

GRIP.

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B. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

F. N. BOXER, Agent.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardo..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P..... Apl. 25.
- No. 10, Mr. Thos. Greenway, M.P.P..... May 23.
- No. 11, Hon. W. S. Fielding, M.P.P.:

Will be issued with the number for..... June 27.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cowardly attempt of the Senate to kill the Scott Act has barely failed. The Ministry saw clearly enough that they would lose their salaries if they passed the amendments *en bloc*, and rather than endure that calamity they are ready to do or undo anything. The division lists on the amendments that were carried, and which are intended to cripple the Act very seriously, make it perfectly plain that Canada at present possesses a Whiskey Cabinet, with whom considerations of the public weal in connection with Temperance count for nothing. The storm which the projected outrage raised in all quarters of the country threatened to drive these statesmen from office, and that alone saved the Act from fatal mutilation, but that is all. Instead of improving the measure, as they were asked to do, the Ministry went just as far as they dared in the opposite direction, and they deserve no thanks under the circumstances for their "moderation" in wrong-doing.

FIRST PAGE.—As an indication of the indignation awakened by the Senate's action, the resolution carried in the Presbyterian General Assembly is noteworthy. This resolution was strongly worded, and was carried with a sweeping majority in what Rev. Dr. Laing called a "high wind of enthusiasm." This reverend gentleman, with Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and a few others, rose in support of an amendment moved by Dr. Grant, in which an

endorsement of the Scott Act or any other legal Prohibitory measure was omitted, but the Assembly was in no mood for "roaring you like a sucking dove," and the well-meaning brethren were quickly overwhelmed. There is a time, of course, for words of gentle remonstrance, but just at present plain Saxon, hot and strong, is what is wanted, if words are of any use at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Shakespeare this week refers to Sir Leonard Tilley, who is badgered by the little Grit boys as rudely as ever old Shylock was by the *gamins* of Venice.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

As announced last week, we have prepared a grand holiday number of GRIP in honor of Dominion Day. This special issue, which will be ready to-day (Saturday), consists of sixteen pages filled with bright, original humor and characteristic illustrations. A double page and two single page cartoons, in brilliant colors, are amongst the attractions it contains, the subjects being appropriate to the occasion. Altogether, this is the finest edition of GRIP ever offered to the public, and none of our subscribers can afford to have it absent from their fyles. The few straggling citizens of the country who are not as yet regular subscribers should also secure this special number, which is on sale at all the book stores, price 10 cents.

CHIT-CHATTY COMMENTS.

Thus speaketh an exchange:—"In Boston in 1790 a quart of rum cost the same as a pound of coffee, to wit, 1s 2½d., and in some old account books it appears that both were used in the household in about the same proportions." In 1790, indeed! Just take some of the household account books of the year 1885 and you will see that, instead of these two articles being used in "the same proportions," rum, or spirits of some kind, come in several laps ahead. "All is not gold that glitters," nor is everything "vinegar" that appears as such on the good housekeeper's little book. Not much.

The saving of the Capitol of Rome by geese was very unfortunate, as every gander, nowadays, imagines he is of importance and wants to be a public official—an alderman or something. Possibly some civic fathers never heard of the affair alluded to; maybe never heard of Rome, and even if they have, imagine the Capitol of Rome to be the letter "R"; but, for all that, the more a man resembles a goose the more he pines to be an alderman; and the worst of it is the ratepayers encourage him in his aspirations: as the bird of our childhood sweetly sings:—

Goosy, goosy gander
Whither do you wander?

Up stairs and down stairs and in the Council chamber.

The following lines by Elaine Goodale are very sweet, very tender, very touching:—

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Fate hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's young sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts these linger yet
Ashes of roses.

These, however, are even more so, and will appeal to many a heart:—

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Hark! midnight tolls on high;
Each saloon closes;
See him 'neath lamp-post lie,
Full of potent rye,
With reddest of noses.

He daren't go home, you bet,
For his doom—well, he knows his;
There someone's waiting yet,
Oh, my! what won't he get
(If he does with that),
Reddest of noses!

To go back to the classical again; Caligula, the Roman Emperor, made his horse a consul and fed him on gilded oats from an ivory manger. This unfortunate precedent has been followed pretty closely in the present day, and donkeys are hoisted into all sorts of public offices where they feed on golden oats to their hearts' content. Occasionally they speak in public, but it is altogether too evident that their eloquence is hereditary and has come down to them from their great ancestors—Balaam's gifted quadruped.

A sporting paper gives a most graphic account of a race between two dogs and two animals of the feline persuasion, which was won by the latter. It is reasonable to suppose that the cats won by several "laps" with the greatest of Malt ease. The article in question does not state what costume the competing animals wore, but the dogs, presumably, took their pants with them, whilst each of the cats was clad in *her suit*. The race was for a *purse*, of course, and was very amousing.

According to an English newspaper: "It is an unhappy, and yet I fear a true reflection," says Greville, "that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul." So much the better; it is those people with "very noble and nice sensations" who always expect a fellow to repay borrowed money which is so easy to obtain from persons of "uncommon easiness and softness of temper"—and "softness of head" might usually be added. No, no, Greville; let us have the easy, soft-tempered folks; never mind about the "noble and nice sensations." We can get along all right without the latter.

GLAD TIDINGS TO HORSE OWNERS—who want to save \$10 to \$15 on a set of harness. As we manufacture in large quantities we can give you harness at reduced rates. All hand-stitched; first-class stock used. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., 104 FRONT STREET EAST.



Mr. Fraser says he anticipates a first rate performance of his comedy, "Muddled," on Dominion Day. Mr. Harry Rich's abilities as a comedian are well known, and he is specially adapted to such a role as that of *Augustus Bimm*, a happy-go-lucky philosopher brimming over with fun. The cast throughout is to be strictly professional, and with the advantage they have enjoyed of many rehearsals under the author's direction, the piece out to be presented in capital shape. Having read "Muddled," GRIP can assure his readers that the literary work is such as any playwright of America might well be proud of. Go and see it, everybody!