

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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 Prime Minister’s proper course is”—not to do this, “his proper course is”—to do the other thing—“but this apparently is beyond the range of his statesmanship, or that of any other man now upon the scene.” Thus speaketh the oracular *Bystander* in the Week, the person spoken of being one W. E. Gladstone. Now, *Bystander’s* statesmanship is no doubt profound, and Canadians, at all events, cannot doubt that he knows exactly how to arrange things, but at the same time, if the learned gentleman will pardon GRIP for saying so, there is something exceedingly funny about the idea of Mr. Goldwin Smith giving Mr. W. E. Gladstone lessons in parliamentary tactics.

FIRST PAGE.—The daily papers, both in and out of Toronto, have had something to say about the late prize fight in Albert Hall, and all of them comment in deservedly severe terms on the fact that the Chiefs of Police of Toronto and Hamilton were present on the disgraceful occasion. That the affair was a prize-fight pure and simple, differing from the outlawed species only in being, if possible, more brutal,—is beyond question, and it is simply scandalous that such “exhibitions” should be permitted in a civilized community, much less patronized by the persons who are supposed to embody the dignity of the law. From all that appears, the police officers were present simply as spectators; it is not recorded that they made any effort to keep the “sport” within bounds. They deserve and ought to receive censure from their superiors. Our picture may serve to send down to future generations as an illustration of fashionable society in the “Intellectual Centre” of Canada in the nineteenth century.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. D. L. Macpherson has been knighted, Queen Victoria only knows what for. It looks very much like a piece of quiet fun on Her Majesty’s part—certainly as a joke it has been successful, for it has raised a laugh all over the Dominion. If any real honor is intended, what excuse has the Queen for stopping at Mr. Macpherson? Why not knight every other respectable citizen of Canada who will accept the dignity?

PUCK ON WHEELS brightens our sanctum again. It is a continuation of the same dazzling display of literary and artistic genius, and in all respects up to the high standard of Keppler & Schwarzmann’s publications. Get one before you start on your holidays. You needn’t care then whether the fish bite or not.

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood appears to be making good progress in his art. One of our Orillia exchanges speaks very highly of a couple of portraits he has recently done for prominent gentlemen of that town, dwelling particularly on the freedom of his work from stiffness, the common defect of young painters.

Through the energy of Mr. Arthur Cox, a club has been formed in this city for the encouragement and development of the delightful art of etching. An exhibition is to be held in the winter, which cannot fail to be interesting. No process equals etching for downright beauty, and we hope the Club will prove a permanent institution.

GENEROUS.

In a report of the regular meeting of the Brussels Village Council we read as follows:

“Moved by James Young, seconded by J. Wynn, that the tenders named not being satisfactory, the Clerk advertise for fresh tenders for building tanks in the Brussels Post for two weeks, to be in by Mouday, Aug. 4. Carried.”

We extend congratulations to our contem. of the Post. It isn’t every editor who can have tanks built in his office at the expense of the Village Council.

POLITICAL.

Mr. Dill is not so ill,
Let’s say, as Mr. Fowkes;
You see a large majorities
Will send him from Muskoker
To his soft seat down on Front Street
In the red brick ramshackle
House so old, where for base gold
The Tories he may tackle.
Old Ol. will smile in the old pile,
And so will Sturges Hardy;
And cry huzza! and shake the paw
Of Lardy and of Dardy.

’Tis to be hoped he has not roped
The voters in with whiskey
Froze into ice, it is not nice;
If so, his case is risky.
But yet perhaps he’s stood the chaps
The mild Apollonaris
For a campaign without champagne
Or “suthin,” very rare is.
So look out Dill, ’twould be a pill,—
A bitter one to swallow.
If on appeal you have to squeal,
And then are beaten hollow.

WHO’S BOSS HERE?

A MUSICAL MOMENTO.



FEW days ago a most important meeting was held in Toronto by the Society of Musical Instruments, the report of which did not appear in the daily press. GRIP, as the protector of the public interest, is determined that the record shall not be lost, and therefore presents a brief report of the proceedings.

It appears that for some time past there has been a want of harmony amongst the members of the above society. Their hearts have not beat in unison. The chord that so long had tied them together had become lost, and not even the science of a Sullivan, musico, not sluggist, could discover it. Discord, or rather the want of Harmony, eventually resolved itself into the common question: “Who’s Boss Here?” and it was for the discussion of this question that the meeting was called. The seating of the large number of instruments that thronged to the discussion occasioned considerable trouble. The Double-bass complained that the Slide-trombone was kicking him in the ribs; the Fife shrieked out that the Triangle was strangling him; the Drum swore he

would not be sat upon by anyone, and evicted the Bombardon, who had reclined himself upon the Drum’s parchment; the First Violin declared there was a conspiracy amongst the other violins to make him play second fiddle in the discussion, but with a turn and a shake he stated his determination to stick to his post; the Kazoo said he’d be blowed first, rather than give way to the Violincello, who was elbowing him into a corner. After these and other differences had been settled, the noble Contra-basso was called to the chair, it being the opinion of the meeting he would fill it so well.

The Contra-basso said that the question that called them together was “Who’s boss here?” or in other words, which member of the society should be acknowledged king. He hoped the question would be fully ventilated.

The First Violin was the first speaker. He claimed the honored position. Did he not lead in all grand works, was he not next the conductor, and having so many airs he thought himself the right party. During his peroration the First Violin broke two strings in his excitement.

The Slide Trombone next had the floor. He pooh-poohed the last speaker’s argument. The First Violin’s music was sweet, but where was its power? He would back himself against a dozen Violins and a Double Bass thrown in. The chairman asked him to withdraw the latter portion of his remarks, which, after much wrangling between the brass and string parties, the Trombone agreed to do. Concluding, the Trombone pressed his claims to the coveted position, and with a graceful sweep of his slide knocked down the Oboe and Piccolo, who had taken exalted positions to watch the discussion.

The Drum here mumbled that he wished to say he would not be beaten in the discussion. He gave forth no uncertain sounds on the question; he should stick in his claim as boss. His remarks were received by derisive laughter from both wind and string.

The Flute in graceful tones next offered himself as principal. His was the music to reach the heart; the Violin had mentioned airs, he wished to say that airs were as much in his way as the Violin’s, and he considered himself fully equal to the honor. During his speech, which had commenced on low C, the Flute worked himself chromatically to his highest A, and endangered the lives of those around him, who expected each moment to see him fly into small pieces.

The Cornet next launched into the discussion. Who rang the martial strain? he asked. Who called forth manliness, bravery, heroism for a country’s good? (Loud cheers from the brass). What would the world do without the inspiring call of the Cornet. (The Bassoon was observed to fidget restlessly, and groans escaped his lips). After tooting in this strain for several minutes the Cornet sat down, every key quivering with excitement.

At this juncture Chairman Contra-basso stated it as his opinion that the discussion had gone far enough. He should now call for a vote. This was a signal for an uproar that could not be excelled by any Chicago Convention. After wrestling with the malcontents for upwards of an hour, the Contra-basso was obliged to seek the aid of several policemen, who cleared the room. Thus the great question remains an open one.

An exchange says a man begins to occupy half a seat when he gets married. This is true, and after the first baby comes he begins to occupy half of the outside bed rail, and sometimes, when the baby is particularly restless, he is glad to grab a quilt and sleep on the floor. —*Branville Argus.*