

## ANOTHER VOLUME.



THE new Cabinet was in session in the Privy Council Chamber, with the President in the Chair, and all the members present.

"Gentlemen and colleagues," said the Premier, "let us get on with business. We have fooled away too much time already. The question is, What are we going to do about it? If anybody has anything to suggest, let us hear from him."

"May I venture to enquire, what are we going to do about *what*? I came in a little late," said Caron.

"The phrase refers to things in general—policy, administration, patronage, legislation and all that sort of thing" replied Mr. Abbott.

"Well," said Sir Hector Langevin, "if I may be permitted to throw out an idea on one important point—I refer to the Tarte investigation—I would suggest that we all stand firmly by the Minister of Public Works, and see him safely through this unpleasantness. He is, of course, innocent, but whether or no, it seems to me that is the chivalrous course."

"I scarcely see it," observed Chapleau; "it strikes me that the suggestion of the hon. gentleman is not in accordance with the very highest morality, and nothing short of that will suit *me*. Moreover, I rather suspect that the hon. gentleman's suggestion is not entirely disinterested."

"Speaking of that unfortunate affair," said Sir John Thompson, "what is *your* conception of our duty, Chapleau?"

"It is very plain, to my mind," promptly answered the Secretary of State. "We should, with as little delay as possible, bounce the Minister of Public Works. He *may* be innocent of these charges, but he ought to be tounded on general principles."

"No, no!" cried Caron. "I don't agree with that at all. It is most arbitrary."

"Nor I," echoed Bowell.

"Nor I," said Carling.

"It is simply a ruffianly proposition," said Haggart.

"I should have added," remarked Chapleau, calmly, "that the Ministers of Militia, Agriculture, Customs and Post-Office should be bounced at the same time. What we need is a Cabinet of decent ability, with a really fine man as head of the Railways and Canals Department."

"We've secured the latter at least," remarked the Premier. "You have the promise of that portfolio, Chapleau."

"But what about the N.P. and the financial outlook," anxiously enquired Foster, "let us come to business."

"And don't let us overlook the administration of Indian and Interior Affairs. We must do something to choke off Davin's criticisms," added Dewdney.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Premier, solemnly, "between ourselves, we've got a hard row to hoe. How we're ever going to avoid the snags and pitfalls I positively don't see. Oh, for a master-mind to show us our way!"

"Hear! hear!" ejaculated the ministers in chorus.

Just at that moment the door opened, and a page-in-waiting announced—

"MR. GRIP."

"The very man!" exclaimed Mr. Abbott, as the Embodiment of Wisdom entered the Chamber.

"Mr. Premier and gentlemen," said MR. GRIP, with a stately bow, as he placed a handsomely-bound volume upon the table, "knowing how much you need the good offices of the Wise and Prudent at this crisis in our public affairs, I have waited upon you to help you out. Study well this book. In its pages you will find reflected the false and true steps that have been made by Canadian Statesmen for the past six months, with a running commentary of wise and wholesome fun. I will not further encroach upon your time, which is (or ought to be) precious. I leave you the volume. You need nothing else."

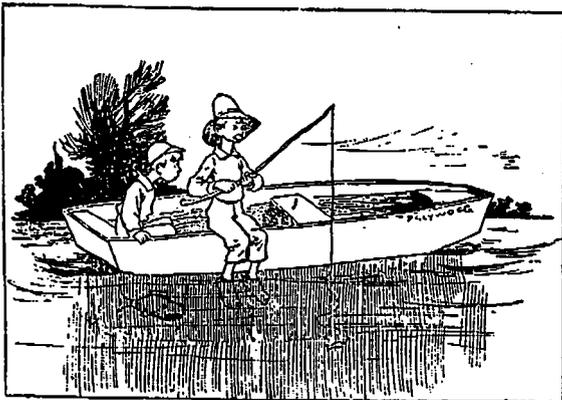
"Er—what volume is it—'The Institutes of Solon'?" asked the Premier.

"Better," replied Sir John Thompson, opening and reading the title-page, "it is

"THE THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF 'GRIP.'"

A lady is like a carpenter, inasmuch as she often possesses a box of *tulles*.

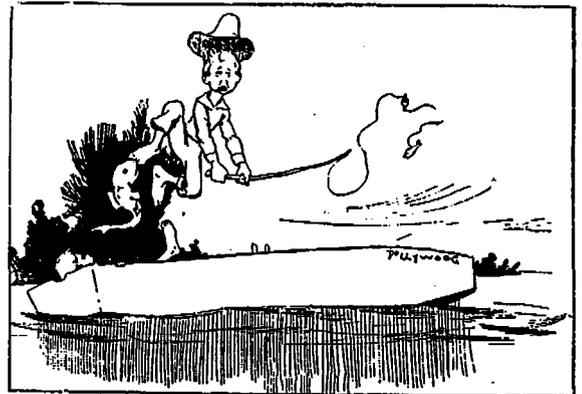
## THE CRUELTY OF LIVE BAIT FISHING.



I.

JIMMY—"Johnny, it's wicked to let the big fish bite the little ones like that, while they're alive."

JOHNNY—"Rats, Jimmy, it don't hurt to be bit by a fish."



II.

JOHNNY (as a large fish mistakes his toe for a minnow and gives him a practical illustration of the question at issue)—"Owch! Help!! The sharks!!!"