



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—That Sir John is working quietly but effectually in the direction of Federal Union is a charge which is generally admitted to be well founded, and which the Premier himself does not seriously deny. It is well known, as a matter of history, that he strongly favored the Federal Union idea as opposed to Confederation, when that important question was being discussed. He had to bow to the will of the people, but his hand has ever since been working in the direction his heart dictated. If anything were wanting to prove all this it is found in the hostile attitude which the Federal Government has for some time past assumed towards the constitutional rights of the Provinces. Some of them are particularized in our cartoon. Now that Quebec has in due course been interfered with, the whole matter is likely to be enquired into. The French *Bleus* are speaking out like men of spirit as they are, and the adherents of the Government in the other provinces may perhaps be shamed into a similar defence of their rights and liberties. The sooner our "great curtailer" is brought to book, the better. He is now content with lopping off the tails, but there is reason to fear that he has designs on the heads, too.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has stated that he is not to be held responsible for the utterances of the *Globe*, and the *Globe* says it does not

profess to speak for Mr. Blake or any other leader. There can be no mistake about it now—this is a clear and satisfactory understanding. And how fortunate that it is so very unanimous! Hereafter the leaders will not be responsible for the tunes the organ-man plays—they will content themselves with raking in the proceeds of his music in the shape of converts to Reform: And on the other hand, the organ-man can throw in a *Bleu* melody occasionally if it so pleases him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The grief of Sir John, Mr. Bowell, Mr. J. White, and Mr. Hector Cameron, over the untimely death of the Orange Incorporation Bill is perhaps too sacred for laughter and too deep for words. We therefore treat the melancholy theme with the sympathetic pencil, and leave it to the meditation of the loyal brethren throughout the Province.

"CAUGHT AT LAST."—The week has opened with a thrilling political sensation. Attorney-General Mowat, from his place in the House, announced the discovery of a plot to bribe certain Liberal members and compass the defeat of the Government. The money, actually paid over, was displayed to the astonished Assembly by the Speaker, and, as a climax to the event, Mr. J. A. Wilkinson, better known as "Big Push," and an American timber limit agent named Kirkland, were arrested on Monday evening and lodged in the police station. Mr. C. W. Bunting and Mr. Edward Meek are also implicated in the business, and all four were on Tuesday morning brought before the Police Magistrate and committed for trial, on the criminal charge of conspiracy. The revelation was received with expressions of disgust by the members who spoke on both sides of the House, but Messrs. Meredith, Morris and Clarke, with wonderfully bad policy, sought to attach blame to the gentlemen "approached" for having enticed the would-be bribers into a trap instead of exposing them on the first attempt. Wilkinson has long been known as a notorious bribery agent, and his capture at last is a matter for congratulation to all who wish well to the country.

It is a question with Canadians whether first to congratulate Gen. Graham on his laurels in the Soudan, or to commiserate him on his picture in the *Globe*. The British Government may yet have to suppress the *Globe*.

The slaughter in the Soudan may go on. China and France may war to the death. The Triple Alliance may be dissolved. The British House of Commons may be blown higher than the traditional Gilderoy's kite. But what the Great American People are breathlessly watching the papers for is more particularly about the appalling news that there is a dead-lock in the Virginia pea-nut trade.

Jeff. Davis, a few days ago startled the American nation with the public declaration that he would do it again! It was, of course, somewhat reassuring to find that he immediately added, "If I only had the chance." But, notwithstanding, alarm has by no means subsided, and it would be a difficult thing to even approximately estimate the number of persons who positively refuse to crawl out from under the barn.



Toronto detectives are a much abused class, and it is high time some one rose to say a word in their favor. Do we not find them individually and collectively almost every day boldly arresting newsboys and other dangerous characters? Are there not frequent instances of their intrepid conduct in capturing lads at the market who might possibly have come to pick pockets? Can you not see them day after day fearlessly entering the principal saloons in search of prey and—and—things? And yet no one ever thinks of applauding them a particle. But let a daring burglary be committed and the thieves escape, everybody is ready to jump up and tell the detectives they are no good—all the while overlooking the possibility that the officers have a clue. Of course a clue can not be sent to Penitentiary; but isn't it something to reflect that the detectives really have hold of a clew, even supposing that they do not display it in a shop window or wear it on their watch chain. Let justice be done to these officers, at least in the matter of clues.

Defaulters and embezzlers, and forgers, and all those other peculiar persons who exhibit original ideas as to discriminating between *meum* and *turem*, have real reason to grumble about the slow motion of the Canadian legal machine. Let it be assumed for the sake of argument that there is actually something rather indiscreet about the conduct of many of these persons in deliberately leaving the scene of their labors and coming over to Canada to spend their earnings. Have they no rights to be respected, notwithstanding? It may not be possible to prevent officious detectives from depriving them for the time being of their liberty; but is it in accordance with the sacred principles of right and justice that they should be subjected subsequently to such annoyance, loss of time and expense as the courts put them to here? Is it not bad enough that they must throw up their situations in disgust at their failure to make their employers rightly appreciate their style of book-keeping, and become aliens and wanderers, without being further obliged to hire lawyers and go to all sorts of bother and expense before being allowed to re-cross the border and pay their persecutors to let them alone? Why, it would be money in the pockets of many of them if they just stayed at home and bought off their botherers on the spot! Do our legislators at all realize the injury these so-called extradition laws are inflicting on Canada in their present cumbersome shape? Here we are not simply having the world laughing at our old ox-cart pace in legal processes, but also impressing wealthy visitors and prospective residents with the belief that this is an inhospitable country where they forcibly pry into your private affairs and won't give you a chance to adjust little business differences at the least possible trouble and cost!

Judge Boyd does not see much room for congratulation on the results of liquor legislation in Ontario, drunkenness being on the increase rather than decreasing. His Honor is