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**PUBLISHERS' NOTES.**

*Good Things From Grip* is now ready, being No. 1 of Grip's Own Library, a new monthly periodical. It is printed on fine super-calendered paper, with an attractive cover, and at the price of 10 cents a copy we take a pardonable pride in saying that it is the best value for the money ever put on the market by a Canadian publisher. Sent 10 cents to GRIP Office, if your newsdealer has not got it on hand.

Look out for No. 2 of Grip's Own Library—Jubilee Jollities—ready June 1st. Price 10 cents a copy.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**ERASTUS WIMAN'S GLORIOUS VISION.**—In an open letter to Mr. V. E. Fuller, published a few days ago, Mr. Erastus Wiman calls the attention of the Canadian people, and more especially the farmers, to the golden opportunity which is now presented for securing a commercial union with the United States. In eloquent and forcible terms the writer dwells upon the vast advantages to be gained to Canada by Reciprocity, and he asserts that a very large majority of the American people favor the step, which only requires for its consummation a settlement of the fishery dispute, and the display of a neighborly feeling on the part of Canada. That our agriculturists are at the present time in a depressed condition is only too true, and it is impossible to think of any means for their relief other than the securing of a greatly extended market, with better prices for their products. These boons would certainly be obtained under a Reciprocity treaty, which would open up a vast field of purchasers just at our border. As Mr. Wiman puts it, if the farmer cannot prosper in Canada there is no hope for the country, for every other interest depends largely upon the prosperity of this one. Reciprocity would be a direct as well as indirect benefit to many other important branches of industry in the Dominion, and would undoubtedly achieve the greatest good of the greatest number. There is a disposition, however, on the part of

some of our manufacturers to oppose the idea of a commercial union as inimical to their interests, and to take the ridiculous position that the country must forego the prospective benefits out of regard for them. We don't believe any legitimate manufacturer would be in the least injured by Reciprocity, and most of them would be greatly helped. But that ever-ready organ of narrow-mindedness, the *Toronto World*, has been egged on to do its little best against the proposal, and its line of argument is a sufficient indication of the weakness of its cause. This consists in a series of pitifully mean personal attacks on Mr. Wiman, to whom base and selfish motives are attributed. We know nothing of Mr. Wiman's private "schemes"; they have "nothing to do with the case," so far as we can see. We are able to judge for ourselves whether Reciprocity would benefit Canada, and believing that it would we go in for it regardless of whether Mr. Wiman becomes the owner of New York or not. Meantime when the *World* has given proof that it possesses a tithing of Wiman's Canadian patriotism, it will be time enough for it to become his censor.

**THE TORONTO SHRIEVALTY.**—There can be no question that Mr. Mowat has made a political mistake in appointing his son sheriff of Toronto. It is mighty inconvenient for a political leader to have a son, unless he belongs to the Tory party. In that case it is quite according to Hoyle to put the young man where he will do most good for the family pocket. None of the canons of political morality are outraged, and the cry of nepotism is calmly smiled down. Now Mr. Mowat knows well enough that the case is quite different with a politician of the other camp, and he may be perfectly certain that the organs of the Conservative party will never forget, on auspicious occasions, to remind the electors of this piece of flagrant iniquity—as no doubt they will call it.

**LANDSDOWNE AND O'BRIEN.**—The arrival of Mr. O'Brien and his colleague Kilbride, the "terrible example" of landlordism, will, it is to be hoped, be regarded with a philosophical calmness by the Canadian public. If O'Brien's mission is (as alleged) to assail Lord Lansdowne, and to evoke a feeling of hostility against him throughout this country, it ought to be a flat failure. We have nothing to do with Lansdowne here in his capacity of landlord; we only know him as the Queen's representative, and in that character he is entitled to our respect. What the real facts may be as to my lord's dealings with his tenants we do not know; certainly Mr. O'Brien's ex-parte statements cannot be regarded as conclusive. And in any case, as already stated, it is none of our business. While we bespeak for the Home Rule orator a patient and respectful hearing, we cannot conceive what good his tour is likely to do the cause he has at heart.

**THE MANITOBA BARONS.**—A formidable deputation from Manitoba has been interviewing the Government and urging that august body to stop disallowing railway charters granted by the Provincial authorities. Poor Manitobans! it is too bad about you! First, you vote solid for the party of John A. and in favor of the bargain with the Syndicate which contains this disallowance clause. Then, when the clause is enforced, you yell with rage, and the very next time you go to the polls you plump for Sir John again. Now, how does the average politician deal with people of your kind—partisans, whose blind slavery to party overrides even their own personal interests? Why, just as the shrewd Old Man has been dealing with you—smoothes them down with a few soft words and sends them home happy, and then goes right on disallowing their charters as before. And serves them jolly well right if they haven't any more spunk than to lick the hand that smites them.

**SAYINGS.**

"PREVENTION is better than cure," as the rat said when he killed the kitten.

"I'll soon have the hang of it," as the new executioner said when the first rope broke.

"Pressing civility may become oppressive," as Jones said when he shook hands with Squeezum.

"Your attentions are too pointed," as Harry said when Araminta tickled him with a hair-pin.

"Oh, you prodigal!" as Araminta said when Harry returned the endearment.

"Set not up your horn on high," as the deacon said when he took a sly drink behind the screen.

"In the struggle for existence in fashionable society only the *best fitted* survive," as the tailor said when he had read Darwin.  
 F. BLAKE CROFTON.