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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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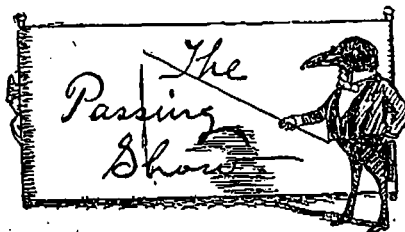
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If we may trust the evidence of judges, medical men, travellers and others whose business in life brings them into contact with society at large, the Rum Traffic is the ample explanation of seven tenths of the poverty, misery, disease and death in any country where it is established and protected by law. Canada is no exception to the rule. We see these effects around us on every hand, and there is no reasonable explanation of what we see, aside from Rum. As in other civilized countries, public opinion has been attracted to this destructive agency in our civilization, and like other communities, we have endeavored in vain to "regulate" the Drink evil. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction, we believe, of a good majority of the Canadian electors, that this cannot be done—that the only adequate measure for the regulation of Rum is Prohibition, which will regulate it out of existence altogether. Accordingly, Prohibition those electors intend to have, and that before long. Let the Grit and Tory Parties take notice, and pack up their tawdry duds for a permanent move. It has become clear that a Third Party is required in Canada, as in the States, to achieve this great measure, for the Grit and Tory factions are as emphatically under the control of the Rum bosses here as the Democrats and Republicans are across the border. And the Third Party, with Prohibition for one of the solid planks in its platform, is already on the way. The Tory oligarchy is now, and always will be, solid for Whiskey, for the pure love of evil; the Grits, with their Hamlet-like leader, have as usual hesitated and halted until their chance has gone, and richly deserve the demoralization in store for them. "A curse o' both your houses!" is the watchword of all

who would see our Dominion freed from this murderous traffic, and it is no empty imprecation.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. GRIP takes the earliest opportunity of tendering his thanks to the *Mail* man for the large amount of gratuitous advertising the Tory organ has kindly given him during the past week. It is a favor which was really unlooked for, as GRIP has always understood that kindness was shown in this way by the "organ" only to those who had (like the Bribers, or John Shields, or Roddy Fringle) "done something" for the cause, and never to those who had endeavored merely to serve the country at large. Surely the *Mail* is improving; perhaps the recent change in the editorship accounts for the improvement. Whatever the cause, the result is more in accordance with the fitness of things. Let the *Mail* go on encouraging those who are well known to be unselfish workers for their country, and reserve its bitter words for its brethren in salary-grabbing—the Grits. A few lies, here or there, in the course of the panegyrics, will do no harm to GRIP, and will, on the other hand, be a sort of *Mail* trademark and guarantee of genuineness in the article.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP congratulates Hon. Thomas White on his accession to Cabinet dignities and his entrance upon the duties of Minister of the Interior. As an old newspaper man—one who was, moreover, always well-liked by his brethren of the quill, the elevation of Mr. White reflects honor on the guild which he represents, and there are few amongst the press men of the country who will not heartily wish him success. It must be confessed, however, that he is called to an unusually difficult post, and if in any measure he fails, we feel confident it will be owing not to want of competence on his part so much as to mismanagement on the part of his predecessor. Give our man a fair show! Get out of the way, Dewdney; stand back, John A; keep outside of the ropes, Mr. Syndicate! Let there be no meddling with the plans of the new Minister for the straightening out of the tangled skein of the Interior Department, and we venture to predict that the Editor will prove equal to the occasion. This, at all events, is GRIP's sincere hope, both for Mr. White's sake and the country's.



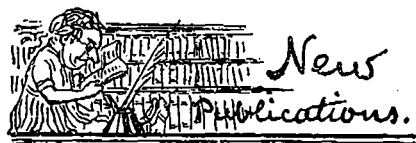
As so much depends upon chamber concerts for the real progress of musical taste it is gratifying to see that a systematic effort will be made this season to establish a series of concerts, on the plan so successfully adopted in London, England, under the title of "Monday Popular Concerts." The season will open

on the 19th of October in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, when Miss Emma Juch, the charming American *cantatrice*, will make her first appearance in Toronto. The directors in inaugurating these concerts have a double object in view; for while they intend to have performed by efficient artists the highest class of concerted instrumental music, they also propose to give the public opportunities of hearing the best American concert singers at prices of admission much below what it has been the custom to charge. The concerts will be given twice a month throughout the season, and their success may be considered assured, as the subscription list already includes four hundred of the *elite* of the city.—*Mail*.

The season at the Grand will commence on the 31st inst, and the opening week will be remarkable for the re-appearance of the bewitching little actress, Lotta. Among other attractions that are booked are Daly's comedy, "A Night Off," Joe Murphy, Jefferson, "Shadows of a Great City," Ned Thorne, Sol Smith Russell, Mary Anderson and her English Company, Genevieve Ward, the Florences, Sculan, the "Dark Days" Company, "Alone in London," Rose Coghlan, the "Prisoner for Life" Company, "Rag Baby," "Silver King," "Wages of Sin," Aimée, Modjeska, Baker and Farron, George Boniface, Rhéa, the Carlton English Opera Company, and the "Beggar Student" Opera Company.

The Holman Opera Co. produced *Patience* on Monday and Tuesday evenings, with Mr. Harry Rich as *Bunthorne*. The young comedian scored a great success, considering that it was his first appearance in the character. With a little judicious coaching he will make one of the best *Bunthorne*'s on the stage. The cast throughout was good.

Mr. McDowell and his Comedy Company will appear at the Grand in September in the first production of a new piece entitled "Madge, or the Gambler's Wife," by Geo. Fawcett Rowe. The play is now in construction, partaking of the character of comic opera, melodrama, and farce. Mr. McDowell expresses high confidence in it as an attraction.



SMITHERSONIAN POESY.*

Descend, my muse, and toot
For Mr. Smithers' ear,
Some stern prosaic facts,
Such as are fit to hear.
Please drop your high-falutin—
Lord-claung metaphors—
Come down and sing of "jams"
And "babies' pinafiores"!
Discard all useless words,
And sentimental gush;
Put on your oldest larp,
And help me murder "mush"!
Till now we've run amuck—
Kind Smithers shows us how
Much subject may be found
For rapture, in a "sow"!
No more of love and beauty,
We'll make our poems treat;
More honor shall we gain
By singing "butcher's meat"!

* Somebody with the euphonious soubriquet of SMITHERS—William John Smithers—has issued a thirty-page treatise on modern poetry. He shines out effulgent as the apostle of "matter-of-fact, every-day verse," and strongly urges "young hards" to avoid useless flights of fancy, and to stick to subjects "such as may be understood by anybody"—himself, of course, first! By-the-by, who is William John Smithers? What authority is he on poetical subjects, and in what quarter of the globe does he publish his effusions? Did anyone ever hear of W. J. Smithers before he published his "pamphlet"? Fancy if he should accompany the cholera germ into Canada! What a catastrophe it would be!