

## A FLYING VISIT FROM THE FAKIR.



THE calm serenity of the atmosphere necessary for the successful elaboration of jokes, which usually prevails in GRIP'S sanctum, was considerably ruffled the other day by the sudden entrance of our old and esteemed friend, the Fakir. The editorial corps were seated at their respective desks hard at work, the silence only fractured at intervals by a muffled groan betokening the intensity of celebratory action, when a hasty footstep re-echoed along the corridor, the door was suddenly flung open, and the Fakir entered, slinging his gripsack down

carelessly upon a grist of freshly-baked humorisms.

"Hello, fellows!" he exclaimed. "Here I am—how are you all, anyhow? Don't hardly seem two days since I bid you all a fond adieu—and now I'm back again."

"Like a bad quarter," muttered the cashier, who has a long memory in money matters, as a cashier ought to have.

"Well, and what's the game now?" said the assistant editor, laying down the monkey-wrench, which he had been applying to a rusty joke to make it work smoothly.

"Big scheme, you bet!" said the Fakir. "Have taken out a patent in Washington, and am going to put it through at Ottawa. Greatest invention of the age—the Noiseless Hand-organ."

"Noiseless *which*?" asked the advertising man.

"The noiseless hand-organ. Can you imagine a greater boon to the community? What are all you fellows laughing at? Serious? Of course I'm serious. It's only fools that are funny without being paid for it."

"Noiseless hand-organ! Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, I never. Oh, Fakir, that beats all," said the political humorist, who had laughed himself red in the face.

"Look here," said the Fakir. "What's the use of a hand-organ, anyway? To grind out music, I suppose you'd say. Not at all. Simply to intimate that an Italian has no other visible means of support than the coppers of the charitable public. Do people give the artiste money because they admire his alleged music? By no means. They do it to get rid of him. They pay him, not to play, but to quit playing. Consequently, I argue that if he never played at all they would pay him still more willingly, and that an organ which produces no sound audible to the naked ear will be an extremely popular instrument. We have some of the best Italian talent in the market ready to valse out our noiseless organs, as soon as we get a supply on hand. Why, it only needs to be heard—or rather, not heard—to be appreciated. Think what a relief it will be to the dwellers in otherwise quiet suburban localities, where the peripathetic harmony-jerkers are wont to excruciate at intervals from morn till dewy eve. Don't you suppose that the people who have been driven to exasperation by the strains of 'Sweet Violets,' and 'I've Fourteen Dollars in my Inside Pocket,' will be grateful for a let up?"

"Well, there may be something in it," said the cashier, dubiously.

"Something in it? Why, I should essentially pause to remark! Only wonder to me is, that so obvious an

idea never occurred to anybody before. We've got the noiseless sewing machine, why not the noiseless hand-organ? As the inventor and patentee I think I may claim to have conferred a boon on suffering humanity, which should rank me high on the list of social benefactors. But I must go—I only dropped in for a minute just to say "hello," and tell you about it, while I waited for a fellow who wants to buy the right for half a dozen counties. Adieu!

And he slung his gripsack and faded into the Hence.

## A PICK-UP.

The enclosed letter was found near the track between Wolseley and Regina:—

OTTAWA, July 1st, 1888.

MY DEAR PERLEY,—This is my tenth, and positively *last*, appeal to you in reference to the Senatorship. I have, as you urged me to do in your last, considered your objections to the position, and also your reasons for insisting that your friend Davin should be honored instead of yourself. Your devotion to the interests of N. F. is a touching proof that there still dwells in the degenerate heart of man something really God-like, and I am reminded of the story of David and Jonathan, (or is it Saul?) Now for business.

You say you have never attended college; I knew that before, and assure you that to become a Senator does not require a liberal education—in fact, if a man is not educated at all, he is eligible.

2nd. You think a man should be an orator—not necessary,—and if it were, you are solid on this head, for you are one of the greatest speakers that ever addressed the House; I think you told me that your weight is 375 avoirdupois.

3rd. You raise the objection that you have a good many cows, sheep, horses, mules and hens, besides a threshing machine—and an interest in an hotel, and very naturally fear that Senate affairs would call you away just when the hens are setting, cows coming in, sheep-shearing or threshing time. If you will furnish me the necessary dates in reference to the foregoing, I will arrange Dominion business in some way not to interfere with any important matters requiring your presence at home.

You better sell your mules. I was talking to Dewdney about mules the last time he was here; he has had experience with mules and he says they are dangerous property to own unless a man is independent. You might get kicked, and incapacitated for life. Of course, your pay would go on, but what would become of Canada? Perhaps you could trade them off for geese and turkeys.

Dewdney's friends think the higher he is put, the better. So do I. If I had power I would place him among the angels. He is a living refutation of the hymn, "Man wants but little here below."

In relation to Davin, I purpose sending him with a few mounted policemen in search of Stanley.—*Mum's the word.*

Both you and Dewdney have done a great deal more for Canada than I remember. Faithfully yours,

JOHN A. MCD.

P.S.—When you do your fall butchering send me a few pounds of lamb and some pig pork, not too fat. Don't run any risks in threshing time. You'd better hire somebody to do the feeding.

JOHN.

P.P.S.—Is the hotel business paying any better since the license for four per cent. beer?

J—.