

• GRIP •

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
E. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUH, 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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.
F. N. BOXER, Agent.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The public debt of the Dominion of Canada is growing to fabulous proportions, but our people will wake up some morning before long to find that there is very little of the fable element about it. To speak with studied moderation, the financial management of our affairs is outrageous. Money is voted away—or, to speak more properly, thrown away—as if our population were twenty times what it is and our wealth unlimited. We cannot wonder at this when we send persons to the House to “represent” us who shout “Carried, carried!” before a motion is read out, and who are ready to vote for anything, however monstrous, providing only that the proposal doesn’t come from the “other side” of the Speaker. Citizens of Canada who haven’t had time to look into our present situation, may be reminded that our population is now about 5,000,000 and our debt close on to \$300,000,000.

FIRST PAGE.—The late by-elections in East and West Algoma, East Simcoe and Lennox were all carried by the candidates of the Mowat Government. It isn’t every Premier who enjoys the felicity of quadruplets.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The immortal Bard of Avon was no doubt inspired by the *Mail* editor when he referred to the Leader of the Opposition at Ottawa in the words we have quoted.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The Dominion Day special number of GRIP, with its gorgeously-colored Cartoons and spicy reading matter, has made a decided hit. Congratulations upon its fine appearance and literary merits are pouring in upon us to such an extent that we are in a prolonged blush. We will be glad to supply copies to those who have not yet secured them. Price, 10 cents.

THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

Air—“*Partant pour la Syrie*.”
It was the young and brave Bill Smith
Set out for Man’to-bah;
But first he called on Mary Jones
To interview her pa.
“Oh! grant, immortal Poll,” he cried,
In words extremely fine,
“That when I to this place return
You swear you will be mine;
That when I once more homeward come
You vow you will be mine.”

“I swear, dear Bill,” fair Mary sighed,
“That I’ll be true to you;
And you declare, sweet Willy-um
To me you will be true,”
Here pa broke in, and said to Bill,
“She shall be true, I swear;
For thou art bravest of the brave,
And she’s the fairest fair.”

BILL:
“Yes, I’m the bray-ay-ayest of the brave:

MARY:
And I’m the fairest fair.
Bill went away to North-West lands;
His bayonet he imbrued
In half-breed gore; at breakfast he
Ato Indians for his food.
And when the war was o’er, he came
To rest his weary bones
In his Toronto home, and claim
The hand of Mary Jones.
He homeward came to rest his frame
And claim fair Mary Jones.

I here must mention that before
He went to war away,
He had engaged a curate meek
To wed him on the day—
When he and Mary should be one,
He had it nicely fixed;
But, lo! when he from war came back,
He found things badly mixed—
Behold, when he once more came home,
The thing was badly mixed.

He called at Mary Jones’s house,
No Mary met him there,
Though he was bravest of the brave,
And she the fairest fair.
Her pa came to the door and said,
“Bill Jones, our Poll has sloped;
With that Revorend Curate she has wed,
And they have both sloped—
With that curate you engaged to tie
The knot for you she’s sloped.”

—S.

VOLUME XXV.



The present issue of GRIP is No. 1 of Volume XXV. In other words, the Bird has completed his Twelfth year—and, as he looks about from his lofty perch, and contemplates the history of comic journalism in Canada, he cannot but feel that he is getting to be quite patriarchal. None of his predecessors that he knows of has been fortunate enough to live half of twelve years, and at the present moment he is the solitary representative of Momus in the English speaking Canadian press. There is room here for an inference of a very self-sufficient character, were GRIP a fowl of the conceited order. Everybody knows he is far from that, and he does not hesitate to admit that amongst the defunct comics there were those that possessed just as much ability, and did just as good service as he. The reason why they failed and he succeeded must be left to the philosophers. Perhaps some of the learned members of the Canadian Institute will be good enough to read a paper on the subject some of these evenings and settle the question once and for all. Meantime, GRIP’s own theory is that his phenomenal success is due simply to the fact that the Canadian people believe in him. They believe that he is an honest and sincere lover of his country, and that his pictures and print are influenced only by considerations worthy of true patriotism. The shrieks sometimes raised against GRIP by corruption-gorged partizans, loud just in proportion to the truth of the attacks he makes upon them, only serve to make honest men more firmly his friends. Everybody is quite sure that GRIP’s pencil and pen owe no allegiance to any political

pope, and cannot be governed by any self-seeking clique or party. Hence his power with the great public, a power at which rascals may well tremble as they do. While GRIP tries always to be fair and right, there can be no doubt that he sometimes makes mistakes. To err is human—and it is also Raven. But in such cases, unlike the party organs, he is candid enough, when the error is pointed out, to make such reparation as is in his power. He never knowingly misrepresents the facts of current politics, and his Twelve Years of solid progress would seem to indicate that his deliverances are in the main what he intends them to be, truthful, just, and considerably to the point.

HE WOULD HAVE HIS JOKE.



Fred Flashington and Jack Chippenham were fast friends; of that there’s no doubt, and rented furnished apartments together, but this friendship was often put severely to the test by the conduct of the latter, who was an inveterate practical joker and whose, often somewhat idiotic, jests annoyed his friend in no slight degree.

One thing that cemented the bonds of sympathy between these two was their love, common to both, of being well dressed. In this matter they agreed to perfection, and though a faint

rivalry existed between them concerning which should turn out the most complete “swell” from top to toe, their common taste but drew the links of friendship the closer.

Two articles of apparel these young gentlemen were extraordinarily particular about and would have nothing but the very best of their kind, imported expressly from England for their own especial delectation and gratification. These articles were their silk hats (“stove-pipes” or “plugs” or whatever name best known by) and their French patent leather boots; for the former article they never dreamt of paying less than 32 shillings or \$5 a-piece, whilst the latter invariably cost them from three to four guineas the pair, to which prices must be added the amount paid for importation.

To tell the truth, these two young fellows looked exceedingly well when “dressed to kill,” as Jack termed it; they were both about the same height, size and build, and in many other respects resembled one another; but in one they differed—Jack loved practical joking, Fred detested it, and he wished with all his soul that he could cure his friend of his mischievous propensity.

The favorite resort of an evening, for the hour or so immediately preceding bed-time, of these two was the Raleigh Club, an institution whose members were mostly young fellows of the age of our friends and who met every night in the club smoking-room to spend an hour or two in puffing the smoke of the fragrant weed (said to have been discovered by the gentleman from whom the club took its name) and in chaffing one another.

The rules of the Raleigh Club expressly intimated that any member making use of the smoking room in the evening should appear there in smoking cap and slippers. All clubs have their rules, and this was one of those of the Raleigh.

Of course, Jack Chippenham was in his glory in this smoking room, and indulged his love of joking to the utmost. Fred, however, was much quieter and more decorous in his conduct, though he was known to be possessed of a reasonable fund of dry and sober humor.

One evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh was pretty well filled, both with smokers and