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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE SAME OLD DIET.—Mr. Laurier's speech at Somerset is a severe blow to those who were looking for the inauguration of a spirited policy by the new Liberal leader. If anything, the programme as now announced is milder than Mr. Blake's, for at least one reform boldly advocated by that gentleman—the reconstruction of the Senate—is dropped altogether. The Reform party has, no doubt, a tough constitution, but it is a dangerous experiment for Mr. Laurier to adopt the plan of the old fellow who furnished his horse with blue spectacles and then fed him on shavings instead of hay. The diet upon which the party is now subsisting is about as nutritious as shavings, and it may be doubted whether it can be made palatable very long, even when viewed through the party glasses.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—With his usual shrewdness Mr. Mowat has decided not to be personally present at the conference of provincial premiers suggested by Mr. Mercier. Ontario will be represented by some other member of the Cabinet, so that the Government will not necessarily feel bound by any action that may be taken. There is a prevalent feeling in this province that, whatever may be the exact character of the question to be discussed, the ultimate aim of the other provinces is to get additional financial aid, which means an increase of Ontario's load. What is needed is a regularly organized constitutional convention, at which the much needed amendments to the B.N.A. Act could be decided upon, and brought directly to the attention of the Imperial Government to secure the necessary legislation.

Scart the Basin.

A TRUE STORY.

Oi, weel I like to ca' to min' !
The happy, happy days langsyne,
Ere jollity had fled awa,
And folk could tack a loud gaffa,
And didna sit like spectres gaunt,
A' dreading they would come to want.

But jollity is dead and gane !
The spectre sits at ilk hearthstane,
And granes and sighs, and wonders hoo
She's ever able to get through.

Then earth lay in a blessed dream
Of the almighty powers of steam ;
The giant that had come to birth
To work sic wonders on the earth ;
More mighty feats than e'er were dunc
By warlocks underncath the munc.

Then in a village of the west,
That still of all we love the best,
Three carles lived—a drouthy three
As ever lo'ed the barley bree !
Ne'er needin' to be pressed to pree.

Their fav'rite howff, the Rising Sun,
Was keepit by auld Mattie Maun,
Wha was in truth quite an uncommon,
Shrewd, sensible, far-seeing woman,
Wha reared a family o' teachers,
Gaugers, and celebrated preachers,
A' by her foresight and her skill,
Her management and strength o' will,
In quaitly working the wee still.

And Mattie keepit aye the guid
Barleycorn's unpolluted bluid ;
And so our worthies turned the sun,
Into the very shrine o' fun ;
And while they were upon the splore
Kept a' the parish in a roar.

The first we'll name " Orator Tam,"
And a' he needed was a dram,
To set him thoroughly agaan—
The tide o' tongue nought could withstaun !
And how the weavers did adore um,
" Nae government could staun afore um,"
And how their very bosoms burned,
As thrones and kingdoms he o'rturnd,
And beat the big prophetic drum
About the better times to come ;
How loudly then they did applaud um,
A second Willie Cobbett ca'd um,
And said e'en the tremendous Brougham
Could hardly haud the caunle to um.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

"STANLEY MASSACRED."

SUCH is the truthful legend under a portrait of the renowned and very much murdered explorer in Wednesday's *Evening Telegram*. No one looking at that picture can doubt the awful fate of the redoubtable Stanley. The evidences of murder most foul are there, in the form of an awful slash across the forehead and another across the jaw extending across the moustached upper lip. The face also is one black bruise. Alas, poor Stanley, thou art indeed a gone coon this time—nevertheless, we pray that when next you report yourself, right side up, the calamity we dread may not be precipitated by some one sending you this awful portrait of yourself.