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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—The *Globe's* over-worked adjective, "helpless," accurately describes the present position of the "great Liberal Party" of Canada. Never in the history of the country has there been such an opportunity for genuine Liberalism. The people are hungry and thirsting for Reform, and have long been praying for a captain to lead them out of the wilderness. On all sides the position of the Government is open to assault—not merely open; it seems

to pleadingly invite attack! Go into the particulars of the administrative departments and even a cursory glance reveals scandals enough to sink an ordinary ministry. Look at the out-working of the prevailing policy in a military, commercial, financial, or almost any other direction, and you find the results of wrong principles, palpable to the view of the most ordinary observer. Already the people are, of themselves, rebelling against the restrictions put upon the natural rights of man under the name of a "National Policy;" our citizen soldiery are kept in a state of dissatisfaction by the paltering methods of Ottawa; our resources are being scattered in bribes to the Provinces; our credit abroad is suffering through the stupidity or worse of those who have been invested with the power of mismanaging our affairs

in the world's money markets; our constitution is being wrecked for the sake of votes, and, notwithstanding the light of truth which is beginning to spread over the civilized world, we find our rulers blindly going on in the policy of building up the institution of Landlordism to blight the future of our newly-settled districts. Where are the men to give voice to these and a thousand other grievances, to enlighten the people about them, and to lead the eager hosts against their authors? They ought to be found at the head of a Liberal party, worthy of the name. Do you find them there? Not in Canada. The party so-called is an organized depression. Its leaders—men of unquestionable ability—are suffering from political paralysis, and, except for some spasmodic utterances about Unrestricted Reciprocity when under the stimulation of pic-nic lemonade, they are to all intents and purposes deaf, dumb and blind. Babes in the wood, poor little things! don't know what they want, nor where they are going, nor anything. "Helpless" is the very adjective.

A PITEOUS BUT VAIN APPEAL.—The unhappy miller has gone home from his convention to think over the situation, and if possible devise some method of escape from impending ruin short of the dire extremity of voting against Sir John. The smiling chieftian of course appreciates this touching evidence of affection, but, as it would not pay him politically to offend the Maritime Province people who would vote against him, to please the Ontario millers who, under any circumstances, will not, he very wisely determines to let the latter "take it out in bellowing." Mr. Laurier is more humane, and would put an end to the crying injustice, but, alas! he is not in office, and can't.



ANADIANS are entitled to demand the removal of this blot (Quebec medævalism) upon the fame of the country, says the *Mail*, and to declare that here every man shall be free under the usual conditions to think what he pleases, to say what he thinks, and to enjoy the fruit of his toil without having to divide it with another. This is sound doctrine, but will the *Mail* kindly explain how a Canadian

is to enjoy the entire fruit of his labor, so long as part of it is taken from him in taxes? The only source of revenue which does not represent labor is ground rent. Is this what the *Mail* means? If so, heh! heh! heh! Henry Georgeism!

ALD. JOHN McMILLAN is going to run for the chief magistracy. His Presidency of the Council is just a preliminary canter on the Mayor, as it were.

THE press excursion this year is to the Maritime Provinces—the editors, gay butterflies that they are, having been attracted to St. John by the brilliant light of the Electric Exhibition. On their return trip (after casually dropping in on the tight little Island of Prince Edward) they are to be entertained by the royally good fellows of the Quebec press—for they are good fellows, Jesuit bill or no Jesuit bill. Amongst other notable points around the Ancient Capital the visitors will no doubt be shown the Jacques Cartier monument, where the French Canadian Nation was born last month.

THERE is some talk of Mayor Clarke going in—rather trying to go in—for a third term. We trust there is no ground for this insinuation of hoggishness against a gentleman who has filled the office ably and acceptably. We would strongly advise Mr. Clarke—if he