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✂ See the announcement under heading "Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day" on page 9 of this issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to pressure on our advertising space, and in order to give our usual quantity of reading matter, this issue of GRIP is 20 pages, without any advance in price.

Comments on the Cartoons.



**FOOT-BALL AT OTTAWA.**—The boys have assembled once more at the big Public School of Statesmanship, and the customary game of foot-ball is about to begin. The debate on the address is nothing more than the general rolling up of sleeves—it is an oratorical invention for the loosening of tongues and the waste of valuable time. "The play's the thing," as *Hamlet* observes. The boys are waiting anxiously for the ball to be dropped amongst them, and then the scrimmage will commence in earnest and the kickers will have a chance. If, as has been hinted, measures involving fresh subsidies to some of the smaller provinces are to be submitted, we trust the kicking will be vigorous and effective.

**NORQUAY, A PRISONER OF HOPE.**—Hon. John Falstaff—beg pardon, we mean Norquay—has got back to Winnipeg from Ottawa and has been regaling an interviewer there with an account of how desperately he fought the Dominion authorities for provincial rights in the matter of railway legislation. The story sounds very much like old Falstaff's account of his terrific affray with the men in Buckram. We have heard his pathetic narrative before, and we have seen him subsequently knuckle down before his Ottawa master like a very slave. As premier of Manitoba he occupies a pitiable position—entirely of his own making. By weakly allowing the rights of the province to be set at naught—through "party exigencies"—he now finds him-

self Sir John's helpless prisoner, piteously appealing for "liberty," and "hoping" that he may get it.

**LORD RANDOLPH.**—We see by the papers that Lord Kandy Churchill is going the whole figure in support of Salisbury and his coercion bill. That celebrated letter of Archbishop Lynch's must have miscarried!

THE KERMESSE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
 "I'm going to the Kermesse, sir," she said,  
 "Otherwise to the fancy bazaar, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
 "If of fancy bazaars you're not afraid—  
 If of new-fangled fancy bazaars you're not afraid."

"What meaneth Kermesse, my pretty maid?"  
 "Look it up in an etymological dictionary, sir," she said,  
 "Webster, Worcester, or even Dr. Johnson, kind sir," she said.

"Will there be pin-cushions, dolls, fancy slippers,  
 Antimacassars and other useful articles to buy, my pretty maid?"  
 "No, only light refreshments, kind sir," she said,  
 "Lightest of light refreshments, kind sir," she said.

"Then the Kermesse is a great invention, my pretty maid!"  
 "You just bet, kind sir," she said,  
 "I rather reckon it is, kind sir," she said.



AFTER THE KERMISS.

*Clara*—I suppose, dear, you feel quite wearied after your efforts at the Kermis?

*Bella*—Yes; the airs those Sniffington girls put on made me dreadfully tired!

*Mrs. De Wiggs.*—What made Mr. Homan's house burn down, Jack? *Jack.*—Spontaneous combustion, I believe. *Mrs. De Wiggs.*—Is that so! I heard somebody say it took fire of itself, but I didn't believe any such nonsense.

ON their wedding night, after the guests have departed. He—These presents are very elegant and must have cost a good deal of money, but of what use will they ever be to us? She—Of no use just now, dear; but they will prove very handy to raise money on to pay our divorce expenses.—*Boston Transcript.*

**FIRST PASTOR.**—I see that the demand for small coins still keeps up. **Second Pastor.**—So I see. Unless it is quickly gratified most of us will soon be preaching to pretty slim congregations. People stay away from church rather than be made to feel uncomfortable by not dropping something into the contribution box.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*