

GRIP.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 13.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. PARSONS:
Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 14.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John Macdonald has put himself on record as in favor of "compensation" to the liquor dealers in the event of total prohibition coming into force in Canada. Sir John has probably not given the matter any thought, and spoke the committing words because he felt that he must say something pleasant to the ears of the delegation, and could think of nothing else at the moment. But there are two sides to this demand for compensation. As Mr. Burgess forcibly puts it in his pamphlet:

"The public conscience is being awakened, and the cry of COMPENSATION is gradually being answered by the cry of RESTITUTION. If a Dr. and Cr. statement be made, with compensation on one side and restitution on the other, not all the accumulated wealth of the distillers, brewers and liquor-sellers will be sufficient to pay one mill in the dollar of the balance which will stand against them; while the broken hearts, the blasted characters, the tens of thousands of lost souls, will for ever stand as a condemnation of the traffic, which no human agency, no future good, can ever atone for."

FIRST PAGE.—The Commissioners appointed to look into the Chinese question have reported in due form to Parliament. Their conclusion is in effect that John Chinaman is not a bad fellow after all—quite as good as his neighbors in the same department of life—and that on the whole he has thus far been a benefit rather than a curse to Canada. He is not such an unmixed blessing, however, that the Commission can recommend his free and unrestricted entrance to the country; they think it would be wise to limit him in due time—which apparently means after the C.P.R. has been finished. The interesting Mongolian is meantime presented by Mr. Chapleau in the character of a good citizen, and it remains to be seen whether Miss Canada will

take his extended hand. As a sequel to the Report of the Commissioners (which, by the way, cost \$25,000), the Provincial Government of British Columbia have just re-enacted the anti-Chinese Bill by an almost unanimous vote.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The vote of censure moved by the Opposition in the Imperial House failed by the narrow majority of 14 votes. Mr. Gladstone has decided to remain in office, and continue at his thankless task of fixing up the Soudan. The verdict of Parliament is virtually a condemnation of the ministry—a "damning with faint praise" exactly illustrated in the alleged Irishism, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

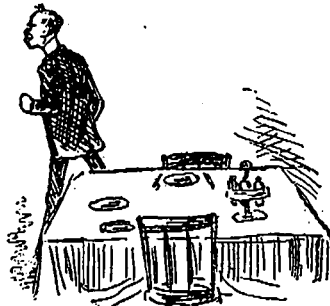
GRAMMAR, A LA MAITRE D'HOTE.



POSITIVE—WAIT.



COMPARATIVE—WAITER.



SUPERLATIVE—GET IT YOURSELF.

Economy is the road to wealth. Economizers requiring clothing, furnishings, hats, etc., by buying at R. Walker & Sons, save what may form the nucleus of a fortune.



"For Queen and Country" is the title of a four-act military drama, written by Mr. John A. Fraser, jr., expressly for the annual entertainment of the Queen's Own Rifles, which comes off at the Grand Opera House on the evening of the 12th inst. The fact that the play is by a Toronto writer who is pretty well known in literary circles naturally evokes much interest in the forthcoming performance. Having been privileged with a glance at the manuscript, Mr. GRIP is in a position to assure his readers that the work is excellent, not only in literary finish, but—what is perhaps quite as important—in adaptability to stage requirements. Unless we are much mistaken "For Queen and Country" will play even better than it reads, and it is well known the opposite is nearly always the case with the work of young play-wrights. The piece has been cast follows:—

Nora and Beryl Dangerfield, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh; Lucy Melville, Miss France Ross; Mrs. Major Elliott, Miss Ethel Small; Paul Gerard, Mr. W. G. Nelson; Squire Gerard (his uncle), Mr. Fred. Walker; Dooley O'Dowd, Mr. J. Crean; Lt. Burton, Mr. Walter Haight; Capt. Blackly, Mr. Frank Eddis; Corsen, Mr. Ernest Langtry; Surgeon, Mr. Higginbotham; Recruiting Sergt., Mr. C. J. Townsend; Corp. Scott, Mr. Dan Dow.

The attraction at the Grand this week is really an attraction, being Sims' great melodrama, "In the Ranks." Large audiences are the natural consequence.

Mr. Montford, at the Museum, is giving his patrons a taste of blood and thunder melodrama of the old Bowery school, by way of variety. Those who have a taste for the sensational are advised to see this typical play.

THE BOB-TAILED CAR.

A NEW HONG TO AN OLD TRINE.

Air—The Low-backed Car.

When first we got them street cars,
The by-law it did say—
Each one would have a conductor,
Upon the rear to stay,
But when the road got booming
This man was seen no more
Upon the rear, to stop or steer,
Or give change at the door.

Oh! confound the old bob-tailed car!
I say it's too thin by far,
That a man must go tearing,
Hallooing and swearing,
All to catch on a bob-tailed car.

Now, what I'd like to know is,
What's the use of making laws,
If you ain't going to enforce 'em?
Where's the good of saying—"because
In the States some cars don't have 'em!"
Well, that's not the point you see—
Keep your bargain with the public.
Here's where the shoe pinches me—

When I go for to catch a car,
I don't want to run so far,
With the whole street a-hooting,
And whistling and tooting,
To stop that there bob-tailed car,

And then as soon 's I'm seated,
The driver turns his eye;
And through the window glares at me
To pay up and look eery;
And should I have no small change,
I have to stand and wait
Till the driver he gets ready,
And meantime I lose my seat—

All for want of a conductor;
And a baby that's lost its "mar,"
Gets knocked down and run over,
While for change I palaver,
With the driver of a bob-tailed car.