

The African Heat.

GRIP observes with delight, in the graphical letters,
By stout STANLEY despatched from the African land,
That the heat, which with us all exertion quite fetters,
Does not seem in their way in the slightest to stand.

For he long had debated the difficult question,
If in this northern land, famed for ice and for snow,
One's brain's almost half-cooked, what would be its congestion,
If beneath the equator one happened to go.

But it seems that their heat is a pleasant and dry one;
And that though there's a baking sensation, it's clear,
That in danp perspiration it does'nt quite fry one,
And you don't go round sweltering, as you do here.

And he thinks that perhaps, since the melting he's taking
Will disperse him quite soon all in vapour away,
He had better first try if an African baking
Won't afford him some chance on this planet to stay.

Then by Ujiji's palms he will soon set his tent up,
And he'll breathe the cool breeze from high Ufumbiro;
To far Ukerewe his cartoons shall be sent up,
And his works be read on the Ni-Nawarongo.

Then all vainly Canadians their necks shall be stretching,
To observe if he's not coming back from his trip;
While the great Hokey-Pokey is Wunkee-Fum fetching,
As his payment of one year's subscription to GRIP.

The Bravo Case.

A hundred pounds a day's the fee
Sir HENRY charges Mrs. B.
If noblest be that highest aims,
How noble is Sir HENRY JAMES.

John Bull and Jonathan.

JOHN.—Why do you not imitate my treatment of the Indians?
JONATHAN.—Waal, I guess, neow, the biggest chunk of your Injuns
were always in a fur-bearin country, where it paid better to keep em'
alive than kill em' off. Ever hear of Hudson Bay and Northwest
Companies, say? Kep' the country pretty wild, though, didn't it. Got
some smashin dividends, hey? Lots of London Britishers and Montreal
Canucks live on em' yet, don't they?

JOHN.—But, my dear sir, consider the evil practice of sending un-
principled agents to the frontier, of cheating and murdering the poor
savages.

JONATHAN.—As for that, stranger, when you landed in this diggins
you quarrelled and fit Injuns for three hundred years from Jamaiker to
Noo York, 'cept in Pensylvany, and there you shoved 'em on a reserva-
tion they'd no temptation to leave, and gave 'em guns to clear out the
'riginal owners. Ever hear of your buccaneers and the Caribs, hey?
—or of Philip and Pontiac? Kept nice peace with em, didn't you?

JOHN.—But these were ancient times, when the savage spirit reigned
pre-eminent in the human breast. Christianity, my dear relative, teaches
a different lesson. See how I labour to spread the gospel of peace!
Look at my missionaries, my Bible societies, my efforts in all directions
to advance that glorious creed, destined to overspread the whole earth!

JONATHAN.—Ya'as. My affectionate relatyive, let me explain to you
a jittle anecdote. I've heard of a country out East, chock full of fellers
holdin' most unchristian doctrines—call themselves Turks—these chaps
—fellers that carry on wuss than any Cheyenne or 'Rapaho Injun.
Waal, jist north there's a small Christian people who've been tyrannized
over by these Turkish chaps pretty long and considerable hard, and
they've been gittin ready to fight 'em, and little as they are, they've
pitched into the big Saracens like trumps. Now, there's a great Chris-
tian nation—G. B. is it's initials; (G. B.'s bad initials; had to chase off
long humbug of 'em lately)—wa'al this great Christian nation's been
ever so long encouragin' her people to lend money to these Turks,
knowin' most of it went for iron-clads and Sniders. Now the poor little
Christians has little but old flint-jocks, and the Turks has been a givin of
em most particular goss with the G. B. help, slewin of 'em in cold
blood, torterin, violatin, doin fifty times more ravageous work on these
Christians in three months than's been done on my redskins since all
eternity. Moreover the G. B.'s has unprincipled agents on that frontier
who don't let honest folks know what's goin on. Guess G. B. don't
keer much to advance Christianity round there. Happen to know any
chap called G. B., hey?

JOHN.—You may be right. It might have been better if I had assist-
ed Servia instead of Turkey.

JONATHAN.—Old hoss, if you had, there's no tellin' how much I
might have let up on the Sioux.

Scene Closes.

Citizen v. Alderman.

ALDERMAN.—My dear sir, what is it you *do* want of us?
CITIZEN.—Want of you? The question is, why do you want so
much of me.

ALDERMAN.—Can we do your work without money?

CITIZEN.—Money! You are demanding six times what was not long
ago thought enough. When you get it you squander it. Sir, the citizens
demand an explanation.

ALDERMAN.—Let me, then, explain. You know we do not work
for nothing. Nominally, we do. But you do not really suppose we
come forward year after year to serve you free gratis. Nobody will.
Put in others to-morrow, and they will not. Your rich men would.
But in the first place they would not come forward, and in the second
you would not elect them if they did. My good sir, you know, every
one knows, that we must make something.

CITIZEN.—If you do, that is no reason why you squander the rest.

ALDERMAN.—Excuse me, that is the very reason. We are forbidden
by the law to do it openly, so we must work underhand. This is done
easily enough by spending lavishly, and accepting poor work; also, by
contriving to make double work, such as digging up streets half a dozen
times; also, by appointing unnecessary officials, who know they must
make it pleasant for those who appoint them.

CITIZEN.—What is the remedy? Must we be ruined?

ALDERMAN.—Dismiss your nominally unpaid crowd, appoint a few
good men as commissioners, and pay them.

The Excursion on the "Bentley."

Where were you on the holiday?

Why were you not with me?

Who from the harbour bore away,

With mirth and jollity.

While brightly shone the beaming sun,

Shone rather much, I thought for one,

Aboard the big *Bentley*.

Upon the deck a thousand were

And there were more below;

The captain shouts "Let go of her!"

Hooray! away we go.

While the tug ahead, (its name was *Robb*)

Pulled us on with a jerking throb,

And the sailors cried "Yo-ho!"

Blew the fifes, the bugles blew;

Blew the morning air,

And all the drums went rat-tat-too,

And we were merry there.

And clear was the glow of the morning sky,

And the little waves leaped as we flew by,

And the fishes all did stare.

Upon the lower deck we dance,

Or on the upper stray;

The light fastastic toe advance,

Or watch the dancers gay.

While some (for 'twas extremely hot)

Upon the benches quiet got,

And dozed the time away.

Before us spreads the river way

Niagara is here.

A town which was both young and gay,

And is both old and queer,

Yet it hath people not a few

Hath sleepy tavern-keepers too,

Who woke—and sold us beer.

The afternoon is closing down

The day is nearly done,

We leave the wharf—we leave the town

Unending pleasure's none,

But GRIP reclined on benches wide

With sparkling eyes on either side

And happy was the run.

Gone Higher up Etna.

"Mr. RICHARD HARPER of this city, has been appointed manager
of the *Etna Life Insurance Company* for New Brunswick. He will
make St. John his home"—*Mail*.

'Tis said that when sweet ORPHEUS played his harp in olden days
The trees and birds and beasts did all yield homage to his lays;
But when *this* HARPER plys his biz e'en tender loving wives
Are prone to coax their husbands to let him *take their lives*.