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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.—The C.P.R. Loan Bill has been carried by sheer force of Government influence. The Opposition has been crushed by a majority which was as innocent of reason and argument as the veriest wooden land-roller. This of course ends the matter so far as the House of Commons is concerned, but it may turn out that in this case Mr. Arnold's theory will be verified, and the "squashed" remnant be found to be right and the majority wrong. As yet the people have not learned what the Quebec members received for their vote, and there are rumors that some of the other provinces expect compensation for this beautiful piece of self sacrifice. Time will tell the story.

FIRST PAGE.—The Syndicate business having been disposed of, the Budget is now on the carpet. For the benefit of readers who have not time to wade through the long reports, we condense the arguments *pro* and *con* in pictorial form. The whole question seems to concern that irrepressible tramp, "Hard Times." He is back again. Sir Leonard disclaims all responsibility for his return, on behalf of the Government—declaring that the old rascal's peregrinations are in accordance with laws which are beyond the control of even so powerful a Cabinet as the present one. Sir Richard, in reply, taunts the Finance Min-

ister with accepting at last a sound doctrine often laughed at when uttered by the Opposition. But he holds that the return of Hard Times at the present juncture is not the result of natural law, but of the vicious N.P. and the extravagance and bad management of the Government in the departments of public works, North-west lands etc. etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Now that the Syndicate Loan is an accomplished thing, the attention of this Province is being directed to the comforting fact that the C.P.R. will certainly not do us any good, however much it may benefit Quebec or any other Province. It would have been worth the while of the Ontario members to have talked this over before voting for the measure, but of course "Patriotism" is all our noble representatives take into consideration—Patriotism, with a big P. and "casual advantages." The opinion of "Bystander" on this subject—as on every other—is well worthy of attention, and that opinion we have quoted on the eighth page, with a little sketch by way of illustration.

### THE BY-LAW PASSED.

The Whiskey Grocer's got to go,  
His fate he cannot shirk it;  
The Council's passed the By-law, though  
They cutely tried to burk it.

The world is moving on 'tis clear,  
And—as might be expected—  
The traffic in old rye or beer  
Is less and less respected!

Yes! brothers, there's another nail  
In Rum's fast-closing coffin,  
Long may this better mind prevail  
And Law's strong sinews toughen.

But in the hour of triumph show  
That temperance is your motto,  
And give the grocer time to go—  
Be generous—you ou ht to!



### TOO MUCH AT ONCE.

HOW A TREASURE WAS SAVED FROM THE REMORSELESS WASTE-BASKET.

Fortunately, it is impossible to misrepresent for more than a day at a time the views and course of a journal enjoying the largest circulation in Canada.

Readers of the *Globe* will, of course, well remember the able article from which this beautifully rounded period has been culled. Most of them, no doubt, have dreamed of it regularly during the past week or so; not a few have caretully and reverently pasted it in their little scrap-books, and we cannot believe that there is a solitary one of them who does not fill in his spare time wondering how this country can ever run off the track with such statesmen-journalists as the writer of the article acting as the Nation's Brakesman. GRIP does not wish to detract from the un-

questionable merits of this powerful production—far be it from him. That is to say, of course, the wish, not the article. On the contrary, he proposes to show that in its original state this thoughtful editorial was even more of the purest-say-serene order than as it has appeared. Persons who may feel inclined to doubt the possibility of this are respectfully but firmly invited to peruse the article in its pristine beauty, when the scent of the sanctum was still upon it, and before the MS. had passed under the eagle eye of the editor-in-chief and shot the rapids of his paralyzing pen and scarififying shears. The *Globe* manager's strict orders to the editorial staff (probably you do not know it, but it is a fact) are:—"Never miss a chance to puff the paper;" and so, when the new young man, who was told to write up something about the *Globe* and its relation to the Grand Trunk, sat him down on his luxurious nail-keg, he decided he would fulfil instructions to the letter or fracture the hoops. This is what came of his noble resolve:—

THE *Globe* (ONLY \$7 A YEAR) AND THE GRAND TRUNK (SEE TERMS TO AGENTS,

The unblushing effrontry of certain contemporaries who seek to asperse the honesty and independence of the *Globe* in the discussion of Canada's railway interests, would be laughable were it not so pitifully foolish. But fortunately etc., etc. (See excerpt above.)

Every fair-minded man in the Dominion must admit that *The Globe* is extremely liberal in its railway views. And not only in its railway views but also as regards its rates of subscription to clergymen and to school teachers.

It is utterly false to assert that this journal is in anyway the servant of the Grand Trunk Railway. On the contrary, the railway is a servant of *The Globe*, for you can buy this journal on the train and also, it may be added, at various bookstores in this city—see list in another column.

This journal is and ever will be unpurchasable as to its influence, but will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of subscription price,

We challenge our culumniators to point to a single instance in which *The Globe* averted from the path of right and duty, or charged more than a living profit for job-work.

Now is the time to bring on your proof! Now also is the time to subscribe!!

We cheerfully invite criticism of our railway opinions in the past, and are prepared to stand or fall by the verdict of a discriminating public. Kindly remember, too, that one of our job office mottoes is, "Bills printed while you wait!"

Our opponents may have access to our files at any time, while the same privilege, as regards our poster specimens, is cordially extended to all parties desiring horse-bills.

*The Globe's* assailants cannot, we fancy, make much of their onslaught on the integrity of this valuable and widely-read paper. But, on the other hand, many agents are making a fortune as *Globe* canvassers.

There is no possible use in obscure sheets like the *Mail* and *Montreal Herald* essaying to draw a red-herring across the scent. A truth-loving and discerning public will support us so long as we continue the unbribed and unbiassed exponent of the good and true.—and give away valuable watches to subscribers for our weekly edition.

The editor-in-chief, having satisfied himself that space was limited, sorrowfully told the young man, and advised him to re-write and boil down. "Those puffs," he approvingly observed, "are beautifully sandwiched in. But it's too much at once. Spread 'em over three or four articles. You want to fire out these things in chunks, not in a whole heap."