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Comments on the Goose.



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.—The Orangemen of Ontario—or at least those of them who regard the principles of the Order as having some meaning—are engaged in a determined effort to have Mr. Mercier's Jesuit Incorporation Bill disallowed by the Dominion Government. It is perhaps unfortunate that this action originated with the Orange society, as they can hardly hope to enlist the help of Roman Catholics in the matter, and there is no reason why Catholics should not be just as anxious as Protestants to prevent the growth in Canada of this infernal Jesuit institution, which has long been recognized as the worst enemy of the Church of Rome, as well as of Christian civilization. The Orangemen, however, have a special reason for their action, aside from their desire to save Canada from the impending disgrace of being the only country on earth in which the Jesuits are incorporated and endowed. They have an

opportunity of impressing upon Sir John Macdonald the profound and imperishable truth that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If it is contrary to sound public policy that the Orange society should be incorporated—and by his action in allowing the Orange Bill to be ignominiously kicked out of Parliament, Sir John practically affirmed this—then it is surely impolitic to permit the Jesuit society to obtain incorporation. This is sound reasoning, aside altogether from the fact that the former society is in

accord with the constitution of the country, while the other is something worse than a dynamite association. Never was the Federal veto so justly invoked. But will Sir John heed the sound logic of the Orangemen, backed as it is by the whole body of loyal citizens? He can't disallow Mercier's bill without offending the French vote in the House. He made short work of the Orange goose; but the Jesuit gander appears to be a bird of another color.

EXPENSIVE SHAMMING.—Mr. John Bull, having got it into his head that his tight little island is about to be invaded by the Zulus or somebody, has gone into active training for the impending struggle. He has taken all his big war-ships to the coast of Ireland, and there he is engaged in a sham battle which is to last up to August 20th. Thus does he justify his position as the world's exemplar of Christianity and civilization. Every boom of the big guns means hundreds if not thousands of pounds, shillings and pence turned into smoke, and by the time the "naval manoeuvres" are over, the taxpayers of the kingdom will have a nice little bill of a good many millions to pay for the tomfoolery. But of course they're rich, aren't they, those taxpayers? Oh, yes. Most of them can manage to scrape together enough to pay their rent if they work real hard. Only a few thousands starve annually. But this isn't John Bull's fault. It is owing to the unfortunate fact that the tight little island is owned by a handful of peers, who charge the people very high prices for living on it. So many want to live there (because it is what they call their "native land," their "beloved country," and so forth), that rental values of land are very high. They always are, you know, when a great many people want to live on a small piece of land. Well, these rental values go into the pockets of the aforesaid peers, and then, don't you see, the expenses of this sham naval engagement and all the other costs and charges of the Government have to be paid out of the proceeds of labor. This makes it very tough for the workingman, and latterly it has set him a-thinking. And a very queer idea has occurred to him. It is this: that the rental value of land, which arises from the mere fact of population, could be used to defray all Government expenses, and leave industry of every kind untaxed. Instead of going into the pockets of the peers, it ought to go into the public till. But of course this would mean that the peers would have to support themselves, just as commoners have to do. This, we fear, is a fatal objection, for John Bull still believes that a peer has a divine right to live by the sweat of the commoner's brow.

WHO is this person Balfour, who is at present ruling the British Empire?

A YOUNG lady of Chatham Ont., has just distinguished herself by refusing the hand and heart of a Russian count, who fell in love with her in Europe and came all the way across the ocean to secure her. This shows that the heads of young Canadian ladies are level. They count the cost, and, generally speaking, a count is of no 'count when a good husband is wanted.

SPEAKING of titles, we observe that after all Dr. Daniel Wilson is to be a knight. A despatch in Wednesday's Mail states that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity upon him. Are we to understand that this is a case of *volens volens*? If not, what becomes of the Dr.'s alleged deliverance that he considered the title of President of Toronto University a higher honor than any knighthood? Must we take our scissors and cut out of the files of GRIP all the poems our laureates have written extolling that noble saying?

THE Republican organs in the United States have been working overtime for several weeks, and yet they have not succeeded in explaining how free trade in labor and high taxes on living helps the workingman. When the question is put point blank to the average Harrison boomer, his reply is, "Yah! whoop! Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" But the stupid horny-handed sons of toil say they don't see the connection.