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EDITOR.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



AND NOW, WHAT?—The result of the general election in Nova Scotia has amazed everybody excepting that select section of the community—the readers of GRIP. These happy persons had been duly notified, per cartoon, weeks ago that Nova Scotia was going to declare for secession; the trifling remainder of the Canadian population remained in their usual state of ignorance. It may be admitted, however, that not even the readers of GRIP anticipated such an emphatic declaration as was made at the polls. The Unionist party—otherwise known as Conservative—was all but annihilated, only eight of its candidates out of thirty-eight being elected. The significance of this terrific vote cannot be mistaken; something must be done by somebody, and that right away. But what, and by whom? Now that the spirit of secession has sprung forth in gigantic form at the invocation of Mr. Fielding, that gentleman must be somewhat at a loss to know what he is “going to do about it,” as it is clear that the Provincial authorities have no power, however much inclination, to repeal the Union. Repeal can only be effected by action of the Imperial Parliament taken upon the petition of the Dominion House, and what means our Nova Scotia brethren have of influencing that assemblage to take such action we do not know. It is likely that both Grits and Tories would oppose secession at Ottawa. One thing is certain, if Mr. Fielding is not now able to satisfy the monster he has evoked, Nova Scotia will soon be a remarkably sultry clime for him.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—With pride and pleasure we record the unqualified success of Toronto's first Musical Festival—a result due in almost equal measure to the devotion of Mr. Torrington, the intelligence of his business associates, the *esprit d'corps* of the choral and orchestral performers; the commanding ability of the solo artists, and the enthusiasm of the general public. The chorus singing in the two oratorios presented was acknowledged by visiting musicians to be the best ever heard in America, and of course the vocal achievements of Lehmann, Huntington, Luther, Osgood, King, Heinrich and Babcock left nothing to be desired. The orchestra was somewhat weak in comparison with the great excellence of the vocal force, but all in all the Festival was a triumph which deserves commemoration in our immortal pages.

THE POPULAR IDEA.—Archbishop Lynch says that the assertion that he controls the Local Government is “a silly falsehood.” Perhaps it is, but somehow the idea has taken hold of the popular mind,

and nothing short of a bull of excommunication can drive it out of its lodgment.

THE LIBERAL PLATFORM.—Mr. Blake has been duly notified that hereafter he is to be regarded as the Parnell of Canada, *vice* John Costigan deposed. If Mr. Blake were as definite and emphatic upon any one Canadian Reform measure as he is upon Home Rule for Ireland, we would begin to think that he meant to win the next general election. But meantime we fail to see what Home Rule has to do with the affairs of this country.

ORANGE AND GREEN.—There has been a notable kick-out on both sides of the color line within the last few days. At Kingston some members of the Orange Society who had dared to say that Orangeism was being prostituted to political uses by certain of its leaders—all of which is notoriously true—were expelled from the lodge by formal motion. This was of course done in accordance with the glorious, pious, and immortal principle of “private judgment.” About the same time Mr. John Costigan was ignominiously kicked out of the “leadership” of the Home Rule party in Canada, because he loved office and emolument better than Erin.

OUR CITIES.

III. OTTAWA.

THERE was a gay bank clerk of Ottawa
Who with most of the bank moneys got awa',
Such hard, awkward turns
Need the language of Burns,
But that's quite good enough to rhyme Ottawa.

IV. MONTREAL.

THERE was an old man of Mount Royal
Who grew so excessively loyal
That he'd crawl up a gun
And then fire it, for fun,
On Queen's Birthday, each year, at Mount Royal.

V. ST. JOHN'S.

THERE isn't a man who belongs
To the fair little town of St. John's,
But is ready to swear
That the sweet summer air
Takes its odor of May from St. John's.

MELTON MOWBRAY.



INTERESTING PERSONAL.

AFTER THE FESTIVAL.

Mr. Dudewell.—Miss Mabel, aw—how old would you take Mr. Torrington to be?

Miss Silverkoin.—Oh, between fifty and sixty, perhaps.

Mr. Dudewell.—So I thought, but that cawn't be, doncher know. I met him the othaw day and he intwoduced me to a gentleman about sixty as his fathaw—

Miss Silverkoin.—Well, but, you know, he married twice, and—

Mr. Dudewell (seeing it at a glance).—Yaas, of cawse! I see! This is his fathaw by his *first* wife.