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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
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particular to send a memo. of present address.

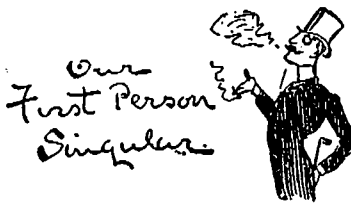
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—GRIP, who for the past ten years has served the public of Canada by scorching the party leaders, was on the evening of Thursday last scorched himself. In the most mysterious manner a fire broke out at the time indicated, upon the ground floor of our building, and before being discovered the "devouring element" had made a meal of divers and sundry effects stored in that portion of the premises. With an avidity which would do credit to our oldest subscriber, the flames went for our back numbers, and those tomes of light literature were speedily made still lighter. An instant after hearing the alarm the lively fellows of the fire-brigade were on hand, and in fifteen minutes the fire was extinguished, leaving a chaos of charred timber, paper, desks and miscellaneous material instead of the elegant and cosy offices of an hour before. If we make it less hot for our statesmen hereafter, they may thank this brief but chastening experience for it. The business manager asks permission to add, in this connection, that the loss sustained is fully covered by insurance. All the companies concerned, with one exception, chose Mr. Henry Lye, of Cobourg, to act for them in adjusting the claim, and that gentleman has performed his duties with strict regard to the interests of both parties and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

FIRST PAGE.—This cartoon is not in any sense fanciful. It is a plain statement in pictorial form of facts which have recently been made public, and it presents one of the most prevalent and hateful forms of human heartlessness. It is simply a disgrace to civilization that manufacturers can be found who are capable of this cruelty of reducing the wages of their employees below the living rate that their profits may be swelled. The explicit curse of Heaven has been declared against those who grind the faces of the poor, and no invective of ours can add to the weight of that

denunciation. We fail to see any real difference between these greedy cormorants and the more vulgar description of murderers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A few days ago one of the many thousand vagrant untaxed curs which infest this city made a desperate attempt to eat up a little girl—the daughter of a prominent citizen. The authorities make very little, if any, effort to suppress this canine nuisance. Whenever the spasmodic dog catchers appear on the street, public sympathy seems to go in favor of the curs, and the officials of the black van are hooted at and thwarted in every way—an appeal to the police being in most cases unavailing. If this sort of thing goes on we may expect to see the tables turned and the citizens—especially those who are aldermen—hunted by the dogs. Perhaps when it comes to that point, they will begin in earnest to rid the city of the mangy vagrants.



"London Advertiser: Mr. Carpenter, the new tile man, from Hamilton city, etc. etc."
That's rough. Is there only one man in Hamilton who sports a new tile, then?

What with Mister I. himself and Miss Terry, there is more mystery about the Henry Irving combination than there is about boarding-house beef-steak pie. Should either of the parties mentioned happen to read the above, the chances are that it will make them hysterical.

An exchange in speaking of the speed of a new locomotive for the G.T.R. says "Her engineer is confident that she has the speed in her of considerably less than a mile a minute."

Well, now, that is not saying much for the engine. I know several that have the speed in them of very much less than a mile a minute. Almost any engineer can be confident that his locomotive can do less than a mile a minute. Pooh! that's nothing.

One cannot fail to be struck by the immense number of "Letters to the Editor" that appears in many of our newspapers every day, and it struck me that there is a splendid opportunity for some pushing individual to start a daily paper devoted to nothing else but correspondence upon all imaginable topics, as I verily believe such a venture would "take." The facts laid down and the hints, suggestions, opinions, theories, etc., advanced would prove useful in every department of the social, political and financial community. How does it strike you, oh, reader, whoever you may be?

There is a sight to be seen on King-street, in front of the Mail office, that would send the Mayor of Hamilton into fits could he see it, and would cause his Worship of St. Thomas to rend his garments with wrath: I allude to the Stars and Stripes floating in front of the American Consulate: Where is Toronto's loyalty that an outrage is permitted within her walls that places like Hamilton and St. Tom would not tolerate for an instant? Things are coming to a pretty pass, and I shouldn't wonder but the Americans think, after all,

that the Torontonians are not such donkeys as some of the inhabitants of those two places mentioned above.

At the Ward's Island lunatic asylum a paper is written, edited and published by the inmates of that institution. Anxious to see what kind of a publication the lunatics turned out, I wrote to the governor and requested him to forward me a copy and in due time it arrived along with a number of exchanges. I sat down and glanced over column after column, editorial and otherwise, without being struck by anything particularly out of the way, though evidences of insanity on the part of the writer of some of the articles was plainly discernible, and imbecility was interwoven with other stuff less idiotic, but on the whole I—stay: I have just picked up the paper again and I see I had made a mistake and had been reading the Mitchell Advocate.

On the morning after the fire in the GRIP office I took my stand amongst the charred debris of what but a few short hours ago had been the counting-room of that paper, and during the ninety minutes that I stood there I was asked "Was there a fire here last night?" three hundred and two times; I heard ninety-seven people say, "Hallo! looks as if there'd been a fire:" twenty-four men said to me, "Hasn't been a fire, has there?" and all this with the blackened and burnt ruins before their eyes and the water streaming about in all directions. Forty-one persons remarked that the fire was a judgment on GRIP for ridiculing the Tories, ninety that it was a punishment for laughing at the good Grits, and seventy-three opined that retribution was after the unfortunate bird for having given a picture of Mr. Mowat in the character of a slugger. Seven men said that it served GRIP right as he was getting too cheeky, and two fellows hoped that all the books were burnt, as they were eighteen months in arrears with their subscriptions. One individual, asked "Is it hot enough for you?" and his corpse lies in the cellar awaiting identification. One man was sorry, and he was a fall poet who had sent in two reams of fall minstrelsy the day before; his MS was destroyed and he estimated his loss at over a hundred thousand dollars. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the public have something to be thankful for in the loss of this poetry.

The foregoing is fact.

In a Hamilton exchange I found the following libellous effusion of some "doggerl bard."

"Hast ever been in Toronto,
Where flows the broad Don river down,
And where four horses scarce can draw
An empty wagon through the town?"

What does he mean? To what does he allude when he makes that statement about the empty wagon? I do know, however, that if a man started to drive a wagon loaded with number eleven ladies' shoes through the ambitious city, the chances are he would leave the place at the other end with an empty wagon, so great would be the avidity with which the shoelets would be snapped up. Here is *my* poetry about the place, modelled on the other fellow's style:

Hast ever been in Hamilton,
Where the sewers flow into the Bay?
Where Dundurn castle, the residence
of a citizen stands, and to see which
Five cents you have to pay.

Where until recently, they had no baths,
And splashed about in the sewery water,
But now, thro' the philanthropic efforts
of a generous citizen they can get a dip.
By forking out a quarter.