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President . . . . . J. V. WRIGHT.  
 General Manager . . . . . T. G. WILSON.  
 Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH  
 Manager Publishing Department . . . . . H. HOUGH.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



A TAIL FOR MERCIER'S KITE.—For the sake of votes, Mr. Mercier, once a Liberal, has become the recognized leader of the Ultramontanes, or at least has consented to do the bidding of that powerful faction, and for the sake of votes, also, Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Laurier, with the chief lieutenants on both sides, have taken the humble position of paper-weights in the tail of the Quebec kite. As a Provincial politician Mr. Mercier is displaying wisdom, for his policy will

gain votes. The "Nationalist" idea is good business, as the theatrical people say. It "takes" in Quebec, and so long as the Hon. Honore keeps his standing as the pet boy of the Church, he can remain in office, despite the utmost exertions of the Local Opposition. But it is very much open to question whether there is any wisdom, even of the lowest political kind, in the policy adopted by the Dominion leaders. By their truckling subservience to Mercier they may gain the admiration of the French electorate, but as this admiration must be bestowed on both in accordance with "merit," the result must be to leave the Quebec vote just where it was before. And meanwhile, what about the votes of the other Provinces? There is nothing in the position of kite-tail to stir the pride of the rank and file of either party, and all the signs of the times indicate that on the contrary it is

exciting the disgust and contempt of the country. The old parties as at present constituted and officered are doomed, and the sooner they are replaced by parties that mean something the better it will be for Canada.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL CRUSHED.—Rev. Dr. Wild expressed himself with his usual freedom about the Governor-General's reply to the Equal Rights deputation, in his sermon on the 11th. He doesn't think much of the Governor, who, he says, on the occasion referred to, saw fit to "reduce himself to a mere party figure-head." What the Doctor means, of course, is that His Excellency chose simply to take the advice of his Cabinet, instead of acting upon his own prerogative and stepping in between the Government and the people to ward off a threatened evil. It has been made clear that such a prerogative is attached to the office, and many besides Dr. Wild are of opinion that if ever the use of it could be justified this was clearly such a case.



EVIDENTLY  
 ourethusiastic  
 Imperial Feder-  
 ationists know  
 little of what is  
 going on in dis-  
 tant sections of  
 the Empire, or  
 they would be  
 less sanguine of  
 the ultimate  
 success of their  
 Fed. fad. Have  
 they observed  
 the valedictory

speech of Sir Hercules Robinson, late Governor of Cape Colony, in which he declared his conviction that the future prospects of that community point plainly in the direction of Independence and Republic-

anism? This utterance is said to have robbed its author of the peerage which was awaiting him in the mother country. An occasional glance at the leading Australian journals would also impress Federationists with the hopelessness of their scheme. The decree has gone forth that Great Britain's dependencies are to become free and independent nations in the fulness of time. But this will not prevent a federation of feeling which will be a much grander thing than that quasi-protectionist notion so long talked about in a misty way.

WE observe, by a sudden eruption of gorgeous posters, that our old friend Barnum is about to pay us his regular annual farewell visit. It is a severe trial to us thus to be called upon once a year to say an everlasting farewell to the genial old fellow. Of course his show this year is fifteen or seventeen times larger than ever before, and in point of merit causes all his previous shows—which it will be remembered were the very greatest on earth—to sink into utter nothingness. Barnum's immense popularity in Canada is accounted for by his striking similarity in many respects to our own John A. But in justice to the veteran circus-man we must admit that as a general rule he *does* perform what he advertises and always gives you the worth of your money. John A. never does either.

WELL may the startled question, "Whither are we drifting?" be uttered with white lips, when we find even the *Mail* openly succumbing to the French in-