



The Bystander Before the World.

Mr. GRIP has too much respect for the impersonality of journalism to reveal pictorially or otherwise who the *Bystander* is, but the above allegorical sketch will indicate plainly enough what the role of that distinguished individual is to be. He is revealed as the school-master abroad, and his mission is to teach the world all it ought to know. It is to be hoped the world will be an apt pupil, and fully appreciate the trouble the *Bystander* puts himself to in issuing month by month his invaluable lesson-sheets. If the year 1880 does not turn out to be happier than any of its predecessors, it will not be because the nations of the earth did not get full instructions as to their proper course of conduct.

Soft Money.

A tramp, on being asked his views on the "Rag Baby agitation," answered that the plan was useless unless the hearts of the people were softened at the same time.



Irish Sufferers.

Mr. GRIP respectfully begs to introduce this interesting family group, a fair specimen of many more to be found in our city—to the notice of those benevolent people who are getting up the fund for the relief of the Irish sufferers. Mr. MCFINNIGAN and his household have a good claim to a portion of the help, for in the first place they are Irish sufferers, and in the next place, Charity commences at home. There can be no objection to our charitably disposed citizens contributing of their abundance to the relief of distress in distant parts of the world, if such assistance is really called for, but it seems

rather ironical benevolence to reach the hand of charity over the heads of the poor whom we have always with us, to feed the poor of another community. In the case of Ireland it is not clear that foreign assistance is as yet invoked; at all events that is the view expressed by the Catholic clergy of Montreal, who have issued a circular admonishing their people to govern themselves accordingly.



He Scents Treason.

Mr. GRIP hails with delight the formation of the Montreal Political Economy Club, for it promises to break up the monotony now reigning in public affairs, and furnish food for his pencil in the near future. If, as the *Globe* thinks, it is a veritable hot-bed of treason, so much the better. Nothing suits GRIP's fancy so well as flaying red-handed traitors. In the meantime we can discover nothing very portentous in the fact of a few good natured gentlemen meeting together to demolish choice dinners, and to make little speeches on Independence, Annexation or the N. P. The Rev. Mr. BRAY appears to be the head and front of the organization, and we have every confidence that his cloth if nothing else will prevent him from sanctioning the wholesale assassinations which lay members may determine upon.



Military Law.

"A Private should not obey an illegal order of his Officer."—JUDGE DAVIS

Private BRIGGS finds some difficulty in the way of putting the above advice into practice. (He has been ordered to retire, but doubts the legality of the order).

The Distinguished Arrival.

We cordially greet Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE, who has arrived and registered at the World's Hotel, though we are sorry to observe that

his valet is that same seedy-looking individual who accompanied the late Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE. It is to be hoped that our distinguished guest will not be with us long before he will be able to furnish his valet with a new suit of clothes, and otherwise improve his appearance, or, better still, banish him altogether. So far as Canada is concerned, our Finance Minister will be only too happy to aid in the latter course. Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE arrives at a very interesting period of the world's history, as he may see by glancing at the pictures on the wall. All the nations are in a turmoil. England is being led into debt and dishonor by the scheming BRACONSFIELD; Ireland is indeed a land of ire, and the unhappy landlords are being rent in pieces; Germany struggles with the poisonous reptile of Socialism; the Russian bear has overturned the Nihilist hives and is in a peck of trouble with the bees; the French Republic is again tossed upon the stormy sea of internal strife, and the storm-cloud of Communism once more rises above the horizon; the Sick Man of Turkey is as sick as ever; in the United States the great fight of partyism waxes hot, and the ghost of CAESAR rises once more to frighten timid souls; and in Canada the ins and outs are at it hammer and tongs as in days of yore. Wherever the eye falls it meets scenes of strife and misery. Let us hope that Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE may have the pleasure of replacing all these grim pictures with scenes of peace and comfort before he leaves the World's Hotel.



The Coming Session.

The members are about to be called in once more, and it is to be hoped that each one of them will be furnished with a copy of the *Bystander* with a blue line around the paragraph referring to the prodigious waste of valuable time which usually marks the sessions of the House.

There will probably not be much improvement in this respect, however. Sir TILLEY will possibly occupy a couple of weeks in explaining the meaning of the word "boom"; then TUPPER will follow with a fortnight's speech on the iniquity of buying steel rails before they are needed; then the country expects a ten days' oration from BLAKE on the beauties of unstraightened circumstances; then MACKENZIE must occupy a month or so in sifting all the corrupt acts of the Administration during the recess, and of course we shall hear from Sir JOHN about the same length of time on the essential connection of potato bugs and Grits. Meantime the country will scrape around and raise the necessary funds to pay our patriotic legislators their \$4 per day and mileage.