

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to

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MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blako..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langouin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P..... Apr. 25.
- No. 10, Mr. Thos. Greenway, M.P.P..... May 23.
- No. 11, Hon. W. S. FIELDING, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for..... June 27.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Nearly every Conservative out of Parliament who has informed himself of the provisions of the Franchise Bill is opposed to it as cowardly from a moral standpoint, and unnecessary as well as disgraceful as a piece of party tactics. Many other equally honorable men are content to accept the statement that the Bill is, in its essential points, modelled on the English law, and this is rightly considered a guarantee of its justice and rectitude. But it so happens that the statement to which these well-disposed citizens pin their faith is a plain falsehood. A glance at our cartoon will show the reader the exact facts, and he will observe that the Canadian measure is as nearly as possible the reverse of the one it professes to copy. To fully corroborate our picture it is only necessary to compare the two Bills, copies of which can be easily procured.

FIRST PAGE.—Considering the pressure that is being brought to bear on the House of Commons, it is quite possible that body will endorse the Senate's "amendments" to the Scott Act, and at one fell stroke destroy the good work that has been done by the ballots of a majority of the citizens in many counties of this Dominion. History proves conclusively that beer and wine are the only tools the devil needs to ruin human society; distilled liquor is entirely superfluous. The Senate know this quite well, but the gray-haired reprobates who

voted for the amendments do not hesitate to commit this crime on the edge of the grave. Their triumph over the women and children and schools and homes of Canada will be short-lived, however. If the Scott Act is extinguished the demand for Prohibition will only become stronger, and that measure will in due time be wrung from Parliament by an aroused and determined people.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In the course of a speech at Woodstock recently, Mr. Mowat told the audience that "there were some things they (the Reform party) were obliged to do," although not much to their taste. One of the things the hon. gentleman had in mind, no doubt, was the necessity which is laid upon the present Ontario Cabinet of doing the bidding of the Archbishop of Toronto. It is a matter of notoriety that the good prelate in question is practically an *ex-officio* member of the Cabinet; and this must be, to say the least, inconvenient to the Premier. We are far from saying that the archbishop uses his influence wrongly, but if he were as unfairly disposed as some high dignitaries are, he could make a great deal of trouble.



"GETTING A BIG BOY."

Master Canada.—I guess you're not the only fellow in the world that have a War Debt. I'm getting one too!

JUNE.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

June has been called the month of roses. Poets, who have a great deal to say about all such matters, doubtless gave it this name from some idea they had conceived about this being the month when roses bloomed most luxuriantly. But they were wrong. The month of June is called the month of roses partly because aquatic sports are at this time of the year at their height, and the proper spelling of the epithet is "month of rows, sis," and partly because fish are very prolific at this season, and it is the month of "roes-es." Thus do sound common sense and scientific research knock poetry higher than the top of Mong Blong in Yurup. June takes its name from the goddess Juno. D'you know that before? The Jews had nothing to do with

the name and we are not beholden for it to a Jew; no.

There is really very little of interest to be said about this month; in fact I do not know of anything else to say concerning it, though the fact that I am entirely ignorant of my subject would not necessarily prevent me writing an erudite and elaborate essay on it, any more than such a fact would deter other able essayists and commentators from doing the same.

About this time the gay young man who has been all through the colder months posing as a well-dressed man in an ulster, a collar, a hat and a pair of boots, experiences many pangs when he endeavors to solve the problem as to how he shall redeem his summer garments. How he finally does it I can't say, but as he is very numerous, you might ask him.

Snow-shovels may be filed away now or utilized as plaques and painted. And—that's all.

BALMY spring being upon us, suitable under-clothing is required. R. WALKER & SONS carry a splendid assortment, and have just now some special lines to clear out. Their white and colored shirts are unequalled.

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

CHAPTER I.

Standing in unstudied gracefulness before a glowing coal fire burning brightly in the brass-mounted and polished grate of one of those palatial residences that adorn the northwest part of the city was a young girl of some eighteen summers. Fair indeed was Imogene McCracken with her superb locks of radiant auburn hue, coiled in massive plaits around her perfectly shaped head. A dress of McCracken tartan scintillated in the fitful light of the fire, setting off her *distingue* and slightly *embonpoint* figure to perfection. She was adjusting a pair of fourteen-button canary-colored gloves on her dainty hands, her mantle and cap of seal and other fur were laid carelessly on a magnificent Ottoman of crimson velvet, and everything betokened that the young lady was about to set out for a drive, even if the exquisitely appointed tandem with cockaded coachman and footman were not to be seen standing "sentry go" and slapping their hands around their liveries outside to keep themselves warm.

"Strange," murmured the maiden, "that Pluvius has not come as he promised. I'll wait no longer, even if I offend—"

Suddenly there burst into the room a young man, tall and slim, but, withal, of Apollo-like mould, wearing a double eyeglass and the full-dress uniform of a high private in the Q.O.R. Snatching off his busby and dashing it to the ground with such force that the plume leaped from its place into the fire, permeating the hitherto rose-scented room with a singed-cattish atmosphere, he stood to attention and glared at her with a cold, clammy stare.

"Pluvius," said the fair girl, tremblingly, gazing aghast at the young man, "wha—what is the meaning of all this?"

"Pluvius me no Pluvius!" gasped the youth. "Last night, false one, I saw you, saw you with *him* at the roller rink. Think not that I could not penetrate your thin disguise. As for him, your accomplished partner, his colossal feet would betray him among ten million, but he wont escape me, ha! ha! and the young man significantly placed his hand on the hilt of his sword bayonet, but, suddenly withdrawing it, contented himself with giving his busby a kick that landed it on the head of a bracketed marble Milton. "So, Miss Mc-