

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The latest sensation is the request of Jamaica to be admitted as a Province into our Confederation. The matter has been discussed between Sir Charles Tupper and a representative of the Island; and Parliament is to be asked to discuss the proposition at its next sitting. In our view, the idea borders on the preposterous, but we are willing to be convinced that it is just the contrary. Only one thing is certain: if Sir John sees anything in it, and takes a notion to adopt the little nig, he can rely on being backed up by the old lady, who, like Dickens' immortal character, "Never will desert Macawber!"

FIRST PAGE.—Hon. John Carling wrote to President Stephen of the C. P. R., to know why the O. & Q. branch line was not extended through London, as promised. Mr. Stephen replied that the job would have been done before this but for the opposition of the *Globe*, and added that "if the people of London wanted the line built, they should use their influence to prevent the *Globe* from pursuing its obstructive policy." No doubt the people of London are a little puzzled to know just how they can control a paper published in Toronto. We come to the rescue with a suggestion. The editor of the *Globe* sometimes visits his old home in London. There are plenty of stout ropes lying around Carling's brewery. It isn't very expensive to erect a gibbet. *Verb. sup.*

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Edgar is now M. P. for West Ontario, and, notwithstanding all that has been said against his candidature, the people of that riding have undoubtedly got a representative who, for ability, is entitled to a front seat in the House, and for the qualities that go to make up a gentleman and a jolly good fellow in the best sense, — certainly has no superior in the present Parliament. He had a walk-over in the "riding;" the hoss didn't kick a bit, after all the talk.

In this week's issue of *The Current* (August 23), the portion of Edgar Fawcett's "Mildred Allaire" given presents a successful regrouping of all the characters under the most dramatic circumstances, "within the enemy's lines" the rules of war and the mandate of love clashing in the sharpest fashion; Hon. Alfred E. Lee, of Ohio, concludes his delightful sketches of that "Winsome German City," Frankfurt-on-Main. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper tells of the Princess Mathilde of France, whose career forms a somewhat curious chapter in the his-

tory of the Bonapartes; R. A. Meers begins a discussion of "Beauty," first considering what it is, and giving some admirable illustrations of the difference in individual concepts; Augusta Tovell writes of "General Gordon's Remarkable Creed"; the delicate and graceful sketches by Hannah Hearne, "Roundabout One Village," are continued; the concluding chapter of "The Wonderful City" is presented; George Edgar Montgomery cleverly discusses "Some English Dramatists"; Mr. G. C. Matthews, one of the editors of *The Current*, contributes an article on "Money in Campaigns," holding that, as money must be used for legitimate campaign purposes, it should be legitimately raised; C. W. Waite furnishes "A Pertinent Illustration"; and the splendid Mexican romance, "Dolores," is continued.

The poems of the number comprise "The Lilac Bloom," by Robert Burns Wilson, which furnishes additional evidence of this poet-artist's rare genius; "In Notre Dame," by Charles G. D. Roberts, until recently editor of the *Toronto Week*; "Comanche," a reminiscence of the Custer massacre, by Henry L. Burnell; "Thistle-down," by Emma Carleton, of Indiana; "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Lee C. Harby, the Jewish postess of Texas; and "The Pilgrim and the Flower," by Earnest W. Shurtleff.

SCOTTY AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Aug. 20.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye'll nae doot be mair than surprised to see that I havena got the length o' Tartle Mountain yet. To tell ye the truth I dinna think I'll ever steer a fit oot o' Toronto. Mon, it's a fine city, just a little Edinburgh in its way, an' the folks are terrible for enterpreeze. I'm thinkin' o' tryin' a sma' enterpreeze on ma ain account, a bit shoppie, or something kind o' respectable. Ye ken what Dr. Guthrie says, "the highest humanity is developed in cities," an' then ye see I raily dinna think farmin wad agree wi'



ma constitution this awn' het wather. Man, it's fearfu' het, it's just reekin', roastin', birsten' het, enech to sing the hair aff a cuddy. I declare to ye I sometimes think the folk maun see the vapour risin' frae ma shouthers as I gang steamin' along the street, when the thermometer's ninety in the shed, an' me wi' a face like a nor-wast mune. I never cud understand hoo it was that the men folk here clippit their heads sae close tae the skin, but I see noo, it wadna be very agreeable tae hae the smell o' singin' hair about ye, an' it's mair agreeable tae hae it clippit aff than stinging aff wi' the sun.

I tell't ane o' the boorders, an' extraornar' ceivil spoken fallow, that I was gaun into bizness for ma-sell. He was ceevil, ye see, but I had a queer misglen about the fallow. He was aye sae ready wi' his advice, an' said if I wad gie him the siller he wad gang to Montreal an' buy me lots o' bargains. "Na, na," says I, "I'll trust naebody wi' ma siller, I keep it in my pouch a' day, an' sleep wi'talaw

ma pillow at nicht." "Nonsense," says he, "you don't mean to say that you keep your pocketbook under your pillow o' nights?" "Aye—but I dae though—it's the very safest place ony man can keep it in," says I—Weel, he was just extraornar' kind, an' wanted to treat me, but I tell't him I wadna pree whiskey, so after I got into bed that nicht he nae less than brocht me up a glass o' lemonade. I sat up and drank it an' afore he had weel left the room I was as soond as a tap. When I got up neist mornin' I hac a terrible headache, but what was my surprise tae hear that ma fellow boorder, had left wi' the midnight train. Twa an' twa mak four ye ken, sae I said naething, but awa' up stairs an' lucks under ma pillow. Aye—sure enough, just as I thoct—it's no for naething the gleg whistles.



The pocket book was na' there—it cost me a quarter, but I didna grudge it, it wad be weel worth a quarter to hear him cursin' when he got to the ither side an' fund he had been outwitted by a greenhorn. The pocket book was cram foo o' bogus notes, checks an' drafts things we used in the old business college—where I tuk a commercial course afore I left. I aye keep twa pocket books, ane for mesell an' the ither ane for folk wi' tarry fingers.

But there's anither boorder here, an' honest fallow, but he's been led awa a gude deal, an' been livin' rather fast for some time. Hooever, I think that's at an end noo, the puir cheil's in great trouble. He's gotten a letter o' the death o' his only brither, an' his mither's no expected tae live—an' if ever there was a puir repentant prodigal it's him. "An' tae think I'll never set een on them again, an' the way I've vexed them it's mair than I can bear," that's the way the puir fellow sits an' laments a' day an' a' nicht. Weel noo I thoct if I cud get him tae gang tae the kirk whaur he cud hear a kindly comfortin' gospel sermon it wad dae him a great deal o' gude, in the state o' mind he was in. Sae I prevailed on him tae come wi' me on Sunday nicht, an' we happened to daunder into Dr. Wild's kirk. I never was sae sorry aboot onything in a' ma born days. Instead o' a lovin' kindly advice to heartbroken sinners to just come into the sheepfauld, an' cuddle doon wi' the Gude Shephard, an' be at rest—we were treated till a string o' havers aboot Gladstone bein' the cause o' the Ashantee war, an' aboot the absurdity o' Canadian Independence an' hoo the speaker wad rather be a Briton than an American—an' a' sic cheap clap-trap rigmarole—an' the congregation a' lauchin' an' gigglin'-like. The hale thing was comic performance. "Hugh," says my puir friend, "let's go home—what's a' this to me, it's inward comfort I want."—Sae we just slippit awa oot, an' cam home i' the dark an' the rain—an' I dinna think I wad like to ask him tae gae to the kirk wi' me in a hurry again,—but gude-sake I'm gettin' ower solem a' thegither.

Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.