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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.—Some time ago the Privy Council gave a decision in the case of *Russell vs. The Queen*. Lawyer Mowat said that judgement settled the right of Ontario to legislate on the Liquor traffic, short of prohibition; Lawyer Macdonald said it meant simply that neither Ontario nor any other Province had any right to legislate on the Liquor traffic at all. Accordingly the Government at Ottawa—which somehow has a high respect for Lawyer Macdonald's opinion—got up the McCarthy Act, to regulate the nuisance for the whole country. At this interesting juncture another case—*Hodge vs. The Queen*—was referred to the same august tribunal, and another decision has just been rendered. Lawyer Mowat says this last judgment endorses his opinion to the very letter: Lawyer Macdonald says it does no such thing. Lawyer Mowat says he intends to stand by the Crooks Act, and Lawyer Macdonald says he will stake his all on the McCarthy Act. Apparently both measures are to be in operation together, and if it comes to that step it will be in order to extend commiseration to the poor Publican, who will be obliged to pay for two licenses instead of one. And this is all the unfortunate fellow gets for patronizing lawyers!

FIRST PAGE.—The rural clown who blows out the gas instead of turning it off, exhibits precisely the same sort of stupidity as that displayed in the present policy of the Minister of the Interior towards the discontented settlers in the North-West. Instead of "turning off" the grievances by applying the proper mechanism—reform in the matter complained of—he is doing his best to extinguish the flame by a series of windy "pooh-poohs," cries of "Gritism," "Annexionists," and the like. This kind of folly, however, generally carries its own penalty with it, and it would be well for the Minister to remember that so long as it is not properly turned off, the gas is bound to escape. Only, in this instance, the language of the settlers is by no means gas.

EIGHTH PAGE.—During the contest in West Middlesex, a soft head who had been trusted with bribery money by the Tory Committee, "gave himself away" to the Grit Committee, whereupon certain members thereof, made affidavits exposing the whole affair. Immediately afterwards Weekes—the soft-head in question—published a sworn declaration, giving the lie to the Grit fellows. This declaration was prepared, it appears, by Mr. Meredith, the leader of the local opposition. The next event was the arrest of Weekes for perjury, at the instance of the makers of the original affidavits. The trial is now going on, and Mr. Meredith is defending the prisoner, but lo and behold, the "declaration" is missing, and nobody knows anything about it. Mr. Meredith solemnly avows that he has no idea of its whereabouts, and to prove his sincerity he has felt his pockets, looked under the table, and put himself to no end of trouble. Meantime the prosecuting attorney refuses to go before the grand jury without the missing document.

The *Mail* throws out a very timely hint to the opposition at Ottawa. It is that some of the charges made against the Government during recess, should be formulated on the floor of the House, and investigated. In this connection it is to be hoped Mr. John Shields is not astray in stating that the Section B. affair is to be made the subject of parliamentary enquiry before the close of the session. The sooner something is done to allay public suspicion on this matter the better it will be for the cabinet.

## THE BEST JOKE OF THE DAY.

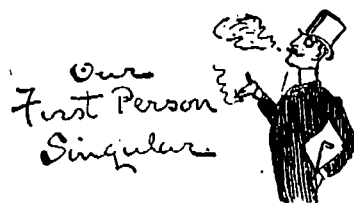
(By the Editor of the "*Mail*," Friday, Jan. 18.)

## A WORD OUT OF SEASON.

Life for a political party may easily be made miserable by an organ that is indiscreet.

Christmas and twins can come but once a year.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—*Day's Business College*, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.



The Citizen Insurance Co's capital is increased by the sum of one dollar as a result of the libel suit against the *Budget*. The *Budget* editor rejoices over this as a "great moral victory," and declares that so long as the liberty of the press is vindicated he would just as soon pay \$1 as \$5,000—the amount the company requested. The libel consisted in charging the Co. with "reckless underwriting," and the plea put in was that of justification.

Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison, one of our best music masters, has projected a course of six lectures on the great composers from Bach (1750) to Weber (1812), the addresses to be supplemented with pianoforte recitals of characteristic works. This opportunity of gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the development of music should be embraced by every student of the piano, as it cannot fail to be highly beneficial. The lectures are to be given at the College of Music (283 Jarvis-st.) on the last Friday in each month, beginning on the 25th inst.

I read with a great deal of interest the paper contributed by Mr. A. H. St. Germain to the semi-centennial number of the *Kingston Whig*. It appears that Mr. St. G. was a Kingston boy, and served his apprenticeship in a printing office there, afterwards rising to the position of a proprietor. He is about the only surviving member of the journalistic coterie which then flourished in the Limestone City, and notes with pardonable glee that he has not even yet a grey hair in his head—which I hope may long maintain its youthful-looking locks. Mr. St. Germain has for many years been a well-known resident of Toronto, and, what is more, a well-liked one.

## ECHOES FROM OSGOOD HALL.

MR. O'D.—In my opinion the plaintiff should take his case to another Court.

MR. B.—(Opposing Counsel)—Thank the Lord we don't have to act on your opinion.

MR. O'D.—Well, it don't matter whether you act on it or not—I get nothing for it.

MR. B.—You get what it is worth, anyway.

MR. O'D.—Oh! You ain't the judge of that now, Mr. B.

SCENE, *Law Office*—WOULD-BE STUDENT TO LAWYER.—"I am thinking of studying Law, and would like to get your opinion as to whether there is a prospect of success. If I do become a Lawyer I am determined to be an honest one."  
LAWYER—Go in young man! You're sure of succeeding. Why you'll have a monopoly.

## FRENCH SEAL.

"You might have told me what the real quality of this was," complained a lady to the furrier from whom she had bought a cape for her daughter.

"I did, madam," was the reply, "I said it was French seal."

"But look here, the fur is coming off in patches, and leaving the thing all bare."

"Just taking French leave as it were. Is there anything surprising in that?"