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President - J. V. WRIGHT.  
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 Artist and Editor - J. W. BENGOUGH.  
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Comments on the Cartoons.



SPORT FOR THE QUEBECERS.—It is to be hoped that the present agitation has had the effect of opening the eyes of the Orangemen to some matters which apparently they have never heretofore been able to comprehend. To everybody else it has been perfectly clear that for the last twenty or thirty years Sir John A. Macdonald has been able to keep the Order under his control by the simple expedient of reserving nice places in the Cabinet for one or two individuals who posed as its "representatives." The deluded rank and file, like a flock of wild geese, have been unable to understand that these cabinet figures were all the while only decoys, and as a consequence Sir John and his Ultramontane friends

from Quebec have enjoyed many a good day's political sport. Orange "representatives" in the cabinet! Yes; representing themselves and their near relations in the matter of governmental pickings; but when have they ever been able—or even disposed—to lift a finger in behalf of the principles of Orangeism? What influence have they had in the Cabinet counsels when their supposed constituents have appealed for things they thought right and necessary? To come to particulars, what did Mackenzie Bowell, Past Grand Sovereign and all the rest of it, do when application was made for Orange incorporation? Sang mum, as he has continued to do ever since, and as he will continue to do so long as silence best suits his personal interests. He is simply a decoy to keep Orange geese within gun-shot. What does this same precious "representative" do when his colleagues

in the Government propose to allow the Jesuit Estates' Bill to become law? Sings mum again, and clutches his well-paid portfolio with both hands! We say there are signs that these facts are being now comprehended by the well-meaning but heretofore party-blind Orangemen of the country. It is indeed time that their eyes were opened to the palpable fraud which has so long been practiced upon them.

MRS. PARTINGTON ROSS.—When the Government Commission has officially informed the Minister of Education that many of the schools in Eastern Ontario are conducted as if they were in the depths of Quebec, we trust the hon. gentleman will loss no time in devising some means of keeping back the French tide more adequate than the Partingtonian broom he has heretofore employed. When at the last session of the House, Mr. Ross stated that there were now no schools in Ontario in which English was not taught, he evidently supposed that because he had made an advance on the Ryerson regime he was in a fair way of seeing the French wave set back. But as well might the traditional widow have thought to combat the Atlantic tide with her broom, as any Government hope to overcome the difficulty in Eastern Ontario by having English lessons given even regularly for half an hour a day in all the French schools. Now that the real facts are made known the inadequacy of this is more than ever manifest.



GREAT ado is being made because some of us in this city have seen fit to rig out our coachmen and footmen in cockades. We are told, forsooth, that this is going altogether too far, and that only certain specified families of the English nobility are entitled to such a distinction. English fiddlesticks! What do we care for rules and regulations made for the so-called British aristocracy? This is a free country; we have got the money, and we'll have cockades in our servants' plug-hats, or know the reason why.

MRS. LANGTRY must be a remarkable woman. She has achieved fame as a beauty, an actress, and a judge of soap, and now we learn from the reliable columns of *Saturday Night* that she is reported to be "the happy mamma of a seventeen-year-old daughter, a twelve year-old son, and a niece only five years old, which resembles her aunt in facial beauty."

WE are informed by cable despatch to the *Mail*—which must have cost nearly a shilling a word—that on the occasion of a recent "function."

The Princess of Wales wore a light grey cloth toilet, light cloth coat, and a straw turban trimmed with pink roses. The Princess' umbrella was unique as well as handsome, being of dark blue with a beautiful amber knob for the handle. The Princesses were gowned alike in light brown cloth and jacket with brown turbans, trimmed with wing of brown crepe.

We don't half appreciate that marvellous contrivance, the cable. Our good old forefathers would have had to wait at least three months before they could have received this thrilling and momentous news!

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York Judge*, endeavors to illustrate the Land Question with a fable, as follows:

Once upon a time the citizens of a South African republic met to discuss the question of land reform. The Antelopes, Zebras, Wild Cattle, and other grass-eaters protested that too much ground was given up to forests, and that these should be destroyed.

"It is a well-known fact," said a Wild Ass, who was a leader of this party, "that our principal opponent is the Elephant, an undoubted aristocrat, who carries his head above everybody. With him are leagued the useless, chattering Monkeys, and the Lions and other outlaws."