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Comments on the Cassings.



THE BIG SNAKE KILLED AT LAST.—The monopoly monster in the great North-West is dead. Sir John wants it distinctly understood that he performed the herculean feat of slaying the serpent all by himself, and that the pleadings, threatenings and kickings of Norquay and Greenway and all the rest of them, had nothing to do with it. Well, the matter of apportioning the glory may be squabbled over for ever and a day, so long as the fact remains that the big snake is dead, beyond all hope of resuscitation. If Sir John can convince himself that the remarkably favorable terms upon which the C.P.R. Syndicate consented to the cancellation of the monopoly clause of their charter were due to his statesmanship, and that he took action of

his own motion to free the North-West, we do not grudge him a particle of the self-approval he must enjoy. We do not see, however, what he could have "done about it" if the railway people had demanded \$15,000,000 in cash instead of merely asking a 3½ per cent. guarantee upon bonds to that amount. He has, in our view, had a miraculous escape; nothing but the most unaccountable generosity on the part of the Syndicate saved him from a final and fatal catastrophe. We hope it will be a warning to him never again to insist on putting such a clause into a charter against the plain dictates of prudence. But now that it is all over—now that our great Western domain is safely out of the clutch of the gigantic monopoly—we can afford to let Sir John think anything he pleases. The rising sun of hope floods the prairies with its cheerful light, and the whole population, Grit and Tory, caper with glee at the prospects of good times coming!

THE EGG COMBINE.—Quite a pretty little scheme, this egg-combine, by which the farmers and country storekeepers are chiselled out of a couple of cents per dozen on hen-fruit. And, like all

the efforts of genius, marvellously simple. Toronto being the controlling market for eggs in this part of the Dominion, it is only necessary to control the Toronto price in order to be able to dictate terms to the farmers and middlemen in the matter of eggs. The combine controls this market by keeping it well supplied, and selling, if necessary, at or below cost. The surplus eggs they ship to the American market, where eggs command a high figure, and thus do they fill their pockets with wealth as honestly made as the average fortunes of the day. It is pretty hard on the farmers' wives, to whom eggs represent pin-money; and it is sure death to the unlucky country merchants. The only consolation these worthy people have is in knowing that at least the Toronto consumer has every reason to be happy under the arrangement.

THE MONTREAL STATUE.—The project of building a statue of the Virgin Mary and placing it on the summit of Mount Royal is likely to be abandoned by the Roman Catholics of Montreal, out of deference to the feelings of the Protestant minority. M. Côté's sketch intimates that this decision is in accordance with the principles enunciated by St. Paul in his letter to the Romans of an earlier day—a principle which Christians of all denominations are too apt to ignore in their actions.

REV. B. J. WATTERS, Parish Priest of Goderich, addresses us as his "dear friend," and asks us to sell some tickets for his lottery. This illegal gambling racket is, of course, in aid of the holy cause of religion, and we take this, the first opportunity of bringing it to the knowledge of Rev. Father Watters' other "dear friend," Attorney-General Mowat. Go for him, Oliver!

A JUBILANT rummy up the country sends GRIP a telegram crowing over the Scott Act Waterloo. He signs it "Liberty," of course—the glorious liberty to make drunkards having once more been authorized by law in Simcoe, Bruce, Huron, Dufferin, Renfrew and Norfolk. GRIP has a profound respect for public opinion, but no majorities against the Scott Act can alter his estimate of the liquor traffic, which, he may take the opportunity of saying, he regards and always will regard as an unmitigated nuisance and curse.

IT is to be hoped that our good friend, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, feels duly honored by the fact that his deliverances on the drink question were used as campaign documents by the rum-sellers, and no doubt helped to re-legalize the traffic. He ought to be quite satisfied. In all the counties above named the "wines of Palestine" will now be on draught, and their beneficent influence will be seen in the criminal statistics of the year.

FOR one, GRIP can find no tears to shed over the so-called disaster. The Scott Act, under the manipulation of a Government whose whole sympathy is with the liquor traffic, is a mere misrepresentation of Prohibition. The only worthy feature about it is that it outlaws the traffic, and helps to elevate public opinion. What the country wants is straight out national Prohibition, enforced by a Government that believes in it. There must be no John Carlings in the Cabinet.

THE present Government is a little too previous in some things, although it has a *penchant* for blue-mould in most matters. Here it has gone and ratified the Fishery treaty without waiting to see what the American Senate intended to do about it. And the Senate aforesaid has incontinently kicked the document out of doors. The shrewd Yanks can now reopen the question, don't you see, and, beginning on the ratified gains, grab with both hands for more.