



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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The gravest Boat is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

FIRST PAGE.—The speech recently made by Sir Alexander Galt, in which the grandeur of our North West as a grain-growing country was brought out, and in which Sir Alexander stated that Canada, with her fair share of emigration, would in a few years be in a position to provide the British food supply, has been received in England apparently with great delight. It has been copied into the leading English newspapers, and will serve as an antidote to the bilious and lying article of Labouchere in *Truth*.

LEADING CARTOON.—The price of milk is already so high that it is no wonder these men should try to muzzle the calf that has already sucked four millions out of the poverty-stricken cow. Blake, Mackenzie and Cartwright think they are acting a patriotic part in doing what they can to wean such a calf.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. S. H. Blake, brother of the Liberal Leader, was asked the other evening, by a delegation from East York, to allow himself to be put in nomination as representative of that constituency in the Commons. He gratefully acknowledged the proffered honour, but declined on the ground that he had determined to devote the ensuing five years to his profession. He held out the hope, however, that at the end of that term he would be willing to become a candidate.

The Leader of the Opposition in the Quebec Legislature, it is reported, leaves for England shortly, and will permanently retire from public life. Considering what this worthy gentleman has had to bear in his political career, Mons. Tarte, editor of the *Canadien*, being one of his stoutest foes, we should say this is the happiest moment of his life, and that he would be able to sing with fervour, "Good-bye, sweet Tarte, good-bye."

We trust the citizens of Toronto will make a special effort to mark their disapproval of the narrow-minded course of the hotel-men, by giving the Jubilee Singers overflowing houses at their concerts. Aside from this motive the public have the assurance of enjoying a matchless musical treat. The concerts take place at the Pavilion, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, October 6, 7, and 8.

Mr. John S. Clarke, who is now at the Grand, is a comedian of the school of which Mr. T. L. Toole is the best English representative.

While in the old land, Mr. Clarke fairly divided the honours with the Londoner, if he did not actually eclipse him. He is by all odds the greatest of living American comedians, and his first visit to Canada should mark an epoch in the theatrical history of the country.

The return of Mr. D. I. K. Rine and the recommencement of his work is an event of no small importance in the minds of a large class of our citizens. Mr. Rine's reception at Albert Hall on Sunday was most enthusiastic. There he found himself surrounded by many of the men whom he had been instrumental in winning from drink, their faces bright with hope and beaming with gratitude to their benefactor. We trust Mr. Rine may renew his old triumphs, and that nothing may arise to injure the good work he is so able to do.

Surely the lawyer who defended Vankoughnet at Kingston the other day might have done his client full justice without having demeaned himself by maligning poor Downey who is in his grave. Downey's action in arresting the alleged murderer, unarmed and single-handed, was applauded at the time as a rare exhibition of bravery, and nothing has since transpired to show that it was not so. The heroic old man's memory deserves better treatment than this legal luminary dealt out to it.

Who would be a ruler in these days of dynamite, gunpowder, torpedoes, revolvers, and infernal machines? The lifeless body of Garfield is scarcely cold when rumours are afloat of an attempt to assassinate President Arthur; while Czar and Kaiser are in daily terror of their lives. The people of this Dominion and the Motherland are to be congratulated that peace reigns among them, and that the blood-thirsty spirit of anarchy is not active. There is no absolute security, however, even here, and so we may lengthen the list of those with whom we commiserate.

DEAR MR. GRIP:

As time hangs rather heavy upon my hands I thought I would write you a few thoughts on matters and things in general, dealing mostly with city affairs. And firstly, let me ask, what has become of the circulation question? At one time it promised to rather enliven the dullness and general stagnation of the times, it was sort of a fifth wheel to the comet, but latterly nothing more has been heard of it. Graham and Bunting met, glowered at each other, pulled off their respective coats, spat in their respective lists, and talked loudly with their respective speechifying organs. But they fizzled, simmered and went out, and the only cock that remains crowing is the *Telegram*. Verily the newspaper managers move in a mysterious way, at least in the matter of circulation. While on the matter of newspapers, the stand taken by the pink sheet on the theatre question might be profitably mentioned. Its theory of criticism is to criticize a play on its merits, and if it will only carry out its plan, it will confer a boon upon suffering humanity. But I fear, I greatly fear, that the business office will prove the power that be in this case, as it often has in others.

The Street Railway accident, resulting as it has, in the death of a well-known citizen, is one of the topics of conversation for the week.

I do not believe that the employees connected with the accident were to blame, but there is a great deal that the company can be blamed for. Where are their transfer tickets? Echo answers, Where? and their promises have come to be regarded as hollow as a Tory candidate's professions.

Moses Oates, where, oh where is he? What has obscured the light of his shining countenance and the shadow of his big hat? Where is his big stick, his clay pipe and his glasses? Why do we no longer hear the plod of his big feet upon the pavement, or the music of his voice uttering wise pandects regarding the weather? In fact, where was Moses when the light went out? Answer all those, my dear Grip, and you will oblige me.

Sir Charles has again returned, and Toronto has opened her arms to receive the wandering one back from his travels. He has "done" the Rockies, and the "big Injuns" listened in wonder to his stretchers. He peregrinated through California, and now I am credibly informed that he worked a surprising change in the vernacular of that benighted region. Now when a "native" wants to delicately insinuate that another native is not uttering sentiments of ordinary credibility, instead of using the old-fashioned word, he calls him a "Tupper," or says that he has been guilty of a Tupperism. But as the world moves on we are getting wiser and we send our great men abroad to enlighten the less fortunate natives. What might not California hope to become if it only had a Tupper?

But my dear Grip, I have troubled you enough, and I beg to subscribe myself,

TIMOTHY.



A NICE MAN FOR A MINISTER.

The versatile Irish minister has been having his dirty linen washed in the Assize Court. The record in the case of "Larkin v. O'Connor" set forth that the plaintiff, a certain Miss Larkin, sued the Hon. John O'Connor for \$300, that amount, the plaintiff alleged, having been loaned to the present minister in his younger days in order that he might qualify himself financially as a member of Parliament. The honourable gentleman repudiated the claim, and set up as a defence that he was not dealing with the plaintiff, but with her stepfather—for whom, it transpired, he had secured a situation in the Government Service. The friends of this hon. minister are not very numerous, but it is too bad to think that he has not one to warn him against the line of defence taken in this case. Ministers should not be Larkin after that fashion.