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**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**MISS CANADA, BARMAID.**—The horrors of the liquor traffic cannot be adequately presented in picture form, any more than in words; but it may safely be assumed that nothing further need be said on this point to convince the public judgment. Everybody, nowadays, admits that the traffic is an unmitigated evil; a standing menace to the well-being of society. The point which now needs to be emphasized is, that so long as this traffic is licensed for purposes of revenue, the country is unquestionably a partner in the vile business, and every citizen who does not regularly protest against the arrangement with his ballot is equally as guilty as those immediately engaged in the business of making drunkards.

**DISALLOWANCE DEFIED.**—If Mr. Norquay is correct in his oft-repeated assertion that the Bill passed in 1883, "to encourage the building of railways in Manitoba," fully authorizes the construction of a line from Winnipeg to the border, we do not see the relevancy of the talk about rebellion now being indulged in. And Mr. Norquay's contention looks perfectly sound. The Act referred to was duly assented to by the Lt.-Governor, and was not disallowed by the Federal Government within the specified time. We fail to see how the Government can get over this stone wall.

**RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.**—Mr. Chapleau has, after all, declined the honor of the Lt.-Governorship of Quebec. He thinks he detects in the eagerness of his colleagues to thrust the honor upon him, an anxiety to get him out of the Cabinet for the sake of Langevin's peace of mind, and in this surmise he is probably correct. Under our present system, Lt.-Governorships are to all intents and purposes political graves, and Chapleau is not yet ready to step down and out from pure love of an enemy. He seems not to be built that way.

"L'HOMME QUI (DOESN'T) RIT."—A couple of weeks ago we pictured the delight of Langevin upon learning that Chapleau was about to retire from the Cabinet. We feel it our duty now to supply the companion picture—Sir Hector's expression of countenance on learning that the good news was unfounded.

**MERCIER'S PARTY.**—Though Mr. Mercier is always referred to up here as the leader of the Liberal Party of Quebec, it appears that the title is a misnomer. The Parti Nationale (as Mr. Mercier himself prefers to denominate his following) is not in any true sense a Liberal Party, but pretty much the contrary. Its leading spirits are the pronounced Ultramontanes, who are bitterly opposed to every form of popular liberty, and look upon State education apart from the Roman Catholic Church as a peculiarly gross heresy. Whatever Mr. Mercier's own ideas may be—and we suspect him of sympathizing in heart very strongly with true Liberalism—he is not in a position to express his personal inclinations. If he wishes to remain in office he must refrain carefully from hurting the feelings of his Ultra allies, and this is a delicate and difficult task for any man who believes in progress.

**FROM A BROTHER BARD.**

DEAR GRIP,—I am pleased to learn that a testimonial is to be presented to Alexander McLachlan, the poet. In this young country, accented with dollars and cents and political strife, we would be unpatriotic did we fail to recognize the worth and genius of Mr. McLachlan—one of the truest of Canadian poets.

Truly yours,  
THOMAS O'HAGAN.

PAISLEY.

**Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron.**

BORN, 1822; DIED, 1887.

HUSBAND, FATHER, good and gentle;  
CITIZEN of honored name;  
LAWYER, learned, honest, gifted;  
JUDGE, of wide and splendid fame.

POLITICIAN, pure and courteous;  
FRIEND of generous heart and hand;  
CHRISTIAN, earnest, tranquil, humble;  
MAN, in all things manly—grand!

MATTHEW CAMERON, name undying—  
It will live thy worth to tell,  
Tho' to thee our land says, weeping,  
God receive thee—fare thee well!

ARCTURUS, we regret to announce, has ceased publication. We expressed the hope, on receipt of the first number, that the name would not prove fatal. It only survived twenty-four weeks, notwithstanding the excellent writing of its editor, Mr. Dent, and that of a number of able contributors. If Mr. Shakespeare wishes to know what's in a name, he may be respectfully referred to this sad instance.

It is the intention of certain members of the Canadian Club in New York, to issue in the form of a beautiful book the papers which have been delivered before the club during the past winter by prominent parties, together with those which are to be delivered during the remainder of the season. The book is to be issued in beautiful style at \$1 per copy. Parties desirous of obtaining copies can do so by enclosing the price of the book to James Ross, Canadian Club, 12 East 29th Street, New York.

WHEN we realize with what celerity a goat can separate a man from his surroundings, it is difficult to understand why butt should be called a conjunction.