



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.—Everybody who has read Judge Haliburton's witty work, "Sam Slick," will recall the scene in which the cute Yankee conciliated the landlady at the way-side inn by an adroit application of *soft sawder*. Mr. Blake, (whose appearance in the American costume will be hugely enjoyed by those who ring the changes on his "Kansas" speech) is at present on a tour which is like those formerly made by the reprobable Mr. Slick in that it "means business." Mr. S. was selling clocks; Mr. Blake is winning votes, and in both cases success largely depends on the skill with which the doctrine of "Soft Sawder and Human Nature" is applied. Mr. Blake cannot hope to capture the affections of Maritime Public Opinion unless he succeeds in pleasing her three Provinces; in other words, he must understand Mr. Slick's maxim that the nearest road to a woman's heart is through her children.

FIRST PAGE.—The fiasco in which the Conkling episode has ended is delightful to contemplate. The bumptious and dictatorial Senator, who landed in his resignation with so much theatrical emotion, made a mistake in supposing that he carried the New York Legislature in his coat pocket. After a tedious siege at the ballot box, Messrs. Conkling and Platt have been stripped of their senatorial title and knocked rather higher than the late Mr. Gilderoy's kite.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Canadian team at Wimbledon have acquitted themselves gloriously. Amongst other prizes they have carried off the Kolapore Cup, one of the highest rewards given in the match. Young Canada is used to this thing of beating the world, and his head isn't turned by this triumph. With a modesty equal to Hamlet's, he simply elevates the Kolapore Cup, brimming with Davies' Canadian lager and drinks better luck to poor old John Bull.

During the discussion of the Syndicate charter in Parliament, Grip kept a sharp eye upon the representatives of the people, and if they went astray it certainly was not for want of warning. That they *did* go astray is becoming clearer every day. They made a most monstrous and humiliating blunder if they did not commit a premeditated outrage. Sir Charles Tupper, seeing the force of the arguments against establishing a monopoly, calmed the

nerves of the House by the assurance that the members of the Syndicate were gentlemen who would not demean themselves by introducing a grasping policy. This was sufficient to induce the House to leave the country unguarded from any possibilities of the future, and now we see the result. The Syndicate (who are business men and not sentimental philanthropists) have forced the city of Winnipeg to withhold the bonus promised to the South Western Railway, and now demand that it be given to *them* instead. Sir Charles ought to be on hand again to console Miss Winnipeg's feelings, as he is represented in our Cartoon.

According to the *World*, the *Globe's* correspondent accompanying the Marquis, receives \$50 per week and *carte blanche* for expenses.

The Norcross Company continue to delight audiences at the Pavilion. They are now giving the "Pirates of Penzance," in all its witchery of wit and music.

When are our Aldermen going to wake up about the Island? It is altogether too bad to see a magnificent appurtenance to the city lying waste through neglect.

The St. Thomas *Journal* has evidently fallen into the hands of live publishers. The tri-weekly edition has been supplanted by a splendid weekly issue under the title of the *Southern Counties Journal*.

The original Madison Square Theatre Company in "Hazel Kirko," has concluded a remarkably successful engagement on the Pacific Coast, the profits reaching \$17,000. This organization will re-appear in Toronto early next season.

Those who have a taste for the esthetic (in a good sense) will find the *Art Interchange* a well-spring of delight. This journal, which is now edited by Mr. Arthur B. Turnure, is published at 140 Nassau St., New York, and appears fortnightly.

Chic, the New York comic paper, has collapsed. It did its best to rival *Puck*, but having no Bunner to edit it, and no Keppler, Wales, and Oppert to draw its cartoons, it failed in a manner *Utter* enough to delight the most consummate esthete.

Grip's almanac for 1882 is in course of preparation, and bids fair to be by far the best yet issued, both as regards letter press and illustrations. Literary contributions for its pages should be sent in early. It is intended to issue the work not later than the 15th December.

Mr. Stedman's first essay on "Poetry in America"—a subject too little treated by American critics—appears in the August *Scribner*. It is part of the new work projected by Mr. Stedman on the Poets and Poetry of America, and treats of the relations of the art of versification to American life and history.

It is a pity that the editors of the *Evening News* and *Telegram* could not see themselves for about five minutes as others see them. Their bandying of abuse across the Bay street corner is just about as dignified and respectable as that of a couple of the Lombard street amazons described in the police reports.

The cartoons of our clever contemporary, *Moonshine* (London, Eng.) are now drawn by Mr. John Proctor. This artist has a touch which greatly resembles that of Tenniel, and in all respects he compares favourably with that great cartoonist. *Moonshine* is to our mind the witliest of the London comic journals; no paper on our exchange list is more welcome week by week.

Rev Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian* remains in England, whither he went for the benefit of his health. We are sorry to learn that the visit has thus far not had any appreciable effect to this end. The rev gentleman's trouble was brought about by severe and protracted mental labour. In his absence the *Guardian* is conducted by Rev Mr. Blackstock who, we understand, is also a leader writer for the *Mail*.

No doubt our clerical exponents of the *odium theologicum* were as much shocked as the rest of the world on reading the newspaper heading of a few days ago:—

FIJI ATROCITIES.

MASSACRE OF ONE THOUSAND PERSONS FOR RELINQUISHING CHRISTIANITY

And no doubt, also, their sensation of indignation at the monster Kabu, who instigated this awful murder, was as deep and sincere as it could be. But isn't there something in this event which is calculated to teach all uncharitable Christians a timely lesson? It is not likely that anyone would think of imitating Kabu's horrible methods, but are there not many even in this favored land whose ideas of Christianity is practically little better than this "Christian" cannibal's?

The city papers have all paid their respects to the clever young artist who, during last week, amused and astonished passers by with his crayon sketches on the flagstones in the alley off Toronto street, but none of them are very accurate in their notices of him. His name is James Carling, and he describes himself as a son of Carling the Irish song writer, and author of "Nellie Gray." After practising his peculiar art on the streets of Liverpool and other large cities in the old land, he came to America about six years ago. At Providence, his talent attracted the attention of some persons through whose advice and aid he secured a position in a variety theatre, and afterwards travelled with the Kiralfy troupe, doing his "turn" at crayon sketching each evening. Carling is not only a good draughtsman, but also displays decided caricature powers, having a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a ready command of satire and sarcasm. Moreover, he possesses strong literary taste. The world will yet hear of James Carling or we are much mistaken.