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The premium plate of Reform Political Leaders will be ready about April 1st, and will be sent to all who have asked for it as a premium. We want every one to understand that a copy of this plate, or of its companion plate, Conservative Leaders, is given free to every one paying \$2.00 for one year's subscription to GRIP.

Separately these plates are sold for 25 cents each.  
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Comments on the Cartoons.



MISSED!—Most of our readers will no doubt recognize in this cartoon a humble copy of Miss Thompson's spirited picture of "Bengal Lancers at the Game of Tent-Pegging." It will be evident that the original was not available when our adapter set to work, and as a consequence some differences of detail are noticeable—all greatly to the disadvantage of the original, of course. It would only be prolonging the pain of certain worthy persons for us to go into any elaborate comments on this cartoon. Its curt and fateful title "Missed!" conveys the whole gist of the election returns as read by the Reform party on the evening of the 22nd.

PASSING THE BILL.—There is great alarm manifested in the camps of the old parties whenever the formation of a straight Prohibition party is suggested, and the adherents of the present organizations protest loudly that such a step is entirely unnecessary. In due time, say they, a Prohibitory law will be passed by one or other of the present leaders, or perhaps by both acting in concert. And this is true. No doubt, in the sense conveyed in our picture, both these eminent statesmen will pass such a law on the earliest opportunity.

THE CARLING-HYMAN RACE.—The contest in the city of London was one of the most exciting in the late campaign, and the result, albeit short of a victory for Mr. Hyman, was a demoralizing defeat for Mr. Carling, when his customary majority is considered. The Hon. John barely "saved his bacon," and this notwithstanding that he had a notable advantage of his opponent on the start. The

Reformers of London have good cause to be proud of their candidate, and the city would have done itself honor by electing him. He made a splendid run, and it is not hazarding much to predict that on the next trial of speed he will come off first best.

CANADIAN JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.—GRIP takes a fraternal interest in his esteemed contemporaries, and is proud to record every advance they make in the material or moral realm. He has already congratulated the *Mail* upon its new platform; and may now add his felicitation upon the admirable fidelity with which that platform is being "lived up to"—and which has transformed the *Mail* from "the slave of a party to the servant of the people"—in the words of an eminent and impartial Canadian. And now, with equal pleasure, we note the splendid enterprise of the *Globe*, in providing for itself a special fast train whereby the morning edition of the leading organ of Reform may be placed upon the breakfast tables as far west as London. While no doubt there are some people who do not theoretically regard the *Globe* as an appetizing thing to have alongside their coffee and toast, none can fail to recognize the greatness of the enterprise thus displayed, nor to admit that it reflects honor upon the journalism of Canada.

THE TARIFF—A POETICAL ADDRESS.

THE tariff! the tariff! you ask me the cause  
We foster Protection and high tariff laws?  
And I answer at once  
That you must be a dunce  
If you can't see Free Trade is a bundle of flaws.  
(Applause.)

The tariff! the tariff! Old England may go  
To the deuce with her notions of Free Trade and blow.  
And Sir Richard Cartwright,  
Let him figure and fight,  
For to all his proposals we Canucks say "No."  
(Oh! oh!)

The tariff! the tariff! our merchants have fears  
That with duty and trade they will also drop tears,  
And the keen Yankee drummers—  
Irrepressible hummers!  
Will make them abandon their present careers.  
(Lou. cheers.)

The tariff! the tariff! oh, let it alone,  
We made it ourselves and we call it our own,  
And we don't want to see  
Our protective N.I.  
Disappear up the tree where the chipmunk has flown.  
(A groan.)

The tariff! the tariff! but I've uttered enough;  
If ever it's dropp'd it will be a rebuff  
To our industries growing,  
And what's more there's no knowing  
What'll happen if we lose both business and bluff.  
(You're the stuff.)

Pokerville, Ont.

P. QUILL.

HE WAS CAUTIOUS.

"SAVE me, save me!" she cried, as her head rose above the water, and she grasped a plank floating by.

"I beg your pardon," he replied from the bank, "but I want it distinctly understood that I'm a married man with seven children."

"Yes, yes; save me!" she shrieked.

"Then there'll be no falling into my arms and calling me preserver, will there?"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"And you won't insist on marrying me for my heroic conduct?"

"No, no! only save me!"

"All right, I'll tackle the job," he responded, as he threw aside his coat. "You see," he explained, just before diving in, "I was caught in one o' these deals once before, and that's how I come to be married. It makes me a bit particular."

E. F.