

# GRIP.

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All business communications to be addressed to

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

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.

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JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

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AZRO GOFF,

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## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The French-speaking citizens of Canada, almost to a man, are in sympathy with Louis Riel, and no effort that they can make will be spared to get him out of the difficulty in which he is at present entangled. On the other hand it is safe to say that the members of the Orange Order are unanimously against the prisoner at the bar, and consider it their duty as loyal citizens to anticipate his condemnation and execution as a matter of course. Both these interested on-looking parties are, in the meantime, sworn friends of the Government that worked up the rebellion and gave Riel the opportunity of occupying the dock, and the problem to be solved is, how to vindicate the majesty of the law and, at the same time, preserve the division lists of the Party. The Professor will prove equal to the occasion. Keep your eye on him and see if the affair doesn't end to the satisfaction of all concerned.

**FIRST PAGE.**—A few days ago, in writing of Sir Richard Cartwright, the *Mail* said that had the gallant knight in question only "curbed his ambition" at a certain period "he would, in all probability, have been the hope of the Ontario Conservatives to-day." At this the political world of Canada was mightily amused, for it was one of those master strokes of stupidity which only a party organist is capable of making. In the first place it plainly intimates that the *Mail's* opinion of Sir R. C. is exactly the opposite of that which the *Mail* has always expressed, and secondly, it is a most clumsy slap in the face to Sir Hector Langevin, Sir L. Tilley, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, and all and sundry the other Conservatives who have aspired to follow Sir John in the leadership. In their own subsidized organ these gentlemen read that Cartwright (the *Mail's* "mixer and muddler,"

"fly on the wheel," and general incompetent of old) is so far superior to any of *them*, that if he only had remained in the Tory party he would, "in all probability," have succeeded Sir John! Tortuous are the ways of the party organist, and ill-spent the money of those who pay for his tunes!

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—There is to be a convention of Young Liberals from all the Provinces, in this city in September, and it is not too much to say that intense interest is being manifested in the coming event. Patriotic citizens, who have marked the valor of our boys in the field, are in high hope that the gallant youth of Canada will prove their readiness and ability to fight for their country in the political arena as well, and if over there was a moment in the history of this glorious land when MEN were wanted it is now! Never before was there a state of public affairs so well calculated to fire the generous heart of young Canada with high resolve, never before such a demand for the strong right arm to rescue our country from the doom that threatens her. This convention must be the first gun in a glorious new departure, or it must be a sickening failure. This latter it will prove assuredly if the Young Liberals prove to be merely young Grits. They might as well be young Tories. Both these rotten organizations of the past must go—these parties of small-souled salary-grabbers—the one led by a corruptionist, the other by a coward, and both past all useful purpose in our day and generation. Away with them, and give us *men*! Let the Young Liberals cut their connection, if such exists, with effete Gritism, and hoist the banner of the Third Party, and GRIP much mistakes the spirit of his countrymen if the convention does not prove a greater blessing to Canada than the most sanguine patriot now anticipates.



The Holman English Opera Comany are entertaining our music-loving citizens in a round of popular operas at the Pavilion. Mrs. Holman conducts in person, as of old, and the company is the best she has brought to us for a long time. Go and hear them.

The Press excursion is set down for August 4. The route is to be via the White Mountains to Boston and New York, returning by the Hudson and Niagara Falls. A goodly number of the fraternity have signified their intention of "taking in" this attractive jaunt, and GRIP wishes his fellow toilers who may do so a very happy and profitable holiday. Mr. Wm. Edgar, of the G.T.R., deserves the thanks of the "boys" for valuable assistance rendered the secretary in arranging the trip.

A most unique entertainment was the "Welcome Home" given on Monday evening by Elm Street church to the forty gallant boys who did honor to that congregation in the North-West campaign. The handsome auditorium of the church was elaborately decorated

for the occasion, and a grand audience filled it. Rev. Dr. Potts, who occupied the chair, had not room even in his generous proportions to contain half the happiness he felt, and as a consequence he was brimming over with eloquence and good fellowship. Capital speeches, patriotic songs and choruses by the choir enlivened the evening, which was daintily brought to a close by an attack in force upon the ice cream and cakes in the school-room by the noble forty, ably supported by the speakers and singers of the evening, and other picked troops. The affair was a happy thought, carried out to perfection.

The fourth annual convention of the Canadian Shorthand Society will be held in the Normal School, Toronto, on Monday, 17th August, comprising a concert, conversazione, collation and excursion, in addition to practical papers and discussions, and an exhibition of writing and reporting appliances. The council of the society have arranged a very attractive programme, and we would strongly advise shorthanders to arrange their holidays so as to take advantage of the convention. Full information as to hotel and railway fares, excursions, etc., will be sent on application to the secretary, Mr. Frank Yeigh, 262 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

## ALARMING REPORT.

**DEAR GRIP,**—I quote from a recent newspaper the following:—"The gloomy story is noised abroad that the Poet Laureate is actually getting a corporation like an alderman's," etc., etc. Now this is horrible. Think of it!—an aldermanically obese poet! So monstrous is the idea, that I've dashed off the following poem—(mine eye in a fine frenzy rolling the while). Print it quickly, dear GRIP, or I may have to recall the effusion, for I've sent a cablegram to England to ask if the rumor's true—and—and—and you know—IT MIGHT BE!

YOUR SEARCHEMOUTES.

OUR ANTIQUARIAN'S POEM ABOUT THE POET  
LAUREATE.

A gloomy rumor is noised about  
That the Poet Laureate is growing stout.  
Oh! can it be true that Alfred Tompnyson  
Is eating too much beef and venison?

No—perish the thought! The noble curves  
Which swell the form of him who serves  
Sweet poetry—must surely be  
By Nectar caused—or maybe Tea.

"Aldermanic," a horrid word,  
And of a poet, quite too absurd;  
So, gentle Baron, eat and drink,  
And never mind what people think.

As for me, I'll never consent  
To own the poet has so far unbent.  
The rumor's unprofitable, stale and flat,  
And I won't give in that Tompnyson's fat!

**ATTENTION.**—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.

Professor David Swing, in *The Current* of July 25, in "London's Veil Torn," commends the efforts now making in London to protect young girls from wealthy libertines, and appeals to good men of other large cities to join in the defence of the innocents.

**SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.**—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.