

• 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. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH 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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

In accordance with announcement, we will next week commence our series of Caricature Portrait Supplements to Grip, leading off with a telling likeness of Sir John A. Macdonald, printed in four tints on heavy plate paper, and accompanied by an appropriate biographical notice.

It is our intention to publish these unique supplements monthly with the regular issue of GRIP, and to embrace in the series the representative men of each of our Provinces. The portraits are given gratis with GRIP, and will not be sold apart from the paper. Subscribers and others wishing to obtain copies for sending abroad, will please forward their orders to the office of publication as early as possible. No. 2, for August 30, will consist of a portrait and sketch of Hon. Edward Blake.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Royal Commissioners appointed to investigate the Bribery charges, have suspended proceedings until the first of September. Up to the adjournment they had heard nothing from the Crown witnesses beyond the old, old story. The gentlemen who are believed to be in a position to add fresh matter of a very interesting kind to this story—Messrs. Wilkinson, Shields and Stimson, *alias* Lynch, were absent from the vicinity during the sittings of the Commission, and the witness box knew them not. This absence is rather remarkable, when you come to think of it. Here are three individuals entirely innocent (*vide Mail*) of any attempt to bribe members of the Legislature—nay, who valiantly resisted all efforts of Grit members to get themselves bribed, (*vide Mail* again)—and who are able to throw light upon the vile conspiracy of the Mowat Cabinet (*vide Mail* once more). What do they do? Rush into the court room and demand to be allowed to tell the whole truth? No. Most strangely, no! They seize their carpet bags and get out of the Province before a subpoena can catch them! The *Mail* man, who still harps on their conscious innocence, will be pleased no doubt to learn that two of them have at last been captured, and will be put upon the stand when the Commission resumes its work.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. King Dodds' time-honored argument that Prohibition does not prohibit, gets a rude shaking up in the presence of the facts reported by Governor St. John, of Kansas, as to the experience of that State under the Anti-Liquor law. If the clever gentleman can show that the Governor's facts are not facts at all, but that there is more whiskey sold in Kansas than ever before, he and the trade for which he speaks ought to be well pleased with the working of the law. Meantime, the people of Kansas seem to be eminently satisfied, and so at last we have discovered the one unique thing of human contrivance that is able to meet the views of all parties. It will be fortunate if our own Scott Act proves as satisfactory all round.

EIGHTH PAGE.—By the use of a pleasant domestic allegory we try to make clear the situation in West Ontario, so far as we can understand it. Farmer Blake's pretty daughter is suspected of a lurking fondness for a local lad, though nothing definite is known as to the alleged attachment—not even the name of the favored party. Meantime, Farmer Blake himself is anxious that the young lady's affections may be fixed upon a certain young city man, whom he has long known as an honorable, genial and clever fellow, and to whom he feels indebted for many an act of kindness. He brings this young man out to the country, and when he casts eyes on pretty Miss West Ontario it is a case of love at first sight. The maiden seems coy. She doesn't say that her heart is already given to another, she simply looks shy. Then Farmer Blake, in the words of *Captain Corcoran*, says:—"In a matter of the heart I would not curce my daughter, but really I would very much like to see her tackle kindly to Mr. J. D. Edgar." At last accounts the young lady was considering the matter, with the kind assistance of Mr. Paul Fry of the *Mail*, who was giving any amount of gratuitous advice.

KICKING HORSE PASS.

St. Matthew's Ward, the north-eastern suburb of the city, is blessed with a batch of able bodied kickers—gentlemen who have nothing in common with the spirit of progress which characterizes most of our citizens. The section in which these slow coaches reside has earned the name of Kicking Horse Pass, from a rather amusing incident which occurred the other day. A petition had been sent in to the Board of Works, on behalf of the wide awake residents, asking that Gerrard-st. be levelled up so that the street car line might be extended into St. Matthew's Ward. The moment the kickers heard of this bit of enterprise they came to the front with their heaviest boots on, and began a vigorous opposition, pleading, of course, that the improvement would cost them some money. As soon as they had cooled down a couple of degrees, somebody called attention to the interesting fact that the petition asked that the cost of the improvements be charged against the property of the ward, exclusive of the *opposition settlement*. In other words, the kickers had been left out of the affair altogether, and felt correspondingly cheap when they found they had used so much good muscle unnecessarily. The petition will no doubt pass the Board and City Council in

due course, and a much needed piece of work—which cannot fail to benefit every resident of the ward, kickers and all, will be proceeded with.



The first subscription concert of Claxton's Orchestra was given at the Pavilion on the evening of the 18th, before a large and well-pleased audience. The Orchestra did better work than ever before, and made it plain that with practice they can hope to rival the very best organizations of the kind. Miss Cowley as piano soloist, was satisfactory, and Herr Jacobson acquitted himself as well as usual. Mrs. Corlett-Thompson was more brilliant than usual, and responded smilingly to several well-earned encores.

The St. Quinten Opera Company are playing "Trial by Jury" this week. The cast is materially changed for the better, several of the principals and chorus singers having been dispensed with, and better talent secured.

WHAT THE FOLKS SAY.

They say that our gallant defenders in camp,
Not that I know it myself,
Suffered greatly from heat, and from wind and from damp,
Not that I know it myself.
That some voted camping a terrible bore,
And some, it is said, rather angrily swore
They'd never go drilling in June any more,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that the Act which is fathered by Scott,
Not that I know it myself,
In spite of Jim Fahay, Kip Dodds and their lot,
Not that I know it myself,
Will come out ahead at the end of the fight,
That pure prohibition's the tail of the kite,
That the trade are, for once, getting rather a fright,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that the *Mail* is the gentlemen's sheet,
Not that I know it myself,
That it's staff are aristocrats, civil and sweet,
Not that I know it myself,
From the scribe whom a \$10 fine makes to gush,
And the able young critic of sewage and slush,
To the man who indites editorial mush,
Not that I know it myself.

They say of the horrible bribery schemes,
Not that I know it myself,
That the cases will never be pushed to extremes,
Not that I know it myself.
They say that Toronto will quickly grow on,
Till her limits extend beyond Humber and Don,
And the days of plunk side-walks and mud will be gone,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that depression is on us again,
Not that I know it myself;
That the *Globe* has long prayed for a big hurricane,
Not that I know it myself;
That the clergy, for once in a year, have agreed
To drop all their difference of worship and creed,
And swap pulpits freely—of which there was need,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that this country's too big and too strong,
Not that I know it myself,
For a thin apron string three thousand miles long,
Not that I know it myself;
They say that its heart upon freedom is set,
If it were not for Yankee invaders; and yet
Have we not Col. Miller and Col. Grasette,
Not that I know it myself.

"General," said the senator's private secretary, "they say it's all nonsense about your being a Greek scholar. Here's a paper that says you don't know a Greek root from a double harness. "Humph! Them fellers only shows their ignorance;" but, all the same he stepped into the next room and asked Mary if the trees in Greece had different roots from those in this country.—*Atlanta Constitution*.