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| President | JAMES L. MORRISON. |
| General Manager | J. V. WRIGHT. |
| Artist and Editor | J. W. BENGOUGH. |
| Manager Publishing Dept. | R. T. LANCEFIELD. |

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE FISHERY TANGLE.—The fishery dispute is once more to be submitted to an international commission, if the diplomatic arrangements for the formation of such a body do not fall through, which they at present seem likely to do. We have little hope that any decision the commissioners may arrive at—if they ever sit upon the question—will be satisfactory to all parties. Canada will most vigorously protest against anything that looks like a sacrifice of her rights; and the Americans are giving notice in advance that they will not pay any more money for fishing privileges. England's chief motive in troubling herself at all about the matter, we may believe, is a laudable desire to preserve the becoming relations of friendship between the Empire and the kindred Republic. She has no "personal" interest in the question beyond this. Then why not settle the whole

affair once and for ever by a Commercial Union between Canada and the States?—a union which, while it guaranteed perpetual peace between the nations interested, would really be to the advantage of Great Britain from a business point of view.

COMPROMISING CORRUPTION.—The petition against Sir Hector Langevin's return as a member of the House has been withdrawn, notwithstanding the loud boasts of the Liberal press that there was an abundance of evidence to unseat, and possibly disqualify him. Why the withdrawal? Has a sentiment of compassion for a fallen foe taken possession of the Reform bosom? Have the stern moralists agreed for this once to extend clemency to a political sinner in the hope that their goodness may lead him to repentance? Oh, no. It is

simply a deal—a low down political deal. They withdraw the charge against Langevin on condition that the Tories will withdraw a similar charge—similarly capable of proof—against Prefontaine, member elect in a neighboring constituency. That's all. Alas for the "elevation of the standard" we used to hear about.

FABLES FOR CANADIANS.

III.—THE STORY OF THE ANT AND THE WALKING DELEGATE.

As the laborious Ant was munching a slight Lunch of dried caterpillar, along came a dude of a Grasshopper. He was mincing past, pretending not to see the Ant, who was in his everyday Clothes, and these, too, soiled with Earth. This enraged the Ant, who had known him when he was ragged and dirty; so he called after him a little spitefully:

"At your old Tricks," said he—"bum round all Summer and then live on your Wife's relations all winter?"

The Grasshopper turned on his heel airily, eyed him with Interest. "I remark," said he, "that you have not kept up to the Times in your Reading. Why, man, this is the Age of Progress; Mind Sways Matter; Brain controls brute Force; Drudges toil for Genius. As long as there are Ants I'll be comfortable. I am a Walking Delegate."

The Ant was thinking as his Companion skipped gracefully away.

"If I had only gone to School, too, when I was young."

H. H.

Scart the Basin.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded.)

Now Archie sees there's no retreating,
And while his heart is loudly beating,
He seizes on the barley bree
And takes a swig enough for three;
He's in for 't and he'll have to go,
O' courage he must make a show,
Yet while he tries to pass a joke,
The words somehow ilkither choke;
The night is very dark and drear,
And off he starts in abject fear,
Wi' nocht to cheer him, neither mune
Nor ony twinkling stars abune;
And it is close upon the hour
When evil spirits have the power
To let their blights and mildews fa',
And cast their cantraps over a'.

Now as he reached the kirkyaird gate
Oh, hoo his heart did thump and beat;
'Twas Scart the Basin's funeral day,
And there at rest the miser lay.

He pauses, vainly tries to sing,
Then groans oot "I forgot to bring
A wee drap o' the creature wi' me!
Fresh courage it would surely gie me;
The challenge! feth I'll no repeat!
I dinna ken what I might meet,
I'll stick it up and then retreat."

It seems to grow mair and mair mirk,
The nearer he draws to the kirk,
The straight way he can hardly keep,
And stumbles over many a heap;
And while he whistles up a stave
He stumbles o'er the miser's grave;
And as he kicks, and fumes, and frets,
Fear for a moment he forgets,
And roars oot "On this blasted spot,
Here let the d—d auld villain rot!
Wha wad hae raked h—l for a groat!"