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 MORSE
 IT IS AS
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 AS YOU
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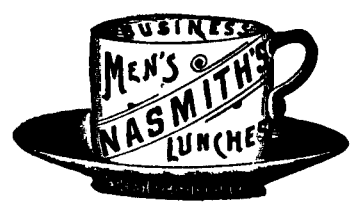
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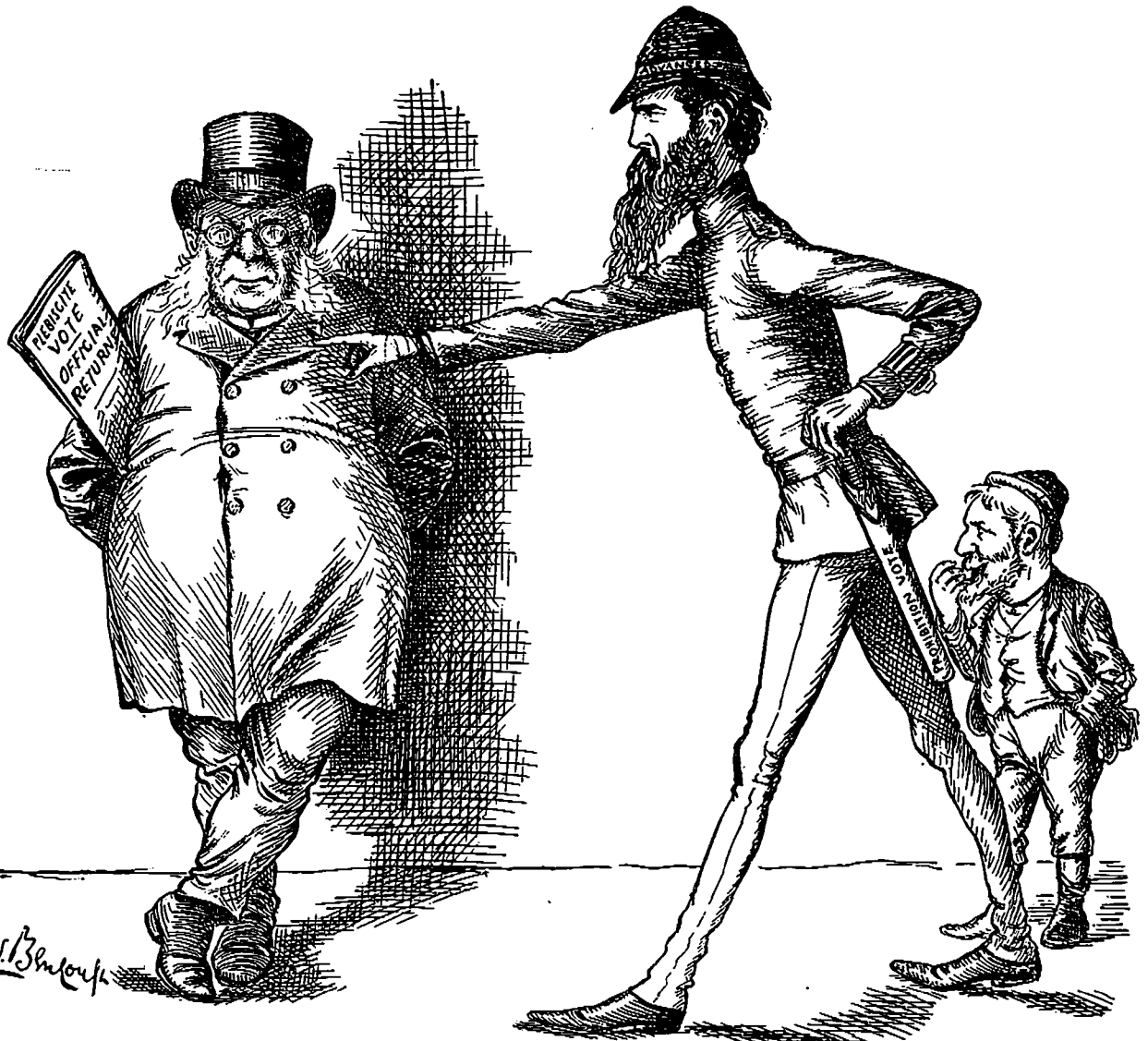
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1052

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 4.



POLICEMAN BUCHANAN—"NOW THEN, HERE, MOVE ON!!"



THE "NAPOLEON" HAT.

These young women are not fooling away their time, as you may suppose, reader. They are engaged in making a hat, *a la mode*.

HIS NATURAL LEADER.

THE present city council promises to be above the average for honesty and ability, though it would perhaps be too much to hope that it will be entirely free from inside cliques and coteries. It would be nothing but natural, for instance, that Ald. Lamb should feel disposed to follow Ald. Sheppard. The latter has nothing to do with crooks, of course.

THE HUSKIN' BEE.



'VE been lookin' from the hill top o'er the fields of wavin' corn, An' thinkin' 'bout the fun we'll have, a huskin' in the barn. We've never had a Huskin' a Parin' Bee or Dance, Yet Dad's for ever talkin' 'bout givin' boys a chance.

He's kinder g'nst the dancin': to his mind 'tain't jist correct, But says as how he's willin'—if the Pastor don't object : Seems now-a-days that Preachers, 'an most of Deacons too— Jest visit round the neighbors, an' tell 'em what to do.

Most everybody hereabouts has a huskin' in the fall But somehow or another we've not had one at all. 'Cos whenever its been talked about there's allus been a row, An' I ain't so awful sartin but what there'll be one now.

Ennyway I've been a reck'nin' 'bout how many there'll be— Jake Brown says how he's comin', 'an his sister sed she'd see: An' then there's Billy Morton, with his girl, what's got red hair. An' Sandy Jones that's courtin' Prescilly Ann St. Clare.

Zeke Smith 'll do the fiddlin', 'an likely bring Doll Thorne, That's the one he's been a sparkin', sence ever I was born: Jest like as not old Jones 'll come, perhaps Samantha too— An' Elder Hawkins with his wife, an' all their noisy crew.

Well, now, begosh! that's cur'ius, there comes old Deacon Horne A cuttin' cross the medder, an' strikin' fer the corn. Bet ennything he's comin' to talk about the Bee, An' try to stop the dancin' or the fiddlin', don't ye see?

Now the Deacon 's sure to argie the case upon the ground— That no sich thing as dancin' in the "good book" can be found. An' how a feller 's sinnin' to hev' fiddlin' at the Bee, 'Cos its g'nst the Methodist doctrin' an' their "Theologee."

Well I h'aint much good on argyment, leastways on thet ther kind, So I'll jist keep on a hoein' while the deacon speaks his mind. An' kinder look my maddest, 'an sometimes scratch my head, But never once disputin' 'bout what the deacon said.

It'll jist be like the deacon to make a little swear, When he sees I'm not disputin', an' actin' kinder queer, Then dad 'll start a whissel, or else begin a hymn, Jest like he does in meetin', till the Deacon swears ag'in'.

But 'tain't no use a wonderin' 'bout how its goin' to end, The Deacon 'll do some talkin', on that ye may depend. But dad'll likely end it, by sayin'—well—he'll see— So its likely there'll be dancin' at the Huskin' Bee.

T. M. Humble.

NOTES ON THE GREAT HAGARTY—SCOTT—ROSS—M'LELLAN—KIRKLAND—McINTOSH IMBROGLIO.

MISS HAGARTY'S chief cause of complaint against the Honorable Doctor George William Ross is that when she returned from Europe she found herself "Scott free."

Mr. Hagarty's letters to the press would seem to indicate his belief that an English translation of "Hic jacet" should be placed over somebody's door in the Education Department.

The Honorable Minister's trouble appears to consist chiefly in his having a poor forgettery, or a good one—which?

Dr. McLellan's vindication of his chief exemplifies what is known to the scientific world as self-deglutition, but as in the case of the feathered species, it requires more than one of them to make a summer.

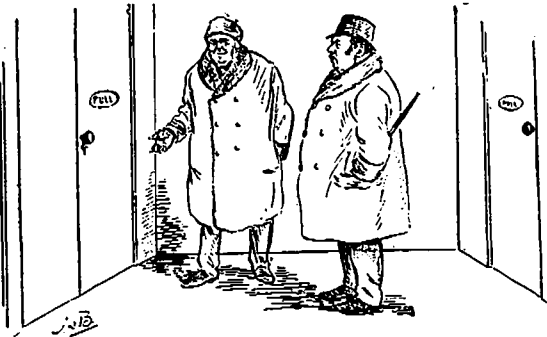
A SLIP OF THE PEN.

OUR acknowledgments are due to Saturday Night for a very generous "send off" in its last issue. Admonition is blended with praise in a fatherly manner that we quite appreciate, but when the writer, "Mack," warns us to avoid the mistakes of the "old" GRIP and steer clear of "annexation" among other fads that he names, we deem it a duty to call his attention to this slip of his well meaning pen. It is true that (through an enthusiasm for humanity which we hope was pardonable) GRIP used to be perhaps too much in earnest for a mere jester on the questions of Prohibition, Just Taxation, Free Trade, and other great questions, but not a line was ever written or drawn in support of Annexation, if by that term is meant the political union of Canada and the United States. "Mack" will kindly make a note of this. Meanwhile we are willing to believe that the word found its way into his catalogue inadvertently.

QUERY?—Should not a good practical farmer like the Hon. John Dryden be styled one of the judges of the land?



"AFTER THE BAWL IS OVER."



HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT.

(Scene. Entrance of Eastern Block, Ottawa).

POLITICAL FRIEND: "Sir John, isn't that pretty candid?"

THE PREMIER: "What do you refer to?"

POL. FRIEND: "The word on the door. I know the Grits say that the only way to get into the Departments is to have a 'pull,' but I didn't suppose you'd openly advertise the fact!"

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

(AS IT WAS AND IS)

At Ottawa.—"Are you a Tory?"

At Toronto.—"Are you a Reformer?"

At Both.—"What church do you belong to?"

(AS IT WILL BE.)

At Ottawa.—"Are you a Tory?"

At Toronto.—"Are you a P.P.A., or a P.I. man?"

(AS IT OUGHT TO BE.)

At Both Places.—"What are your business qualifications?" "Have you a good character?"

FOR THE NEXT DICTIONARY.

PRINTING PRESS.—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought.

CLOCK.—A dog we keep to bark at us.

MARRIAGE.—Harness for a pair.

EXPERIENCE.—The scars of our wounds.

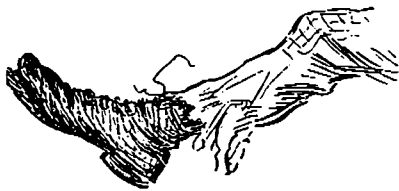
LUXURY.—The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.

HAMILTON is blowing and booming; it has recently grabbed the iron works, at the present moment it is negotiating for big steel wagon works, but its loudest and largest AD is its very own A. D. Stewart. We shall see whether this is the kind of ad. that pays best.

If Sheriff McKellar had his venerable photograph taken about this time it would probably show an aureole, or Awrey-ole (how d'ye spell it?) around his head.

WHY WOMEN WEAR "WATER FALLS."

A question 'tis why Women wear a fall:
('Tis truth it is to pride they're given, all.)
And pride, the proverb says, "still goes before a fall."



"THUS BAD BEGINS,



BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND!"

—Shakespeare (on Boots).

THE TORONTO SWEATER.

In a stuffy, stifling place,
The workers sew away,
At a cruel, killing pace,
For beggarly, starveling pay.
They are toiling night and day
In this fetid, horrible perch,
Making trowsers and shirts for a
(Catter) pillar of the church.

Sweat, sweat, sweat,
"Competition's the life of trade,"
Sweat, sweat, sweat,
God knows not the wage that is paid!

And we whose souls are aflame,
And whose hearts at this infamy leap,
Are we not also to blame
With "Sell us our trowsers cheap!"
"Give us our shirts at cost,
Or we'll go to the shop next door!"
Then we wonder that souls are lost,
Or that they make slaves of the poor.

Sweat, sweat, sweat,
But give us our "bargain day!"
Sweat, sweat, sweat,
God cares not what wage ye pay!

ON DIT.

THAT Mr. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, has it in contemplation to write an Autobiography under the taking title of "The Reminiscences of a Showman." And why not? Barnum made a lot of money out of such a book; Wiman is at the present moment enjoying a world wide fame as the author of "Chances of Success;" Macready, Irving, Wilder and many other stage celebrities have written their Reminiscences, and none of these persons ever had a better right to put pen to paper than has Mr. Adam Brown. The public will await the forthcoming work with impatience. Thousands who have hung upon his eloquent lips as he stood upon the darkened stage and dilated upon the limelight views of the World's Fair will be deeply interested to know just how he felt at those supreme moments. They will take an almost morbid interest too in the details he may give as to what the committee men said and did when they met him at the station; how he liked being lionized at the hotels where he was put up; the particulars of his many inevitable squabbles with the fellows who worked the lantern, etc., etc. As the pioneer of all the thousands—if not millions—of showmen who are now entertaining the public with World's Fair views, Mr. Brown will have a right to speak with peculiar authority.



PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

[SCENE—The Retiring Room at a Popular Concert.]

FIRST FAIR ELOCUTIONIST (who has just returned from the stage, after rendering "Barbara Freitch")—"Er— how did you like it?"

SECOND Do. Do.—"O, splendidly! you did it awfully well. Especially the old woman's voice. But then, of course, you ought to!"

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Right Hon. Sir John Sparrow Thompson,
Primeer of Canada.

DEAR SIR JOHN:—

I N omittin' to minshun yerself an' the YALLOW MARTIN, whin alludin' to sich purty birds as GRIP an' the Phaynix last weck, I pledge my veracity that no offinse whatsomever was intended. Indeed I wudn't be cock shure but that the same Yallow Martin is quite equal to a Paycock at laste; an' if it plazes ye, I'm prepared to say so. And as fer the Sparrows—although no great beauties to look at—they are so chirp, an' pugnashis, an' so well able to hould their own, that I'd back 'em for anything,—even agin the grate American Aigle himself. 'Tis wan of sich that should have gone to Washington jist now. Or why didn't yez think of Grip? The Larke that has been sint may be a sweet singer, an' able to whistle Yankee doodle dandy, but tis a plucky bird, like Grip, or wan of the Sparrow family, like yerself, that's wanted, at this time, to take the consait out of the proud bird o' freedom. A loud crowin' rooster, like wan ye know at Ottawa, won't do; nor a bantam, like Tom Daly, that crows in an' out of sayson, nor any av the blackbirds an' vultures that yez are keepin' roostin' upon the moulderin' branches av the decayin' Tariff trec. Grip, wid his cuteness an' sthrong bake, is the only Bird that fills the

bill—for where he found he cudn't compate upon aquil terms, he wud be shure to win affther the ould fashion, by puttin' a grain o' salt upon the tail of the aigle. An' that's as much as any representative ye sind to Washington will be able to accomplish.

An' spakin av birds: Isn't that fearsome fowl that feeds upon politishuns (See GRIP No. 2), a cawshun! I said A CAW-SHUN,—VERBUM SAP.

Give me respectfull compliments to Wise Aberdeen, who needs no cawshun,—

Your throe frind,

TIM O'DAY.

CIVIL SERVICE WIT.

TWO members of the Ontario Civil Service passing along College street the other morning, on their way to the Parliament Buildings, one remarked: "How rapidly they build houses nowadays," pointing to a neat three-storey house, "they commenced that house only last month and they are already putting in the lights." "Ycs," rejoined his companion, "and next week they will be putting in the livers."

(P)SHAW! Head of the Executive Committee is it?— Why Sheppard and Thompson are the Head(s)men of the Council.



THE LEADER LED.

MARTIN (AN IMPUDENT BOY)—"HURRY UP, GUV'NOR, OR YOU'LL CHOKE HIM!"

(Adapted from a sketch in "Pick-me-up.")

SIR NOLL.

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

There's a pleasant little man,
Which is Noll.
Wears the tallest hat he can—
Ours Noll.
He has ruled us twenty years,
Spite o' Tory jibes and sneers,
He's the best of all premiers—
Ain't you, Noll?

Then here's to Noll, the lawyer,
Little Noll, Noll, Noll!
He's a regular top-sawyer—
Fighting Noll, Noll, Noll!
He's the Duke of No Surrender;
He's our boundary defender,
And our Statutes' wisest mender—
Ain't you, Noll?

If a follower kicks the trace,
Look at Noll.
If a member wants a place,
Watch for Noll.
He has eyes all round his coat,
He can spot a shaky vote,
He knows how to steer the boat—
Don't you, Noll?

He's a little down on gin,
Prudent Noll:
What he wants is sober men—
Ain't it Noll?
But he'll pause on action's brink,
He'll take ample time to think,
Ere he takes away our drink—
Won't you, Noll?

What he does'nt know o' law,
Cunning Noll.
You can ask the Tories for—
Can't they, Noll?
O, he's little, but he's smart,
He knows all the statesman's art,
And he does not shirk his part—
Do you, Noll?

Now they've made a bloomin knight
Out er Noll.
Which was nothing more than right—
Was it, Noll?
And a handle to his name
He wears, he's not to blame,
For he treats us just the same—
Don't you, Noll?

Then a health to Noll we'll quaff,
Little Noll, Noll, Noll!
Pocket Blackstone an' a half,
Fighting Noll, Noll, Noll!
We shall shortly have some sport,
For he means to hold the fort,
And we'll give him our support—
Won't we, Noll?

This is not an ode—not it!
But you've helped us all a bit,
Though you are a bloomin' Grit,
Bless you, Noll!

G. C.

A GOOD PROTECTIONIST.

ALD. LAMB is determined to get a by-law through to compel the saloons to close up at nine o'clock every evening, if he has to fight all summer. Like the good, prudent parent that he is, the worthy alderman has the safety of his own boys in view. He rightly believes that Lambs and Kids should be protected from the prowling traffic after nightfall.

MRS. MALAPROP says she can't understand why the P.P.A. should wish to be so secretious, since it is to all intentions and purposes a sacreligious Association.

DEXTRINE, DEXTRAN, DEXTROSE.

DOWN in St. John they are having a sweet row over a molasses question. There is a dispute whether an article, hundreds of casks of which have been sold, is genuine molasses or a mixture of glucose and other stuff. Samples have been analyzed and the matter reported to the Dominion government for a decision. The papers have been full of expert opinions and analyses, and the words dextrose, dextran, and dextrine have been dextrously hurled this way and that. According to the latest advices the case, as viewed by the enemies of the molasses in question, stands about this way:

The sugar cane said to the beet,
As they stood by the side of the pan,
Do you think you can ever compete
With me as a source of dextran?

Well, now, said the beet to the cane,
Perhaps that remains to be seen;
But then it is perfectly plain
I can do you up quick in dextrine.

The "spud" to the pair of them quoth,
Don't you fellows be so verbose;
For I can give odds to you both
When it comes to the line of dextrose.

But a merchant laid hold of the lot,
And called them a trio of asses;
He stewed them all up in a pot,
And labelled the product molasses.

A. M. B.

SEE SIR?

Mr. Jackson: "Kin you splanify foh me, Mistah Williams, why de dot ovah de i, in de word 'spisyun, puts you in min' ob de graminificent Roming general's wife what conquahed China?"

Mr. Williams: "It don't do nuffin ob de so't."

Mr. Jackson: "What don't?"

Mr. Williams: "What you tryin' to say?"

Mr. Jackson: "I axes you, Mistah Williams, in de mos' plainest language, why de dot ovah de i, in de word 'spisyun, puts you in min' ob de Roming general's wife what tuk China?"

Mr. Williams: "Let me info'm you, Mistah Jacksing, in de fust place dat it don't do nuffin ob de so't; in de second place, I don't hab had no truck wid de lady, and don't want to, if she goes aroun' takin' folkses china."

Mr. Jackson: "Neber heah tell ob Caesar, Mistah Williams?"

Mr. Williams: "Why, co's I has. Knowed him foh yeahs, but I neber heerd nobody say his wife did no sech thing."

Mr. Jackson: "See heah, you infunnal, thick-headed Williams niggah, dat you am, what part ob Scotland did you git borned in, eh, tell me dat? Heah I'se bin a-discomposin' dis aboriginal conundrum foh fo' days, and dis am de perception you gib me. Whar's your sense ob de ridikliss? Jes fo' dat I'll splanify de joke, 'cose I don' wantar hab all my brain work for nuffin. Dedot ober the i in dat word am like Caesar's wife 'cause it am bove 'spisyun. See? Catch on now, ole thick head?"

LAMB CHOPS AND SALARY SAUCE are the two items most discussed in the bill of fare at the board of Aldermen.

MEN OF MOMENT.



**MR. ALD. CLENDINNENG.
OF MONTREAL.**



MEREDITH'S CHILD'S PLAY.

(ADAPTED FROM A WOOD-BLOCK IN A JUVENILE PUBLICATION).

A P.P.A. REMONSTRANCE WITH "GRIP."

NOW, Mister Grip, attend,
For the P.P.A.,
A few words from a friend,
For the P.P.A. ;
You will have us all undone,
If those pictures you keep on,
And make of us such fun,
Say the P.P.A.

First, we're a "fearsome fowl,"
Say the P.P.A.,
Feeding, like a ghoul,
Say the P.P.A. ;
On politicians rank,
Who to the lips have sank,
In foul corruption's tank--
Say the P.P.A.

Then you make us a mad bull,
Say the P.P.A.,
Of ferocity so full,
Say the P.P.A. ;
That with Meredith we sail,
Hanging to our ail
Whilst his lot he does bewail--
Say the P.P.A.

Now in number four or five,
Say the P.P.A.,
Do manage to contrive,
Say the P.P.A.,
(Since at these two we've grinned)
To paint our vote as pinned
To a great big puff of wind,
Say the P.P.A.

THE REVIVAL OF THE OVER-SKIRT.

THERE is a whisper in the fashion books that the long obsolete over-skirt is to be revived. The pictures, it is true, have not yet reasserted the sway of graceful draperies we last knew by that name, but nevertheless the garment is coming upon us, or rather upon the feminine half of the world.

It is, to be sure, ugly enough to dismay anyone but a modiste very much a-la-mode, but that's nothing ; when was ugliness ever a bar to style ?

Husbands and fathers have found the one-skirted garment of to-day expensive enough. They shudder 'midst the contemplation of the present low state of the money-market, at the idea of paying for double skirts.

Isn't it time that men combined to find out the fiend that sets the fashions, and insisted on his or her cutting the skirt to suit the times, not his or her fancy ?

People have been slaves long enough to this tyrannical unknown ; it is more than mortals should be asked to bear that he should force over-skirts, in these days of under-pay. Should men really be courageous enough to form a protective search society to discover the whereabouts of this conscienceless being and deal him summary vengeance, there is no doubt but that they set themselves a difficult task, as it is said he has provided himself with innumerable hiding places up the sleeves of his patrons.

J. M. Loes.

TOPSY-TURVY.

WE must have manufacturers 'tis said ;
What then ? They surely ought to earn their bread,
And not like nestlings cry till they are fed,
Nor should we feed them--
That we must have mechanics' just as true,
But then, if we can find them naught to do,
We do not feed them, but we let them go
To those who need them.

But do we on the right foundation build ?
A country, with industrious farmers filled,
By whom its fertile acres all are tilled,
May take for granted,
That it will get, and that without delay,
Factories, mechanics, and the long array
Of dealers, doctors, lawyers,—we may say—
More than is wanted.

—G. C.



'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

I.

CLERK.—“ Have a care, sir, that's paint.”
MR. JAY.—Paint ? So I see. An' a very nice shade it is, too.



II.

MR. JAY.—“What does the feller take me for, I wonder?
Guess I know paint when I see it, ef I AM from the country?”

THIS BEATS THE WORLDS' FAIR VIEW SCHEME.

NEVER BEFORE

... AND ...

NEVER AGAIN

SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY OF OBTAINING

A UNIQUE COLLECTION

OF

PORTRAITS

(A LONG WAY AFTER)

Rubens, & Vandyke, & Raffaele,

OF PERSONS CURED BY

Red Pills, Parsnip Compound, Teamster's Little
Liver Pills and Thistle Blood Bitters, etc.

HOW TO GET THEM!!!

Cut the illustration you like the best out of your
family paper, send it and 25 cts. and you will get an
extra copy and a head or more in return.

SHEW THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS!

DEACON JONES.

Good Deacon Jones, of manners mild,
Is rich as all creation,
Has neither, wife, nor chick, nor child,
Nor e'er a poor relation;
Of stores and houses owns whole rows
And every one well rented,
Yet by his talk you would suppose
That he was not contented.

When some poor son of want and woe
Implores a benefaction,
Its just as good as any show
To watch the Deacon's action,
His answer is the same to all,
Full often have I heard it;
“My income is so very small,
“I really can't afford it.

“I should be very glad indeed
“To help one so deserving,
“But I've no more than what I need
“To keep myself from starving.
“I hope you are a Christian, friend!
“O let me then persuade you
“To trust in God, some help He'll send,
“He'll not forget to aid you.”

The Deacon then, with soul composed,
And face to Heaven up-bended,
Retires—the door is softly closed—
The interview is ended.

Ah! Deacon! you'd be honoured more,
I would keep your soul from rusting,
If you would sometimes help the poor
And do, yourself, the trusting.

G. C.

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

MR. GRIP, whose sound Protestantism has never for a
moment been called in question, was the only journal-
ist admitted to the Profoundly Secret Convention
of the P. P. A. at Hamilton on Tuesday. He was there in
the spirit only, as it was desirable that none of the delegates
should be visible to the enemies of the cause. He knows
all that was done, but not the most ingenious tortures of the
Inquisition (which as is well known are carried on in
Canada to-day by the Romans) will extort the first syllable
from him. He will only throw out one hint—the country
is now safe, and Rome is thwarted!



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Those who have an eye for the artistic, and wish to keep abreast of the progress which is being made especially in "black-and-white" work, cannot do better than subscribe for the Quarterly Illustrator, published by Harry C. Jones, 92 5th Ave., New York. Each issue contains many specimens of work from the pencils of America's greatest illustrators with interesting and well written critiques, comments, etc. GRIP would especially recommend this magazine to the army of ambitious young draughtsmen who are favoring him with their as yet unripe efforts in art. The subscription price is, we believe, \$1.00.

ADVERTISING is at last taking its place as one of the legitimate arts. Every live business man knows there's money in it, but the question is how to get that money out? The answer to this is—know how to advertise. When GRIP gets into complete running order, he intends to illustrate this art as it has never before been done in Canada, and it won't be long before admission to these columns will be something for business men to strive for.

We would specially commend to faint hearted merchants the homely aphorism of a writer in Brains, the clever and unique Advertising organ of New York, viz: That to "cut down their advertising because of "dull times" is just about as wise as it would be to shorten sail in a dead calm." Verb, Sap.

MR. J. H. McCLELLAN of Brantford is authorized to act as travelling agent for GRIP in Western Ontario, and to make collections, take orders, and make advertising contracts.

MR. GEO. W. LIDDELL, 101 Victoria Square, Montreal, is the duly accredited advertising agent for GRIP in Montreal, and is authorized to make contracts for us.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Patti concert has been postponed from the 1st of Feb. to the 5th. It is to be given in the Grand Opera House instead of the Pavilion.

A HUMPER house is promised for the Riley-Shirley entertainment at the Pavilion on the 30th. Whereupon congratulations to the enterprising manager of Kleiser's Star course are in order.

MR. KLEISER has projected a trip to the Pacific coast for March, April, and May. He is going to elocute in all the towns along the way. We wish him success and a good time.

PRESS COMMENTS.

The first two issues of the new edition of GRIP have come to hand; the second better than the first, and shining with more of the old Bengough glory. GRIP, in the old days stood for the things that were good and true in the political life of the country, and starts out again in the right direction.—Renfrew Mercury.

GRIP, Canada's only comic weekly, is better than ever since it rose from its ashes to delight the people with its inimitable cartoons and humorous sketches, on every page. GRIP is published by the Phoenix Publishing Co., of Toronto, at \$2 a year.—Cornwall Freeholder.

"Ads. that bring Biz."

EVERYONE must be pleased to see GRIP once more and to find it issuing under the editorship of its founder, Mr. J. W. Bengough. Canada has only this one cartoon paper, and it would be unfortunate were we to lose it. In powers of satire Mr. Bengough excels all those who make cartoons in this country, and the number of his admirers would never have diminished had he not abandoned the vantage-ground of a critic and caricaturist to take the most violent side in every social and political question that engrosses the country. Those who were not enthusiasts on temperance, single tax, Henry-Georgism in general, free trade and annexation all at once, took their doses of old GRIP during Mr. Bengough's last year of management with feelings almost of nausea. If Mr. Bengough can shake himself loose from his trammels and ply a free crayon, he has the skill to win for the new GRIP a place never occupied by the old GRIP even in its palmiest days. The success of the paper should be a matter of pride, but if it is run in the interest of a wild eyed coterie it will share all the vicissitudes encountered by those faddists and their fads. Here's hoping that GRIP, purified in the grave, will now shake away from its ragged foundlings and become respectable and great.—Saturday Night.

ONE thing for which "The Mute" feels especially thankful to the new year is the reappearance of its sprightly confrere GRIP—not la grippe—under the guidance of its founder and old time conductor, Mr. J. W. Bengough, whose pen and pencil have lost none of their

power and piquancy, as a glance at the cartoons and comments in the new issue clearly indicates. Mr. Bengough's visit to this Institution a short time since is still remembered with pleasure by all connected with it, and he will at all times be a welcome visitor whether he comes to paint the handsome "phiz" of teachers and heads of departments, or delight pupils and others with his inimitable sketches and stories. "The Mute" heartily welcomes the return to the journalistic field of its vivacious contemporary and wishes it a long and prosperous career under the new auspices.—Canadian Mute, Belleville.

GRIP has been revived under the direction of J. W. Bengough, which is equivalent to say that it is bright, merry well written and well illustrated. There is plenty of room in Canada for a humorous weekly of the right sort and there is no one in Canada who has a better idea of what that right sort is than Mr. Bengough. If he can only control his tendency to break forth in solemn song whenever anybody dies, he should make GRIP gorgeously successful.—Hamilton Herald.

THE first number of the new GRIP is issued. It is a laughable, instructive, enjoyable contribution to current illustrated literature. Bengough's hand has lost none of its cunning. The cartoons on topics of current moment are really excellent. GRIP has come to stay. The country needs its weekly combination of good humor and good sense.—London Advertiser.

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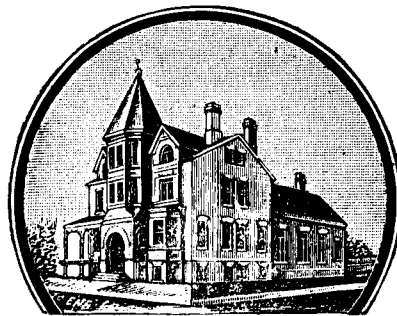
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