



HERE is an extract from an interesting article on "Comic Art," in the *Week* of August 8th, by Mr. Hunter Duvar:—

"To return to our question: 'Has Canada a Comic Art worthy of the name?' It might be invidious to particularize artists and periodicals, whose mission is to supply the demand for caricature. Suffice that a call for it exists and exerts an influence. The political,

and even social, effects of pictorial hits are not to be ignored. It may be asked, is this power, this art, a good and legitimate power? When exercised for good, I, for one, think it is. Free from all prejudice in our own favor, mis-called 'patriotic,' the conclusion must be come to that Canada does possess a comic art, its best examples not below the English standard, more artistic on an average, and in better drawing, than the American, less stagey than the French, and more perspicuous than the German."

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A TEST is easily made, the qualities sought are quick perception of points, self-control in the artist to restrain over-exaggeration, ease of treatment as distinct from mere smartness, absence of vulgarity, a modicum of grace and a cultured hand. Lay the work of a known Canadian artist, or artists, alongside of the cartoons in last month's *Punch*, and if we find the designs are equal in the qualities sought, then the question is answered affirmatively. 'True comic art has an existence in Canada.'

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THOUGH it is not GRIP's special business to look after things municipal, we consider it an urgent duty to call the attention of the city engineer to the truly awful condition of the (alleged) sidewalk from Front Street to Esplanade along the Custom house building. This is about the first sample of Toronto the visitor strikes as he lands from the steamer—and he generally strikes it with his big toe. It is not so much a sidewalk as a series of big and little holes in a pavement that was once laid down with wooden brick. It wouldn't take long to fix it, and the required alterations would certainly fill a "long felt want."

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ON the 28th inst., Mr. Erastus Wiman proposes to submit some "Facts and Figures for Farmers," in the form of a speech, at the Canadian Chautauqua. A special excursion ought to be got up from this city for the occasion, as no doubt there are many who would like to hear this energetic orator. It would make the occasion very interesting if the able editors of the *World* and *Empire* could be prevailed upon to go over and attempt a reply to the facts and figures produced. If they made anything like a fair fist of it, the effect on the public would be superior to that produced by their favorite method of fighting Wiman by saying mean and untruthful things about him in their papers.

"He who undertakes too much brings nothing to an end."—He frequently, however, brings *something* to an end, and *something* is usually worth more than *nothing*.

### THE LAST STRAW.

FREEMEN rally in your might,  
To do battle for the right,  
Too long have ye succumbed to oppression;  
Let the tyrants rod be broke,  
Rend the chain and spurn the yoke,  
And stand a living wall against aggression.

Shout "Canadians shall be free,"  
Let it ring from sea to sea,  
As the slogan of your stern determination;  
Let our rulers hear and tremble.  
As they whiningly dissemble,  
In acknowledging the power of the nation.

Let us falter not nor fail,  
Let no terrors make us quail,  
In our sturdy strength of arm we have reliance;  
Hoist our banner to the breeze,  
Bring the tyrants to their knees,  
And at their cowering minions hurl defiance.

It is not that we care if  
They keep adding to the tariff,  
'Tis not scandalous corruption that thus shocks us,  
They may keep their titled state,  
And postpone their day of fate,  
But—they *shall* collect the papers from street boxes!

### ONE ON JOHNSON.

JOHNSON—"I think I have never read a grosser publication than the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

JACKSON—"I have, often. There is a journal regularly published in this city which is considerably grosser."

JOHNSON—"You don't say? Why don't the morality department interfere? What paper is it?"

JACKSON—"Ahem—the Canadian *Grocer*."

### WUT.

MCNEESHIN—"What d'ye think noo o' the international relations between Britain and the States over this Behring Sea business? It's bad, mon, varra bad."

TAMSON—"Bad eneuch, nae doobt. But there's nae bluidshed as yet—sae, ye see, it micht be waur (war)."



### FASHION AT THE SEASIDE.

FLOSSIE—"When are you going home?"  
AGGIE—"Oh, I'm afraid we'll have to stay in this horrid place two weeks longer. The Swellton's don't leave till then, and ma says we'll have to stay as long as they do if it kills us."