

•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. Moorz, 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.

OUR CARTOON SUPPLEMENT.

As promised in last issue we present our readers this week with the first of our series of colored caricature portraits. Every subscriber or purchaser of GRIP is entitled to this supplement without extra charge. It is our intention to publish these pictures monthly, and we feel confident in promising that succeeding issues will show improvement in the execution. The subject of No. 2 (which will accompany GRIP of Sept. 6) will be Mr. MOWAT, not Mr. Blake as formerly announced. Each portrait will be accompanied by a biographical notice as in the present case. The series when completed will form an elegant and unique volume of the Representative men of the Dominion.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Oliver Mowat is the hero of the hour, and the great popular *furor* in his honor will go on expanding until it bursts in the grand ovation to be tendered him on his return in September. He has won a victory which ought to be applauded by every citizen of Ontario, and which we verily believe is rejoiced over by Tories as well as Grits. Let the whole congregation therefore join in singing that fine old song, "Ontario, Ontario!" The Local Cabinet choir boys are (in our picture) actively rehearsing it.

FIRST PAGE.—Just in the degree in which Mowat is happy over the result of the boundary decision, his opponents Macdonald and Meredith are miserable. They are obliged to sit down to a dish of veritable crow, and it is hard to believe that anybody pities them. The attempt to rob Ontario of her just rights was an exhibition of pure malignity in the case of Sir John, an effort to satisfy his personal hatred of Mowat at any cost. Poor Meredith has not even this Satanic excuse. His position in the matter was that of a rag around his chieftain's finger. Well, gentlemen, down with your crow, and may you enjoy it!

EIGHTH PAGE.—Great historical coincidences are surely worthy of the notice of the chronicler. And what a remarkable coincidence this is! Just at the moment when Edward Blake has made up his mind to abolish the Canadian Senate, the "Grit" leader across the water has begun to think of putting the House of Lords out of existence. It is a cold day for old ladies, but the world must move, and if they can't share the spirit of the age they are better out of the way.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

No. 1.—RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K. C. B.

(See colored cartoon.)

Sir John Alexander Macdonald was born at his father's house in High-Street, Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1815. This gifted statesman has repeatedly, in more or less vague language, referred to Kingston, the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and various other parts of Canada, as the scenes of his nativity. But no matter; this was at election times, and Sir John could not be expected to recall with accuracy the circumstances of his entrance into the world.

Little Johnnie arrived at Kingston with his papa in 1820. The ugly Penitentiary and still uglier Cathedral of St. George had not as yet been built, and Johnnie's taste for the beautiful thus escaped being wholly perverted. Johnnie's papa moved to the Lake of the Mountain in Ameliasburg, where he set up a grist mill. The summer suns of fifty years ago have frequently seen Johnnie, his youthful brow and puckered up lips even then contorted with a ferocious expression of sarcasm, endeavoring to persuade the troutling or bass of the Bay of Quinté brooklets, to swallow a worm within whose body a crooked pin had been gerrymandered. But Johnnie's pa moved back to Kingston, and the brook trout and other fishes held a great feast of worms and water for joy at his departure.

Young John Macdonald went to the Royal Grammar School, Kingston, the master of which was Mr. George Baxter, and when sixteen began to study law in the office of Mr. George Mackenzie, to whose practice he eventually succeeded. Mr. John Alexander Macdonald was a diligent student, a hard-working lawyer, a successful practitioner of that profession which leads to everything good in this world, if not in the next. He did not waste his days driving round with the Prince Edward County girls; he was also free from many temptations which now beset young lawyers in Kingston. The Limestone City had no opera house, and not a single ice cream saloon. Lawyer John Macdonald conducted the defence of Van Shoultz, a Pole, who failed to poll enough Canadian sympathizers to aid his burglarious raid on Prescott in 1838. Van Shoultz was hanged, but would no doubt have been much consoled could he have foreseen that his advocate, Lawyer Macdonald, would one day be Prime Minister of a great Dominion. Lawyer Macdonald had several law students in his office, among them a lad named Oliver Mowat.

In December, 1844, Mr. John A. Macdonald was elected Member of Parliament for Kingston, then, as long afterwards, a Conservative stronghold. In that very month the young member confronted in debate the Liberal leader, the Hon. Robert Baldwin. His first speech was on a point of constitutional law, his *forte* ever since. But as a rule he sat silent and observant, widening his acquaintance with the men and the interests that directed Canada's politics. In May, 1850, he spoke in support of a protection policy, then advocated by the Hon. Mr. Cayly.

In 1847, Mr. Macdonald was for the first time a member of the administration,—the moribund Tory Cabinet of the Hon. Mr. Draper—first as Receiver-General, afterwards as Commissioner of Crown Lands. The Hon. John A. Macdonald was the leading spirit of his party when in opposition under the Baldwin, or the Hincks' Cabinet; he resumed office under the McNab-Morris Cabinet as Attorney-General, and was extolled by the *Globe* as "the only man of any working qualities in the Government, the only man who can make a set speech in the House, the man who must be leader in the Assembly." In the session of 1854 took place the "removal" of Sir

Allan McNab from the position of Conservative leader, his place being taken by the Hon. John A. Macdonald, who now headed the Cartier-Macdonald Ministry, which, by the ingenious manoeuvre known to history as the Double Shuffle, became the Macdonald-Cartier Ministry. After utilizing the energies of George Brown and the Grits to defeat the Ministry of John Sandfield Macdonald, and sustaining defeat in the Taché-Macdonald Ministry which succeeded it, John A. Macdonald accepted the offer of a coalition in order to carry Confederation. This was effected in 1867, and the holiday of Dominion Day instituted to the great delight of the small boy and the vendor of fire-crackers.

"John A.," now Sir John, continued to prosper until the disastrous day of the Pacific Scandal, when the Tory leader experienced the evil result of breaking the one great commandment, "Thou Shalt Not be Found Out." While in opposition Sir John invented two useful institutions, the political picnic and the N.P. Sir John led his party to the Promised Land of office. At the subsequent elections his tenure of power was confirmed, and shews no signs of coming to an end save with the slowly but surely untwisting strands of a man's life.

Friends and foes alike admit Sir John's marvellous versatility, his readiness in debate, his great power of eloquence on important occasions, his intimate and subtle knowledge of all the men and all the interests involved in the complex game of Canadian politics. No party leader ever had a greater imagination; he can without a gift or premium win back a recalcitrant follower. He was not deterred by his acceptance of a "tin pot knighthood" from asserting Canada's commercial interests against those of England. He has been accused of a partiality for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," but nothing is more sure than that Sir John will be honest whenever he is convinced that Honesty is the Best Policy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

"BREVITY BREATHERN."—Too long.  
J. W. S.—Not up to your usual standard.  
G. M. C.—Have written you.  
JUBY BROWN.—Juby hanged!

VILLAINY DUPLICATED.

*Toronto Globe*—The wretched hirelings of possibly the most warped, tricky, mendacious and otherwise vile Administration that ever disgraced a free country have again been routed, horse, foot and artillery, smitten hip and thigh, and their disgraced colors trampled in the dust by the sturdy yeomen and stalwart bushwhackers of glorious old Muskoka. The airy mosquito hums a hum of subdued pleasure, and the wild chipmunk shouts his loud cry of rejoicing at the fact that the standard-bearer of the cause of purity and good government, in other words, the Reform candidate, Mr. Dill, has been triumphantly elected, etc., etc.

*Toronto Mail*—No more flagrant example of the well-known hypocrisy and unblushing mendacity of the Grit scallawags who now hold the reins of power in this deluded Province, has ever been shown—and the examples have been many—than the conduct of their emissaries in Muskoka. Offices of emolument have been promised, threats, direct bribes and everything, and every unscrupulous way and means were used to defeat the Conservative candidate. They were indeed successful; their money was too powerful for the venial clod-hoppers of that rugged, ragged, and rebelled constituency. Had it not been, etc., etc.

GRIP—Give us a rest!