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Editor.

The gravest Boat 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.—From the moment in
which Sir Charles Tupper arose to move the
C. P. R. resolutions, the government and
their supporters became deaf, dumb, and blind
to everything that could, would or should be
said on the other side of the question. All
the arguments of the opposition went for
nothing—all their amendments, although in
themselves reasonable and business-like, had
no more effect than the proverbial "water on
a duck's back." Mr. Watson moved that the
C. P. R. be required to give up the monopoly
clause as a condition of the loan; Mr. Weldon
moved that they be restrained by the agree-
ment from spending the money in American
speculations aside from the contract—both
these common-sense suggestions were "sat
upon" by a heavy majority—and all the
amendments Mr. Blake may propose on the
second reading of the bill will be treated in the
same summary fashion.

FIRST PAGE.—In his little speech before the
curtain on Saturday night, Mr. Henry Irving
expressed regret that he would not be able to
play in Ottawa and other Canadian cities. So
far as the capital is concerned the great tra-
gedian's failure to appear will not be much
felt, as the equally great Sir John has been
playing "Louis XI." for several nights past.
The terrible dread of political death, and the
frantic effort to cling to life, have been repre-

sented with a power which Irving could not
surpass. The part of the "Father" has been
done by Sir H. Langevin, and the "support"
has been all that the most exacting star could
demand.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Creighton has perform-
ed his annual duty of criticising the Treasurer's
statement, very much to the satisfaction of the
party whose ranks he honors, and, on this oc-
casion, very much to the disquietude of all who
place confidence in his interpretation of the
figures. Mr. C. shows that the financial con-
dition of the Province is bad, notwithstanding
the clever way in which the figures are ar-
ranged to tell a different story, and his state-
ment is certainly worthy of public attention.

MAKING HIS MARK.

Down at the Union station the other day an
officer of the law, with a prisoner in charge,
was walking about waiting for the east-bound
train.

The prisoner was not a bad-looking young
fellow. In fact, as between the two, if you
were asked to pick out the face of a first-class
ruffian you would *ecce homo* the grim-visaged
cop.

A benign old gentleman was among those
whose mingled interest and curiosity centred
in the uniformed constable and the shackled
felon. At last he could stand it no longer, so
approaching he opened conversation in a kind
voice with the officer:

"Kingston is your destination, sir, I pre-
sume?"

"Yes, I'm bound for the stone town."

"I have a sympathy for all who are in
trouble. May I speak a few words to the
young man in your custody, sir?"

"I guess so."

"His countenance does not bear the imprint
of the criminal."

"Well, no. Sam aint a tough to look at,
that's a fact."

"Is his offence a very serious one?"

"It got him a two year stretch, anyhow."

Poor fellow! Probably but for bad com-
pany he would have made his mark in the
world."

He has already. Making his mark is what's
put him in this hole."

"Sir? Do I understand you aright?"

"I said making *his* mark. Mebbe I should
have said making *a* mark."

"But—"

"The mark happened to be another man's,
and it was made at the bottom of a bank
cheque."

Here the captor winked at the captive.

The captive winked back at the captor.

They were near enough to each other for
the young man to hear the conversation, and
he said: "Come off, Jack! Come off! the old
party has had enough!"

The benign old gentleman concluded that
he wouldn't speak a few words to the young
man.

SCENE SHIFTINGS.

"Reading about that concert last night,"
he quietly remarked, looking up from the
newspaper at his friend, "recalls the touching
scene witnessed at the close." And then,
noticing the perplexed look on his friend's face,
he hastened to add, "The crush on the stair-
way, you know."

"Ah, yes!" was the friend's solemn-toned
response, "and it puts me in mind of the
moving scene I noticed on my way down to the
Hall. The characters were a gang of street-
corner loafers and an approaching policeman."
"That," remarked the other man with ex-

traordinary presence of mind, "makes me
think of a shocking scene I once was a specta-
tor of. It was last harvest—out on my farm,
and, you see—"

"But his antagonist yelled "enough!"

THE NEW BIZ.

"Morning, Smith!"

"G'day, Brown!"

"How's biz?"

"My new biz, d'ye mean?"

"Your new biz?"

"Yes. Just started farming. Getting ex-
perience fast, too."

"Go on! What y'giving us?"

"Fact, Brown. Here, I've just been paying
for that hat I lost on my election bet with
Williamson, and it has cleaned me out."

"Well, what's that got to do with farming?"

"A little, I reckon. Ain't it an experience
in tile-draining?"

A handy street car saved Smith. But Brown
threatens to plug him yet.

James W. Riley, the poet, calls Ella
Wheeler, who is 32 years old "a girl." This
is, doubtless, an instance of poetic license.



THE WHISKEY GROCER'S LAMENT.

Farewell, sweet spirit—whiskey, beer and wine,
A few brief months, and then a last farewell
To all these baskets, casks and kegs of wine—
The people's vote has struck thy final knell!

Farewell, snug nook behind the boxes high,
Where morning "nip" and evening "gill" have
reigned,
For this dear memory I heave a sigh,
And drop a tear of sorrow all unfeigned.

Farewell, loved customers who came for "tea"
And gave their orders with a knowing wink.
Farewell, dear women-folk who used to be
So fond of groceries in the shape of drink!

Farewell big profits, made on alcohol
To cover prices cut on reg'lar trade,
On equal terms I now must fight or fall,
And ounce the vote that all my ruin made.