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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

**To Correspondents.**

A. G.—Would be pleased to have you call personally at editorial office, if convenient.

**Sir John Macdonald in London.**

Sir JOHN MACDONALD is to stay another month in London at the earnest entreaty of Royalty and the nobility, backed by the beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Mr. STURGEON. The *Globe*, GRIP opines, is mistaken in supposing that Sir JOHN has failed in his scheme of selling the North West to English landgrabbers. What really took place is as follows: Sir JOHN had an interview with a gentleman of illustrious Hebrew descent, over whose place of business are emblazoned his armorial bearings, three balls *d'or*. Not even the *attache* was admitted. That formidable official remained outside the door, where he displayed his nationality by whittling a bit of hard wood with his sword, which had become rather blunt by constant cutting of tobacco on late festive occasions. "Dear Uncle," said Sir JOHN, "can't you raise the money for us? We'll not only sell you the land, but will help you in every way to fleece the people." "It is not de monish," was the cold reply, "de monish I might get from a shentleman in the next street; but where wash your security, my tear?" Sir JOHN then spoke of the stability of the Conservative government, but the Israelitish gentleman put his finger to his nose, with an incredulous shake of the head. "Where wash your leading shentlemen of capital, my tear?" he then added solemnly. Sir JOHN mentioned his own name and that of Sir CHARLES TUPPER; but a more emphatic shake of the head and a loud laugh was the only response. Fried fish and some excellent London Old Tom were then produced, and some minor financial negotiations were proceeded with, relating to a silver watch of the Canadian Premier's, on which a small temporary loan was effected. As they returned home to the hotel Sir JOHN generously treated the *attache*; this, however, is an expensive process, and it is probable in the present aversion to war of the GLADSTONE government, that at Sir JOHN's departure the *attache* will accept a position as full private in the Afghanistan army, thus initiating the policy favoured by Sir JOHN, of Canadian aid to Imperialist wars.

**A Certain Sort of a Bird.**

We have reason to know that our remarks in last week's issue ament the *Canadian Spectator's* libellous strictures on Toronto churches, have not been without effect in Montreal. The pages of that journal are not likely to be sullied with a similar effusion hereafter. While considering Mr. BRAY, the editor, fairly responsible for what appears in the *Spectator*, we are pleased to learn that he was not the writer of the article in question. It was the precious production of a contributor who resides in the city whose churches he slanders so freely.

**"The Intellectual Centre."**

Mr. GRIP, while on his travels of late, fell in with a few choice spirits, who happened to represent the several sister cities of Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and St. Catharines. The conversation, of course, took a home-lauding direction, and, not unnaturally, Mr. GRIP alluded to his native place as the intellectual centre of the Dominion. Very much to his surprise this was met with a general chorus of dissent.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. LONDON.  
"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. MONTREAL, and,  
"Humph!" echoed all the other fellows simultaneously.

Mr. GRIP, though deeply grieved and hurt, still maintained his imperturbable good humor, and calmly repeated his boast.

"Intellectual centre?" quoth Mr. MONTREAL, quizzically, "and pray, what are we to understand by the adjective?"

"Why," answered Mr. GRIP, firmly but politely, "I mean that the Queen City of the West is the recognized centre from which emanate the influences which characterize the refined civilization of the present day, so far as Canada is concerned. It is the seat of all the various Institutions which distinguish an advanced state of society, such as the University, the —"

"Go on!" exclaimed the listeners, all in a breath, "the University; what else?"

"The University," repeated Mr. GRIP; "yes, gentlemen, the University, and —"

"And the Free Public Library," suggested Mr. MONTREAL.

"Well, as to a Free Library," said Mr. GRIP, in a somewhat humbled tone, "we haven't exactly got that yet, but —"

"And Public Baths," put in Mr. KINGSTON.

"So far as Public Baths are concerned," answered Mr. GRIP, in a still milder tone of voice, "we have expectations of —"

"And a Decorative Art Society," added Mr. LONDON.

"Of course, Art is a thing which requires time," said Mr. GRIP, in an apologetic key, "but, then, we have —"

"Literary and Scientific Societies for the working people," suggested Mr. HAMILTON, with a knowing wink at his companions.

"Well," said Mr. GRIP, curtly, for by this time his long suffering urbanity had quite given way, "Toronto has good drinking water, excellent streets, a picturesque Island, the champion oarsman, a brilliant galaxy of politicians, more lawyers than you could shake a stick at, and the University, and again I repeat that she is the Intellectual Centre of the Dominion!"

This appeared to "squelch" the argumentatively inclined fellows, for the conversation was immediately changed to that interesting and usually safe subject—the weather.

**We're All Going!**

Mr. JOLLYMAN went home with a beaming face the other day, much to the surprise and delight of his wife.

"What's up?" queried the good woman, eagerly.

"Listen!" said Mr. JOLLYMAN, and he produced his newspaper and read: "*Chicora*—excursion to Rochester—Genesee Falls—select party—no overcrowding—tickets sold by subscription only—band on board—glorious time—meals and every accomodation furnished—fare only \$2.00. Civic Holiday, Aug. 16th, that's what's the matter HANNAH, and this household's going, and don't you forget it!"

Some of our citizens are agitating for the establishment of Public Baths. GRIP joins in this very sensible petition, and would suggest that the Council at the same time provides a public horse-pond for the special use of women who scandalize the public with "confessions."

**A Wonderful Machine.**

The following passages are said to be extracts from Sir SAMUEL TILLEY's private Records of his late inspection in Western Ontario. How they came into our possession, or why Sir SAMUEL never gave them to the public before, are questions which are neither here nor there, so long as the reader finds them interesting and instructive.

London, Ont. Spent a pleasant time here. Fine healthy city, with rich light soil, favorable to growth of native manufactures. Was shewn through several admirable establishments. Was particularly interested in inspecting the great scandal manufacturing machine, the "Enterprise," connected with the office of the *Free Press*. Mr. BLACKBURN, the highly intelligent overseer of the concern, politely accompanied me, and in the most affable manner explained the various parts of the mechanism, and its *modus operandi*. I did not take notes of his remarks, but if I recollect right, he said this somewhat novel annex to a legitimate newspaper establishment was erected for the purpose of multiplying the coppers of the *Free Press*. He then went on to explain that the raw material from which the coppers were ultimately extracted was imported principally from Toronto, where the *Free Press* kept special scavengers who made it their business to rake over the garbage heaps at the back doors of unfortunate churches, etc. The offensive matter thus collected was forwarded to London by special box car, and on its arrival it was secretly conveyed to the office of the *Free Press*, and dumped into the machine. After being boiled down to a convenient size, it was lifted out and carefully placed upon a stone, where leads were inserted abundantly, and startling headlines added without stint. The workmen who thus manipulated the matter, Mr. B. remarked, were obliged to wear bandages over their noses, but otherwise the job was not so utterly repulsive as one might think. When properly trimmed, and pronounced ready, the "Scandal," as it was called, was made red hot and plumped into the newspaper form, where it appeared side by side with the respectable matter. As soon as the paper was off, the coppers commenced automatically to roll in at a prodigious rate. Mr. BLACKBURN said it was undoubtedly a big thing for the newspaper business, but he regretted that he couldn't conscientiously affirm that the N. P. deserved all the credit of it.

**An Answer Wanted.**

In one of his clever and forcible addresses at Hamilton, during the Scott Act agitation, Prof. FOSTER made a point which we endeavor to illustrate on the eighth page of this number. He drew a parallel between the dealer in obscene literature and the dealer in intoxicating liquors, and asked why the law shouldn't interfere with the latter as well as the former. If the one traffic pollutes the mind, the other debases both mind and body; neither dealer gives any real value for the money he takes over his counter; and both are equally non-producers, if we except the ruin and death the saloon keepers produce. The question which is asked in our cartoon is one that has never yet been satisfactorily answered by public opinion. Let us have a straightforward reply!

**In Memory of E. M.**

(Late a Contributor to the columns of GRIP.)

DIED JULY 29, 1880.

And thou art gone, the sunshine of whose laughter  
On this our page still lingering appears—  
So bright the light—so deep the darkness after—  
The source of smiles beside the fount of tears!

Not here unmournd, unhonored, thou departest,  
Nor wit unowned, nor worth unvalued be!  
The amaranth wreathed by poet and by artist,  
In this sad hour I consecrate to thee.

C. P. M.

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