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A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.—Mr. D'Alton McCarthy is probably not surprised to find himself an object of suspicion to the leaders of the Liberal party in Ontario. He must know that circumstances justify a feeling of this sort on the part of those who give him credit for a good measure of political sagacity and cleverness. By the prominent—and so far praiseworthy—position he has taken against Jesuit aggression, he has virtually become the leader of all who are opposed to the principles embodied in the Estates' Bill, and it is only natural to suppose that he appreciates the opportunity which that leadership gives him. While Mr. McCarthy is very much against Jesuitism he is also very much

for Sir Johnism, and while upon this one occasion he parted company with the chieftain, there are few who doubt that he is still entirely loyal to the Conservative programme and willing to advance the party's banner by any means within his power. Now, one of the things the party wants, and would richly pay for, is the defeat of the Mowat Government, and it so happens that Mr. Mowat's record, good in so many respects, is vulnerable upon the Romish aggression question. What more reasonable, then, than to suppose that Mr. McCarthy is awaiting his chance to throw the weight of his anti-Jesuit following against the Local Cabinet, and, having captured the citadel, to hand it over to the Ottawa forces. Or, to employ the less respectable simile of our cartoon, Mr. McCarthy may be likened unto a crackman who is loitering about with a view to a job of house-breaking. All

which, of course, may be quite without foundation. GRIP does not by any means set forth these suspicions as his own; for they would seem to imply that Mr. McCarthy is a deep, scheming, wicked, political person—whereas we have always been accustomed to regard him as a lawyer of good standing.

"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—In a recent article on the Reciprocity question the *Globe* presented the argument in concrete form, and in a most telling manner. According to Sir John himself (a few years ago, when political exigencies permitted him to talk sensibly on the matter), the removal of the American duties on grain, wool, live stock, etc., would have the effect of materially increasing the price of Canadian products in these various lines—as much as 10c. per bushel in the case of grain. If this was true when Sir John said it, it is equally true now, and it is a simple matter to calculate what the change would mean in hard cash to the various counties of Canada. The *Globe* has figured it out, so far as grain and wool are concerned, in the case of half a dozen Ontario counties, and the result equals a "bonus" to each, varying from \$25,000 to over \$100,000. To bring this golden argument home to our constituents, we take the liberty of putting it in pictorial form, at the same time incidentally indicating why it is that a long-headed statesman like Sir John stands inertly by and ignores so good a chance to make the people prosperous without any cost to himself or the country.



OUR much-talked-of Court House and City Hall is actually going to be started right away. The people, having got into a pleasant "blow the expense" frame of mind, voted through the \$600,000 by-law with a sweeping majority, and now the order is, "On with the dance!" Let us only see to it that we get full value for our money. Something decidedly neat ought to be forthcoming for the million and a quarter we have put up, but if another half-million is necessary to guarantee the absence for all time of the odor which clings so lovingly to the present court-rooms, let us know it and we will give it due consideration.

WE had not seen any announcement of the arrival in Canada of the eminent Jesuit writer, Gury, and yet there can be no doubt he is in the country. Who else could have produced that sophistical, sugary, and altogether ingenious article in the *World* a few days ago, in which it was shown to be Britain's duty and interest to send a representative to the Vatican? The column which this remarkable composition graced has heretofore been filled with sound anti-Jesuit doctrine, too—but that is neither here nor there with the *World*, of course.

A "river of caterpillars, two miles wide and from two to four inches deep," flowed over the C.P.R. track near Milo, the other day, effectually stopping all traffic for more than ten hours. The men who were sent out to clear the track were pounced upon by a reserve army of mosquitoes, and defeated with great slaughter. Well, it is satisfactory that there is *some* living thing competent to stop the C.P.R. in its wild career, and it will not surprise us to hear shortly that the Manitoba Government has determined to go extensively into the cultivation of caterpillars and 'skeeters, preparatory to the next unpleasantry with the Syndicate.

SIR ALEX. CAMPBELL says he is deficient in a knowledge of Art. The art of politeness is a branch in which he is certainly a tyro. He began his remarks at the Exhibition opening by bluntly intimating that he was