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Comments on the Cartoons.



A BALK IN THE CIRCUS.—The Orangemen of the country are doing some kicking just now—enough at least to indicate their belief that there is no possible way of squaring the late vote of the majority on the Jesuit Bill with the abstract principles of the Order. Their kicking seems to have an air of plaintive melancholy about it, however—as though it were being done more in sorrow than in anger. It is not a straight, vigorous, hearty action of the limb, such as is generally inspired by an intent to do grievous bodily harm, but a wobbly, uncertain delivery, meant to miss more than to hit. When we enquire who the kickees in the case is, the phenomenon is explained. Dear Brother Sir John is the

chief culprit, and Canadian Orangeism cannot brace itself up to the point of really hurting him, Protestantism or no Protestantism. Jesuitism is bad, but can it possibly be so bad as the loss of office? Sir John has so long led (and fooled) the Orangemen, that they are apparently incapable of going back on him, and it begins to look as if once more he will be able to make it all right with them. The fact that the Grand Lodge debated the anti-Jesuit resolutions for about twenty-four hours before coming to a vote, looks in this direction. If the preservation of civil and religious liberty, and the maintenance of equal rights for all are the things which the Orange Order lives for, such a resolution should have been carried unanimously without an hour's talk.

A POLITICAL RARA-AVIS.—A few years ago the woods were full of farmers who believed that a high tariff would fill the vil-

lages, towns and cities with tall chimneys and provide a home market in which all kinds of agricultural produce would be in active and unceasing demand at prices hitherto unheard of. The statements that Liverpool ruled the price of grain; that the consumer paid the duty, and that it was impossible to "protect" the farmer, were scouted as the vaporings of the "doctrinaires"—a set of silly beings greatly given to talking about things they didn't understand. Well, there are very few of these farmers to be found now. Experience has killed them off. The species is almost extinct.



THE member of Parliament is now rusticated in his native village, and rehearsing to knots of admiring constituents, as opportunity offers, the "hair-breadth 'scapes and desperate ventures" of the session. He is, of course, the great man of the community—a coming member of a future cabinet, and meanwhile a veritable cyclopædia of Parliamentary lore. But his holiday would be happier if that pestilent fellow of the opposite party who keeps asking him "How about the Jesuit vote?" would give him a rest.

THE member for St. Matthew's Ward—there are three of 'em, but of course we mean the irrepressible Ald. E. A. Macdonald—is at it again. He wants now to have the question decided whether or not the City Engineer and Chief Medical Health Officer are fit for their positions. It will not be denied that, at all events, the question is of public interest and importance. From the tenor of the Alderman's resolution we should judge that he is disposed to answer it in the negative, and when the matter has been duly referred to the county judge, he will be prepared, no doubt, to give a reason for the faith—or want of faith—that is in him.

THE same energetic gentleman has taken action, we observe, to serve due and legal notice upon the Toronto Street Railway Company, apprising that corporation of the city's intention to resume control of its franchise on the expiry of the term, some fourteen months' hence. This may seem a trifle "previous," but in view of the fact that a clear six months' notice is required by law—in default of which the contract goes on for five years more—there is really no time to lose in the preparation and passage of the by-law required. In any case, it is better to be a fortnight too early than five minutes too late.

WHEN the city is once more in possession of the streets, and has formally taken over the tracks and rolling stock, what then? It would be too much to expect that the service will be continued under civic management. We don't appear to be enlightened enough for that just yet; though we fail to see why the railway could not be managed as ably, economically and profitably for the city, as it now is for Hon. Frank Smith and his partners. The upshot will no doubt be a renewal of the contract to the present company, and if it must be so we can only hope that the bargain on the city's side will be fair and reasonable.

NO journal in the wide world ought to pass over the death of Father Damien, the Leper Priest, without a word of appreciative comment. A nobler hero never graced our poor humanity than this devoted Christian,