business school. It may be a blow; doubtless it is, but I tell you that it is a much greater one for the associate editor to get hold of that pay sheet and to discover that he ranks, as regards salary, away down below the junior advertising agent and canvasser: Yea, verily.

I am delighted to see that Mr. Vennor has made a correct prophecy at last; at least, that is, his prediction would have been all right if it had been different. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth of this month were booked by him for a cold snap to be followed by warm weather. Those four days were the warmest and most beautiful we have had for some time, and on the evening of the eleventh a blizzard came howling along that lasted for about twenty-four hours. Mr. Vennor would have been all there if he had but put the cart before the horse and predicted just the opposite way to what he did. Still it was fair shot, very fair.

I see that the better class of American comic papers have lately taken to quoting more from *Punch* than they used to do. This is a healthy sign and shows that humor without vulgarity and fun without coarseness are beginning to be appreciated on the other side, though the low class American would-be funny papers still try to poke fun at the old Fleet-street joker. It is only these latter that try to ridicule *Punch* on account of his dulness, whereas, if the truth were told, it is their own dulness that prevents them from seeing any humor in an article unless it is strongly dashed with vulgarity, if not obscenity. A large amount of so-called "American humor" would not be tolerated in the country whose people have the good sense to appreciate *Punch*, except perhaps in the parlors of St. Giles' and Whitechapel, where the lower the wit is the more it is appreciated.

According to an English newspaper, some genius has invented a musical instrument called the Bandonion: by different arrangements of its stops the tones of the cornet, flute, oboe, clarinet and, I believe, bagpipes