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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor W. BENGOUGH.

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Comments on the Customs.



THE R—D H—D—D G—I AND WH—TE H—RSE.—There is a modern occult science of correspondences by the aid of which it has been discovered that whenever you see a red-headed girl you are sure the very next thing to see a white horse. Why there should be a connection between auburn locks and milky equines is one of those mysteries of nature which "no fellow can find out;" the searcher into those deep things can only sigh, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Of course there are skeptics who boldly dispute this girl-and-horse theory, and GRIP has no hesitation in saying that until convinced by experiment, he belonged to that class. The test which settled the question was made, not with a red-headed girl, but with an eminent member of

Parliament whose hirsute adornment—what he has left of it—is of a crushed strawberry shade. It was found that upon rigging this distinguished gentleman out in feminine trappings, he was near enough to a red-headed girl for all the purposes of the experiment, and—But why detail the incidents of the test? Is not the whole matter set forth in our cartoon? Is not the white horse there, for certain? Can there be any doubt as to who the next Minister of the Interior will be?

THE BUDGET.—Sir Richard Cartwright, from his place in the House, distinctly charged the Finance Minister with cooking the public accounts so as to present a small surplus as the result of the year's business instead of a considerable deficit which would have been in accordance with the facts. It is surely a startling commen-

tary on the demoralization of the present Parliament that this charge was not met with an indignant disclaimer; that steps were not at once taken to prosecute Sir Richard Cartwright for a gross outrage upon a minister of the Crown; that no denial whatever was made, but the whole thing was tacitly admitted as the most ordinary matter of course! And this demoralization of the House argues equal supineness on the part of the people of Canada. Sir Charles Tupper's opinion of both must be that they are so low and gross that they are incapable of being insulted, and from the fact that his "cooking" of the accounts in this barefaced manner has failed to excite any popular indignation it would seem that he is right in his view. In some quarters we hear his praises sounded for this exhibition of "cleverness," and that by persons who would be the first to hand over to the courts any financial manager who was caught doing the same thing in connection with a private business. This is the sort of thing that makes a would-be Canadian patriot sick.

MORE trouble brewing. Just note this:

The Star says:—Mr. Chamberlain took the opportunity, at a large dinner which he gave on Saturday, of declaring emphatically that he was engaged to Miss Endicott.

Miss Endicott's friends say emphatically that he is no such thing. Here is another great international question that will have to be submitted to a commission, but thank goodness, so far as we can see, there is nothing of Canada's that can be given away this time.

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THE Quebec court has declared the Salvation Army to be a public nuisance, and hereafter it will be in order to a-bate the same with sticks and stones. A nuisance! How very tender the Quebec susceptibilities are! If the members of the Army were to quit their present work and take to keeping low grog-shops in the ancient capital they would be regarded as excellent citizens—especially if they came down handsomely for masses and sich.

* * *

THE London Advertiser says:—

"If the religious papers do not discuss spiritualism, it is, perhaps, for the same reason that they do not discuss Friday as an unlucky day, or the red-headed girl and white horse fad, or any other piece of balderdash."

Balderdash, hey! Well, of course, we don't stand by the Friday superstition, but the red-headed girl and white horse fad is different. The Advertiser man will, perhaps, acknowledge this when he examines the cartoon in the present number.

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THE last session of the Toronto School Board is a very poor argument for the ballot system. Archbishop Lynch couldn't do better than have the printed report of it circulated among his parishioners as a solemn warning of what a Board may come to if left without the supervision of the clergy. A regular cat-and-dog time began late in the evening over the "Building Inspectorship," and the deliberations of the guardians of our school-children at last broke up in wild disorder.

* * *

THIS Inspectorship is a little political deal. It is a newly-created billet worth \$1,450 per year, and the Grits on the Board want to give it to Mr. Bishop, while the Tories are equally anxious to give it to Mr. Thos. Downey, who was formerly a Grit but mysteriously became a Tory just before the last election. Downey will, of course, get it; at least we hope so. It would be too bad if he got nothing to fill the aching void in that part of his anatomy where his political principles used to be kept.