

• GRIP •

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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—GRIP remarked some weeks ago that the liquor traffic in Ontario was doomed. Its knell was duly sounded in Halton on the 5th, and the votes to be taken in a score of other counties at early dates will form an appropriate requiem. There is no moral doubt that nearly all these counties will decide for the Scott Act, and nobody believes this more surely than the liquor dealers of this Province. Before many years Ontario will have Prohibition, and the hundreds of worthy men who are now living after the manner of parasites—for a saloon-keeper certainly gives no equivalent for the money he receives—will be obliged to turn their hands to some honest toil here, or emigrate to some less favored land. Our cartoon is a pictorial adaptation of one of Hon. J. Finch's happy illustrations, wherein he points out that the bed-bug and the bee differ only in "the way in which they make their living."

FIRST PAGE—Hon. Oliver Mowat was on Tuesday the recipient of a demonstration worthy of a conquering hero; beyond comparison grander than has ever been offered by the people to any political leader of Canada. And nobody seems to grudge the plucky and persistent Premier his triumph—friends and foes are alike aware that he had indeed performed a great service for his Province. But there is a fly in the ointment, nevertheless. In reality, if not in fact, alongside of the deputation which met him at the station with an address of congratulation there stood another "band of brothers"—to wit, the local opposition, prepared to read a formidable document charging Oliver Mowat *et al.* with conspiring to bring them the said opposition into disrepute by aiding and abetting sundry persons to conspire with sundry other persons—friends of theirs, the said opposition's—to offer them, the aforesaid first-mentioned sundry persons, bribes of money, to induce them to vote against said Oliver Mowat and so throw him *et al.* out of office. The flare of the torches and blare of the trumpets are now things of the past, let this other part of the programme go on; we feel interested.

EIGHTH PAGE—Notwithstanding the superabounding adjectives on Mr. Forepaugh's posters, it is generally believed that his "white" elephant got its complexion at the hands of a skilful whitewasher. This has been asserted as a positive fact by scores of the leading papers of the States, and is beyond questions if newspaper evidence is worth anything. In fact

it has been hinted that Forepaugh and Barnum jointly agreed to get up this elephantine joke, just to test the truth of old P. T.'s famous assertion that "the people like to be humbugged." It is not on record that any patron of the great show has enjoyed his white elephant any the less because it was not a white elephant. And the same may be remarked as to the attitude of the agricultural community towards Sir John's celebrated N.P. "Light of Asia." The farmers know now that they do not get what was promised them, yet where will you find a Conservative yeoman that won't throw up his hat for the elephant? The *Globe* tells us there is a tremendous volcano in the rural districts, ready to burst upon the ministry and bury it in oblivion. We fail to discern the slightest wreath of smoke in that direction.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 2.—HON. OLIVER MOWAT.

Master Oliver Mowat was considered by his mamma, his nurse, and other constituted authorities, to be the very finest and most good-natured baby born in Kingston, in the year of grace 1820. Though cradled amid the Toryism of this fossiliferous limestone city, little Oliver early advocated a liberal policy with regard to pap, sugar and jam. He never cried for the moon, but with true practical wisdom limited his demands to cake, and generally got all he wanted. As long as this was the case he was a most sweet-tempered child.

He was very precocious, as historian Dent records, and the whole college of Dentists maintain, that when five years old, Master Oliver would climb the high stool in his papa's office, read aloud the newspaper editorials and explain the conservative fallacies therein to the astonished clerks.

Master Mowat was in due course sent to school—at Sunday-school he had been a pupil from his earliest days. He was distinguished for his punctuality, diligence, and all sorts of good behaviour. Many tracts and Sunday-school biographies of Good Boys have been written which, in reality, are practical reproductions of good Oliver Mowat's school days. In Kingston at that time there lived a sad bad boy whose name was John A. This boy used to try very hard to get Oliver to go fishing with him on Sundays, but Oliver always said no; he remembered that boys who went fishing on Sunday always got drowned. Only John A. did not get drowned, his destiny being a higher one. Nor would Oliver go with him to rob farmer Pippin's orchard, "for," as he wisely said, "we might get found out."

When both the boys had finished their education John A. became a lawyer, and Oliver, who was a good deal younger, entered John A.'s office, when he devoted himself to studying the law of equity, as between *meum* and *tuum*, a branch of the profession that had never been much to the taste of John A. From Kingston he moved to Toronto, when he became an attorney, and soon after a barrister, two species of the genus lawyer which resemble each much as an alligator does a crocodile. Lawyer Mowat worked hard, conquered divers (legal) chimeras, and talked the hind-legs off several dogs. He became famous. The beaux and springalds who sucked their gold-headed canes as they sat on the snake fence in front of St. Jock Strachan's church, said "he is a clayver speakaw, bai Jove!" and the farmers who sucked their pipes round the great town pump on King-street, guessed that young Mowat exceeded for smartness the then celebrated Philadelphia bar. Mr. Mowat got into parliament when integrity and good sense were

quite as valuable to the public interests as in the courts of law. He was made Vice-Chancellor, but when the Hon. Edward Blake, Premier of Ontario, made the stupendous discovery that not even he could be in two places at the same time, and if he wished to lead the Reform party at Ottawa, he could not lead them at the same moment in Toronto, Mr. Blake induced the Hon. O. Mowat to take his place as Premier of Ontario. At this many worthy people were much scandalized, as fearing that the ex-Vice-Chancellor would impart too much judicial impartiality and fair play into politics. From this cause, however, not much harm has since resulted.

The Hon. O. Mowat has met the people of Ontario at a general election since then, and always with the same result. He has been repeatedly asked to "go" by certain interested parties, and at last did "go" to England when he won the belt of Canada's champion constitutional lawyer, and secured for every man in Ontario, whether Grit or Tory, the substantial benefit of a vast increase of territory, and so got what he deserved, such a triumphant procession, such a banquet, such cheers and plaudits as never rewarded Cicero or Pompey, especially Pompey, after a conquest.

They cheered him along King street,
And passed both *Globe* and *Mail*.
They cheered him where the one cent *World*
And *Telegram* have sale.
They who peruse the morning *News*
Beheld the pageant sway,
And heard the people, myriad-voiced,
Vociferate "Hooray!"
And they'll soon get up his statue
In some chief street hard by,
And so shall Mowat carved in bronze,
Sir John A.'s brass defy!
And in his hand the umbrell
He long was wont to hold;
And on his nose the spectacles
That first saw the award!

THE NEW CONFEDERACY.

PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA, W.I.,

August 5, 1884.

My DEAR MISTAH GRIP:—I heah dars a great amount of enthusamasm now away up norf in Canady, 'bout the gittin of dis heah illum into dar confederacy. Now, I heah dat in Toronto dars a great openin fo' colo'd folks, and dat General Harry Piper, who is gubberon ginral of de Zoologium Gardlons is 'pinted by de Gubment as de immigrant agump to look arter de niggers when dey arive dar. I se hearn' tell a good deal about Toronto and de noble ward whar de col'd folks mostly lib, and I se hearn' tell dat dey is doin putty well in de calcoamine and white washin' business. I se got a boy to read de newspapahs of Canady lately, an' I duno hardly what to advise de Gubment heah to 'bout jining Canady. De *Globe* says de boss Gubment in Ottawa stole four or five huned milyum dollars from a Sindumkate. I dont know what a Sindumkate is, but it must be pow'ful well fixed, and a feller called Mowit stole a boun'ry. I cant read myself, but dat's as near as I kin recollect de boy said. Why de must be was dun de chicken liftahs down in Ole Verginny where I was bo'n. Dat's a fac, mistah GRIP. De only reason I see we hab to jine Canady is dat we can hab recumprocity in fruit line. We kin send you yams and bananas and you kin send us water milyons. Oh, dem water milyums. I clar to gracious I haint cut a water milyon in 30 yars. Yis, I guess dat settled is. Is'e gwine to go in fo' annumexation to Canady.

Wid great warmf,
I remain yours to def,

POMPEY CASS JOHNSTON,
Late of U.S.A.

P.S.—What is yo' pinion on de water milyon question.