

• GRIP •

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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 convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance resulted in the passage of a resolution on Electoral Action, which, if vigorously carried into practical operation, as doubtless it will be, is calculated to settle the question of Prohibition so far as this Province is concerned. The plan recommended by the special committee and enthusiastically endorsed by the convention is very simple, and cannot but be very efficacious. It is this: In every municipality a Prohibitory Electoral Union is to be formed—such unions to be made up of Prohibitionists who are prepared to pledge themselves to withhold their political support from candidates for any representative body (whether school board, local council, or parliament) who are not known to be sound on the Prohibition question. It will be observed that the pledge is *negative*; it does not bind a Tory Prohibitionist to vote for a Grit candidate in case the nominee of his own party is a liquor sympathizer, or a Grit Prohibitionist to vote the Tory ticket under similar circumstances. The members of the unions are pledged only to refrain from helping the foes of Prohibition by whomsoever nominated. There are thousands of Prohibitionists whose party feelings are strong who will readily join such a union, but who could not be induced to pledge themselves to vote for Prohibitionists put up by their political opponents. It is confidently calculated that in every constituency two hundred voters from each party will join the union, and the party managers will thus have a problem to deal with which can only be solved by the nomination of straight Prohibition candidates. Two hundred votes in either party, classified as "not to be counted on," is a serious matter, when it is recollected that in most of our Ridings

the member-elect wins by less than that number. If Prohibitionists are only true to themselves in the carrying out of this plan, they are in a position to dictate terms to the party caucuses and to secure the nomination of candidates pledged to work and vote for Prohibition, and to oppose any government that will not introduce the required measure.

FIRST PAGE.—In one of our American exchanges we found a funny drawing of an old darky travelling along with a load of melons, and philosophically reflecting on the curious fact that the further he went the lighter his load grew. The phenomenon was, meantime, clear to the observer, who could see the bad boys making off with the melons in the background. This struck us as being a very good representation of the condition of things at Ottawa. According to the *Mail*, Sir John is an honest and innocent old fellow, who finds the task of running this country growing gradually lighter, and who is quite unconscious of the fact that our resources are going off in the shape of grabs, subsidies, contract awards, etc., etc. The parallel is therefore complete, as the *Mail* must be right in its view of the "grand old man."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The space of GRIP is too precious to permit of our giving in *extenso* the resolutions passed by the Young Liberals' Convention. We have, therefore, condensed their ideas into a solid chunk, and put them in pictorial form. The bale of goods thus presented to the Liberal party is very valuable. All it requires is to be "carried out."



FAIR-WELL.

A PICTURE FOR THE CLOSE OF THE INDUSTRIAL.

BOYS, WAKE UP!

SONG OF YOUNG CANADA.

Wake up, boys, we've got the stuff,
We are the boys of Canada;
We've shown the world we're good enough
To fight and march out any day.
In any place beneath the throne
We think that we can hold our own.
Too long we gnawed our humble bone.
Boys, wake up!

Too long we've had to stand aside
And make room for the stranger here;
Our brains and talents are decry'd,
The why or wherefore is not clear.
But so it is from o'er the seas
A swell takes post here at his case,
And we left in the cold to freeze!
Boys, wake up!

Our fathers hewed the forests down,
They were the first to brave the lakes,
They were the first to start each town,
Let's stand together for their sakes.
Our hopes are here. It is our land.
We're tired of rule from distant strand.
We're strong. We want no helping hand.
Boys, wake up!

Let sneers not make our courage lag,
We are not traitors, far from that;
We fought well to uphold our flag,
But never bowed to Gesler's bat.
But we want no more leading strings,
Nor any bird's protecting wings,
No U.S.A. for Canada.
Boys, wake up!

—B.

PASSING SHOW.

Mr. Robt. H. Baird, the popular young comedian, was presented with a handsome silver testimonial by the citizens of Collingwood on Tuesday evening, on the conclusion of a six nights' engagement in that town. Mr. Baird is a capital actor and worthy man, and adopts the unfashionable but highly popular plan of carrying with him a company made up of really good performers.

"A Brave Woman," now on at the Grand, will please the lovers of melodrama. Daly's comedy, "A Night Off," had a brilliant week's run, and deserved the praise it got from our local critics. But why should the unoffending Miss Leigh have been gayed by being told every morning that she was "beautiful"?

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

DEAR GRIP,—Now that the Prison Commissioners have returned from their tour of inspection in the United States, and the much needed work of "Prison Reform" is about to be set in operation, I would venture to suggest, through the columns of your valuable paper, that such reform be made as thorough and sweeping as possible; and to this end, I beg to submit the following suggestions, as likely to prove acceptable to those most chiefly concerned:—

1. Let each prisoner on his entering into residence, be furnished with a blank schedule, whereby he may report at stated intervals, his opinion of—and satisfaction (or dissatisfaction) with—the treatment he undergoes, while under care—what he thinks of the conduct of the warden, guards, etc., and his opinion as to the fitness of each, for the office he holds. (These reports could not fail to be highly valuable and trustworthy. The time is now surely far past when the word of a Christian gentleman should weigh against that of a hardened reprobate.)

2. The hours of labor should be shortened. In fact, compulsory labor might be altogether abolished. Criminals, as a rule, evince a marked dislike to work of any kind.

3. A daily allowance of beer, whisky, brandy, or tobacco, according to the taste of the prisoner (I should say applicant).

(Numbers complain of their sufferings in this respect.)

4. Cards, dice, bowls, etc., etc., might be placed within the reach of those disposed to avail themselves of their favorite amusements.

5. The remodelling of the library. The books at present are of a kind too much above