

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with 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. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith:

Will be issued with the number for Nov. 15.

GRIP'S COMPETITION.

Applications for entrance to the proposed competition having reached us from several places outside the towns mentioned, we have decided to reconsider the plan and arrange it upon a more general scale, so as to give all our friends a chance for the premiums. Particulars will be published in an early issue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—So long as Sir John Macdonald remains in public life, the probability is that the Conservative party will remain in office. It is also likely that the moment the old gentleman lets go the reins, the flesh-pots will slip from the grasp of their present proprietors. This view of the position is the one consideration that makes the Grit life worth living, and it is not strange, therefore, that the Reform Party should display a willingness to remove the harness from the old roadster, and let him enjoy a well-earned repose. The trouble is that the old roadster prefers to remain in the shafts.

FIRST PAGE.—A borrower is one of the greatest nuisances of a civilized neighborhood, and if that borrower is amply able to provide himself with the things he borrows, the meanness should not be tolerated. Here is the Ontario Government, which has millions of a surplus in its strong box, coming to the city of Toronto to ask the loan of a detachment of police to quell a riot in a distant part of the Province. This is a repetition of the check displayed some time ago by the Dominion Government, only it is aggravated by the fact that the local authority enjoys all the blessings of living in Toronto, without paying taxes for police or anything else. What have the citizens to say to this sort of thing? Are we taxed 15½ mills on the dollar to supply police for the Local Government to use abroad, while our own residences are being burglarized right and left? Economy is economy; and we are ready to give the local ministry all due credit on that score; but this is not economy, it is the smallest kind of dead-heading.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The publican in Ontario has received notice to quit. Wherever the Scott Act is submitted to the popular vote, it is carried by majorities large enough in all cases to emphasize the popular dictum that whiskey must go. In some instances the vote takes the shape of a cyclone, and sweeps all before it. The question is now asked by the philosophical observer—What's the meaning of this sudden outburst? It means that the people have discovered that they have no use for the liquor "trade," and that they would feel happier if the liquor dealer had to work for his living like the rest of us.

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

(Continued.)

II.

When I arrived at the town where I felt that my undoubted genius would be immediately recognized, in spite of the predictions to the contrary of that crabbed old bachelor uncle before mentioned, I commenced to roll my eyes in fine frenzy, as poets should always do. I rolled my eyes, then, as I promenaded the streets, feeling that by so doing passers-by would at once recognize in me the poet, the son of song I felt myself to be. I noticed that people stared at me very hard. Far from being annoyed thereat, I felt, on the contrary, highly flattered and I strode along with conscious pride, rolling my eyes more costatically than ever. From my dream of bliss I was rudely awakened by the simple query of a vulgar little urohin who enquired of another (whom he addressed as "chummy") what asylum I had escaped from. Thus are real genius and merit too often allowed to pass unrecognized. I had read that Lord Byron had become very much intoxicated over-night, once upon a time, retired to bed, and awoke next day to find himself famous. I determined to adopt his lordship's plan. Accordingly I got very drunk; went to bed and awoke with a head that felt like a balloon, that is to say as regards size, not with respect to weight or emptiness, for I seemed to carry the dome of St. Paul's on my shoulders. "If this is fame," I said to myself, "give me infamy. Death, in fact, would be preferable to such a head." I firmly resolved to eschew as my model in future the noble lord mentioned, and I sighed deeply as I emptied the water pitcher at one tremendous draught. As the day wore on I felt better, and dashing off a lengthy poem, stepped out to draw as many hundred pounds as the editor of the *Daily Dagger* felt like handing over for the effusion. Judge of my astonishment when the proud autocrat of the journal mentioned actually refused to have anything to do with my flight of genius.

"Poetry," he said, "is a drug on the market. Every fool now-a-days writes poetry. We—"

"But sir," I said, "I am not a fool. I am considered by my mother and other relatives to be a rising and eminently clever bard. Read my poem, at least. I am in want of a hundred pounds and when you cast your eye over this manuscript you will, I am sure, at once offer me double that amount."

The editor looked at me with an expression that said plainer than words "Mad as a March hare," and then burst into a roar of laughter, and once more declined to even print my poem, to say nothing of making any offer of pecuniary return, and heaved me out of the office.

I indignantly left the place, my very blood boiling. How delighted, I thought, my old uncle would be could he only know of the manner in which I have been treated. But he never will. These last four words I uttered loud, and as they fell from my lips I heard a

smothered laugh at my side. I turned and beheld the very old gentleman of whom I was thinking. He evidently knew all and was, of course, delighted at finding his prognostications in some manner realized.

(Another dose next week.)

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY G. D. ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

Had the spirit of the Domesticated Brave's deceased great-grandmother been within him he would have gone to work and hoed some corn! But when, on the day succeeding the capture of the sauce, they saw him stalk off in the cool of the morning with his little hoe on his shoulder, then indeed their fears received full confirmation. And being very sorrowful at heart on his account, they followed after to see what he would do.

In the centre of that secluded plot of ground, where sprang and waved that single blade of grass, they marked him hoe a furrow, and sow therein what seemed to them a bottle. Then they flocked about him with tears and accusations and up-braidings. When he learned their fears he calmly raised his head, and from his lofty neck smiled down upon them, stretching out both hands. And he answered them, "No, my people, I am not a warrior; neither am I a great-grandmother. But I am greater than these, I am a benefactor!" and he explained to them what this word meant. He told them, moreover, all that he had done, and with what peril. As he spoke on in a quiet voice, dignified and full of pathos, the old warriors dried their eyes upon their blanket tails, and the young warriors upon their mocassins or their sock-legs (for they went barefoot in the forest for the greater stealthiness of tread). And shyly the maidens clustered about him, with tear-brimmed, great, dark, thankful eyes; while the small boys ceased for a little to throw mud upon his snowy blanket. At length they all broke into shouts, crying, "Our Domesticated Brave is become a benefactor. We are indeed happy!" and they carried him home upon their shoulders, dancing and singing by the way.

After these things the Benefactor spent many days in the forest, seeking another blade of grass for the further benefaction of his people. And it came to pass upon a certain day that he stood by the shore of the river, where the water made a great circuit about a wooded point. And the river so returned upon itself that the point came near to being an island, and from water to water was but the cast, "as it were," of an empty tomatocan, or a discarded shoe. (I have Mr. James' permission to employ here the phrase "as it were.") Over against the furthestmost extremity of this point, on the opposite shore of the river, he beheld a great war-party of the Blowchalks. Now the Blowchalks are the hereditary enemies of Okenechokeechobees; and the Benefactor straightway knew that ruin hung over his people. He started to give them warning. But he stopped. He remembered that "Peace hath her victories," as he had observed before; and he resolved to effect the deliverance of his tribe by his own unaided wisdom.

Leaping into his canoe and pushing forth into the swift current, he darted past the encampment of the Blowchalks in full view, rounded the point and landed again behind the screen of trees. Carrying his craft across the narrow isthmus he repeated the intricate manoeuvre. The Blowchalks camp was all astir. Ten times he paddled past, only to reappear and paddle past again. And the Blowchalk camp became alarmed. All day long he continued to traverse the circuit, and all day long the Blowchalks stood upon the shore and