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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Good Things From Grip is now ready, being No. 1 of Grip's Own Library, a new monthly periodical. It is printed on fine super-calendered paper, with an attractive cover, and at the price of 10 cents a copy we take a pardonable pride in saying that it is the best value for the money ever put on the market by a Canadian publisher. Send 10 cents to GRIP Office, if your newsdealer has not got it on hand.

Look out for No. 2 of Grip's Own Library—Jubilee Jollities—ready June 1st. Price 10 cents a copy.

Comments on the Cartoons.



MIXED BUSINESS.—When the resolution on Home Rule which has just been passed in our House of Commons, reaches the Marquis of Salisbury, that profound statesman (if he acknowledges it at all) will probably follow Gladstone's example, and tell the Canadian Parliament to mind its own business. On the other hand, when we find ourselves called upon to endorse whatever arrangement this same noble lord may have made with the Washington Government in connection with the fishery dispute, if—as is altogether possible—the agreement may not at all suit us, we may feel like politely returning the compliment. To be sure, strictly speaking, the cases are not entirely parallel, as, unfortunately for us, the British statesman who gives us away to Uncle Sam may fairly reply that in doing so he is minding his own business. But it shouldn't be so. Canada ought to have the absolute control of those matters which affect her so intimately as this fish question, and which affect her only. The power to make our own commercial treaties is worth asking for, and there is little doubt that we would get it if we asked. Now is a very good time to make the request, too. Let us suggest to our esteemed mother country that if she will grant us complete liberty to mind our own business, we will henceforth and for ever refrain from advising her on the Irish question. No doubt she would jump at the offer!

TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.—There is another important matter now to the fore—Reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that Great Britain will consent to a treaty between Canada and the Republic if the request is made from an unquestionably friendly source. We hope and believe that the learned gentleman is correct in this surmise, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance to Canada of such a right. The only question is, would the United States Government prove willing? From present indications this question may, we think, safely be answered in the affirmative.

THEIR TIME HAS COME.—The Dominion Alliance, at its recent convention in Ottawa, decided to have a straight vote taken in the House of Commons this session on the question of Prohibition. Whether this vote will be upon a bill, as suggested, or upon a resolution approving of the principal of total prohibition, matters little. The end in view will be gained in either case—that end being to "locate" the members of the present Parliament, most of whom, in imitation of their noble leaders, are on the fence. Their time has now come to get squarely on one side or the other, and there is a good prospect of early tribulation being in store for all who declare themselves the friends of the "traffic."

THE GALLANT KICKER.—Never had a master of sarcasm a finer chance for the display of his gift than that afforded to Mr. Blake by the Government in nominating and electing Col. Ouimet to the speakership. This is the same Col. Ouimet who led the Riel bolters last session; this is the same Government that denounced all Rielites as essentially traitors, knaves and rebels. Nothing has transpired to modify these titles from the Government's point of view, and yet their red-handed "rebel" is selected to occupy the chair of honor. When hypocrisy is so barefaced as this, it becomes amusing, though it is sad to reflect that in John A's lexicon there is no such word as sincerity.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, victim of a wayward wish,  
 To withdraw myself from action and to meditate on fish.

O, the fish can clothe a nation with a glory not its own,  
 And the wiggle of a codfish shape the counsels of the throne.

Bait, you whisper—ah, I know it—Europe grapples with its fate,  
 And Columbia grovels prostrate on the stumbling-block of bait.

Men are rascals, faith has perished, truth a farce, and peace a lie;  
 Dig your bait, and throw your fish-hook, cut your pole, and let  
 her fly!  
 —Tid-Bits.

"COMPENSATION."

DONALD—Is it pe possible? Is sat you, 'tugalt? Man  
 its a lang langt time sin I'll didna sat ye pefore.

DUGALD—Och, aye, Tonalt, lad. Man, did ye'll ken  
 I've got marit?

Donald—Marit!

Dugald—Aye, marit; and what for no?

Donald—That's goot.

Dugald—Na; not so goot neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

Dugald—Oh, she's got a deevil of a temper.

Donald—Aye; that's pad.

Dugald—Na; na sa pad neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

Dugald—Man, she has sillars and we poucht a hoose.

Donald—Och, aye, man; that's goot.

Dugald—Na; not so goot neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

Dugald—The hoose wis burnt.

Donald—Och, man, that's pad, pad.

Dugald—Na; not so pad neithers.

Donald—Whey's sat?

Dugald—Man, the wife wis purnt wis it and she'll got  
 the insurance sillars to her nainsell, forpy.—The Bailie.