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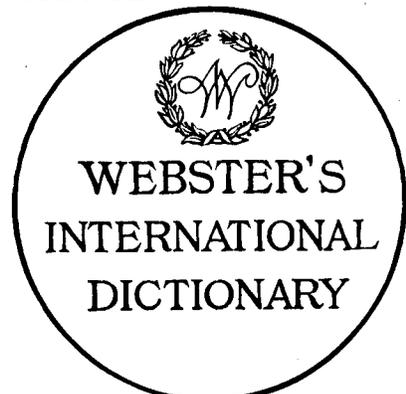
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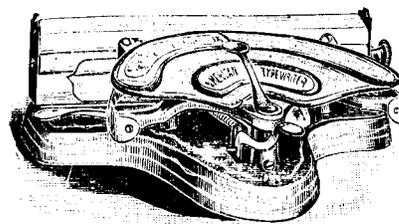
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Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

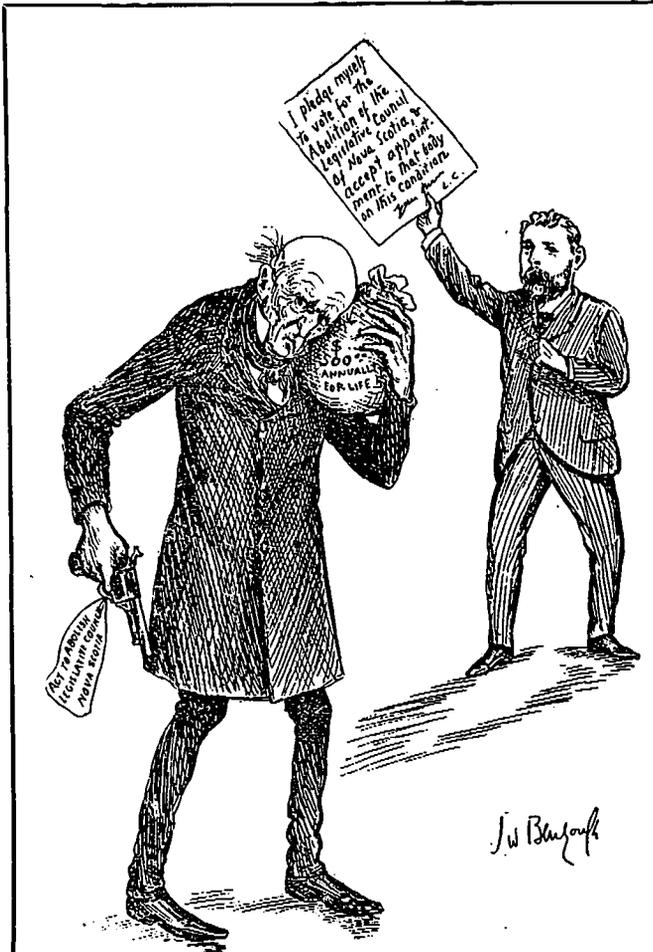
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No. 7.



THE GIDDY POLITICAL BUTTERFLIES.  
ONE PINNED; NOW TO CAPTURE THE OTHERS!



**'TWIXT HONOR AND BOODLE.**

PREMIER FIELDING, (to the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia):—"Now then, if you're a patriot and a man of your word, abolish yourself at once!"

MR. L. C. :—"O how can I end my own existence, and tear myself away from all that I hold dear?"

**"ANTIGONER."**

**F**IRED by the success of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, as played by the students of the University this week, one of the undergrads, a chap by the name of Sophomore, has written a Greek play for next season. It is called "Antigoner." We have only space in this issue for a very brief statement of the Argument, which is as follows:

Jackson, a Freshy, has been warned against football, but rashly and recklessly disregarding the warning he joins the Varsity club. In a game with Trinity, Jackson with characteristic rashness makes a rush for the ball, when Jimson '96 (who has been fated to become a murderer), crowds against Billson '94, the latter rashly communicates the shove to Dickson, '95, and he falls against Tomson, '96, who in turn tramples upon Jonson, '97, and the whole outfit tumble upon Jackson the Freshy, and lie in a lifeless mass. Jimson, '96, seeing that the prediction of the oracle has been verified, commits suicide by swallowing the football, and rolls over on the dead bodies of his comrades, while the Trinity men sing a melancholy chorus about the fatal effects of Rashness.

It will be seen that Sophomore has followed Sophocles somewhat closely in the lines of his tragedy, but it is believed the Greek in which "Antigoner" is written, having a delicious Canadian flavor about it, will be appreciated by the cultured audience even more highly than that of Sophocles has been this week.

**"DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED!"**

**A**N earnest plea comes to GRIP from far off Enderby, B.C. The writer imploringly says: "Please help to chase the crowds away from the cities to till the soil, utilize the forest, develop the mines, and gather in the wealth from the fish farms of our oceans and lakes. Provide an antidote to check the emigration to Uncle Sam's land!" To this earnest soul we say—Right you are; we *will* help all we can. But our experience is that crowds have got to be attracted; they can't be driven in any desired direction. The way to prevent people from crowding into the cities is to so fix things that it will pay them better to stay on the farms or in the forests or mines. We have an excellent plan for doing this up our sleeve, and if the Government sends for us confidentially our advice is at their disposal, heartily.

**A NEW VERSION, BY O. M.**

Gin the powers should be ours  
Tae prohibit Rye,  
Gin I'm still Premier, I will  
Sic Prohibition try;  
Every Cabinet hath its Brewer,  
Nane, they say, hae I,  
So all the prohibits, look to me  
To do away wi' Rye!

**NOTE AND QUERY.**

MR. GRIP:

**S**HOULD not the inferior members of the animal kingdom be credited with the contribution of the following words to the language of man?

*Cat-echism; Duc-tility; Dog-matism; Cro-nology; Pus-illanamous; Hen-pecked; Ox-ygen; Cow-slip; Pig-ment; Ass-teroid; and Rat-ification.*

Yours,  
PHIL OLOGIST.

**NOTE FROM WASHINGTON.**

**W**HEN Congressman Wilson called at the Senate committee room to find out how his Tariff Bill was getting along, they say he was confronted with a card borrowed from one of the theatres, and bearing the words—"Free list entirely suspended."

**POETICAL GLEANINGS.**



"I NEVER SAW SO YOUNG A BODY WITH SO OLD A HEAD."  
--Shakespeare.



### FRIGHTENED OUT OF THEIR BOOTS!

TERRIBLE COMMOTION AMONG THE DELEGATES AT THE MEETING OF THE CENTRAL FARMERS' INSTITUTE, CAUSED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A HORRIBLE, MAN-EATING MONSTER!

[Vide daily papers for full particulars.]

#### MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

DEAR MISTER COSTIGAN:

HONOR bright is the word. And since, as ye say ye don't want to call publick attinshun to Costiganism, *Nabocklish!* is what I say in return. Av coorse, we all know well enuff that the Costigans can take good care of thimselves. The very name is agin any other supposishun. And if they do Cost the counthry, agin and agin, thair sarvice is as good a return for the cost as that got from the relatives av any av yer collaigues. To beshure, it is quite right what yez say, that a man in his political principles is sumtimes torn by conflictin' emoshuns, an' that he is compelled to have a strong sinse av his own intherests as well as av his public duties. Those who purtind to set thair faces agin providin' for thair relatives at the public expinse are jist like the lady, who in playfully condemnin' the wearin' av whiskers an' mustashus, said it was wan av the fashions she invariably set her face aginst.

Yis, I know that MacKenzie Bowell takes the same view av the matter, from a stand point of publick as well as private duty. And small blame to him, why shudn't he? Well I remimber him, before he wint into Parlimint, when he printed the ould *Intelligencer*, and whin the basis av his political principles was the warrant an' rules av his lodge. Brother Bowell was an antagonist of some prowis, espeshully whin the 12th av July cum round. Then, whin the glorious, pious an' immortal mimory av good an' great King William was dhrank in the flowin' bowl, coupled widh many contingent misforchunes to the Papishers an' degradin' uses for thair remains, which wur not alone to be rammed, jammed, an' crammed into the grate gun of Athlone, but thair bones to be converted into sparrowbills with which to tack on the

soles av Protestant shoes, Bro. Bowell's Orangeism (on the 12th July) was as unyieldin' as his political principles are to-day. A sthrong sinse av his own intherests always accompanied the sacred rights av Orangeism. That he has now manfully expressed himself, privately, in favor of Home Rule an' widh Sir John, an' Curran, an' Clark Wallace, an' yerself subscribed liberally to the fund, makin' Blake's hart glad, is only what might be expected from so good a pathriot as Bro. Bowell. The two Grand Masthers may purtind to lade the Brethern, but they only lade as the horses lade the dhriver, who cracks the whip over 'em. An', be my sowkins, that dhriver is Sir John Sparrow Thompson, and an eligant wan he is.

Sir Oliver's speech at Whitby is a stunner, yez all think, an' his figgers spake still more cloquintly than his words. That's jist what is sed by everybody here, too. Yez think he should have been chancellor av the Exchequer? Well the people here think he is better where he is, at laste they prefer him to be Prime Minister of Ontario. An' as you remark, they have got an Oliver widhout a twist in him, an' whom they wudn't part widh for a dozen Rolands, or P.P.A.'s, or in fact any other man. An' as for Sir Oliver's speeches, they are like good tunes whin most relished, always opportune.

Yer thrue frind, in haste,

TIM O'DAY.

LATE.

THE Ontario Assembly is in the midst of its alleged labors, and Sir John Thompson has announced the opening of the big show at Ottawa on March 15th. Apropos of this dilatoriness, Mr. Laurier properly enough refers to the powers that be as "the late Cabinet." He only wishes he could use the phrase in its *post mortem* sense!



"AT LAST! AT LAST, SHE'S NAMED THE DAY!"

#### HUMORS OF THE PRESSMEN.



THE daily papers having followed their dreary traditions in reporting the meetings of the Press Association, (upon which traditions we have something to say elsewhere in this number) it is left for Mr. GRIP to print a few of the many bright things that were, of course, carefully omitted from the so called "reports."

At the first session Mr. H. P. Moore, of the *Acton Free Press*, was giving his experience in the matter of establishing the payment-in-advance system. "At first," said he, "I found great difficulty; I was obliged to cut off about four hundred names."—Just here Pirie, of the *Dundas Banner*, with an air of seriousness becoming to the occupant of the presidential chair, stopped the speaker to enquire—"Did you still go on publishing the paper?" This upset the meeting for a time, but Moore duly recovered himself, and went on with his talk. "In conclusion," said he, "I consider the new system a success. I don't know how it would work in the case of papers whose circulations go up to three or four thousands, but in the case of small country weeklies like the *Dundas Banner*"—and here the laugh broke just as heartily over Pirie's devoted head.

At the open session on Thursday evening, the President of course occupied the chair. He came forward with a programme in hand, looking as solemn as usual. "I observe," said he, "the first thing called for is the chairman's address. The chairman's address—is Dundas, Ont." He added a few words, however, as to the Association, for the benefit of the visitors present. "We meet every year in convention," he remarked, "for the purpose of getting amendments to the libel law, and taking other steps towards keeping out of jail." Commenting on the newspaper as an epitome of the doings of the whole world, "is it not wonderful," said he, "that you should have all this laid, as it were, in a small parcel on your breakfast table—those of you who get breakfast." Sam Hunter's paper on "Pictorial

Journalism" was full of good things. He described the way in which newspaper cuts are now produced ready for printing in a few minutes of time. "This enables the editor to give his readers portraits of notable persons of the moment. He is no longer obliged to use the old Lydia Pinkham advertising cut to represent Sarah Bernhardt one day and Queen Lil of Hawaii the next. He can have the portraits done by his own special staff artist, and although the likenesses may be no better, there is more variety about them." Mr. Arthur F. Wallis dealt with "Journalism as a Profession" in a very witty paper. He thought the editor had a right to call himself a professional man if the latter had success in both these professions depended upon being expert with the shears. In days of old the subject was not at liberty to criticise the King, but times have changed. If some of those old kings could look down upon us—or up toward us—now, they would realize this. He gave it as his opinion that Bismarck's failure was due to his disregard of the advice so often and freely tendered to him by Canadian editors. "The impression prevails in some quarters," said he, "that Canadian papers are partizan. This is probably due to the habit of reading the editorials—and taking them in earnest." He strongly repudiated the assertion that the Canadian editor did not use his great powers for the noblest purposes. As an illustration of a noble editorial, he referred to an article which he said he had read in the *Dundas True Banner*. And here to the great amusement of the audience he summarized a patent medicine reading notice which was familiar to everybody. "Who can say after that," he exclaimed, "that Canadian journalism does not seek to create public opinion, and to make it healthy?"

#### THE LOST JOKE.

BY AN IRISH MINSTREL.

LIKE every joker of jokes,  
My big and my little I mix;  
But the big one I'm sure to forget—  
The little one sticks.

Thus a Koh-i-noor gem of a joke  
Came into my head in the night,  
The darkness it fairly illumed,  
But fled with the light.

Now this is my wish:—Should a niche  
In the Temple of Fame be my lot,  
May the joke I'm remembered by be  
The joke I forgot!

#### BAD ALL ROUND.

The Senate's taken Wilson's Bill,  
And made of it a muck -  
The free list they are bound to kill—  
Which is bad news for US;  
And not for US alone, but for  
Themselves as well, we guess,  
So put a period in and say  
'Tis bad news for U. S.

#### CHEESE IT.

THE fellow who referred to the great Canadian cheese at the World's Fair as a Mitey effort of Dairy Science, was only comparatively right. The cheese is but little decayed even yet. Mr. Rowson who is now in charge of it in London, Eng., says the great mass of it is still of the highest quality—six feet high.

#### BE PRECISE, GENTLEMEN.

IT is of course open to the Trades and Labor Council to criticise Staff Inspector Archibold, and even to agitate for the removal of that public officer. But the agitators ought to be careful about the form of words they use. It sounds very shocking to hear them assert that Toronto can get along very well without any Morality Department.

"THE GOVERNMENT HAS HANDLED MILLIONS OF PUBLIC MONEY, AND, NEITHER BY ITSELF OR BY ANY OF ITS OFFICERS, HAS IT BEEN SHOWN THAT A SINGLE DOLLAR OF THAT MONEY HAS BEEN CORRUPTLY SPENT. NO MATTER WHAT POLITICAL EMERGENCIES TO BE ENCOUNTERED, NO MATTER WHAT STRAIN UPON POPULARITY IN ANY PORTION OF THE COUNTRY, NO MATTER WHAT THE LOCAL IRRITATION, IT YET REMAINS TO BE PROVED THAT PUBLIC BUILDINGS, OR PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS OF ANY KIND NOT REQUIRED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST, WERE UNDERTAKEN FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES."

— RECENT SPEECH BY A CABINET MINISTER

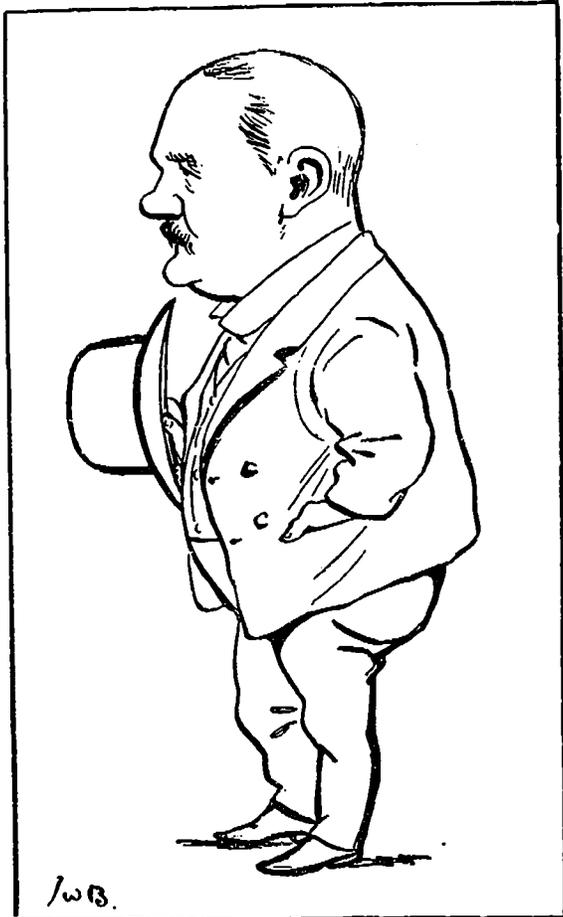


J.W. Burleigh

A NOBLE RECORD :  
SOMETHING THEY MAY WELL BE PROUD OF IN THESE DEGENERATE DAYS !

[NOTE—POSTSCRIPT.—Our artist has somehow got this mixed up. On enquiry we find that the statement quoted on the banner above was made by a member of the Ontario—not Dominion—Government. It is, however, too late now to make any corrections.]

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MR. ALDERMAN STEWART.

THE WICKED PASHA AND THE FOOLISH KHEDIVE.

**T**HE Khedive in an evil hour  
Desired to test his royal power,  
And let it all abroad be seen  
How that his faithful fellahcen  
To strangers would not bow the knee,  
Or just as mere dependents be.

The Khedive rang his silver bell  
And straight his aide-de-camp did tell  
So hasten to the Council for  
The Assistant Minister of War,  
"Old Mader Pasha is the man,  
Doubtless he can suggest a plan."

Old Mader chortled in his joy,  
And gladly did his wits employ  
To formulate a plan that would  
Enrage the men of English blood.  
For he had more than half a notion  
This thing would mean his own promotion.

"I trust your Highness will not fail,"  
Quoth he, "to twist the lion's tail,  
And since Sir Gladstone is in power  
Sure now's the day, and now's the hour—  
(I count it honor to assist)  
To give the tail an extra twist.

"Suppose that at Review, next week,  
With no uncertain sound you speak?  
Praise all our men and theirs decry,  
Your Highness thus will mortify  
The pride that swells the British breast,  
And fill with patriot joy the rest."

Review day come, and, true to his word,  
Each troop that came up officered  
By native men, heard, clear and loud,  
"Magnificent!" "you do me proud"  
"How nobly they themselves do bear;"  
"I never saw the like, I swear!"

But when the English captains came  
The wondering crowd heard naught but blame:  
"Disgusting," "Scandalous," "Dirty," too,  
And so on through the whole review,  
The wicked Pasha broadly smirked  
To see the way the poison worked.

Next day the Pasha came in state  
His Khedive to congratulate,  
The scheme had worked; success did grace  
Their several bids for power and place;  
The cup had almost reached the lip,  
'T would be too bad if it should slip!

The Khedive's face was sunk in gloom,  
For Cromer stood within the room.  
"Your only course I take to be  
A frank and full apology;  
The place, as public as your crime,"  
He winked—"you'd better come to time:—  
And also prompt dismissal for  
The Assistant Minister of War."

The victims here each other eyed,  
"Thank you for this," his Highness cried,  
Though if I swallow such a pill  
It seems that you've to foot the bill,  
If eat such humble pie I must,  
'Tis fair that you should lick the dust."

The other ground his teeth in pain,  
And fumed and swore, but all in vain,  
It was for him a day of woe,  
For both the terms were kept, and so  
The Khedive made himself an ass,  
And Mader Pasha went to grass..

M. B.

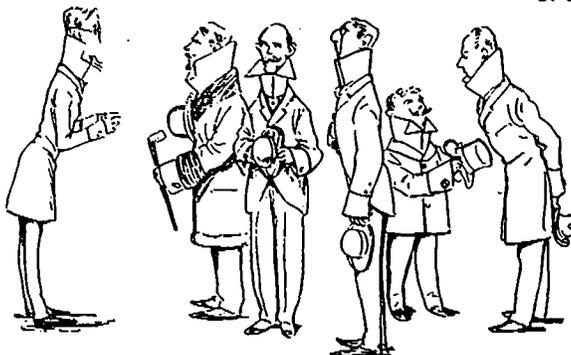
MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

A KEY to a lock of hair.  
PART of the hem of the Vale of Cashmere.  
A PARING of the nail of the finger of scorn.  
ONE of the rockers from the cradle of the deep.

MEDICAL HEALTH NOTE.

**T**HAT economic scissors may  
Find other work to do,  
And leave untouched the head, I pray,  
Which rules the M. H. O.—  
'Twere cruel, by Mahomet's beard,  
And stupid too, 'tis plain,  
Upon a chief we know 'is Sheard,  
To use the shears again—

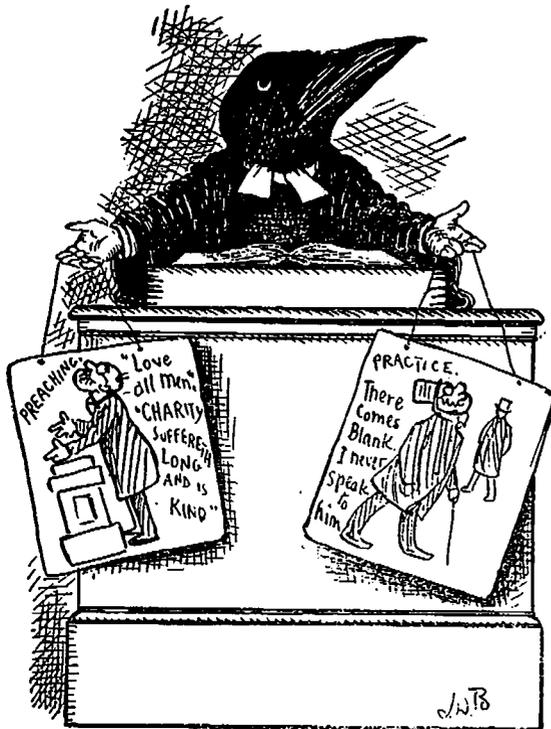
G. C.



HOW THEY LOOKED, PROBABLY.

We learn from the Daily papers that a Deputation representing the Collar and Cuff Industry, recently waited upon the Finance Minister to protest against certain proposed changes in the 'Tariff'.

GRIP'S PICTORIAL PULPIT.



SHORT SERMONS ON THINGS THAT MAKE THE ANGELS WEEP.

A BLUENOSE CRY.

DEAR MR. GRIP: HALIFAX, N. S., 5th Feb., '94.

RIGHT royally glad I was to see your grave face again after the lapse of many months, and to know that once more your wise counsellings shall be given to the wayward rulers of Canada, and that their faults and follies shall be exposed in illustration apt. But MR. GRIP, do not forget the province by the sea. The tender heart of the "Bluenose" feels jealously stirred when he sees so many of your pages showing forth the Mowatian contour, while fair Scotia waits with folded hands until the Raven shall counsel her advisers and enlighten their beclouded minds.

Now MR. GRIP, a golden opportunity has offered itself to you, and Scotia waits to see if you will succour her. In times past wise legislators, known as the Holmes-Thompson Administration, and by the common people called Tories, believing that a certain august body then existing and known as the Legislative Council had gone into a state of political decay and moral turpitude, and had lost its potency as a governing power, conceived the idea of abolishing this body, and to that end appointed as I. Cs. only men who pledged themselves to support measures that might from time to time be taken to abolish the same. In process of time a new administration known as the Fielding Government assumed the reins of power, and seeing the wisdom of the policy already begun, carried on the good work with increased vigor until there were in the said Legislative Council a majority of L. Cs. pledged to support measures for its abolition. Then the Fielding Administration said to itself, we will introduce a measure to abolish this relic of past usefulness, and forthwith a bill to that end was introduced and passed the House of Assembly, and was in due course sent up to the aforesaid Council to receive their expected ratification and support, when lo, before the eyes of these pledged statesman flitted visions of their annual \$500, their pledges and their honor became but dreams, man gave place unto the mouse, and the bill was rejected, but five of all the

host supporting it! Perhaps, MR. GRIP, this is the kind of constitutional restraint this body is supposed to exercise upon the Lower House.

Now, MR. GRIP, a few well directed strokes of your facile pen may enable these people to see themselves as others see them and thus work upon their consciences (?) in such a manner that they will endeavor to regain their lost honor the first opportunity that offers. With unlimited confidence in the wisdom of your counsels, I am yours,  
"Sligo."

[As in duty bound, MR. GRIP loses no time in coming to the rescue of the long-suffering Bluenoses, as an examination of this issue will attest.—Ed].

THE ANNUAL PRESS MEET.

THE Provincial Press Association met in annual convention here last week, and transacted, we presume, a lot of important business. At all events, in accordance with the new and improved methods of the Association, it devoted itself to business rather than to amusement, and a number of new and good ideas must have been exchanged between the members. The summer excursion having been exchanged for a winter business meeting, another advance step was taken this year in having an "open session" instead of a banquet. This function came off at St. George's Hall, Elm St., and proved a unique and delightful affair. The evening was devoted to papers on various phases of journalism, alternated with songs and recitations by talented outsiders. The essays were so good that if MR. GRIP had command of a big daily paper he would gratify the public by printing them *in extenso*, or at all events giving a good digest of them. None of our dailies thought it worth while to do this, though any amount of space is always to be had for "sports and pastimes" and society rot. And this suggests a very live subject for discussion at the next annual meeting—the question "What is Reporting for?" MR. GRIP's notion is that the average reader of a daily newspaper is *not* fond of devouring catalogues, and yet the alleged "reports" of this, as of other similar conventions, were little better as reading matter than a prize list of a fall fair would be. We were



AT BREAKFAST TIME.

MRS. NEWLIWED.—"So you've been playing poker again, have you? (*Tears*) I have a good mind to go home to father!"

MR. N.—"Better stay where you are. The old man lost all he had and all he could borrow last night."

informed that Mr. Moore of the Acton *Free Press* spoke on This, and Mr. McGillicuddy, of the Goderich *Signal* spoke on That, and that Mr. Rutter gave a very interesting talk on Something Else (the fact being, by the way, that Mr. Rutter was not present at all), and that Mr. Wallis read an able paper on 'Tother Subject. Now, of what earthly interest to anybody is this sort of "information?" What the reader wants to know is the gist of what these gentlemen said, providing their matter really was "interesting" as the reporter avers. The sooner this indolent, slipshod, dry-as-dust style of journalism is "reformed altogether" the better it will be for the newspaper patron - and consequently for the papers themselves. There is a groaning demand for a city editor who will take his young men apart every morning and say to them, "Now, see here, my boys, I'm sending you out to get the meat, the kernel, of these meetings, (or whatever it may be), and the chap who comes back to this office and writes up the mere shell—gives us the shadow instead of the substance,—will get the grand bounce forthwith!"

**HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.**

**FELIO DE SE.**—"That was the verdict," said the Major, and all at the lunch table looked enquiringly towards the speaker. "Yes," he went on, "that was the verdict on old B——'s black moustache,—dyed by his own hand!"

"Major," asked a junior in the Crown Lands, of the the veteran,—"you who have seen almost everything, did you ever see a squint in the eye of the law?"

"Young man," solemnly answered the Major, "can you tell me the rate at which a fast young man goes?" (Laughter all around) "Or," he went on, "perhaps you could inform us how much the waist of time measures round? Off with you to your desk, sir, you are wasting time here."—That young clerk, it is safe to say, will not try a joke again at the Major's expense.

**A PARADOX.**—The Major gave out the following question to all around the luncheon table the other day:—"Why is a sailor not a sailor?" And gave this rather paradoxical answer to his own question. A sailor is not a sailor when he is *a-board*, nor when he's *a-shore*; and as he's always either aboard or ashore, of course he cannot be a sailor at all.



**THE "SIT" UATION AS IT IS.**

**MONOPOLY.**—"My dear fellow-man, I'm willing to do any possible thing for you, except get off your back!"



**A CRITIQUE.**

**NEIGHBOR.**—"Well, Mr. MacPherson, what do you think of your new minister?"

**SANDY.**—"I dinna think muckle o' him. Six days he's envisible, and the seventh he's eencomprehensible."

**A SPEAKING PICTURE.**—The editor of the *Uxbridge Journal*, who had been attending the meeting of the Canadian Press Association, last week, called upon a friend in an office in the East Wing of the Parliament Buildings. To shew his journalistic caller through the noble pile and point out the location of the different departments, etc., was as a matter of course amongst the courtesies of the occasion. Stopping before a fine picture of the Hon. Edward Blake, the Government official warmly eulogized it as an excellent likeness. "Why," said he, "just look, you can see the very quiver on his lips."—"Yes," asserted the smart young journalist, "And the arrows coming out of it!"

"Bedad," chimed in an Irish particular friend of GRIP who had just then joined the others, "Bedad 'tis arrah coming out of it, ye mane!"

**EPIGRAM.**—"Idleness covers a man with nakedness," was the profound observation of a gentleman in the Crown Lands Department, noted for his flowery eloquence.

**HIGH FAMILY.**—"He boasts that he is of a very high old Irish family"—was the remark of one Civil Service gentleman to another, speaking of a mutual friend. "Yes," said Number Two; "it is well known, some of them were so high that their feet could not touch the ground!"

"A certain quantity of good liquor does no harm," was the remark interjected by Captain H., when a group was discussing the prohibition question on coming up from lunch.

"No," quietly observed Mr. McL——, who is known as a great Temperance advocate—"tis the *uncertain* quantity that does the business."

A certain clerk spoke in a complaining tone to another of the Deputy head of the Department.—"He is a very profound man," answered his companion. "Profound!" was the angry reply,—"Yes, he is, a perfect cavity!"

**WANTED TO KNOW.**

By whom the *march* of improvement now going on in Toronto was composed?

By whom the *sign of the times* was painted?

Of what kind of resin the pitch of the voice is composed?

WHETHER the medium of the new paper in the Liquor interest is a spiritual one?

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No advertisement of any business which we regard as fraudulent or of evil tendency will be accepted at any price. It being our desire to make G 111 advertisements unique and effective, we will freely supply expert aid to advertisers in the invention, construction, writing and illustrating of their advertisements. Designs and terms submitted on application.

OFFICE :

81 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

# "Ads. that bring Biz."



"THE Strike at Shane's" is the title of a very clever little book, published by the American Humane Education Society of Boston. In this story, which, by the way, is a sequel to the phenomenally successful "Black Beauty," the author seeks "to show the results that would naturally follow if the support and assistance given us by the lower animals and birds should be withdrawn, as would be the case if they should exercise the same rights claimed by human toilers and go on a strike." The theme is cleverly handled and the result is a book at once amusing and instructive. The Society sells all its publications at about the bare cost of printing, and those who feel disposed to aid in the good work of distributing them in schools, etc., are requested to send their contributions to Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk St., Boston.

"Autobiographical sketches and Personal Recollections" by Geo. T. Angell, is another publication issued by the Society above referred to. Mr. Angell is a man who has lived up to his name, having devoted a long life to the cause of preventing cruelty to animals. His "Recollections" embrace a complete history of the rise and progress of the American Humane Education Society of the United States.

GRIP extends neighborly greeting to the newly arrived editor of the "War Cry," Major Complin, and wishes him a good time in conducting that esteemed and pugnacious contemporary. The "War Cry" can hardly be called a favorite journal with our high society. It takes things too tremendously in earnest for frivolous people.

MR. GEO. W. LIDDELL, 401 Victoria Square, Montreal, is the duly accredited advertising agent for GRIP in Montreal, and is authorized to make contracts for us.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

THE ad. in next col. pertaining to the entertainment to be given by our editor is visible to the naked eye, so that we need hardly "call attention" to it. If the city reader will note the date and be present, with his wife and family, he may be assured of a good time—perhaps the best he has had in the entertainment line this season. As to the reader who lives out of town, there is no possible objection to his coming in specially for this affair.

BILL NYE—that is to say Mr. E. W. Nye—and Mr. Hawley Smith entertained the people at the Pavilion ably on Thursday evening. Bill is a quaint humorist, who has made a lot of money out of his funny faculty. There seems to be no good reason, therefore, why he should not buy himself a bigger voice. The one he is now travelling with is altogether too small for a place the size of the Pavilion.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

W. A. McL., Ottawa.—Have written to you.

C. M. B., City.—Article not found suitable for our columns. Too long for the amount of point.

A. R. G., Winnipeg.—The project is one which does not at present commend itself to us.

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.

Association Hall,  
Thursday Ev'g., Feb. 22nd.

## BENGOUGH

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NEW AND UNIQUE PROGRAMME  
OF  
MUSIC, ART : :  
AND LITERATURE

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BEST OF WORK.  
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SEND a card and we will  
SEND for your work and  
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COR. McCAUL AND QUEEN STS.



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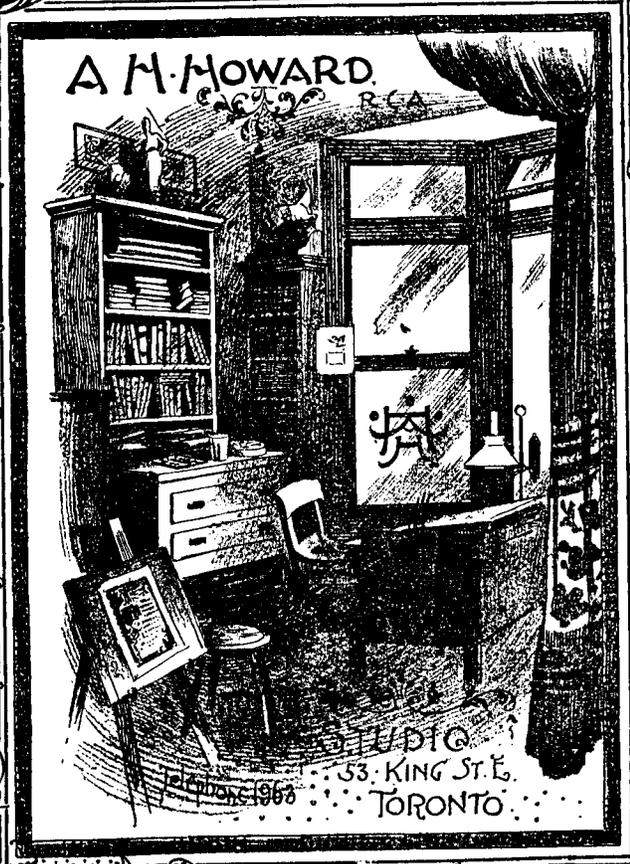
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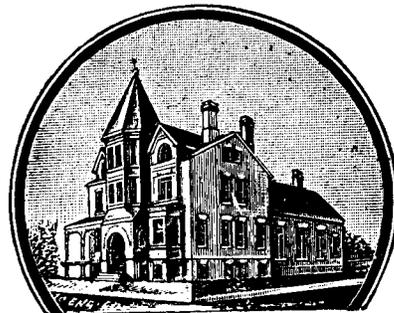
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