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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. 1049

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

No. 1.



ON DECK WITH THE NEW YEAR!

**SALUTATORY.**



FORMAL salutation ought, of course, to be the very first business of this, the first number of GRIP redivivus; and it is with much pleasure that the Raven, now returned from Plutonian shores, greets his old and faithful friends, the people of Canada, and of the world in general. Perchance he may number amongst his new readers some who are not familiar with his history—a whole generation just on the verge of voting age having been born since he first saw the light in 1873—so that a very brief reference to GRIP's biography may be in order here. He first appeared in the month of May in the year just named, being founded by J. W. and Thomas Bengough. About ten years thereafter (during which he passed through many vicissitudes, which need not here be particularized) he passed into the ownership of the Grip Printing & Publishing Co., Mr. J. W. Bengough continuing as editor. In July, 1892, the editorship passed into the hands of Mr. Phillips Thompson, and about a year later the Company having decided that the Dominion could probably get along without GRIP's further guidance, suspended the publication. This turned out to be an error of judgment. The public did not feel disposed to do without their GRIP, and ever since have kept up a pathetic clamor for his re-establishment. In compliance with this general demand, the Old Bird has been revived under the guidance of his founder, and having risen from his ashes under the auspices of the Phoenix Publishing Co., hopes to go on an indefinitely long career of usefulness, at the old established rates of \$2.00 per year and 5 cents per copy. As to program, there is no need that a long list of specific promises should be made, nor an elaborate platform of principles presented. GRIP's prime object in life will be fun, but not merely aimless frivolity. He will endeavor to make laughter a medium for the dissemination of sound sense and right principles. Not that he is going to allow himself to be made a vehicle for "fads" and "hobbies" even so much as in earlier days, though he is not going to ignore the great movements of the century altogether because some unduly apprehensive people may regard these as fads and hobbies. GRIP will aspire to regain his old place in the affections of the Home, and to become before long the best epitome of Canadian literary and artistic talent, as well as the trusted ally of all who are working for the good of mankind in general and the glory of the Dominion of Canada in particular.

**SETTLED, ONCE FOR ALL.**

IT is quite as untrue that the appearance of the other Grip, Grippe, or La Grippe had anything to do with the disappearance of this one (that is, old GRIP) for a time, as it is that the re-appearance of La Grippe, Grippe, or Grip, has anything to do with our re-appearance to-day. Neither is the one in any sense a double of the other. Although there are some points of similarity, there are also points of difference. Grippe was a kind of influenza we are told, and we shall be more than disappointed should we fail to exercise considerable influence—ah, over ah, that is to say ah, over the affairs of this country. Then, too, La Grippe was an epidemic, which literally means, according to our classical referee, "upon the people," and as that's just where we were on a former occasion, we shall try to get right back again. Here the similarity ends, for while the effects of Grippe with the La were not at all desirable, ours will prove, we trust,—well, you know yourself, we don't like to say. Again, most of those who took the other Grip didn't know what they were getting, and felt quite mean, as it were, over the "take in;" you won't; and in the last place, all sub-

scribers to La Grippe declare that if they had kept right on as they started the cost would have amounted to hundreds of dollars per annum. We offer you this GRIP, the GRIP, the GRIP of GRIPS, the only GRIP, for the contemptible sum of Two Dollars a year, or, in the truly sublime phraseology of the quack medicine merchant "the money will be refunded to you."

**A HIGHLAND WELCOME.**

DEAR MUSTER GRIP,—

MY friend Alaster Fraser of the "Mail" whatefer wou'd wrote to my nother friend Angus McStronach of the village of Cargill what they'll cabll, that you would be starting GRIP once more again as before, and she felt so glad as you'll nefer heard told of it. She wishes yourself and Mustress GRIP a fery happy New Year so she does, and more too; a fery happy New Year intect, more-ofer, and she sends to you py this registrational letter so she does, a supperscription of two tollars and a pushel of goot Sweetish turrits py the next train of express passengers on the Grand Trunk Railway from Walkerton the town in Pruce of the county. I would always took GRIP for many years so I did. Yours, as a Pattern of Industry,

DOUGALD MACGILLIVRAY.



**HER HOUSEHOLD.**

REV. FATHER HOGAN.—(making the rounds of his new Parish): "Have you any family, Mrs. Murphy?"  
MRS. MURPHY: "Oh yes, your riverence; I have three daughters. Two livin' an' wan marri'd!"

**GRIP'S RE-ENTREE.**

(See cartoon, first page.)

IT is an auspicious circumstance that GRIP re-enters upon his public duties with the New Year. The union of hands and the jolly dance all round the world typify the universal joy at the event. May the New Year prove the best this old planet has ever seen, and may GRIP be able to carry out his New Year resolve to be a brighter, livelier and more useful Bird than ever he was in his nineteen years of chicken-hood.



**SHE "DIDN'T HAVE TO."**

PAPA: "So you let Miss Fagg get away with all the class honors, eh? I'm almost ashamed of you!"

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE: "Oh, well, if I were as homely as she is, I should have gone in for that sort of thing myself."

**SWELL ST. GEORGE'S AVENUE.**

(AFTER HORACE.)

WHILE millionaires, for greater gain,  
Their rascal consciences are nerving;  
Let me forever poor remain,  
Though conscious that I am deserving.

While some are building mansions new,  
And envy in your bosom hurts you;  
On swell St. George's avenue  
Let me reside with simple virtue.

Of rising stock I'll calmly read,  
I'll calmly read of falling prices;  
To foreign wars I'll pay no heed,  
Nor fear at home commercial crises.

I'd sooner far if I might choose,—  
All fortunately have the choosing—  
By having not a son to lose,  
Be spared the constant dread of losing.

And those who are admired of all,  
For fashion or complexions noted,  
Have a tremendous way to fall,  
Should fashion prove but sugar coated.

So why should I, as others do,  
Contrive my income small to double,  
While Swell St. George's Avenue  
Is known to neither *you* nor trouble.

*Erna H. Stafford.*

**ALL ROSS' FAULT.**

LAST week The Mail quoted, not disapprovingly, a sentence containing the phrase, "false misrepresentations." There can be no sadder commentary on the bungling inefficiency of the Minister of Education than this fact. What the mischief do we pay him \$4,000 a year for—\$40,000 in ten years—if this sort of thing is to go on? What is the use of Upper Canada College, the Veterinary College, and the Normal School? In the face of such flagrancy as this, ministerial nepotism, sinecure registrarships and county hangmanships pale with the unpalpable flicker of utter insignificance. We had hardly recovered from this shock when another case of the same kind came to our notice.

Last Friday's Star refers in big black type to "A Vicious Lie of The News." Surely the truly good Star doesn't regard lying as ordinarily a virtuous practice? We'll have to see Geo. W. Ross about this sort of English, really!

**REFLECTIONS OF THE NEW MAYOR.**

WELL; I've been elected. So far, so good. It's gratifying to know that my fellow citizens have a proper appreciation of my qualities; to be sure a few of them voted for my opponent, but I can afford to overlook that, as he is really a pretty decent fellow, and it would be going too far to have left him entirely voteless. All the more to my honor to have defeated such a formidable opponent. H'm,—pretty good council elected, too, on the whole. Some of the old gangsters still to the fore, I see, but I guess I'm a match for them. Now, the first thing to do is to take a look at the promises I've made. Let's see—economy; of course, the regular thing. Cut down all unnecessary expense. Wonder how I'm going to know just what is unnecessary? Well, I'll have to trust to luck for that. Retrenchment. Same thing in other words. Fix that same way. "Will devote myself to the interests of the city." That's simple enough—be at council meetings regularly, and in office every day to shake hands with visitors, and do any little kindnesses I can for friends. "Carry out important civic reforms." H'm. That's more of a corker. What reforms, and how? Must have a talk with Hallam and Shaw—latter has become quite a decent sort of alderman of late—and see what's to be done about this reform business. But all this heavy thinking has made me hungry as a hawk. Will drop over to the Club and have lunch. More anon.

**A GREAT OCEAN BETWEEN THEM.**

WILL you marry me, my pretty maid?  
The Englishman to the Yankee girl said.

"I cannot," replied the American maid,  
"I find that your grandfather once was in trade."

"But we are cousins, my pretty maid;  
He was *your* grandad, too," the Englishman said.

"It's all right enough," said the pert little maid,  
"For a Yankee's ancestors to have been in trade."

But an Englishman's—horror, it's awful!" she said,  
So I can never be your pretty maid."

**HIS LUCK.**

"WELL, Harry, my boy,—I haven't seen you since you were spliced. How do you like married life?" "First rate, Jack, only I have discovered that my wife can't play the piano." "Great Artaxerxes! What a dooce of a lucky dog you are!" "Not so lucky as may appear, Harry: she thinks she can."



**AT SCHOOL—(A FACT.)**

TEACHER (sharply): "Who is that whistling?"  
JUVENILE (on front seat; promptly and triumphantly):  
"It's ME, teacher. Didn't you know I could whistle?"



RATHER UNREASONABLE.

PREMIER FAILLON "Come, old gentleman, shell out; you're rich, and the Provincial hat is empty again!"

MR. MONTREAL "How do you suppose I can contribute to your hat when you refuse to help me to cut these bonds so that I can defend my pockets from my own aldermanic highwaymen?"

DOWNED!

(See Cartoon, centre page.)

THE result of the plebiscite vote was an astonisher for everybody and literally a knock out for the friends of the traffic. The most sanguine of the Prohibitionists had no idea that the cities and towns would be carried as a rule for prohibition, though their hopes were high for the country districts. A majority of two to one in the towns was something they never dreamed of. It goes to show that the educational campaign has done greater work than was anticipated. The country appears to be "ripe" so far as Ontario is concerned. And now it only remains to have it decided judicially where the constitutional power of carrying out the people's will rests.



"A GREEN CHRISTMAS."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Legislature of Ontario will meet for the transaction of business, on, about, or before the first day of April. Sir Oliver will appear with his usual modicum of smugness.

Mr. Meredith's hair will look as if it had not been combed or brushed for two or three days.

Mr. Hardy will assume his old Jovian scowl.

Mr. Fraser it is asserted will wear a new billy-cock hat he got it as a Christmas box.

Mr. Whitney will look as wise as of yore.

Mr. Gibson (from Wroxeter) will continue to think in broad Scotch so will Mr. Bishop, only more so.

Mr. Harecourt will continue to appear very uncomfortable.

Mr. Blezard will occupy a back seat.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) will wonder whether this is his last session.

Mr. Balfour will take the floor as often as he pleases, and he often pleases.

Mr. Ross will look wan, wearied and worried.

Mr. Ryerson will wonder what they are going to do about it.

Mr. Speaker will look quite as handsome as he always does.

The Clerk of the House will perform in his usual mumble.

WE PRONOUNCE IT—A SUCCESS.

DON'T bother me, child you may call it plebisight, or plubisight, or plebisect, or plubisect, or plebisit, or plubisit, or anything you please, and you may put the accent where you like, but I'm very busy just now go and tell Bridget I want my warm slippers.



DOWNED!

SIR OLIVER (TO SIR JOHN).—"AND NOW THE DELICATE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION ARISES—WHICH OF US HAS TO CARRY IT OUT?"

A WESTERN IDYLL.

THE wild west stage was bumping its way over the foothills of the Bad Lands country, while its two passengers held converse.

"I trust that I shall succeed in my new field of labor," said the missionary, "but I may fail if the people do not hold up my hands."

"Hold 'em up yourself, and do it quick!" said a gruff voice from under the brim of a slouched hat, as a western gent stepped out from behind a boulder and presented a revolver at the stage window.

The missionary did as he was requested, and his fellow passenger followed suit.

THINGS IN PLUTONIA.

IT is the general impression throughout Canada that GRIP died and was buried last July. This is scarcely correct.

To all outward seeming, the Raven certainly became defunct. He suddenly ceased to appear in the customary way on Saturdays, and subscribers in the country no longer found in their post office boxes the familiar blue covered publication with the red title. Those of them who had overpaid their subscriptions marked this fact with solemn seriousness; those of them who were in arrears also took note of it, but with less heaviness of heart. GRIP still lived, only he had departed to the Plutonian Shores, which Edgar Allan Poe refers to in his somewhat fantastic account of another Raven (no relation whatever to GRIP). He has now returned, and it only requires a casual glance at these pages to assure the most skeptical that he is as much alive as ever he was. Better still, he has brought back with him a neatly written account of Matters and Things in Plutonia, which he has obligingly allowed the Editor to read. He has further graciously granted permission for the quotation of a few extracts, reserving the full article for publication in the "Arena," or "Forum," or the next Christmas number of the "Review of Reviews." Following are the quotations:

FORM OF GOVERNMENT. Government by "Daily Paper." Everything edited, superintended and managed by a great Plutonian Journalist named William Thomas Steadyboy, assisted by a lady named Julia. Everybody obliged to subscribe on pain of death, and to follow the directions given daily as to what they shall eat, drink, wear, believe, say and do.

MUNICIPAL ARRANGEMENTS. Mayor and Council can-



QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

THE HOWLAND LEAGUE. A SUGGESTION.

JUST on the eve of the Christmas season the great heart of William H. Howland ceased to beat. At no time of the year could the death of this good man have been more keenly felt, especially by the multitudes for whom it was his delight to provide Christmas cheer; and never was the death of any man more sincerely mourned by all classes of our citizens. In the belief that those who admired Mr. Howland's character also sympathized in his work, and would count it an appropriate honor to his memory to make provision for the carrying on of that work, GRIP has a suggestion to offer. It is that, as a memorial of the departed friend of the poor, an organization be formed to be called the Howland League, to be composed of all who will pledge themselves to contribute a small definite sum—say five cents—per week, payable at convenient intervals, to a fund to be applied solely to the carrying on of such philanthropic work as that with which Mr. Howland's name was connected in Toronto and vicinity. Beyond the pledge referred to there ought to be no other restriction as to membership, neither test of sex, creed, race or place of residence. GRIP has a belief that this is a practical and feasible idea, and that in a very short time the League would number its thousands, every one of whom would find the investment both profitable and delightful. A board of management to administer the fund, would, of course, be required, and, by way of completing the suggestion, we take the liberty (without consulting the gentlemen) of nominating the following: President, Hon. S. H. Blake; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Henry O'Brien; Directors: Messrs. J. J. McLaren, Elias Rogers, J. Ross Robertson, Clarkson Jones and Principal Caven, with power to add to their numbers. What say you, gentlemen?

OUR new mayor might vary the monotony by announcing his first council meeting as "Kennedy, in his entertainment entitled, 'A nicht wi' Burns'"—meaning, of course, the doughty alderman of the fourth ward.



REPARTEE!

BILLY MILLER, (who has been accosted as usual by the Johnston sisters with the approbrious call "Red head! Red head!") : "I don't care if I am a red head—I ain't TWINS, anyhow!"



didates for office not allowed to promise economy and retrenchment, as it encourages lying.

**BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.** Any enterprising citizen proposing to build a ship canal is regarded with honor. Everything he requests granted at once and no questions asked. Consequence, steady work for everybody and big wages all the time.

**TAXATION.** None to speak of. Public revenue collected in form of ground rent by Government, and no taxes on labour and products of labour. Works like a charm.

**POVERTY.** None, owing to Single Tax system. Every man free to work for himself, therefore won't work for anybody else for less than he can make on his own hook.

**LIQUOR QUESTION, ETC.** None. Any business that is good untaxed: any business that is not, prohibited. Seems very sensible to a Canadian visitor.

**CHURCH.** Devoted to good of all here and now, as well as hereafter. Many sects, but only one Spirit. Chief ruling power in all social and political reforms. No distinction between classes and masses. Places of worship always crowded.

**CHARITY.** None required except for the sick, crippled, and incapable. These well taken care of.

**POLITICS.** Purely patriotic. No boodling. None for the Party, all for the State.

**PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS.** Have Plutonian system adopted in Canada. Agitate through press, platform, pulpit, etc. Would be great improvement.



**PATHOS WASTED.**

**SUSAN:** "Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs.

**MRS. GRUNDY:** "Good gracious! what next! Tell him we don't want any, Susan!"

THE *Globe* has an editorial headed "Who Wants Liquor?" If this is to be understood as an invitation to step up and have something with the Editor, he may count upon a more general response than his articles usually secure.

**APROPPOS OF HON.** David's speech the other day—"The Mills of the Grits talks slowly but he talks exceeding fine."

THE *London Advertiser* says: "The man most to be pitied is the one who has nothing to do." Why this maudlin sympathy for Solicitor General Curran in such a straight-out Grit paper?

THE *Times* is paralyzed over the election of A. D Stewart as mayor of Hamilton. It can't account for it, nohow. Yet to an outsider it is perfectly plain that the candidate's personal beauty did it. A. D. is a fine figure of a man, and we hope he'll do honor to A. D., 1894.



**NOT TO BE HUMBUGGED.**

**MR. FULLWEIGHT** (who is being canvassed by the boot-black): "Here, my man, is a quarter for you: take a look and see if my boots need cleaning!"

**POPULAR MISAPPREHENSIONS.**

**THAT** the Post-Office Department is conducted for the convenience of the public.

That Messrs. Small and Drayton are to have seats in the city council of '94, while Mr. Hewitt is to stay at home and attend to his private affairs.

That Mr. E. A. Macdonald has settled down resignedly into a back seat, and the last has been heard of the great canal scheme.

That the Mowat Government is eagerly hoping that the decision of the court will be to place the onus of passing a prohibition law upon the Provincial authorities.

That the P. P. A. and the Jesuit Society are as like as two P's.

That the Board of Trade banquet just at this juncture, considering the condition of Trade and the plentiful lack of Banquets in some quarters, is a good deal like a Beshlazier's feast.

That Hon. George E. Foster begins to think his "moments of weakness" were after all his strongest periods.



**GOT THE DROP ON HIM.**

DELSARTE.



am paying my addresses to a girl with classic tresses,  
Who is gone upon that cranky French philosopher, Del-  
sarte;  
But I'm frequently surmising that her attitudinizing  
And her waves and genuflexions will break this faithful  
heart.

When I first set eyes upon her, I assure you on my  
honor,  
That I loved her with a passion my tongue can  
never tell;  
The facts I do not garble when I say she looked  
like marble—  
She really seemed to *Challenge* me to break her  
witching spell.



I secured an introduction and soon felt love's whirl-  
pool suction.—  
Beneath her smile my being seemed with gladness to  
expand;  
To Delsarte I grew quite partial, and I said "my  
dear Miss Marshall,  
Believe me to remain yours ever truly to *Command*!"



When I met her shortly after she indulged  
in scornful laughter:  
When I took her hand and kissed it, and  
muttered "by your leave!"  
Yes! she laughed a laugh so hollow that  
my heart I had to swallow,  
My *Horror* and *Asternishment* you never  
could conceive!



Being plainly snubbed and slighted, I of course felt  
somewhat blighted,  
But my love was far too strong to wilt before this adverse  
breath,  
In fact her heartless snicker only made my pulse beat  
quicker,  
"I'll win this maiden yet," I cried—"this is my stead-  
fast *Faith*!"



Next day I saw her walking and affectionately talking  
With a simpering summer dudelet, who wore a blazer coat,  
And at once a surging passion 'gainst this paltry sprig of  
fashion—  
A passion known as *Jealousy*—my heaving bosom smote.

I came very neatly swooning, but so deep were they  
in spooning  
That they never even saw me, though I boldly crossed  
their path;  
There I stood, ignored—not in it! and I posed one  
awful minute  
In an attitude of *Anguish*, which was not unmingled  
with *Wrath*.



"This couple I will sever," I hissed out, "now or never!"  
"I'll bring this to a head at once, my fate this girl must  
seal."  
So that evening I waited on the lady and so stated—  
In accordance with Delsartian rules I made her my  
*Appal*.

There I pleaded, and she listened, and her starry eyes  
they glistened,  
As she stood like Grecian statue until I'd quite got  
through;  
When her arms (to my unnerving) began mysterious  
curving,  
And she said "You make me *Weary*, very *Weary*—so  
you do!"



"Do you mean," I grasped out, choking, "Oh, no, no!  
you must be joking,—  
Do you mean I make you *Tired*? Say I have misunderstood!  
But to this appeal so craving, she did some more arm-  
waving,  
And finished with *Rejection* in Delsartian attitude.



"'Tis this dude you love?" I thundered, "and  
from him you shall be sundered,  
If I have to slay the creature—which I certainly  
shall do!"  
In reply she made a jesture, throwing back her  
classic vesture,  
And struck the pose *Defiance*, and merely said  
"pooh-pooh!"



Then I strode out full of fury, waiting neither judge  
nor jury,  
And I went and slew that Dudelet with a poisoned  
cigarette;  
Then his hated prostrate body with its blazer coat of  
shoddy  
I pounded with a racket as I roared *Revenge* is sweet!



She came up just as I ended and looked as tho'  
offended,  
Then she beautifully posed as *Grief*, and dropped  
a pearly tear,  
While I with anger roasting stood representing  
*Boasting*  
And exulting in my work I cried, "*Sic semper*  
dudelets here!"



Then she seemed a little fluttered, though no word  
at all she uttered,  
I could see a conflict raging in her palpitating heart,  
I could scarcely comprehend her, till she said "Yes—I  
*Surrender*,  
And she took the pose accordingly invented by Delsarte.

"'Tis not that I really love you, for I think myself  
above you,"  
She said,—"I just surrender to get rid of you for  
good."  
This was just a trifle chilling, but I cried, "all  
right, I'm willing!"  
And thus I won my *Triumph*, and I struck that  
attitude!



—J. W. B.

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GRIP TO HIS FRIENDS.

In making his bow to the public on his re-appearance, GRIP asks their ear while he makes an announcement or two of a business character.

First, he wishes it clearly understood that he has no connection whatever with his former publishers, the Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Limited. His new proprietors are the Phoenix Publishing Co., who have acquired the name and subscription list, but beyond that have nothing to do with the old company.

GRIP will be sent to all old subscribers who had paid in advance, and the dates to which they paid have been moved forward for a period equivalent to the time GRIP was out of existence.

To those who paid up to the time of suspension GRIP will be sent from 1st January, with the hope that they will remit at once and continue on the list.

To all who were in arrears when GRIP suspended, accounts for what is due, together with the subscription for the present year, will be sent as soon as possible, when it is hoped remittances will be made at once, for GRIP does not want to have any of his patrons in his debt.

Now for an important announcement. It is the purpose of GRIP's publishers to make subscriptions payable strictly in advance. The address label will show the date of expiry. A reasonable time will be allowed for renewals to reach the office. Failing to hear, the names will be removed from the list. This rule, which experience has shown to be the best in the interest of both publisher and subscriber, will be strictly adhered to.

If the first number should be a day or two late in reaching subscribers, the fault must be attributed partly to the delay in getting a new enterprise under way, and partly to the red tape of the Post Office Department, which requires a copy of a new periodical to be sent to Ottawa and registered there, before it is allowed the privileges of the mails. This causes a delay of a day or two after it is printed. After this issue GRIP hopes to be prompt on time and a welcome visitor in thousands of Canadian homes.

THE New Peterson Magazine is one of the best of American Magazines, both in literary and artistic contents. It is published at the nominal price of \$1 per year or 50 cts. for six months. Arthur's New Home Magazine, published at the same figure, makes a specialty of cut paper patterns for the ladies, giving in the course of the year patterns really worth \$3 if bought by themselves. Send 5 cts. for sample copy of either Magazine, or \$1.75 for a year's subscription to both. Address the Publishers, Philadelphia Pa.

All the world is divided into two great classes, those who went to the World's Fair at Chicago and those who didn't. The former will wish to be reminded of what they saw at the beautiful white city; the latter, who had to stay home, will be pleased to see it through the camera. Both can be served by the Portfolio of Views of the Dream City now being given away by the TORONTO STAR.

THE most timely article in the January number of the Review of Reviews, and it may perhaps be said without contradiction the most timely article in any of the magazines of the month, is upon relief for the unemployed in American cities. It is from the pen of the editor, Dr. Albert Shaw, and presents from data furnished for the most part later than the middle of December the steps which have been taken in a number of American cities for the special relief of the unemployed in the present winter. It is gratifying to learn from this article that so much has been accomplished and that the intelligence as well as the charitable disposition generally manifested is of so high an order.

MR. IKE SUCKLING is in a fair way of achieving the reputation of the Canadian Abbey. We don't mean the pen-and-ink artist of that name, but the Abbey who is famous as an impressario, and to whom New York owes the privilege of hearing all the great singers and instrumentalists of the world. Mr. Suckling has undertaken the risk of bringing Henri Marteau to Toronto, arrangements having been made for his appearance with his correct company at the Pavilion next Monday evening. Marteau is only about twenty years of age, but is already regarded as a musician worthy of being ranked with Paderewski, only Paddy plays the piano and Marteau the violin. Montreal went daff over the great Frenchman. Two great lady vocalists—a soprano and a contralto, will assist.

LAST summer Edward Bok, the editor of 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' visited Canada. Previous to this visit, Mr. Bok had written much and well of Canadian writers, but his personal visit gave him a new idea of Canada's literary people and their talents. He became interested in Canadian authors and literary matters, and the first indication of this was the announcement that he had secured Lady Aberdeen to write for his magazine. Then it was given out that the first prize in the Journal's musical series offered for the best waltz had been awarded to Mrs. Frances I. Moore, of London, Ontario, one of GRIP's old-time contributors, by the way. This waltz Mr. Bok has named 'The Aberdeen Waltzes,' in honor of Lady Aberdeen, and it will be printed in its entirety in the February issue. Mr. Henry Sandham, the Canadian artist, was next heard of as making a series of covers for the Journal. Then the names of J. Macdonald Oxley and John Lambert Patne became prominent in the magazine's contents. Now Clifford Smith, of Montreal, has had his first American story accepted by this magazine.

THE fact is our maple woods are full of literary and artistic talent GRIP hopes to give ample demonstration of this as soon as he gets into good running order, by sending forth week after week a brightly written and elegantly illustrated paper. The present number is of course excellent compared with what they can do in the States,—but wait!

WE are glad to observe that Father Torrington's College of Music—more formally known as the Toronto C. of M.—goes on its way prosperously. The course provided is complete in all its departments. They can teach you to sing (if you have any voice) elocute or to play anything (excepting football.) It ought to count for something, too, to study in an institution presides over by such a genial conductor as Mr. Torrington.

TYPEWRITERS may come and typewriters may go (we mean the machines not charming young ladies who work them) but the "Standard" is still the Standard of them all. Whatever is worth buying is worth buying good, so our advice to all who may want typewriters is to consult Mr. George Bengough, the agent of the Remington Standard on the subject. His office is 45 Adelaide St. East near the foot of Victoria.

KIND WORDS.

WHEN it was known that GRIP was to reappear with the New Year, paeons of joy were heard throughout the land. Many congratulatory letters were received and the press gave utterance to kindly expressions on all hands. We, with due modesty, quote a very few of these kind words:—

Globe:—"The country will be glad to hear that GRIP is to be with us again with the first week of the New Year. Mr. Bengough needs no introduction to anyone who knew GRIP. It was Mr. Bengough who made GRIP. Our minds are filled with the children of his brain and pen. He was for a score of years perhaps our most faithful political historian. Many times and oft he hit hard, but never below the belt. Some of his views were too extreme for the popular taste, but he was always bright, strong, original and far-seeing, and we shall all be glad to have the favourite bird looking on us again out of its solemn eyes, humanizing philosophy and politics, and regulating church and state."

Empire:—"GRIP, the well known comic weekly, is to be revived at the beginning of the New Year. This is good news, because it indicates a belief that the community will appreciate and support the clever cartoon work which Mr. J. W. Bengough and others have been doing in Canada. GRIP should be welcomed cordially back to life."

Onward:—"We are glad to learn that Canada's brilliant humorous paper, GRIP, has reappeared, with entirely new publishers. GRIP became a kind of household necessity, and we believe it will be even more so in the future. We were proud of the attitude of GRIP on all moral questions."

Kingston Whig:—"GRIP's revival will be hailed by every one who appreciates a good comic paper."

Georgetown Herald:—"Our readers will be glad to hear that GRIP, the once famous comic paper, is to be revived, with J. W. Bengough as editor."

Central Canadian:—"Human nature seems to call for the relaxations of good humor and the pictorial transcripts and epitomes of the epigrammatic in life and literature. GRIP has filled this exacting bill in the past, and is now sure to do it even better."

Chatham N. B., World:—"GRIP, the well-known comic weekly, is to be revived at the beginning of the new year. So far as politics are concerned let it give the people as much of the satire and as little of the savagery of politics as possible, and both sides will be well pleased."

New Westminster, B. C., Columbian:—"The country needs GRIP, and we're glad he is to be to the front again."

London Advertiser:—"The pleasant surprise of the holidays to thousands of our readers will be the announcement that GRIP will be revived with the first week of the new year under the editorship of its originator, Mr. J. W. Bengough. The country needs the happy and effective touch of the master cartoonist, and it likes to have it in concentrated form. The new GRIP promises to find a widened field and a vastly increased circle of friends."

Thorold Post:—"GRIP was for many years a felt factor in Canadian matters political. . . . We shall welcome the spicy little sheet again, and wish for it the success it is sure to deserve."

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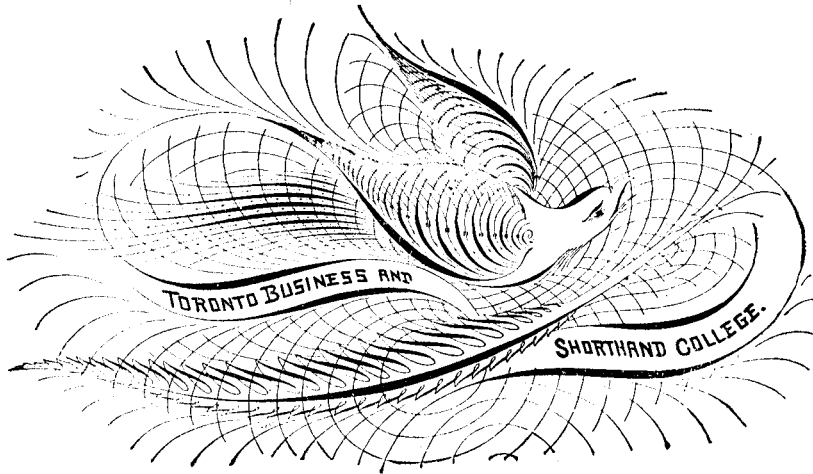
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