



WHAT HE IS AT.

For the benefit of thousands whose minds are in a state of painful suspense on the subject. GRIP feels called upon to state that Mr. R. W. Phipps is not dead, nor has he gone to the Northwest to shew the Syndicate how to bulldoze Winnipeg. He has not even gone to the seaside to cool his commanding brow, which holds the restless and erudite brain whence unnumberable pamphlets have sprung. On the contrary he is worrying away at a mental task which can only be compared to the severest Hercules' labours. He is engaged in an effort to convert the *Globe* to protectionist views, and if he succeeds he promises to lead the embattled grit hosts to victory at the general election. He hasn't as yet succeeded, however, and the job may, perhaps, take all summer.

Cigarette, or the Demon Twins of Don Mount.

Conrad and Gulman were twins, educated by their grandsire, an aged Italian named Malone. He taught them many mystic secrets both in the occult arts, which border on spiritualism, and in less known sciences in which he had anticipated several of the discoveries of Edison, as well as several things which have not been discovered by Edison or by anybody else. Both wore dazzlingly beautiful—each was the image of the other. They sat in the drawing-room of the home which their grandsire's death had made theirs—the curtains were drawn close to exclude the brilliancy of the electric light with which the apartment was flooded. Rich wines from Quetton St. George, and a gorgeous lunch from Coleman's were on the festive board, at one end of which sat Gulman in a rich suit, at the other, his brother Conrad, whose lovely complexion and curling brown hair well harmonized with the wine-colored velvet skirt and black silk *princesse* which formed a perfect feminine disguise. With Conrad sat six handsome boys disguised as girls, and beside Gulman, as many of the loveliest girls of Toronto in full uniform of midshipmen. Late and long did they consume the midnight oil, as well as other fluids. Morning had just dawned when Gulman exclaimed, "It is time that we address ourselves to business. We have ascertained that the Duke of Blutherland, England's wealthiest peer, sails to-day by the *Chicora* for Niagara." "Yes," said Conrad, "in company with the lovely Miss Bloodull, whose mamma has amassed such a colossal fortune by lecturing on 'Froo Love.'" The *Telegram* man told me he was engaged to her." At a given signal all left the banquet room. They proceeded to a covered gallery abutting on the river. There lay moored a kind of torpedo boat, in shape resembling an enormous cigar, and so constructed as to move under water, or when required to rise to the surface and float there. The machinery was worked by electricity; opening a sliding cover which was over the hatchway, all but the two leaders disappeared in the interior of the *Cigarette*—for so this strange craft was named. Conrad then touched a spring, which was worked by a mixture of electricity and of hydraulic power, and the *Cigarette* plashed beneath, moving along the river bed like a huge fish. When

the *Chicora* left Toronto that morning at seven, the Duke of Blutherland and the lovely and rich Miss Bloodull were engaged in an earnest conversation with a youthful girl and her brother. "Can such things be?" exclaimed the Duke. "I assure your Grace," said the young girl, "that facts are stranger than fiction." So saying, he blew a whistle which hung on his watchchain. It was answered from what appeared to be a kraken or sea monster protruding its enormous snout from the midst of the bay. Presently the entire body of the *Cigarette* appeared above water, on a second whistle, the upper coverings of the deck were thrown off, and a platform with a row of cushioned seats came into view. The *Chicora* was at once stopped, the Duke and Miss Bloodull were accompanied by Conrad and Gulman to the *Cigarette*, which conveyed them to the island, where the Duke and Gulman, Conrad and Miss Bloodull were united at Hanlan's Hotel by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford.

'Arry in Canada.

This is a bloomin' kentry, there is no two ways about it, Hif you were 'ere to see yourself I'm sure you wouldn't doubt it; The sun comes down as 'ot as 'ot in daytime on our 'eds, And at night hit's 'ard to keep ourselves from freezin' in our beds.

Now hif you wish to 'ave a lark and go and 'ear some singin', And sit beside a glass of hale a pretty gal's been bringin', She'll tell you it's against the lor to sing in public 'ouses, That it's wrong hand most himmoral to hadmit of such crouses.

The theayter they 'ave 's no good, nor neither his the hactors, Hof course hit's too much to hexpect that 'ere the'll take characters

Has well as hat a fair at 'ome, where for a single penny You see has good a play as 'ere, in fact surpassing hany. And then the beef it haint no good, no more is veal or mutton, Chops and steaks is just as bad—not worth a single button; And has for pies and puddins, I'm sure there's not a single un That's hanything to be compared with what we 'ave in Hinglan'.

And oh! the beer and hale they 'ave, I shudder when I think of it, Hit halmost turns my stummock hup venhefer that I drink of it; There's heven not a single ground to 'ave a game of skittles in, So I'll go to the public 'ouse and take some licensed vittles in.

Now fare you well my bloomin' boy, hand stay hat 'ome in Lontoon, Henjoy yourself there while you may, for 'ere you'll find your fun done; Think twice before you venture 'ere, at 'ome you'd better tarry

This is a blausted kentry, take the word of your friend 'ARRY.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

The papers are in a stew over the question, "What shall we do with the *Charybdis*?" Why not give her to our washer-woman who is in need of a tub?

Spell *fat* with four letters—O. B. C. T.



WHAT WE EXPECT TO SEE SHORTLY.

How We Caught the Horse Thief.

MEDANTE, July 30, 1881.

MR. GRIP,—Maybe yez have hard that we've bane mightily troubled wid horse thaves (bad cess to thim!) in this part of the Quane's dominions. Shure an' we turned out in ahtyle the otdher avenin' to make a general sarch fur the spalpeens. There was thirteen av us barrin' wan, an' we was all armed wid the latest invintions, an' our blud was bilin' wid vinginee—an' Jon't you remember it! Yer humble sarvint was chosin captin' and Phil McNish, livintan.

It was tin o'clock all but a few minits whin Pat. O'Toole whispered, "Here they cum, byes!" an' shure we hard the thramp av a horse comin' towards us. Our harts were batin' wid rage an' indignation whin he came in sight—fur there was only wan av thim—ridin' along so unconcerned wid his pishtols, wan on aich side av him. "Let's surround him byes," says Phil. "Howld yer chat!" says I, "or he'll hare us." "Yer right," says Larry Hogan, his teeth chatterin' wid rage; "jist see the murrtherin' pishtols he's got!" "Cum byes," says I, whin he was pasht, "let's ixicute a flank meuvmint on the thave." This seemed to plaze thim, an' wid our trimblin' wid rage we attackod him in the rare. "Fire!" says I, as Pat.an' two or three more let fly at the raskil. But shure, as I sed afore, they was tromblin' so wid fury that the devil a hit did wan av thim, an' the blaggard dishmounted an' made for the finco. Jist as he was gettin' well over I says "Fire!" says I, an' the whole ging bang av us lit drive at wanst an' down he went into the whate. "Ha!" says I, "maybe we met wid ye that toime, me lad?" An' we sit up such a cheer yez might have hard it in the quano city.

"Phil," says I, after minit or two, "Phil, git over an' see if he's did." "Bad scran to it," says he, "go yerself!" "Is that the way," says I, sivarely, "is that the way yer goin' to obey yer superior officer? Go at wance!" Shure an' none av thim wud go, an' me bein' captin it wud nivir do fur me to ixpose me life, so we retired to the skule house beyant to hold a council av war. We argied the pint from all pints of the compis fur naroly an hour, whin Jack Larrigan says, says he, "Shure he must be did now, wid all thim bullets in his carceige." "Cum byes," says I, "an' well see," an' takin' me posht av observation in the rare, I gave the ordthers to march. Whin we arrived on the scene av the conflict the devil a hate or hair av him could we find! An' wud yez belave it, wid all thim bits av lid in his skin nivir a drap av blud could we see? Oh! but he's the broth av a bye; shure enough didn't we foind, on investigation, that the blaggard had crawled through the whate an' had bane lightenin' 'ous at the skule! Jist wate till we kotch him, an' he'll wish he was a Land Laguer in Oireland.

Your obedient sarvint,
PHELIN O'Higgins.