



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—On Saturday, July 2nd, Gen. James A. Garfield, President of the United States, was shot at Washington by a miscreant named Charles J. Guiteau. The event produced world-wide consternation, and evoked an expression of international sympathy and affection such as has never been paralleled. Up to the present writing the President has survived the wound, and it is fervently hoped he will ultimately recover. The would-be assassin appears to have been moved by an insane notion of political duty in committing the crime, and the moral blame for the deed is unanimsously ascribed to the atrocious system of "To the Victors belong the Spoils," which has long obtained in the American Civil Service. Grip earnestly joins in the hope that Columbia may not only see her gifted President restored to his high office, but may also be successful in the death struggle with the monster evil which brought about his attempted assassination.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Simultaneously with the disappearance of our comet, our brilliant political orator with his long tale departs for the Maritime Provinces. The parallel extends further than this. Both are very luminous bodies, both are extremely mysterious as to their aims and missions, both follow a rather eccentric orbit, and both have a more or less "disturbing" influence. A lesser comet is reported as being now visible above the horizon—and, strangely enough, a lesser light in the person of Sir Hector Langevin has just made its appearance in the Maritime heavens.

### The Big Match.

Greek meets Greek to-day (Saturday) on the Toronto lacrosse grounds, Jarvis street, when the "Torontos" and "Shamrocks" play one of their magnificent matches before all the beauty and fashion and small boys in the city. Long odds on our boys!

### Professor Colombos Vordzylidder,

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER, GIVES THE RESULT OF HIS ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS—ASTOUNDING RESULTS—THE END OF OUR WORLD AS REVEALED IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

At eight o'clock on the evening of 18th May, through Grip's great enterprise, our magnificent balloon, containing over 60,000 cubic feet of gas, ascended from the top of the observatory. We carried with us, in addition to our coal oil, cook stove, and utensils, our "double million-magnifying, patent-graded, sliding-lens telescope," lashed securely to the car. Professor Seebright was provided with a seat where he could quietly make observations. This gentleman, Reporter Grip, and myself, being the only occupants of the car, with the exception of a Scotch negro, whom we hired in the capacity of colored cook for the entire party. Our air ship behaved beautifully, rising at once to an altitude of 400,000 feet in an oblique direct on, then making a bee-line direct for the moon. However, as it was not to visit that planet, but to take observations in Mercury that we made the ascent, we turned the valve and fell in an easterly direction, with the telescope pointing to that planet. There we hung, between heaven and earth, while suns and systems of unimagined splendour revolved round our heads and the top

of the balloon. A startled cry from Professor Seebright brought me in haste to the telescope, Reporter Grip following with pencil and tablet. Looking up I saw no star, but a gorgeous landscape of hills and valleys, lakes and fields, of what might be waving corn, chequered with dim vistas of streets and magnificent buildings, miles of green avenues o'erarched by gigantic trees shaking hands over the way, after the manner of men singing the last verse of "Auld Lang Syne" at two o'clock in the morning, and under which there flitted what at first seemed to be a kind of upright bird of gay plumage. This planet then was inhabited, inhabited by a species of beings! "Let us have a more powerful lens," I cried, and immediately Reporter Grip and Professor Seebright adjusted another lens. "Great Caesar!" I exclaimed as, looking again, I discovered beings like ourselves flitting hither and thither with a strange, floating, ghost-like movement. I grew excited, and frantically shouted to Messrs. Seebright and Grip to tear out that lens and insert the "Ultimatum," our most powerful lens. Oh! the wonders of science! There, in the sunlight, floated, light as dragon-flies, the most beautiful beings; male and female, like ourselves. Cupids and Psyche's bore along by the soft fanning movement of wings attached to their ankles! Their dress was a modified kind of kilt, males and females being attired very much alike. It is clear that the atmosphere of the planet Mercury must be many degrees of density less than that of ours. The balloon here lurched in a westerly direction, rendering it impossible to take further observations from that point of view. In a few minutes she again hung motionless, but the scene was changed. A bustling city on a beautiful sheet of water was now apparent. Large clouds of beings hung together, or floated hither and thither, gesticulating wildly, and waving their feathery fellocks with great rapidity. The great mass came surging down to a point near the water, whereon was erected something like an immense derrick on which was placed a huge cannon-like tube. One by one they floated up to the telescope (for such it really was), looked through, and raised their hands as if in mute amazement. Then in a marvellously short time a huge wall of some dark, opaque material was thrown up, and several wing-footed imps were seen sprawling over it like flies on a window pane. By-and-by they alighted, and we saw that the wall was tattooed with what I supposed to be a kind of hieroglyphic characters, to which, of course, we astronomers of another planet could have no key. Reporter Grip, who up to this time had been taking notes, here requested to be allowed to have a look for himself. It was a study to watch this gentleman's face as he knelt at the bottom of the car looking up into the planet. His eyes, naturally large, expanded and protruded to an unnatural degree, and his face, usually "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," grew red, purple, and pallid by turns, till suddenly he fell back in the bottom of the car. He had fainted! We stretched him out as best we could, his feet sticking through the net work of the car. After a minute or so he opened his eyes, and beckoning me, he whispered in hoarse tones, pointing to the stars, "They have seen us, and have signalled to us in colossal shorthand. The hand-writing on yon dark wall reads thus: 'Hail! neighbors from the little star, 'Earth.' We astronomers are watching your brave attempts to visit us. Do you understand our language? We are your lost tribes. The end of your world is—'" Here Reporter Grip grew faint, and whispered, "If that sooty individual would kindly light the stove and get me a cup of coffee, I might feel strong enough to sit up and copy down the whole thing." This request was answered by the appearance of the "individual" bearing in his hand a cup containing a liquid which he called "whuskey," and which Reporter Gr—

(To be concluded in our next.)

### SLASHBUSH ON TITLES.



"Uncle Ephraim's goin' to build a new house," said Almira Slashbush to her brother, Gustavus Slashbush, as they sat in the back stoop enjoying the view that the blossoming trees of the orchard and the fields of waving grain, appertaining to the Slashbush estate, afforded them. "Yes, he's goin' to put up a new brick house and have the old one moved to the back of his farm."

"Well, I hope it will be a nice one," said Gustavus, "and one of good design, not like that dry-goods-box-style of architecture that old Deacon Gumpont's just finished. I only hope father will make up his mind to put up a new house and let me choose the design. If I had my way I'd have one built like a baronial castle, or an Italian villa, something after the 'stately homes of England' pattern."

"What on airth have we got to do with an English pattern?" asked his sister. "I know that granddad used to live in a log house and used to have dried out fish hung up in the kitchen for breakfast. Guess we ought to be pretty well content with what we've got."

"Ah! Almira, but times are changed, very much changed indeed. How do you know but before I die I may be made a knight! particularly if I go into politics, as I intend to? Why I may be Sir Gustavus Slashbush, K. G. M., or K. C. B., or K. T., Bart., yet! Who knows? And of course I would like to have a place of residence befitting my then position in society."

"Well," said Almira, "I guess you needn't trouble yourself about the new house just yet."

"No, certainly not, not yet. But look here, Almira, there's so many chances of getting a title now a days. If you should happen to become Speaker of the House (which position, when I do enter politics, is not so very far remote), or if I become talked of as a prominent member of a party, Tory or Grip, it's all the same, or become a Lieutenant-Governor or something of that sort, my chances would not be at all bad. You know you needn't do anything very brilliant or beneficial to the country to obtain the honor."

"No? Well, but what's the good of it, anyhow?"

"The good of it? Why the good of it is—is—" replied Gustavus, reflectively. "The good of it is that it makes a personage of the recipient of the honor, and he becomes respected and looked up to by his fellow-subjects as he would not, nor could not hope to be, otherwise."

"Oh!" said Almira, "that's about all the recommendation some of them have got."

"Yes," continued the youthful sage, not noticing the remark: "it is indeed an honor to know that the sovereign has sufficient confidence in you, although very likely she has never seen you, to place you in a position envied by the multitude who are neither K. C. B.'s, G. M. G.'s, or even C. B.'s. And mark you, Almira, it is a means of binding us with cords of affection to the dear old land from which our forefathers have sprung, and it imbues the minds of even us simple colonists, as we are, with a veneration for things belonging to a more refined and aristocratic condition than we can hope for here. It reminds us of the happy old feudal days when "It was merry in the hall, and—"

"Hello!" interrupted Almira, "guess we'd better git in. Dad's comin' up the lane, and he'll make it merry for us if you don't git them happiness cleaned to-night." And the aspiring Gustavus silently followed her advice.