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Comments on the Cartoon.



A HOPELESS TASK.—The Irish question has of a truth made "queer bed-fellows." The men who are with one accord endeavoring to pull down the Grand Old Man, and if possible to frustrate his design of securing the peace of Ireland by the hitherto untried experiment of justice and good will, are upon all other political subjects earnestly if not bitterly opposed to one another. No two of the "Unionist" leaders, in fact, ordinarily work together in public life. Take those we have pictured. Salisbury, a Tory of the old school; Bright, a straight out Liberal, representing in his career the exact antipodes of Toryism; Chamberlain, a Radical, wedded to ideas which are abhorrent to Bright and Salisbury alike; Johnston, the incarnation of Ulster Orangeism; the Irish Bishops, to whose minds there can be nothing more Satanic than Orangeism this side of purgatory; and lastly, our own Goldwin Smith, who may perhaps be described as a composite statesman, representing all these contradictory elements, and a good many more peculiar to himself. It seems strange that so many "men of many minds" should find a common ground of action in opposition to a policy at once so reasonable and promising as that with which Gladstone's name is at this moment chiefly connected, but as *Hamlet* remarks, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy." GRIP may not be so distinguished a statesman as any of the gentlemen who are tugging at the ropes in the cartoon, but he has prescience enough to confidently assure the world that the attempt to overthrow the Home Rule policy is doomed to utter failure, unless the British people can be in some way convinced that Right is Wrong.

GETTING FEADY TO FISH.—The Republicans have nominated their man and he has an excellent chance of being beaten, but we on this side of the border are not called upon to bet anything on the result, though it would be safe to lay odds on Cleveland. Canada has no reason to wish for a change in the Presidency, as Mr. Cleveland has certainly displayed a neighbourly feeling towards us. But, inasmuch as the American tariff has got to be reduced materially under the next President, whichever party he may belong to, it seems clear that we are bound to suffer loss. As soon as the duties are knocked off, the industries involved are certain to enjoy a "boom." This is in accordance with the facts of American tariff history—and all tariff history. Low tariffs mean high wages, not merely in the actual amount paid, but in the increased purchasing power of money. High wages in the United States means an impulse to the exodus from Canada, and loss of population will not be our only loss. It behooves the Canadian Government to realize these facts in good time, and take action to avert the consequences. Our rulers are long-headed statesmen, and GRIP would not presume to point out *how* this is to be done, but, so far as we can see, the only way to keep Canadian workmen in Canada is to raise their wages by the method about to be adopted in the States, viz: by lowering the tariff.

MR. M'SHANE still occupies his old place on [the "ministerial benches" of the Local House at Quebec, although he is no longer a member of the Cabinet. As it is on the cards that he will be taken in again by Mr. Mercier, he probably wants to keep the seat warm.

AND, speaking of Quebec politics, it is no wonder that feeling is hot between the parties, since Mr. Mercier sees fit to hold a session of the House late in June, with the thermometer occasionally among the nineties. The results might be serious if the Garrison club-house were not so handy, with its famous cool drinks, brandy, old Tom and rye.

OUR warrior-statesman, Caron, is prepared for the long-anticipated attack upon Canada. He has thundered forth orders for the removal of the Restaurant from the Citadel Terrace at Quebec, as he says this fancy structure, now used by promenaders for lounging in on band nights, intercepts the big guns further up, and might prevent the missiles from hitting the enemy. There is great indignation in the ancient capital over the order, but the warrior-statesman is adamant. He'll show them that they can't vote against Government candidates with impunity.

IT is not true that a Toronto man killed himself on Yonge street by suppressing a sneeze for fear of being arrested by a policeman who happened to be within hearing distance.

AND now the wealthy citizen getteth his wife and family in readiness and departeth with a dray-load of trunks to the summer-resort, where he endureth mosquitoes, black flies, sunstrokes and poor food, that his stay-at-home neighbor may say, Behold, he is in the swim. But the neighbor only sayeth, Behold what people will endure for vanity!

THERE is some talk of raising Dr. Morell Mackenzie to the peerage for his eminent services in the late German Emperor's case. If the worthy doctor, as is alleged, knew all the while that the disease was incurable, but for state reasons declared the contrary, it seems fit that he should have his name changed. "Morell" doesn't seem appropriate.