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Comments on the Cartoons.



PROVINCIAL RIGHT IS FEDERAL WRONG.—The Inter-Provincial Conference at Quebec concluded with a social meeting, at which the premiers each and severally expressed the belief that much practical good had resulted from the meeting. Upon many important points the representatives were able to arrive at an unanimous conclusion. It will be some time before a full report of the proceedings is in the possession of the public, but it ought to be a source of pleasure to all to learn that the conference was in some goodly measure a success. And yet to judge by the tone of the straight-out Tory press, there is no ground for congratulation in this. The effort to find a solution of the difficulties which threaten the very existence of the confederation, they narrowly regard as an attempt to overthrow the present Dominion Government. Sir John Macdonald's curt refusal to take part in the conference indicates that this is also his idea. It would be fair to say, in view of this, that in the opinion of Sir John and his Party injustice to the Provinces and Conservative Rule are synonymous terms. The veriest enemy could say nothing more damaging than this.

POOR BISHOP CLEARY AND HIS GRIEVANCE.—It is really too bad about poor Bishop Cleary. GRIP's sympathetic heart is touched at the exhibition of grief now being made by that good ecclesiastic. To think that the Trustees of Kingston should have ejected children from the Public Schools of that city, simply because their parents were paying their taxes for the support of Separate schools. What very unreasonable persons those trustees must be! And yet, when you come to think of it, dear Bishop, there is something to be said on their side of the question. Supposing, now, that the law had

granted Separate Schools to the Free-Thinkers of Kingston, would'n't you and the people of your Church think it pretty cool if those Free-Thinkers insisted on using the Public Schools while they paid their taxes to their own?

A RUM WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.—Some of our esteemed contemporaries have "soured" on Mayor Howland, and amongst the gravest accusations they bring against him is this—that there is more drinking, or at least more arrests for drunkenness, in the city now than before the passage of the Fleming by-law. No doubt, in due course, the mayor will answer for himself, although he has announced his retirement from office. But we are a little puzzled over the logic involved here. Presuming that the mayor is responsible for the Fleming by-law, we scarcely see how a diminution of the saloons can increase the drinking; but assuming that it has had this remarkable effect, what would these journalistic brethren do about it? That is the main question, and it is pretty clear from the style of criticism they indulge in, that what they would recommend is the repeal of the aforesaid by-law. Cutting off saloons, it would appear, increases the traffic. If the Fleming by-law went a step further, and cut them all off, drunkenness would fairly boom, we suppose; and if, after that, the manufacture and sale of the stuff were totally prohibited throughout the Dominion, the liquor dealers would revel in glory. This sounds a little paradoxical, but it is the reasoning of able journalists, and at the risk of all the calamities implied, we would be willing to see the doctrine practically carried out. Let it be done at once. It would entirely please both prohibitionists and liquor dealers, and it isn't every day you can hit upon a scheme which will do that. Our citizens are to have an opportunity of voting on an extension of the Fleming by-law shortly, and we hardly think they will take the Rum view of the subject.

NORQUAY'S CAKE IS DOUGH.—The Red River Valley Railway has had another serious set-back, the contract for its early completion having at the last moment fallen through. There is little prospect, now, of the line being in operation this year, and the farmers and merchants of Manitoba will feel correspondingly depressed. Rumors are again flying about that Norquay's good faith is doubted; that he and the syndicate "understand each other," etc., but nothing has yet appeared to justify these serious insinuations, which are in all probability the offspring of political malevolence.

MAKIN' A PREACHER OF IKE.

I AIN't much at tellin' a story, and I can't talk as glib as I'd like, For I didn't swallow no dictionaries like my college-bred brother—that's Ike.

The old people always had kept me a peggin' away like a mule, While Ike learned his grammar and classics in the big university school,

And crammed his head full of book knowledge, while father paid all of the fees

By the selling of turnips and barley, by the selling of wheat and of peas.

He said I was too muddle-headed to bother with books and the like, But he'd try and do well by the family by makin' a preacher of Ike.

So brother he went to the college, and I slaved away on the farm A-helpin' to pay for his schooling, and things went along like a charm

Till I fell dead in love with my Molly, and thought we would wed in the fall;

Then I found we had nothin' to start with, for the preacher had taken it all.

So I spoke bitter words to the old folks for keepin' me slavin' so long To pay for my brother's book-larnin', though I knew at the time it was wrong;

And I said things that day to the old folks that I shudder to think about now,

And I left 'em alone on the homestead with no one to help 'em to plow.

Then I searched for a place in the city, where I might earn enough to lay by

A little each week, till I'd salted sufficient for Molly and I;

So I hunted, and hunted, and hunted, but I couldn't get nothin' to do,

And I'd died if it wasn't for Molly—'twas her cheerfulness carried me through.