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Comments on the Cartoons.



SIG. JOHNNA, THE LION KING.—The Parliament of the Dominion is again assembled "for the transaction of business," — ironical phrase! It is expected that the session will be a lively one. If the members have any regard whatever for the interests of GRIP, they will see that this expectation is realized, for the making of bricks without straw is child's play to the making of cartoons without political incident wherewith to construct them. The episode which is looked for with the greatest interest is the

introduction by Mr. McCarthy of his promised (or perhaps we should say threatened,) resolution in favor of abolishing French as an official language in the North-West Territories. This proposed action, according to the popular understanding, inspires both Government and Opposition with terror, for both have the fear of the French vote before their eyes. It all depends on Mr. McCarthy, however. If that gentleman proves in all respects as good as the speeches he has been making of late, we will, no doubt, see a *mal quart d'heure* (this is unofficial French), for both the party leaders, though everybody knows that, reasonable as the resolution is, it will certainly be voted down. If Mr.

McCarthy goes back on his Equal Rights record through the subtle influence of party exigencies, the expected great episode will end in a fizzle. This is what the chieftain is evidently counting on, for he has given no signs of undue terror as yet. He goes boldly into the cage of this Roaring Lion, with full confidence that his eye has lost none of its old-time power, and he has never yet seen the Conservative lion that he couldn't conquer—Cartwright alone excepted.

"CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON."—"We made allusion last week to the charge made through the *Globe* involving the editor and manager of the *Mail* in an alleged plot to prevent the American Government from making an offer of Reciprocity to Canada. We then expressed the opinion that the *Mail's* reply to the charge was not satisfactory to those who would fain continue to have faith in the honesty and independence of that journal, which is unquestionably the leading paper of the Dominion. If there is no truth whatever in the story the *Mail* owes it to itself and its friends to produce the proof. A statement from Senator Hoar, testifying that the unknown correspondent at Washington has grossly libelled the representatives of the *Mail* in saying that they supplied his committee with information tending to discourage an offer of Reciprocity, could be easily secured, and would, no doubt, set the matter at rest.



UR own crank may be cranky, but his crankiness is amiable — nay, admirable. He insists that Great Britain and America shall join in an ultimatum to the Czar of Russia, calling upon that candle-eating barbarian to release forthwith all the political prisoners now languishing in the mines of Siberia and in the hundreds of prisons throughout the Empire. If the Czar refuses to comply, "then," says our enthusiast of humanity, "let him and his infernal throne

be knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite!" Our crank proposes to start on a tour throughout the Anglo-Saxon world preaching this crusade, and we wish the public to know that he carries our blessing with him. Is there anything unreasonable about this demand, when you come to think of it? Will anyone who has read Mr. Geo. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, deny that there is an urgent demand for some such action on the part of the civilized nations in the interest of humanity? Thousands of the best men and women of Russia, guilty of no crime, are to-day enduring agonies unmentionable by the will of a knavish autocrat, who is not fit to black their boots, and we, the free and liberty-loving people of the world, are content to look on without saying a word! It is a disgrace to humanity. But there—we shall be getting as cranky as our crank if we don't change the subject.

* * *

BEFORE changing the subject, however, read the following brief extract from the *New York Herald*, with a calm breast if you can:

In Russia a man or woman may be seized and banished to Siberia for years or for life without redress.

"By order of the Czar!"

Families can be broken up, lives ruined, children orphaned, hearts made desolate at a moment's notice, without trial or defence permitted to the victim.

"By order of the Czar!"

In the vast extent of Russian territory millions of subjects are utterly at the caprice of one man, and all the sunshine of life may disappear for them, and hope and energy go out in the vast and bitter solitude of Siberia.

"By order of the Czar!"