

• GRIP •

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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.

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Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.....Aug. 2.
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat.....Sep. 20.
No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake.....Oct. 13.
No. 4. Mr. W. H. Meredith.....Nov. 22.
No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer.....Dec. 20.
No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin.....Jan 17th.
No. 7. Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:
Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—King Alfonso of Spain is an exceptionally sensible man for a royal personage, and deserves well of his people. The other day, so we read in the papers, this crowned gentleman made a tour of inspection amongst his people in the section of country recently devastated by earthquakes. He found much suffering and privation, and his manly heart went out to his unfortunate subjects. He at once busied himself in the good work of alleviating the misery around him. Meantime the courtiers and big-wigs of the locality were expending their energies in devising means for entertaining the royal guest. They had a fine programme of banquets, receptions, etc.,—no doubt including torch-light processions and address presentations—all prepared, but the good King would none of it. He waived the toadies to one side with a contemptuous movement of one royal hand, while with the other he proffered the money to those who needed it most. King Alfonso has some sense of the fitness of things, and it appeared to him that there was something anomalous in holding a "jamboree" in the midst of want and penury. This noble conduct of the Spanish King deserves recognition, and GRIP proudly embalms it in his immortal columns. Our artist has to ask the indulgence of the public, however, for the defective likenesses he has given of Alfonso and his nobles. Not having authentic portraits of these worthies, he has taken the liberty of using more familiar faces selected from the nobility and gentry of Canada. He hopes, however, that this will not detract from the force or value of the work as an historical picture.

FIRST PAGE—The Supreme Court of Canada has decided that the McCarthy Act (which was passed by the Dominion Parliament on the ground that the Provinces had no author-

ity to pass local liquor acts) is *ultra vires* and void, excepting as regards wholesale and ship licenses. This adds one more to the legal reverses sustained by the Premier. Mr. Mowat stated in public, a few days ago, that he was tired of this fighting, and it would require no great stretch of fancy to suppose that Sir John is also weary.

EIGHTH PAGE—Four more counties have joined the Prohibition army since our last issue. In the case of Kent the majority was considerably over 2,000. It is now manifest to the dullest comprehension that the days of the liquor traffic in Ontario are numbered. The fuse is burning bravely along, and some of these fine days a "business" which, judged by its fruits, is unfit to exist any longer in civilized society, will be blown to smithereens. And the comforting thing about it is, that everybody—Scott and anti-Scott—is agreed that the sentence of extermination is just. No man dares to come forward in support of the proposition that the liquor-traffic does more good than harm, and nobody expects society to tolerate an institution of which this cannot be said truly.



FASHION'S ECCENTRICITIES.

A very amusing incident was chronicled in a French newspaper not long ago in which a lady's bustle figured very prominently, inasmuch as its owner had selected it as a hiding place for a clock which she had purloined at a hotel where she had been staying, and for which act of petty larceny she was brought before the prefect of police and was about to be acquitted for lack of evidence as to her guilt when the tell-tale time-piece gave "striking" testimony against her by chiming "onze heures" from its place of seclusion and concealment.

Well, this incident set me thinking about Bustles, and I must say I came to the conclusion that they were rather idiotic affairs after all. What advantage is gained by the means of them? They certainly do not add to the beauty or graceful outline of the feminine form divine, however much their wearers may imagine they do. Why should not men wear Bustles? Why not, I ask. Now, I'll wager any amount that if a man was to affix one of these appendages underneath his frock coat, don a pair of shoes with heels three inches high and tip-toe it, with a Grecian Bend and an Alexandra Limp, down King-street in the afternoon, every blessed woman he met would

be ill-bred enough to laugh at him. And yet he would not be a bit more ridiculous than many ladies render themselves, but men don't (not openly, at least) give way to paroxysmal cachinnations when they see them, and this proves, either that most men are better bred than most women, or that the sense of the ridiculous is not so keen in the masculine as in the feminine sex.

Now,—what—on—earth—is—the—sense—of—those—tremendous—prodigious—Bustles? Any person who has seen a statue of a perfect female form knows that a woman isn't that shape: I mean the Bustle shape. Upon my word, I have met a lady on the street, and I have seen the same lady in her own home in the morning, clad in a light wrapper, and I I couldn't believe she was the same person, she lacked something: she looked more ethereal and—more natural. Yes, you have guessed it: she had lit the fire that morning with her Bustle.

But, if I protest against the Bustle, what must I do in the case of the Mother Hubbard dress? A plum-pudding clad in the tightly-clinging garment in which it has been boiled is actually the embodiment of grace when placed alongside a woman in a Mother Hubbard. The first time I came across a lady dressed in one of these extraordinary articles I was on horse-back, and my dog was following me. We all three, I, horse and dog, caught sight of her at the same moment. The horse shied clear across to the other side of the street, spilling me through a confectioner's window into a tray of chocolate creams. The noble equine quadruped then lay down, and his gentle spirit passed away, accompanied by a subdued horse-laugh. The dog gave one terrific yelp, and, putting his tail between his legs, scoured home as if Old Kloutie had kicked him, and has had fits at intervals of three hours ever since. History does not tell us what effect the original Mother Hubbard dress had on the dog belonging to old Mother H., but from the fact that we are told that the old lady "went to the joiner's to buy him a coffin" we may rest assured that the effect was very terrible indeed.

As my space is limited I must draw this affair to a close, and as it was clothes that drew me to it we'll call it square.

A LIGHT IN THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

Mr. M. Matthews, well-known as the secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists, has distinguished himself by an effort in a new line. He has invented a lamp,—a coal-oil lamp for household use. This work of art is likely to add brilliancy to its inventor's fame, as it throws out a beautiful soft, white light, equal in power to three large gas-jets. In mechanical construction it is very handsome, and in all respects worthy of its designer. Those interested may examine the new lamp in the principal house-furnishing establishments on Yonge-street.

ANOTHER German pauper to be kept by the British public! Prince Henry of Battenburg is to marry the Princess Beatrice, and \$150,000 is to be granted as a dowry, and an annuity of \$30,000 is to be given as charity by the English people. How long John Bull will put up with this sort of thing remains to be seen. It should not cost thirty thousand dollars to keep the pair in sausage, saurkraut, pretzels and lager beer, which is, I am told, the diet of these out-at-elbows German princes. If they were taught some decent trade it would be far better for everybody, but they prefer to live upon the British alms that the people are fools enough to bestow upon them. Not one of them subscribes for GRIP, and they don't deserve any encouragement.