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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE CHARIOT RACE.—GRIP pleads guilty to a slight departure from his proverbial accuracy in presenting this picture at the present moment. It is a decidedly lively scene, whereas nothing can be imagined more flat and dull than the world of Canadian politics is just now. Nevertheless, the picture does contain elements of truth. For example, there is no question that the Tory chariot is well to the front in the political race. The late session left the Grit driver a little further in the rear if anything, and there are no indications of a gain since the House adjourned. Our picture represents a vast amount of excitement in the spectators; and here again it is seriously in error, as nobody that we know of is exhibiting the slightest degree of interest in the politicians and their doings. The flies are commanding far more attention.

UNCLE SAM'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.—Mr. Wiman has been invited to deliver a public address at Buffalo on the subject of Commercial Union, and to show, if he can, that the scheme would benefit the United States, upon which point a good many of our neighbors seem to feel dubious. It is clear to the American mind—as we believe it is to the Canadian—that Commercial Union would unquestionably be in the interest of Canada; but Uncle Sam's side of the question has not yet been so fully discussed. We have every confidence that it is within the power of Mr. Wiman, or any other intelligent and thoughtful man, to show that continental free trade would be a mutual benefit, fully as profitable to the United States as to our own country. Mr. Wiman's appearance at Buffalo will be awaited with interest.

ARGUMENT A LA MUCK-BUCKET.—What perseverance *will* do! The editor of the *Hamilton Spectator* appears to have made up his mind that he would get his portrait into GRIP somehow or other, or perish in the attempt. He has succeeded. We cannot longer refrain from placing him upon the pinnacle as the conductor of the most scurrilous and small-minded paper in Canada. To this title his course on the Commercial Union question (which consists of vulgar abuse of all who differ with him) has given him a clear claim, and he may wear the new honors as proudly as he has long worn the distinction of being the conductor of the champion hoodle organ, (if the public printing accounts are truthful.) We suspect that the latest honors have been really won, however, by the editor's tail-piece, and we therefore feel compelled to recognize that more obscure but very worthy person in our picture as well.

OUR OWN HOLIDAY PARADISE.—It gives us pleasure to note the fact that our own summer resorts are becoming more popular every year with Canadians, and are every year attracting larger numbers of visitors from a distance. People are only beginning to find out that in the Muskoka and Parry Sound regions we have attractions for the holiday-maker which eclipse those offered almost anywhere else on the continent. The places along the American sea coast, ruled so rigorously by Dame Fashion, have lost their charms for most people of common sense. The summer holiday is meant for rest and recreation, not for an accentuation of the rivalries of society, with all their accompanying worry. Persons who take this view are increasing in number, and they have discovered, many of them, that they can get a great deal more of solid comfort, pleasure and profit for their money in Muskoka than at any of the fashionable resorts.



THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

PROF. YAUKOHSON,—WHO IS BOWING AND SCRAPING ALL THE TIME.

TO MABEL, WHO HATH A COLD.

HAND me my harp, that I may sweetly touch
Its chords to tell my loved one's sad affliction:
She hath a sneezer! Ah! there is not such
A term so eloquent throughout the diction-
ary.

Her eyes, once bright, are dim with greasy tears;
Her nose is like an overgrown carnation;
A rash spreads o'er both cheeks unto her ears,
A pimple on her chin hath long been station-
ary.

O pray, sweet harp, my Mabel soon is well;
Indeed she looks as if in some transition:
Woman! without your charms you are a sell!
At least you seem so to this humble vision-
ary.

P. QUILL.