

• GRIP •

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

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Miss Canada, speaking by the ballots of East Durham and Cardwell, has pronounced her opinion of the Franchise monstrosity, the North-West outrage, and the numerous other scandals perpetrated by the Government now in office. Her opinion as thus expressed is emphatic, and is in approval of the ministerial doings. She has said plainly that she can see nothing wrong about the frauds and subterfuges practised by her rulers, and the wholesale squandering of her resources in the interest of party; and the happy Ministers will not be slow to act upon this perhaps unexpected endorsement. It is evident that this highly respectable young woman is on the spree along with her jovial Government, and the two additional bottles she has just contributed will aid in postponing the "sober second thought" an indefinite time. But the day will surely come when, with a tremendous financial headache, and political pains in every limb, she will begin to reflect upon her folly. Meantime there is no use in talking to her.

FIRST PAGE.—The mean and scurvy manner in which the Government is treating the volunteers who were on active duty in the North-West is enough to make every decent Canadian sick. Not content with disgracefully delaying the paltry sum due them, the Minister of Militia now resorts to low, huckstering dodges to reduce still further the miserable pittance. It would serve such a Government right if every militiaman in the service resigned forthwith. Out of the blood and toil of the gallant volunteers Caron has, with dainty fingers, picked a knighthood, and having thus served his own turn, he has no further need to indulge in fine talk, or even to pretend to entertain common respect for the men who won his title for him. The millions due to swindling contractors and jobbers in connec-

tion with the rebellion will no doubt be promptly paid; the \$20,000 voted to the General will likewise be forthcoming on time. It is only the rank and file, the men who sacrificed their incomes at the call of duty, and who in many cases are now pinched by want, that this heartless Government will dare to cheat.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Prohibition party in the United States means to demolish the legalized liquor traffic, and free the land from its curse. To this end a complete organization has been formed on political lines, and all those side influences which our cousins of the Republic know so well how to use, are being brought into effective play. Amongst these may be mentioned the Prohibition camps for summer work, which are dotted all over the Union. The St. John Circuit embraces forty of these camps, one of which is at Milton, Ont., the others being chiefly in New York State. Having enjoyed a week at the Lakeshore Camp, near Olcott, N. Y., we can speak confidently of the good work which is being accomplished. The camp ground is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, and is under the management of Rev. Ward B. Pickard and Mr. Henry Outwater. These energetic gentlemen have made it one of the pleasantest places for a summer holiday to be found anywhere, aside from the rich literary and musical treats which are daily supplied in the auditorium. The W. C. T. U. cordially assists in the good work at all the camps. Lakeshore is especially favored in having Mrs. Williams, of Lockport, President of the State Union, in charge of the ladies' department. No one who has met this noble woman will need to search further for an ideal Christian worker. Our sketch is intended as a little souvenir of a pleasant holiday, though it embraces but a few of the good and great people who were at Lakeshore Camp.



TWO WAYS OF CATCHING A HEN.

(Respectfully dedicated to Sir H. Langevin on the eve of his political tour of Ontario.)

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.



The Grand Opera House open again for the season, and presents a most brilliant appearance. Mr. Sheppard continues in the management, and his programme of attractions is a very inviting one. Baker & Farron in "A Soap Bubble" opened the ball on Monday night. The latter part of the week is enlivened by the ever-popular Lotta.

A GRAND OFFER.

Send for a sample set of our Blue Ribbon Harness, but don't take it if you are not perfectly satisfied. It is double, and stitched waded layers on breeching and breast collar. Nickel or Davis Hard Rubber Mounting for \$18, worth \$35. Collar and hames \$2 extra. All hand-stitched. Best of stock used. Send for catalogue. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., 104 Front Street, Toronto.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TAMSON & TAMSON'S WAREHOUSE,
TORONTO, Aug. 25th.

DEAR WULLIE,—I hae nae news in particular tae send ye, sae I'll just fill up ma letter an' tak' oot ma five cents worth o' postage wi' an account o' hoo I spent the ceevic holiday. Ye ken I never tak' muckle stock in holidays—when there's nae work on hand I just feel as gin ma fingers were a' thooms—but, seein' I didna vera weel ken what tae dae wi' masel', ma landlady, Mrs. McClutch, a vera decent widow woman, says tae me, "What for, Maister Airlie, d'ye no gang ower tae the Island an' hae a soom an' a whuff o' gude, fresh air? It's a vera weel i' the auld kintra tae just wash yer face an' hands an' maybe yer neck roon the haffits whaur it's seen, but, haith! it's a halesale washin' an' scoorin' o' yer entire solar system that's needed here." Raily, Wullie, I cudna but admire the justice o' her remarks, for, what wi' heat an' hard wark, a body at this time o' the year just fries in's ain creesh, an' than the stoor sticks tae ye till ye just feel as claggy as gin ye had been rowin' in treacle clack, an' a' the machinery o' the nerves an' sma' banes gets clean oot o' kelter. Sae I said, "Deed, Mrs. McClutch, I'll e'en tak' gude advice an' go tae the Island."

"I wish tae gudeness I had kent ye were gaun, Mr. Airlie," says she, lookin' at me oot o' the corner o' her e'e, "but I suppose it wad be ower late noo tae get ready?"

"I'm afraid it wad, Mrs. McClutch, far ower late," says I. "In fact," says I, haulin' oot ma watch, "Lord sake! is't that time o' day already!" an' wi' that I made for the door as fast as I could. Ye may be sure the meenit I got safe oot I congratulated masel' on ma narrow escape. Ye canna be up tae thae widows, but I had "Bardwell *versus* Pickwick" in ma e'e at that meenit, an' though she thinks me unco' green, I can see through her brawly. Mrs. McClutch is a woman that kens when her bread's buttered, an', mind ye, it's no ilka day she gets the chance o' throwin' sheeps' e'en at a man like me.

Hoover, off tae the Island I goes in ane o' thae bits o' ferry boaties that paddle back an' forrit a' day, an' I had tae stand up a' the road ower for the vera gude reason that there was nae room tae sit doon. The first thing I noticed when I landed on the sandy, treeless