

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Otter; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 8TH MARCH, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS,---Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

The Tribulations of N. F. D.

It is now well-known to our readers that NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple, Dublin, and U. E. Club, Toronto, has been despatched to the Saskatchewan to inaugurate Industrial Schools among the Indians of the Territory. That gentleman has, with his usual urbanity, promised to render an occasional account of his proceedings to GRIP, and we hasten to depict the progress he has made:

Scene.—Big Council,—Wigwam of Blackfeet. *Present.*—Large concourse of Aborigines, of all descriptions, prominent being the celebrated KAH-WE-SPIKE-EYE, YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES, OLD-MAN-WHO-EATS-PALE-FACES, BLOODY-CLAWS-SHOOWHITE-MAN, GRAB-SCALP-AND-CUT-STICK, KAH-WE-GI, FEE-FAW-FUM, and other noted Chiefs.

(Mr. Commissioner DAVIN enters with much solemnity, followed by friendly native bearing load of industrial implements. He takes position in centre.)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Friends, Aborigines, Citizens, lend me your ears. I come to—

YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES—(starting up)—Howdgh! Howdgh! What want ears? Papoose ears do? (*Drags forward fat boy by ear, and pulls out big knife.*)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Bad cess to ye, ye murderin' villain! Stop that! I don't—I say I don't want his ears! (*Rushes forward.*)

YOUNG-MAN-WHO-BITES-OFF-NOSES—(leaves boy)—What say want ears for? What mean? Fool Injun? No have two tongue, else might not have one nose. Howdgh! (*Waves knife close to proboscis of N. F. D. who jumps back to place with quickness of a frog.*)

ABORIGINES—(in praise of his activity.)—Good! Hi! Hi! Hi! (*They dance around him and flourish sharp things.*)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Bedad, I don't like this at all. It's themselves might put wan's eyes out for mere divilment. Ow-w-w-w! (*Pulls out little arrow playful child has shot into his leg.*) The black devil resave that ould Surr JOHN that sint me here. "They're clamourin' for instruction, Misther DAVIN," sez he, "an' some av the most advanced spirits has mentioned ye're name." "Indade?" sez I. "Vis," sez he, "and there's goold mines there known only to him, and its yersilf cud—shure ye know yer powers," he sez. The thafe av the worruld. (*To the Indians*)—Git back to your sates, gi!—(*they sit down.*—N. F. D. begins again):

"Citizens av the Unknown Wist, I am deputed by the Government to be afther initiating into your haunts the lessons av civilization, and to tache your hands the use av the implemint av peaceful life. Imulative av the fame av the immortal COLUMBUSH himsilf, I aim to discover a nobler impire—the impire av the mind, among the uncultivated children av nature, and in this distant wilderness to tache the young idayas how to shoot—"

KAH-WE-SPIKE-EYE—(jumps up)—Shoot? What can't shoot?—(*Cocks Winchester and covers N. F. D.*)

THE COMMISSIONER—(dodging nervously right and left.)—The devil! Sit down!—(yells)—Do ye hare! Sit down! (*Kah-we-Spike-Eye recovers his arms and takes his seat.*)—Sure it's worse nor the ould Five Acres itsilf. I'll be winged or drilled widout cirimony, or rayson. I was sayin', gintlemin, ladies, and others, I ixperience the proud consciouniss av bein' deputed to tache the use av the implemint av civilized life, whereby the forest is conquered, the irruth subjected, and the jaynius av the soil, prostrate at the feet av conquerin' man, yields fruits in their sayson. First, thin, we approach the lesson av the axe, (*takes one in his hand*)—Behold it, the favourite tool av GLADSTONE, av whose illoquent style my glowin' description—But to reshume: The way it is used scientifically is this. You see this log. I mean to chop it in two. Obsarve the attitude av the thrue backwoodsman. (*Elevates axe*)—grace an' beauty combined wid force. Now it descinds.—(*Axe slips off log and handle comes bang in stomach of N. F. D.*) Ow! ow! (*drops axe and rubs stomach.*)

BLOODY-CLAWS-SHOOWHITE-MAN—(*Rushes out and picks up axe*)—Pale face not know tomahawk! (*Dances round and flourishes axe over doubled up Commissioner.*)

COMMISSIONER—(recovering).—Take your sate, surr!—(*Gets axe back; Indian sits down.*)—It's himsilf nearly had me occiput divided clane from the cerebellum. The next implemint gintlemin, which we approach is the saw—the large saw,—(*takes long cross-cut from pile.*) *Aside*—Bedad, how does wan cut wid it? I can't rache from the handle at one ind to that at the other. Oh, I see, wan can use ayther.—(*Puts saw across log and tries to drag it to and fro.*)—In this manner gintlemin, the solid mass av timber is rint asunder be the powers av civilization, an' (*the saw sticks.*)—The curse av CROMWELL be an ye, why won't ye—?

INDIANS—(who see he dosen't know, rise tumultuously.)—White man know nothing—not know two-man saw. White man come fool Injun. Kam-a-rash-e-wo-how!! (*The whole crowd seize the Commissioner, and tie him to the log. Two biggest Indians are deputed to saw him in two.*)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Gintlemin, gintlemin! Ladies, ladies! In the name av humanity, let me inthrate—

INDIANS.—Teach you fool Blackfeet. Howdgh! howdgh! howdgh! (*They dance around him, while executioners get saw in position.*)

THE COMMISSIONER.—Gintlemin! gintlemin! its piuts are stickin' in me!. Ow! ow!—(*Thought strikes him*)—Listen, will yez? Its mesilf has a whole keg av whiskey—

ABORIGINAL CROWD.—Fire-water! fire-water! Ugh! ugh! Him fire-water. No saw him if fetch it! Ugh! ugh!

(*The friendly native is sent for the keg, the committee of execution resolves itself into one of refreshment, and the Commissioner, sadder and wiser, starts for the next encampment, where an Industrial School is to be started.*)

The Civic Land Dodge.

PRESENT.—Land Agents, Aldermen, Speculators, et hoc genus omne.

LAND AGENT.—I have a splendid plan. Who wants to roll in some cash?

2ND LAND AGENT.—Who don't?

ALDERMAN.—I got elected for the purpose. What is it?

SPECULATOR.—Count me in.

LAND AGENT.—I've bought the old GREEN Farm.

2ND LAND AGENT.—Can't say much for you, then. Why, its a bed of rough gravel and poor sand. Wouldn't give \$40 an acre for it.

LAND AGENT.—That's just what I did give.

SPECULATOR.—More fool you.

LAND AGENT.—Not so fast. Do to build on, won't it?

ALDERMAN.—Who'd live there? No streets; no nothing. Lots of streets now full of vacant lots, if any one wants them. Don't say but what—(*winks*).

2ND LAND AGENT.—I fire to see.

SPECULATOR.—I see.

LAND AGENT.—(to Alderman)—Do you see?

ALDERMAN.—Come away—(*they go into private room*)—Now, what do you propose?

LAND AGENT.—Here's a property worth fifty times forty dollars—\$2,000. If you can get city improvements put on, split it into streets, get sewers, gas, police, boulevard, water, and all the rest of it, it will be worth \$200,000. Now, there's a margin. Here's four of us. Of course there's expenses. Can the thing be done.

SPECULATOR.—I see. Count me in, I'll buy one-fourth of your farm for \$5,000, if you like, payment to be made when we get the corporation improvements on it.

2ND LAND AGENT.—I'll take another fourth at the same rate.

ALDERMAN.—I'd like to take another fourth.

LAND AGENT.—Just what we want you to do.

ALL.—Hear, hear, hear!

ALDERMAN.—Well, gentlemen, I really think that to extend the blessings of city rule over a waste piece of land like this—to make it populous, to cover it with dwellings, to build churches, to render it the home of an industrious, happy, and thriving people, is a worthy object! A worthy object, gentlemen—an object in which the city exchequer should assist. An object in which the city exchequer shall assist, or I will know the reason why! I say, gentlemen, I will emphatically know the reason why.

ALL.—Hear, hear, hear! Hooray!

LAND AGENT.—Any influence we can exert to back our friend outside—of course, you know—

ALL.—Of course, of course.

SPECULATOR.—Gentlemen, if well pushed, it's \$50,000 apiece. I tell you, won't we roll in the spondulicks? Hooray! (*Scene closes.*)

Work for Alexander

Mr. MACKENZIE complains in the House that the sessions are ridiculously short, and that he has literally nothing to do, and yet, if we are not misinformed, there is a big pile of uncut firewood in the hon. gentleman's back yard, and an excellent saw horse and bucksaw in the adjacent shed. Mr. MACKENZIE'S pathetic cry for "work" is obviously made for political purposes.