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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.

Plum-Ob-serve.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The interesting match, Dominion vs. Ontario, is still being played on the Provincial ground. Or, more correctly speaking, it remains at a standstill. Sir John at the bat for the Dominion has had his stumps scattered, and the umpire has given an unequivocal decision of "out," but the player declines as yet to give up the bat. He doesn't deny that his wickets are down, nor does he question the fairness of the umpire, but at the same time he demands that the question be referred to some authority in the old country. The fact is, as the picture plainly shows, he holds on to the bat under threat of the French members of his team, whose sense of fairness and honor is not so keen as that of most players of the manly English game.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail* has uttered the war-cry, "Mowat must go!" which is being repeated from end to end of the Province by the Conservative press. The cry sounds so much like an echo of the hoodlum howl from the San Francisco sand-lots that the interpretation given in the cartoon was inevitable.

EIGHTH PAGE.—John Galt, C. E., (an engineer of known ability, and a man of the highest character) has written a remarkable letter to the *Telegram* on the subject of our Water Works, a letter which has excited great comment amongst our citizens, and calls for something more practical than comment on the part of the civic authorities. Mr. Galt's assertion is, in short, that the city is losing at least \$30,000 per year under the present management of the Water Works, and this startling statement is backed up with facts and figures which cannot be dodged. Mayor McMurrich has the entire confidence of the citizens, and will decidedly increase the esteem in which he is held by taking prompt action to have the matter thoroughly investigated. Mr. Galt proclaims his willingness to assist in any such inquiry, and there is therefore no excuse for delay.



The concerts given at the Pavilion last week, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, were not a success financially, which is to be regretted, as the programme presented was exceptionally good. Miss McManus, our sweet-voiced soprano, supplied the vocal numbers, while Messrs. Lauder and Field and Miss Lampman contributed instrumental selections. Mr. Harry G. Franck, of New York, gave several recitations on each evening, meeting with fair success.

Baker and Farron continue their triumph at the Grand. "Max Muller" is a very good melodrama, and the acting of Mr. Baker in the title role was a decided surprise to those who saw him in a serious part for the first time. As a character actor he will bear comparison with any star of the day, while his colleague Farron is with ut a peer in his Irish delineation. He is impossible, but "you must laugh, you can't help it!"

Mr. W. J. Scanlan has been drawing good houses at the Royal to witness his new play, "Friend and Foe." This piece is the work of Bartley Campbell, author of "Galley Slave," "My Partner," and other successful plays. "Friend and Foe" abounds in brilliant dialogue and effective situations, but it leaves an unsatisfactory impression upon the spectators, owing to the helplessly weak *dénouement*. Mr. Scanlan's *Carroll Moore* is a splendid specimen of the poetical Irishman, and bids fair to become a great comedy part. If he takes our advice he will have the last act remodelled, and a good finish put on, and above all things he will omit that silly "Peek-a-boo" twaddle. Next week "Only a Farmer's Daughter," and "Atkinson's Jollities."



PAT'S TENDER CONSIDERATION.

LANDLORD—Let's see, you've had supper, bed and breakfast—seventy-five cents.
PAT—Be gorra, sur, I have no money.
LANDLORD—And why in thunder, sir, didn't you tell me that last night!
PAT—Sure, sur, I thought you'd feel bad enough if I towld you in the mornin'!

THE BOLD BLACK BIGAMIST.

Some time ago on Afric's burning shore
A maiden dwelt, where now she dwells no more:
She roamed the desert fetterless and free;
Her face was black—her name was Blac-led-de.
There in her own, her native wilderness,
She did not crase or pine for gorgeous dress,
But with her tribe in beauty she resided,
Robed in the garb that nature had provided:
A little paint, a feather and a bead,
Supplied Blac-led-de's every daily need.
And in her tribe—that queer uncultured crowd—
Strange customs were encouraged and allowed:
For instance, bigamy was ever found
And was the fashion in the country round.
The ladies liked it—they had all the fun,
Two husbands each had every happy one:
They ruled the land and their untortured spouses,
And lived their lives in metaphoric trowsers.
Blac-led-de's ma, in youth had given her heart
To two brave youths who had to live apart;
They never did and never could agree,
So theirs was but a severed family.
Blac-led-de's filial feet were wont to stray
To see her fathers each alternate day;
She did her duty and she ever strove
To show her fathers both a daughter's love.
Each father had an only dusky son,
Who on the verge of manhood's horizon
Stood trembling in an interesting way:
Their names were Jimmi-jee and Jimmy-jay.
The boys were twins and both on banded knee
Worship'd Blac-led-de simultaneously.
She loved them both but knew not what to do
How to obtain the young and virtuous two—
For each had sworn most solemnly that he
Would never share the heart of Blac-led-de.
She pondered long, and, counselled by her ma,
Advised each youth to stay with his papa,
And marrying both by them was ne'er suspected,
Her life was joy—her sin was undetected.
With wifely love her steps would daily stray,
Now to see Jimmi-jee, now Jimmy-jay.
And oft she'd go a female friend to see,
Now taking Jimmy-jay, now Jimmi-jee.
As gaily sped the fleeting years along,
Her love for each, each year became more strong;
True Jimmy-jay and faithful Jimmi-jee,
Loved her each season more exceedingly.
But soon Blac-led-de's cruel, call us scheme
Burst like a bubble, melted like ice-cream,
Collapsed as all things must both good and ill
All things must pass thro' fate's remorseless mill.
One day a picnic sweet Blac-led-de went,
And there she met by purest accident
Her husbands Jimmy-jay and Jimmi-jee,
Who claimed acquaintance simultaneously.
Their wrath was great, 't is great as their surprise
As they awoke from their "fools' paradise,"
And in a sheltered spot her husbands twain
Politely ask Blac-led-de to explain:
She feebly tries, but only tries to fail,
She can't compos: a satisfactory tale
So with a sigh they mutually agree
To kill and dine on gentle Blac-led-de.
There in the summer sun's meridian heat
They kill and cook her lately worship'd meat;
They lay her tender, as she was in life,
And share in peace their mutilated wife.
But soon arrive her friends with one accord,
And find them sleeping round the "festal board,"
And but the bones of Blac-led-de are there,
Tho' they had hoped her tender flesh to share,
And so to keep her hallowed memory
They slaughter Jimmy-jay and Jimmi-jee,
And on the eve of that eventful day
Boiled Jimmi-jee and potted Jimmy-jay.
Dear reader, who may drop a silent tear,
On this sad picture I've depicted here,
You will admit that all duplicity
Which takes the form of s'ful bigamy
Is much to blame. If 'tis your fearful fate
Twixt two young hearts to halt and hesitate,
Just toss a coin and let that coin decide
Whom you shall call your bridegroom or you bride;
Don't marry both, for think my friend, w' th awe,
You've double bliss—and two mammas-in law!!

THE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES in the October *Century* will include papers on "The Corcoran Gallery of Art" at Washington; "Life in a Mexican Street," with pictures by Mary Hall-oock Foote; a paper on Quebec, "The Gibraltar of America"; "Hand-work in Public Schools," by Charles G. Leland, etc. E. E. Farman, formerly Consul-General at Alexandria, contributes to this number an illustrated paper on "The Negotiations for the Obelisk," describing the difficulties experienced in getting the final permission of the Egyptian Government to remove the Needle to New York. This is said to be especially interesting at this time, as it includes an account of the first revolt of Arabi Pasha, and the political complications which grew out of it.