

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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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:
Will be issued with the number for Oct. 18.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The political situation in England is fairly represented by our sketch this week. That pampered child of the British system—the House of Lords—refuses to pass the Franchise Bill without an accompanying measure for the re-distribution of seats. Mr. Gladstone declares it as his belief that to unite the two measures would endanger both, and almost certainly defeat the franchise portion of it. Moreover, he suspects that this plea on the part of the peers is only put forth to gain time, and he summarily refuses to grant it, holding out the threat that if the Franchise Bill is not forthwith passed as presented he will proceed to more summary measures with their lordships.

FIRST PAGE.—GRIP, having lately come into possession of an important piece of political information, proceeds to divulge it *pro bono publico*. He has found out what the Reform policy is! It is the intention of Mr. Blake, when he gets into power—mind you, when he gets into power—to take the present policy of Sir John, especially the portion of it relating to railways and canals, public works, justice and emigration, and turn it upside down and let the country have it backwards. The most astounding blessings to the people are anticipated! Just wait till Blake gets in!

EIGHTH PAGE.—These sketches, having been contributed by an eagle-eyed observer, are sacred from comment here. Mr. Mowat, however, may pass an opinion upon them, if he pleases.

Mr. John Hague, of Toronto, brings, in the *Current* of September 27, to a notable and abruptly-effective close the controversy as to the authorship of that grand hymn, "What is Prayer?"—the credit of which the friends of the late *Wilhelmina Cresswell Dawson* have recently strenuously claimed as her due. Mr. Hague presents such absolute evidence in favor of *James Montgomery*, the long-reputed author, as to utterly overthrow the *Dawson* claim. He comes into the discussion with the advantage of having personally known *Montgomery*, and his testimony is that of an eye-witness, corroborated by the weightiest possible collateral evidence.

THE FAIR SEASON.

Oh! what a row, what a bustle, what a riotin'
Those endure, you may be sure, who go to see the Fair;
Toronto, at that time, is a place you can't be quiet in,
Every unit of humanity of noise kicks up his share.

All the streets are crowded; there are bumpkins from the
count-cry.
Who roan about with mouths agape, and quite bewildered air;
City youths address the "gals" with unabashed effrontery,
And at the rustic damsels, with a winking optic, stare.

Guileless Roger from the farm, comes in to see the
frolicking.
On his arm hangs Mary Anne with rosy cheeks a pair;
Roger treats to lemonade, for now's the time for rollicking;
It's only once a year, you know, he gets to see the fair.

Wary peelers peel their eyes; look business-like and
serious;
Detectives, sleuth-hounds of the law, assume a know-
ing air;
The less they know the more they wear that look pro-
found, mysterious,
As they hunt about for clues amongst the people at
the fair.

They find their clues, they trace them up, astounding
their sagacity;
Straight, straight those clues appear to lead to whis-
key sellers' fair;
Down goes the beer, the victim of detective perspicacity;
There's no such word as "thirst" for our detectives at
the fair.

The keeper of the boarding house hunts up old bedsteads
rickety;
And for the city's visitors he sets him to prepare;
Outside his domicile he puts a placard or a ticket, he
Announces "Best of Board and Beds" for people at
the fair.

Crooks reap plenteous harvests as pockets they manipu-
late,
Roger loses all his wealth, and wears a downcast air;
He goes back home with Mary Anne, and says he "didn't
stipulate
To lose a full ha'f-dollar a visitin' the fair."

All things have an end at last, and so the Ex-po-si-ti-on
Is closed, and everything assumes, at length, its nor-
mal air.
But in twelve months again we hear, The World's Great
Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
Will be enacted o'er again; the same old thing, the
fair. —S.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

Gerald Graham was a young man of peculi-
arly prepossessing appearance; tall, broad-
chested, thin-flanked, good-looking; just such
a man as I could show you, did not modesty,
in the words of Wilkie Collins, declare "I say
no." Gerald, though rich in personal charms,
was poor as ecclesiastical rodent—*Bostonese*
for church mouse.

Mr. Benzine Cornerin pork was a most efflu-
ent and aristocratic stock-broker or something;
father of a lovely daughter, a girl of that
proud, peerless beauty that is so often seen in
the scions of American aristocracy, a maiden
with that willowy grace and gliding walk
which is the birth-right of Castilian scioritas
and such, more especially the such, who in-
herit this graceful motion from ancestors who
have acquired it through the bearing of heavy
burdens on their heads and shoulders, such as
the Hindoo and Egyptian women and hod-
carriers, and Miriam Cornerin pork's grand-
father had belonged to the latter profession.

Gerald Graham frequently beheld the charm-
ing Miriam—but at a distance; the two were
separated by the yawning abyss of poverty, Ger-
ald's poverty. But as no man ever saw Miriam
but to love her, Gerald loved her. But how to
win her love? That was the question. When Ger-
ald retired to sleep, perchance to dream, this
momentous thought was ever before him. And
he got thin worrying about it; and his broad
chest became less broad and his thin flanks
more thin.

But fortune favors the brave, and when Mr.
Cornerin pork advertised for a coachman Ger-
ald applied for the position and obtained it.

He is still in Mr. Cornerin pork's employ-
ment.

What? I hear my reader exclaim; what!
didn't he elope with Miriam and she with
him? Not a bit of it; this is a commonplace,
everyday statement of facts that would not
call a blush to the cheek of an advertising agent,
and no sensational, Yankee affair.

Isn't someone rather sold; someone who
knew just how this thrilling, ably-written tale
was going to end?

MR. M. J. G.'S FAREWELL LAMENT.

I am going, Bunting, going,
I am leaving you at last;
From my eye the tear drop's flowing,
As I think upon the past.

I have striven, Bunting, striven,
In my highly cultured way,
To educate those given
In vulgar paths to stray.

I have pointed out the errors
Of the naughty Grit young man;
Called them baby-chewing terrors,
Termed them piglets in a pen.

And the columns of my journal
With their odious conduct rang;
I warned them of th' infernal
And debasing use of slang.

I called them whiskey guzzling,
Air polluting, low canaille;
And to me it's very puzzling
That they didn't like my style.

On Christmas eve at midnight
I warbled forth in verse;
And the Tories said I did right,
But the Grits I'd ne'er done worse.

I thought it little mattered
To abuse the vulgar throng;
If aristocracy I flattered,
I did not deem it wrong.

But low rhymsters in the papers,
Laughed my poetry to scorn;
And their ape-like, mimic capers,
Made me wish I'd ne'er been born.

But really, Bunting, really,
The fact must now be owned
That my editorials merely
Have been always too high-toned.

When my lines I've been inditing,
In such cultured style as mine,
I felt whilst I was writing,
I was casting pearls to swine.

What can you, Bunting, can you,
Expect of folks so rude?
I'm sure it would unman you
To be called a scribbling dude.

I am nearly broken-hearted,
As I'm writing here to-day;
For the graceful style I started
Has been labor thrown away.

You'll find many of my phrases,
(You won't look them up I hope),
In the writings (and they're daisies)
Of Addison and Pope.

I am not appreciated
By the vulgar, grovelling mind;
But the great are under-rated
By the small, you'll ever find.

I have cast my gems of beauty
Before plobians vile,
Who considered it their duty
To condemn my polished style.

And when I soared above them,
And flattered men of rank—
Lord pity them and love them—
They said I was a—crank!

'Tis ever, Bunting, ever,
Impossible, you'll find,
Low, vulgar thoughts to sever
From a base plobian mind.

On my wrongs no more I'll ponder,
O'er my grief no longer brood;
For I could not—little wonder—
Educate a class so rude.

As these people who have hated
And abused me; thick-skulled swine!
They must now be educated
By another pen than mine.

For I'm going, Bunting, going,
And the tear-drop dews my face;
I can't stem the torrent flowing,
For Ned Farrar takes my place.